

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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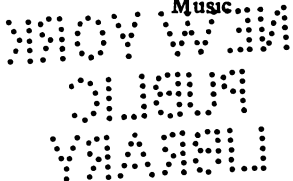
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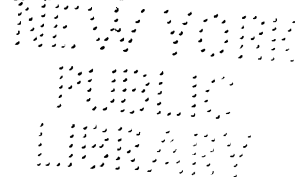
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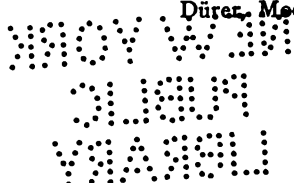
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MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

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THE BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA
The Indian name for these Falls is "Po-ho-no," or "Spirit of the Evil Wind."
The height of the Falls is 940 feet.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1914

NO. 1

New Year Greetings

to Readers of

The Theosophical Path

Katherine Tingley, Editor

January 1, 1914

International Theosophical Headquarters
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INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THESE two words are used interchangeably in ordinary language; but in Theosophical parlance they have separate and contrasted meanings, and represent a most important distinction. It is in these senses that the words are used in the present article.

The Individuality is the Self or Ego which persists throughout the cycle of rebirth; it is the real man, the real I. The personalities are the temporary masks which the Individuality wears during its periods of earth-life. It might seem as though we were teaching the doctrine that a man has two selves; and while this is true in one sense, it is untrue in another. A man can have but one real Self, but he may have any number of false selves. The case bears some analogy to that of an actor, whom we will suppose to have become so absorbed in the part he is enacting as to imagine that he really is that character, and to have temporarily forgotten his own identity. Thus the real man, the Individuality, may be said, during earth-life, to have forgotten who he is and to have mistakenly identified himself with a set of ideas and experiences that has grown up during the years since his birth. Or again, we may use the simile of a dream, during which the sleeper, under the influence of a powerful hallucination, has forgotten his identity and imagines himself to be somebody else and to be undergoing strange experiences. Then he awakes, and at once the false self vanishes and he returns to knowledge. The comparison of life to a dream is something more than a mere simile; and all students of philosophy are familiar with systems which teach that the Soul is in a dream. Plato, for one, speaks of the knowledge which is inherent in the Soul, and which the mind of the incarnate man glimpses but dimly in moments of exaltation.

Thus, while there is a sharp contrast between the Individuality and the personality, so that oftentimes it may in truth seem as though

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust,

yet there is no eternal severance of man's mind from the greater knowledge within, and the personality tends ever, as it becomes purified, to merge and lose itself in the Individuality, the twain becoming one.

The distinction between Individuality and personality is most important, since so much hinges upon it. Most of the difficulties in the world today are due to an ignoring of this distinction. To begin

with religion, we may point to many mistakes which have been committed in its name through ignorance or neglect of this truth. Seeing the obvious imperfection and transience of the mere personality, yet knowing of nought beyond, mistaken teachers have sought refuge in the doctrine that man is altogether unworthy, and that light and help can come to him only from a source outside himself. Thus has been obscured the vital truth that man must invoke the aid of his own Divine nature, which is the doctrine taught by the World-Saviors. Thus has *sin* been over-emphasized and the good in man been minimized. To teach such a doctrine as this is to weaken man, not to strengthen him. Again, it is through the same ignorance that Theosophists have sometimes been accused of teaching man to rely upon the *personality*; that were indeed a frail support. But in teaching man to rely on the Individuality, Theosophy teaches him to rely on Divine Power, for the essential nature of man is Divine, however much the light within may be overlaid and obscured. When we say that man is to rely upon himself, we do not mean his egoism, his self-love, his vanity, or even his self-righteousness; for these are all personal qualities, frail and erring.

The problem of immortality can only be solved in the light of this truth about the Individuality and the personality. The personality of man, which he usually believes to be his real self, does not contain the elements of permanence and would not be fitted for a life beyond the earth. How can this survive? It is so intimately involved with the life of the body and with terrestrial associations, that there could be but little left after decease. And yet it cannot be that *all* comes to an end. Life would be a senseless illogical farce in that case, and the self-consciousness of man would be unaccountable. For the doctrine that all comes to an end is not consistent with the nature of man's self-consciousness. What is it, then, that survives? It is the real Self, the true I. It seems to most that if we stripped off from our Self all the ideas and feelings and inner senses, there would be nothing left. The comprehension of such a mystery is a question of gradual understanding, to be won as man grows in purity and wisdom throughout many lives of accumulated experience.

At this point it is important to allude to various speculations as to whether the personality can survive after death, whether we can get into communication with the personalities of deceased persons, and so forth. Everything depends upon what meaning is attached to the

word "personality." If it means the man as we knew him on earth, with all his mental and moral belongings, but minus his body, then it is evident that the only condition in which this could survive would be that of an unhappy "banned spirit," or ghost; and attempts to communicate therewith would be necromancy and medieval magic. Such accidents do happen, mainly in the case of suicides and hopelessly debauched persons; but so far from attempting to draw them back to earth, we should seek to liberate these unfortunate spooks by leaving them to die out naturally. It is also, as so many think, a great derogation of the dead, as well as of our own intelligence, to suppose that our loved ones have in store no better fate than to send fatuous messages to those still in the halls of illusion. There can be no communication of the living with the Ego of the departed, unless indeed the living is so progressed a being as to be able to rise in thought to the pure realms in which the former dwells. The Ego cannot be dragged back to earth. The pure thoughts of a loving mother are potent to help and protect those whom she has left behind, but not through any such channels as oral messages or any other kind of phenomenal communication. Such an influence can only pass from Soul to Soul, quite unrecognized and unsuspected, but none the less able to give *true* aid of the kind that alone can really help.

To understand better the teaching about Individuality and personality the doctrine of the "Seven Principles of Man" should be studied; a teaching which was offered by H. P. Blavatsky in the hope that it might prove of assistance to students of the problem of life. We find that man differs from the rest of animate creation in possessing a *mind* — a self-conscious mind — which serves as the connecting link between the natural man and the Divine man. The Divine Spark is present in all the kingdoms of nature, even in the mineral atom. In the mineral its powers are nearly all latent; in the plant kingdom more of its powers are unfolded, and yet more in the animal. But only man, who has the gift of self-conscious mind, is aware of the presence of the Divine Spark and able to invoke it consciously.

This gives us a scheme on which to hang our consideration of the seven principles of man. We have first a trinity: the Mind, the seat of self-consciousness; the Divine nature; the lower nature. The Mind is the critical point, the battle ground. Now the Individuality is formed from the union of the Mind with the Divine Spark. (See *The Key to Theosophy*, chapter viii, On Individuality and Person-

ality.) This Divine Self persists as the same Individual throughout the cycle of rebirths. It incarnates, in pursuance of its destiny; and there takes place a union between the Mind and the elements of natural man, and thus illusion is created and a personality is formed. For the Divine man this is a veritable crucifixion and descent into the tomb; to be followed, however, by a resurrection.

A glance at periodical literature, as well as at current dramas, novels, and philosophical works, will show us that there is great confusion prevalent in regard to the most fundamental and essential questions. There is no need to labor a point so familiar. Most of this confusion is due to an ignorance of the distinction between Individuality and personality. For instance, there are many false doctrines of "liberty," which cannot discriminate between liberty and license and would claim for the weak and deluded personality of man that freedom which of right belongs only to the pure Individuality. A false glamor is lent to man's passions and they are dressed up to look like virtues, while his weaknesses are made to resemble strength. There is a disposition to rebel against all authority because no one recognizes the real Master and Counsellor — a man's Divine Self. And those who would protest against these wild and disordered doctrines find themselves helpless to encounter them and for the same reason — that they are ignorant of the distinction between Individuality and personality.

There are educational fads of all kinds, mutually contradictory, put forward as though some new and wonderful secret in human nature had now been discovered for the first time. Under pretense of allowing scope for the development of individuality and character, the *personality* of the child is fostered, and thus an obstacle is raised up in his path. The promoters mean well, but their methods are often mistaken and such as to defeat their worthy objects. The child should be taught to keep the personality in check by means of the Individuality; but much wisdom and experience is needed in order to be able to teach this.

The teaching also helps us better to understand our own problems and to face life more bravely and successfully. When we find our hopes blighted and our schemes thwarted, we may remember that the purposes of the Soul, the real liver of the life, are not necessarily limited by our own paltry conceptions of what is desirable; and we may thereby be helped to do, what we must all do eventually, and that

is to understand those higher purposes and acquiesce in them. It is not always easy thus to console ourselves in affliction, but that is because we need practice. The whole meaning of the drama of life consists in the progressive education of the lower man until at last he understands the true purpose of life; and we have to learn that the satisfaction of personal desires cannot bring the happiness which the Soul needs. And so at last the pilgrim learns to fix his aspirations on that which does not decay.

Another important point in this connexion is the relationship between ourselves and other selves. It is characteristic of the state of delusion in which we live while on earth, that there seems such a separation between ourself and other people. As a matter of fact, there is no such separation as there seems to be. The great teaching of Theosophy as regards brotherhood is that *men are actually united and need but to rise to that plane where they can recognize the fact.* There is no need to try to force an artificial union between what is essentially separate; it is a question of recognizing the unity of what merely *appears* to be separate. The more a man can live in his higher nature, the more he will feel the unity of life and act in accordance therewith instead of following the selfish instincts of his animal nature. Conversely, the more he practises altruism, the more he will refine his understanding and get away from his limitations.

How necessary is this teaching in an age when there is so much worship of the personality! We have even schools of thought which inculcate practices of "self-development" tending to accentuate the personality more than ever; and every power of human nature is pressed into the service of egoism in the mad attempt to develop the personal "I."

One cannot but feel pity for the unfortunate beings who enter upon these paths, for arduous and bitter will one day be the task of undoing what they have done. They will realize that the Heart-Life is the only true life, and they will find that all their faculties have acquired an irresistible bent towards vanity and self-gratification. Let them be warned in time against worshipping such a god of affliction.

Much more might be said on the subject of Individuality and personality, but this must suffice for the present. Both this and kindred teachings of Theosophy throw much light on the problems of life, and they are not given as dogmas but only as suggestions for the student.

SEVILLE, THE PEARL OF ANDALUCÍA: by Carolus



O the visitor from northern lands, Seville is the embodiment of all his dreams of the sunny South. Pleasantly situated on the banks of the navigable river Guadalquivir at the sea-gate of a large and fertile valley, close to the meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and of the Mediterranean, blessed with a climate that permits one to live almost perpetually in the open air, surrounded by palms and fragrant orange trees, with the romantic memories of the ancient Moorish dominion penetrating the atmosphere like a rich perfume, and inhabited by a pleasure-loving and contented people, the city has been aptly compared to a lustrous sultana in all her finery. A well-known writer, Calvert, says:

There is a charm and compelling fascination about Seville which produces in the traveler visiting the city for the first time a sensation of physical ecstasy. George Borrow shed tears of rapture as he beheld Seville from the Cristina Promenade, and "listened to the thrush and nightingale piping forth their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of its thousand orange gardens." The Moors left their beloved capital in the height of its prosperity, in the full flower of its beauty . . . Seville lives. Córdoba is dead, and Granada broods over her past. These are cemeteries of a vanished civilization. Alone among the ancient seats of Moorish dominion, Seville has maintained her prosperity.

Valdes says:

Seville has ever been for me the symbol of light, the city of love and joy.

But with all this joyous appearance, Seville has another side, a practical one. It is the headquarters of the army in Andalucía, an important seaport, and the terminus of three lines of railway. In addition there are many chocolate, soap, match, cork, cloth, and cotton factories, an arsenal, and an immense government tobacco factory, which employs 6000 women. Close to the gipsy suburb of Triana is the Cartuja, an ancient monastery, now an important porcelain factory employing 2000 persons. As the city lies barely ten meters above the level of the sea there used to be always trouble in times of flood, but in 1904 an elaborate system of defences against the rising of the Guadalquivir and its tributaries was successfully established. The temperament of the people is different from that of the inhabitants of Madrid or Barcelona, being gay and light-hearted, and the city has always had the reputation of loyalty to the throne. The picturesque street life with its vivid costumes suitable to the sunny climate has

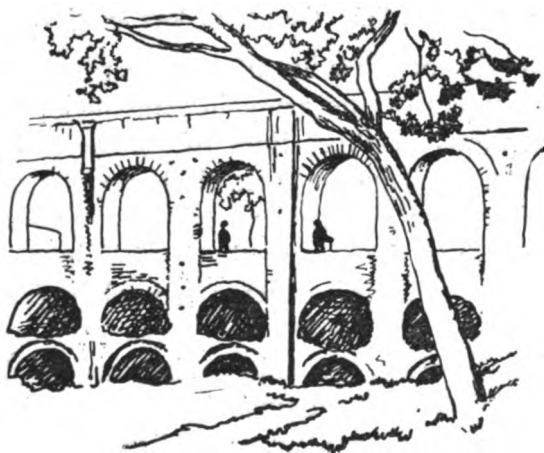
often been described and set to music, as in Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, Bizet's *Carmen*, and Mozart's *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Seville is the home of the famous dance, the *bolero*. During the past



thirty years the population has increased from 133,000 to upwards of 150,000.

The history of Seville is a page of romance. Tradition says that Hercules founded the city, and that Julius Caesar built the walls, but history is certain

that there was an important Phœnician, and later, a Roman settlement, within a few kilometers northwest of the present site, in early times. Under Augustus, the city of Italica, as it was called, became the capital of Baetica, one of the then three provinces of Roman Spain. It is said to be the first Latin-speaking town founded outside of Italy. The Emperors Hadrian, Trajan, and Theodosius, were born in the neighborhood. It is curious that though excavations have revealed many splendid public edifices, very few private houses have been found. The great amphitheater is the most interesting of the ruins. There is also a magnificent aqueduct of Roman origin, conducting water from Carmona to Seville. Italica is now represented by a small village called Santi Ponce.



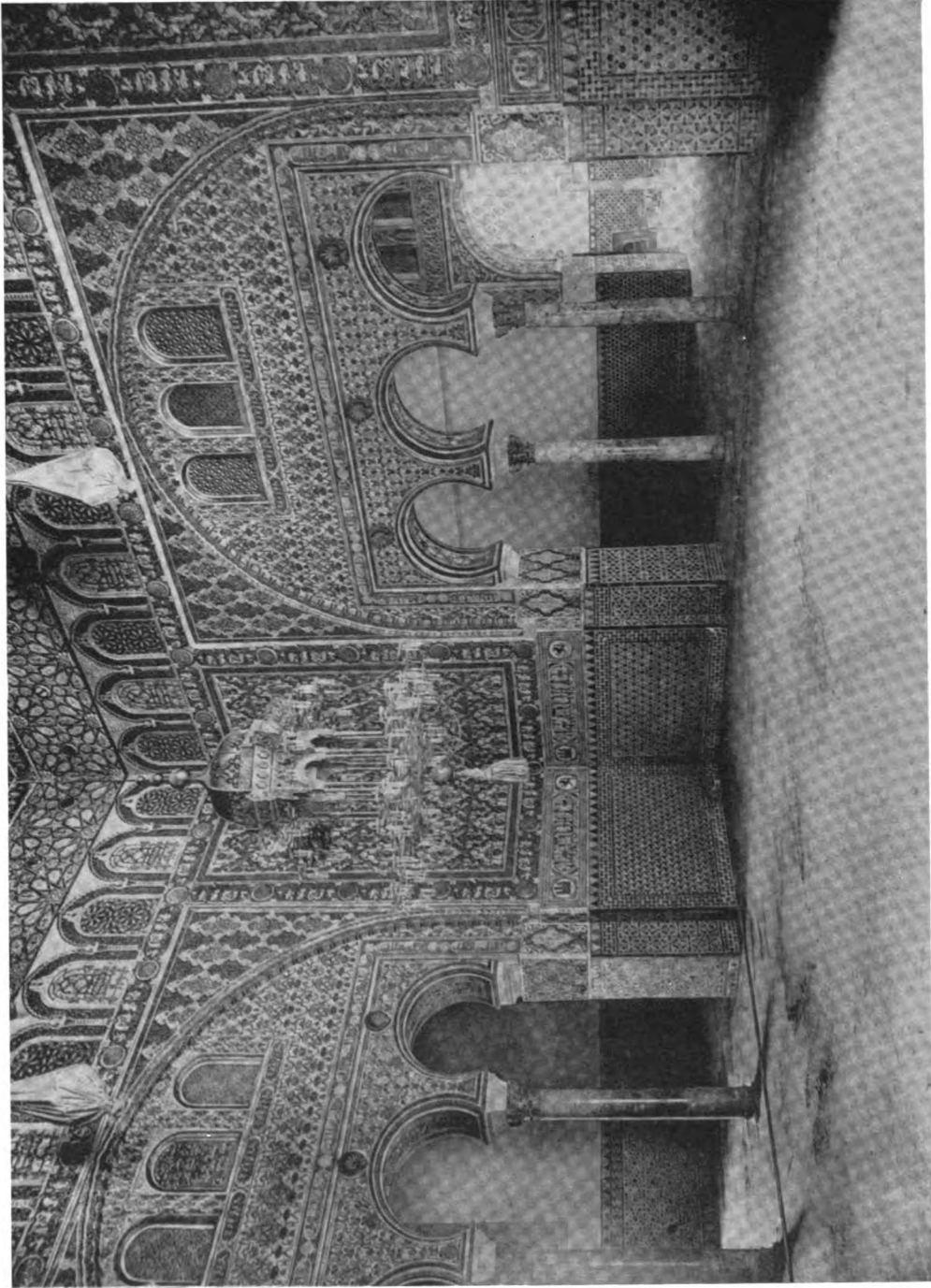
After the sack of Rome under Alaric, in A. D. 409, Walia, a Visigothic chief, established a kingdom in Andalucía, which lasted till

711, when it fell under the dominion of the Arabs. Very little remains in Seville of this period; only a few pillars and stone ornaments roughly executed in the Byzantine style can be ascribed to the primi-



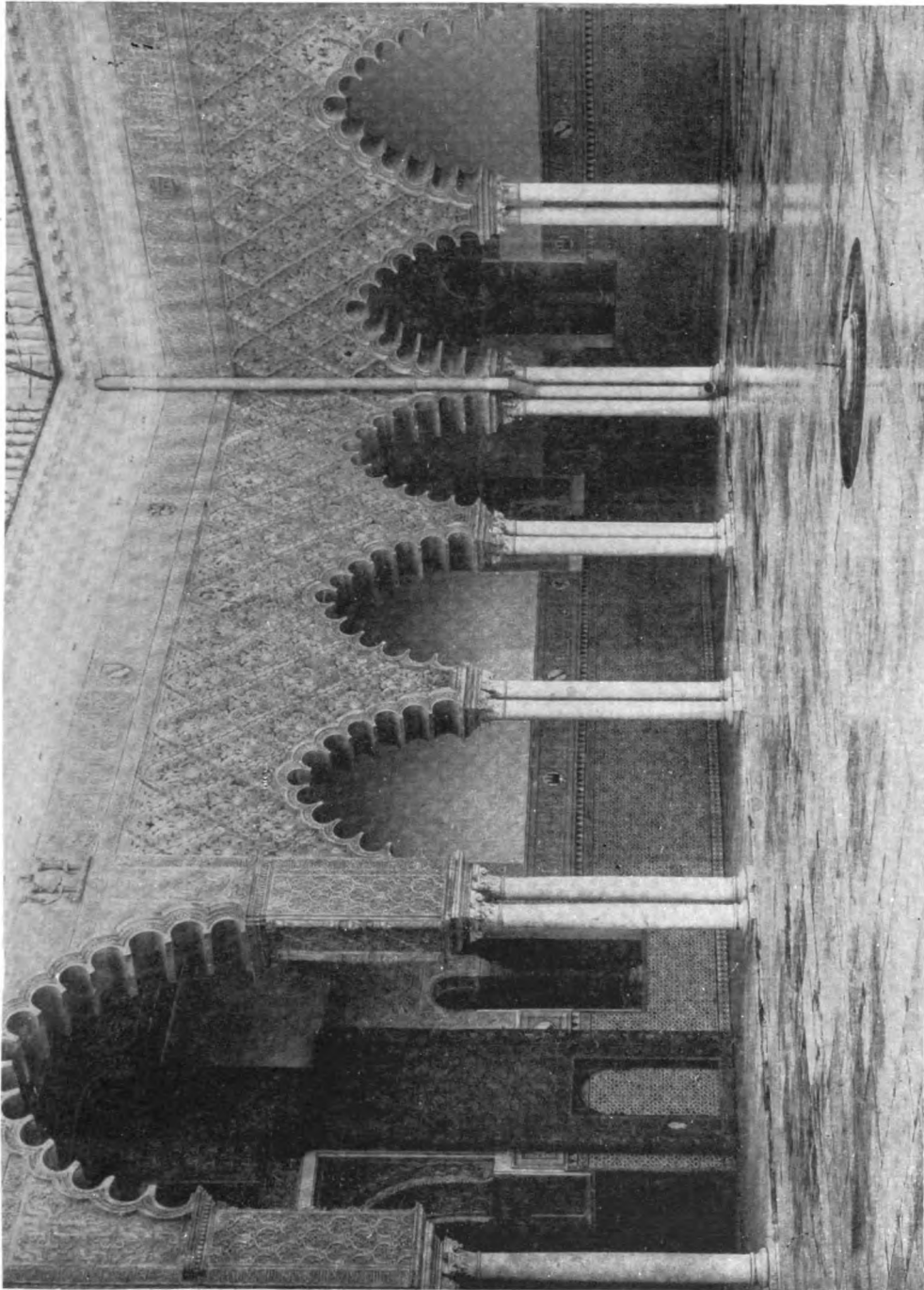
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ENTRANCE OF THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS: ALCÁZAR, SEVILLE



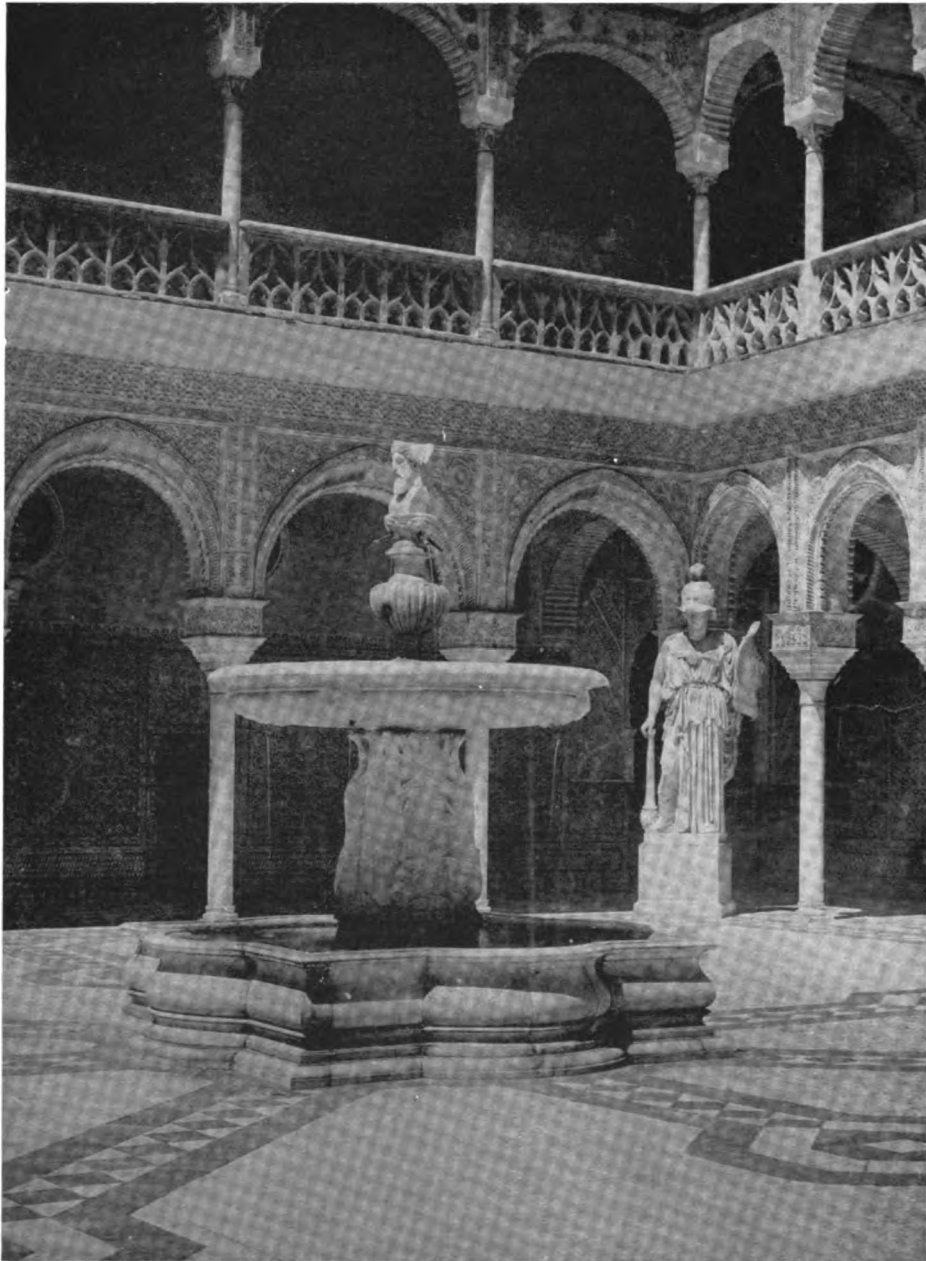
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HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS: ALCÁZAR



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THE COURT OF THE MAIDENS: ALCÁZAR



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COURT OF THE CASA DE PILATOS: SEVILLE

tive Christian age; but with the coming of the Moslims there arose a commingling of spirit which gave birth to that new and beautiful style of art, which, though called Moorish is really finer and more delicate than anything found in North Africa or Arabia, and whose influence persisted for centuries after the re-conquest by the Christians in 1248.

Many vicissitudes between Arabian chiefs and tribes arose after the Moslim conquest; the Abbadids were succeeded by the Almoravids, and then came the hardy Almohades from Africa (1146). Under the rule of the latter, Ishbiliyah (Seville) prospered exceedingly and recovered its rank as an independent kingdom; a great mosque was then built by Yusuf I, to replace the one which had been burned during the temporary invasion of the Normans in 859. It probably embodied some part of the original structure which resembled the larger mosque of Córdoba. Soon after the final defeat of the Moors, it was reconstructed and turned into a cathedral by King Ferdinand III, but in 1401, the building having been practically ruined by earthquakes, it was demolished and the present cathedral commenced. The cathedral of Seville is one of the largest and most impressive buildings which remain from the hands of the great architects of the Middle Ages. The interior is overwhelming in its somber grandeur; the exterior is less striking than many other churches of smaller dimensions, but its outline is picturesque and effective. It contains many priceless art treasures, among which are seventy-four magnificent stained-glass windows, mostly the work of Flemish painters, silver monstrosities of great size and beauty, carved altar-pieces and choir-stalls of extraordinary richness and delicacy, and masterpieces of painting by Murillo and other famous painters. The tomb of Fernando Colón, son of the great discoverer, occupies a prominent place near the main entrance. It is decorated with carvings representing the vessels which crossed the Atlantic for the first time and is inscribed, "A Castilla y a León mundo nuevo dió Colón."

A few fragments of the mosque of Yusuf the Almohad were incorporated in the new cathedral; and the wonderful minaret, the Giralda, was preserved and increased in height, to be used as a bell-tower. This tower is one of the most beautiful in the world, and has often been imitated. In general effect the newer portion harmonizes perfectly with the original part, though the details are in a different style — the Renaissance. The Giralda is quadrangular in plan, and



unlike the minarets of Egypt and the Orient generally, is strong and massive rather than slender and fragile. It covers a space of 146 square feet. The lower part is of stone, the upper of brick, and at about 4 feet from the ground the beautiful decorations begin which so greatly increase its charm. The original portion is only 230 feet in height; the remaining 81 feet dating from 1568. Its name Giralda — *que gira*, that which turns — is derived from the great statue at the summit, which, though very heavy, revolves with every breath of wind. The tower is ascended by means of a series of inclined planes up which a horse can walk, and the highest platform affords an extensive view over the city and the plain of the Guadalquivir.

The transition of the Moorish Ishbiliyah into the Spanish capital Seville, proceeded slowly, and the Castilians showed commendable moderation in their treatment of those Muslims who remained after the two hundred thousand or more passed over to Africa. The war which resulted in the taking of the city cannot be regarded exactly as a Christian crusade, for Mohammedan troops fought under the banner of Ferdinand, and were not forgotten in the divisions of the spoils. By degrees the peculiar and extremely picturesque blending of Moorish, Gothic, and Renaissance styles called the "Mudejar" became complete, and remained dominant for centuries. The builders and artisan classes remained for many years composed of Moors, sometimes Christianized, but retaining the artistic traditions of their ancestors.

After the conquest, temporary ruin fell upon the city, principally on account of the great loss of inhabitants; but in the fifteenth century it was in a position to derive full benefit from the discovery of America. For several hundred years it prospered wonderfully, but towards the close of the eighteenth century a serious decline set in which was accelerated by a terrible outbreak of yellow fever that carried off 30,000 persons in the year 1800. In 1810 the French plundered it to the extent of \$30,000,000, but since then it has been steadily recovering something like its former prosperity.

The principal relic of the Muslim dominion in Seville is the palace of the Alcázar, which is excelled in beauty and historical interest only



by the Alhambra at Granada. The Alcázar was begun in 1181 under the rule of the Almohads. It was originally surrounded by walls and towers, of which the Torre del Oro by the riverside is the principal survival. There was once a corresponding tower on the opposite side of the stream; a chain was drawn across from tower to tower in times of danger, but during the great siege of 1248 two of the ships of King Ferdinand's fleet succeeded in breaking it.

Though the Alcázar, as it stands, is not a pure specimen of Moorish architecture and decoration, and though it has been greatly enlarged and restored at various times, it is mainly the work of Moorish hands and the conception of Moorish designers. Much of it was built by Moorish architects for King Pedro the Cruel in the fourteenth century; and even in the fifteenth century we hear of Christianized Moors building or reconstructing large portions of it by order of Ferdinand and Isabella. During the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries serious damage was done by unwise restoration, but when restoration has again to be done there can be no doubt that greater care will be taken to preserve the spirit of the antique work.

The Alcázar teems with strange and terrible memories, especially of the ferocious temper and savage deeds of Pedro the Cruel. The horrible events related of his reign make it difficult to associate such a monster with the exquisite courts and peaceful gardens of the lovely palace, but there is no doubt that he is the most conspicuous personality in its history. Countless tales are told and ballads sung of his deeds. The best that can be said of him is that he protected the humbler classes against the rapacity of the officials, and that he had a certain sense of humor. Among the stories of his rough justice there is an amusing one that tells of his retaliation upon the ecclesiastical authorities who had merely suspended a priest from his sacerdotal functions for a year for the crime of murdering a shoemaker. Don Pedro thereupon decreed that any tradesman who killed a priest should be restrained from exercising *his* trade for a similar period!

The Alcázar forms an irregular oblong in which the *Patio de las Doncellas* (Hall of the Maidens) occupies a central portion, around which various halls and rooms are grouped according to the usual Moorish plan. One of the doors opens into the *Salón de los Embajadores* (the Hall of the Ambassadors) the finest apartment of all; it



contains examples of five distinct styles: the Arabic, Almo had or true Moorish, Gothic, late Moorish, and Renaissance. The gardens of the Alcázar are famous for their beauty. Cooling fountains play amid groves of orange and citron, and stately palms and brilliant flowers line the walks. But the sinister presence of the Cruel

King haunts even these pleasaunces. On one occasion he was standing near a pool when four candidates for the office of judge were brought before him. To test their fitness he pointed to an object floating in the water and asked them what it was. The first three answered, "An orange, Sire," but the fourth drew it out with his stick, examined it, and said with accuracy, "Half an orange, Sire." He received the appointment. In an adjoining hall Don Pedro heard four judges discussing the division of a bribe. They were executed on the spot, and their skulls still adorn the king's bedchamber. He had a strong, though crude, idea of the duty of others, but his numerous crimes, including the murder of his wife and other relatives, show that he had peculiar notions of his own duty.

Among many other famous relics of the Middle Ages in Seville is the Casa Pilatos, a splendid palace commenced in 1500 by the Adelantado (Governor) Don Pedro Enríquez, and finished by Don Pedro Afán, Duke of Alcalá, in 1533. It is remarkable from its great resemblance in general appearance to the Alcázar, though it is far more modern; but a close examination shows that in its details the Renaissance feeling had largely overpowered the Moorish. The central patio, however, is strongly Moorish in effect.

Seville possesses several magnificent architectural examples of the later and definitely Renaissance style, such as the Lonja (Exchange

— 1585), and the Casa del Ayuntamiento (City Hall), the hospitals del Sangre and La Caridad, and the palace of San Telmo. The archbishop's palace, the tobacco factory, and the bull ring, are large structures, but possess no architectural importance.



of Zurbarán and other famous masters of the old Spanish school.

In the art of painting Seville occupies a very prominent place. As the birthplace of both Velázquez and Murillo it could hardly be otherwise, though the former did little of his best work there. Murillo, on the contrary, is well represented by numerous pictures in the cathedral and other churches; in fact, his influence seems an integral part of the life of the city he loved so well, whose colors, religious emotion, splendor, and poverty, are expressed so vividly in his works. The Museum and the churches of Seville also contain numerous examples of the work

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

I. THE DORIC ORDER IN ARCHITECTURE



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in his *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, relates that at one time Professor Jenkin "spent three nights a week with Dr. Bell working away at certain geometrical methods of getting the Greek architectural proportions," Dr. Bell having hit upon the singular fact that certain geometrical intersections gave the proportions of the Doric order. Stevenson says:

Fleeming, under Dr. Bell's direction, applied the same method to the other orders, and again found the proportions accurately given. Numbers of diagrams were prepared; but the discovery was never given to the world, perhaps because of the dissensions that arose between the authors. For Dr. Bell believed that "these intersections were in some way connected with, or symbolical of, the antagonistic forces at work"; but his pupil and helper, with characteristic trenchancy, brushed aside this mysticism and interpreted the discovery as "a geometrical method of dividing the spaces, or (as might be said) of setting out the work, purely empirical, and in no way connected with any laws of either force or beauty."

“Many a hard and pleasant fight we had over it,” wrote Jenkin, “and the pupil is still unconvinced.”

Perhaps it is not widely known that, in the “sixties,” Fleeming Jenkin was associated with Sir William Thomson at the Silvertown works, London, in work that made ocean-telegraphy feasible. But Greek architecture and its symbolism were probably as foreign to their normal sphere of thought as to most of us.

The passage quoted stimulated some inquiry into the question, and on turning to the writings of that pioneer of pioneers, H. P. Blavatsky, a remarkable statement concerning the life and work of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, was found. The reference is given as a foot-note immediately following a long and magnificent passage in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 207-8) in allusion to the Third Root-Race and to the “Nameless One” under whose direct and silent guidance “all the other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these ‘Sons of God’ that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.” Then comes the foot-note:

Let those who doubt this statement explain the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the ancients — alleged to have developed from lower and animal-like savages, the *cave-men* of the Palaeolithic age — on any other equally reasonable grounds. Let them turn to such works as those of Vitruvius Pollio of the Augustan age, on architecture, for instance, in which all the rules of proportion are those *taught anciently at initiation*, if they would acquaint themselves with the truly divine art, and understand the *deep esoteric significance hidden in every rule and law of proportion*. No man descended from a Palaeolithic cave-dweller could ever evolve such a science unaided, even in millenniums of thought and intellectual evolution. It is the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the third Root-Race, who handed their knowledge from one generation to another, to Egypt and Greece with its now lost *canon of proportion*; as it is the Disciples of the Initiates of the fourth, the Atlanteans, who handed it over to their *Cyclopes*, the “Sons of Cycles” or of the “Infinite,” from whom the name passed to the still later generations of Gnostic priests. . . . Modern architecture may not altogether have neglected those rules, but they have added enough empirical innovations to destroy those just proportions. It is Vitruvius who gave to posterity the rules of construction of the Grecian temples erected to the immortal gods, and the ten books of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, of one, in short, who was an initiate, can only be studied esoterically. The Druidical circles, the Dolmen,

the Temples of India, Egypt, and Greece, the Towers and the 127 towns in Europe which were found "Cyclopean in origin" by the French Institute, are all the work of initiated Priest-Architects, the descendants of those primarily taught by the "Sons of God," justly called "The Builders." . . .

Some passages in this foot-note suggest forcibly that before turning to what Vitruvius says, or indulging in remarks on some of the symbolism conveyed by that which he passed on to us, it is well to keep in view the enormous antiquity of the human race, even on this planet (for were we to say it contains elements older than the planet itself, considerable familiarity on the reader's part with the Secret Doctrine would have to be assumed). As for instance:

One of the *Books of Hermes* describes one of the [Egyptian] pyramids as standing upon the sea-shore, "the waves of which dashed in powerless fury against its base." This implies that the geographical features of the country have been changed, and may indicate that we must accord to these ancient "granaries," "magico-astrological observatories," and "royal sepulchers," an origin antedating the upheaval of the Sahara and other deserts. This would imply rather more of an antiquity than the poor few thousands of years, so generously accorded to them by Egyptologists. (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 520.)

In fact the study of symbolism, to be intelligent, demands an enormous amplification of current ideas as to the origin, history, and destiny of the race; together with much wider and more dignified views regarding man's real inner nature and possibilities than are prevalent, or were prevalent even in the days of Plato, Pythagoras, Jesus, and many another Teacher who had to hide or veil much of his real knowledge, for no other reason than that much of it would not be understood. But it is our proper destiny to understand, and H. P. Blavatsky has given us keys innumerable.

Among the harmonies of Nature are those of form. Harmonious sounds (etheric) are music, from which proceed harmonious forms and colors. These ideas are well known. But whether a true symbol be of Nature's creation, such as a flower, or of man's, the ultimate significance has reference to Man, the crown, *when perfected*, of manifested life; to his cycles, changes, dual nature, etc. Thus a high order of symbolism is purely metaphysical, pertaining to Man in his deeper aspects. It soars, like the original apex of the Great Pyramid, to that which transcends form — toward reality. For is it not axiomatic, metaphysically, that form belongs to manifestation, to one or another region of manifestation, including even intellectual form? That which is invisible, inaudible, impalpable — the One Reality which

is No-Thing, and from which all, whether gods or worlds, proceeds, and into which all periodically returns — should alone be the subject of worship.

Symbols of the higher order do thus but whisper, as it were, of form. Thus it happens, that the deeper the meaning, the simpler may the symbol be. Sometimes there are symbols whose meaning could scarcely be grasped even by the intuition, unless at least some brain-knowledge of man's immense prior Involution from above (or within) and Evolution from below (or without) had been assimilated.

Probably the nearest approach to the elimination of Form, after the Point and Circle (the highest metaphysical symbols, for reasons fully treated of in *The Secret Doctrine*), is the use of the straight line, combined with basic elements of Number. In the Doric order, as in the Great Pyramid, the straight line and plane (ignoring the optic element of entasis) alone are used, if we except the circular shape of the columns. Needless to say, the circle is but an emblem of the sphere. The straight line and plane occur nowhere in Nature, and are essentially metaphysical in character.

Let us now quote, as briefly as possible, from Vitruvius, bearing in mind that if, as pointed out in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (" Architecture "), there are no examples of quite the proportions he gives, this is of little import, in view of H. P. Blavatsky's statement. The italics are ours:

No building can be said to be well designed which lacks symmetry and proportion. In truth they are as necessary to the beauty of a building as to that of a well formed human figure, which nature has so fashioned that . . . from the chin to the crown of the head is *an eighth part* of the whole height, and from the nape of the neck to the crown of the head the same. . . . The fore-arm is a fourth part. . . . Similarly have the other members their due proportions, by attention to which the ancient painters and sculptors obtained so much reputation. Just so, the parts of Temples should correspond with each other, and with the whole. . . . It is not alone by a circle that the human body is thus circumscribed, as may be seen by placing it within a square. For, measuring from the feet to the crown of the head, and then across the arms fully extended, we find the latter measure equal to the former; so that lines at right angles to each other, enclosing the figure, will form a square. If Nature, therefore, has made the human body so that the different members of it are measures of the whole, so the ancients have, with great propriety, determined that in all perfect works, each part should be some aliquot part of the whole; and since they direct that this be observed in all works, it must be most strictly attended to in temples of the gods, wherein the faults as well as the beauties remain to the end of time. It is worthy of

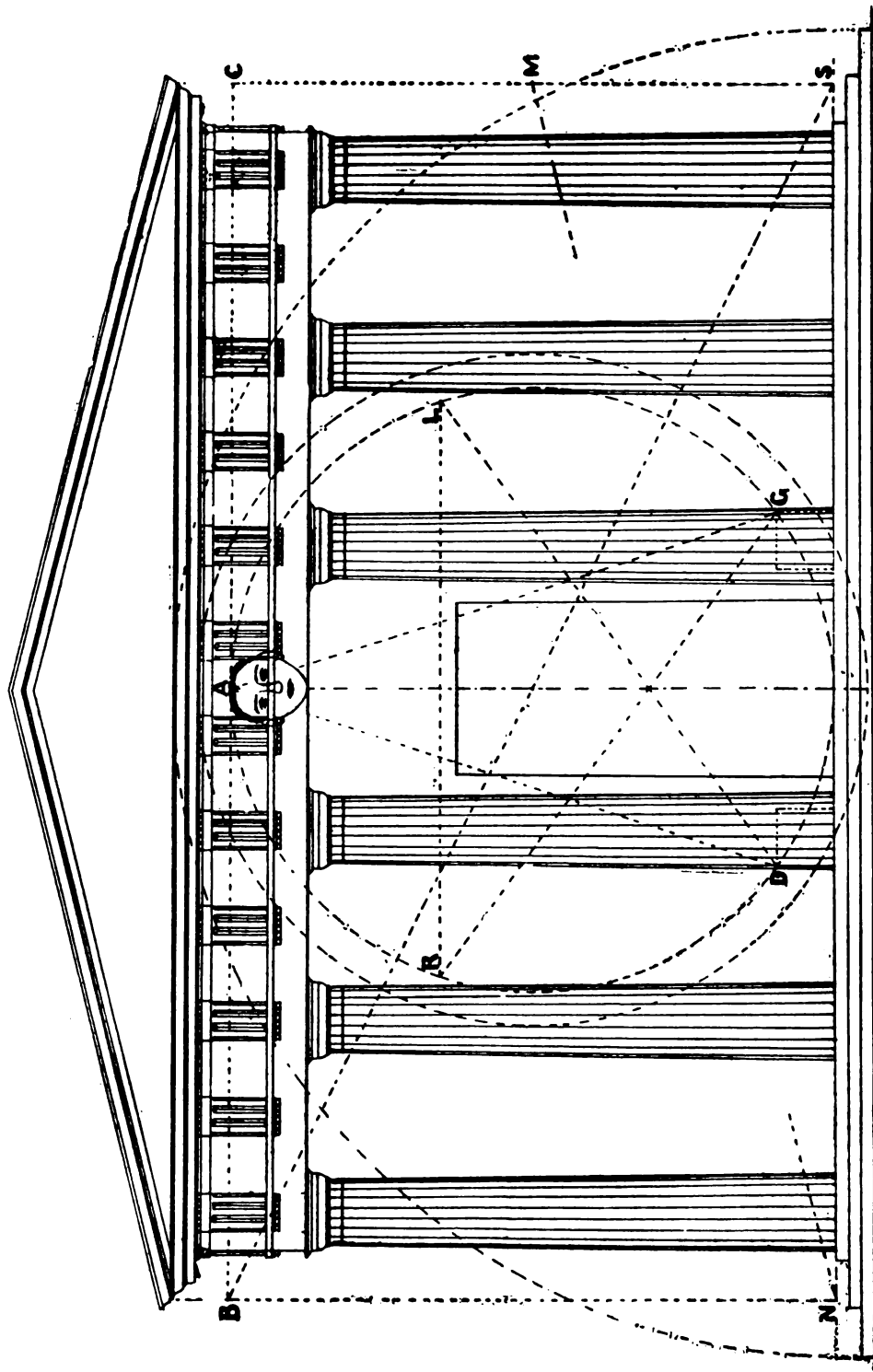
remark, that the measures necessarily used in all buildings are derived from the members of the human body. . . . (Bk. III, c. i.)

The entire chapter might have been quoted, for therein are to be found the rules and laws of proportion (including both decimal and duodecimal subdivisions) inherent equally in the human frame and in the geometry of the sphere. A common way of accounting for our decimal arithmetic is that man has ten fingers. But it might occur to any one that we have ten fingers, stand within a square, or a sphere, or make a regular pentagon, *because* these things are inherent in the formative laws of being; and in fact that Number, as Pythagoras taught, and as modern science is discovering, lies at the foundation of living forms, crystals, and atoms; underlies sound, which as the Logos, the Word, is one of the original agents of hierarchies obeying laws of Universal Mind. In the School of Pythagoras the pupil had to be familiar with arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, before gaining admission. To continue:

I will . . . proceed to explain the method of using it [the Doric order], *as instructed therein by my masters*; so that if any one desire it he will here find the proportions detailed, *and so amended*, that he may, *without a defect*, be able to design a sacred building of the Doric order. . . . If the work be systyle: the front of the building when hexastyle is to be divided into thirty-five parts; of these one part is taken for a module. . . . Thus, over the [intercolumniar spaces of the] architrave are two metopae and one triglyph, and in the angles a space will be left equal to half a triglyph. The middle part, under the pediment, will be equal to the space of three triglyphs and three metopae, in order that the central intercolumniations may give room to those approaching the temple, and present a more dignified view of the statue of the god. [Here is wit, and half a blind.] The thickness of the columns is to be equal to *two modules*, their height equal to *fourteen*. . . . The architrave is to be *one module* in height. . . . Over the architrave triglyphs with metopae are placed, *one and a half modules* high. The triglyphs are one module wide on the face, . . . the metopae [the spaces of the frieze between the triglyphs] as long as they are high. (Bk. IV, c. 3.)

It will be found that the total length of the architrave is thus exactly $29\frac{1}{2}$ modules, not 35; the latter figure, therefore, refers to the total length of the stylobate (or base-steps) along the front, while the length of the architrave is precisely the distance between the external surfaces of the end columns, at the foot.

Without going into minute details, the result is given in the accompanying front view of a systyle hexastyle Doric temple according to the special instructions imparted to Vitruvius. He has been par-



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FRONT VIEW OF A SYSTYLE HEXASTYLE DORIC TEMPLE ACCORDING TO MARCUS VITRUVIUS POLLIO

ticular in stating that the head is one-eighth of the height. Thus the height of man being divided into sixteen modules, or eight parts of two modules each, the height of the human body to the chin is fourteen modules, the height given for the columns. The inference is obvious. The head, two modules, comes within the architrave and frieze, as shown on the drawing.

A close examination reveals much of the significance of the proportions given. Unlike the Parthenon, and some other Greek examples, the architrave is here but one module in height. Hence, the eyes and the upper part of the head come within the frieze. That is, the frieze represents the region of man's conscious experience and intelligence. For this reason undoubtedly, the square metopae between the triglyphs were carved into scenes *portraying every kind of event in the lives of gods and men*; and by no means for the mere purpose of decorative effect.

We can now endeavor to follow the symbolism in some detail. The ears are on the dividing line between architrave and frieze, where are the six octaves of the seventy-two guttae (the small six-grouped pendants beneath the *twelve* triglyphs), while nostrils and mouth are within the architrave. Students may appreciate this symbolism. Let two cubes, the size of a metopa, be placed at D and G. Then, the position of the head remaining unchanged, if the toes rest at D and G, and the finger-tips are extended to R and L, Man forms a regular pentagon, which considered as angles of the Icosahedron, belongs to a sphere that *exactly touches the under surface of the cornice*, a splendid piece of symbolism. For let it be noted that Vitruvius says the under side of the cornice should be sculptured with *representations of thunderbolts*. Jupiter, Thor, Thursday, may give the hint required. Moreover, the under side of the cornice has 216 guttae, a direct reference to certain basic cycle-numbers (see *The Secret Doctrine*). The geometry of the sphere and icosahedron, basic elements of nature-forms, is further indicated by the semicircle, standing on the floor level with the length of the stylobate as diameter, which just touches the upper surface of the cornice; by the twenty flutings specified for the circular columns, typifying the twenty faces of the icosahedron; by the diagonal of the double-square B C S N formed by man's height and the length of the cornice, viz., the line B S, which forms with the vertical through the center the foundation angle of all forms, because with four more through the center, at this mutual angle, we have the

six diameters of the icosahedron, which give rise to all the Pythagorean regular solid forms. The descending passage of the Great Pyramid is at the slope of B S.

From the Third to the Fifth Root-Races Man might be represented by a double square metaphysically. The Six Columns are Man's Six Principles, synthesized in the Seventh, soaring above at the apex of the pediment. They may also typify his six potential Śaktis, or six powers of a very definite order, immanent in Nature (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 292-3). Bisecting C S at M, and joining N M, we have the slope of the pediment.

The gods being but perfected Man, a temple in honor of the immortal gods should be sacred to the Cause (in the sense of an enterprise) of Sublime Perfection, of which W. Q. Judge wrote. And the soul-experience, symbolized in the frieze, how is it gained? Through repeated *incarnations*. Where is this shown? Observe the Doorway, the Entrance to "the Temple." It is exactly at five-eighths of man's height, where we find the umbilicus. "A mystery above, a mystery below." Withal, this symbolism probably only belongs to some of the great Root-Races. The width of the doorway at the foot, being half of the line D G, suggests a second pentagon, which gives a clue. Any one acquainted with solid geometry can see where it is. Here is symbolism, referring not only to Man, but even to the electro-magnetic poles of the Earth, man's dwelling-place. (*Ibid.* II, 362.)

The twelve triglyphs are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve faces of the dodecahedron, all related both to form and to time-cycles. Note how the Three and the Four are blended in the symbolism of the frieze. Here one might with profit refer to "The Mysteries of the Hebdomad" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 589-641).

The double square is again seen in the directions of Vitruvius that the length of a temple must be twice the breadth. The same will be found in the hall of columns at Karnak, and elsewhere; notably in what is called *nowadays* the "king's chamber" of the Great Pyramid.

In short, much of the number and geometric symbolism of all time may be discovered in this front elevation of a hexastyle Doric temple set out according to rules given to Vitruvius, as he modestly asserts. The perfection of detail speaks eloquently to us of the knowledge and reverence for the Truth, which the ancients must have possessed.



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VIEW OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN



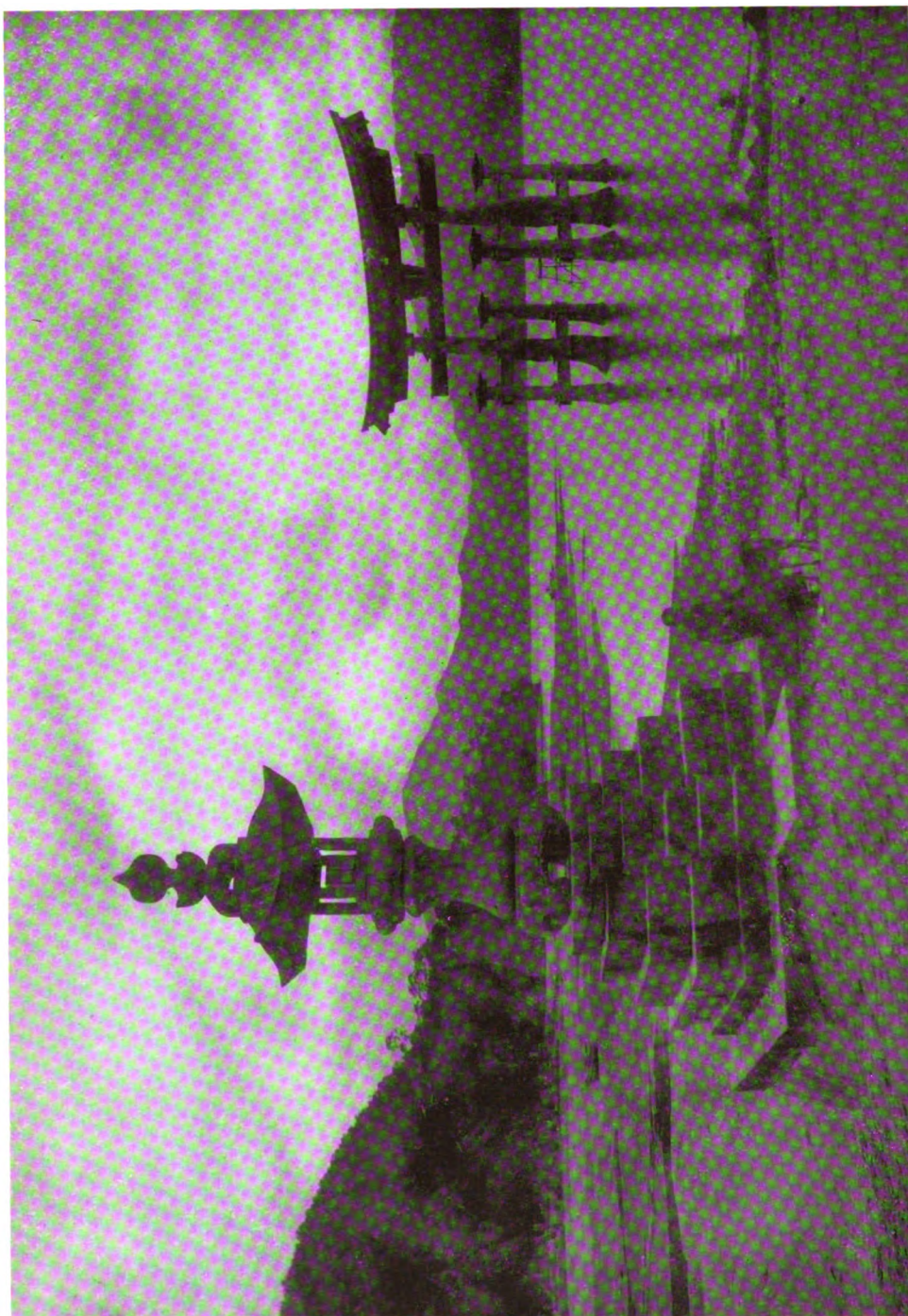
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VIEW OF MATSUSHIMA (THE FAMOUS PINE-TREE ISLAND), JAPAN



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THE SLEEPING CAT. CARVING BY HIDARI JINGORO THE FAMOUS ARTIST, AT NIKKO, JAPAN



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VIEW OF MIYAJIMA, JAPAN

WORDSWORTH'S ODE TO DUTY: by H. Travers, M. A.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Pow-
er! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard

Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their
name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman
let me live!



HERE is a good deal of confusion of thought today on the subject of duty, and the words of the poets may be useful as reminders; for they have often registered in immortal form important landmarks of truth.

The word Duty is too often made to have a gloomy sound, as though it were opposed to happiness or freedom. But this impression arises from a misunderstanding of the words. The poet finds no such antagonism. To him, duty is a light to guide, it is victory, it is law; it is true liberty; from vain temptations it sets free.

Recently we have come across a theory that the conquering and controlling of self — the “bondage to duty” — is a hindrance to progress; and that we ought to strive to produce men who will be *happy*. This is from an educational theorist of some repute; but it does not imply, as might at first sight appear, any great perversity of views, but merely a curious confusion of ideas. The “duty” spoken of is evidently something other than the duty of which the poet sings. The protest is against false notions of duty, not against duty itself. Yet because people may be cramped and hindered by false notions of duty, it is argued that duty is a bondage; and therefore new theories of education, based on this confusion of thought, are devised.

At the bottom of such fallacies is the failure to distinguish between the real Self in man and the personal ego. Self-control is the very foundation of all human welfare, both individual and collective; and to argue that it is a bar to progress is evidently absurd. What progress could ever have been achieved *without* self-control? What kind of a chaos would society be tomorrow, did the sweet and potent influence of self-control suddenly cease to act?

The fallacy is disposed of by another poet — a very ancient one — who says that we must “overcome the self by the Self.” This is the true discipline, and involves no subservience to dogma or arbitrary rule.

To say that the natural impulses of children, if allowed unimpeded action, are safe guides, is to state a loose proposition, which may lead to different conclusions, according as different people define the terms. But to say that *some* of the natural impulses are safe guides and that some are not, is to state a definite proposition, and one that will be found conformable to experience and not repulsive to common sense. The Soul of the child is fresh from its rest, but its body is “of the earth, earthy,” and enshrines many perverse instincts derived from racial heredity. We deem it right and necessary to protect the child against hunger, cold, and disease; nor do we turn it loose to be fed and sheltered by its unthwarted natural instincts. A similar protection for its moral nature is demanded of us as parents and guardians; and we may well regard the child as a visitor from the realms of light, who expects our hospitality.

And because many parents and guardians, in their imperfect knowledge, do not understand how to treat the child, and impose upon it many injudicious and perhaps harmful restraints; are we on that

account to rush to the opposite extreme and remove all restraint? There is all the difference in the world between restraint and protection; as much as there is between a strait-waistcoat and an overcoat.

The true method of education is to show the child how to control its lower nature by its higher, thus placing its reliance on the only real source of control and wisdom — its Spiritual nature. There can be no slavery about such a method, no hindrance to progress or cramping of the nature. On the contrary, it is the unwise desires of the lower nature that hem us in and prevent us from expanding and realizing our possibilities.

The apparent conflict between duty and desire is due to the present imperfection of our knowledge; and the poet looks forward to the day when our nature will be so well-balanced that we shall know no such conflict, but shall do our duty naturally and with joy. The conflict between duty and inclination arises because we fail to discern the purposes of our Soul, and set up instead our fond and foolish desires. These desires, if indulged, do not bring happiness; they are frustrated by the desires of other people, or by other desires of our own; and they grow more importunate as we feed them. It is they that are the tyrants, not duty. To end the struggle, we must gain *Self*-knowledge, so that our inclinations may be wise, and so that our duty may be our pleasure.

The problem of man's free-will has been symbolized by the harnessing of Pegasus, the winged steed. The only way in which the strong and adventurous human nature can be directed is by the Spiritual Will. All education should be directed toward arousing this power.

No reformer, be he never so enthusiastic, can change the laws of nature. We must obey *some* law, whether we will or no; and the only question is, What law shall we obey? Shall it be the law of our impulses? If so, the result to society can only be strife and confusion, no matter how lofty the said impulses may seem to their owners. Other people will claim for themselves the same license as we are claiming, and their desires may thwart ours. The great Teachers have shown us the law of the Higher Nature: forbearance, self-control, charity; by following which we shall conflict with no man's interest. This eternal law has not been repealed in recent times; possibly because man is not yet grown big enough to repeal it.

How often do we mistake our weakness for our strength, and set

up vanity for self-respect, claiming for it a recognition which (seemingly) it cannot win for itself! If manliness (or womanliness) is what we desire, there are better ways of showing it than by running atilt at duty. The way of the self-infatuated man is full of shifts and sophistries.

The *confidence of reason* is what the poet asks of duty; and yet "reason" is what so many of the rebels against duty set up as their standard of revolt. What a misuse of words! Can it be reason that leads men into so many and so strange paths? To be "lowly wise" is simply to shed our vanity and live in the "light of truth," a bondman to the eternal laws of life.

Man's powerful faculties could be of no possible use to him without duty — any more than steam would have any power unless confined in a boiler. If it were not for gravitation, birds could not fly; would it be sensible to try to abolish the law of gravitation on the ground that it interfered with soaring? It is but plain common sense to say that man needs restraint as well as impulse; for he is no exception to everything else in nature. But how can he restrain his lower nature except by his Higher? Let us regard duty as the voice of Reason speaking in us. If there is a feeling of rebellion against this voice, be sure that there is something wrong and we need bracing up.



THE nature of all things near and dear to us, O King, is such that we must leave them, divide ourselves from them, separate ourselves from them. Pass not away, O King, with longing in thy heart. Sad is the death of him who longs, unworthy is the death of him who longs. — *Mahâ-Sudassana-Sutta*

THE WISE guard the home of nature's order; they assume excellent forms in secret. — *Rig-Veda*

THE Great and Peaceful Ones live regenerating the world like the coming of spring, and having crossed the ocean of embodied existence they help those who journey on the same path. Their desire is spontaneous: it is the natural tendency of great souls to remove the suffering of others. — *Viveka-Chûdâmani*

IF a Bhikkhu should desire, brethren, to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of men, sounds both human and celestial, whether far or near, let him then fulfil all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him see through things, let him be much alone. — *Ahankheyya-Sutta*

EXCELSIOR: by R. W. Machell



WHAT is that shadow rising yonder? See! it creeps nearer; it covers the path and fills the narrow gorge with a cold darkness that may be felt even at this distance. I see no clouds overhead; the sun shines, and the shadows of the mountains are clear cut on the other side of the valley. But that shadow is independent. It is alive, a living death, that seeks to envelop us in its grasp; where does it come from? why does it come nearer as we watch?"

"Look down! That shadow comes from where you stand; it follows the movement of your mind, grows with your fear, and comes nearer as you draw it to you by your contemplation. That cold air that you feel is the breath of your own doubts blown back upon you by the opposing currents that it meets. The coiling, creeping monster is yourself, your shadow-self, that comes towards you, as comes your image in a mirror when you advance to meet it. Look further! See higher up, where the full glory of the sun

bathes all the path in light. What do you see there?"

"I see a man fighting a monster, and it is dark around him, except for the brief flashes of flame that come from his whirling sword; but the monster grows darker and more dense, and the warrior is hidden in the cloud; ah! now it passes rolling away and losing itself in the depths of the canyon."

"And the warrior?"

"I cannot see him for the brightness of the light: but for a moment it seemed to me I saw a glorious image as of a man divine, who pointed upwards, and then passed from sight. What does it mean?"

But the guide was gone, and the narrow path wound upwards towards the distant heights, where the sun shone on the blinding purity of the eternal snow.

A song was in my heart; the glamor of the sunlight hid the dis-

tance from my eyes; I felt the coldness from the heights as an intoxication, and in imagination I myself stood there upon the immeasurable altitude bathed in the radiance of the sun and glowing with the brilliance of the snow, while in the far below a man toiled upward casting shadows as he climbed the narrow path. I seemed to know him, and as I gazed upon his stooping figure I pitied him and called him to look upward; he answered, turning his eyes towards me; then my gaze met his and blended. I looked around me and I saw the path wind slowly upward to the distant heights and the dark shadows resting in the deep gorge below.

LADY ANNE CONWAY: by F. S. Darrow, M. A., Ph. D.

I. A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



SINCE the modern Theosophical Society "is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages," the study of the history of that movement in the past is not only highly interesting, but, in the truest and deepest sense, instructive and educative. By means of such a study, the historical continuity of Theosophy, a truth reiterated by the three Theosophical Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, becomes a vital reality, and innumerable facts are gathered in substantiation of the statement that Theosophy, "the Wisdom-Religion, was ever one and the same, and being the last word of possible human knowledge, was therefore carefully preserved." (H. P. Blavatsky, *Key to Theosophy*, Point Loma Edition, 1907, p. 9.) Such a historical retrospect of the movement reveals also the importance of the following words of H. P. Blavatsky:

Toward the close of each century you will invariably find that an outpouring or upheaval of spirituality, or call it mysticism if you prefer, has taken place. Some one or more persons have appeared in the world as their [i. e. the Theosophical Teachers'] agents and a greater or less amount of occult knowledge and teaching has been given out. If you care to do so, you can trace these movements back, century by century as far as our detailed historical records extend.

(*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 294.)

Such a work of research would be far more fascinating and valuable than many subjects commonly selected by scholars! Many

are the treasures that some industry and insight may thus unearth.

It is the purpose of this paper to call attention to one of the important seventeenth-century Theosophists, whose history seems unknown to almost all modern historians and biographers; one who, in the words of a loving friend — words that were penned soon after Lady Conway's death in 1679 — had

acquired the skill of searching into and judiciously sifting the abstrusest writers of Theosophy, which . . . was not out of any vanity of mind or fond curiosity, but it was, as it were, the genuine food of her natural genius. (Baron Francis Mercury van Helmont — quoted in Richard Ward's *Life of Dr. Henry Ward*, 1710, p. 205.)

The Viscountess Conway, “formerly Mistress Anne Finch of incomparable parts and endowments,” was in many respects a remarkable woman. (Ward, p. 192.) Although belonging to a distinguished family, the exact date of her birth is unknown, but intrinsic probability points to the year 1631, when her father, Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London and Speaker of the House of Commons, died, two years after his second marriage, of which two daughters were born, Elizabeth, the elder, and Anne, the younger. Of the Finches, Richard Ward writes in his *Life of Dr. Henry More* (1710), “there seems indeed to be a very great mixture of nobleness and ingenuity in the name and blood” (p. 192). That this family was indeed highly endowed is evident from the following circumstances. Anne's half-brother Heneage was raised to the Earldom of Nottingham and became under Charles II Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Seal, in which position he earned the honorable title of “the Father of Equity”; and another half-brother, Sir John Finch, M. D., was well known not only as a scientist but also as a diplomatist and traveler in the Near East.

At the age of twenty or thereabouts Mistress Anne Finch was married on the 11th of February, 1651, to Edward, Viscount Conway, who subsequent to Lady Anne's death was created Earl Conway and was appointed to several posts under the government, including those of Lieutenant General of the Horse in Ireland, Governor of Charlemont and Lord Lieutenant, Custos Rotulorum of Warwickshire, and Secretary of State. At first, Lady Conway lived principally in a spacious house designed by the famous architect Inigo Jones upon one of the most beautiful of the seventeenth-century estates in Ireland, Portmore, near Lisburn, close to Lough Neagh, but the later years

of her life were spent at Ragley Castle in Warwickshire in the quaint manor-house originating with John Rous de Raggeley.

Also, between the years 1670 and 1679, Ragley was the abode of the noblest, greatest, and most esteemed of the seventeenth-century Theosophists, Baron Francis Mercury van Helmont, Toparch in Merode, Royenbourg and Oorschot, son of the famous chemist and physician, John Baptist van Helmont — for lady Conway was afflicted by incurable and agonizing headaches, and “Baron van Helmont, for her health’s sake, (being a skilful physician) liv’d long in her family” (Ward, p. 196).

Another of the most prominent of the seventeenth-century Theosophists in England was also a frequent visitor at Ragley, namely, Dr. Henry More of Christ’s College, Cambridge, who in dedicating his treatise on *The Immortality of the Soul* to Lord Viscount Conway and Kilulta says:

Whether I consider the many civilities from yourself and nearest relations, especially from your noble and virtuous Lady, whom I can never think on but with admiration, nor mention without the highest respect . . . (or) call to minde that pleasant retirement I enjoyed at Ragley during my abode with your Lordship; my civil treatment there . . . the solemnness of the place, those shady walks, those hills and woods, wherein often having lost sight of the rest of the world, and the world of me, I found out in that hidden solitude the choicest theories.

At a time when the state, the universities, and the churches, both of England and the continent, were rent with religious and civil quarrels and wars, this quaint Warwickshire manor-house offered a serene retreat and center of activity to many brilliant lightbearers, who were destined to scatter seeds of truth in a generation all but blinded by the darkness — seeds which were to bear in the future a fruitage far more vital and important to the world at large than has as yet been generally recognized. Thither came also as honored guests George Fox, George Keith, Robert Barclay, and William Penn; for the inherent distaste of the true Theosophist to mere lip ceremonial led to this association of both Lady Conway and of Baron van Helmont with the early leaders of the Society of Friends. Therefore when Lady Conway’s body was placed in the family vault beneath the chancel of Arrow Church, the only inscription that was cut upon her lead coffin was that of “The Quaker Lady.”

Lady Conway was not merely the noble and courteous hostess of these brilliant and noteworthy guests, but she was one of the most

active and influential members of a band whose mission it was to promulgate anew the eternal verities of the Theosophical philosophy, who by living example pointed out the way in which those principles must be applied to daily life. "She was one," says Dr. More, "that would not give up her judgment unto any." Therefore, although she was deeply indebted to Dr. More and especially to Baron van Helmont, she was not a passive pupil or disciple of either, and in her turn greatly influenced both. For her, especially, Dr. More wrote both his *Conjectura Cabbalistica*, and his *Philosophiae Teutonicae Censura*, and to her he dedicated his *Antidote against Atheism*. But of still greater importance is the fact that F. M. van Helmont's *Two Hundred Queries concerning the Revolution of Humane Souls*, London, 1684, (a treatise on Reincarnation and Karma), was written at her express request, and Lady Conway may well have been co-author with Baron van Helmont of his *Seder Olam, or the Order, Series and Succession of all the Ages, Periods and Times of the Whole World; also the Hypothesis of the Pre-existency and Revolution of Humane Souls*, London, 1694. When the literal truth of Richard Ward's statement that Lady Conway "was mistress, as I must express it, of the highest theories, whether of philosophy or religion" is recognized, we are impelled to exclaim with James Crossley, one of the most extensive antiquarian book-collectors in modern times, a great student of English and Latin seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literature —

It is certainly unaccountable that this extraordinary person, the profoundest and most learned of the female metaphysical writers of England, to whose piercing intellect even Leibnitz looked up with submission, should have been hitherto so utterly neglected, by modern historians, at least. (*Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington*, 1847, I. p. 142, footnote.)

Lady Conway, gifted with natural genius and with quickness of mind, was given an excellent and comprehensive education, whereby she became acquainted with the learned languages and especially with the highest and noblest Greek and Jewish thought, in particular with Plato and Plotinus and with Philo Judaeus and the Kabbala, thanks to the teachings of van Helmont and a careful study of the *Kabbala Denudata* published by Baron Christian Knorr von Rosenroth in collaboration with F. M. van Helmont, at Sulzbach, in 1677. Therefore as the result of this natural endowment reinforced by study Lady Conway became so profound a metaphysician that she was dis-

tinguished for her attainments even among the most learned of her age.

Dr. More writes, in dedicating his *Antidote against Atheism* to Lady Anne Conway:

Madame, the high opinion, or rather certain knowledge, I have of your singular wit and vertues, has emboldened, or to speak more properly, commanded me to make choice of none other than yourself for a patroness of this present treatise. For besides that I do your Ladyship that right, as also this present age and succeeding posterity, as to be a witness to the world of such eminent accomplishments and transcendent worth, so I do not a little please myself. . . . Nor is there anything here of hyperbolism or high-flown language, it being agreed upon by all sides, by prophets, apostles, and ancient philosophers, that holy and good men are the Temples of the Living God. And verily the residence of Divinity is so conspicuous in that heroical pulchritude of your noble person that Plato if he were alive again might find his timorous supposition brought into absolute act, and to the enravishment of his amazed soul might behold vertue become visible to his outward sight. And truly Madame, I must confesse that so divine a constitution as this, wants no preservative, being both devoid and incapable of infection.

In addressing Lady Conway Dr. More also refers to her genius as "so speculative and wit so penetrant" that he adds

In the knowledge of things natural as Divine, you have not only out-gone all of your own sex but even of that other also . . . and assuredly your Ladiship's wisdom and judgment can not be highly enough commended.

Similar is the testimony given by Baron van Helmont in a preface, which though signed by him, may perhaps have been composed in consultation with Dr. More:

In vertue of this chiefly [namely, Lady Conway's realization of her own Higher Self, the "Christ Within"] if not solely, was she enabled with that marvellous patience to undergo those long and tedious pains of her head (which after seized on her body also) which otherwise had been plainly insupportable to flesh and blood. . . . Yet notwithstanding these great impediments and batterie laid against her intellectuals, her understanding continued quick and sound, and had the greatest facility imaginable for any, either physical, metaphysical, or mathematical speculations. So that she understood perfectly, not only the true system of the world, call it Copernican or Pythagorick as you will, with all the demonstrative arguments thereof, but all Descartes his philosophy, as also all the writings of him (namely Dr. More) who, (though a Friend of Descartes, yet) out of love to the truth, hath so openly for this good while oppos'd his errors. To say nothing of her perusing (by the benefit of the Latin tongue, which she acquired the skill of notwithstanding these great impediments) of both Plato and Plotinus, and of her searching into, and judiciously sifting the abstrusest writers of Theosophy, which . . . was not out of any Vanity of mind, or fond curiosity,

but it was, as it were, the genuine food of her natural genius. Nor . . . while she could come abroad and converse, would she ever ostentate her knowledge, or so much as make any discovery of it, upon never so fair an opportunity, according to that saying, writ on the inside of a paper-book she had had a long time by her. . . . Ignorance is better than pride. . . . I can witness from these seven or eight year experience of her . . . that her conversation was always with that meekness, kindness, and discretion even to those that have not fairly, if not provokingly carried themselves towards her, in their pretended friendship, that I cannot think of it without admiration and astonishment, and how ready she was to put a good sense upon other folks' actions, though strangers, when their credit hath been diminish'd by a proud or envious tongue.

Keenly responsive was the nature of Lady Conway, for once calling her husband to her side, she queried: "Prithee, hast thou not had tidings of George Rawdon (Lord Conway's brother-in-law) this day?" To which he made answer, "Nay dame, he hath no behest." But she continued, "Then wilt thou shortly hear, for his wife is stricken with the falling sickness and hath twice besought him to send hither without let." And on the morrow came a letter with "Haste, post haste" outside, written by Sir George himself, because of his wife Dorothy's sudden illness. On another occasion, my lady declared that the Earl of Norwich, commander of the Royalist forces, had been thrown from his horse and she saw his leg being braced by a barber at Maidstone. "He hath asked me," she said, "for liniment left by your aunt Elinore and I have answered him, Yea." This, though she had never left her room; and straightway arrived thereafter a messenger with a letter from the Earl, describing his accident and praying for the dressing for fractures, which Lady Conway had by her, "the which," said the letter, "I feel curiously persuaded in my own mind she hath now given me."

These and other like circumstances are recounted by Baron van Helmont, who was himself present when they occurred, and elsewhere he says in speaking of Lady Conway:

Of her supernatural comforts and refreshments after some of her greatest agonies and conflicts, and of her strange praevisions of things future, I might here also make mention, but I hold it less necessary.

On the morning of the 23d of February in 1679, as she was seated at her embroidery, feeling, she declared, a strange lightness and strength, the while her companion Mary Walsingham was reading "A Discourse on Eternitie," suddenly Lady Conway was taken with a chill, and when her couch was being moved nearer to the hearth, swooned, as she had so often done before. On this occasion, however she never regained consciousness although Baron van Helmont watched constantly at her side for a full week before he was certain that her spirit had actually sped, and then that her lord, who was unavoidably absent on government duties in Ireland, might look upon

her features once again, embalmed the body, which was not laid to rest in the family vault, beneath the chancel of Arrow Church, until the 17th of April, 1679. Lady Conway's death is thus described by F. M. van Helmont:

In the midst of her insupportable pains and affliction, which continued upon her to the last, and which do naturally nail down, as it were, the mind of an ordinary soul to its own personal concerns, she bore the care and provident solicitude for all her friends, and of her near relations the most, which she did, in a manner, to her very last breath (as I can witness, that was present with her when she died) as if she had been appointed by God the common Good Genius or Tutelar Angel, of all her friends and relations, even while she was in the flesh. For though her pains encreased, yet her understanding diminish'd not, and in contradiction to that common aphorism she dyed without any fever, merely of her pains, drawing her breath a while as one asleep, without throatling, and with her eyes open.

The only one of Lady Conway's works which has ever been published will be treated in a subsequent article, wherein it will indeed be made plain in the words of H. P. Blavatsky that: "the Wisdom-Religion was ever one and the same, and being the last word of possible human knowledge was therefore carefully preserved"; for in Lady Conway's "Principles of the Most Ancient and Modern Philosophy" published by Baron F. M. van Helmont in Latin at Amsterdam, 1690, and in English at London, 1692 — we shall discover without any difficulty those verities which have been especially emphasized by the modern Theosophical Teachers, namely, the truths of Universal Brotherhood, Karma, and Reincarnation, and the language in which these were expressed, circa 1670, will often prove strikingly similar to that now in use in expounding the tenets of the Wisdom-Religion.



Music is not regarded by us merely as a relaxation; it is part of the life itself. We look upon it as one of the strongest factors in evoking the divine powers of the soul. It pitches the whole being to a key of high activity, and the smallest daily duty is performed more efficiently in consequence. Music is necessary to a knowledge of the laws of life. There is no doubt that in the days to come music will be a department of the Government. — *Katherine Tingley*



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MILL AT VOLENDAM, HOLLAND
(Photo. by F. B. den Boer, Middelburg.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

DRAWBRIDGE AT VOLEDAM
(Photo. by F. B. den Boer, Middelburg.)



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE LAKES, SONSBEEK PARK, ARNHEM, HOLLAND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM

There are seven entrances to the Palace, one for each Province.



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VIEW ON THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, HOLLAND
(Photo. by F. B. den Boer, Middelburg.)

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT:

by P. A. M.



SOMEWHERE about the years 1883-1884 H. P. Blavatsky was staying with the Comtesse d'Adhémar at the family château in France, and she mentioned some interesting traditions and papers which were in the possession of that ancient French family whose motto "*Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs,*" is one of the proudest in France.

In her magazine *The Theosophist* H. P. Blavatsky prints some extracts from a book written by a former Comtesse d'Adhémar on the subject of Comte de Saint-Germain who was a friend before the revolutionary times and afterwards. The book, *Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette*, was published in 1836, but the authoress, or rather diarist, died in 1822. It is a monumental work of over 1500 pages and contains some interesting history as to the unfortunate Queen, for the Comtesse was her most trustworthy lady-in-waiting. All through the book there runs a thread of the wonderful foresight of the famous Count, which, as he knew and said, would not be appreciated by Marie Antoinette until too late. It is perhaps not too much to say that if his advice had been taken, the *horrors* of the Revolution would never have occurred, but Marie Antoinette did not know, and could not believe.

This extraordinary man, who was remembered by an ancient dame at the French Court as a man of middle age in 1710, and who was seen, little changed, by the Comtesse whom he befriended, in 1822, and who declared that he would return to Europe in 1875, was a personal and intimate friend of the great Louis XV for over twenty years, and was employed by that monarch on many a delicate mission when it was possible to escape from political fetters. Louis XV knew well who he was, we are given to understand, and would tolerate no ridicule of him nor depreciation.

The story, as we have extracted it from the Comtesse's memoirs, is sufficient in itself, in the light of later events, to show just what he was trying to do in her regard and for France, and through France, Europe. He was a Peacemaker who, when permitted by politicians, made peace without talking much about it.

Two points may be noted with profit, perhaps. One is that he speaks of a higher power to whose decree he must yield, and therefore with all his real innate greatness he may be considered as sometimes the agent or spokesman of another far greater. The other point is

that if he meant anything by his suggestion of coming back to the west in 1875, he must have a purpose not dissimilar in this age, and a possible hope that the "Marie Antoinette" (or what she represented in the welfare of Europe) would not this time fail to accept his protection and warning, and so avert in the bud, in embryo, the conditions, or their equivalent, that produced that revolution. Sometimes it seems that he was and considered himself to be the representative of a body of Helpers of Humanity, in which case his "reappearance" might well mean the reappearance of all that life meant to him — the agent of a body who had the welfare of the race identified with themselves.

The Comtesse d'Adhémar herself was a daughter of her age. She was a child of the eighteenth century, and she shows it in her Memoirs. Brilliant, witty, open-minded and intellectual as the times went; superstitious in her own way, sceptical withal, and of an inquiring mind, she reflects the age that produced Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and all the host of the "Encyclopaedists." The study of the movements which agitated Europe and especially France in the eighteenth century is of absorbing interest, because at no other period of European history since the fall of the great empire of Rome have the consequences of religious, social, and political change been so important. Then began that Age of Transition which is not ended yet, in this, the twentieth century.

Madame d'Adhémar's opinion of Saint-Germain is her own; others have held other views; but as a contemporary, as an eye-witness of that remarkable man's acts, as a personal acquaintance of him, and as a favorite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette — first dauphine, then queen — and hence intimate with the brilliant court of France and thoroughly conversant with the conditions which brought on the terrible excesses of the Red Days of the Revolution, her Diary is well worth reading. She wrote things as she saw them, and while we may not agree with all her views, yet they are of interest.

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhémar).

Vol. 1, p. 8.

The Duchess de Choiseul, *née* Crozat, . . . was frequently present at the suppers in the "little apartments."

There was also a man who had long enjoyed this favor: the celebrated and mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain, my friend, who has not been properly known, and to whom I shall devote some pages when I have occasion to speak of Cagliostro. From 1749 the king employed him in diplomatic missions, and he carried them out with good success; he inspired Louis XV for some time with the taste

for chemistry, which his Majesty pursued equally with gastronomy. The king was a past master in the culinary art: . . .

Ibid., Vol. 1, p. 217.

One day the dauphine received an anonymous letter in which she was warned that enemies were plotting against her; if she wanted to know more, it was added, she must consent to two things: the first was to maintain a profound silence as to the revelation, and the second to place in the window of her room a ribbon which would indicate that she agreed to the proposal. The letter was couched in a style calculated to disturb her, and at the same time to arouse her curiosity.

At first she hesitated, fearing that they wanted to draw her into a trap; then she consulted the abbé de Vermont. He told her that the great were sometimes forced to depart from common custom, and that, in any case, he saw nothing very much out of the way in putting a ribbon in the window. This advice from a man whose every word was an oracle for the princess, together with the natural curiosity of a young woman, and finally the pleasure of committing herself to an exciting adventure, determined the dauphine. The ribbon fluttered in the window for a couple of days.

On the third day a second letter arrived; it declared that it was necessary to send a discreet and intelligent gentleman to Paris. These were to be his instructions: He would go to the Rue Maubuée to the seventh house on the right counting from the side of the Rue Saint-Martin; he was to go up to the third story, and knock at a door on the landing; some one would come to open, asking him what he wanted.

"To speak to Madame Hébrard."

"For what purpose?"

"To buy bread for saying mass."

This was the pass-word; the rest will appear from the details of the story which I am going to put into the mouth of the one who carried out this mission.

The Dauphine was the more embarrassed by the choice of messenger as the letter said: *Send neither an abbé nor a priest; he will be recognized, however well he may be disguised, and his intervention will be fatal to success.* This excluded the abbé de Vermont, to his great regret; he would have been delighted to have done this service for his mistress. The princess then found herself obliged to call in an outsider. She knew my fidelity, and I had the special honor of being chosen to aid her in her search for an ambassador. Only one name came to my mind; it was that of M. le Comte d'Adhémar. The Dauphine was good enough to say when I proposed my husband:

"My interests could not be in better hands."

"Nor those of France, madame, if necessity arose," I replied.

"We shall see about that later on," said the princess kindly.

Thus a diplomatic mission was promised to M. d'Adhémar a long time in advance. He had to report himself to the abbé de Vermont who gave him as a guide the last letter received and recommended him to read it carefully. M. d'Adhémar went to a window, took note of the letter and gave it back to the abbé after having read it aloud, without missing a single word.

His memory was prodigious; he knew by heart ten tragedies of Racine, ten pieces of Pierre Corneille, all those of Voltaire, several of Crébillon, la Henriade, the Fables of Fontaine, all Molière, the twenty-four books of Télémaque, those of Tasso, of Ariosto also, the two poems of Milton, and he claimed that reading two hundred verses three times before going to bed engraved them for ever on his mind. He knew innumerable detached pieces of poetry; he astonished me by the variety of his quotations. Madame de Polignac called him the "*living Encyclopaedia*," because one could consult him on any subject whatever.

The Comte d'Adhémar, only too happy to find an occasion to prove his devotion to the Dauphine, drove to Paris. There he took off his court dress and dressed "*en polisson*," bourgeois fashion. I underline this inconvenient term which was coming into fashion among the courtiers; they applied it to themselves when, not being appointed to attend for the journey to Marly, they went there in the bourgeois costume of Paris, especially in the reign of Louis XVI. This is how the invitation ceremonial took place. When it was known that the court was going to Marly, the gentlemen whose wives had not the official right to attend, placed themselves in the morning in the way of the King when he was going to or returning from Mass, and with a respectful salute said: "Sire, Marly." These two words went back to the foundation of the château, and consequently to Louis XIV.

Dressed, then, "*en polisson*," M. d'Adhémar arrived at the Rue Maubuée, reached the seventh house on the right, went up to the third floor, rang the bell on the landing, and the door was opened.

"Madame Hébrard?"

"She lives here. What do you want?"

"To buy bread to say mass."

"Of the first quality?"

"Superfine!"

"Enter!"

I did enter, in fact, and I found myself in a den which exhaled an infectious odor. In spite of myself I put a scented handkerchief to my nose, and held it there until I had grown accustomed to the smells of the place. The furniture of the room in which I stood showed that she was a diviner, a sorceress, a fortune-teller by cards, who predicted the future simply by looking at one's hands or by coffee marks cunningly thrown on a china plate. On the sideboard was to be seen the inevitable gigantic lizard dignified by the pompous title of young crocodile, ostrich eggs, a stuffed weasel, a black cat also stuffed, three or four live owls, ravens, and a magpie which called out "Vive Satan!" in a way to make one stop one's ears with his fingers. Then there were savage ornaments, the apron, the crown, bows and arrows, the cloak and the club; bundles of mysterious herbs, parchments covered with strange fantastic characters, tiger and zebra skins; finally on the chief table were some mandrakes, and under a glass globe there was a little grinning diabolical figure which held in its hand a steel fly with brilliant extended wings, suspended from a chain of gold.

The mistress of the place, draped rather than clothed in a black robe, seemed, like her costume, to date from the previous century. She was a decrepit old hag,

with pendulous cheeks, a bleary eye (because one was missing), her hands were wrinkled and hairy and her chin curved upwards. By a strange contrast, her mouth had its full complement of teeth, whether from a forgetfulness of nature or by the aid of art. There was an Italian touch in her curt and high-pitched speech; it is rarely that the dependents of Lucifer do not come from the other side of the Alps.

Madame Hébrard, whom I ought to have called *Signora Herbrati*, began the conference while submitting me to a counter examination in return for that I had made of her. A little mulatto, her servant during the day, and who by night amused the loungers of the capital, placed a fauteuil for me. I noticed that at first the funny boy had brought a chair, but a second look at me made him decide to do me the full honors of the apartment.

I remained silent, waiting until it should please the signora to commence the attack; she did so in these words:

"What does the Comte d'Adhémar want from his very humble servant?"

This question amused me, because I thought that the fortune teller had addressed me thus in order to give me a preliminary proof of her supernatural science; so I replied drily:

"Since you know me, mother, you ought to know what has brought me!"

"I should know, certainly, if it had been arranged for me to cast your horoscope. But as I was ignorant of your existence, I could not pay attention to you beforehand."

This trick might have deceived another than myself; never mind, we will get to the facts. "I come for you to give me in exchange for this purse, which contains twenty-five louis, the casket hidden in the further room of your apartments under a heap of rags; you see that for a man who does not make a business of explaining mysteries I know a good deal!"

The old woman, winking her only eye, trembled, although she tried to hide the dissatisfaction which my words caused her; but recovering her assurance by the help of a feigned fit of coughing:

"They have deceived you, M. le Comte," she said, "and at the same time they want to injure a poor widow who does no harm to anyone and only gives good advice to those who do her the honor of coming to visit her."

"She will permit me to give her a piece of good advice in my turn, and that is to tell the truth with a good grace and to behave well, for if she does not, the lieutenant of police will conclude the business which brings me; it is really much more in his line than mine."

She trembled again, and I saw a truly infernal malice glittering in the witch's eye; she even made a movement to seize a silver bell; I assured her at once that I had not forgotten my pistols, and seeing my action:

"So you are armed!" she said slowly, and as if she had consulted her old experience; "it was scarcely the thing to do in coming to the house of an old defenseless woman, but it appears that you like to play a sure hand, and that fear . . ."

"Anything you like, mother; make me out a coward. I don't mind. Only give me at once the ebony casket ornamented with carved silver plate, wrapped

in crimson velvet, and whose lock and key are veritable works of art. I forgot the description when I first asked."

"Oh! it is exact, quite exact. You have it from people accustomed to frequent my miserable dwelling; I receive in it grateful friends, and above all, faithful ones! In truth, Monsieur le Comte, since they have betrayed me, and you have come so well escorted, I have no other recourse but to come to an understanding with you, though if I were put to it I could oppose an honorable resistance; for if it must be confessed, I am not alone."

These last words were rather whispered in my ear than distinctly articulated. I was ill at ease, I confess, having neglected all measures of prudence. I had blindly thrust myself into an ambush; the lieutenant of police was absolutely ignorant of my mysterious actions, and I had only quoted him to frighten the sorceress. Nevertheless it was necessary to play a bold game. I raised my voice.

"It matters little to me," I exclaimed, "whether you are alone or not; it is the casket I need, and especially what it contains."

"I know nothing about it. It was sent me by unknown people who begged me to exercise my art with regard to the interior of the box, saying that I should be suitably rewarded. I set to work, and however little of a connoisseur you may be, you are going to see some interesting things."

In barbarous words taken from a foreign language she called, and some one replied in the same manner. After waiting ten minutes, which appeared interminable to me, I saw the famous casket brought in by a man of great stature and colossal proportions. He seemed in a bad temper; an extraordinarily long sabre dangled at his side, held by a single cord of green silk. He carried the casket to the table, cast an inquiring and disdainful glance at me, and then went out, leaving me quite pleased to see him go.

Madame Hébrard made me admire this piece of furniture, elegant in its antiquity. It had belonged to a Catharine de Médicis, whose arms it bore. The key especially struck me. The casket being opened, I saw within a white slipper, a fragment of a chemise, blood in an antique lachrymatory, a wisp of hair, and finally a wax figure resembling the Dauphine, and dressed like her on her days of state.

It was a veritable chef d'œuvre, but it must have been the object of a too execrable superstition for me to examine it with any pleasure, as Madame Hébrard, who claimed to be the author of it, wanted me to do. She looked at the figure, turned it about complacently, and her old eye sparkled as she said:

"Isn't everything in good order? You would not find a woman in France capable of so cleverly doing this kind of work! I have done it in more fortunate times; but perfection consists principally in the resemblance. Now I leave you to judge if twenty-five louis can pay for this work and replace the rich reward promised."

"Listen," said I, the more calmly that I saw the old woman only wanted money, "the person who sent me is rich also, and your fortune will be made if you voluntarily give me what I can have taken from you by force."

Madame Hébrard, who gave the lie to her talents as a sorceress in believing

what I said, wanted to bargain; I humored this fancy; but when we had concluded, she demanded securities from me.

"Security!" I exclaimed; "don't you know who I am, and is it not quite enough for me to give my word of honor that what you demand shall be punctiliously adhered to?"

"I know the value you gentlemen give to such promises; but it is impossible that you cannot have more than twenty-five louis upon you, either in gold or notes."

"I doubt that you will find as much in the pockets of any of our gentlemen," I retorted, laughing. "Still, if you insist on a larger sum down, I am going to empty my purse before you." It contained two hundred louis, including the twenty-five first offered, and also there were four thousand livres in paper which I had received from the abbé de Vermont at the time of my departure. I put it all before the odious old woman, who trembled with joy at seeing such a considerable sum, although it was probably less than that which had been promised her.

Madame Hébrard, closing the casket, passed it over to me. "Well then, Monsieur le Comte d'Adhémar," she said, "every one must live. I have the trinkets and you the cash. Does the bargain suit you?"

"Perfectly!"

I immediately grasped the treasure, whose value, perhaps, in spite of her jugglery, she did not know. Mutually satisfied with our exchange, there was nothing left for me to do but to take my departure; prudence demanded it. But not considering my embassy properly completed as long as I did not know the name of our enemy, I said to Madame Hébrard:

"Your science is so profound, tell me how much you will take for the revelation of the name of the prime author of this infernal machination? Really there is devilry in all this." (This was to flatter her weakness.)

"If you will keep it to yourself, and if you will agree to give twenty-five louis for every letter which is in the word, perhaps I will decide. . . ."

"Skinflint!" I cried. "So much money for so small a thing!"

"So small a thing!" she repeated in a solemn tone. "If you knew, M. le Comte, at what a horrible price I have bought this science of which you speak with such lightness, you would pay very dear for the name you ask me for."

"Never mind," I said, finding it amusing to bargain in my turn. "I will only give six hundred livres per letter for a name which Maman Paris would give me complete for ten louis."

"Ah! you would go to that miserable wretch! that viper! Paris! I warn you, she would only tell you lies, and if any one deserves the scaffold, it is that creature. If only she were here! I would prove her ignorance and then twist her neck for her!"

This fury caused by a trade rivalry amused me, so with a look as if I were going, I put the casket under my arm. A gesture from the pretended sorceress made me sit down again.

"A hundred crowns a letter, that's the least I'll accept."

"I'll pay it today on my word of honor."

"Be it so."

The old woman rang the bell, and the little negro brought her a brazier of bronze which was not without elegance. It contained lighted charcoal on which Madame Hébrard threw two or three grains of incense and other sweet smelling drugs; there rose a little cloud through which I distinctly saw the hag change her ring; she put on her left hand that which she had on the right thumb; then she drew out of a little bag of violet velvet with golden tassels the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, which she presented successively to the little diabolic figure. At the third letter, at the C, the fly suspended on the chain darted forward as if it were alive. It repeated the motion at the presentation of the letter H; but then it remained motionless until the end of the alphabet was reached. It was necessary to repeat the experiment. The fly again grew animated at the A and the R.

By as much as the syllable *cha* increased the circle of conjecture, by so much the addition of the letter R narrowed it down. For a moment I felt inclined to go no farther, and the magician, perhaps, having the same thought, seemed to question me with her glance. . . . The Dauphine's interests should prevail over all reluctance; and in my turn I showed the greedy Hébrard signs of impatience. She sighed; but before beginning again, she said:

"I am doing wrong to mix myself in an intrigue which comes from high quarters."

"It is necessary," replied I, laughing, "that this youthful prank should serve you as a lesson for your old days."

A smile passed over her dessicated lips, but immediately she repressed it.

"Let the will of the superior powers be accomplished!" she said. "And pray God that you are not enlightened at your own expense."

Then she presented the S. The fly did not move. . . . But scarcely had the T replaced the two last letters, before it struck with force. This second alphabet ended, we arrived at the R of the third and the fly again moved. S, here there was another stop. I carefully wrote the letters as they were indicated; but, I confess, after having traced this last R, a mechanical movement made me add an E and an S. I trembled at what I had done; the sorceress saw it or guessed it, for she shuddered and said:

"I will consent to lose *six hundred livres*."

I looked at her fixedly: "Then you know the whole name?"

"Yes!"

"Then finish it, for this is nothing but jugglery."

"I wish it were, now that I am approaching the end of my unhappy existence."

"Then you are afraid of death?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a melancholy tone. "If you only knew what remains for you to learn!"

"Never mind; finish. If you are prudent you will tell no one of all this. For my part I shall be dumb."

She shook her head with an incredulous air and presented the letters. At the E and the S, the fatal fly struck the sides of its glass prison.

I rose like a drunken man. Doubtless it was a lie, and the old woman, in order to convince me by her science, had tried to play high; would she lose or win? We should learn in the sequel.

She restrained me no longer. She did not leave her seat, and having rung for the little negro again, he reconducted me, with the carelessness of his age, to the outer door. I gave him a crown of six livres which I had left, and took my steps towards the Rue des Lombards where I had left my carriage.

I went into the Rue Saint-Martin, when I ran against the Marquis de Saint-Hurugues, whom I knew a little. He is an extravagant sort of fellow, and besides he is a frequenter of the Palais Royal. We made mutual apologies; next he looked curiously at the thing I carried under my arm and entered the street from which I had just emerged. As for me, I ran to my carriage, and cried to the driver: "*A la poste aux chevaux*," which, in the style of the court, meant, "*I want to go to Versailles*."

It was in these terms that M. d'Adhémar told us the details of his adventurous trip. The recital surprised the Dauphine a good deal, and she hastened to inspect the objects contained in the mysterious casket. All that she found in it belonged to her; the Abbé de Vermont treated the matter like a free-thinker and laughed at what he characterized as superstition; he spoke of the attractive forces of the magnet and thus explained the movements of the steel fly. But when we asked him, without laying stress on the meeting with Saint-Hurugues in that quarter, what he thought of the name revealed, he only replied:

"It is a very singular incident."

"In any case," said I, "it proves that there is in the personal household of our princess a person who dares to pass out sacred objects."

We agreed that this deserved to be submitted to a very strict investigation. It was a good while before anything was discovered; finally, Madame Campan, who was not in the secret, because Madame de Noailles did not like her at all, furnished us with information, without suspecting the importance of her revelation. The guilty one was one of the lowest rank of serving women, who was found carrying off a new pair of slippers. She was submitted to an inquiry, and she admitted that an unknown woman had told her that she had such an affection for the Dauphine that she would give any price that was asked in order to possess objects which had belonged to the Queen. No more was discovered.

As to the matter of the name indicated by Madame Hébrard, it remained all the more inexplicable since, when the Dauphine, yielding to the instances of the abbé Vermont and ourselves, consented to permit the intervention of the police, matters had completely changed their aspect. The old woman existed no longer; she had died, they said, of a sudden apoplectic stroke; the doctor who attended her last moments had opened the corpse, without finding any trace of poison.

It remained to discover the author of the anonymous letters. The Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, had burnt them, not wishing to give them into the hands of justice. However she desired to find an opportunity to be of use to the mysterious friend who had put her on the track of this intrigue. But, as sincere as he was unselfish, this personage never showed himself; and yet, until the death of Her Majesty, he never ceased to give her warning of all that was plotted against her at the Palais-Royal. We shall often find him mentioned again in these souvenirs.

(*To be continued*)

THE MYSTERIES AT ELEUSIS: by Lilian Whiting

Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics.



THE Mysteries of religion were not alone centered in the Eleusinian, but they meet man at every turn and constitute that alembic crucible from which divine wisdom is distilled; but a sojourn in Athens brings one to a vivid realization of the scenic splendor and impressiveness of these ancient rites celebrated at Eleusis, and from the old Dipylon cemetery the visitor passes through the very gateway, leading into the *via sacra*, from which the ancient processions went forth. Eleusis is twelve miles from Athens, and the Gate is within easy walking distance from Constitution Square, the central part of the Hellenic capital. Faring forth from the *via sacra*, the view commands the Acropolis, with that ethereal ruin of the Parthenon which seems to float in the air. The way is lined with funeral urns and sculptured tombs, although many have already been removed to the National Museum. The road winds on past the olive groves where Plato had his Academy, over the Cephissus, and into a deep, wild valley opening to the famous pass of Daphne beyond which is the Thracian plain. The processions that went forth along this route to celebrate the Eleusinian Mysteries have almost left their image in the ethereal currents to be disclosed to all in sympathy with the marvelous rites. They were invested with great splendor of ritual, and each of the officials carried in his hand a sprig of thyrsus; there were priests, mystics, youths, and maidens, who, when reaching the wayside temple of Apollo, would pause on the journey singing choral hymns, and dancing in honor of the god.

“O happy, mystic chorus,
The blessed sunshine o'er us
On us alone is smiling,
In its soft, sweet light;
On us who strive forever
With holy, pure endeavor,
Alike by friend and stranger
To guide our steps aright.”

What was the purpose of these rites? There have been almost as many solutions and speculative theories as there have been questioners, but apparently the celebration only accentuated that universal quest of the spirit as to its origin, purpose, and final destiny. It is the quest solved by Theosophy alone. The Mysteries taught a more



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A RELIEF FOUND AT ELEUSIS, SHOWING DEMETER (CERES), PERSEPHONE (KORA),
AND TRIPTOLEMOS OR IACCHOS IN THE CENTER

This relief has an obvious relation to the celebration of the ceremonial part
of the Eleusinia.



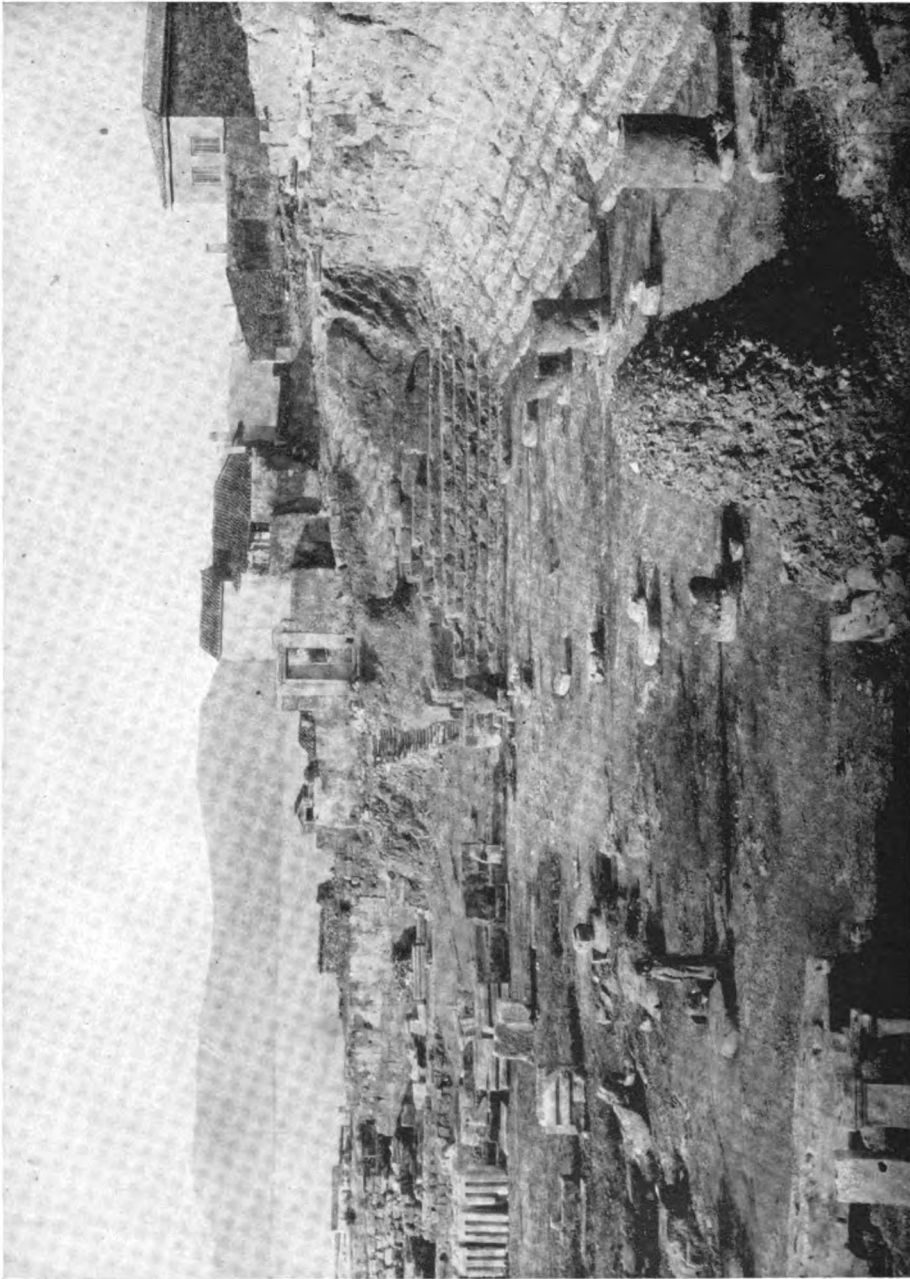
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FUNERARY STELE (IVTH CENTURY B. C.). FOUND IN THE EILISSOS
IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ANCIENT ATHENIAN TOMBS ALONG THE SACRED WAY TO ELEUSIS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PART OF THE RUINS OF ELEUSIS

sustaining faith in the immortality of the soul, and in the nature of the experiences to be encountered after the change we call death. Cicero was one of the hopeful interpreters. "Much that is excellent and divine does Athens seem to me to have produced and added to our life," he said, "but nothing better than those Mysteries, by which we are formed and molded from a rude and savage life to humanity; and indeed in the Mysteries we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily but to die with a fairer hope." This conviction of Cicero was shared and also affirmed in various expressions by Plato, Sophocles, Pindar, and many others.

Above the beautiful Bay of Eleusis is a high plateau on which the Temple of the Mysteries stood, and which is said to have been of such magnificent proportions as to hold thirty thousand people. There was a wide portico adorned by twelve Doric columns, from which two spacious portals led into the interior, which was quarried out of the solid rock underlying the height. The roof of the Temple was supported by forty-two colossal columns, in six rows; it was nearly two hundred feet long, and proportionately wide. It is within recent years that the Archaeological Society of Athens has excavated this ruin, finding intact the pavement and much of the foundations of the walls of this vast sanctuary, and this discovery is felt to have offered hitherto unknown problems to architects in its complexity of structure.

When the procession entered Eleusis with the men bearing olive branches, the youths adorned with chaplets, the maidens bearing holy vessels, each devotee, also, with a flaming torch whose glow lighted up the darkness as they advanced chanting the Homeric hymn to Demeter, the spectacle must have been impressive indeed. With all, special preparations had preceded the journey. Those who took part had all bathed in the sea; they had kept a fast; and the day before setting out was sacred to sacrifice.

But as to whether the celebration was exclusively a spiritual rite is a disputed matter. Certainly every rite was symbolic; certainly it was all one form of the manifestation of idealism. The first initiations of the Eleusinia were called Terminations, denoting that the rudimentary period of life was ended, and that the candidate was now a *Mysta*, or liberated person. There were the Greater and the Lesser Mysteries, and the Greater were held to complete the liberation, and carry the candidate on to higher stages of development.

“All men yearn after God,” said Homer. The Greeks believed the soul to be of a two-fold nature, linked on one side to the Divine world, and partaking of the Divine nature; on the other, allied to the phenomenal and the temporary, and thus under bondage.

No two commentators on the Eleusinian Mysteries have ever been in complete accord. Dr. Mahaffy says, however, that all the more eminent authorities agree in one respect: that the doctrine taught in the Mysteries was that of faith in the next state of existence, and that this belief made those who partook of the rites better citizens, and better men.

Eleusis was also famous as being the native city of Aeschylus, who was born there about 525 B. C., and it cannot but suggest itself as a speculative query as to what degree his deep spirituality, and his messages of imperishable truth were influenced by the strangely religious character of the environment, the scene of the Mysteries.

When the ceremonies opened in the Temple, the initiates entered clad in linen, the head wreathed with myrtle, and golden grass-hoppers in the hair. But the actual nature of these rites has never been authoritatively disclosed. All speculation and all the theories find certain points and fragments of support, but no one rightly claims any entire knowledge. The philosophy of Aristotle reveals to us that the Greeks held an undoubted consciousness of both the visible and the invisible worlds; that they contemplated life largely from the standpoint of eternity.

Among the most beautiful of the rites of which we have actual record was the symbolic passing on of the lighted torch from one to another, each torch in the procession being lighted from the one immediately preceding it. This rite was to suggest by symbol the transmission of knowledge from one generation to another and from one century to another. Apparently the Eleusinian Mysteries were but another revelation of the manner in which the spiritual nature of man forever asserts itself as the inheritor of Immortality.

COMPENSATION; AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION:
by H. C.



HAT a boyhood and youth was mine! Then I enjoyed everything, intensely and to the full. But all those pleasures have passed. The whole horizon is gray.”

The sad-faced man, perhaps about five-and-forty, was thus lamenting to another of the same age. But this one’s face was rather firm than sad, expressing both will and kindness in the strong lines and steady eye. The words of his answer did not sound very sympathetic:

“Good for you, my boy; be thankful.”

“Thankful! Because I can’t enjoy anything, food, a run up the mountain, a bathe in the river, the early morning?”

“Sure! That never happens to a man unless there’s a reason in it. One door closes in his face just to force him to look for another that otherwise he’d never see. Man is more than an animal, has a great mental and spiritual future possible to him. If he can’t see for himself that he *is* more than a human animal, a pleasure-enjoyer, and if his latent higher possibilities are about ready to sprout with a little care — why it’s just that man that will be *avored* enough to have his pleasures cut off in his own interests. Then he’s got the chance to face life seriously; to come to be a thinker; to have his heart opened to many fine things, his real needs and the needs of his fellows; to grow mentally and spiritually; and he presently finds himself serenely out of reach of the gnawing longings for this and that that had before infested his mind and troubled his peace.

“So that’s why the pleasures go — true for every case I ever saw. Either the physical power for them, or the mental enjoyment of them, dies away and there is likely to be a bit of a blue time. Don’t look back, my boy, at what’s gone. It’s gone for your good. You’ve got a fine future ahead, of another sort. Don’t think of your mistakes, whatever they were. In the new life you can undo them. And don’t let the thought of decay for one moment into your mind. Then there won’t *be* decay, and, keeping serene and cheerful, you’ll find that new life. Face calmly whatever there is. It’s got a meaning for you, same as your loss of pleasure-power has, and it’ll show that meaning. There’s a real understanding of life awaiting you, a real illumination, *once you stop craving for the past*; it will give you a great message for many another fellow that could never get it for himself.”

“How do you know about that illumination?”

“I know that no fellow on earth ever gets shorn of something but what an adequate compensation is getting ready for him — though he may have to wait for it or wait to see it. I know that no fellow is ever thrown in on himself as you are without there being something in him very much worth his while to go in and get it. Fellows don't get it because they mope and don't look. Pluck up courage, old man; things are all right. Just a bit of patience. Everything is well looked after. The Divine Law knows its business and every one of us is in the heart of it, planned for, helped and way-opened for. If one way closes it is simply because another has opened.”

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH: by the Rev. S. J. Neill



IN a former article the tendency of Anglo-Saxon peoples to “annex” any available lands near them was mentioned, and as an example of this the annexation of Tasmania and part of New Guinea by the Commonwealth was instanced. It would not be very surprising if the Antarctic Continent, or part of it at least, should be added to the Commonwealth before long; for, according to the Australian Year Book for 1913, there is now, and has been for some time, an Australian expedition on the Antarctic Continent, and it is in frequent wireless communication with Australia. The leader of the expedition said before leaving that his “expedition might have far-reaching beneficial effects for Australia.” It is the belief of some scientists that a more intimate knowledge of electrical, climatic and other conditions at the Antarctic would be of use to weather forecasters in Australia. If it could be found out, some time in advance, that certain phenomena at the Antarctic indicated storms, heavy rains, or continued droughts in Australia, measures might be taken beforehand so as to be prepared for these things when they arrived. The scientific world, and Australia in particular, will await with much interest the result of the present expedition of Dr. Mawson and his fellow scientists.

In our last article something was said about Papua, Tasmania,

and Queensland, as parts of the Australian Commonwealth. The remaining portions of the Commonwealth, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia, with the Northern Territory, will now be noticed.

New South Wales, so called by Captain Cook because he imagined that some of the coast line was like the coast of South Wales, was the mother colony. Indeed, for a time it was "Australia," and for administrative purposes included New Zealand also, although 1200 miles distant. It is hardly to be wondered at that New South Wales was very loath to merge itself in the Australian Commonwealth. Of course this was mainly because its policy was Free Trade, while the other States were Protectionist. It should be understood that this unification of the states was not quite like the abolition of the provinces in New Zealand, which took place October 12, 1875; nor yet like the unification of the States of America. If all the countries of South America were to agree to unite and become the Commonwealth of South America, it would be very much like the unification of the States of Australia. The States were so big, and it was such a distance from Western Australia to Queensland, that they were like distant countries. Nevertheless the spirit of unity prevailed. Individual interests were merged in the larger good of the whole; and the result has already proved the wisdom of this larger unity. The country has progressed greatly, and although certain expenditures, not incurred before, will be heavy, the prosperity of the country is almost sure to steadily increase — if only labor troubles can be amicably settled.

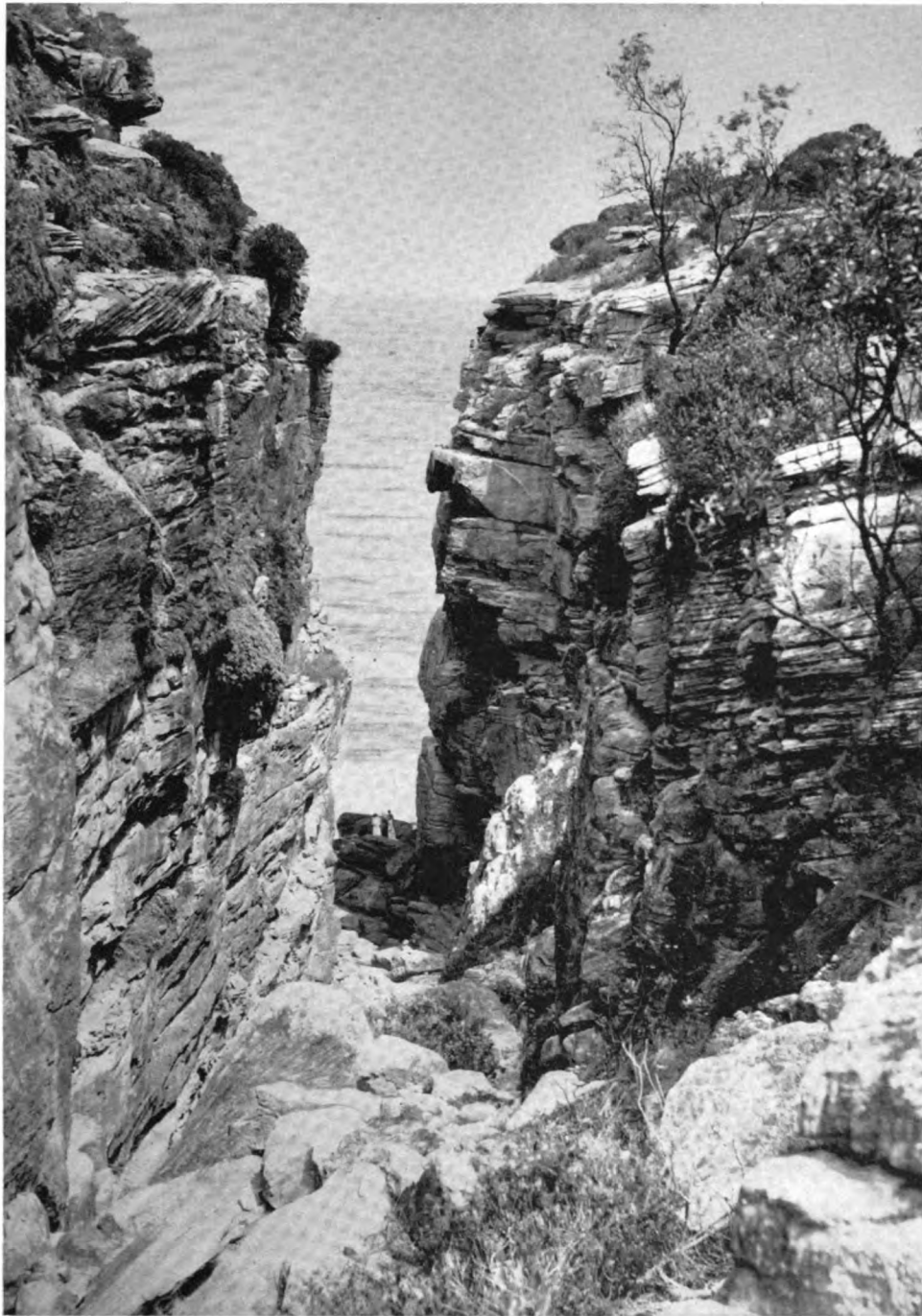
New South Wales very soon gave up its care of New Zealand, and afterwards the southeastern part of the coast of Australia, and then the northeastern portion, now known as Victoria and Queensland respectively, were separated from New South Wales and made into self-governing colonies. It is still a large country of 310,700 square miles, and its progress in many directions entitles it to be considered if not the leading state, at any rate not behind the first. The country consists of three main divisions: the more or less level or undulating land from the coast to the mountains which run north and south; the dividing mountain range which in some parts is narrow, and in other parts extends into a broad tableland; and the western plateau reaching from the dividing range to the border of the central desert on the west. Roughly speaking, the extreme length and width of New South Wales are about 900 miles from north to

south and from east to west. The coastal region, which comprises about 38,000 square miles, is well watered and fertile. The average rainfall is 42 inches. More rain falls in the northern district than in the southern, and Sydney, which stands about midway, has a rainfall of 50 inches. The coast line has a heavier rainfall than the district towards the dividing range. A number of important rivers flow from the dividing range to the sea. Of these the Richmond drains 2400 square miles. Other important rivers are the Clarence, Macleay, Hastings, Manning, and Hunter. The Hunter flows into Newcastle harbor, which is famous for the vast amount of excellent coal that leaves for many parts of the world.

Along the coast are many fine harbors, the best being Port Jackson, the harbor of Sydney, "one of the six greatest ports of the British Empire." Jervis Bay, some distance south of Sydney, is also a good harbor, and deserves mention, for it is to be the harbor of the new Capital of Australia when built.

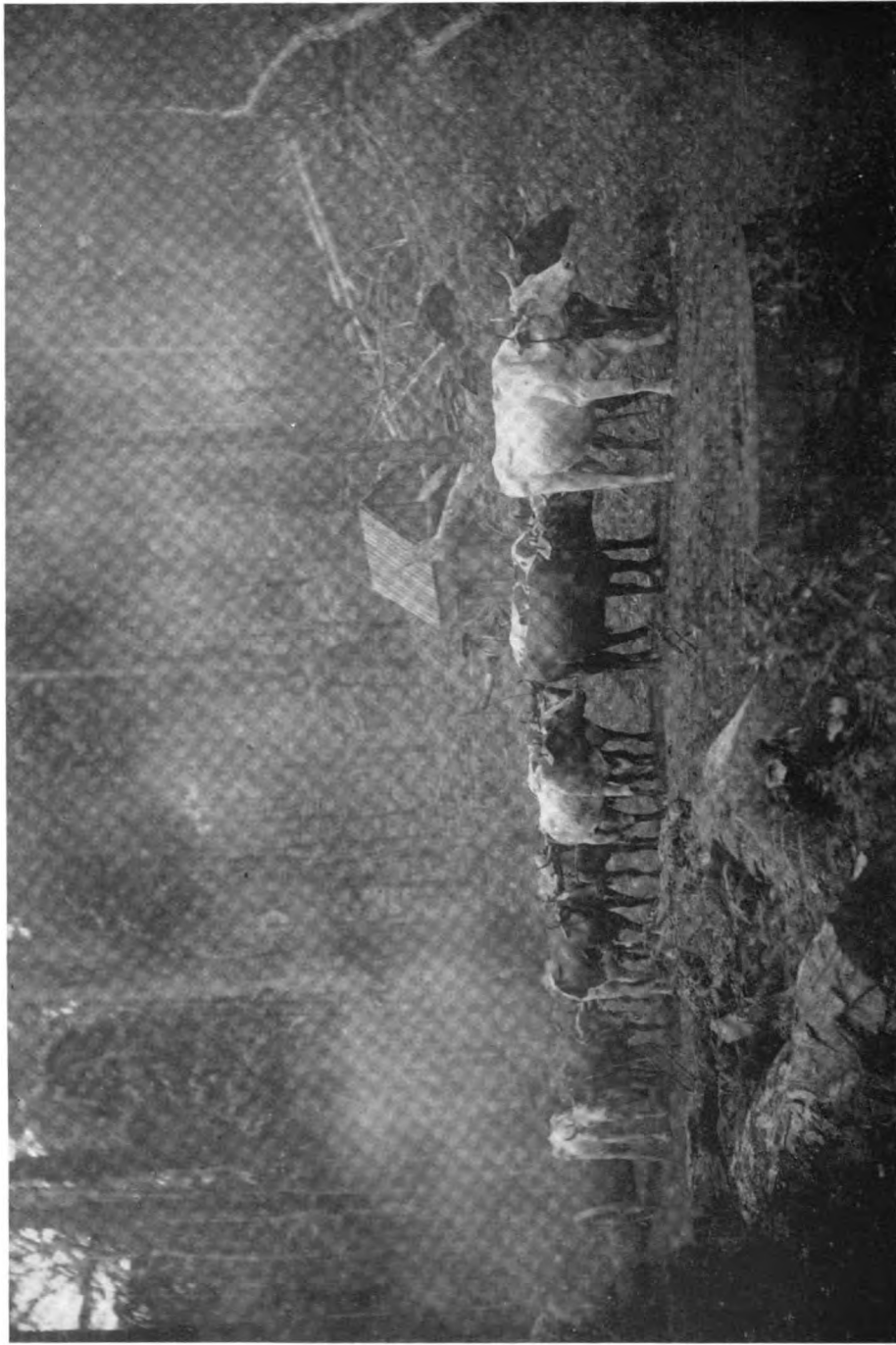
The climate of the coast region shows only 24 degrees of difference between the average summer and winter temperatures. The mean summer temperature at Sydney is 71 and the mean winter 54 degrees.

In the central or mountain district, which has an area of 85,000 square miles, the average rainfall is 32.6 inches, and the average temperature, depending very much on altitude and latitude, is 65.9 in summer, and 41.7 in winter at Cooma, in the center of the monaro tableland in the south, the altitude being 2637 feet. These tablelands vary in altitude from 1000 to 5000 feet, and the climate is said to be "one of the most salubrious known." From these high tablelands, and from the mountains that rise above them, the rivers of this part of Australia have their source. Some of these flowing eastward to the sea have been mentioned, but the rivers that flow from the mountains on the western side are the largest in Australia. These are the Murray, the Murrumbidge, the Darling, the Lachlan, and many tributaries. The Darling is one of the longest rivers in the world; but "it can hardly be said to drain its own watershed." It is a peculiar feature of most of the rivers flowing westward from the mountain ranges that they are often, in the dry part of the year, more like a chain of pools of water than rivers. Another peculiarity is that in not a few instances the water flows away from the river bed and not into it. The reason for this is because the streams carry down a



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

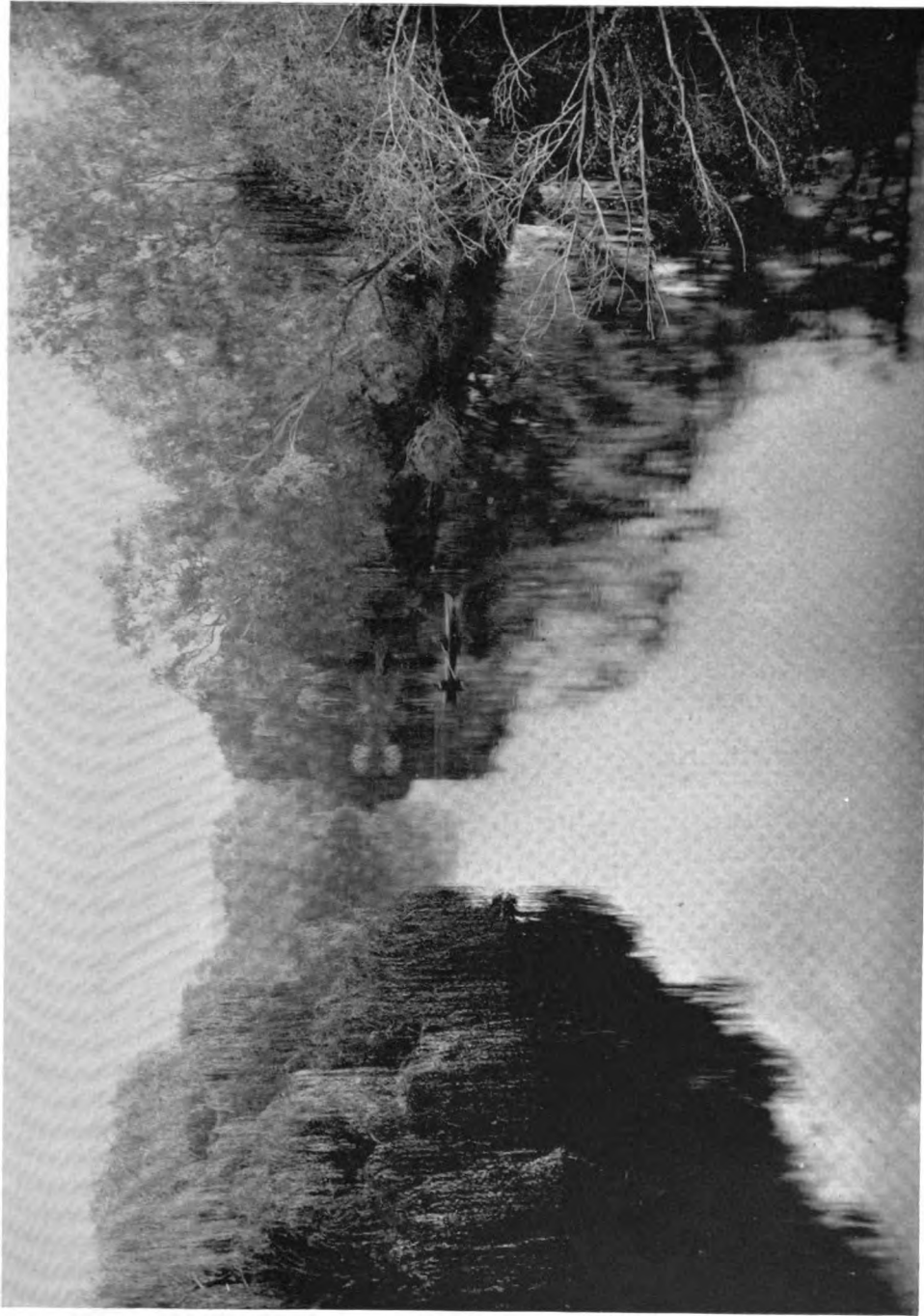
ROSE GULLY, WATSON'S BAY, CLOSE TO SOUTH HEAD, SYDNEY HARBOR, N. S. W.
A typical picture of the rocks on the coast of New South Wales.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

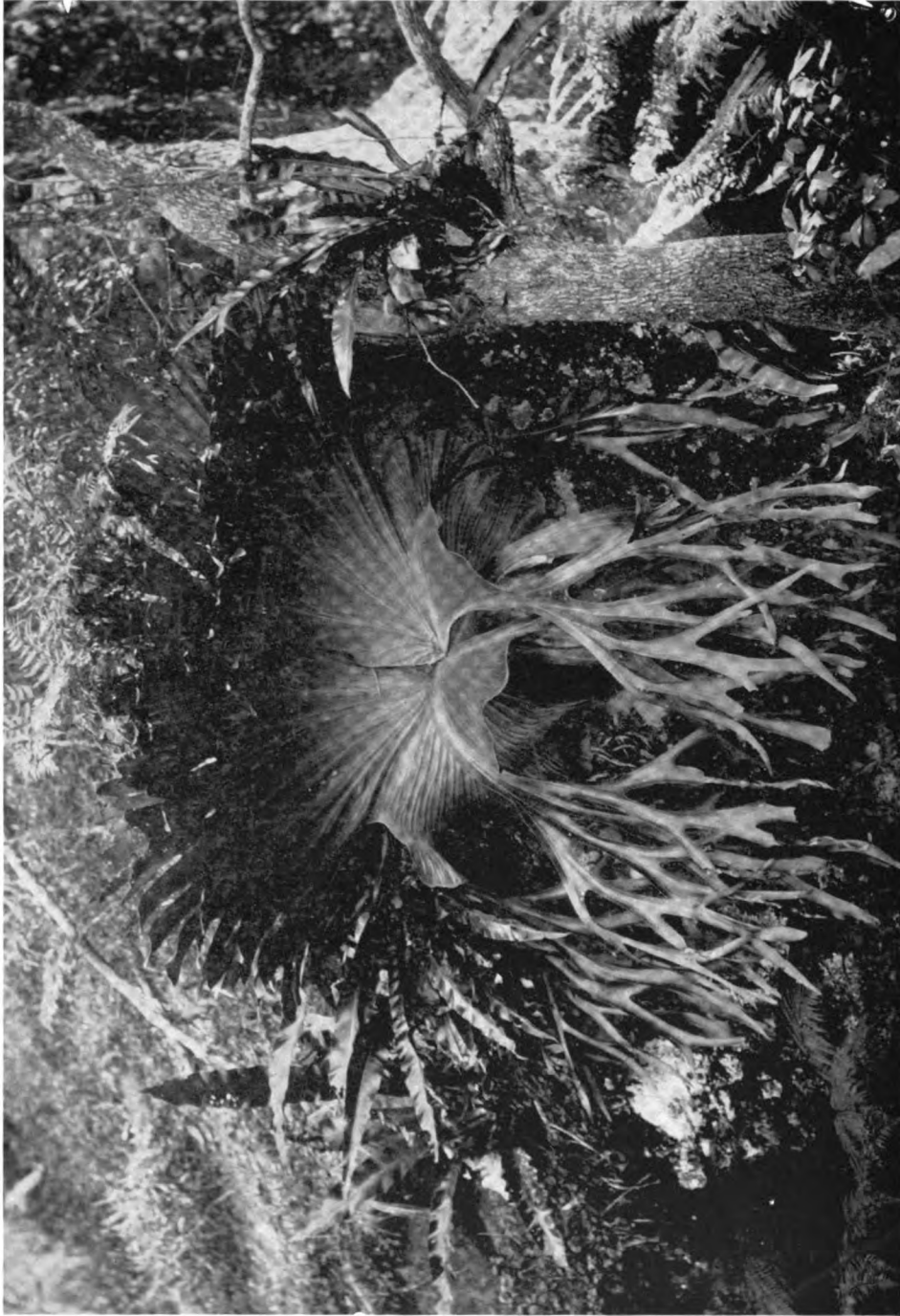
A TIMBER TEAM IN NATIONAL PARK, SOUTH COAST, TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM SYDNEY, N. S. W.

The elevation is 733 feet above sea-level. The bush is on fire.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF TAMUT RIVER, 900 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, N. S. W.



Lomeland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

STAGHORN FERN, GROWING ON GUM TREE (EUCALYPTUS) IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, N. S. W.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A PORTION OF THE PATH THROUGH FEDERAL PASS, WENTWORTH FALLS, N. S. W.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

“DEN FENELLA”: ANOTHER PORTION OF THE PATH SHOWN IN THE PRECEDING CUT

great deal of heavy deposit to the flat plains, and a bank in time is formed on either side of the stream, and this becomes higher than the surrounding plain; so, when a break in either side of the river occurs during the flood season, the water of the river finds its way through the outlet to the low-lying plain. Professor Gregory says: "It is not surprising, therefore, that comparatively little of the rainfall over the vast extent of the great central plain ever reaches the sea by way of the river systems; indeed these systems as usually shown on the maps leave a false impression as to the actual condition of things."

New South Wales has many valuable assets. It has a good climate, a long sea coast, fertile lands, rich coal and gold mines, and an enterprising population. The lasting wealth of a country springs from a carefully cultivated soil; for in time gold mines will be worked out, and coal mines cannot last forever. Indeed it seems like spending one's capital to hasten the end of natural stores which cannot be replaced. But it appears to be one of the ways that new countries have to be inhabited and cultivated, that natural stores should be used. Nature has laid up stores of minerals, and they attract settlers, and help to develop the new country. It is a noteworthy fact that the great gold finds of California and Australia happened about the same time, about the middle of the nineteenth century, and had it not been for these finds there is no doubt that the settling of these lands might have been postponed for a long time. The immense deposits of excellent coal in New South Wales extend from the 29th to the 36th parallel of south latitude. The seams are of great thickness, and extend along the coast line for many miles.

Other minerals are gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, etc. The pastoral and agricultural wealth of the state is very great. In January last year there were nearly forty-five million sheep and over three million head of cattle. Large quantities of wheat and other cereals are produced, and immense quantities of oranges and grapes. Dairy farming is being rapidly developed, and there were nearly 900,000 dairy cattle in January, 1912. Sugar, tobacco, and maize are also grown.

In a former article mention was made of Sydney, the capital of the State, and of some of the beauties of the place. It would be impossible to mention all the sources of attraction which the city has to offer. There is perhaps no city in the world that can boast of the same number of parks. In the Government Year Book there are

eighty parks named as being within twenty miles of Sydney; and there are others of which particulars are not given. These parks vary in size from a few acres to 36,360 acres in the case of Observatory Park; 35,300 in the Leichardt Park, 600 acres in the Central Park, Manly, and others of smaller extent. In addition to these parks there are many resorts for tourists, such as the Blue Mountains, "where glens and dells, and crags and caves, waterfalls, and precipices are to be found innumerable, and beyond description." The famous Jenolan Caves, and Fish River Coves, are among the most remarkable in the world. The Wentworth Falls of 1000 feet are a wonderful sight when the wind rushes up the valley carrying clouds of spray high up into the air and producing a rainbow. Here is the place where it is said a "man is made a poet in spite of himself." Other places such as Katoomba, Lawson, Blackheath, and many others, have their special charms.

It is not only in natural wealth, climate, and lovely scenery that New South Wales claims attention. The city of Sydney aims at being a great educational center. The Museum, Art Gallery, Observatory, Public Library, University, and other institutions bear witness to the culture and public spirit of the inhabitants. As might be expected, the Library contains the most complete collection in the world of works relating to Australia. The magnificent town hall "contains the largest organ ever constructed." It was built by Messrs. Hill and Sons, London; and those who have heard it are not likely to forget it.

It is within the State of New South Wales that the new federal Capital is being built at a place called Canberra. New South Wales gave nine hundred square miles for a site, and an area of two square miles at Jervis Bay as a port for the federal Capital. This Capital, situated about ninety miles south of Sydney, and about sixty miles from the sea coast in a charming district among the hills, should be one of the best designed towns in existence.

The Commonwealth called for plans, and the first prize of £1750 was given to Mr. Griffin, of Chicago, the second to Mr. Saarinen, of Finland, the third to Dr. Alfred Agache, Paris. It is said that, "unfortunately, because of a disagreement many British architects of first standing did not take part in the competition." The descriptions given of the place, and of the plans, which are to be somewhat modified, indicate that it will be a wonderful city when finished. In

the meantime the federal Capital is Melbourne, the chief city of Victoria, a city about the size of Sydney.

Victoria is the smallest of the states of Australia, being only 87,884 square mile according to official statement. It was the common opinion of early navigators that Tasmania was the southern extremity of Australia, and this perhaps explains the fact that it was not till 1802 that Victoria was really known. In 1824 two explorers, Hume and Hovell, reached Port Phillip, traveling from New South Wales. In 1834 two settlers from Tasmania crossed Bass Straits and established a station at what is now known as Victoria, but in the early days it was called Port Phillip. Two years afterward some wool was exported to England. In 1837 the export of wool amounted to 175,000 pounds valued at £14,000. So quickly did the export of wool increase that about the year 1855 Great Britain got half of her imported wool from Victoria. The expansion of Victoria like other parts of Australia, was not destined to increase by the slow but steady means of the products of the soil, or by sheep and cattle. The finding of gold in 1851 very soon changed the whole aspect of things. The goldfields were very rich, and before long the neighboring colonies were almost denuded of settlers; and many even from Europe and America, smitten with the "gold fever," found their way to the new goldfields. The population which had been about 76,000 in 1850, shot up to 205,629 in 1854, and at the end of December 1912 stood at 1,375,081. It is much to the credit of the early settlers that order and liberal government were maintained notwithstanding the great influx of so many heterogeneous elements from all parts of the world. Many of the legislative advances which other countries have made but tardily were brought into operation at once. Two difficulties caused a certain amount of trouble to settle: the cost of the right to mine for gold, and the squatter question. Squatters had taken up large quantities of land for grazing purposes at very small rents, and were loath to have their "estates" used by farmers. The democratic party triumphed in the end, but not until "the fabric of society had been shaken to its foundations." So warm was the dispute between the assembly, or lower chamber, which represented the mass of the people, and the council, which represented the squatters, that "all the police, magistrates, county court judges," etc., were dismissed because the council had thrown out along with the tariff bill the appropriation bill which made provision for government officers. Even after these difficulties had

been removed, other difficulties arose, and it was not until 1883, when a coalition government remained in office for seven years, that a certain degree of quiet reigned. In this coalition government, strange to say, the "Liberals" were the Protectionists, and the Free Traders were known as the "Conservatives."

With the formation of the Commonwealth, local ideals have gradually been absorbed in the greater interests of the united whole. One step has been made towards the larger patriotism, just as a great step has been made in the United States of South Africa towards the same goal, towards that "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world" which men in their inmost hearts know must come, though the war drum may throb for a while longer.

Although Victoria is the smallest state in Australia it is well watered, has good soil, and rich grasses, and therefore is capable of carrying nearly fourteen million sheep, half a million horses, and over a million and a half of cattle, besides producing a large quantity of grain. The mineral resources are also great. Since the discovery of gold in 1851 the output has been £290,633,045. The deepest mine is 4614 feet. Coal, silver, tin, copper, and lead are also produced. The forests of Victoria are also rich in excellent timber, chiefly the red gum; and the Government Year Book for 1913 makes the statement that "some of the largest known trees in the world are found in this State." "The longest ever measured was found prostrate on the Black Spur; it measured 470 feet in length; it was 81 feet in girth near the root." According to other authorities some of the giant red-wood trees of California are a few feet taller than this.

Melbourne claims to be the eighth city in the British Empire. It has wide streets, generally at right angles to each other, and many fine buildings. There are several beautiful parks, such as Fitzroy Gardens, the Albert Park, and the justly celebrated Botanic Gardens. Like the other chief cities of Australia, Melbourne has a fine Observatory, and a splendid Public Library. The University of Melbourne stands very high as a seat of learning. It is a striking example of how rapidly things move in this age, the *Kali-Yuga*, that this little place of eight turf huts and five other buildings in 1836, called at first by the native name of Dootigala, should now be one of the most prominent cities of the world, with a fine harbor, and able to feed and clothe, in large measure, the older countries of the world; for even to the west coast of America frozen meat is now supplied monthly from Australia.

It may be well here to give in exact figures the population of some of the Australian capitals, for there have been conflicting statements on the subject. The following figures are from the Australian Year Book for 1913.

For December 31, 1912, the population of New South Wales is given as 1,778,980. For Victoria, 1,375,081. For Queensland, 636,425. For South Australia, 430,090. For Western Australia, 305,601. And for Tasmania, 197,204. The total, including the Northern Territory, being 4,726,756.

The population of the Capitals at the census of 1911 was: Sydney, 629,503; Melbourne, 588,971; Adelaide, 189,646; Perth, 106,792; Hobart (Tasmania), 39,937.

The race between New South Wales and Victoria, and between the two capitals, has often been very close. Of late years New South Wales and its capital seem to be a little in the lead; but a slight change in their populations may be going on at present owing to the fact that Melbourne will be the seat of Government for the Commonwealth until the new capital at Canberra is ready.

The other states which require mention are South Australia and Western Australia. South Australia, like some of the other colonies, has gone through various vicissitudes in more than one respect. For a time it was a very large territory stretching right across Australia from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north to the Great Australian Bight on the south, including over 900,000 square miles. Much of this territory was unexplored, and many parts of it are little known even now. A few years ago (1910) that portion called the Northern Territory, over half a million square miles, was taken over by the Commonwealth, or Federal Government, so that South Australia now measures only 380,070 square miles. The geological formation of this whole district from the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Australian Bight is somewhat peculiar. The first Governor of South Australia found the skeleton of what Sir R. Owen pronounced to be a whale, a long distance inland, beyond the first range of mountains; this led the Governor to believe that Australia had once been a series of islands which, after many earthquakes, became a continent. This was not quite correct; a fuller knowledge has shown that the whale probably came from the Gulf of Carpentaria. For according to geologists, "The Lake Eyre basin was occupied in Lower Cretaceous times by a sea which extended southward from the Gulf of Carpentaria." The

various points of interest, geologically, are too numerous to mention; but one item may be noticed. In this sea, above mentioned, vast sheets of clay were deposited; then when the sea retreated, the clay deposit was covered with what is known as the Desert Sandstone. This in time became worn, and the tent-shaped hills and isolated plateaux of Central Australia are the result. The origin of this Desert Sandstone is much discussed. Over the central deserts are found obsidian buttons which some regard as of meteoric origin, and others still think may have been scattered by the aborigines. It may also be mentioned that "the Cambrian deposits of the highlands of South Australia contain a long belt of glacial deposits." South Australia and Western Australia can boast of an animal about the size of a squirrel, known as the *Myrmecobius* or ant-eater, "which has a greater number of teeth (fifty-two) than any other known quadruped."

If the geological formation of this part of Australia was subject to many peculiar changes, the history of European settlement has also been marked by ups and downs, even more than most other parts of the country. Although discovered by the Dutch in 1627, it was not surveyed until 1802; and it was not until 1836 that the British flag was raised and it was proclaimed a Crown Colony. A few years before this one or two attempts had been made to get a part of the district colonized. It was proposed to do this without any cost to the British Government, a very cogent argument in those days. But as this proposed company wanted to have too much power in its own hands, as was supposed, the proposition fell through. Then the proposed company lowered its demands, and "Mr. G. Fife Angas advanced a large sum as security for the state," so that the British Government agreed to the colony being established. Commissioners were appointed who were responsible to the Crown. There was much delay in having the land surveyed. Everybody wanted to get rich by buying land and selling it at a higher price to somebody else. Little work was done, but the speculative spirit ran high. Very soon, however, depression set in, and the people were crying for food.

It was at this juncture that Lord John Russell bethought him of a young man, not thirty, who had done some notable work in exploring Western Australia. The young man was sent to govern at Adelaide for Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. He had a difficult task to perform. He had to get the people out of the town, where little or nothing was done, on to the land, and set them to work. It has been the task of

the ages, and was never more so than at the present moment. The young Governor told the people that they should raise capital from the soil, and not by loans. That they should keep the life simple and natural, become self-reliant, and take a pride in creating their homes. The national homestead was to be built as a man built his own homestead. The Governor put his own shoulder to the wheel, and in time wheat was sown widely. The harvest depended on the weather. Would it rain? "Often," said the Governor, "I crawled out of bed in the morning while it was half dawn to ascertain if there was any promise of rain for that day." The weather was favorable; the harvest was splendid. Everybody, including the Governor and about 150 soldiers sent to keep order, turned out to help in the harvesting. "Seldom have soldiers been more nobly occupied," was the Governor's remark afterwards. This country is now known as "the Granary of the Southern Hemisphere."

A few years later, after the Governor, "England's Great Pro-Consul," had left to become Governor of New Zealand, South Australia had another season of depression because of the settlers rushing off to the new goldfields in Victoria and New South Wales. But as miners must have wheat to make bread, the South Australian farmers before long began to find that their wheat crops were nearly as profitable as searching for gold. In 1856 the colony became self-governing, and the lessons which it learned in its early days have not been lost, for it has made steady progress ever since. According to Sir John Alexander Cockburn, "South Australia enjoys the reputation of being one of the most progressive and at the same time one of the most stable of existing communities. From its origin as the venture of private enterprise, the state has passed through orderly stages of evolution up to the zenith of democratic government."

While the wheat crop is the great source of income, South Australia raises over six million sheep and a large number of cattle. Copper is the chief mineral; but gold, silver, and other minerals are also found. The climate resembles that of Southern Europe. At the capital the rainfall is over twenty inches, and the mean yearly temperature 63°F.

Adelaide is well equipped with Public Library, Art Gallery, Museum, University, and the usual learned Societies. The Astronomical and Meteorological Observatory deserves special mention, as it contains a very complete set of instruments and a number of improve-

ments. The observatories at the Australian capitals all co-operate in the work of the Great Atlas of the heavens which the various observatories of the world are now engaged upon.

Our notice of the Commonwealth closes with some account of the largest state of the Island Continent, Western Australia. Authorities differ as to its size; the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives 1,060,000 square miles, while the last issue of the Australian Year Book gives 975,920 square miles.

In the map of Western Australia, given in the Year Book, Great Britain and Ireland are placed upon it in faint outline, and appear so small as to be hardly noticeable. This great state was not given responsible self-government until 1889. Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch "discovered" it, and it appears on maps as early as 1540, but the earliest settlement was not made until 1825. An association was formed to take up land. The grants were large — one person had a grant of 250,000 acres, and another, of 103,000 acres! But merely mapping out large estates does not do much towards settling a new country. The land appeared to be poor and food was scarce, so many of the settlers left for other parts of Australia. Grey's famous journey from Shark's Bay to Perth made known the existence of rivers, and of some good land.

Other explorers endured terrible hardships, but not much good land was discovered. The tide of settlement did not begin to flow to any extent until after the discovery of gold in 1893 at Coolgardie, and Kalgoorlie, about 300 miles inland from Perth. Much gold has been found in these districts, the output for last year being valued at £5,448,385. With gold comes settlement. If good soil exists it is found and cultivated, and civilization is extended. Over half a million acres are now in wheat. Sheep, horses, and cattle thrive well in many places. Next to gold, perhaps the greatest asset of Western Australia is timber. Over 30,000 square miles of forests containing Jarrah, one of the most durable timbers known, and Karri, almost as durable, may prove more valuable than gold-mines. Much of this timber is exported to India and South Africa because of its power to resist the attacks of the white ant; there is also a large export of sandal-wood. Another great source of wealth is pearl-fishing, about 360 vessels being employed in this industry.

Perth, the capital, has a population of 106,792 according to the Year Book. From this city a railroad is now being constructed to Ade-

laide, and thence to the other great centers of population in Australia. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing in Western Australia is the wonderful cave-scenery, said to be the most extensive and beautiful in the country. These caves "extend from Cape Naturaliste to Cape Leeuwin, and include gigantic chambers which it takes many hours to traverse, filled with the most remarkable formations in stalactites and stalagmites, and highly colored sheets of limestone formation known as 'shawls.'" At Yallingup are two caves, one containing the beautiful "meteoric shower," and the other of immense size, taking two hours to explore. From different parts of the ceiling are suspended "what appear at first sight to be beautifully colored 'shawls' of varying patterns, folded, fringed, and fancifully marked." They seem to be of the finest and softest material. "In one part of the caves, known as the shawl chamber, are to be seen within one hundred yards, several highly colored 'shawls,' one the exact replica of a Turkish bath towel, while another is one sheet of 'mother-of-pearl,' pure and translucent." The Government is doing what it can to make the caves easy of access to tourists, even to lighting them with electricity.

Little now remains but to notice a few points having reference to the whole of the Commonwealth. This new country, which is so old, is a most interesting subject of study. Here we have a portion of the earth which Theosophy tells us formed some of the land when the Third Root-Race was flourishing, millions of years ago. And here on this land we have a few degraded remnants of portions of that Race. They have been there before, and during, the formation of Bass Straits. Here we have today "aborigines' protection societies" in all the principal towns, and every effort is being made to instruct and protect the natives, and make them self-helpful. Some things, it is said, they can perform as well as Europeans. It is the part of wisdom that the most advanced should lend a helping hand to the least advanced. The higher man climbs the path of evolution, the wiser of head and the more tender of heart to all beings must he grow.

Another point is noteworthy. This new country, and indeed all Australasia, is being colonized in a very different manner from America. As both Australasia and America will contribute towards the formation of the coming race, the Sixth, it must mean something for the future, this difference of purpose which we see at work. For we see the United States of America especially drawing into itself and unifying people from all Europe; whereas, in Australasia, all

except about two per cent, or thereabouts, are descendants of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

Again, as in the United States of America, so in Australia to an even greater degree, we see the "lure of the great city." Humanly speaking, it seems one of the greatest dangers besetting modern humanity, this drawing people away from the natural, healthful life of the country into the cities, where families seldom live beyond two or three generations. No doubt there are influences towards culture where many people dwell, but the tendency towards physical and moral decline is very serious.

Another point may be noticed, and Australian statesmen themselves are aware of it, so also are those who lend the money; and that is the tendency to make the imports almost equal the exports. Now, in an old country, which has savings to invest in other lands, this does not matter so much; but in a new country it does. However, the state of the savings banks, and of other monetary institutions, demonstrates that the country as a whole is sound, and it is steadily increasing in wealth, and in the power to produce wealth. Wise provision for education has been made in all, or nearly all, parts of the Commonwealth. Religion is not connected with the State, but is left to the churches. It may be interesting to know that at the last census the different religious bodies stood thus: Protestants, 3,352,989; Roman Catholics, 921,425; Jews, 17,287. Buddhists, Confucians, etc., 19,498. Others, including those who are of no denomination, or who refused to state, 143,806.

No account of the Commonwealth would be satisfactory that failed to mention the great event that happened at Sydney a few weeks ago, when a completely new fleet of warships, the property of the Commonwealth, steamed into Sydney harbor. Other nations have built up fleets by adding a ship or two at a time, but here was a complete "unit" all at once. The immediate effect was the liberation of that part of the British fleet on service in Australia, and its addition to the fleet of the North Sea, or that of the Mediterranean.

As Australia has adopted universal military training, the available forces when the system is in full operation "on the basis of the present population would be 366,000 males between the ages of 18 and 26, 330,000 between 26 and 36, and a further 614,000 between 35 and 60."

This terrible expenditure for war in time of peace (for about half

the earnings of the people, in Europe at least, are devoted to armaments), when will it cease? Surely the times cry out loudly for mutual understanding, for something practical in the way of human brotherhood! Terribly expensive are jealousy, greed, and selfishness. It is high time that the nightmares of the nations should be dispelled, and that the inner voice of every man, and the true inner voice of every nation, should be heard above the noise of passion and strife.

The voice of Universal Brotherhood claims to be heard. It appeals to reason and to sentiment, to the pocket, as well as to the heart. It appeals to the whole man, and to all men. This unification of States forming the great Commonwealth of Australia, may it be but a step towards a still wider union, the Commonweal of all nations, and peoples, and races, under one white flag of Peace, on which the golden Sun will rise with the promise of a New Age, when on earth, as in heaven, there will be only One Will known, and loved, and done.

THE LATE ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE: by C. J. Ryan



BY the death of the great British naturalist and philosopher, Wallace, the world has lost a powerful factor. He was a scientific worker of the highest eminence whose whole life was a protest against materialism in science and worldliness in society, a giant intellect inspired by pure love of truth and the welfare of his fellow creatures. When there is a majority of scientific men of his stamp it will not be suspected that the goddess of science is a cold and unfeeling divinity, disdainful of the vital human problems of the soul and neglectful of the spiritual mystery of Beauty and all it implies. Without being in the least a dogmatist in theology, Wallace had the profoundest reverence and faith in the spiritual foundation and guidance of the universe. He writes in *The World of Life*:

Materialism is as dead as priestcraft, for all intelligent minds. There are laws of nature, but they are purposeful. Everywhere we look we are confronted by power and intelligence. The future will be of wonder, reverence and a calm faith worthy of our place in the scheme of things. . . . My answer is made as a man of science, as a naturalist, as a man who studies his surroundings to see where he is. And the conclusion I reach is this: that everywhere, not here and there, but everywhere, and in the very smallest operations of nature to which human observation has penetrated, there is purpose and continual guidance and

control. . . . I believe it to be the guidance of beings superior to us in power and intelligence, call them what you will. . . . I cannot comprehend how any just and unprejudiced mind, fully aware of this amazing activity, can persuade itself that the whole thing is a blind and unintelligent accident.

In commenting upon Professor Schäfer's Presidential Address to the British Association last year, Wallace said, in referring to the statement that mechanical and physical forces alone can explain the works of life:

I submit that, in view of the actual facts of growth and organization, and that living protoplasm has never been chemically produced, the assertion that life is due to chemical and mechanical processes alone is quite unjustified. *Neither the probability of such an origin, nor even its possibility, has been supported by anything which can be termed scientific facts or logical reasoning.*

Sixty years ago, Wallace was struck by the idea of the Survival of the Fittest and Natural Selection, while he was exploring the wilds of the Malayan Archipelago. The same principle was simultaneously worked out by Darwin, Wallace's lifelong friend, and is, of course, one of the strongest points in favor of Darwin's evolutionary hypothesis. Wallace, however, extended his researches into wider spheres of thought than Darwin; he was not content with explanations limited to the material plane only, and, in consequence of his absence of prejudice, and ability to seize quickly the meaning of some of the obscure phenomena he encountered, his convictions of the spiritual nature of man were strengthened. His mental activities were also extended in the direction of practical affairs, and he became noted for his original views upon the pressing problems of social life. In the early days of the Theosophical Society he studied H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, her first important work, and his appreciation of it is shown in the following quotation from a letter to her:

I am amazed at the vast amount of erudition displayed in the chapters, and the great interest of the topics on which they treat; your book will open up to many a whole world of new ideas, and cannot fail to be of the greatest value in the inquiry which is now being so earnestly carried on.

In strong contrast to the materialistic theories, Wallace's opinion was that of Theosophy, i. e., that life is the cause, not the result, of organized forms, and that it is a wilful distortion of the meaning of evolution to teach that if science ever builds up the exact chemical compound of which living matter is composed, such a substance will present all the features of life, including reproduction. He showed

that the growth of crystals, which is sometimes used by bad reasoners, even of scientific repute, as a parallelism to the growth and increase of living cells, is an entirely different thing. The crystal grows by the addition of matter similar to itself on the outside; the cell by the internal assimilation and transmutation of various elements into living protoplasm, that mysterious substance of which so little is known while it is alive. The nucleus of a cell is a directing agent.

The attitude of Wallace toward the greatest problem of all — the existence and origin of the soul of man — is perhaps his highest claim to admiration and the one which will outlast his work as a biologist. Without mincing the matter in the least, and in spite of the harshest criticism, he had the courage to assert that as nothing in the evolution of the human body can account for the soul he was compelled to assume that the animal-man was endowed with it at some definite moment when the conditions were suitable. This perfectly reasonable and illuminating suggestion, though incomplete from the standpoint of Theosophy, was absolutely new in the atmosphere of scientific biology, which ignores the soul. It should be remembered that Wallace possessed all the available information there is on evolution, and, upon certain obscure phenomena showing the existence of hidden faculties in man's nature, far more than his critics. He dared to believe and teach that the soul is the real man, and that it came from some other source than the body:

The difference between man and the other animals is unbridgeable. Mathematics is alone sufficient to prove in man the possession of a faculty unexistent in other creatures. Then you have music, and the artistic faculty.

Wallace came nearest of all modern biologists to the real facts as given in the Theosophical teachings, but he did not pursue his researches far into the complexities of the soul's evolution or of its subtle vehicles, the Principles, of which Theosophy gives such a clear understanding. It is perhaps well that he kept to his own lines of attack on materialism in his appeal to the scientific world, for his sane and simple views about the nature of the soul are still too advanced for most of the leaders of science, though the influence of those views is plainly increasing.

Wallace stood out boldly for the real Dignity of Man, though he was under no illusions. He believed that very little progress has been made in morals or intellect since the days of ancient Egypt, ten thousand years ago. He faced the fact that Evolution moves very

slowly, but was not appalled by it, for he felt that the divine spark in man, the spirit, is bound to triumph at last, though the way be through pain and suffering until wisdom comes. He never yielded to the subtle inference that man is a clod, ephemeral and helpless, the sport of circumstances, or a miserable worm whose only hope was in some external power. His message was the inspiring one that every man had the means of rising out of his low estate to the heights of the gods. Without being connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Wallace was a Theosophist in some of his leading ideas.



ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.

Dhammapada

NEITHER by the eyes, nor by spirit, nor by the sensuous organ, by austerity, nor by sacrifices, can we see God. Only the pure, by the light of wisdom and by deep meditation, can see the pure God. — *From an Upanishad*

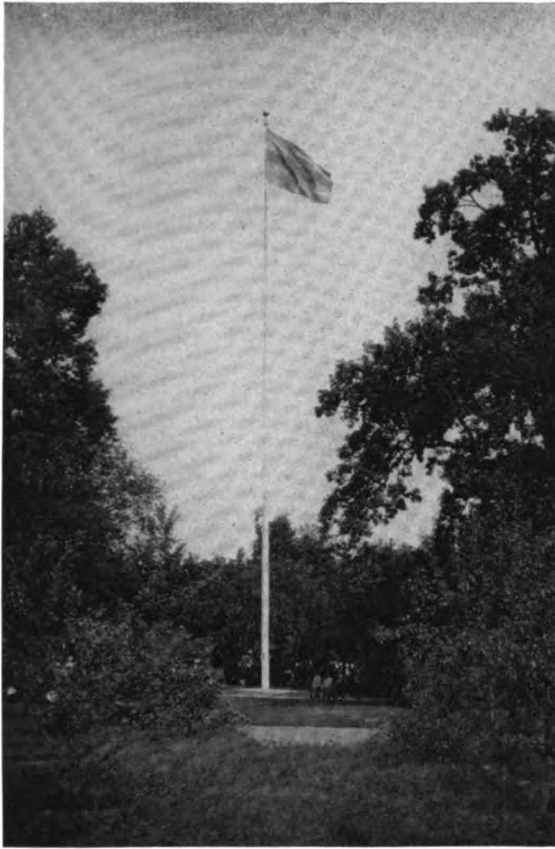
THE small old path, stretching far away, has been found by me. On it sages who know Brahman move on to the heavenly place, and thence higher on, entirely free. — *Yājñavalkya-Smṛiti*

FOR thoughts alone cause the round of rebirths in this world; let a man try to purify his thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.

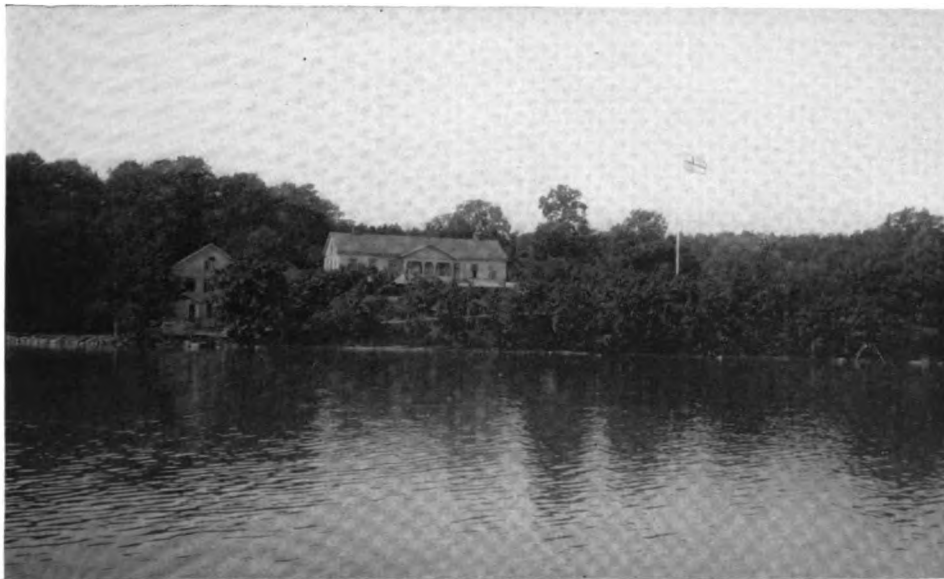
Maitrayana-Upanishad

A DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE spreads from the leaders of the world over all quarters, a fragrance by which, when the wind is blowing, all these creatures are intoxicated. — *Saddharma-Pundarika*

THERE IS this city of Brahman — the body — and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self, here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it. — *Chhândogya-Upanishad*



The new Flag-pole at the Temporary Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Visingsö. It is one hundred feet high and was given by the Students of the Râja-Yoga College of Point Loma, to the future Râja-Yoga College at Visingsö. It can be seen for miles by ships on Lake Vettern.



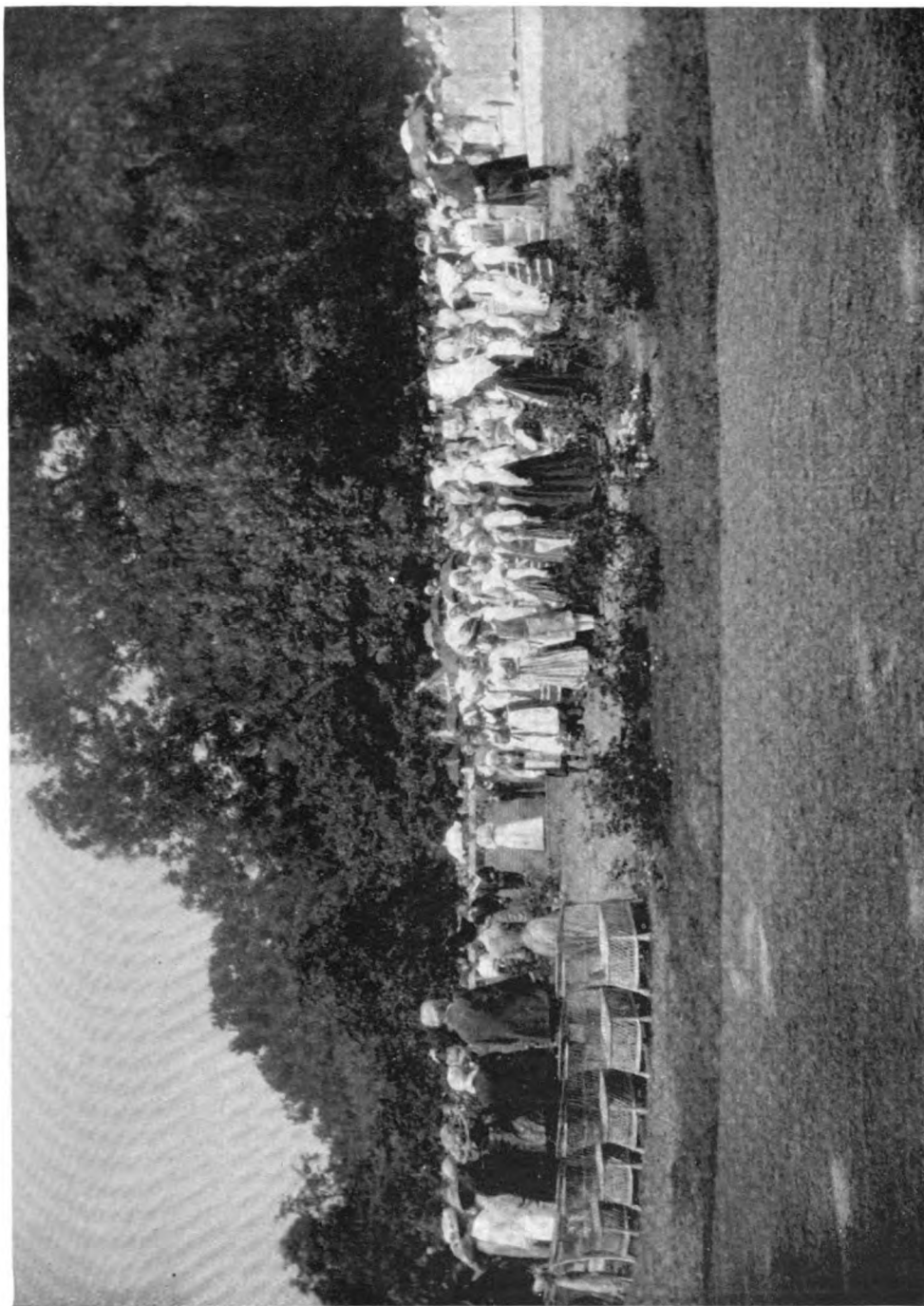
Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

The Temporary Theosophical Headquarters in Sweden during 1913, specially leased for the purposes of the International Theosophical Peace Congress June 22-29, 1913. It is situated in the Royal Forest and commands a splendid outlook across Lake Vettern to the "Little Town of Roses," Grenna. Nearby are the ruins of the castle of Earl Per Brahe the Philanthropist and Educationalist of the seventeenth century.



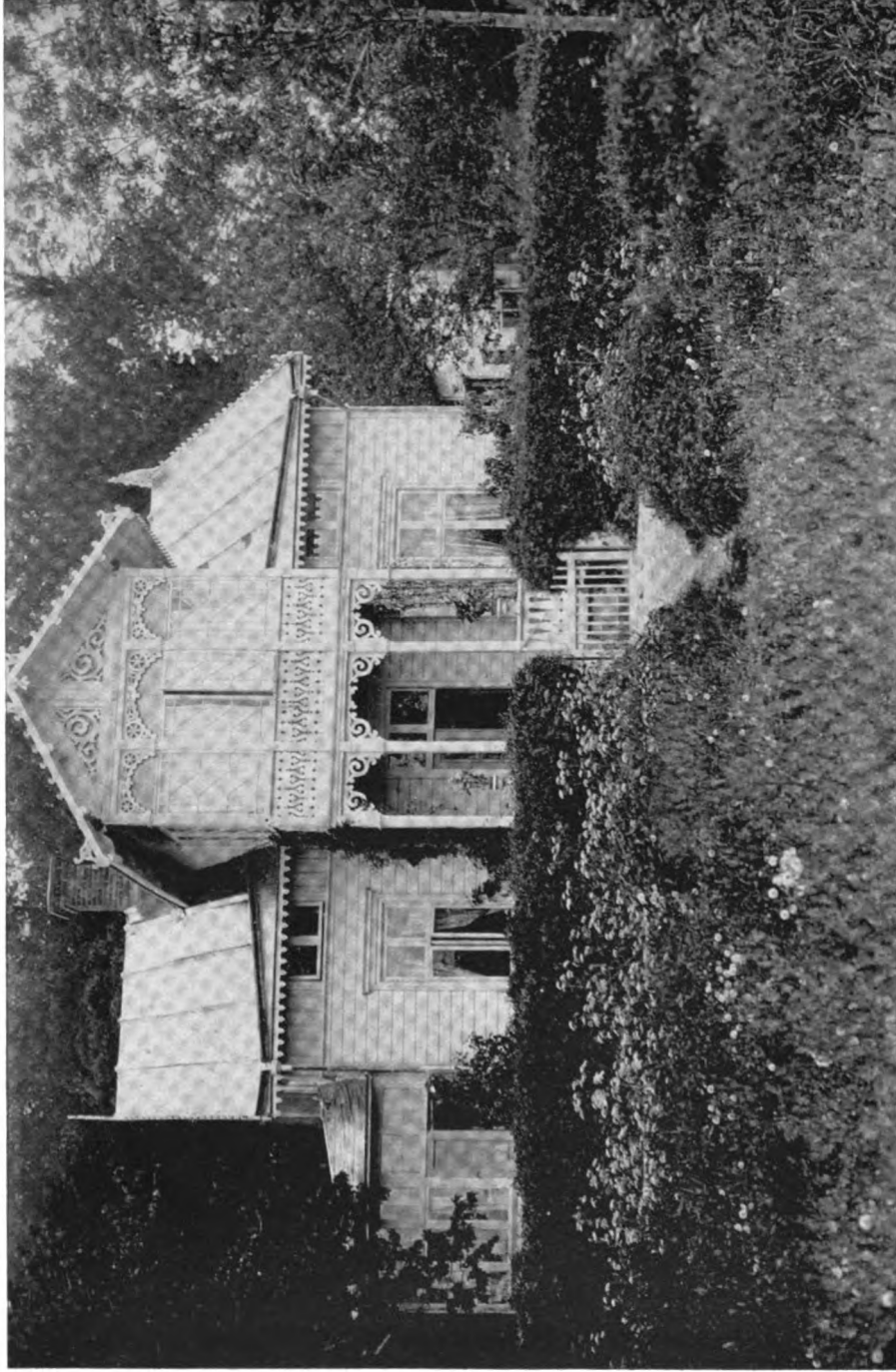
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RUINS OF PER BRAHE'S CASTLE, VISINGSÖ, SHOWING INNER COURTYARD
Three sides of the building have completely disappeared.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ
Swedish Children who took part in the National Folk-Dance, being presented to Madame Tingley, the Theosophical Leader.

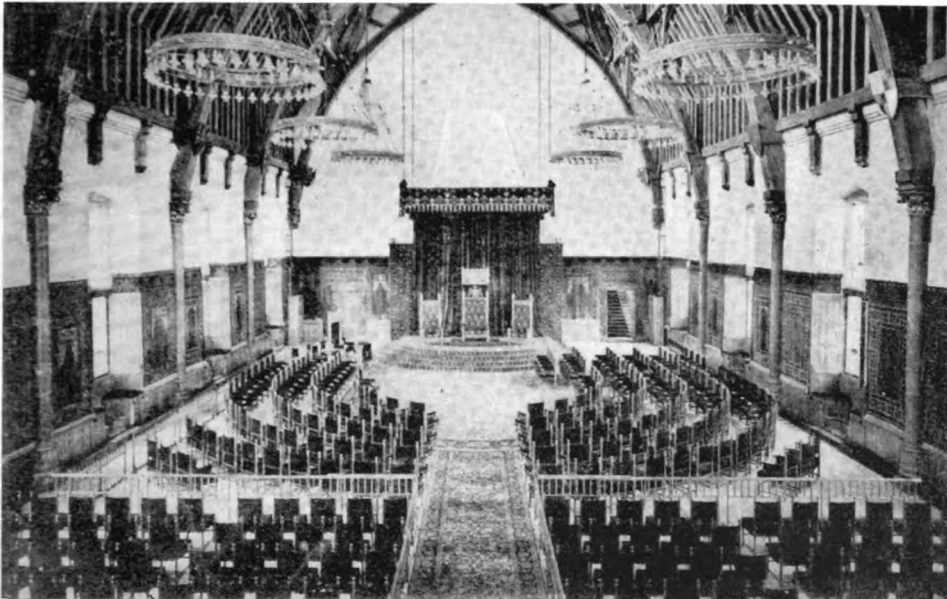


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A GLIMPSE OF "LOMA VILLA," AT VISINGSÖ, WHERE THE RĀJA-YOGA GIRLS FROM POINT LOMA STAYED
DURING THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, JUNE 22-29, 1913

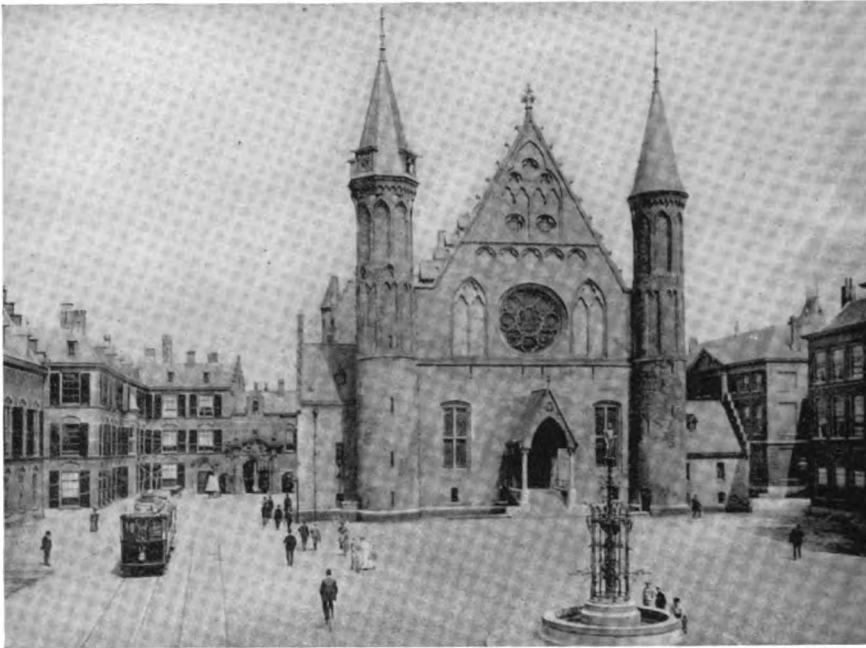


VIEW OF GRENNA, SWEDEN



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INTERIOR OF THE RIDDERZAAL, OR "THE KNIGHTS' HALL," AT THE HAGUE
Where the Râja-Yoga Theosophical Representatives sang at the close of the first day's
session of the Twentieth World Peace Congress, August 18, 1913.



THE RIDDERZAAL, OR "KNIGHTS' HALL," AT THE HAGUE



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MUIS SACRUM, THE MUSIC HALL IN ARNHEM, HOLLAND
Where Katherine Tingley spoke and the Râja-Yoga Representatives
gave several musical programs before enthusiastic audiences.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS

The following Reports and papers were written on the occasion of the International Theosophical Peace Congress, held on Vingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913. Others prepared for the same purpose will be published in due course. The aim was in part a strengthening of the forces working for Peace and in part to succinctly set forth some of the more practical aspects of Theosophical activities.

AUSTRALIAN REPORT

By T. W. Willans, Director U. B. and T. S. in Australia

Madame H. P. Blavatsky, referring to Australia and its flora and fauna retaining something of the Oölitic type, while this type had been supplanted and replaced on the rest of the Globe, on page 197, Volume II of *The Secret Doctrine*, writes: "Now why has less change taken place in Australia than elsewhere? Where is the *raison d'être* for such a 'curse of retardation'?"

"It is simply because the nature of the environment develops *pari passu* with the race concerned. . . . The survivors of those later Lemurians, who escaped the destruction of their fellows when the main continent was submerged, became the ancestors of a portion of the present native tribes. Being a very low sub-race, begotten originally of animals, of monsters, whose very fossils are now resting miles under the sea floors, their stock has since existed in an environment strongly subjected to the *law of retardation*."

"Australia is one of the oldest lands now above the waters, and in the senile decrepitude of old age, its 'virgin soil' notwithstanding. It can produce no new forms, unless helped by new and fresh races, and artificial cultivation and breeding."

When we take into consideration the Teacher's words here quoted, and the recent

facts that the European civilization only commenced to colonize this island-continent a little over a hundred years ago, and that the Australians born, who are now forming the units of a distinctive nation (a branch apparently of a new sub-race) are at most only of about three generations; the life would necessarily be that of infancy and pioneering, in a very literal sense. For the land has had no ancient civilization with its heritage of latent or partly existing life: hence no corresponding class to that of Europe and America, in what might be called the lower manasic development of literature and art: a link in the chain of intellectual philosophic thought and culture. Such a class even now is hardly beginning. Consequently, the work that could be accomplished in those countries by the distribution of Theosophical literature, with a people already prepared to receive a deeper philosophic key to the questions of the day, schooled in the thought of its fore-runners, the Carlyles, Emersons, Goethes, and Ruskins, with their fellows in art and music — such a class *had to be made* in Australia. Therefore the work to be done was largely to *make readers*, rather than to supply them with literature.

So the Movement took on a creative rather than a distributive turn.

To "press on" here, was a necessity: a momentum had to be gained, to overcome our drawbacks.

There could be no waiting and looking for outside assistance from others. We were a long way from the other centers of the Movement, and rarely had any kind of members as visitors, till the American Crusade arrived in 1897. So there was only one thing to do, to hold to Theosophical principles and *go on*.

In doing this we always found that help did come in the right way and time, when really needed, as we were told in the writings it would come; but when the time came, we found there was always something more to be done, which had to be done *by us* to make a right end. So it went on for years, when

an end did come to our old kind of work, and a change was required, but *we had to do it*: and be the other "*some one*" ourselves. Though the distribution of our literature was carried out from the beginning of our public work in 1891, yet our chief energies were devoted to what gradually became definite creative work, to which the principal results of our work are due, this too, to a remarkable degree under the circumstances, strongly demonstrating and substantiating the ancient plans, so truly and lucidly handed on to us by our Teachers.

So much so, that scenes that were enacted in the drama of our Center's creative work, were repeated years afterwards in national life by the chosen representatives of the people, practically in replica. Exactly the same stands made, for the same principles, and the same victories achieved: the crust was broken. Well do I remember the hour when this first began. In looking round for indications of the Light breaking, I saw nothing but darkness. I saw forces at work going for the destruction of this young nation, as a stepping stone to a greater object, a place of vantage for the *retarding blow*.

Then, just at the critical moment that meant the beginning of the end, *one man* stood out from the people, risking his work, his friends, and his party, and that man *was the chosen leader, at the time, representing all Australia!*

From that hour the Light increased. They were too late, they could not enter now — *the place was occupied.*

May the calculations of our "little wheel" be true.



PEACE

Written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, and sent by Russian members of the Society.

Who shall say that history can offer a parallel to this assembly, representing as it does the nations of the earth, gathered for the purpose and the dominant motive of casting aside the nations' political differences and welding themselves together with that intrinsic and essential quality of Brotherhood residing in all men. This is a crucial time and we are writing history in letters of gold.

When the unfoldment of this glorious work of our Leader bears fruit, and the nations

shall receive the message of peace in a new light, the light of Theosophy, then men will hail this day as one of regeneration, of a new birth for the human race.

In the beautiful land of Sweden we feel there is a kinship to Russia in many ways. Both peoples are sturdy, and free from much of the sway of conventionality and unnaturalness. And we must recall the time, more than a thousand years ago, when Russia, her tribes dissenting and in a state of misgovernment, invited Rurik from his native land of Sweden to quell their differences; he ruled wisely and peacefully, uniting them into a common purpose. This was the birth of Russia as a nation, deriving her name from this great benefactor, her ruler, who instituted an heroic age for Russia. As we know that history repeats itself, may this day not augur well for her? Let the germ of a new and better life make its way into the hearts of the people of this big land of the Dneiper. Let us trust that the time is ripe and that you fair Swedes are again the harbingers of a new message to restore the olden heroic time of Rurik, the peaceful, with the more glorious light of Theosophy.

When shall the nations arise to their true status and realize the destiny that is theirs? If the golden age seems like a myth to them now, it is because of the spirit of brotherhood that is missing among them. Strife, aggression, and lust of conquest have done much to stifle the finer perceptions, and have obliterated the knowledge of man's essential divinity.

The history of these past centuries has been the dominance of might: Power in ascendancy wielding the sword, and imposing beliefs. Bigotry and selfishness have been the fruit, and the champions of truth have in consequence suffered misrepresentation, persecution, and martyrdom. But happily the advent of the teachings of Theosophy is dispelling the venom that has befouled the very life-breath of the ages, and the begrimed monster of a long past is dragging its gory form heavily to darkness and oblivion, conscious of an impending doom. A golden dawn has kissed the leaden eyes of man and the rosier tint of a happier day smiles upon his face.

Let us then rejoice that the great heart-throb of peace which now invigorates your land, and pulsates in the many thousands

of hearts among many nations—they who are dedicated to the behests of Theosophy and guided by the great teacher, who has invoked the law—will bring about a thrill, a stirring thought, throughout the world. Let us rejoice and hope that the stars of the nations, reborn in the spell of the mystic hour, may not dim, nor henceforth have their lustre besmirched with the sad crimson of the ages.

O comrades! our thoughts are now strong with the omnipotence of unity and love. We are raising in accord a mighty song. Let its strains reach the hearts of the nations that they may be buoyant with gladness; the joy of peace on earth and faith among men. May Russia hear the echo of that song, and stir from her slumber. In Russia our great liberator, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, first saw the light; who loved so well the land whose millions are filled with the strong yearning born of the spell of its beauties, and who sing from hearts overflowing with a Russian music that is tinged with strange mystic sadness, as if vibrant with the undertone of an inner life that is calling, calling in those Slavic cadences: Arise! thou vast empire! arise, ye many peoples of Russia, here is a glorious light resplendent, a beacon to the nations. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky lit that magic beacon; William Q. Judge guarded its glimmerings steadfastly; now Katherine Tingley has made it blaze forth and shed its radiance on the earth.



PEACE

Address delivered by Miss H. Soukup of Grätz, Styria, Austria, at the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Lake Vettern, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913.

It is my good fortune and great privilege to bring to our dear Leader and to the members of this great Congress, heartiest salutations from Austria, especially from beautiful Styria.

I come from a country where until a few weeks ago peace seemed very doubtful, owing to the disturbed condition then existing in the small countries on Austria's frontiers, from which came the dark clouds that threw the whole of Europe into strained relations. What terrible hours we lived through! How many there were who trembled at the pros-

pect of the awful misery that might come to them.

Happily the inclination of our people has always been more in the direction of peace than of war; and now with your help, and the streams of brotherly love which go out from here, it is to be hoped that war will be made impossible; and that the different nations will learn that they are all a part of God's great Family and are in this world, not to contend with one another, but to love and serve each other.

Our beloved and venerable Emperor, Franz Joseph I, is also very much opposed to war; he has done all that is possible to prevent one, and I believe that in the years to come he will be regarded as the most peace-loving Emperor the world has ever known.

This Peace Congress is convoked as a protest against war in its worst and rudest form, which you will overcome with brotherly love, and in this way offer help to humanity in all its conflicts. My beloved Fatherland needs your help more than any other country, because we have so many different nationalities—ten if I mistake not—and about ten different religions. You can imagine how easy it is to stir up quarrels in such a heterogeneous family! We are never free from them, because every single nation, however small it may be, likes to play an important part in the affairs of the Empire. This explains why my country, though a rich and generous one, is not prosperous and is the scene of more misery and unhappiness than any other. Practically the only bond which joins the different nationalities together, even to a small degree, is their patriotism, and their love of the ruling House, the Hapsburgs.

The German element in Austria has always been the advance-guard of culture, which it has propagated among the other nations in a true spirit of brotherly love.

If the splendid teachings of H. P. Blavatsky could become more universally diffused throughout our country, all the nationalities would realize that they are as the limbs of the body, which must work in harmony. If they could do this, each would be strengthened and prosperity would follow. Instead of perpetually contending with one another as heretofore, each would endeavor to bring out the best qualities in each particular nation. They would work together harmoniously, and the racial question, which has caused so much

trouble in our country, would solve itself.

It is well known that the Austrian Germans possess a keen artistic sense and are great lovers of music and of Nature. Music runs like a thread through their whole life — not merely among the cultured people, but also among the peasants, especially in Carinthia, where the youths and maidens come together and sing their four-part songs quite spontaneously. Only in such an atmosphere could Mozart have been born, Beethoven have found a second home, Schubert have composed his beautiful songs, and Bruckner have written his inspiring sacred music. Grätz is a small town with a trifle over 15,000 inhabitants, but it boasts of a very fine opera-house, where the best music-dramas and concerts can be heard quite regularly.

The Austrians are inclined to be more optimistic than pessimistic; they are compassionate, and are able to grasp new ideas with unbiased minds. Good seed lies sleeping in the hearts of our people, and I feel sure that true Theosophical teachings will awaken them to life. When Theosophy was first introduced into Austria, many people were inspired with its lofty principles; but when a part of our members followed by-ways of delusions, when many of the teachings were distorted and absurd doctrines proclaimed as Theosophy, then most of the honest truth-seekers became disgusted. Can we blame them? And so in many places it is very difficult to interest people in the genuine teachings of Theosophy, as they will not take the trouble to investigate and distinguish between the true and the false, and have become very suspicious. Having once received a false impression of Theosophy, it is now very hard to divert them from their first ideas. Ten or twelve years ago, it would have been a simple matter to convince them of the high principles and teachings of Theosophy, but today it is as difficult as it was then easy. Only through the right examples and practical illustrations of how Theosophy can change a life for the better — only in this way will the hearts of our people be won. And this is slowly but surely being accomplished.

I, and with me my Comrades in Austria, appeal to you, our beloved Leader, and to the whole Peace Congress, to give special attention to our Fatherland, that the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosoph-

ical Society, which has begun in Austria, may continue to flourish and so bring Peace and True Happiness to our poor suffering people.

GREETING FROM FINLAND

At the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913, under the direction of Katherine Tingley, Mr. A. N. Winell, President of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Finland, read the following greeting:

Madame Katherine Tingley:

The members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Finland, greet you with a hearty welcome to our old Sister-Nation, Sweden, with which country our dear Finland has so many common historical memories. In this greeting lies the warmest longing of a whole nation for light and spiritual liberation.

The best that Finland possesses, we have got from and through Sweden.

Theosophy was sown in our country by Swedes. The soil was prepared by our poets and thinkers. But the young plant which grew from these seeds, however, first received strength and stability under the wise Leadership of Katherine Tingley. Through the comrades in Sweden we were brought into the closest contact with the Leader and with the "World's-heart" at Point Loma.

The visit of Madame Katherine Tingley to Finland in 1907, showed us that there are Theosophists and Theosophists.

The visit of Madame Katherine Tingley to Sweden in 1912 awoke a great interest also in our country. Inquiries are made if the Leader will not also now visit Finland.

The message of this International Theosophical Peace Congress, under the direction of Madame Katherine Tingley, was received by us with great joy, and hope for the future.

The Congress convening in this place touched us very closely, because we stand here on soil which also for us is historical. Count Per Brahe, the "Lord of Visingsö," was the Governor of the country during nine of Finland's happiest years. It was Per Brahe who nearly three hundred years ago founded the only academy in Finland. Here on Per Brahe's own domain the cornerstone of a new academy is now being laid. Is not this a guaranty that this returning his-

torical wave shall be of importance also for our country? The fire which now is being lit here, shall spread light and warmth also to the gloomy regions of Finland. We long for this light as we long for spring and summer during a severe and cold winter season.

Madame Katherine Tingley, allow me to express once more to you and your devoted co-workers, our respect and deep gratitude, and to offer you our most hearty greeting, wishing you happiness and success in the work for the spiritual liberation of humanity.



THE DO GOOD MISSION

Written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Mayer-Spalding, President, Woman's International Theosophical Humanitarian League.

Previous to the time that our Leader, Katherine Tingley, met William Q. Judge, she had for several years been engaged in practical philanthropic work on the East Side of New York. In 1891 occurred the Cloak Makers' strike in New York, involving many thousands of workers, one of the worst strikes that had occurred in that city; and to help to relieve the terrible distress caused by the strike to families, the Leader organized the Woman's Emergency Relief Association and the Do Good Mission, established soup-kitchens, arranged for medical attendance and the distribution of clothing. Committees were also appointed to visit the people in their homes. At the soup-kitchens, as many as six hundred a day, and more, were fed. It was during this time, while the Leader was actively engaged in this work, that William Q. Judge first saw her, without knowing who she was, remaining himself unseen for a long time, watching the work that she was herself actively engaged in.

When she met William Q. Judge and took up her work with him, she was obliged to leave this one, but told the people she was helping that "she would see them again." She was unable to renew it until three years later after the death of William Q. Judge, when she had become his successor.

A few days before Katherine Tingley departed on her First Theosophical journey around the world, June 13, 1896, she called the Superintendent of the Lotus Groups to her, placed a memorandum book in her

hands, and said: "This book contains the names of many poor families I have aided in the past, on the East Side of New York." She wished the worker to take this book, go and see these people personally, speak to them of her, and invite them to join a center which she was about to establish in their district.

Her wishes were carried out, nearly all of the parents and children were found, and they bore grateful remembrances of the generous acts of kindness of which they had been recipients from Katherine Tingley in the past. Many of these people attended the Public Farewell Meeting given those going with the Theosophical Leader, at Madison Square Garden Theater, June 13, 1896.

During that summer, the headquarters of the "Do Good Mission" were established on East 14th Street, New York City. It comprised the whole lower floor of a large building, the front part of which had been a store, all this being secured for the purpose.

Here the "Katherine Tingley Brotherhood Club" was formed as a continuation of the work of the "Do Good Mission." Brotherhood Suppers were given from time to time. Sewing classes for children, and afternoons for mothers, were established. The mothers brought their family sewing and were given practical assistance and advice from competent ladies connected with the work. The central point of the work was a Lotus Group for Children on Sunday mornings. Weekly visits were paid to the parents, and food, clothing, and money were also furnished where needed. After the return of Katherine Tingley from the Theosophical tour, the name and work of the "Do Good Mission" were revived, and another useful department was established, that of the Medical Dispensary, for which several skillful doctors volunteered their services. There Katherine Tingley, with the assistance of a physician, cured many inebriates and those afflicted with the drug habit, several of whom rendered very efficient assistance later when the Lotus Home was established on the Hudson River.

The idea of having a summer home for these children of tenement houses in New York, many of whom had never seen the grass and trees of the country in their lives, first took form at a picnic in the Bronx Park. This picnic was an assembly of all

the Lotus Circles in New York, teachers, and friends. With Katherine Tingley quick action follows the idea, and then and there she started a subscription which met with liberal responses. A home with beautiful grounds was secured at Pleasant Valley, N. J., on the banks of the Hudson River. It was opened July 5, with a very unique celebration which continued over the 6th, our Leader's birthday. In addition to Katherine Tingley and her faithful helpers, there were a number of distinguished visitors present; amongst them were Mr. Samuel E. Morse (now deceased), United States Consul-General at Paris, and also Mrs. Morse. In his brilliant address, Mr. Morse gave expression to these forceful words: "A result accomplished, a tangible achievement, is worth all the realms of philosophical abstraction and moralizing ever produced. This Lotus Home, this practical expression of a heaven-born idea, counts for more than all the articles that have been published, and all the sermons that have been preached."

There is not space enough here, to tell of all the remarkable results achieved in that summer's work, for it would require volumes. Most of the children were from the "Do Good Mission," and its outlying district—one of the most notorious parts of New York City. When the children first arrived at Lotus Home, they were ragged, dirty, poorly clad, with no idea of proper behavior or cleanliness in any form. They knew of but one way of obtaining what they wanted, and that was to fight and equivocate for it. But under the quieting discipline which was soon established they became transformed creatures. Military drill and exercises were established; classes in the school-room, and hours for play and recreation. Every child had some assigned duty, a simple household duty, or else an outside one. Music was a very important factor, and the chorus singing daily. Indeed, one could not listen to the singing of these little waifs, without having tear-filled eyes. They sang their little hearts out, in the joy of singing together. Never have we heard a chorus that sounded sweeter than that of the little city-smothered vagabonds, at Lotus Home. Every morning the flag was hoisted, and every evening the light, just as is done at Point Loma to this day.

So well did the children imbibe Katherine

Tingley's teaching of Brotherhood, that they made their own Home motto: "Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood Means." Indeed, it was here that the first practical Rāja-Yoga work really began.

What a rush there was for the school-room when the bell was sounded! There the Superintendent would give each of them his or her duties for the day, and officers for the day would be appointed from among the children to see that these rules were carried out. During the summer, meetings were held on the grounds of the home for workmen and their families. At the close of the season, a play written by the teachers was performed by the children under the trees at night. It was indeed a fairy spectacle.

The activity of this work was transferred to E. 14th Street again, and broadened out into many channels, which are reported under the activities of the International Brotherhood League, which Katherine Tingley afterwards organized and has since most efficiently directed.



THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT

Written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, Visingsö, Sweden, by Miss Edith White, a member of the Gaelic League, Dublin, Ireland.

The inception of the present Irish Language Revival has curiously synchronized with the Theosophical movement of the last quarter of the 19th century. As early as 1850 one or two voices were raised for the language—though all unheeded at the time—and that was about the date when H. P. Blavatsky began to definitely prepare for her life-work.

When blight and ruin fell on all beside, the native language saved Irish Nationality and spoke to the world with its voice. Of that nationality our ancestral tongue is at once the keystone, the most striking symbol, and the most effective safeguard. The problem of its preservation is the problem of our distinct existence as a nation linked to the past by language, ideals, traditions, and customs; by everything that goes to form the chain of historic continuity. For thousands and thousands of years we preserved a distinctive civilization as individual and unique as the world has ever known—a

nationality which as long as it retained its robustness and vigor made absorption of the race impossible, and which on the other hand made the absorption of all incoming elements comparatively easy and rapid.

To completely understand the significance of this mysterious language problem we should have to go back to prehistoric times, but we must content ourselves with only the briefest glance into the immediate past, showing us the course of the 700 years' war—a struggle lasting seven long centuries to obliterate the language, which had as completely imposed itself upon Dane and Norman as upon all previous settlers.

As early as 1360 the English were seriously alarmed at the inroads of the Irish language, (at that time a much more highly cultivated speech than their own), and enactments were made against it. But they cannot have produced much effect, for, in the Dublin Parliament of 1541 all the Peers were of English descent, and yet only one could understand a word of English. Later on we read that: "All the English even in Dublin now speak Irish and for the most part with delight." In the seventeenth century its power continued so strong that many of the children of Cromwell's troopers could not speak one word of English.

In 1760, Irish was so universally spoken even in the Irish regiments on the Continent that Edmund Burke's cousin learned it on foreign service. Again and again vast swarms of settlers were drafted into the devastated regions, and were given the land and farms of the Irish. But it would seem as though the very air and earth of Ireland breathed forth some magic power, for even those "Plantations," as they were called, having taken root in Irish soil, produced patriotic Irish-speaking heroes. After the Union in 1801, Irish was still spoken in almost every part of the country and more than half of the population knew no English.

Just then the tide of English national prosperity was rapidly rising. In the first flush of their pride in machinery and railways, the Saxons at last succeeded in impressing the down-trodden Irish with the idea of their superiority. It was then that the first really effective measure against the Irish language and against the very essence of our nationality was put in force: It was a system of enforced primary education conducted in

compulsory English. This was in 1831, when the Penal enactments had been at last removed, and the Irish were beginning to timidly hope they would at last get permission to live in their own land. That system of education had all but succeeded in extinguishing their language when a few men of the race perceived the danger and sounded the alarm!

They had the discrimination to realize that the system and the policy which inspired it could, if successful, only lead to national extinction, to the destruction of our traditional civilization, to the shattering of our historical continuity. It ignored our national history, our native literature, everything that linked us with the past, everything that would remind us who we were, what we had achieved, what our place had once been in European progress. From all this it deliberately cut us off. The primary school pupil could know little of his country, his race, his ancestry, his history!

Instead of teaching the children English and other subjects through the medium of the language they understood, a parrot-like repetition of words in a foreign language was insisted upon; and they were sent forth without a knowledge of either language and with no real education.

For fifty years it went on, acquiesced in by passive indifference; and then about 1875 the first serious protests began to be raised. But today at this very hour the original system still flourishes in many of the districts where Irish is the native spoken language.

What then has the Gaelic League accomplished up to the present?

It has inspired thousands and thousands of those who had been apparently completely Anglicized to take up a language primer and start upon the arduous task of acquiring a difficult language in middle life or at least long after school and college days. It has provided classes where the youth of the towns may learn the language of their country. It has influenced and educated public opinion to insist on Irish History being taught and the language being recognized in the schools. It trains native teachers and sends them as missionaries back to the Irish-speaking districts to inspire the people there to cling to the last remnants of the native spoken tongue. It sends University students to the remotest parts to learn humbly at the feet of the few

surviving bards and storytellers. And everywhere the work for the language goes hand-in-hand with the revival of native music dances, songs, and pastimes.

All over the country festivals are organized and there are competitions in every branch of native art and industry.

Trinity College was long regarded as the stronghold of Anglicization, but today it boasts a band of earnest and enthusiastic students who place the claims of Ireland above everything else. They are combining the study of the modern spoken tongue with that of the middle and early Irish. With their greater leisure and better opportunities, they should be able to place all studies relating to Ireland on a high level of scholarship.

The extent of the Irish literature still in manuscript has never been fully determined. Something more than half the manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy have been catalogued and the catalog fills thirteen volumes containing 3448 pages!

Many other societies are studying and publishing these documents too, but the work is only in its infancy. The tide has turned, however, and the rest is merely a matter of time.

There is an Irish proverb which says that when need is sorest help is nearest, and this surely was exemplified in the wonderful way in which our language was snatched from the very brink of the grave.

It *might* have become a mere monument to the greatness of antiquity, but instead, it is today a *living* link with the far-distant past, and through the mystic properties of sound it doubtless keeps us *en rapport* with the old-time magic of our land to which W. Q. Judge makes reference so often.

✽

CLIPPED FROM THE PRESS

Katherine Tingley with her Students in Holland

The first public session of the Peace Congress at the Hague was attended by people of prominence, among them being Madame Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world. This lady is a member of the Dutch Peace League.

She was accompanied by a number of students at the famous Râja-Yoga College at

Point Loma, California, U. S. A., of which Madame Tingley is the Foundress-Directress. These Râja-Yoga students, twenty-four in number, sang at the close of the morning session of the Congress three impressive choral songs, entitled *Holland, America*, and *An Ode to Peace*, which were received with real enthusiasm.

Some days before the opening of the Peace Congress Madame Tingley delivered a public address in the great Hall of the Concert building at Amsterdam, while vocal and instrumental music was rendered by the Râja-Yoga students.

Every seat in the large building was taken and at the close the public gave an enthusiastic ovation to the Theosophical Leader and her party.

After the Peace Congress Madame Tingley visited Arnhem, where, by reason of the great interest taken in her work, two public meetings were held. On both occasions she spoke to overcrowded halls. She and her party were received there with even greater enthusiasm than in the other towns visited by them in Europe.

In the Netherlands, the public appears to have received a very favorable impression of the great earnestness and of the noble work of the Theosophical Leader, while her splendid eloquence was manifested in her soul-touching addresses. The dignified bearing and the great musical gifts of the students accompanying her, aroused general admiration everywhere.

Madame Tingley paid a visit to Europe this year for the purpose of attending with her party the International Theosophical Peace Congress held at Visingsö, Sweden, from June 22 to 29. This Congress, convoked by Madame Tingley herself, was most gratifyingly successful and had far-reaching influence. Thousands of people from all parts of Sweden and from other parts of Europe attended it.

Madame Tingley and her party left the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma in the beginning of May, of this year. They achieved remarkable success, beginning with their tour of five days across America.

After the close of the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, Madame Tingley and her party held meetings in the largest halls of Gothenburg, Jön-

köping, and Helsingborg, which were crowded, as also in the Grand Hotel Royal at Stockholm, where a brilliant reception was given to them and where a select company was present, among whom was Admiral McLean of the U. S. Navy.

After the Congress, Madame Tingley came to Holland in consequence of an invitation to take part in the Twentieth World Congress for Peace at the Hague, held August 18 to 23. From Arnhem Madame Tingley and her party left for London on September 22, where they held a public meeting on the 3d. The party left for America, via Liverpool, on September 4th. (From *Mork's Magazine*, October 13, 1913.)



Students Please Large Audience

ISIS THEATER PACKED AT SPECIAL PROGRAM
RENDERED BY THEOSOPHISTS

San Diegans are still talking today of the special program which was rendered at the Isis Theater last night by those students from the Râja-Yoga College on Point Loma, who made the tour abroad this summer with Madame Katherine Tingley, Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. The theater was crowded with people and every number of the program was received with hearty applause. The vocal and instrumental music was beautifully rendered by the students who showed a wonderful degree of perfection in orchestral and chorus training. Two of the students read very interesting papers dealing with the trip abroad and the International Peace Congress which was convoked at Visingsö, Sweden, by Madame Tingley. Sweden's national song was sung in the Swedish language by the chorus, adding greatly to the pleasure of the large number of Scandinavians present.

—From the *San Diego Sun*, Nov. 17, 1913



MAGAZINE REVIEWS

International Theosophical Chronicle
Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke,
London, England.

The November issue begins with a valuable essay, "The Playground of Mind," not concluded. There is a telling article by way of reply to some recent animadversions

on, or rather misconceptions of, Theosophy emanating from a London cleric. "The Ministry of Pain" deals forcibly with this subject. A historic interview with Katherine Tingley in Boston is reproduced in full. Limitations of space preclude mention of many interesting features, Peace Congress items, and illustrations.

Den Teosofiska Vägen

Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D.,
Stockholm, Sweden.

The October issue contains Katherine Tingley's address at Helsingborg, perhaps one of the most powerful she has ever delivered. "A Study of *The Secret Doctrine*" will prove a useful aid to inquirers into, and students of, Theosophy, while "Some Remarks on Râja-Yoga Education" will correct many wrong impressions prevalent. "Râja-Yoga on Visingsö" deals with the same important topic. Many noteworthy items connected with Katherine Tingley's recent crusade are given.

The November issue has an impressive article, "The Fundamental Truths in Christianity." The recent remarkable interview with Katherine Tingley in Boston is reproduced. The splendid address given by Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato, of Rome, during the Visingsö Peace Congress, finds place. Râja-Yoga education is the theme of an illuminating contribution. Both numbers are profusely illustrated.

El Sendero Teosófico

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma,
California, U. S. A.

The December number contains the conclusion of the brilliant discussion of the Hamlet of Shakespeare, wherein we find the final key—"in the death of Hamlet [the personality] must we see him but enlarged and set free in the greater being of Fortinbras." "Birth is not the Beginning; Death is not the End," will command attention. "New Diseases and Old Desires" is a powerful essay. Other topics are, "Symbolology," "Seville," "The International Work of the Theosophical Society for Peace and Human Solidarity," etc. "Echoes of the Theosophical Movement" has many attractive features; the illustrations are splendid.

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 G. de Purucker, 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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Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A PALM GROWING IN ONE OF THE GARDENS
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

FEBRUARY, 1914

NO. 2

We describe Karma as that Law of readjustment which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium in the physical, and broken harmony in the moral world. We say that Karma does not act in this or that particular way always, but that it always *does* act so as to restore Harmony and preserve the balance of equilibrium, in virtue of which the Universe exists. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE STATE OF THE CHRISTIAN DEAD:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



A DISCUSSION of the subject of "Life After Death" has caused a correspondent to send to a newspaper two quotations from Gladstone, which are here reproduced. They are stated to be from pages 253 and 254 of his *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler*.

The Christian dead are in a progressive state; and the appointed office of the interval between death and resurrection is reasonably believed to be the corroboration of every good and holy habit, and the effacement of all remains of human infirmity and vice.

[The stains of sins] will have to be effaced by a process of discipline, happy indeed in its result, but of which we have no right to assert . . . that the redeeming and consummating process will be accomplished without an admixture of salutary and accepted pain.

Christian eschatology is doubtless ably and copiously treated in doctrinal works and even in some encyclopaedias, but it can hardly be said to constitute matter of common knowledge or interest. Indeed, the subject is very generally eschewed or treated but vaguely and allusively. One curious result of this state of affairs is that Theosophists find people criticising Theosophical teachings on grounds which would also condemn their own religious teachings, did they know what these latter are. One should be sure of one's own ground before criticising.

What more interesting and important religious topic can there be than that which concerns the state of the soul after corporeal death? Yet how greatly is this topic ignored! Theosophists have often pointed out the inadequacy of current doctrines to give an explanation suitable to our sense of fitness or to answer questions that must be answered; yet they have been criticised for offering an explanation similar to the one dimly outlined in the above quotation from a great Christian writer.

There are many sincere and earnest Christians who have challenged Theosophy, and who are of course above the tactics (adopted by some people) of mere misrepresentation and calumny. Yet it behooves them to find some answer to Theosophy, and they realize that they must dig deeper into the mines of their own religion for the wherewithal to find this answer.

Should they not, therefore, be prepared to give a satisfactory doctrine relating to the after-life of the soul? This is what the writer of the passages has endeavored to do; and if Christians were better read in their own divinity, they would find that many other divines have made the same attempt.

The writer must have realized that man, as he leaves the earth, is not fit to enter heaven; nor could the writer's reason accommodate itself to the notion of a *sudden* and wholesale purification. Hence he infers a gradual process. Moreover he sees that this process must be one of arduous and even painful discipline. Evidently, in his view, the Divine law does not act in contravention of natural logic. He uses the word "redeeming" in a way which shows that he does not accept the idea of a sudden redemption, such as we hear of in less intelligent, if equally devout, circles.

Yet, having gone thus far on the road of logic, where or why should we stop? We are led to ask to what extent this idea of gradual purification through discipline accommodates itself to other parts of theological doctrine. It seems like sewing a Theosophical patch on to a theological garment, and is likely to result in the stronger material "taking from the old" and thereby making the rent worse than before. According to Theosophy, there is no place like this old earth for discipline of the soul; and, once having assumed that there is a process of purification, it is but a step farther to assume that this process is carried on upon the earth. If not, where is it carried on?

The conception of heaven has of course changed greatly in recent

years, and it would be pertinent to ask those who criticise Theosophy from the Christian standpoint to define their idea of heaven. Theosophists hold that there is a great lack of symmetry in the doctrine which regards a single earth-life of seventy years (or seventy days) as the prelude to an eternity of life in another realm. Another point to be remembered is that a true system of eschatology should also concern itself with the state of the soul (if any) before birth; for though eschatology means the discussion of future states, that discussion cannot well be separated from the subject of previous states.

Theosophists hold that there is far more in Christianity than has yet been gotten out of it; and, so far from attacking Christians, they merely ask them to study more deeply their religion. What has Christianity to teach about the nature of the soul, its origin, its destiny? Theosophy, in offering its answers to these questions, does not desire to uproot any true doctrine, but merely to help and to explain.

Some churches include a state of purgation in their theology, but the idea is not fully worked out and is too hard-and-fast.

We are too apt to overlook the fact that the soul must exist while we are on earth; for surely the soul is not created when we die. Hence the doctrine that the soul is immortal includes the doctrine that the soul exists now. But by its close contact with the animal nature, a complex *mind* arises — the mind with which we are familiar in our daily life. It is this mind that is the battleground of contending forces, the stage of the drama of human life. In it, purification is continually going on.

The idea of heaven has been doctrinally confounded with the idea of unending existence, and this has led many people to give up the idea altogether. But if heaven is a state of consciousness, it must be subject to laws of change and duration; and though it may last long, it cannot be unending. The very attempt to imagine an unending condition appals us.

In the Theosophic view, a man's life on earth is but one of a series; and heaven is the state of rest and bliss in which the Soul exists during the intervals between lives on earth. Though the duration of this state of bliss is finite, it is many times greater than the duration of a life on earth, and undoubtedly surpasses our most venturesome attempts to imagine the duration of an eternal heaven. Thus rested, the Soul returns to earth to renew its unfinished work. This is a very ancient doctrine, and those who would criticise it should be ready

to vindicate any alternative doctrine which they may wish to maintain. An appeal may be made to authority and revelation; yet we see that theologians are taking considerable liberties with these criteria; and in truth they are right in supposing that man's intelligence was given him to be used. Is not the universe itself the revelation of the Divine, and should we not try to understand this revelation?

It should be possible to deduce from man's nature his origin and his destiny, but a little help from those who have pondered the subject before is always welcome; and Theosophy, the garnered wisdom of ages, can help us to interpret life.

The quotations above given speak of the *Christian* dead, and at once we think of the non-Christian dead, and ask upon what grounds (if any) there can be another law for these latter. This raises the question of Religion and religions. Religions are many, but Religion is one. Christian advocates speak of Theosophy in its relation to Christianity; but what of the relation of Theosophy to the many other religions? If Christianity is to be considered as being on one side, while Theosophy is on the other, where do the other religions come in? Christians realize more nowadays that their religion cannot supplant other religions unless it can prove itself superior; for we no longer propagate religion by the sword. Theosophy would abolish this rivalry between religions by reminding them of their common origin and common root. They are all of them attempts to interpret life; but though the theories may differ, the facts of nature must be the same everywhere. If religion is a question of revelation, that revelation must come to man through his own inner faculties; the only alternative is that it should come through his outer faculties.

Yet we cannot accept as a guide the erring judgments of our wavering opinion. Modern science, by limiting its sphere, leaves aside the questions to which people want an answer. Theories will not suffice; still less mere dogmas, or doubts and negations. We must fall back on the ancient teaching that wisdom proceeds from the purified heart, and our watchwords must be Duty and Charity.

We are neither in the hands of an arbitrary ruler nor a ruthless machine, but under wise and unerring laws, whose nature we may glimpse from their manifestation in our own best nature. We need have no fears as to the fate of our Soul after death, so long as we reverence it in life. Nor need we wait until after death for the "purification by discipline" of which the writer speaks. We can begin it

now; and begin it in ourselves, instead of waiting for some power to begin it for us. The discipline will be plentifully provided by our circumstances, so all we have to do is to adjust ourselves to them. In this way the grosser parts of our character are removed and the finer and stronger qualities shine out. Life is a continuous process, and we can live in eternity while yet in the body. The circumstances of life are calculated with a view to inducing man to exercise his Spiritual Will; but he is prone to the attitude of expectancy, as though he wished a divine power to do for him that which he should do for himself.

MANY RELIGIONS, ONE RELIGION: by Magister Artium



HERE are 2767 religions in the world, according to a statistician. Is any one of these religions right and the remaining 2766 wrong? And, if so, which? Or are they all wrong — or all right? The only sensible answer seems to be that they all have more or less of truth in them, mingled with less or more of error. A dry fact like this is apt to strike the mind forcibly and to make us realize that we do most of our thinking in a very narrow circle and on an insufficient basis of fact. Is there any more reason for setting one religion over another than there is for setting one language over another? There are about the same number of languages in the world, some old, some newer, some largely used, others slightly used, some better than the average, others worse. If it is not the same with the religions, why is it not?

Clearly we cannot reasonably judge religions differently from languages, races, or customs. But, though there are many tongues, many races, many customs, there is but one humanity. Applying this analogy, ought we not to arrive at the conclusion that the oneness of humanity underlies and overrules the multiplicity of religions, just as it does the multiplicity of tongues and races?

Mankind is essentially one, amid countless differences in detail. The more man lives in the essential part of his nature, the more he realizes the unity; and the more he lives in externals, the greater do the differences appear. Some would have it that the only point of oneness among all the races of mankind is the possession of a physical

body and its attendant instincts. If this be so, then the only basis of union among races would be an animalistic basis, such as might be supposed to subsist between refugees cast on a desert isle.

But mankind is *spiritually* one, and this is the key to the solution of the religious difficulty. Many religions, but only one Religion.

A very large number of the extant languages have been traced by philologists to their source in a common language, and correspondingly the races have been traced back to a common race, called Aryan, and believed to have lived in the highlands of Central Asia. Now what about the religions? Again, what about the races not included in the above scheme, those of Africa and America, and Polynesia? To find a common origin we must go further back.

History has given us a picture of the division of races, the dispersal of mankind, the confusion of tongues; events pictured in many an ancient legend and folk-story. Perhaps we are now approaching a cycle of reunion, when the scattered fragments shall grow together once more. Science has wonderfully woven the world together — physically; and a closer union is necessitated. People forced to dwell together have to adjust and harmonize themselves. Hence religious barriers break down and other barriers too.

The wise, the saintly, the enlightened, in every land and every creed, have always been above and beyond formal religion; their knowledge and purity has sprung from an inner fount. But the full manifestation of Divinity requires, not an individual, but a harmonious society of individuals to work through. Hence, when the proper conditions arise, we may look for the manifestation of Light and Wisdom. And these conditions are that mankind should be united. Such people as do now dwell in interior harmony, aspiring after the good, do doubtless constitute an invisible church, of which they are the unconscious members. This is an idea that has occurred to some Christian theologians. Such an inner fellowship must surely exist. But it cannot be revealed to our minds until our minds are fitted to receive the revelation. Thus, it is necessary for the aspirant to Wisdom to "regain the child-state he has lost."

The Tree is a well-known mystic symbol and represents branches springing from a single stem. Humanity is a tree, and this tree is divided into races and sub-races and smaller and smaller offshoots until we get down to the hairs on the leaves, which for present purposes may be taken to represent individuals. Applying this symbol

practically, we may infer that individuals are bound together in families, the families into larger divisions and so on; and that a common sap runs through all. But this is more than a mere analogy. Humanity is actually thus connected by a common vitality. Brotherhood is achieved by a recognition of this fact. Men do not need to force a fictitious brotherhood, but to recognize a real and actually existing brotherhood.

There is an antipathy between certain races, which prevails as long as their members accentuate the external differences; but becomes less and less in proportion as they accentuate their spiritual unity. In fact, the law is the same for races as for individuals; and the same principles must be applied in overcoming the antagonism. We ought to know how to adapt ourselves to persons of different temperament from our own; and the same should be true of races. But the subject at present is religious, and here again the same rule should prevail. That rule is — how to harmonize contraries. This result is successfully achieved in music and other arts and crafts, and indeed there could be no harmony if all were unison. “Many minds, one heart” is a well-known adage which applies here.

But it is necessary for each one to dig deeper into his own religion, so that he may reach the place where differences disappear in the stronger light of common conviction. Do we all believe in the essential Divinity of man? If so, this forms one common ground. Do we all believe that unselfishness is the true law of human life, and that selfishness breeds destruction? If so, here is another bond between religions. And many other such links — tenets of the one universal Religion — might be enumerated.

But religion may be made a tribal affair, or a racial or a local affair. Thereby it becomes limited and variance sets in between divers of these limited cults. The true practical solution lies in reconciling the many with the One, and in tolerating external differences while recognizing the internal oneness, just as is done in so many other affairs of life.

One conception of religion is that it is a species of tribal magic, or a means of uniting all its adherents into a great force which acts protectively and which (in some cases) overpowers the religions of other people. There is a certain amount of this idea in our notions of Christianity, but perhaps in this case “Christendom” is the better word. In this sense the religion is bound up with ideas and habits

in general, and works hand in glove with commerce and national ambition.

Some scholars analyse religion, delve into the history of cults, and speak as though this tribal religion were the only kind of religion there is. But the truth, in this case as in so many others, lies in the axiom that there is one Truth but many beliefs, one Sun but many lesser lights. It is Religion that must bind together men of diverse religions, as also of divers tongues and nationalities. And the unity of Religion is based on the Spiritual unity of mankind. If there is anything in our own particular religion that is of a universal character, it will survive and stand the test; but anything less will have to give way and take a lower place.

THE FUTURE, NOT THE PAST

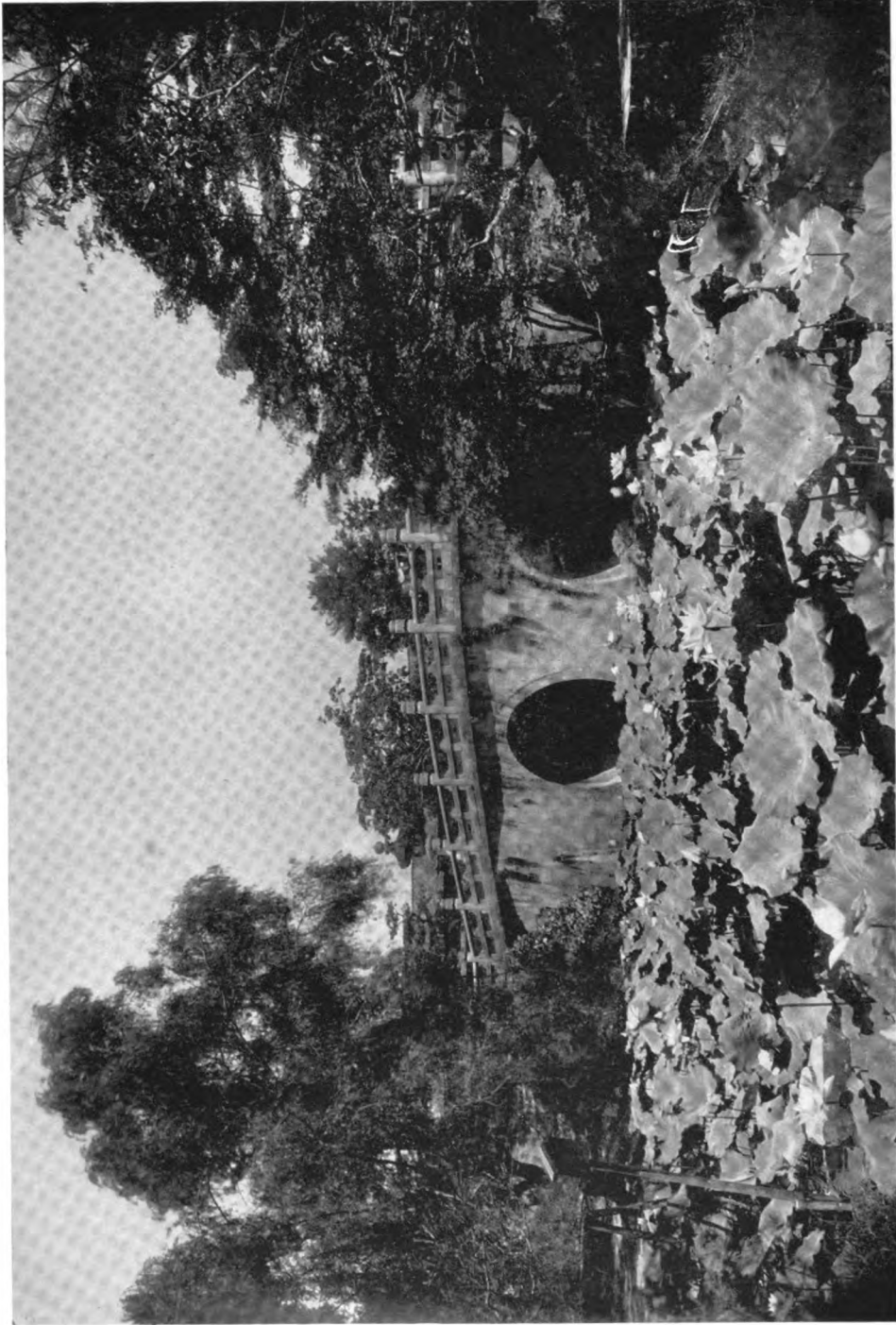
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW TIMES demand new measures and new men;
 The world advances, and in time outgrows
 The laws that in our father's days were best,
 And doubtless after us some purer scheme
 Will be shaped out by wiser men than we —
 Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
 The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change.
 Then let it come. I have no dread of what
 Is called for by the instinct of mankind,
 Nor think I that God's world would fall apart
 Because we tear a parchment more or less.
 Truth is eternal, but her effluence
 With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
 Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
 The promise of the future, not the past.



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A TEMPLE GATE AT SHIBA IN TOKYO



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A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF LILIES

The bridge is as useful and strong as it is artistic.



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ON THE SHORES OF THE LAKE



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JAPANESE MAIDENS AT THE WELL

ARTISTIC ANACHRONISMS: by R. W. Machell



ARTISTS of fame and skill have frequently, one might say almost universally, adopted the practice of introducing portraits of persons of note of their own period into pictures representing scenes from the lives of the patriarchs or incidents of Bible history; many have introduced their own portraits into such groups or into historical scenes of more modern times. Sculptors have not hesitated to display the persons of some celebrity of their day in Roman toga, or in some even less suitable robe, such as might have served more appropriately to disclose the anatomical elegance of a classic divinity than to veil the physical peculiarities of the politician, who in this disguise was called upon to face the rigors of a northern climate and the curiosity of the public gaze, perched on the perilous altitude of a marble pedestal in a public square. And these anachronisms were accepted as being in the best possible taste. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* I do not propose to question or criticise the taste of the day. Each age has its fashions, and they change too quickly for any but the very young to take them seriously. But one may study them as ephemeral expressions of permanent tendencies of the human mind; and as such one may find them deeply interesting. The instability of their forms of manifestation should not astonish us, any more than does the evanescence of the charms of a wild flower, or the elusive subtlety of a beautiful smile on a child's face.

What then is the permanent idea underlying the anachronisms of artistic expression? It is sometimes said that Rembrandt painted Jesus Christ's disciples as Dutch Jews, because he had no imagination, and could only paint what he saw before him. The same has been said recently of Raffaele by a critic, who declares that Raffaele had no imagination and consequently no sense of humor; but I have not heard any serious critic give the same explanation of similar anachronisms in the works of Veronese, or of Rubens. They are supposed to have simply adopted the fashions of the day. But why the fashion?

May it not be that there is in the human mind an instinct, a kind of racial memory, that is stronger than the education of the day and that defies even the dogmas of religion? May it not be that men feel the continuity of human experience as a great unalterable reality? May they not feel that the people who were high in power in one age were so by virtue of characteristics that in all ages will bring their

possessors to positions of prominence in their own age? And surely it requires no reasoning to see that a man's external appearance is very largely fashioned, or at least modified, by his character. So that it is not unreasonable to suppose that a portrait of a great soldier of one age may express more of the essential characteristics of a great soldier of another age than could be found in a most carefully costumed model hired for the occasion. The anachronism of costume is a small matter when compared with the expression of essential qualities of character, such as no model can render, and no costumier can suggest.

Beyond this I am inclined to go, and to suggest that there is also in humanity an ineradicable conviction of the continuity of experience in the individual, more or less unconscious at present, no doubt, but rapidly reawakening into activity. This might not make itself felt in the mind of an artist as a definite theory of reincarnation, but it might very well induce him to think that he could get nearer to the dramatic realization of vital essentials by studying, and by using, the prominent men and women of his own day, than by trying to create types out of his own fancy, or by merely copying characters stereotyped by previous painters.

As to the introduction of the artist's own personality or that of some member of his family or circle of acquaintance, that will always occur; because no man can be expected to feel that his own personality would be out of place in any company of distinguished persons. The same applies to those artists who have painted madonnas with the features of the woman they loved, without regard to the moral fitness of things, and without any conscious disrespect to the original.

Leonardo himself, in a poetical letter to his patron, describes his long search for figures to serve as models for his Jesus and Judas, in the famous *Last Supper*; and while saying that he could not hope to find a fitting type for the former among the men of his day, and having searched the scum of the city, the jails, and the haunts of vice, in vain, to find one base enough to represent the man who sold his master for gold, he finally suggests painting the head of the prior himself, if the Duke does not think it inappropriate. Leonardo was a profound thinker, a man familiar with the philosophy of the Greeks and Neoplatonists; and one may well suppose that he knew the doctrine of reincarnation and was actually looking for the men of his own day who were (potentially) the men who had played those parts in the

eternal drama of the soul presented in the Christ story, and familiar, as a mystery drama, to every Neoplatonist.

I think that as Reincarnation wins its way again into public recognition, a greater tolerance towards the peculiarities of former ages will assert itself. We shall perhaps be less severe in our criticism of our predecessors, if we feel that they were ourselves; and that we today are executing our little "song and dance" on the stage of the twentieth century for our own amused contemplation in the history that will be written of this age, when we return to birth with our old tendencies and peculiarities, to play our part in the drama of a later age; and to continue our evolution in the great school of life that does not cease with the departure of each generation, but endures eternally.

THE FLOWER OF THE MOUNTAINS

By **Kenneth Morris**

Welsh Air — *Lili Lon*.

I

BUTTERCUPS and bee-loved clover,
Harebells, daffodils and heather —
There's a Flower no lark sings over,
Quite outshines you all together:
Who shall breathe her dear name?
Who shall sound her deep fame?
She that kindles up the uplands
With her blooms of dream and flame.

Cuckoo-flower by Tybie's Fountain,
Meadowsweet beside the river,
There's a Flower upon the Mountain
Makes the lone blue midnight quiver.
In the violet glow and gloom
Where the twilight mountains loom,
There the heavens behold enraptured
The white glamor of her bloom.

Rose of all the roses blowing,
Pansy — purplest, darkest, deepest —
Not such loveliness art knowing,
Not such heart-deep sweetness keepest!
For her scent was snow and fire
For the starry bardic choir,
Glyndwr's and Llewelyn's glory,
Arthur's sword, and Ceiriog's lyre.

II

Maidens in the hay-rich meadow,
 Morfydd, Olwen, Nest, Elonwy —
 Eyes of starlight, sunlight, shadow —
 Glad the sky that looketh on ye —
 What are ye, though so fair,
 Crowned with brown clouds of hair,
 Throats endowed with blackbird sweetness,
 Pride of mien and queenly air —

What are ye, that hearts should hunger
 For your rippings forth of laughter?
 There's a Maid that's fairer, younger,
 Whoso sees shall follow after
 Till the stars fade away,
 And the pearl-rimmed turquoise, Day,
 And Night's gemmed and somber dragon
 Topple headlong in decay.

There's a Maid amidst the Mountains,
 Ageless through the hoary ages,
 And her star-eyes were the fountains
 Of the lore of druid sages;
 And her speech was snow and fire
 For the starry bardic choir,
 Glyndwr's and Llewelyn's glory,
 Arthur's sword, and Ceiriog's lyre.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
 Point Loma, California.*

THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY OF UNSELFISHNESS: by C. Woodhead



IN *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, written by the great teacher Sankarâchârya about a century after the death of Gautama the Buddha, occurs the following passage:

Self-assertion is to be known as the cause of this false attribution of selfhood, as doer and enjoyer.

When sensuous things have affinity with it, it is happy; when the contrary, unhappy. So happiness and unhappiness are properties of this, and not of the Self which is perpetual bliss.

Sensuous things are dear for the sake of the self, and not for their own sake; and therefore the Self itself is dearest of all.

Hence the Self itself is perpetual bliss; not its, are happiness and unhappiness;

as in dreamless life, where are no sensuous things, the Self that is bliss — is enjoyed, so in waking life, it is enjoyed through the word, through intuition, teaching and deduction.

In these words of the great teacher Śankarâchârya, one seems to see outlined the whole philosophy of altruism. So great is the world-glamor, the illusion in which we live, that it is with difficulty we can trace the beginnings of that Reality which is the Eternal. And yet we know that this is the real Occultism towards the realization of which we are all striving more or less consciously. It is the path pursued by every human soul, whether under the Law or by individual volition, or both.

Again and again we find reiterated in all the sacred texts the statement that there is no real separateness amongst existing beings; that all is one; that behind every appearance is a reality which is independent of all else, includes all else, and is eternally the same.

This is that which is spoken of in the sacred books of the East as utterly indescribable, yet the very essence of Being, Consciousness, Bliss, the Higher Self.

In the passage quoted Śankarâchârya shows how these qualities of the Supreme Self produce illusion in the reflected selfhood of the human lower self. A man falsely imagines himself to be a separate *being* with a separate *consciousness* of his own and a *happiness* which depends upon his own separated selfhood. The sensuous things which are of the body are pleasing to this reflected and incomplete selfhood. They produce a pleasure which is a reflection of the harmony of the Higher Self.

Do we not know how temporary and unsatisfying are these experiences of the lower self? They disappear and give place to pain and disappointment. The events of life teach us that the lower self is of no account. Then, if we are wise, we learn our lesson. Says Sankara:

Self-assertion is to be known as the cause of this false attribution of selfhood as doer and enjoyer.

When sensuous things have affinity with it, it is happy; when the contrary, unhappy. So happiness and unhappiness are properties of this, and not of the Self which is perpetual bliss.

Then he goes on to say:

Sensuous things are dear for the sake of the self and not for their own sake, and therefore the Self itself is dearest of all.

If we ponder over this statement of the great sage, it seems to imply that every sort of happiness is due to the feeling of self-consciousness, and so, that the false self-consciousness of reflected self-assertion is the cause of all the misery and unhappiness in the world, from its unstable and illusive character, and from the contrasts of temporary pleasure and pain which we suffer when we allow our self-consciousness to limit itself to the four walls of our personality.

And when Śankara says that "the Self itself is dearest of all," he implies that the highest peace, contentment, and happiness, are to be found in fixing our gaze upon that which is forever outside our ken, but towards which we are ever advancing, on the path to perfection. And he thus concludes:

Hence the Self itself is perpetual bliss — not its, are happiness and unhappiness; as in dreamless life where are no sensuous things, the Self that is bliss is enjoyed, so in waking life it is enjoyed through the word, through intuition, teaching and deduction.

Sooner or later, therefore, we must realize and be entirely convinced that there is actually no separateness in the world, except, as H. P. Blavatsky said, "*in motive.*"

The false self-assertion which is the cause of so much misery and sorrow, choking up the avenues of wisdom and darkening the Sun which gives life and light — this false self-assertion also leads us to misinterpret and misuse the Law which would otherwise reveal the Truth. For as said by H. P. Blavatsky,

In the active laws of Karma — absolute Equity — based on the Universal Harmony, there is neither foresight nor desire. It is our own actions, thoughts, and deeds which *guide that law* instead of being guided by it.

If then we would find true harmony and peace within ourselves we must follow the Law of Harmony, which is the expression in action of the Universal Self. If on the other hand by self-assertion we make a law unto ourselves, we must take the consequences — for "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," that harmony may be restored.

But [says Śankara] he who goes onward through the word of the good Teacher, who is friendly to all beings, and himself well controlled, he gains the fruit and the reward, and his reward is the Real.

If the love of freedom is yours, then put sensuous things far away from you like poison. But love as the food of the gods, serenity, pity, pardon, rectitude, peacefulness, and self-control, love them and honor them for ever.



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THE FRIEDRICHSBRÜCKE AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY, BERLIN



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THE BRANDERBURGER GATE, BERLIN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE ROYAL MUSEUM IN THE PARK, BERLIN



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LUTZOW SQUARE, BERLIN



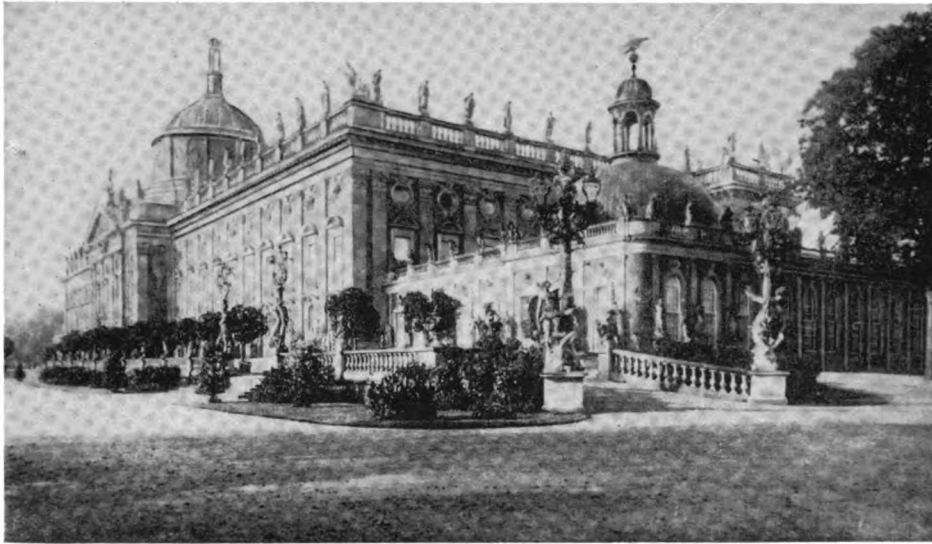
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SAVIGNY SQUARE, CHARLOTTENBURG



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THE ROYAL TECHNOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, CHARLOTTENBURG



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THE NEW PALACE, POTSDAM



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IN THE FOREST

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT:
by P. A. M.

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhémar).
Vol. I, p. 293.



EXPERIENCED a real regret at being forced to give up my acquaintance with Madame de Forcalquier, when, after the letter which I have copied, she passed entirely over to the side of Madame du Barri. One morning, chance caused us to meet on a stairway of the château at Versailles. We could not look at one another without laughing, and then we embraced by stealth.

"How is it you are traveling on such a wrong road?" I said to her.

"It is the fault of my star. You know that the Comte de Saint-Germain predicted to me that I should make my fortune through a favorite. The Pompadour is dead and has not justified the horoscope. It is then for the Comtesse that this task is reserved. I must hurry, else I shall grow old; our dauphin does not look like one who is a great admirer of women."

Since the name of the Comte Saint-Germain has again come under my pen, I should like to speak a little of him. He appeared (that's the word) at the French Court long before I did. That was in 1743; the rumor spread abroad that a stranger, prodigiously wealthy, at least if one judged by the magnificence of his gems, had just arrived at Versailles. Whence had he sprung? No one has ever been able to learn. His aristocratic, intelligent, and sagacious look struck one from the first moment. He had a well-formed and graceful figure, delicate hands, a small foot, an elegant leg which well filled a well-stretched silk stocking. The tight breeches indicated a rare perfection of form; his smile disclosed the most beautiful teeth in the world, a pretty dimple ornamented his chin; his hair was black, his eyes soft and penetrating. Oh! What eyes! . . . I have never seen their like anywhere. He appeared to be forty to forty-five years old. He was still to be met in the private apartments, where he had free entrée, at the beginning of the year 1786. He did not see Madame du Barri, but he was present at the catastrophe of the Duchesse de Châteauroux.

When this lady died, the King, who had only known the Comte de Saint-Germain a year, had nevertheless already so much confidence in him that he asked him for an antidote for the expiring Duchesse. The Comte refused.

"*It is too late,*" he said.

I took him to task one day on account of this reply, claiming that it is always time to try and arrest the effect of a poison.

"If I had cured the Duchesse," he said to me, "I should have been responsible for all the violent deaths which might have followed. Every family would have summoned me to work a miracle, and it would have been unfortunate for me if I had ever failed in the enterprise. Such are men: pretty selfish."

"You are a bit selfish too."

"It is precisely because I resemble them."

The old eternal Comtesse de Georgy, whom certainly death has forgotten on earth, said in my presence to Comte Saint-Germain:

"Fifty years ago I was ambassadress at Venice, and I recall having seen you

there with the same visage; a little more mature, perhaps, because you have grown younger since then."

"At all times I have esteemed myself happy in paying my court to the ladies."

"You called yourself at that time the Marquis Balletti."

"And Madame la Comtesse de Georgy has a memory as fresh now as it was fifty years ago."

"I owe this advantage to an elixir which you gave me at our first interview. You are really an extraordinary man."

"Had the Marquis Balletti a bad reputation?"

"On the contrary, he was a man of very good company."

"Well, if no one complains of him, I willingly adopt him for my grandfather."

I know that later on his replies to the Comtesse de Georgy have been denatured; I report them as I heard them come from his mouth.

The Count de Saint-Germain was very strange in everything. M. le Marquis de Valbelle going to see him one day, found him engaged in blowing the bellows; he asked my husband to entrust him with a crown of six livres; the latter took one from his purse, gave it to M. de Saint-Germain, who put it on a chemical mattrass and covered it with a black substance, then he put the whole into a furnace. M. de Valbelle saw the coin change color, become red, and at the end of some minutes the adept withdrew it from the furnace, let it cool, and returned it to the Marquis. It was no longer silver, but of the purest gold: the transmutation was complete. I preserved this coin until 1786, when it was stolen from my desk with several other foreign or old French coins. I regretted above all, with the loss of the crown of Saint-Germain, that of a rose-noble which my first husband's mother had received from King James II, who brought a box full of them to France. This sort of money perfectly resembled gold, but it was in reality only a chemical composition made by a celebrated adept of the time.

M. de Saint-Germain never gave any one anything to eat and never received any one at his house. To see him, it was necessary to obtain a rendezvous for a fixed day. But he went to see people of quality who desired his visits. He had two valets de chambre; one served him *five hundred years*, and the other, a regular Parisian, was well acquainted with the court and the city. Moreover, his household consisted of four lackeys, in a livery of the color of Spanish tobacco, collar and sleeves of blue with ribbons of gold. He took a hired carriage for five hundred francs a month. Often changing his coats and vests, he had a rich and numerous collection of them; but nothing approached the magnificence of his ornamental buttons, his watches, his rings, his chain, diamonds, and precious stones. He had these to the value of a considerable amount, and he changed them almost every week.

He claimed to possess the secret of melting several diamonds into one; he cleared those which were defective without sensibly diminishing their weight. He repaired one which belonged to Louis XV, and increased its value by a thousand crowns. I do not know what will become of this precious collection at his death. It is thought that he died in 1784 at Sleswic, while with the Elector of Hesse Cassel; however, M. le Comte de Chalons, on returning from his embassy at Venice, in 1788, told me that he had spoken to the Comte de Saint-Germain in

the Square of St. Mark, the day before his departure from Venice, to go as Ambassador to Portugal. I saw him another time.

One evening, M. de Saint-Germain was telling a story in which, as usual, he had played the principal part, but not remembering well all the details, he turned towards his valet de chambre:

"Am I not right, Roger?" he asked the latter.

"Monsieur le Comte forgets that I have only been five hundred years with him, so I could not have been present at that adventure; it must have been my predecessor."

From that moment M. Roger was never called anything else but "the five hundred years."

Conversation never languished where the Count de Saint-Germain was present; he enlivened it by a wealth of historical details; tales of ghosts, pictures of manners, varied and choice descriptions. Naturally reserved, he only seemed at ease in good company. He sat at table without unfolding his napkin, because he never ate in public. But it was precisely on these occasions that he amused people by his extraordinary stories.

The Comte de Saint-Germain had a manner of his own of telling a story which filled his most insignificant tales with terror; but we have talked enough of this extraordinary personage. Let us return to Versailles, to the preparations for the marriage of M. le Comte d'Artois.

Vol. I, p. 333. Death of Louis XV.

The moment was approaching when a new existence was about to commence for my well-beloved princess (Marie Antoinette). On New Year's Day 1774, she found in her bedroom, on the porcelain night-table, a rich casket of Burgos, all ornamented with gold; the key and the lock were also of this metal. Although I was present with Madame de Noailles, madame la dauphine took upon herself to open the casket. Scarcely had she touched the key when a tune inside played the air of the new opera *Iphigenia in Aulis*, composed by Gluck: "Let us sing, let us celebrate our Queen." (*Chantons, célébrons notre reine.*) Then the lid rose automatically, opened by another ingenious spring, and showed a little royal crown, a scepter, a hand of justice, and a cloak, all in miniature, but of rare perfection. These insignia were of pure gold, enriched with diamonds and precious stones. The mantle, of beautiful velvet, was distinguished by magnificent embroidery. From whom did this present come? No one dared to ask. The Dauphine closed the box again, and put it in a corner, then turned to us.

"This present is very inconvenient," she said. "So, ladies, I beg you not to mention the matter again."

Finding myself alone the next day with the Dauphine, I could not help saying to her:

"Madame, do you not see a presage in yesterday's present?"

"Say, rather, an impudent trick! Why send me a scepter and a hand of justice? These things are only suitable for M. the dauphin. That comes from the Countess."

"For my part, I should attribute it to that mysterious person. . ."

“I had not thought of it,” replied the princess, with heightened color. “I wish it were so, for then at least, my suspicions would only fall upon one who wishes me well. Besides, the King is in wonderfully good health, and will live twenty years yet. That would be a happy stroke of fortune. The Dauphin does not know men sufficiently well, and needs to study them more, and really I should be upset if his reign were to commence so soon. Louis XV, in the interests of the kingdom and of his family, ought to call the Dauphin into his councils; instead of that, they keep him apart, and when he mounts the throne, he will be like a stranger in his own palace.”

I wondered at the justice of these words. A revolution in the cabinet has just taken place. . . .

Towards the middle of March 1774, the Empress Maria Theresa wrote to Madame d'Adhémar mentioning that there was a rumor in Vienna, “which I do not believe, that the King of France is ill, so much so that it is not expected that he will prolong his days to the end of May: my ambassador is silent on this subject, as well as my daughter. There are often rumors which confirm this axiom: *The voice of the people is that of God!* . . .”

“This letter,” says Madame d'Adhémar, “which came to me in the ordinary way, puzzled me a great deal; I was astonished to find them attributing sickness to the King when he was in perfect health, and my surprise was boundless when we saw that monarch die suddenly. . . .”

Madame d'Adhémar's turn for service with the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, came just after she had heard of a new frivolity on the part of the King, more suitable for a young man than for an old grandfather.

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The Dauphin entered almost at the same time; he looked upset.

“What is the matter?” Marie Antoinette asked him.

“Nothing!” he replied in a tone that proved the contrary to be the case.

I judged it discreet to approach the window, but the prince held me by my hand.

“Stay,” he said; “you have loved my grandmother, my mother; you are devoted to my wife and you cannot be in the way; besides what I have to tell is foolishness, a mere superstition . . . but for all that it deserves attention. I was writing in my study; in front of my bureau, there is, as you know, a large portrait of the King. Suddenly I heard a noise. I raised my head and I saw the picture fall with its face on the floor, whilst the massive frame remained hanging on the wall. I went to examine the position of things; the space between

the frame and the masonry is too narrow to have permitted the stretcher to slip without being held by the wainscotting.

"And were you alone?" asked the Dauphine.

"Quite alone. I called my attendants, who are as much surprised as myself."

"It is an evil omen!" I said, recalling the letter from the Empress.

Neither of them replied. The Dauphin soon left the room. Then the princess said to me:

"You remember the present of the casket on New Year's Day? I thought it came from an enemy's hand; but today I am convinced that it comes from my unknown prophet. . . . Suppose the King is going to die! . . . That picture falling seems to me to be an evil augury; there are things that happen in great houses that are difficult to explain. For example, you have heard of the Fairy Mélusine of the Lusignan family, of the White Lady of the Electors of Brandenburg, and at Vienna they assert that when the Emperor of the House of Austria is going to die, the Count Gerard of Alsace is seen walking in the imperial château, spurred and carrying a whip in his hand. My mother has told me that this phantom appeared when she lost my father, and that this gave her a sort of pleasure, because she was convinced by it that the House of Lorraine had really a common origin with that of Rudolph of Hapsburg. Do you know if the Bourbons also have their genius?"

I did not know, and consequently could not tell the Princess anything on the point. We chatted a long time about the mysterious warnings; then I determined to confess to her what the Empress had written to me from Vienna, that the King would not live out the month of May.

"What day is it today?" asked the Dauphine.

"The 30th of April, Madame," replied Madame d'Adhémar.

"So tomorrow is the beginning of May! I wish it were over. . . . My God, I do not know what to expect! . . ."

The next day, which was Saturday, the physicians Lamartinière and Bordeu were called suddenly to Trianon where the King had celebrated one of his little suppers the previous evening. It was soon known that he was dangerously sick. Only Lamartinière, with his usual candid honesty, dared tell the truth. It was smallpox with complications, and the King passed away on the tenth of the fatal month of May. His grandson Louis XVI reigned in his stead, and his young wife, Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria and Dauphine of France, entered upon her troubled career as his Queen. She was little more than a girl, with much to learn.

Speaking of the Créqui family and Madame de Créqui:

Vol. II, p. 29

Nor do I agree with Madame de Créqui as to the Count de Saint-Germain; she makes of him an imbecile charlatan, and he seemed to me clever and witty

(*rusé et spirituel*). What diversity of judgments on the same personage, and yet we have both seen him! In truth, I have been more intimately connected with him. He has left me a curious manuscript which perhaps I shall publish some day, if circumstances do not oppose the project.

Vol. II, p. 94.

Louis XV did not like spending gold, while he was prodigal of his famous notes payable in cash; I recollect that the thaumaturge Saint-Germain came to me one day shaking with laughter.

"Can you guess how I have been spending part of the morning, Madame?" he said to me. "I will give you a thousand guesses. . . . I had the honor to discuss with a Jew, or rather with the King of France, as to the price of a diamond ring which I want to get rid of. His Majesty wants this jewel, but is afraid of paying too much, and so ordered Lebel to buy it for him. Lebel found nothing better than to send me a Child of Israel. I know all these gentlemen, and we argued and bargained like a couple of magpies. Finally I sold my diamond for six thousand francs more than the King would have paid if he had been there himself. And I'll tell him so the first time he permits me to pay my respects!"

Ibid., p. 190.

Comte de Saint-Germain also told me when speaking of the favorite:

"If they do not canonize her, it will be because the sovereigns of France want to save a hundred thousand crowns!"

It is well known that this is the ordinary price that is given for proclaiming the worship of a new saint.

Vol. II, p. 263.

The day after the consecration of the King, at the moment of going to church, I found the Queen very much upset.

"I have received a note from my mysterious correspondent," she told me. "It is scarcely in harmony with the splendors of this solemnity, for, if I am to believe it, we are surrounded with dangers. This paper tells me to distrust the relatives of the King and to fear my own. It is terrible to come and disturb the tranquillity of a Queen when she expects happiness."

I reassured her, saying that this correspondence was a reprehensible mystification, and that in her place I should refuse to read any letter that had no signature.

"You do not know what a desire people in our position have to know things," said the Queen. "We are burning to penetrate into this unknown world from which those who surround us are the first to separate us. Oh! Madame d'Adhémar, the more I advance in life, the more I persuade myself that the throne hides many deceptions!"

I was going to reply, when the Duc de Choiseul, who had an audience with Marie Antoinette, entered.

Vol. III, p. 286.

Madame d'Angivilliers used to see, in the early times, the Comte de Saint-Germain, the thaumaturge; he never left her house, and there he led the conversation. She claimed that he always remained in correspondence with her; I

believe that in this assertion there is the vanity of friendship. At the approach of the Revolution, I saw her less often, by reason of her intimacy with M. Chanderlos de Laclos, author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*. He was one of the enemies of the Queen, and one of the trumpeters paid by the Palais-Royal. . . . He is one of those who did the most harm to the Royal family.

Vol. IV, p. 1.

The future darkened; we were close upon the terrible catastrophe which was about to overthrow France; the abyss was under our feet, and we turned our heads aside; struck by a fatal blindness, we passed from one fête to another. It was a sort of madness which impelled us gaily towards our ruin. . . . Alas! how could we avert the tempest when we did not see it coming!

However, from time to time, uneasy or observing minds tried to drag us out of this fatal security. I have already said that the Comte de Saint-Germain had tried to open the eyes of their Majesties by giving them a glimpse of the approaching peril; but M. de Maurepas did not wish the safety of the kingdom to come from another, got rid of the thaumaturge, and he appeared no more.

There remained still the mysterious giver of the warnings, he who had written to the Queen when she was yet only the dauphine; his voice was also disregarded. It is true that he always employed strange forms, that he did not let himself be known. Was he wrong? I do not think so, for would he have obtained the confidence that was denied to the Count de Saint-Germain, and which I and so many others denied to the celebrated Cazotte, when he showed to us the death that was ready to strike the greater number of those who were present at that supper which I never recall without a feeling of terror?

Vol. IV, p. 107.

At the commencement of 1789 the Queen was discussing the hostility of the Etats-Généraux and certain individuals, with the Duchesse de Polignac and the Comtesse d'Adhémar, when the Comte d'Artois entered.

He was pensive, downcast; he spoke but little. His sister-in-law was disturbed by this taciturnity. He hesitated; then at last he spoke.

"Since there is no one here," he said, "except the Duchesse and our *good Comtesse* (this was what they called me), I can tell you what has just happened to me. As I was coming up the stairs, a gentleman dressed in black, with a benevolent face, gave me a packet. I took it, thinking it was a request. Then, examining it, I saw my address. The seal was soon broken. Take it, Countess," continued His Royal Highness, addressing me. "Read this strange communication to Her Majesty."

He gave it to me, and, raising my voice, I read the following sentences.

"Monseigneur:

"The time of your ruin approaches. You have not desired to conquer the esteem of the Parisians: you will learn at your cost what their hatred can do! . . . Yet a few months, and woe betide you! Woe to your friends! Woe to all those who have disdained freemasonry, who have persecuted Cagliostro and tortured the brethren! An expiatory altar will rise in the very place where the Templars perished, and the victims that will be sacrificed to them in reprisal will

be the descendants of the King who caused them to perish, and the successors of the prelates who condemned them!

"Tremble, Monseigneur! I warn you of your peril, your death is prepared! Save yourself! If not, you will die as the King will die, like Monsieur and . . ."

I stopped and looked at His Royal Highness with a glance of reproach. By a similar glance he showed me that he recognized his imprudence.

However, the Queen, quite upset, said:

"I bet that my name comes after that of Monsieur!"

My silence was equivalent to an avowal, and the Duchesse uttered a cry of horror as she said:

"Monsieur, have you given orders for the arrest of that giver of the warning? It is necessary to communicate this letter to the King, to the ministers, to the lieutenant of police, to the attorney-general . . ."

"I sent after my man, but he had disappeared," replied the Comte d'Artois. "As for the threats contained in the epistle, there isn't a day in which I do not receive similar ones."

"And I also," continued the Queen. "If I were to show you the infamous things they address to me hourly, you would tremble in quite another manner. I advise my brother, instead of making a noise about it, to be silent and let things take their course. We shall meet numberless obstacles. They will torture us through the Etats-Généraux. . . . You are silent, good Countess?"

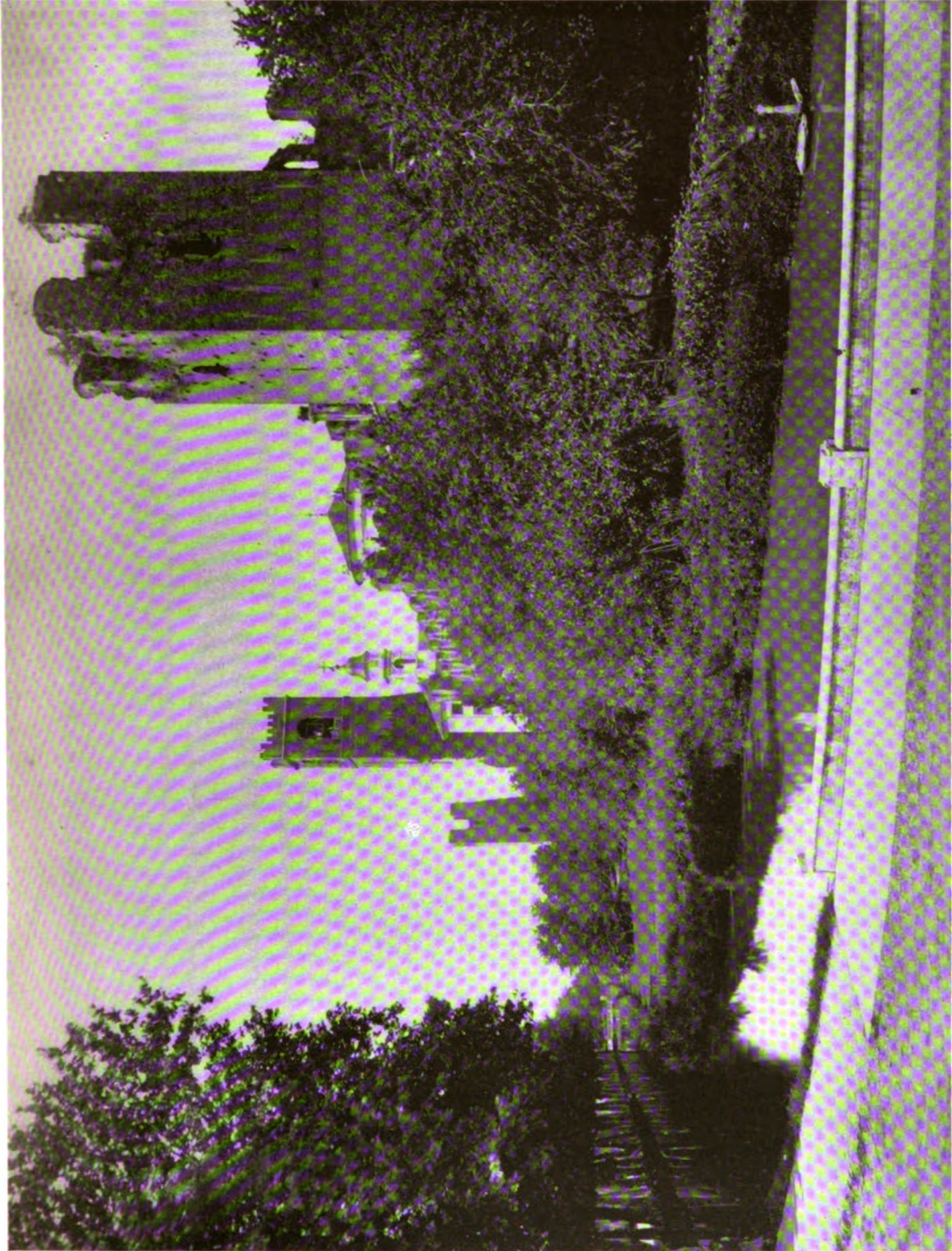
"I am reflecting, Madame, on what is happening. I wager that the black gentleman is an honest man. He can aid the friends of Monsieur; we must find him."

"I will attend to it," continued M. le Comte d'Artois, who forgot all about it the next day. "But why recall the Templars? What have I in common with them? And that Cagliostro, I have never harmed him in anything. All those things are compliments of our cousin the merchant."

By this qualification, the Prince meant the Duc d'Orléans. At this time one could see clearly into his purposes. His connexion with the Parliament, his spending money on the rabble, his acceptance of the grand-mastership of the free-masons, the people who surrounded him, those meetings at Passy and Mousseaux, the pamphlets he paid for, loudly accused him. They would have done well to degrade him, to punish him; they did not do so and it was a mistake. When he threw off the mask, there was no time to treat him according to his deserts. The power had passed not to him, but to his accomplices who besides, later on, undertook his punishment themselves.

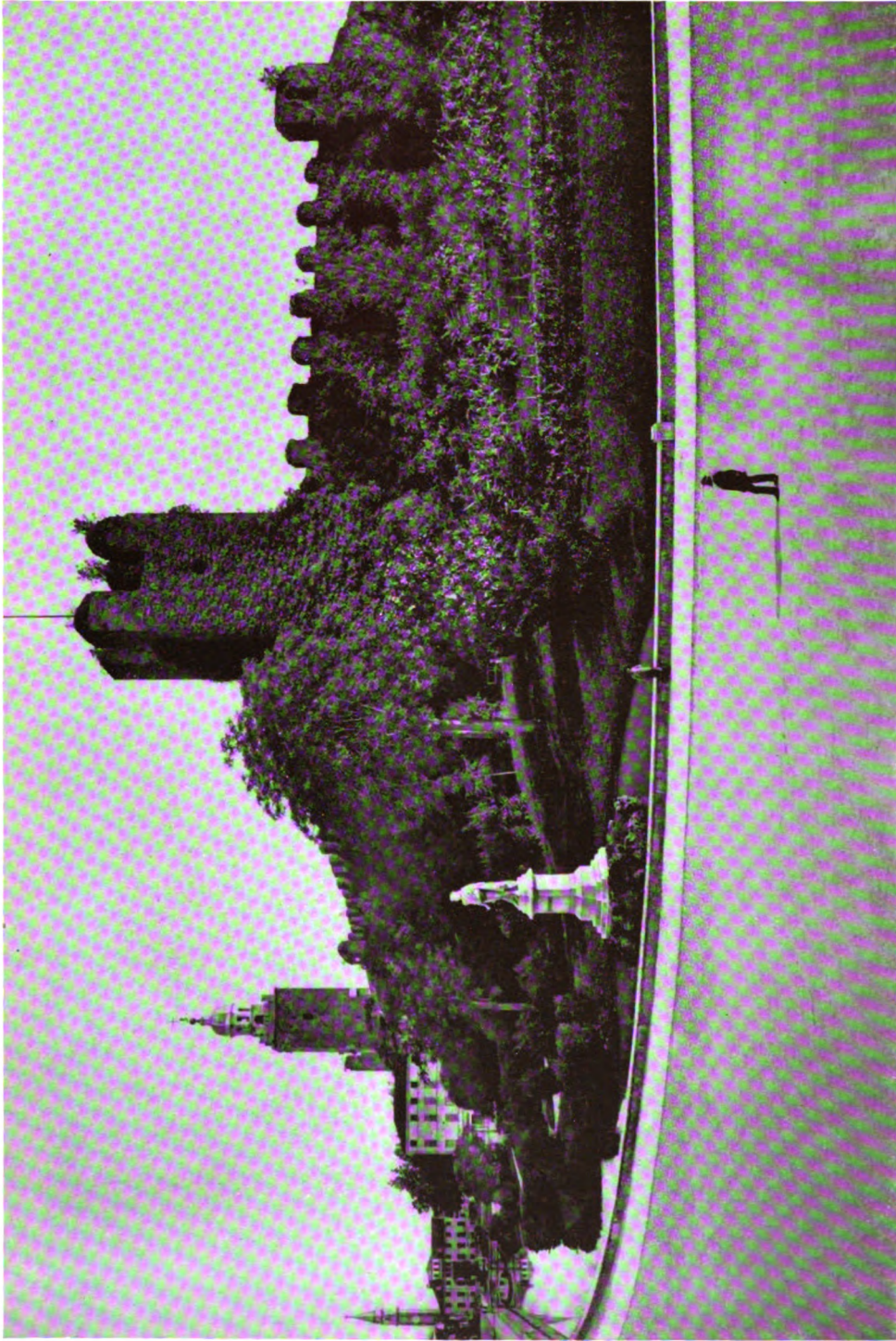
I have omitted to state that this conversation took place at the Duchess's apartments. The Comte de Vaudreuil, M. d'Adhémar, although out of humor, the Bailly de Crussol, M. de Maily, arrived one after the other; we changed the subject, and Monseigneur went to the Opera. He did not ask me again for the letter, which I hid in my bosom at the entry of M. de Vaudreuil; I forgot to give it him back, and since then it has remained in my possession. It will serve as a proof to accuse the enemies of the Royal Family.

(To be continued)



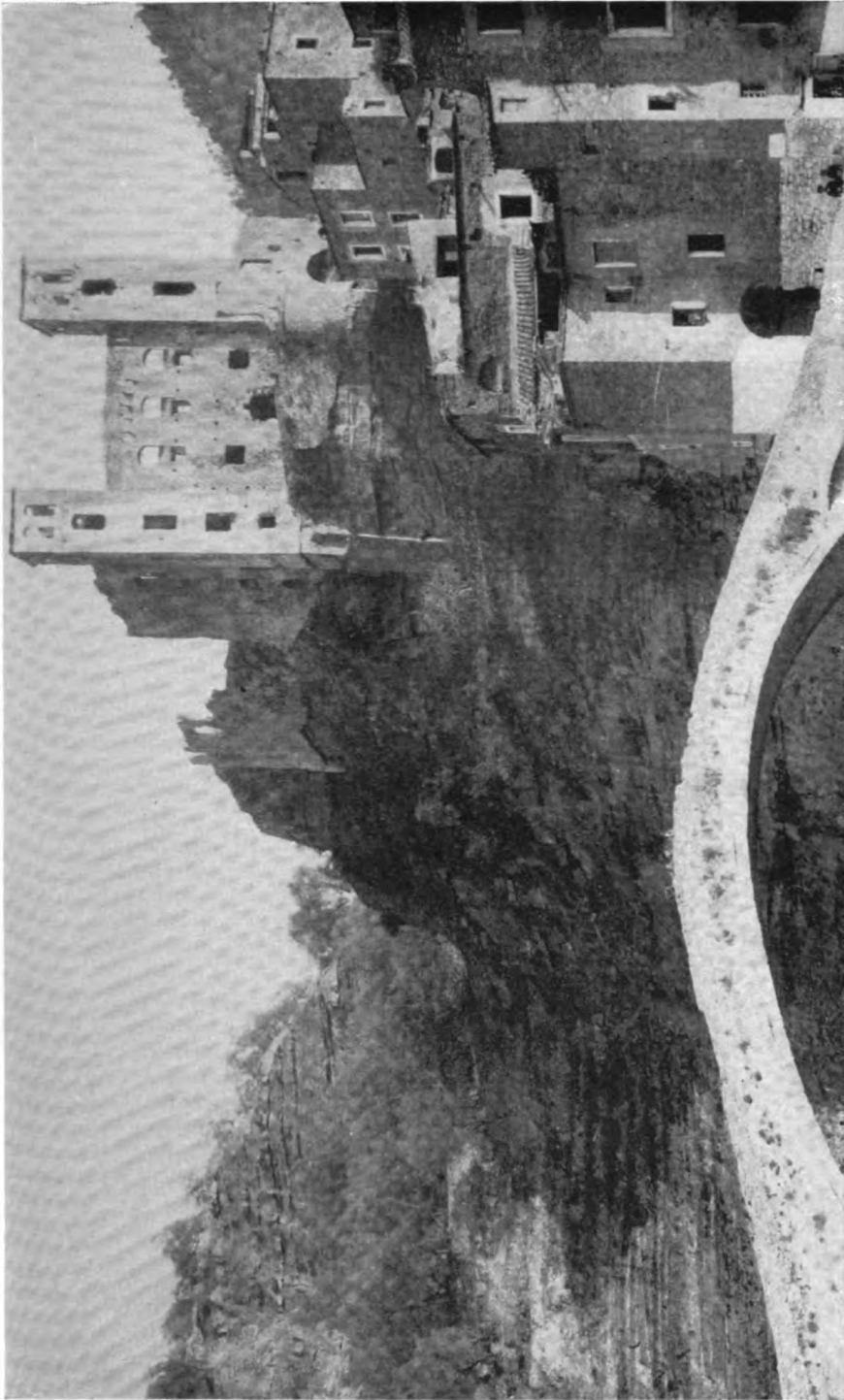
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CASTELFRANCO, ON THE MUSONE, FIFTEEN MILES WEST OF TREVISO, ITALY
Remains of the ancient castle of the twelfth century.



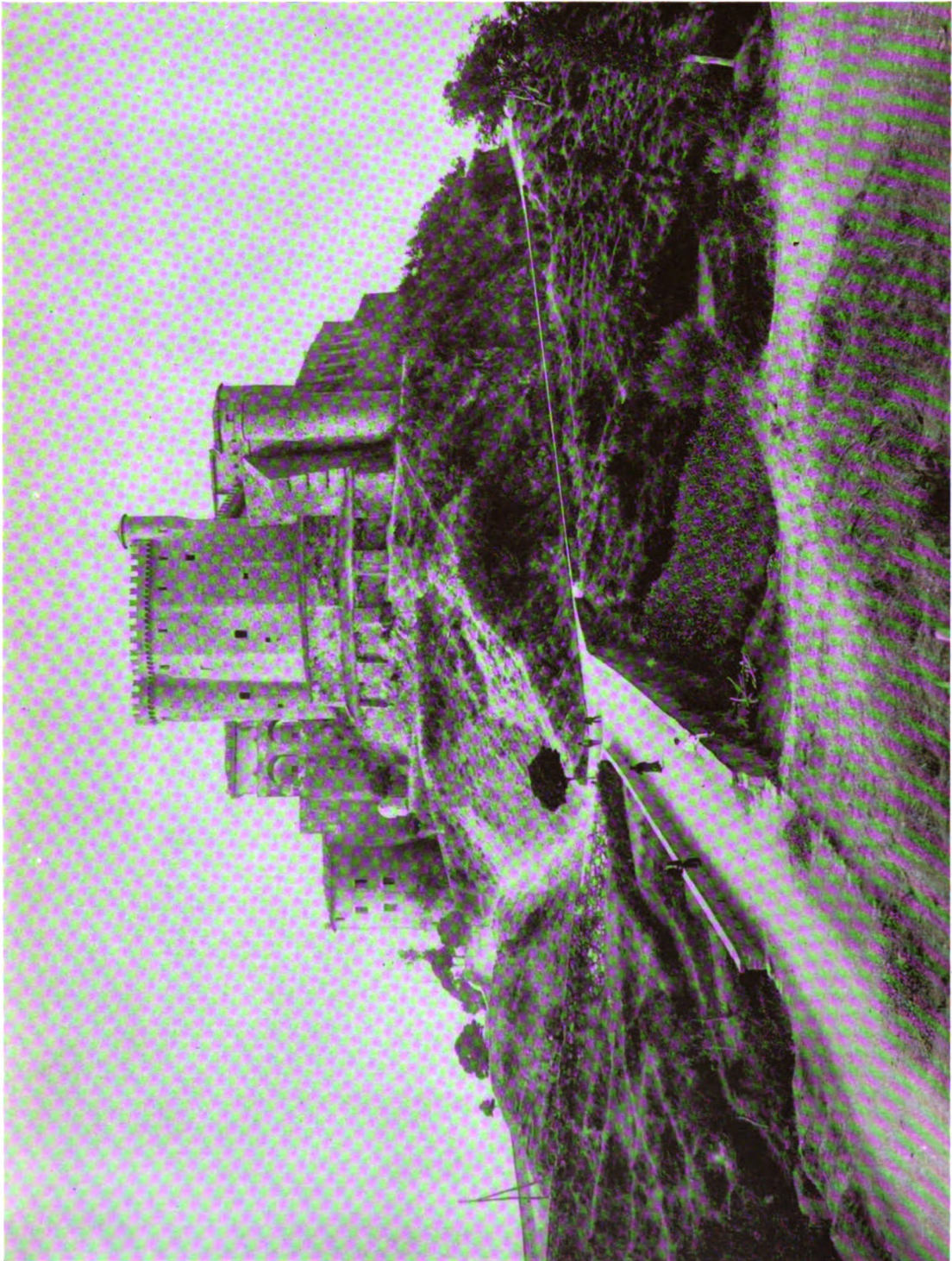
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CASTELFRANCO: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE OLD CASTLE, SHOWING THE MONUMENT TO GIORGIONE



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DOLCEACQUA, MARITIME ALPS, ITALY, SHOWING THE RUINED CASTLE OF THE DORIA MARQUISES



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PANORAMA OF THE CASTLE, FOSDINOVO, ITALY, SEVEN MILES NORTHWEST OF CARRARA

THE CREATIVE QUALITY: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



THE creative quality is the vital life principle. It marks the positive pole of manifested worlds, bringing order out of chaos and light and form out of empty darkness. The opposing, negative quality, interacting with it everywhere is destruction, which makes for disorder, dissolution, and the dissipation of created things back into nothingness.

With this dual play of positive and negative forces, of creation and destruction, manifested life appears and operates at the pivotal point of balanced action. The forces engaged are essentially cosmic, making and unmaking worlds, and repeating the rhythmic process down to the last atom of matter, and the last creation of mind and of aspiration.

Destruction acts with an instinct that steadily *grows stronger and more conscious*, as the expressions of life gradually advance up the scale. It aims to weaken, tear down, mutilate, kill and disintegrate the created forms. Creation as progressively develops in conscious power and works to focus, harmonize, correlate, vitalize, and unify the elements of the physical, mental, and moral worlds. To the immortal actor in the cosmic drama, time and space and mind and matter are but stage properties, and "the play's the thing."

With this comprehensive scope, the creative quality has the simplicity of fundamental things. It stands for a common multiple, in which many seemingly unrelated things have a part. It provides the scientific basis for correlating misplaced and misdirected energy upon right lines; and it gives the terms in which the solution of many problems may be read upon higher levels.

Unfortunately the essential unity of different phases of the creative quality is not generally recognized. Like other forms of force, this energy is impersonal, though colored by the material, mental, and moral mediums through which, in turn, it operates.

It is the higher use of this force that crystallizes ideals into tangible forms and noble living. It is the constructive faculty that makes sounds into words and groups them into human speech with vital meaning. It quickens the facts of natural laws into forms of art, science, and industry. In its physical rôle it constantly renews the body-tissues and, after death and disintegration, it utilizes the debris in upbuilding new forms. Last, if not least, it perpetuates the species.

The higher use of the creative power most nearly relates the human creature to the creator; while perversions of it more nearly puts

him on a par with demons. Through the senses of a new body in each life the soul contacts the material for making its new world — no two ever quite alike. Whether the man beget many good and useful deeds or head a long line of evil and imperfect actions, his virtues and vices, successes and failures, are created into actualities that revolve around his center of consciousness. To the degree that he is actively human, he is a creator. Inertia or indifference more closely relate him to subhuman kingdoms of matter.

In the beginning, the infant's world is without form and void. An idiot, in failing to work out the common wonder of creating a growing world of his own, is abnormal in proportion to his failure. Possessed of organs of sense, he lacks innate power to incorporate impressions into his own sphere and to make their meaning his own. A Helen Keller, however, shows the constructive principle working through mind and heart and will to make her world of more than average size and interest.

Creation and destruction make the day and night of matter, all forms of which are changing, from "the everlasting hills" down to the tiny cell. Man literally lives in the midst of a moving current of the material traversing his body. When the waste processes are the stronger he is drawn toward the minus pole of negation, weakness, pain, disease, death, nothingness. The impelling, creative force, working in and through matter, magnetizes everything with its plus quality. The destructive quality demagnetizes things, and thus, minus attraction, they negatively drift toward nothingness.

Health is the natural product of dual action at the balanced point of creative nutrition and destructive waste. Even with increased waste, as in lung tuberculosis, death does not win while nutrition equals the breaking down. On the other hand, excessive nutrition shows hyper-creation of tissue. The over-nourished man becomes more of a human animal; his abnormal growth by no means makes him more of a man. Manhood is not a mere matter of physique. Nor does it expend surplus upbuilding energy at the level of the appetite, but functions as a conscious creator on distinctly human lines.

An unbalanced excess of cells in any organ results in abnormal local growth often cancerous. Nature insists upon balanced action, and is intolerant of even excessive creative activity that results from retarded force at any point. Cancer begins with a useless piling up of good cells that do no work, but deprive other tissues of rightful

room and nutrition. Cells do not increase in number and actively function at the same time. The self-consumed energy of multiplying cells adds nothing to the constitutional welfare. An enlarging focus of growth in stomach or liver does not add to the digestive power, but creates a tumor. Useless growths often become self-limited by degenerative processes. With no progressive purpose, the inverted current of energy swirls for a time in abnormal local action and then settles below the point of health. As the body becomes laden with the toxins of the disintegrating growth, the destructive ebb-tide carries it back to the starting-point, for re-formation.

This question of function, work, purpose, touches the basis of all natural growth. The organic cell not only must reproduce itself occasionally, but it must continue to *create something that is an advance upon itself*. This is the law of life, the real "survival of the fittest." It is this continuous evolutionary current that makes "the stone become a plant, the plant an animal, the animal a man, and the man a god." The connecting thread of purpose, linking everything from the atom up to man in a regulated series of unfoldments, is a growing consciousness. The man becomes a god by becoming aware that he *is* a god, enveiled in matter. The impelling reality within all things makes them channels for the universal stream, which cannot be resisted or retarded with safety.

The material elements of food and air not only are changed into nutrition, but into heat and force for use of the body and brain. This power, balanced by the negation of effort in muscles and nerves, produces skill. Skill is an advance upon mere strength, as manual dexterity excels the use of sharper and stronger animal claws. Here the material force in food is conserved in mental use.

Mental life naturally manifests in the balanced play of positive knowledge and belief, and opposing, negative ignorance and doubt. An accurate differential diagnosis pivots between the weight of evidence showing what the case is, and the evidence of what it is not. An over-fed mind, like the over-fed body, is stuffed with information not functionally active in practical use. A bore is painfully well-informed on some things; and many minds are restlessly over-active for want of legitimate purpose. On the other hand, the negative or stunted intellect gravitates to the minus side of mental growth and action.

The growing mind does something more than repeat, parrot-like,

its stock of ideas. Its function is to digest ideas into knowledge of truth. Conviction is the worked-out product of belief and doubt. It contains the elements of positive proof which affirms and negative doubt that denies. Out of digested ideas comes the finer force of judgment, discrimination — something born with the complex heritage of many ideas and experiences. By gradually becoming the conscious heir of his great past, man's knowledge and belief are changed into a larger sense of being. Through his imagination the creative quality gives him a sympathetic understanding. This insight is the evolutionary essence of all the previous functional play of consciousness that, step by step, leads up to it from crude matter.

Functional action of the moral nature, far from being something apart from or unrelated to lesser phases of existence, is the natural extension of them. It is the more complete, full-grown expression of the real man, whose potential nature can find full play only in ideality that builds for perfection. Creative ideality and destructive selfishness unite the divine in man to the force and feeling of his physical nature to make him something more than man. "A little lower than the angels," he has powers they could gain only through incarnation.

The primal, common purpose of all functional action is the production of a more potent current and the liberation of more consciousness. Life, in self-conscious man, has the cumulative impetus of his many incarnations. He is moved by the vital, evolutionary currents that well up from the very foundations of his nature.

The ovum gives up its cell individuality to be reborn in countless cells of a new creature. According to the balanced perfection of the parent-cells is the new body perfect. And according to the unity and ideality of the parental conditions is the harmonious, ideal character invoked for the new body. The true parents give up time, thought, energy, and comforts, for the child who stands for their united selves in a new combination of possibilities. Their love and self-sacrifice develop the finer phases of their nature. And their common interest in a new tie makes for a more lasting and satisfying unity on the higher levels of conscious life.

If, on the other hand, their mutual expression of creative quality does not rise above even ideal physical and mental consciousness and function, the *main current* of their evolutionary energy is retarded there. If their greatest consciousness is a matter of sensation, at best

it is but a symbolic foreshadowing of the enlarged sense of being, in which each soul knows its primal unity with all life, but no less feels its individual completeness and isolated perfection.

However distant such a goal may seem, it is the task which challenges every soul as, life after life, old ties are renewed and old experiences are rehearsed. Those couples who seem unable to live together or apart are re-echoing the unity and discord of previous lives together. The basic tie that draws men and women together is not merely the glamor of passion and physical complement. Beyond all that, it tells of a divine unity antedating all incarnations, as it foretells the enlightened existence of dual humanity, when, transcending all previous creative expression, the higher inheritance is consciously and unitedly claimed.

Animal appetites allied with mind are refined into greater subtlety, increased in range and complexity, and, if uncontrolled, acquire the balance of power. Conversely, the natural unobstructed trend of human evolution conserves physical creative force on to lines of mental and moral upbuilding. The individual or the civilization whose progress does not extend beyond material and intellectual expression, is doomed to degeneration. It is a going backward to inform the animal nature with the powers of mind, instead of raising the splendid material force to distinctly human levels of action. The horse, who could not be mastered if he knew his own strength, yields to mental, not physical mastery. But the human animal nature, from ages of experience, allied with mind, *does know its strength*. With the unsuspected, plausible power of keen and conscious instinct, it enlists the mind in gratifying its desires. 641 135

A pampered pelvic appetite, like over-feeding, shows abnormal want of balance which makes for weakness, disease, and moral malignancy. As the most pronounced physical consciousness, it too often stands for the largest realization of the sense of selfhood, because the current of creative quality is retarded at material levels. The result of this evolutionary delay is not only failure to create the finer forms of action and more perfect types of character and being, but the cumulative impetus overflows the ordinary bounds and barriers. With the negative failure to advance morally, comes the positively increased impulsion and wider sweep of immorality. When the innate desire to extend the consciousness to greater heights is denied expression, the acting desires, upon reaching the ordinary limits of sensation,

641 135

revert to perversions for novelty. The reaction of degeneration is a moral symptom of abnormal civilization, not of savagery.

Thought and feeling directed to a part attract nutrition to it. As the reinforced local center of action gains nutrition, its consciousness increases, thus completing the vicious circle of physical and psychic stimuli. The resulting passive congestion and chronic crave, however sluggish and morbidly dull, consumes nutritive and conscious power which belong elsewhere. "Behind (individual) will stands desire," choosing the part and directing the play of the responsive creative force. With equal energy it assumes the costume and portrays the characteristic rôle of the appetites of head or of heart.

As the retarded life currents swirl and eddy at material levels, the surging, deflected force rises beyond ordinary barriers in degenerative and destructive overflow. It is noteworthy that in this strenuous age of sagacious materialism, the continued increase in cancer is most marked in pelvic and digestive organs. This physical fact comports with the prevailing standard of purpose, which, with conscious ingenuity and eager unrest, seeks to satisfy desire for a fuller life below the lines of moral growth. The objection that malignant and degenerative diseases also afflict those of fine feeling and upright lives does not weaken the general conclusion. The very organic unity that makes our civilization what it is, renders its most sensitive and highly-organized units unconsciously susceptible to the psychic miasms of its atmosphere; social as well as individual karma must be reckoned with.

Nature gives the animals the impetus of instinct to carry them forward in the evolutionary stream. Self-conscious man, free to choose, moves by his own will. He may go forward in the natural channel; or turn aside into useless whirlpools; or aimlessly drift to the ports of negation. But choose he will, and move he must.

The logical necessity of providing an onward outlet for surging mental energy to be used in moral creations has not been recognized. Earnest thinkers everywhere know that indulgence, selfishness, sensuality and their diseases are at the degenerating point which, in great civilizations of the past, marked the beginning of the end. An uneasy sense of failure and danger prompts the changes going on in all established institutions — religious, social, educational — though these are but outward forms of inner feeling, the visible effects of unseen causes. The change must be made in the human heart, "for out of it are the issues of life." No economic scheme can right the ultimate

wrongs of individuals who fail to do themselves justice. Oppressor and oppressed are victims of a common ignorance of their own natures. Nor can education or legislation establish higher ideals of morality than are fostered by the sanctity of home relations.

The impersonal nature of the universal creative quality is obscured by its age-old physical worship and degradation which has deeply marred it with hereditary vulgarity. Even science so liberally classifies matters as "secondary sexual" as to imply that the reproductive function is the primary fact and purpose of existence. With degrees of refinement, this conclusion goes unchallenged, tacitly accepted or frankly indorsed by the unscientific masses.

The lives of the moral outcasts put into italics the prevailing social code; they but emphasize the errors in the routine declaration of principles. The redlight district shows a frank danger signal. Its recruits had homes once, as their successors have now. What of the lack of light in these homes regarding the child's dual nature? The prevalence and demoralizing and devitalizing influence of childish vices is not fully recognized or reckoned with even by physicians or moralists, by parents or educators. Because of the present tidal-wave of evolutionary energy that is surging through every human channel, the younger generation is impelled more powerfully — for better or worse. It is an exceptional time for moral advance or for shipwreck.

The old injunction, "Know Thyself," made the riddle of the sphinx mean that man himself held the solution to all the riddles of creation.

OBJECTIONS TO KARMA AND REINCARNATION:

by **Magister Artium**



IN the columns of a daily paper appeared a brief article on Karma and Reincarnation, from the pen of an able writer in the domain of literary criticism and current comment. He objects to both these doctrines but the ground of his objections is shallow. To some extent they are based merely upon current misrepresentations of the doctrines; but in the main they are due simply to his not having thought over the matter in question. This is apparent, because his objections are those which come first into the mind of any one, upon hearing of Karma and Reincarnation; but it is scarcely necessary to say that they have also

occurred to the minds of those who have studied and written about the subject, and that they are therefore fully met. In short, we have here simply a chatty "daily column" on the topic.

The first objection turns on the familiar point that the action of Karma — that is, reaping the consequences of one's past actions — is both useless and unjust unless we preserve a memory of our past lives. It is unfair and also futile, say these critics, for a man to suffer for deeds which he does not remember having committed, and which are (to all intents and purposes) the deeds of another individual. But, borrowing a phrase from the objector himself, we may ask him, "Is it so?" If today I am suffering from indigestion, does it make any difference to the laws of nature whether I know what caused it, or whether I do not know? I may even eat poison and die from the results, but the results are the same whether I ate the poison knowingly or unknowingly. Of what avail will it be for me to criticise this law of nature from the ethical standpoint or the aesthetic standpoint or the scientific standpoint or any other point of view? It is a fact, and we must accept it and adjust our philosophy to it.

To take another illustration. Suppose I inflict injury upon a person and thereby sow the seeds of vengeance in him. Will it make any difference to his feelings and his probable actions if I should happen meanwhile to *forget* that I have injured him?

Or what about the scientific laws of heredity? Do they take any account of the ignorance of the child, or of his inability to control his parentage (for he is unable, according to the same scientific ideas)? It is thus seen that the writer's objections to Karma apply with equal force to many other things which he entirely admits; and consequently they are not objections to Karma, but a caviling against the order of nature in general. He says, "Did I choose freely to have the burden of choice imposed upon me? If I did not so choose, then Karma is unfair." We ask in return, "Did you choose your parentage? Or how many of your circumstances *did* you choose?" On this reasoning, the whole of life is at once unjust and absurd; and no more is needed to expose the quaintness of such arguments against Karma and Reincarnation.

The other objection made by the writer turns on the usual logical obfuscation about "freewill" and "necessity." And here again we must remind him that this problem underlies the whole domain of thought and is not peculiar to Karma and Reincarnation. Hence

to condemn these doctrines on the ground that they do not instantly solve for us in a popular manner the eternal problem of man's free-will, is absurd, because it means that we must on the same ground condemn every religion and philosophy known to man. This objection is consequently as quaint as the other — as must indeed have struck all intelligent readers of the criticism.

We ask, then: "Has any one a *serious* objection to bring against Karma and Reincarnation, or must we be forever disposing of such arguments as the above, or else disowning various misrepresentations of those teachings?"

When a critic says: "Your doctrine of Karma is unfair and futile, because it says that I am suffering for deeds which I do not remember having committed," he is quarreling with the *facts* of life. For the *fact* is that he actually is suffering many things whose cause he cannot trace. We may therefore leave him to run atilt at the facts of life to his heart's content, and perhaps his importunities may induce Providence or Fate, or whatever he believes in, to change its mind and its methods; but we must protest against saddling Karma or any other philosophical and scientific doctrine with the blame. We would not dream of doing so futile a thing as asking him what is *his* explanation of this iniquitous contrast between the Eternal Laws and man's muddled wits; for we do not expect a man to reveal his esoteric secrets in a newspaper.

Those who have carefully studied and seriously considered the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, find they afford a far better explanation of the *facts* of life than any other doctrines. Of the kind of arguments used by those who have not seriously considered the question, yet who presume to educate the public on it, we have many specimens. No doctrine can easily explain everything to a man, so long as his comprehension remains limited, as it is at present. So it is absurd to reject Karma on this ground; especially as, if we do so reject it, every other doctrine goes into the waste-basket along with it. It is not difficult to get beyond the limits of many current theories of life, but the doctrine of Karma will be found to accommodate itself to any expansion of the intellect which we may propose to make.

Theosophy does make the problem of Free-will clearer, removes many difficulties, and sets the inquirer at the beginning of a path to greater knowledge. All intelligence is both bound and free: bound

with respect to certain conditions, free with respect to certain other conditions. A dog can run in any direction, but he cannot fly. His motions on the ground are limited only by his volitions, but his experiments in aviation are limited by the laws of gravitation and the construction of his body. It is possible, however, that his volitions are limited by something else — say, his hereditary instincts; but still they are *relatively* free. It is so with our own make-up. Our sensual desires are bound by narrow limits and would lead us to eat like a pig or sleep like a dormouse. But another part of us is free from their influence and able to set them aside and control them. Here again, we have an instance of relative freedom of the will. Theosophy goes deeper and says that in man there is a Spiritual Will, which is independent of every desire and fancy that goes to make up what we will call our personality. This Spiritual Will is the Will of the Essential Man, and it is not bound by the same conditions as bind the personal ego. No doubt even the Essential Man is obedient to conditions of some sort; for it is inconceivable that any action can take place except in accordance with a law. Yet the Law which directs the age-long life of the Spirit is not that which hems in the short career of an earth-life.

The reincarnating Soul is the liver of the life, and accomplishes its purposes whether the brain-mind is aware of them or not. The Soul does not forget; nor is it essential to its purposes that the brain should remember. On the contrary, it may be more desirable that the brain should *forget*. If we fail to remember the past experiences of the Soul, we need neither wonder at the fact nor deplore it. The path of knowledge is open to all who can tread it; and shall we play the part of the man who cavils at the laws of the Universe because he does not comprehend them all?

With many of us, of course, belief is largely a matter of convenience; and therefore we may be interested in the attempt to disprove an unwelcome doctrine. The satisfied may well be left to their satisfaction; and there will still remain a host of the unsatisfied who may find relief in the teachings of Theosophy — those teachings which solve so many difficulties and to which the objections are so puerile.



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LOGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: SKID ROADS IN DENMAN ISLAND



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LOGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: THE SAME CEDAR FALLEN



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LOGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: A FALLING CEDAR



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BLOOD INDIANS, ALBERTA, CANADA (SOME YEARS AGO)
Photograph by British and Colonial Photo Co., Lethbridge, Alta.



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BLOOD INDIAN TEPEES, ALBERTA, CANADA (SOME YEARS AGO)
Photograph by British and Colonial Photo Co., Lethbridge, Alta.



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CREE INDIANS, ALBERTA, CANADA
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BLOOD INDIANS, ALBERTA, CANADA (SOME YEARS AGO)
Photograph by British and Colonial Photo Co., Lethbridge, Alta.

A STUDY OF CONTRAST: by Percy Leonard

Peace after war, port after stormy seas
Ease after toil, death after life
Doth greatly please. — *Edmund Spenser*



ACCORDING to Theosophy as promulgated in the last quarter of the nineteenth century by H. P. Blavatsky, as soon as the universe issued forth into manifestation from its obscure and to the mortal mind unfathomable abyss, it split up into two contrasting poles: Spirit and Matter, Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, God and Devil, Life and Death.

In the dogmatic scheme God is represented as planning a universe to be populated by somewhat colorless, insipid individuals, blindly obedient to his decrees. And on this earth he formed a paradise where he intended men should multiply in happy innocence, ignorant of the knowledge of good and evil, and so to continue in a blameless (but haply somewhat bovine) state of irresponsible innocent bliss, until at the age of Methusaleh they died and were ushered into an eternal state of transcendent rapture in the New Jerusalem where they would remain for evermore —

All rapture through and through in God's most holy sight.

Satan, however, a traitor in the angelic camp, interfered, and "brought death into the world and all our woes," thus upsetting the benevolent designs of the Creator.

Surely the Theosophical conception of the fundamental necessity of contrast as being part of the Divine plan is more dignified and worthy than the notion that omnipotence and omniscience could be circumvented, and the original intentions of Divinity be thwarted by the machinations of a meddling demon!

Yet even in the Bible we find that Satan is not so black as he is usually painted. In the Book of Job he is represented as *a Son of God*, and was directly commissioned by the Almighty to try the patience of Job. From the loss of his family and cattle down to his loathsome skin-disease, every disaster that befell him was in strict accordance with the instructions received by Satan the agent of God. In an old Hindû book we are told that "for the sake of the Soul alone the Universe exists," and as the universe is composed of pairs of opposites we must assume that these contrasts are necessary for the education and evolution of man.

"It takes all sorts to make a world," says an old proverb, and when

the novelist wishes to enlist our interest in his story, his little epitome of life, he invariably presents to our view two contrasting poles, the hero and the villain, and on the varying fortunes of these two pairs of opposites, against the background of the lesser characters, the interest of the whole narrative revolves.

For some reason best known to himself, Thackeray described his novel *Vanity Fair* as a novel without a hero, but every reader with any penetration must recognize in the faithful Dobbin the Good Principle in that little cosmos, to offset and serve as contrast to the infamous Becky. Even Thackeray's genius could not succeed in holding the interest of the reading public had he not bowed to the inevitable necessity of making his little universe bi-polar.

Theosophy teaches that the soul of man swings like a pendulum between the world of matter and the world of spirit. A life is lived on earth among the disappointments and the limitations of a bodily existence and this is followed by a time of rest and peace, spent in the heaven-world where all his garnered experience is assimilated, his wounds healed, his ideals realized, his confidence restored, and after which he once again descends, enters a new body, and sets himself to learn his lessons in the hard but necessary school of human life. An indefinite sojourn in Devachan, or the spiritual world, would cloy him with its unrelieved monotony of ease and sweetness. An interminable conflict on the battlefield of material life would blast the soul by its too-long-continued strain. We need the alternating contrasts, the interchange of states, to complete our experience and emphasize the lessons taught by each.

The necessity of contrast has even impressed some theologians when they have treated upon the Saints' Eternal Rest in Heaven. After walking through the golden streets for untold ages and participating in an interminable concert of sacred music, can we wonder that the theologians have seen the need of some opposing contrast to relieve the unrelieved monotony of celestial bliss? The Rev. Richard Baxter has suggested that the saints in glory are permitted to enjoy a contrast by proxy, as it were. They may, he thinks, sometimes steal away to the verge of the Elysian Fields, lean over the battlements, and look into the furnace on the further side of the Great Gulf fixed between. There they may see their former friends who suffer in the quenchless flames, and having let the contrast sink into their minds, they will participate in the concert with an added zest,

a heightened realization of their own blessedness, and strike their harp-strings and raise their voices with redoubled thankfulness and joy. Thus in the dogmatic scheme "All things work together for good to them that love God," and the very tortures of the damned are overruled to subserve and enhance the pleasure of just men made perfect!

We are bound to assume that any compassion the saints may have developed during their earthly existence has been removed from their constitution by some transcendental surgical operation. A mother who could see her first-born quiver in the flames and then participate in a concert with any satisfaction is happily a rarity upon our earth.

Jesus Christ said, "the poor ye have always with you," and indeed it is hard to conceive of life without the two opposing poles of poverty and wealth. Supposing reincarnation to be true, then, I ask you to imagine a man who devotes his whole time to the accumulation of an enormous fortune. Lapped in luxury he grows self-indulgent. Never knowing hunger he is incapable of sympathizing with the distress of the starving. May it not be required for his education that in some future life on earth he will himself be situated so that he will physically experience the poverty which he successfully avoided in his previous earth-life? If a man exerts his utmost will to swing his pendulum to extreme wealth, will it not of necessity oscillate to the other pole as a direct consequence and a necessary result? This would not be a blind mechanical adjustment merely; but a merciful provision in the divine order of things for the experience of the soul and the symmetrical development of his character. Middle lines are best, and the Theosophist believes that by a life of unselfish labor for others he will find that the Law will follow him through his earthly pilgrimage and provide for his moderate necessities without the need of his devoting his thought and effort merely to the absorbing question as to what he shall eat and drink and wherewithal shall he be clothed.

Contrast is the great schoolmaster to teach us the lessons of life. One of the first mistakes humanity made when endowed with the Promethean fire of mind was to suppose that pleasure was the great goal and that our lasting satisfaction lay in an infinite series of agreeable sensations. Therefore we flung ourselves into a mad pursuit of pleasure only to find our course continually checked and thwarted by the operation of the Law of Contrast which enacts that every orgy of the senses must be followed by a reaction of dulled sensation and

an ebbing of the tides of life. Gaiety pushed to its extreme merges into depression, and they who drain the cup of pleasure to the bottom are the ones who taste the bitter dregs of keenest pain. In playing see-saw on a balanced plank it is well known that the higher you rise into the air the lower you dip towards earth, and those who teeter up and down upon the see-saw of sensation, trying to win their happiness by making a permanent home in pleasure, are slowly being taught the hopeless folly of their enterprise. The writer once went on a pleasure excursion with a companion who seized every opportunity to get a laugh. A joke was squeezed to yield its last drop of merriment. Every laugh was so prolonged that it died of sheer exhaustion, and every opportunity to tell a funny story was eagerly seized and made the most of. Later on he learned that his merry companion was subject to fits of melancholy, the natural reaction of extreme and boisterous hilarity.

Here is a suggestion which, though merely a speculation put forward to illustrate the subject and entirely unauthorized, is yet I think to be supported by the teaching of the Law of Contrast.

Religions in all ages have been discredited and injured by the practice of extreme asceticism on the part of some of their adherents. An attempt has been made to crush out the natural, innocent pleasures of moderation by a fierce determined will. Yogins have sequestered themselves in solitudes and supported life on a few grains of rice a day. They have lain on cold stones without coverings, they have swung on hooks which pierced their backs, and deprived themselves of necessary sleep. If in some succeeding earth-life (I speak as a believer in reincarnation) you wanted to find one of these extremists, where should you look for him? I would not inquire at the monasteries or search the lonely cells of desert anchorites, but wherever in the whirl of great cities the mad pursuit of pleasure was most madly followed up, there I should look, and I believe that foremost among the revelers would be found the stern ascetics of a former age, obeying the recurrent swing of the pendulum pushed too far to the opposite extreme in some past life of self-inflicted torture. The votaries of pleasure in one life will by a natural reaction be the inmates of hermit caves in a succeeding life, and thus the poor unfortunates will oscillate between these two extremes until they learn their lesson and keep to the middle of the road.

Were we continually obliged to watch these tragedies of oscilla-

tion and see our brothers perpetually beating their heads against the stone walls that border the middle of the pathway of our life, the spectacle would be sad enough to all who had any feeling of compassion; but as Shakespeare so often introduced fools and clowns into his most harrowing tragedies to relieve the strain upon our minds, so life abounds with comic interludes, and humorous "asides" that mitigate the sadness and render existence supportable in what would otherwise be indeed a vale of tears.

True Theosophy advises that we should turn our gaze inward — that the dawn of the spiritual consciousness be found and its radiance shed upon our daily life. That the song of the soul should be recognized first in the depths of our own being and then be sounded forth to still the noisy discords of the world outside.

Contrast is necessary everywhere. Existence depends upon the balance of opposites. Some people in their enthusiasm for living the Higher Life wish to destroy their passional nature and thus get rid of strife and temptation, which they regard as hostile to their progress.

Our lower nature is indeed antagonistic to the higher, but yet it is useful. Good would not be good without evil as a contrast. It is the animal passions that furnish us with the necessary force for working on this plane when once subdued, and they can only *be* subdued by struggle and temptation with of course the possibility of our defeat.

I believe that we may fairly deduce from the teachings of Theosophy that as a man nears the completion of his education the violence of contrasts in his life will gradually subside. No longer snatching at extremes of pleasure he will avoid the sharp antithesis of pain. His course will become more temperate and equable. The crude vibration of pleasure will appear as much a disturbing and unwelcome factor in his life as the vibrations of pain. No longer fascinated by these two poles of sensation, man prepares to leave the battlefield and schoolroom. He has fought his fight and learned his lesson: why tarry further in the halls of learning? For his own sake there is no need to remain; but can a compassionate onlooker retire if his presence would help the younger scholars and shorten and render easier their painful tasks? The great Teachers have made a deep resolve never to retire until the last learner has done with his lessons and the old schoolroom of contrasted poles has dissolved and melted into its original unity, because "for the sake of the soul alone the universe exists."

THE TESTIMONY OF MEGALITHIC MONUMENTS:

by H. Travers, M. A.



ARCHAEOLOGY is of unfailing interest to the reading public, and the press is evidently aware of this fact. Man is interested in the subject of his own ancestry, and more and more space is given to articles and illustrations dealing therewith. In a popular scientific periodical we find an abridgment of an address before a learned society on megalithic monuments; it is amply illustrated with photo reproductions and gives an excellent idea of the universal diffusion and magnitude of these silent witnesses of man's mighty past. The pictures embrace the Balearic Isles, Peru, Easter Island, India, China, Honduras, Ireland, Abyssinia, Egypt, England, France, Africa, Siberia, and Java. The article accompanying them gives descriptions of the remains and also some speculations as to their origin and use. With regard to the speculations, the readers will probably feel how inadequate these are; and, remembering that academic opinions are many and conflicting, and that science is unsettled and continually changing, will await the advent of more light on the subject. It would seem that this is a case where preconceived theories have been permitted unduly to color the inferences which might be drawn from the evidence of the facts. True, the scientific method, though inductive in principle, allows in practice a reasonable amount of give-and-take between fact and provisional hypothesis; but sometimes the hypothesis is given undue prominence over the fact, and then we get what amounts to a dogmatic attitude.

For instance, it is assumed, as part of a preconceived opinion, that the quarrymen and sculptors of these monuments were ignorant of the use of metal tools; whereas, in the absence of this preconceived opinion, the use of metal tools might have been *inferred* from the skill with which very hard material has been graven. The ignorance of metals, however, having been assumed in deference to well-known beliefs as to the evolution of races, it becomes necessary to account for the undeniable results in some other way; and here comes in the difficulty which cannot fail to strike the reader. The account at present under consideration adopts the policy of providing explanations so far as the writer's imagination will go, and leaving the rest unexplained. Sometimes, too, the argument seems to be that because things *might have been* so, therefore they *were* so. In the case of the Egyptian obelisks, we are told that some people think they were burned out

of the quarry, and others that they were split out with wooden wedges. After the block was thus detached, however, it was "dressed and carved and removed to its destination." How carved? we may well ask; with fire or with wooden wedges? And why could they not have quarried the block with tools like those wherewith they engraved it? As to the transportation and erection of the monoliths, the writer prefers to say, "We do not know."

Clearly the workmen had capable tools of some sort, whether metal or of some other kind not now known to us; the inference can be evaded only be a hypothesis more wonderful than that which it seeks to obviate. As to the Easter Island statues, we are told in so many words that the architects *did* drag them across the island with ropes made of native hemp, and *did* roll them up inclines, and *did* undermine them till they sank into perpendicularity, and so forth; when we strongly suspect that the writer's knowledge warrants no more than that they *might* so have worked.

The great resemblance between the stones, their arrangements, and their inscribing, suggests that they were all erected by one race; but their widespread prevalence implies that such a race must have been spread over the entire globe. This idea is repugnant to opinions conceived on other grounds, and is therefore rejected. The theory of migration is also rejected on similar grounds; and we are left with the hypothesis that nearly all races pass naturally through a stone-age, wherein they are impelled to erect these gigantic structures and to dedicate them in the same way to the same grandiose religious yearnings. Our present authority, however, departs diametrically from many other theorists, for he abandons the idea that it was the *environment* that thus impelled so many independent races to act in the same way. That favorite principle will not work in this case, it seems; the environment was *not* the same. Hence it could not have been the environment which called forth the megalithic habit in the peoples. It must have been something from within. Man at all times and in all places has been *intuitively* impelled, says our authority. This alone will suffice to show the uncertainty of opinion on such subjects.

Many of the monoliths, as is well known, are of enormous size. A corner-stone at Cuzco is 27 feet by 14 by 12, and enormous blocks are found high up in walls, as at Persepolis, while the perfection of the fitting and jointing is an unceasing marvel. On the evidence of the facts one would infer great knowledge and power on the part of

the artificers, and it is only preconceived ideas that prevent us from doing so. One would likewise infer the prevalence of a single race, rather than resort to the very difficult hypothesis mentioned above. It might be pointed out that at the present time there exists a race and a civilization (the European) which has carried its name and its ideas all over the globe. Why not so in the far past? The answer is, Because preconceived ideas about human evolution bar the way. But after all these ideas are very evanescent in comparison with the ages wherewith we are dealing; and it is possible they may be changed; and then the evidence of facts will be able to speak for itself.

Some races do not have any megalithic stage, thinks the writer; the American aborigines have not been through it, though their predecessors had. Who, then, are those aborigines? Many will be disposed to regard them as the remote descendants of just such ancient races as built the monuments. They constitute a medley of many races; they are the remains of a whole human family, so to say. Differing widely among each other in language, customs, and disposition, they have a certain broad resemblance; though perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they resemble one another in the one point of being different from later races. Does the writer regard them as a "primitive" people — that is, as a people who have never emerged from childhood? Both they and aborigines in general are far more like very *old* races, in their second childhood rather than in their first.

In Africa we are faced with the same problem of a medley of widely differing races, all bearing signs of great antiquity; and putting such facts in conjunction with the evidence of the monuments, we have strong ground for the opinion that the past history of man is on a far larger scale than is at present believed, and that it goes much further back. Civilization, too, would seem to be a periodic phenomenon, sweeping like a wave slowly around the globe, raising now one people, now another, to its crest, and afterwards dropping them into the trough as it passes on. Then the old races continue to live, with simpler habits and fading memories.

The phrase "primitive man" seems a stumbling-block in the way of impartial opinion. It suggests that human evolution lies all in one line, of which the present civilization is the highest point ever reached, and that all preceding races and ages have been but lower steps in this ascent. This theory, a survival of bygone narrow views, becomes

more and more inconsistent with the growth of knowledge. Sooner or later the facts will force us to accept the view that civilizations have existed long ages ago and disappeared with scarcely a trace.

If "primitive man" means living in a primitive state, then the world furnishes us many living examples today; but there is little, if anything, to suggest that such peoples are on the upward line of development.

In attempting to divine the purpose of these monuments, we are prone to adopt the plan of searching among our own ideas for one which will suffice as explanation. Were they fortresses, tombs, or temples? It is at least possible, however, that their original object was one which would scarcely be comprehensible to our present ideas. Again, some allowance must be made for the probability that monuments which have stood for countless centuries would be used for all these purposes at different times as the convenience of different peoples might suggest. Some are evidently connected with astronomy, as though to fix sidereal positions for the marking of epochs and the counting of great cycles; or to focus the light of the sun or some star upon an interior shrine. The Egyptian ones are graven with signs whose meaning is even now but partially disclosed, and there are stones similarly graven in America, whose message has not been disclosed at all. It seems likely that the great human family which promoted the erection of these monuments had a science, a religion, or a religion-science, which was expressed in symbols, and that the symbols were thus indelibly recorded, not merely for memorial purposes, but because the symbol was expected to evoke the cosmic potency for which it stood. In this case the proper erection, decoration, and dedication of such a temple might be a ceremony of the utmost importance to the welfare of the people who did it. What if superstitions are but the survival of ceremonials which once were performed rightly, knowingly, and effectually?

A great field is open to Americans in archaeology, and yet we find them strangely fettered to the ideas of the Old World. Surely here is scope for originality and independence; and there are in America ruins as venerable as any in the Old World.

We must expect a certain reluctance on the part of academic opinion to adopt views which would too suddenly and greatly enlarge the confines of its familiar domain; and we are fully aware that an acceptance of the Theosophical view regarding the antiquity of the

human race would entail a somewhat revolutionary overhauling of comfortably settled ideas. What is more, our ideas in other respects would need enlarging, if consistency were to be preserved. But is not this overhauling already going on everywhere? In what department of thought and life is man not actively engaged in searching out broader ways? The question of man's past is intimately woven with the questions of his present and future.

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THE SENSE of Duty cometh first; then cometh Stedfastness; and zealous Work the jewel is, that crowneth all. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE GOOD is one thing; the pleasant another; these two, having different objects, claim a man. It is well with him who clings to the good; he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end. — *Kathopanishad*

ONE MOMENT in eternity is of as great consequence as another moment; for eternity changes not, neither is one part better than another part.

— *Zoroaster*

KARMA is never the cause of emancipation; actions are for the purification of the heart, not for the attainment of real substance. The substance can be attained by right discrimination, but not by any amount of Karma.

— *Sankarâchârya*

LIKE a beautiful flower full of color, but without perfume, are the fine but fruitless words of one who does not act conformably thereto.

IF ONE should conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men; and if another should conquer himself, it is the greater victory.

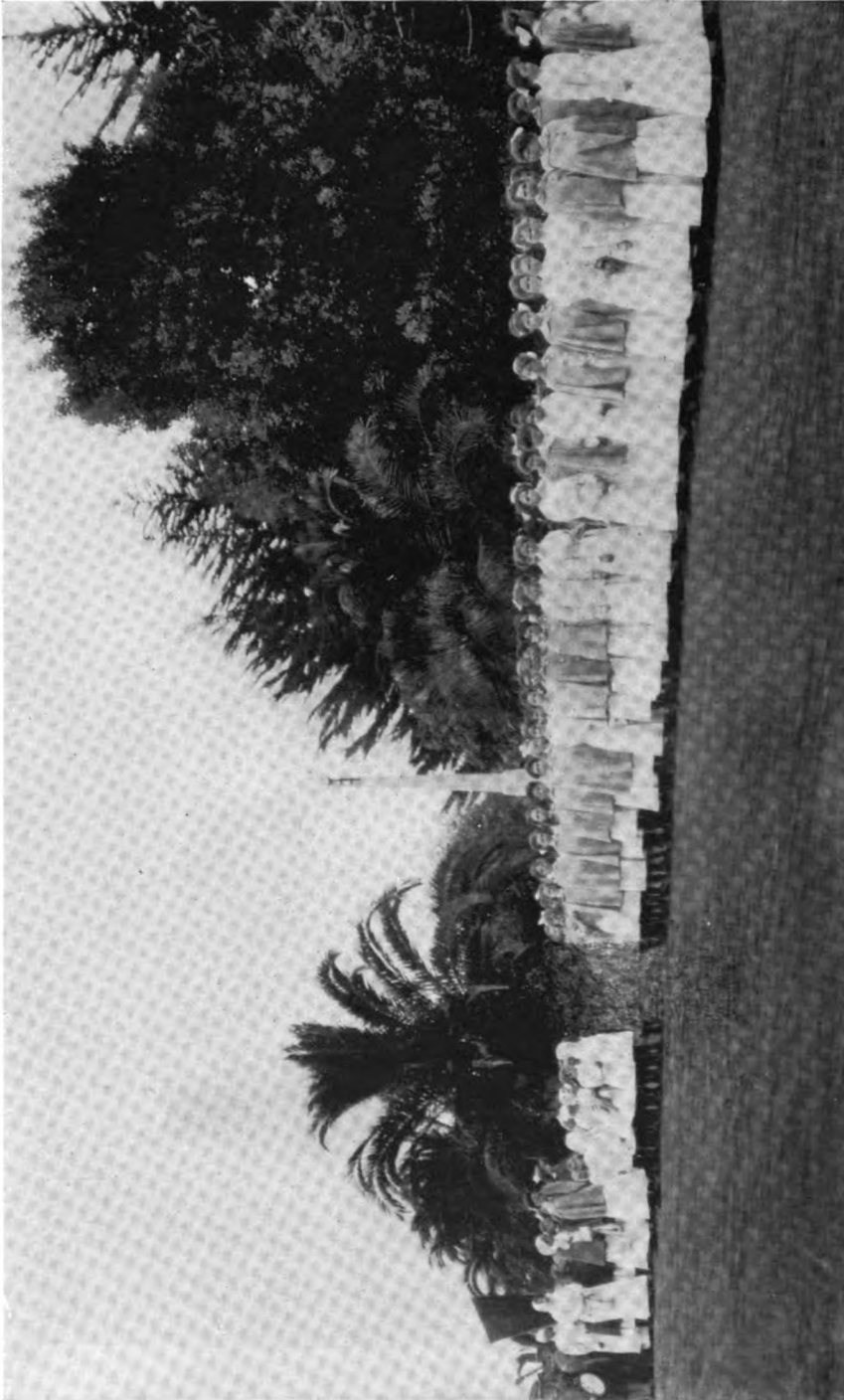
ONE'S own self conquered is better than all other people. Not an angel or demon, or even a god, can change into defeat the victory of one who hath vanquished himself and lives always under restraint. — *Dhammapada*



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

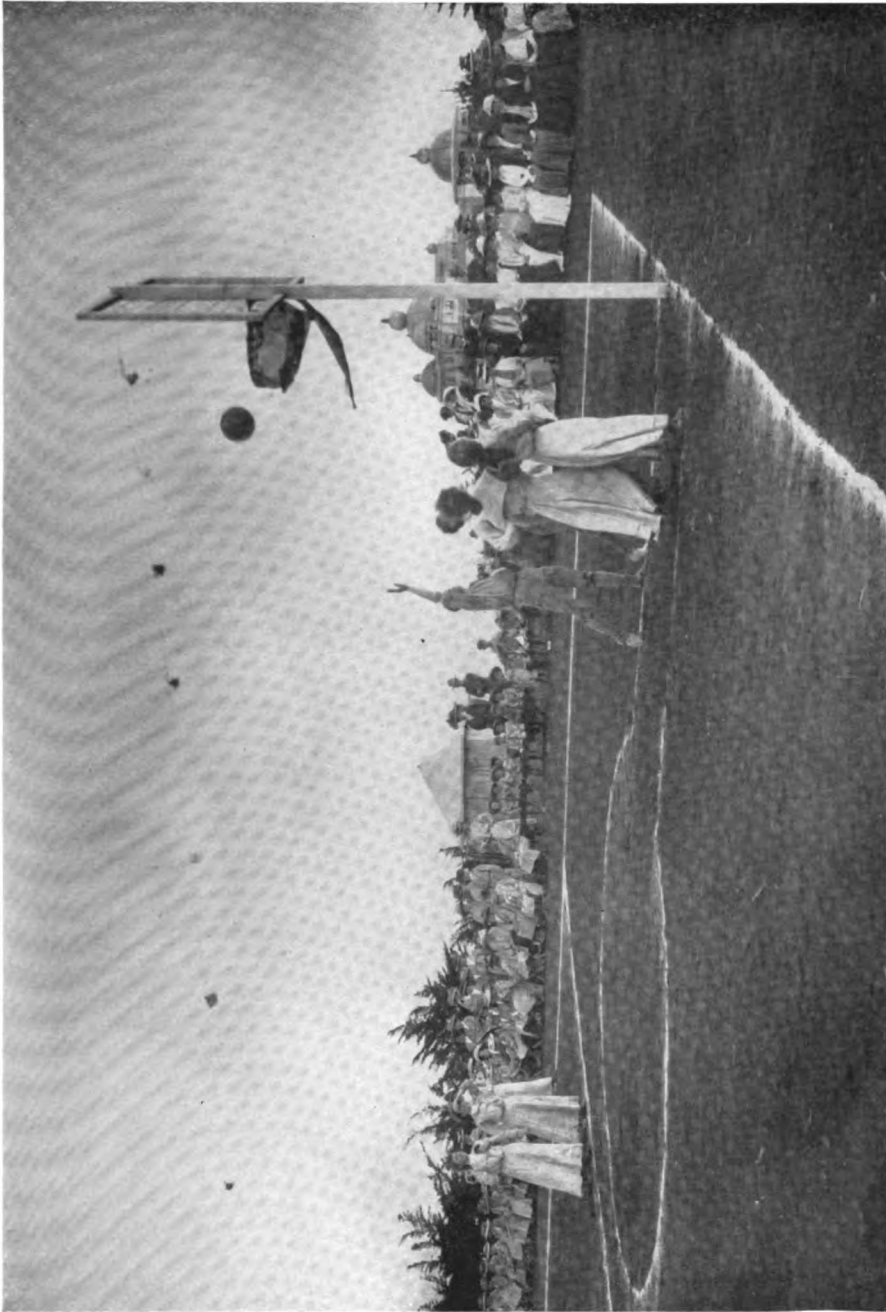
A photograph snapped at the close of a Christmas festival, Rāja-Yoga Academy.

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RĀJA-YOGA STUDENTS (GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN) ON THE WAY TO THE ATHLETIC FIELDS



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AN AFTERNOON'S GAME



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A VIEW OF ONE CORNER OF THE GROUNDS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA; LOOKING SOUTH

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS: by the Busy Bee

HOW CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE HAS FOLLOWED H. P. BLAVATSKY



IN these days, when current thought is admitting so many things for which H. P. Blavatsky contended a quarter of a century ago, it is interesting to refer to her writings in confirmation of the fact that she was the pioneer. Positions for which Theosophists in the past have contended, as against the current ideas of yesterday, are now held by the science of today. This state of affairs is in accordance with evolution. It was inevitable both that current opinion should follow, and that it should follow slowly; and it is equally inevitable that it will in the future still further indorse the teachings of Theosophy. For this there are two reasons: first, the body of current thought follows along "lines of force" already laid down by such pioneers as H. P. Blavatsky and those who have studied her teachings; second, the teachings of Theosophy being true, science must inevitably confirm them as it advances towards its splendid destiny.

1. That the work of modern science is excellent, when carried on according to its own prescribed conditions; but that it often transgresses these and becomes dogmatic, unreasonable, and overbearing.

On this subject, H. P. Blavatsky opens her section on science, in Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, with these words, which have been often quoted but will always bear repetition:

So long as Science remains what in the words of Professor Huxley it is, viz., "organized common sense"; so far as its inferences are drawn from accurate premises—its generalizations resting on a purely inductive basis—every Theosophist and Occultist welcomes respectfully and with due admiration its contributions to the domain of cosmological law. It is only when its more ardent exponents, overstepping the limits of observed phenomena, in order to penetrate into the arcana of Being, attempt to wrench the formation of Kosmos and its *Living Forces* from Spirit, and attribute all to blind matter, that the Occultists claim the right to dispute and call in question their theories. — p. 477

2. That the function of science is to classify and generalize on phenomena, but it cannot explain the ulterior causes.

Science can, it is true, collect, classify, and generalize upon phenomena; but the occultist, arguing from admitted metaphysical data, declares that the daring explorer, who would probe the inmost secrets of Nature, must transcend the narrow limitations of sense, and transfer his consciousness into the region of noumena and the sphere of primal causes. — *Ibid.*

3. That faculties higher than the physical senses are needed.

To effect this, he must develop faculties which are absolutely dormant—save in a few rare and exceptional cases—in the constitution of the offshoots of our present Fifth Root-race in Europe and America. He can in no other conceivable manner collect the facts on which to base his speculations.— *Ibid*

The subject of these quotations has lately been the theme of authoritative scientific pronouncements, and it is important to observe how closely these pronouncements follow the forecast. H. P. Blavatsky was a sturdy champion of science, and so are Theosophists; let us not forget that. For surely to distinguish between truth and error is to do service to science and to vindicate its loyal votaries against those who merely disparage it by departing from its noble principles.

The function of science, as science is defined by its own adherents, is *necessarily* and by definition limited in the way described by H. P. Blavatsky and admitted by candid and discerning men of science. It studies phenomena, finds out laws of relationship, draws inferences leading to the discovery of other facts, applies its discoveries to invention, etc. But its knowledge of what lies beyond the reach of the physical senses is necessarily inferential. And this method does not lead to certain and invariable conclusions, as we well know. Is the existence of mind known to us by inference or by direct cognition? Evidently the latter; and if we ask whether science would ever have discovered *mind* by inference from physical data alone, we at once see what a confusion of meaning there is. A very large part of the mind is objective to perception, it can be perceived by mental senses and studied. These mental objects, however, are not amenable to physical senses and instruments, and higher wits are needed for their investigation. Realizing this, some men of science have been led into "psychic research" and the like; but in following this track they have not sufficiently revolutionized their methods of research.

4. *Concerning the ether.*

The ether has recently been cited scientifically as an instance of a higher order of matter which eludes the physical senses. It can transmit transverse undulations, we are told, and the frequency of these can be measured. And yet we cannot find any rapport or connexion between ether and matter; we do not brush against it or disturb it in any way as we sweep through it. Thus ether would seem to be undifferentiated physical matter; or matter itself, in the unit condition, with its qualities all latent and undeveloped. It is the parent of matter, as it were. Like the Deity, it sustains the universe and

creates it, yet stands aloof. Besides the ether, there is this radio-active matter, which forms the connecting link between elements; the chemical elements being like eddies or temporary aggregations of this ever-flowing substance. All this and much more is said in *The Secret Doctrine*, the subject "ether" being alluded to in innumerable scattered quotations throughout the work. But there are seven grades of ether, and ether itself is but one grade of seven grades of Ākāśa, the world-stuff. So there is much to discover yet. Ether —

is MATTER on quite another plane of perception and being, and it can neither be analyzed by scientific apparatus, appreciated, nor even conceived by "scientific imagination," unless the possessors thereof study the Occult Sciences.— *Ibid.* p. 487

Evidently, if physical matter requires this parent-substance behind it, so must other objects — non-physical objects — require a substratum. There must be a mental ether as the background of our mind, wherein thoughts work, are born and dissolved, just as physical objects do in *their* ether. And so on, through successive stages, till we come to the primordial world-stuff, the Great Deep, the Waters of Space, the Earth-Mother, etc. The ether of science is the lowest analog of this last.

5. *Atoms are developed, decay, and die; the atomic condition being only a temporary condition of matter.*

"Matter is eternal," says the Esoteric Doctrine. But the matter the Occultists conceive of in its *laya*, or *zero state*, is not the matter of modern science. . . . Therefore, when the adept or alchemist adds that, although matter is eternal, . . . yet atoms *are born at every new manvantara*, or reconstruction of the universe, it is no such contradiction as a materialist who believes in nothing beyond the atom, might think.— *Ibid.* p. 545

MATTER IS ETERNAL, becoming atomic (its aspect) only periodically.— *Ibid.* p. 552

This is interesting in connexion with the recent discoveries in the radio-active series of elements. It is now found that what were believed to be fixed and stable elements are merely temporary stages in the evolution of another substance, which is described as electrons in motion. In the Mendeleeff periodic table, in which the chemical elements are catalogued in accordance with their atomic weights, there are places that are occupied by groups of elements instead of by single elements, and the required atomic weight is a kind of average of these several approximations. Inferentially it is suspected that the other

elements are in reality groups of elements, closely allied and bound together. The atoms, therefore, appear now as planetary systems moving in an ether of radio-active sub-matter. The subject of the evolution of matter is hereby opened up, and this leads us to another point — the evolution of worlds.

It is stated in *The Secret Doctrine* that cometary matter and some of the bodies classed under nebulae, are physical matter in some of its inchoate and preparatory stages, on the way towards further concretion into planetary matter. This again has now been admitted by certain astronomers, to whom the discovery of radio-active matter and electrons has furnished a convenient *locus standi*. It should be mentioned that H. P. Blavatsky also states that the light received from distant stars undergoes modification upon entering the confines of terrestrial space, so that its appearance in the spectroscope affords misleading testimony as to its condition when it started on its journey, and consequently as to the constitution of the elements on those stars. The chemical elements on those stars are not of necessity exactly the same as on earth, nor is matter necessarily in the same stage of evolution. But there is what some scientists have called a “compensating influence” which neutralizes the testimony of the spectroscope by translating it into terrestrial language, so to say.

6. *That living organisms are the active agents in physical phenomena.*

Science, dimly perceiving the truth, may find Bacteria and other infinitesimals in the human body, and see in them but occasional and abnormal visitors to which diseases are attributed. Occultism — which discerns a life in every atom and molecule, whether in a mineral or human body, in air, fire, or water — affirms that our whole body is built of such lives, the smallest bacteria under the microscope being to them in comparative size like an elephant to the tiniest infusoria.

Vol. I, p. 225, note.

The same infinitesimal *invisible lives* compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of man and the ant, of the elephant, and of the tree which shelters him from the sun. Each particle — whether you call it organic or inorganic — is a life. — *Ibid.* p. 261

Every day science is affording more evidence of this, by discovering microbes at work behind organic processes. But it has not yet gotten so far as to trace the presence of invisible lives behind the phenomena usually called inorganic. It does, however, admit that these phenomena are the effects of unknown causes, but prefers to designate those causes by provisional names which describe but do not explain

them. Chemical affinity, for instance, is an expression used to denote both the phenomenon itself and its unknown cause; and we are in the position of a man seeing the work in operation but unable to see the operators. Nevertheless,

Chemistry and physiology are the two great magicians of the future, who are destined to open the eyes of mankind to the great physical truths. — *Ibid*

7. *As to invisible globes in the solar system.*

A recent scientific speaker has suggested that there *may* be such, and that they might be every whit as substantial as our own, and yet we never be aware of them. What do we know of the ether, which yet, as they say, is far and away the densest substance known, and which is so omnipresent and important? Some speculators have even gone so far as to suggest that matter is merely so many holes in the ether! On this plan there could be any number of worlds, made of different orders of matter, hurtling about in space, all unaware of each other, never colliding (because they are on different planes) any more than a thought can collide with an automobile. At least, this is what they say, or something like it; and it agrees very well with things that are stated in *The Secret Doctrine*. As to the atomic theory, if matter is composed of very minute particles separated from each other by relatively enormous spaces, there is evidently room for many different kinds of matter to be superimposed upon, or interwoven with, one another; so that a single accidental jerk might knock us right off this world and on to another, without our moving more than a minute fraction of a hair's breadth!

Certain globes are mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine* as being "in coadunition, but not in consubstantiality, with our globe." If physical matter is built on the atomic system, it seems conceivable that bodies so constructed could interpenetrate each other.

8. *That the intellectual faculty is only one of the possible means at our disposal for attaining knowledge.*

This idea, which has been emphasized in scientific circles lately, is of course so much a part of Theosophy that one can scarcely select any particular quotation appropriate thereto. But it needs to be carefully stated, or misconception may arise through the variable meaning of terms. For the purpose in view, the word "intellect," or the phrase "intellectual faculty," has to be restricted so as to denote the ordinary scope of what is *called* the intellect today. This is important. Otherwise it might be said that the scope of the intellect is unlimited; and

so indeed it is, if we use the word in a proper and wider sense. But the meaning of the statement, in either case, is that other faculties exist besides those which modern science employs. H. P. Blavatsky's thesis, in the subject of Occult Science, is based on this. How else, she says, in a quotation made above, can the student gain first-hand knowledge as to ultra-physical nature? Theosophy has always proclaimed the existence of latent faculties in man, but it has been far more important to insist on the primary rules of brotherhood and conduct, which are *indispensable conditions to the more intimate study of nature*. Those who endeavor to reverse the process and to delve into nature's mysteries before they are fit, meet inevitable disaster. They are deluded by their imagination, or they arouse dormant passions, or they upset the balance of their nervous system and brain, or they stray into absurd and futile bypaths, and thus leave the ranks of useful workers.

We have first to fight our own nature and master its weaknesses ere we can stand equipped for explorations in realms of inquiry where the conditions are both hazardous and exacting. And since the nature outside us and the nature inside us are really one and the same, the only way to understand the mysteries of the former is to master those of the latter. This explains why people have failed to master the deeper mysteries of external nature; they have not yet learned to master the mysteries of their own nature. Since they choose to live under the dominance of their physical nature, their senses cannot transcend its limits; surely a very logical and equitable state of affairs. In the same way, a man who is under the dominion of any passion or weakness is thereby crippled and blinded in the work of research; and should he by any means endeavor to force on the development of astral senses, he merely multiplies his delusions. Of this we have abundant proof in the fate of those who have mistaken the way and dabbled in psychism.

Theosophy does not profess to teach people "how to become magnetic and fascinate other people," or how to develop what is euphemistically termed a "strong will," but what is really only a strong desire (and therefore a cruel master); hence it will not be expected that we shall give rules for the attainment of these admirable results. Besides, there is no special reason why we should take such a benevolent interest in the psychic development of people, whether singly or collectively. It might be better to develop the powers ourselves, rather

than give away our secret! But we prefer to follow the real program of Theosophy and develop those powers which will make us of use in the world; hence we are engaged in combating evil wherever we may happen to meet it.

The real meaning of Science is Self-Knowledge, and we understand the external world in proportion as we understand our own nature. Do we not need a Science which will unfold to man the mysteries of his nature and render him a happy and self-controlled being? If so, then we must develop *Spiritual* faculties — the power to perceive intuitively what is right, and freedom of the Will so that we may do what we know to be right. Nor are these faculties out-of-the-way or bizarre; they are merely the faculties which we all possess but which we so often neglect and undervalue.

It would be merely a question of time and trouble to prolong this paper indefinitely by citing more instances of the way in which current thought has followed the track of Theosophy. The function thus fulfilled by Theosophy is in accordance with the way in which knowledge always has been diffused. People may look for some sudden revelation, or try to prove that the greater is evolved from the less, in knowledge, as they say it is in other matters; but enlightenment is always traceable to the work of some dynamic individuality, though this central sun may be attended by a train of lesser lights to reflect and distribute his luminosity.

GIGANTOSAURUS AFRICANUS

Recent discoveries in Africa have resulted in the finding of a nearly complete skeleton of what is by far the largest animal whose remains have yet been found. This saurian, which has been named *Gigantosaurus Africanus*, was found by German savants at Tendaguru in German East Africa. It is not long ago that *Diplodocus Carnegii* was an object of wonder as being the largest nearly complete skeleton found. This was 84 feet long, and 11 feet high at the shoulder; but *Gigantosaurus* is 160 feet long and 22 feet high at the shoulder. His arm bone is 7 feet 1 inch, as long as the whole leg of *Diplodocus*. An imaginary picture of him appears in *The Illustrated London News* (August 30), where he is seen to be an enormous lizard, but with legs as long proportionally as those of a bear, an immense tail trailing behind, and a very long neck carrying an insignificant lizard's head. He lived in Lower Cretaceous times.

There is considerable doubt as to whether an animal of such a

size could stand up or even cohere, supposing physical conditions to be anything like they are now. If he was aquatic, the difficulty, of course, would not be so great; but if he became stranded, he might be crushed under his own weight. There is a similar difficulty with regard to some of the flying reptiles. Perhaps, then, we may surmise that physical conditions were not the same at this remote age; the properties of matter may not have been the same. And after all it is just as reasonable to suppose this as the contrary; especially when we reflect that everything is subject to evolution. Men of science are more favorably inclined to the view that such things as chemical elements are not fixed and constant, but may change and evolve. And so it may be with other qualities of nature. One would hardly expect that a world so different in many respects from the present world would be identical in other respects. The evolution of animals, so far as size is concerned at any rate, has not been continuously progressive. The lizard tribe has greatly degenerated since Cretaceous times.

A RECENT press cable from New York announces the arrival of an eminent anthropologist with some ancient skulls which, he says, "tend to confirm the belief that the anthropoid ape was an offshoot of primitive man." This is not the first time in late years that this view has been mooted in scientific quarters; but it merely confirms the statements made a quarter of a century ago by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* (published 1888). Hence we have another illustration of the way in which science ends by following the lines of Theosophy. The notion of "primitive man," however, still survives and colors the theories.

H. P. Blavatsky states that certain anthropoid apes are the remote descendants of an early race of mankind, and are a by-product due to a mistake made by that race. Science must eventually come round to this view. But it must also gradually adopt many others of the teachings of Theosophy as regards evolution, such as the very great antiquity of the human race and of civilization; and be prepared to give up its present narrow and inadequate view of the subject. But the views of modern science on evolution are very inchoate and variable; they can scarcely be considered as the last word.

H. P. Blavatsky was a pioneer of thought, and Theosophy is a pioneer movement. The great body of thought must follow slowly. Even those men of science who have ventured with great caution to express some of the views advocated by Theosophy, have aroused criti-

cism among their fellows as being too daring or too visionary. Moreover the teachings of Theosophy with regard to evolution are part and parcel of Theosophy as a whole. Theosophy's nobler account of the origin of man is consistent with its nobler ideal of man's present nature and future destiny. The world will be glad when science gives up the idea that man came from the apes.

A LONG ARTICLE on "Sleep," in a magazine, after much reasoning and the citation of many illustrative cases, ends with the following conclusion: that sleep is not a disease nor a morbid condition due to self-poisoning of the body; but that it is a normal condition, forming (together with the waking state) part and parcel of the life of the individual. Its function is protective and restorative, and designed to prevent the individual from arriving at a state of exhaustion.

It may seem strange to some minds that so long and elaborate a disquisition should have been considered necessary in order to prove this obvious fact. But the explanation is that it was necessary to confute another theory to the opposite effect. Certain theorists, it seems, had declared that sleep was an abnormal state.

Thus we see that all roads lead to truth, if followed far enough, but some are more roundabout than others. We cannot be *too* sure of a thing; the more different kinds of ways we know it, the better; and although we knew before that sleep was nature's sweet restorer, we know it even better now. One way of proving that a thing is so, is to prove that it is not otherwise. Thus, an algebraist might prove that x is equal to y by showing that it is not equal to any of the other letters of the alphabet. And so, since sleep is not an abnormal process, therefore it is a normal process.

Sleep is a state of consciousness; or, rather, several different states of consciousness, for we pass through successive stages between complete wakefulness and the deepest slumber. What is the state of the ego during deep sleep? Presumably, if an insect were to bite us while we were in this state, the critics of Reincarnation and Karma would call it unjust, because we are thereby made to suffer for something which happened in a state of which we preserve no recollection. We spend about a third of our life in a state of consciousness which we do not remember; so why cavil so much over the fact that we do not remember the past experiences of the Soul?

How could we bring to our waking consciousness the experiences

of deep sleep? Perhaps by translating those experiences (if this be possible) into terms of waking consciousness. To remember fully what we experienced in deep sleep would be like being awake and asleep at the same time — which *may* be possible. If, when the veils of sense are drawn aside, and the imagination no longer deludes us with its pictures, knowledge is revealed, how could we bring back that knowledge into the waking state, where the senses and the imagination exercise such despotic sway? Perhaps we may get light and inspiration during deep sleep, and it may act as a power that stands behind our thoughts and deeds during the day; but it would be very likely that our minds would twist the inspiration into strange distorted shapes.

It is pointed out that often a five-minutes' sleep will refresh one greatly. This shows that the repair of bodily tissues is not the only thing that rests us. If we can for a moment *let go* of all thought, travel down to the center of our consciousness, and come up again by a different route, we get a new start. The writer quoted said that sleep is a positive state, not a negative one. And it can be made still more positive, if, when falling asleep, we bear in mind that we are approaching a mystery and need to be master of our will.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

WHAT IS OCCULTISM? by H.



THE word "Occultism" needs to be defended against perversion arising from the wrong sense in which it is often used. As it came into prominent use in connexion with Theosophy, it is proper to turn to the writings of H. P. Blavatsky for a definition of what she meant thereby. She has described it as the sacred science of Self-Knowledge, and has inseparably associated it with all that is unselfish and noble. In thus defining it, she has been careful to distinguish Occultism from psychism, magic, and the occult arts; pointing out that the latter do not imply unselfishness and purity of motive, and may therefore be used for evil purposes, or by the ignorant with evil effect; whereas Occultism demands of the student unselfishness and reliability of character.

As the Theosophical Society was founded for the purpose of promoting the true welfare of humanity, not to minister to the needs of a

select coterie, it can be understood that Occultism (as defined by the Founder of the Theosophical Society) is concerned alone with the real interests of humanity and not with any lesser interests.

Occultism is the knowledge of how to use our faculties aright, how to find our place in life, how to realize what we are and what is our true purpose. It is the science of Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is defined by H. P. Blavatsky to be "of loving deeds the child." And in this she but repeats the eternal message of the great Teachers, who have ever taught that the road to Wisdom lies through Compassion. This maxim is also the essence of Christianity.

It is evident that what are generally called "occult powers" are of the nature of personal aggrandisements, and cannot therefore achieve the grand object. There are many people who are out after the mysterious, and many people ready to cater for them; but this is the way of the world in other matters than Theosophy. Fortunately, there are also in the world serious people — people who count for something — and they also must be ministered to.

When H. P. Blavatsky came with her message to the modern world, she earnestly sought for pupils able and willing to learn what she had to teach. Many were attracted, and they all received in accordance with their capacity. To appeals for knowledge, the Teacher can only reply by offering for acceptance the conditions. If these are accepted, knowledge can be conferred or the applicant set on the way to winning it. If the conditions are rejected, the knowledge cannot be conferred or won. Many were unable to accept the conditions, and went away disappointed; in some cases blaming their Teacher instead of themselves. And what are the conditions? Simply that the aspirant must show himself devoted to the great cause for which the Theosophical Society was founded. It was thus that H. P. Blavatsky bade her pupils register in their hearts a vow to themselves that they would so dedicate their lives. And so those who understand the word "Occultism" in the right sense are serious and earnest people, not mere wonder-seekers.

To give a concrete example of what is meant by Occultism, we might refer to the Râja-Yoga system of education, which was founded by Katherine Tingley for the purpose of carrying out Theosophical principles with regard to education. Here, surely, is where knowledge is needed; for while there is unlimited solicitude to do the right thing in education, we find everywhere an almost total darkness as to how

to set about it. In the Râja-Yoga system, the knowledge of human nature is applied to education, and the children are taught to govern their lower nature by means of their Higher nature, and so grow up healthy, happy, and well-balanced. There is no mystification, but simply plain common-sense. The teachers in this school may truly be said to be studying practical Occultism; because, instead of being engaged in wonder-seeking, they are applying their knowledge to useful work.

The power of thought is one of the familiar phrases of today, used in connexion with what is miscalled "occultism." But in what unworthy associations do we find this expression used? By the power of thought, say most of the professed teachers, we are to obtain — what? Ease, poise, comfort, contentment; physical health, strength, beauty, or even perhaps money and position (for a consideration). This seems a sorry attempt to wrest the powers of the Soul for the service of the personal Ego. It sounds very like ordinary self-love and worship of personal stature; and there is not much of the old gospel of brotherly love about it, nor of the manly qualities of the Knight and true Gentleman.

The power of thought is indeed magical and potent, provided it is not turned to increasing the strength of the personal Ego. Clearly, the strengthening of personal Egos can only result in emulation and strife, not in the common good. Reformers miss their best opportunities through neglecting the power of a pure mind and devoted purpose. They pay too little attention to the effect of their own lives upon the success of their work. Perhaps they are enlisted in the cause of mercy as against cruelty and wish to stop some form of cruelty. But cruelty is overcome by kindness; therefore the reformer must be himself kind — on *every* occasion where it is called for. But he does not realize the importance of this, for he does not study Occultism.

It is a familiar enough saying that the only true satisfaction for man lies in impersonal service. But this sounds unpalatable for some people. The reason is natural, for the personal Ego protests at the idea of deposing him from the throne he has usurped. But, however unpalatable may be the truth, we must all admit it sooner or later, for the eternal laws cannot be changed to suit our ideas. If we fail to accommodate ourselves to the facts of life, the facts will continue to jar upon us. Man is here for the purposes of his Soul, which are not necessarily identical with his passing fancies or even his favorite

desires. The sooner he learns the purposes of his Soul and acquiesces in them, the better; for then, instead of being driven by a relentless fate, he will be following a known purpose. Occultism is the way by which we may win this knowledge of the purposes of the real *I*— which is not the personal *I*.

H. P. Blavatsky has written interestingly on the difference between “Psychic and Noetic Action,” showing that it is possible prematurely to arouse certain latent forces in our nature, but that the result is futile or harmful, for the simple reason that we have neglected first to practise ourselves in the art of self-control. Experience of ourselves and of people in general shows that self-control is more needed than anything else, as we cannot yet govern the faculties we already have. It is essential first to call into action the Spiritual Will, and of course this can only be done by setting aside the selfish personal will. In other words, the aspirant must follow the path of impersonal service. In this way he develops his *Spiritual* powers— that is, he develops his real strength. A pure motive and a sincere aspiration towards the path of Wisdom can really awaken in us powers of the serviceable kind. But we must get rid of vanity and desire for personal profit, or the bias in our motive will pull us in the wrong direction. It is said in one book of instructions that “That power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men.” This may sound harsh to some, but to others it will sound cool and refreshing.

WOMAN'S CHARACTER IN THE LIGHT OF REINCARNATION:

by M. T.



WHEN Reincarnation is taken into consideration in the study of woman's character, we can explain what we find in women as no other teaching enables us to do. We find at last the true reasons why women are what they are, why they do what they do, and why one woman, given a certain set of conditions as a life-opportunity, shows herself a heroine who conquers every obstacle and is a benediction to all around her, why another perseveres in the performance of her duty, but scatters no sunshine on the path of life, and why still another in similar conditions sinks from bad to worse until it is difficult to trace in her the semblance of womanhood. Reincarnation helps us to find the causes that account for woman's character as we know it and it furnishes a power-

ful incentive to the building of character on right lines now and to a conscious advance towards the perfection which is the final goal of our destiny. It is thus a teaching which reveals to each woman, her own self, in her relation to the past, the present, and the future, and helps her to begin to work with knowledge of the laws of being and of development, instead of being buffeted by Fate without any certainty that knowledge gained by experience is of any lasting benefit.

Reincarnation implies duality of nature—an enduring part of the human being, and its temporary masks or personalities of earth-life. In the permanent part of the nature, the Soul, are stored the lessons of each life; and when death comes, this lasting Self passes to a state of rest and refreshment until it is time to assume a new form on earth and acquire more experience. When the moment for rebirth comes, the past of the individual, every thought and act of which has linked itself to an unseen form and lies dormant until the time for rebirth, gives shape to the present and a child is born with physical, mental, and moral characteristics, all the direct result of his past deeds and thoughts. As the child grows he begins to create his future, just as certainly as he represents his past.

The superficial way of accounting for character is by attributing it to heredity from parents, to environment and early training. The fact is that many children have the same characteristics as their parents; but according to Theosophy they do not derive these from the parents, but come to be born of parents who have these tendencies similar to their own in a past life. The child is not like the parents because they are of the same family; they are of the same family because in the past they initiated like tendencies, or because they created conditions which they must take the fruits of together. It is the heredity from ourselves in past lives that faces us. Any student of life sees that each individual represents himself—the way different persons act in the same circumstances proves this. Environment and early training can do much, but the seeds of good and evil came with the new-born child and often grow to fruition again in defiance of the soil in which they are planted.

Character is the moral individuality of a person. It represents his or her power to choose “the better rather than the dearer.” It is a token of triumphs in past struggles. It is built up only by meeting temptation with the strength that overcomes, with the wit to slay a foe of your better nature before he slays you. A life of steady, posi-

tive resistance to evil, sends into space vibrations of strength and courage that speed to help to shape character at our next birth. The other course of conduct sends forwards the skulking demons of unconquered vices which often peep out in the faces of even very young children. We all recognize the different degrees of character. There are the steadfast and reliable. They were born that way some of them, and others have grown more like that after some intense experience that necessitated self-conquest if they were to continue to live at all. There are those who are vacillating. They resist one temptation, and succumb to the next unworthy desire. They never keep a steady purpose from one week to the next, hardly from one hour to the next. What will make them do it, until hard knocks awaken the Soul in them, and how will they learn except by repeated efforts life after life? And how will Humanity's great lesson of carrying a conscious high purpose from day to day across night and sleep, from life to life across death to birth again, in unbroken continuity of effort, ever be learned but by means of the long series of probationations in earth-life which the merciful Law affords to Humanity. A few "hints of the proper craft," a growing resolve to rivet the knowledge gained to the metal in us that endures, these we must win from an incarnation and learn to waste no moments in the ages necessary to perfect ourselves.

The building of every woman's character must then be begun where it was left off in a past life. One difficulty is that few women know where they have to begin. They do not know their own natures. Flattery, even affectionate but indiscriminating admiration, and the petty conventionalities and deceptions of life, help to keep them in the dark about themselves. Nor have they any idea of the high possibilities existing in each woman. The study of Theosophy is a revealer of the Self and enables a woman to enter a new path of life. Theosophy is living truth; it awakens the deeper nature, evokes power to see, and to overcome obstacles.

The knowledge of the teaching of Reincarnation especially, soon develops a new sense of responsibility. How many women would act differently if they knew that unless they act right towards every one in the events of life, unless they discharge their full duty to every one concerned, the same set of conditions, the same souls in different bodies, will meet them in another life, will return again and again until the knots of Fate are untied by right action? It is inclination, deep-seated selfish desire and ignorance of the true teachings, that make

women imagine that they can wield circumstances according to their wish and avoid experiences which with the suffering involved, are the means of growth their lives afford them. It is easy to foretell the future of the women who will carry no bricks in the building of character, who will avoid while they can the tests of life. They will meet again the husbands they neglected because mere inclination turned them from what they had undertaken; they will meet again the children they indulged or neglected without considering the easy way they took; they will meet again the men and women towards whom they acted in any way falling short of what they knew to be right, and, unless they learn from failure and call on their own Souls, they will have in the reborn associations not the strength and insight won by right action, but the flabbiness of will and the blind rebellion that fancied injustice engenders.

We can see that to build on a sure basis women must know that life continues as it does, that the opportunity is what it is, to reap on earth what they sow on earth and to learn to sow the right seed. They must know that the object of life is not to cherish any conditions that seem to constitute mere personal happiness, but to learn and to grow. Happiness does come, but we have to learn and to grow until the noble qualities of the Soul can be impressed on all the conditions of life and until these qualities are free in all our fellow creatures. Katherine Tingley has said that we must learn to love to suffer and endure. It is because pain and suffering *are* the birthpangs, or *may* be, of the higher qualities. Neither philosophy nor true religion nor experience teaches us that there is any other method. But this does not mean that sorrow and humiliation and anguish continue after the necessary testing is complete. It does not mean that relief with realization is delayed beyond the time in which a woman with her eyes open can learn her lessons. Some who have endured to the end have lived when the end came, poised for the time between the past and the future, seeing the meaning of it all, reading in a purified space in their own natures the golden letters of a great lesson and calm with a great peace, knowing that some of the knots of destiny were loosed forever.

A study, in noble poetry, of a realization like this is found in Browning's *The Ring and the Book*. Pompilia, the heroine of the poem, reviews her short life of bitter suffering and humiliation, reviews it with courage and tenderness and good cheer, and in the telling of her story makes plain why she can voice with such serene cer-

tainty that no more will she meet him who had caused her anguish. It is a convincing picture of a woman who had accepted without rebellion or hate a trial in a fiery furnace of experience and who knows that the test is over.

In this poem Browning expresses another idea that bears on the growth of character. One, praising Pompilia, says :

This I praise most in thee, where all I praise,
That having been obedient to the end
According to the light allotted, law
Prescribed thy life, still tried, still standing test —
Dutiful to the foolish parents first,
Submissive next to the bad husband — nay
Tolerant of those meaner, miserable
That did his hests, eked out the dole of pain —
Thou patient thus could rise from law to law,
The old to the new, promoted at one cry
O' the trump of God to the new service, not
To longer bear, but henceforth fight, be found
Sublime in new impatience with the foe.

Intuitions of the warrior-service which women have yet to do in the upward course of the race as a whole, and momentary glimpses of the high qualities that await the call that can evoke them, cannot come to those who are determined to continue in the limited ideas of life and of responsibility that exclusion of reincarnation encourages. Woman must see beyond one life and its attainments while concentrating on every moment's duty as never before. Life must be deeper because it has a broader outlook; every moment must have consciousness of eternity in it, and draw the past on to the future, to the realization of the divine qualities that belong to future cycles of growth. All the inarticulate, the unspoken depths in women's nature are still to be woven into positive character. They must be realized in a new courage, a new insight into the power of the divinity inherent in all beings, a new trust in the Self that will bring healing to suffering Humanity. Do you wonder that those who see the heights of attainment to be reached by women in lives to come, as the Theosophical Teachers have seen them, cannot but appeal again and again to women to try to find the sure path towards the perfecting of character; to find the true spirit of devotion that holds them always in the recollection that at any moment they may stand poised in eternity, seeing the threads of life that have come from the past, weaving them into a

fabric unstained by selfishness, unbroken by weakness, whole and fair, a magic robe with which to clothe themselves in all future conquests.

The woman who is thus studying character in the light of Reincarnation will not feel impelled to enter into any new field of activity until she has learned to poise herself between her past and her future. She will have the less to undo later on. She will not be confused by seeing some of her sisters who present a temporarily harmonious association of the characteristics supposed to sum up womanly perfection, but who are so absorbed in the contemplation of this happy combination that they have ceased to grow. A wise man once said, "The great marks of character are teachableness and a capacity for growth." We learn by studying life that sometimes characters described as rounded are really crystallized in very small rounds and that there is not an opening anywhere in the circumference where a fresh inspiration can find entrance.

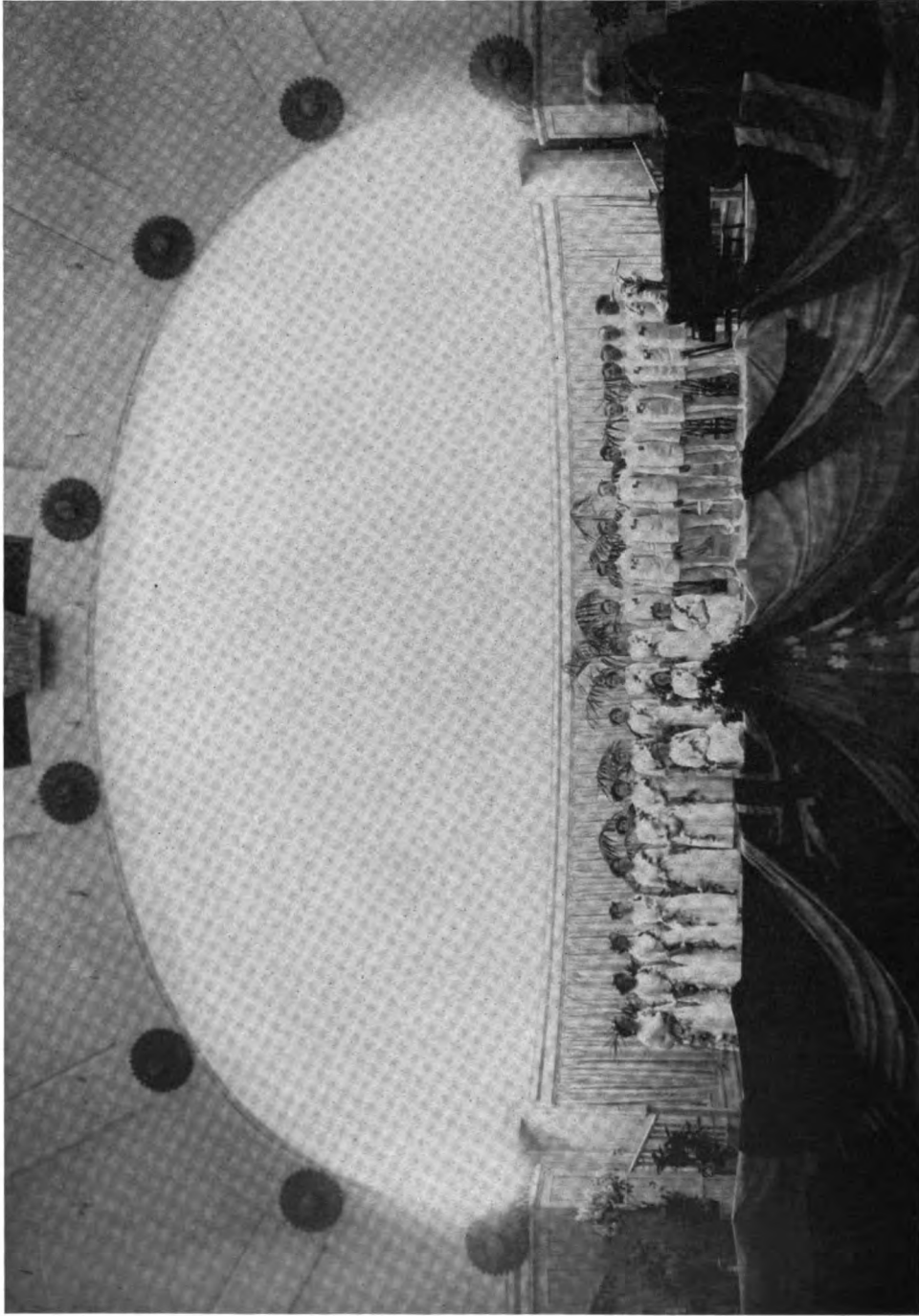
This leads to another aspect of Theosophical teaching that is indissolubly connected with Reincarnation. This is that in the conquest of the lower nature by the higher, of matter and the desires by Soul, in the building strong of the temple of character, there is always necessary the kindling of the flame of spiritual valor from above. The Soul informs the mind; Those Who Know teach those who would find wisdom; the Great Helpers stand ready to call to those who are at the beginning of the Way. A third Theosophical teaching adds to this that there are times when this call and the power to respond to it, if one will, are stronger than at other times. The bearing of this upon the study of woman's character is that the present is a time pregnant with unprecedented possibilities of attainment; that the teachings which prepare the nature to respond and inspire women to make efforts that will loosen knots that have bound them fast for ages, are ready in Theosophy; that the Teacher who can evoke the Spirit within is with us. The moment is ripe when woman can rise to a new life in which she can assume a command as an awakened Soul in all the battles this life and the lives to come may bring.

For none more than you are the present and the past,
 For none more than you is immortality!
 Each man to himself, and each woman to herself is the word of the past and
 present, and the word of immortality;
 No one can acquire for another—not one!
 No one can grow for another—not one!



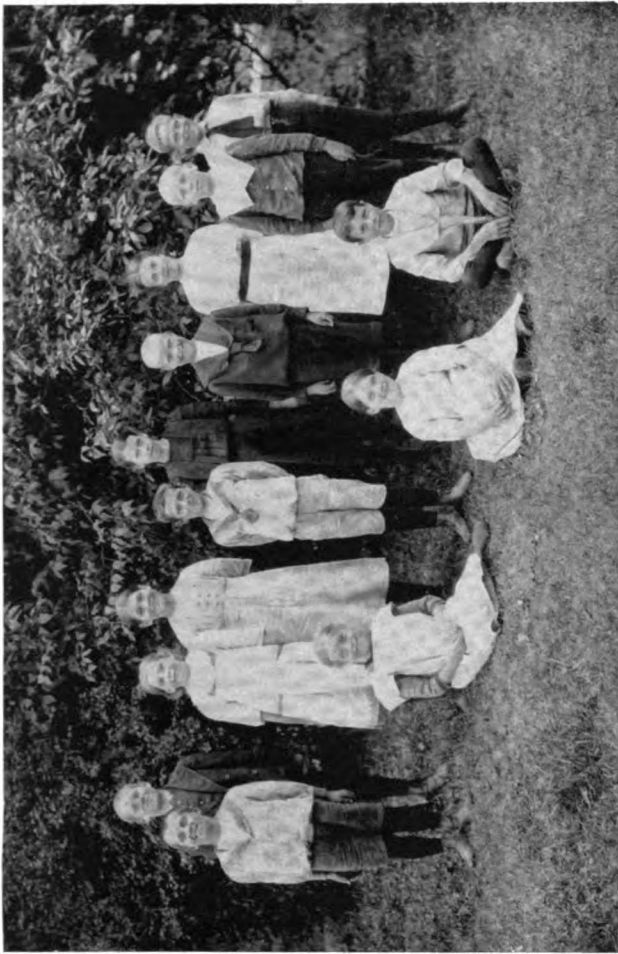
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RÁJA-YOGA STUDENTS ON A VISIT TO "THE LAURELS" — THE CHILDHOOD HOME OF KATHERINE TINGLEY,
ON THE BANKS OF THE MERRIMAC, MASSACHUSETTS



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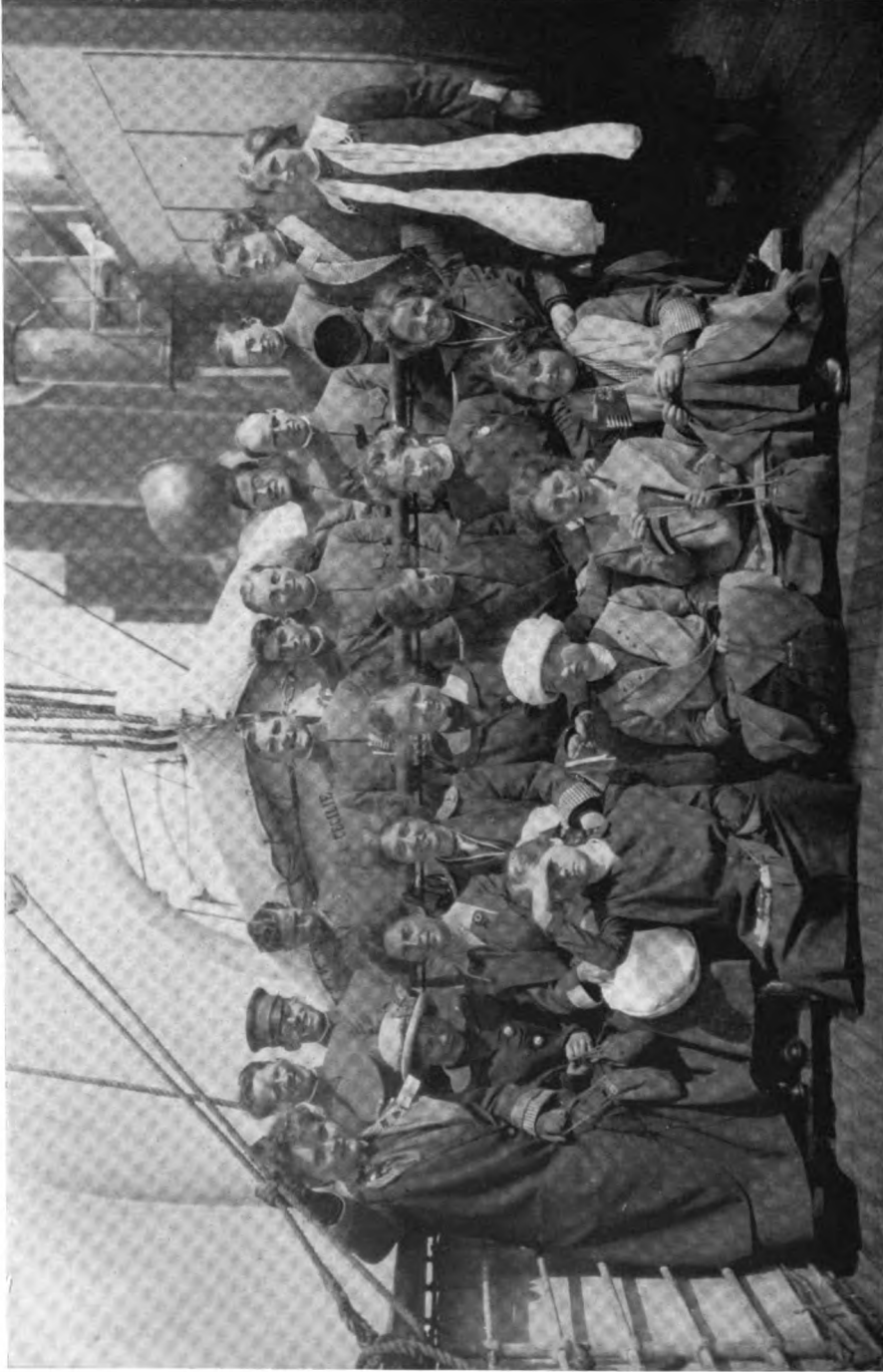
THE CONCERT HALL, GOTHENBURG: REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RÁJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY, POINT LOMA,
AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN



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The first day of the Free Instruction Classes for the Children of Visingsö, conducted by the Rāja-Yoga Students in the temporary tent-house used during the Peace Congress for the restaurant.

The picture to the left shows an interesting group at the Temporary Theosophical Headquarters at Visingsö. This photograph was taken on the morning of July 6, 1913, when the peasant-woman in the center appeared with her birthday gift to Katherine Tingley of Swedish cake made by herself according to the old Per Brahe fashion. She is a descendant of a gentleman from Holland, who followed Per Brahe to Visingsö. Standing directly behind her is Miss Anna Sonesson, for many years General Superintendent of the Children's Lotus Work in Sweden. The lady to the right is Miss Rosén, one of the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society from Stockholm. The little girl is Anna-Lisa Nyström, the first child to be enrolled as a pupil in the new Rāja-Yoga School at Visingsö. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Nyström, two old and tried members of the U. B. and T. S. Mr. Nyström is an Engineer and was formerly a member of the Swedish Parliament.



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ON BOARD THE "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE," CROSSING THE ATLANTIC
STUDENTS OF THE RAJA-YOGA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY,
DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL PEACE CONGRESS, VISINGSÖ



THE SCREEN OF TIME

NOTES ON INDIA: by Observer

"If I were to look over the whole world to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth, power, and beauty that nature can bestow—in some parts a very paradise on earth—I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has fully developed some of its choicest gifts, has most deeply pondered the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which will deserve the attention of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. If I were to ask myself in what literature we, here in Europe, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of the Greeks and Romans, and of one Semitic race, the Jewish, may find that corrective which is most essential in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact more truly human, a life not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India."

Max Müller

RECENT events in the political world and the award of the Nobel prize for literature to the poet and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore of Bengal, have attracted worldwide attention to Indian affairs lately, and the *National Geographical Magazine* (Washington, D. C.) appropriately devotes nearly the whole of its December number to articles upon India. The longest is an account of the penances and self-tortures of some of the Indian Sādhus, illustrated by a remarkable series of photographs of these ascetics. The author, the Rev. W. M. Zumbro, treats the subject in a manner showing appreciation of the social conditions and religious atmosphere of India.

After showing that religious penances are or have been customary in many countries, he says, truly, that nowhere are they so uni-

versal or severe as in India, and, in proof of this, he describes the many strange forms and fearful methods of self-mortification indulged in by the extremists. For instance, an arm is held up till it withers and cannot be lowered or even moved; long journeys are taken with sharp spikes in the shoes; beds of thorns or of long nails are used for repose; some fanatics will roll over and over or prostrate themselves every few feet, for hundreds of miles; others will suspend themselves by the feet over slow fires, or bury their bodies up to the chin; some will lie balanced on a slack wire in the forest, and there are even a few who spend their lives at the top of a high pole, like St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar.

While many or perhaps most of the self-torturing Sādhus give up the ordinary occupations of normal, healthy living, and the earning of their livelihood, in order to conquer the body and to attain an indifference to pain and a power of will with the object of realizing the hope of supermundane states of blissful consciousness, the author points out that there are other reasons even more personal—in fact purposes absolutely criminal—for which they will endure long-continued tortures. He says:

"Sometimes a man will cut himself in a belief that his enemy will be made to feel the pain equally with himself, or he will undergo torture in order to bring ruin on his enemy whom he could not ruin in any other way. It also happens that the path of the ascetic is one of the surest paths leading to wealth [?] and fame. In India heroic contempt of pains and pleasures has always commanded the wondering attention and respectful homage of the multitude."

While considering that the influence of the Sādhu has been opposed to the development of a strong national life as it is understood in Western countries, and that the

existence of an army of five million able-bodied men who live on the charity of those who work, is a distinct evil, the author holds that the principle of the exaltation of the spiritual above the material of which the self-torturing asceticism is an extravagant development, is fortunately, too deeply rooted in the life of the Indian people to be altogether displaced, even by the encroachments of modern Western education.

"And indeed, when one remembers the industrialism of the West, its vulgar aggressiveness, its sordidness, its unscrupulous struggle for wealth, as if that were the only good, the cares of life choking out the good seed and deadening the religious emotions, one cannot but wish that the people of India may long retain enough of this spirit to hold them true to the simple, frugal, unconventional life of their fathers and keep the emphasis on the value of the spiritual and unseen things of life above the material and sensuous."

The teachings of Theosophy are, of course, quite opposed to such abnormal practices as the self-torturing ascetics exhibit; but they agree with the great spiritual teachers of India that Duty and the practice of Brotherhood are the only keys which open the door to Wisdom and Peace. H. P. Blavatsky says, in the *Voice of the Silence*, in the sentences from the *Book of the Golden Precepts* which she translated from Indian sources:

"Believe thou not that sitting in dark forests, in proud seclusion and apart from man . . . will lead thee to the goal of final liberation. Think not that breaking bone, that rending flesh and muscle, unites thee to thy 'silent Self'. . . The blessed ones have scorned to do so . . . Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition. . . . To reach Nirvāna one must reach Self-Knowledge, and Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child."

Sankarāchārya says:

"He who is single-minded, fixed in the word divine, his steadfast performance of duty will make the knowing soul within him pure; to him whose knowing soul is pure, a knowing of the Self Supreme shall come; and through this knowledge of the Self Supreme he shall destroy this circle of birth and death and its root altogether."

The author, however, has not confined his

remarks or his illustrations to the lower order of Sādhus. He gives, among others, a portrait and short description of the late Swāmi Bhaskarānand Saraswati of Benares, who, though living with the simplicity of the ascetic, but without indulging in the savage bodily tortures of the extremists, was one of the most learned Sanskrit scholars of India, a philosopher well acquainted with Western thought, and a philanthropist who did all he could to help those who sought his assistance. Men of his stamp are not common, but they are worthy of the honor and consideration which they would never claim, but which the self-torturing Sādhus look for as part of their reward for their penances.

Nearly all the rest of the magazine is devoted to a well-illustrated description of the ceremonies at the "Marriage of Siva," at Madura, in the Madras Presidency. The pictures of the great temple of Madura are very interesting, though, as much of its picturesqueness depends upon the richness of the coloring, black-and-white reproductions cannot do it full justice. This great temple, with its nine *gopurams* or pyramidal tower-gateways, is one of the finest examples of the southern or Dravidian style of Indian architecture. The elaboration of its decoration is almost incredible. From near the base to the summit each *gopuram* is encrusted with painted or gilded figures of gods and heroes of Indian mythology. The largest *gopuram* is 156 feet high.



REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE AND RĀJAYOGA WORK IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress by H. S. Turner, Acting-President of the International Brotherhood League, a Department of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

The work undertaken and carried out in Cuba by Katherine Tingley and the International Brotherhood League is more or less familiar to all, yet the following brief report and review of the work in Santiago de Cuba is of interest.

In the year 1898, at the close of the Spanish-American War, when the devastated

island of Cuba was in the throes of suffering — physical, mental, and spiritual — when the Island could not help itself, Katherine Tingley proved the truth of the old adage that "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and with her willing workers and a shipload of medical supplies, food, and clothing, made her advent on the scene in Santiago de Cuba. Needless to say, by that manifestation of benevolence she won the thanks and gratitude of a people which nothing can ever change. The schools she founded in the Island afterwards, have won additional gratitude and thanks from the nation, and perhaps have been more far-reaching in their power for good; yet the first expedition and its work of alleviation of human misery, reached the hearts of the people in a direct way that carried its own appeal, and which cannot be forgotten by those who were helped. The writer has journeyed in the wildest mountain districts of Cuba, far from the ordinary paths of travel, and there, in the most inaccessible and isolated places, has met "mambesis," as the revolutionary soldiers were called, who had been treated or saved from starvation by Katherine Tingley and her band of doctors and nurses on that first historic expedition. Their simple expressions of heartfelt gratitude were touching.

On leaving the Island, Katherine Tingley was urged by one of the sterling patriots of the country, our honored friend Emilio Bacardi, then Mayor of the city, to satisfy the educational hunger of his people and cure the suffering arising from ignorance, now that their physical sufferings and their hunger had been reduced. Thus it was that Katherine Tingley had with her for company on her return journey to New York the haunting memories of what she had seen, of those afflicted people, and the knowledge that Bacardi was right; that while what she had done on that expedition had indeed helped, yet the malady went deeper and a more permanent form of help was needed. As the only permanent help for anybody is that which shows them how to help themselves, the education of Cuba's children was decided on.

At that time the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma existed only in the powerful imagination of Katherine Tingley, but once a thing exists there it is not long before its

concrete form appears, so very soon it saw its initiation. One of the first things done was to send another expedition to Cuba, with the object of bringing to Lomaland as many Cuban children as could be accommodated, in order that they might receive a fitting education and be able to take a helpful part in the development of their country. This expedition left in the year 1901. The children were taken free of all expense; clothing and traveling expenses were also provided, and several years maintenance arranged for.

The following year another expedition set out for Cuba and eleven more children were accepted under the same generous conditions, and started on their way towards true growth and character-building. What happened to these eleven when they arrived at New York, once they were in the presence of that gigantic figure which overawes and overwhelms the beholder who enters that harbor and which symbolizes liberty for all and light for those in darkness, is a matter of well-known history in our Society and need not be entered into in detail here. It is sufficient to recall that a storm of indignation went up from Santiago de Cuba at the action of the Immigration Board in at first refusing admission to eleven little children knocking at the doors of a great country to obtain an education, carried there by one of its leading citizens who amply guaranteed their material support. The storm was followed by universal rejoicing, when, due to Katherine Tingley's active efforts in their behalf, the Secretary of the United States Treasury ordered the children admitted.

In 1903, in order to carry Râja-Yoga more generally to this people who so needed it, were so ready for it, and so willing and anxious to receive it, Katherine Tingley opened the first Râja-Yoga School in the Island of Cuba, establishing the same in Santiago de Cuba. One of the best residences in the city was obtained, remodeled, and made to serve. Accompanied by a large party from Point Loma, Katherine Tingley was present when the school was inaugurated.

Another building was soon urgently needed, and one of the largest buildings in the city was leased and the Râja-Yoga Academy was started. This was done at the earnest solicitation of many of the best families, who

wished an appropriate environment for their children.

Later on a large boarding-school was established at Cuabitas, a suburb of Santiago de Cuba, and then a better opportunity was had to prove the worth of the Râja-Yoga system and its effect on the health and character of the pupils. This boarding-school was prospering and rapidly outgrowing its quarters, when in the year 1907 it was completely destroyed by fire. This was a serious loss, but its effects were mitigated in part by the fact that as the two school buildings in the city had become absolutely inadequate for the rapidly increasing number of pupils, a larger building had been leased a few months before the fire occurred, so that as soon as new supplies and equipment had been procured the Academy was in operation again.

In 1907 Katherine Tingley acquired by purchase a part of the San Juan battlefield, situated about four miles from the center of the city, where the decisive battle that ended the Spanish-American War was fought. This estate was bought with the purpose in view of founding a center similar in character to the one established at Point Loma, but one which would be in direct touch with all the Latin-American countries. The tract, which consists of 112 acres, possesses great scenic beauties, is on high ground dominating the city, and with the Sierra Maestre mountains forming a majestic background to it.

The purchase of this property, its improvement, and its ultimate use as an educational center, aroused the greatest interest, not only in Santiago de Cuba, but throughout the Island. The place was rapidly developed, macadamized roads were built, a gateway in the Egyptian style of architecture similar to one of the entrances to the Point Loma grounds, was erected, bearing fine bronze commemorative plates. Lawns, gardens, orchards, and paths, were laid out and constructed, the jungle growth was cleared off, and groups of trees planted in its place. Many other improvements were made. In all, over \$35,000 was spent on improvements, all of which were of a permanent nature. This has made "San Juan de Râja-Yoga," as it is called in Cuba, the show-place of the eastern end of the Island. Visitors to Santiago de Cuba, not only from other cities in the Island but from foreign parts as well,

never fail to visit it, and it was surprising to find among the tourists many who had visited the center at Point Loma and had been favorably impressed with the work being carried on there.

The schools continued to flourish while these improvements were being made, and many enrolments for the San Juan Institution were made.

The secret of the success of the schools in Santiago de Cuba is to be found in the steady development of character in the children, the change for the better in their thoughts and actions, and their extraordinary advance in the ordinary branches of learning which followed as a natural effect. The Latins are very observing, and parents very quickly noticed that some sort of transmutation was taking place in their young folks in the Râja-Yoga Schools which was conspicuous by its absence in other schools they had had experience with. The response followed quickly on this realization, and so the Râja-Yoga Schools in Cuba always had more pupils waiting to be enrolled than could possibly be accepted, owing to limitations of space and staff.

Such was the success of the work that when schools were opened in other parts of the Island, it became apparent to those who did not wish to see the Cuban children obtain an adequate education that something must be done, so a campaign of vilification, abuse, and calumny was liberated in 1909 in a small, insignificant newspaper in Santiago and directed against Katherine Tingley personally and the Râja-Yoga Schools in general. The best papers of the Island refused their aid to this campaign and in fact severely condemned it in their columns. Legal proceedings for libel being brought against this Santiago de Cuba editor, convictions were obtained in over forty-five suits. There being no civil libel law, these convictions entailed heavy fines and severe prison sentences. Fleeing the country to escape paying the just penalty for his misdeeds, this editor was traced to Chile and forced to return and serve his sentences.

These attacks, and others that were started from time to time, instead of harming the work helped it to an enormous degree; and those who before had been indifferent were in consequence driven to come out openly for Râja-Yoga.



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VIEWS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CUBAN INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL
HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN HILL

This property was purchased by Katherine Tingley in 1907.



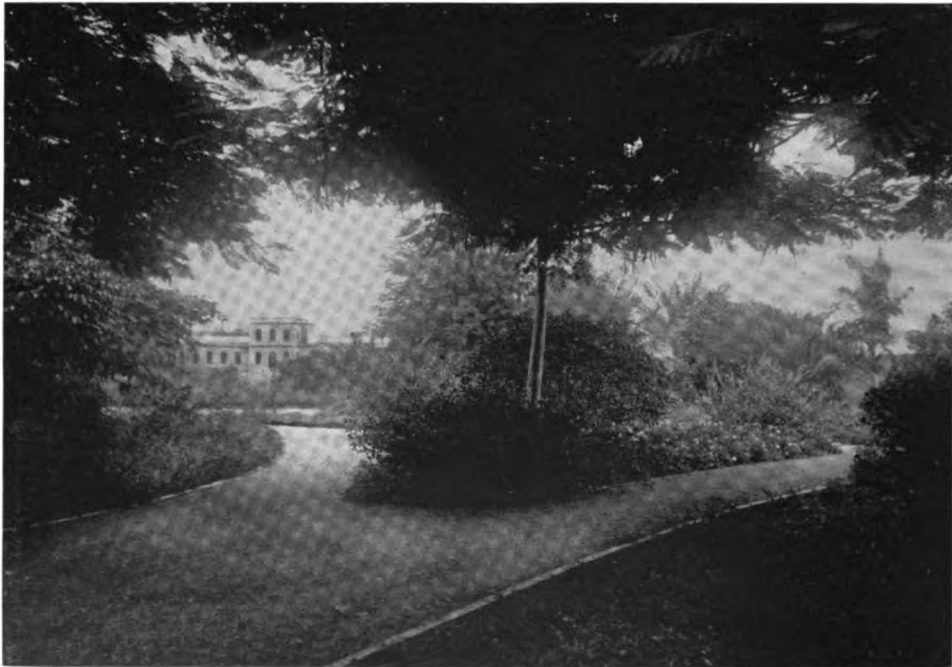
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OTHER ASPECTS



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VIEWS FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE GROUNDS



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THIS SHOWS THE LUXURIANT FOLIAGE OF CUBA

MUSIC

An Address written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, Visingsö, Sweden, by Professor W. A. Dunn, Musical Director, Point Loma, California.

"Music is not only a refinement of life, but part of life itself." —Katherine Tingley

MUSIC, considered in the deepest and truest sense, directly expresses and interprets life in its most general aspect. It has been evolved from a deep-seated intuition in humanity which naturally reveals the fundamental law of which it is the active and direct agent.

Music expresses a dynamic reality that throbs behind the surface of things, through a tonal language that is universally understood; being entirely free from conventional modes of thought and language. By expanding the aspirations of the soul into a realized contact with life, music dissolves fixed habits of thought into plastic material for use towards higher ends.

Music is the art of thinking and feeling in associated sounds, which in their acoustical relationships are woven by creative imagination into an internal ladder of vibratory thought, enabling it to rise to the secret meaning of things. The unifying power that harmonizes related sounds is aptly illustrated by waves playing on the surface of the sea. These are made up of many differently sized wavelets which when added together make up one movement and one mass. The larger waves also when added together constitute the single mass movement of tide or current. In music the same relationship is true as between sounds, whether in the analysis of a single tone into constituent harmonics, or by the adding together of different sounds into waves of melody. As beneath the waves and ripples of the sea the water remains but one ocean, so within song or symphony, the one soul unites the tones and melodies into a perfect vesture of vibrating threads that intertwine with each other according to well-recognized laws.

Thus music is a direct reproduction of the *habits* of the soul, and its chief power lies in the refining processes it originates in the mind. Schopenhauer wrote that: "As music exists in the heart of things and lives on their essence, it results that it has a hold on all objects whatsoever."

Thus music not only places us in direct relationship with the essence and inner soul of things, but for the time being unites us therewith. As a single drop of water participates in every movement and current that passes through the ocean, so does man receive in himself every vibration and current of life that passes through the universal nature of which he is an integral part. Music teaches us how to *focus* all these incoming vibrations into one artistic form in consciousness. Thus to think and comprehend life in musical terms carries the process of thought from the wavelets we control in our immediate vicinity, to the more comprehensive life of the currents that unite whole nations together.

There is a collective life-energy about and within us (as is water to the fish swimming in it) that receives all sounds thrown into it, which, by its law of solidarity, regulates all vibrations into chords of harmony that become audible to the awakened intuition. It is a question of retreating deeply enough within the mind, beneath its outward forms of thought, to where the perception may be placed at an angle of vision from which the many are seen as part of the one. Among the outer elements of music the thought is broken into unrelated notes and melodies; behind them the thought that mingles with the laws of life grasps, as it were, the outer parts, welds them into artistic form, into which the living soul may pass. Musical notes, like letters in an alphabet, do not acquire meaning until placed in lines of melody wherein their relationship to each other and to the keynote provides for the expression of inaudible musical thought, which is as much above the audible sounds as an idea is beyond the words through which it is expressed. As in architecture the material is incidental to the *form* of the building, so is acoustical *form*, in the realm of sound, the only thing that counts in music.

It has been found by recent investigators that the laws of harmony obeyed intuitively by the great musical composers, are identical with the laws that operate in all realms of nature, such as in astronomy, spectrum analysis, table of atomic weights, etc. Who can doubt that music, since its freedom from servitude to other amusements, has come forward at the present epoch for the purpose of revealing a newer thought and a grander

philosophy. In the Li-Ki or Memorial of Rites of the Chinese we read: "Music is intimately connected with the essential relations of beings. Thus, to know sounds, but not airs, is peculiar to birds and beasts; to know airs but not music, is peculiar to the common people; to the wise alone it is reserved to understand music. That is why sounds are studied to know airs, airs in order to know music, and music to know how to rule."

As said above, at any given moment we receive all sounds of nature simultaneously. The art of music is the practice of carrying these inward to their common source in the spiritual nature, to be there classified according to the universal law that harmonizes all diversity into one unity. Fundamentally, man is a unity at one with the all, and a reference of the outer life to the inner reality within the heart becomes knowledge constructed of thought woven into musical unity.

The ear is a very flexible instrument, which associates itself to every action of *attention* that may be imposed upon it. We have within the ear about three thousand minute fibres which are capable of responding to about seven octaves of tone. The combining of sound molecules amongst these into compound tones is practically infinite. But how many of them are in use as a connective medium between the inner consciousness and the outer vibrations? When the *mind listens*, it immediately observes new tones, because in the *act* of listening the power of attention straightens out the fibres, as it were, into a receiving condition. New messages can then travel from without inwardly. What are known as "little gulfs of deafness" have been found by experiment to be present in the ears of every one. These "gulfs" vary in different people.

The musical *intelligence*, which associates separated thoughts, has a very direct influence on the quality of sounds (compounded harmonies) received and unified on the instrument within the ear. There is a strict relationship between the inner thought and the auditory organ, the latter awakening or responding to the "arrangement" imposed upon it by the inner actor. In other words, the mind reacts by a process of "selection," on the auditory organ in accord with what is *in* the mind—the instrument responding

to the special use to which it may be put.

The musical intelligence is a power that creates relationships between notes and things, a kind of judgment that perceives higher unities as they *actually exist*. It directly interprets to thought and feeling the genesis of sounds and of things, their intrinsic qualities and general relationships. These higher unities that invisibly pervade all life, and impose harmony on all isolated elements, lie beyond spoken word and floating thought, and are the unseen presences that hold together the bricks and mortar, as it were, of the building.

That music is only rightly so called that expresses the thought and soul that lie within the notes and melodies. What we know as genius, is musical intelligence at its highest, a true mingling together of the higher formative thought of the Soul and the lower vital forces. Genius does not necessarily study and play music in the conventional way; it may shine forth through poetry, art, statesmanship, etc. It is a power that expresses in a direct manner the unbroken primary principle or fundamental law of nature. It creates endless *new* forms of expression out of the inexhaustible storehouse of nature, and causes them to become realized facts in everyday life; thus lifting the mass of humanity to a higher level of progress.

All literature, music, art, etc., presupposes ideal thought with a refining tendency to clothe itself in material elements.

They who think in sounds, woven into harmonies and melodies, intuitively realize the laws that unite individuals into groups and nations in their evolutionary progress. Thus between nature, and the mind that thinks and feels in musical cadences, there exists a direct relationship that rises to identity of being.

The laws that govern musical harmony are not confined to the tonal world, but have been proved to be universally true throughout nature. Thus the truth uttered by music is of universal import. Its understanding and observation enriches the life to the fullest.

A man's thought and action reveal an inner tone or motive which we sense as character. We have within us many other "keys" and "organ stops," (besides the ones that we use) which relate us to the whole of nature's keyboard. We only play upon the

particular ones that relate us to the outward life we are mainly interested in. The organs in man's constitution may be compared to the many pipes of an organ. They remain silent until energy is infused into them by the indwelling musician. When so awakened they generate overtones without number. But the human body has millions of keys which we never touch. We limit our playing to a few simple melodies and rarely perform the symphonies that our range of keyboard would permit. Desultory thought, and all desires of low standard, are like performances of a novice on the grandest musical instrument ever constructed. All things are possible if the indwelling musician would strive to perform the higher grades of music from the written scores we have in abundance in the sacred scriptures of the world. The instrument is at hand, for we live in it; it but needs the *will* to perform aright according to the notation of Truth. If two or three notes in a musical chord will generate such remarkable overtones, how much more will the human mind and body, with their equipment of "organ pipes" and "stops" generate forces and qualities which will surely awaken with the harmonious adjustment of our separated faculties. No doubt the single melody of personal life appears valuable to us, but how much grander must be the resulting harmonies that would arise if several melodies were played together, as in one symphony; as we *may* do by harmonizing our faculties towards that focal point where they express the higher unity of soul-vision and spiritual will.

Such is the teaching that music offers; melody being a *single* line of tones sounded successively (as in ordinary consecutive thought) — harmony being the combining of *several* melodies into a unified stream of accumulated power (like thought-streams woven into a vesture of vibrating knowledge without seam from beginning to end).

Between workers in a common cause the great laws of harmony are actively operative. Each participates in the aggregate powers of all; which power includes all resultant overtones and undertones which the working *together* generate from the ocean of larger life, because of the relationship that exists between the united members. Truly, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in their midst."

REPORT OF THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD WORK AT SAN QUENTIN PRISON, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, by Allen Griffiths.

"Give Light and Comfort to the toiling Pilgrim, and seek out him who knows still less than thou; who in his wretched desolation sits starving for the bread of Wisdom and the bread which feeds the shadow, without a Teacher, hope, or Consolation, and— Let him hear THE LAW."—*The Voice of the Silence*.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical work carried on in San Quentin Prison for over twenty years past, and which is actively conducted at this time, owes its triumphant success to two things:

First: To the fact that Theosophy is for the guidance and upliftment of Humanity and is thus the Harbinger of Peace and Joy to all Earth's Peoples.

Second: To the fact that the work of presenting Theosophy therein has been specifically directed by the Leaders of the worldwide Theosophical Movement.

To H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge all the world is indebted for the resuscitation and perpetuating of Theosophical teachings.

To Katherine Tingley is due the fact that Theosophical teachings are safeguarded from adulterations by pseudo-teachings and are presented to the world in their purity by a splendid system that is universal in its scope and operation, and superb in its application and efficiency.

Of the almost numberless efforts at Prison reform and the regeneration of prison inmates, perhaps no results approaching that object have been achieved which equal in present practical efficiency and far-reaching effects, those put forth under the wise, orderly, and continuous direction of the present Theosophical Leader. Indeed, the knowledge displayed by the Leader as to the actual conditions and the real needs of this class, and the wisdom exercised by her in administering to their highest good, constituted the elements of the greatest success possible and is the rationale of the whole situation. It remains for Theosophical teachings to penetrate the crust of the "hardened criminal," reach, and abide in, his heart, impart an intelligent conception of the purpose of life, and inspire him with confidence and a will to play his

part in the scheme of Universal Evolution, and thus share in the Joy of life by consciously working out his own high destiny in accord with his brothers in the world around. Theosophy in San Quentin Prison has created and maintained an atmosphere in which men could live and breathe a larger, truer life—aye, and even while within prison walls, partake in the Life Beautiful!

Regular Universal Brotherhood meetings are held in the prison Assembly Hall, and the attendance is only limited by the capacity of the hall. At these meetings the best efforts of the Universal Brotherhood workers are put forth. The attention and interest invariably manifested, the alert attitude and sympathetic response of the inmates, are evidences of mutual understanding and mutual helpfulness. The spirit of Theosophy prevails—a reverence for its teachings, and a genuine feeling of Brotherhood that has its source and flow in the heart. It is a privilege to be a part of this work, and to come into touch with the strong currents that well up from the hearts of those who are passing through deep waters.

Copies of *The Theosophical Path*, and a sufficient number of *The New Way* to supply the inmates, are distributed. On festive occasions, such as Easter, New Year, etc., special offerings from the Leader and Point Loma Comrades have been made. All these are eagerly and appreciatively received, read, and studied by the inmates. Many a stone cell wall which would otherwise have remained bare and forbidding, is now decorated by Point Loma souvenirs, and often these are the only beams of light and warmth that ever enter to bring cheer and proof that Heart-Light glows and burns in the breasts of others for them. In many ways their gratitude is manifested to Katherine Tingley whom they recognize as the inspirer of the frequent, thoughtful, loving, and helpful efforts to help them to help themselves.

The several visits and meetings of the Leader at San Quentin Prison have been happy and auspicious events in the life not only of the inmates but of the officials who were fortunate enough to be present. Could the Comrades the world over attend a meeting in prison addressed by the Leader, they would enjoy a unique privilege. The prison gloom for a time is gone, and a benediction

fills the place, the sweet influence of which lingers for succeeding days to cheer, to awaken, and to strengthen many disappointed hearts.

It was apparent from the beginning that quite peculiar relations necessarily existed between the officials and guards, in the discharge of their duties, and the collective body of inmates. A State Prison is a miniture cosmopolitan city. The population is made up of people of many nationalities, types of character, degrees of education or no education, and of religious or no beliefs at all. There are atheists, agnostics, free-lances on religious, philosophical, political, and other issues. Then, too, there are no vocations of citizen life that are not therein represented. Some were born in cities, others in small towns or in the country; others again, have had good home training, while still others have been less fortunate. All kinds and degrees of crime have been committed, and the inmates classify themselves accordingly and make up little coteries whose associations are based upon some one or another of the features mentioned. They are all in a marked degree influenced by ideals, temperament, daily duties, opportunities, plans for the future, and the thousand and one rumors and reports of outside-world affairs that mysteriously become current within the walls. Bitter animosities or lasting friendships are thus formed. Indeed, so similar to each other is the imprisoned and the "free" man in all that constitutes human character—good and bad, positive and negative—that the difference really fades away into a very thin line. However, not only were these relative conditions observed, but it was realized that a difficult task and responsibility devolved upon the prison officials to devise and maintain a system of discipline which should apply for the all-round betterment of the men intrusted to their care. Society at large seemed utterly indifferent, if it had not quite forgotten this portion of itself which it had isolated. And in this regard, the question seems à propos as to whether or not society itself is not gravely at fault in the indifference and self-complacency with which it treats the man it has placed behind the bars. But never was a cry made in vain, whether sent up from the desert, the mountain, the sea, or the secret places of silent suffering—the Helpers of Humanity heard,

the Servitors of the Law responded with help proportionate to the hour and the need!

To proclaim the august and primary truth, MAN IS A SOUL; to herald with convincing and oft-repeated voice the awakening and startling laws of Karma and Reincarnation, and to facilitate an enlightened conception and attitude of Brotherhood of official toward inmate and of inmate toward official, became the imperative duty of the hour. Opportunities, natural and devised, were utilized to instil the spirit of Theosophy, to the end that a new order of mutual understanding, sympathy, and helpfulness be established. With this object, frequent and friendly conferences with officials were held. At first they were alert and apprehensive, if not fearful of "interference" and "innovations," but soon the ancient alchemy began to work its potent spells. Later, as they perceived that suggested ideas and methods, while not usual or ordinary, might not only not prove "disturbing," but possibly helpful, their slow but sure response began to be manifest—and that, too, really before they themselves fully realized it. And it may be here truthfully stated that better things for San Quentin began at that time and in that way. It is a pleasant reflection that happy results began to follow. Subsequently, the uniform courtesy received from the officials, and in repeated instances cordial co-operation, extending over a long period of time, is most gratifying to record. Furthermore, the present Warden and other officials, with all of whom now exist most friendly relations, have more than once volunteered the statement that the elevating influence and practical good results upon the inmates, and upon the institution as a whole, were both plain and positive, and for that reason are Theosophical work and workers in San Quentin prison aided and encouraged. Yet, while much has been done and much is in the doing, much remains to be done. Tact, skill, and vigilance, are imperative. But it is believed that under the guiding genius of the Leader further advance and greater success in prison work, as in all other departments of the victorious Theosophical Movement, will be achieved.

Reverting again to the inmates themselves, equally happy results, and on many lines, could be recorded. It is a significant fact that during the whole time—more than a

score of years—that Universal Brotherhood meetings have been conducted in San Quentin prison, there has never occurred a disturbance or a single unseemly act on the part of regular attendants. Is not this a remarkable record? Does it not reflect great credit, and is it not unmistakable evidence of the refining and molding power of Theosophy in the lives of San Quentin's men?

The inmates are fellow-men, our Brothers, who, though having made mistakes (and who has not—either *then* or *now*?), did so because of ignorance or for the same reason that other men—you or I—"go wrong," and have done so from the beginning. Yes, my Comrades, for *all*:

"The wheel of the Good Law moves swiftly on. It grinds by night and day. The worthless husks it drives from out the golden grain, the refuse from the flour. The hand of Karma guides the wheel; the revolutions mark the beatings of the karmic heart."

The Gates of Purification are for ever swung open for the passing of those for whom the hour is struck: fortunate the man who knows his own passing; thrice fortunate he who serves a passing Brother.

Many San Quentin men are channels of tremendous energy, which, had it been rightly directed, would have coined success in honorable positions of life. But they did not understand it and consequently ran amuck. Neither did they know of the dual nature of themselves—the Angel and the Demon—hence disaster was inevitable. At this time, few, if any, of the host of men released from that institution during the past twenty years, and of the over two thousand present inmates, have no intelligent understanding of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy, and frequent statements have been made by them to the effect that for the years spent in prison they feel fully compensated by the knowledge of Theosophy gained while there. At the time of their incarceration they had thought that their cases were hopeless, their lives complete and irredeemable failures, and that nothing they might do could avail anything; the die was cast, despair and sullen rebellion became their constant companions. Then was the striking of the hour; then one of the Gates swung open and as the iron door clanged behind them, imprisonment brought the larger liberty which the knowledge of Theosophy bequeathes. That knowledge for

them changed the whole character and import of human life, for they now know that the man who is thus equipped and who wills and works wisely, *no matter what his past may have been*, has ample time and opportunity to redeem that past and to create a happy and useful future. And so it is that hundreds of men in San Quentin today possess a mighty incentive for right thought and right action, and have a peace and joy in their hearts that reach over and beyond grim, gray walls, and out to the cities and the plains and the seas, to cheer, to encourage, to uplift disheartened brothers the world around. The doors of neither palace nor hovel are closed to these messages of Brotherly love, and many thought currents flowing from that place are freighted with letters royal to the earth dwellers, for the men of San Quentin know that they, too, have a part in the Grand Plan, and bravely and silently speed the message to their "Little Brothers" of near and distant lands.

The constant daily stream of released men who, before release, acquired a knowledge of Theosophy and are resolved to steer their lives by it, not only take right places among men and with brave front carve out success in the active affairs of life, but carry the Light out into the world to lessen its darkness and to cheer and hearten their companions with the same glad message. And well they know — *all*, the released, the captive, and he whose death-sentence was humanely commuted — and never will they forget, that Katherine Tingley is the Friend and Helper of all who may be passing through the shadows to the Light beyond — and gratitude goes out to her that she does so much for them.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

International Theosophical Chronicle
Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke,
London, England.

The December issue opens with "Some of the Vital Problems of the Age from a Theosophical Standpoint," an address delivered by Katherine Tingley last September, in Boston. While it can not be summarized, one or two brief quotations may give an idea of its substance. "Theosophy opens the way for man to find his own divinity, and thus to know his

possibilities. In doing this, he naturally becomes acquainted with his own responsibilities." "Our homes are in danger, our young folk are in danger all the time; and no matter how great the love with which parents may surround their children, and thus try to protect them, they are constantly meeting with conditions that it seems almost impossible to overcome." "It is a tragedy for a child to be born into the world under present conditions of human life." "If we are to serve humanity rightly, to really do some things to lift its burdens, we must begin our preparatory and remedial work in the home." "To feel the fire of Theosophy, with its stimulative redemptive power, in your lives, your minds must become as free and receptive as the flowers to the sunlight."

In "Womanly Work for Peace" will be found a splendid tribute to the unseen work Katherine Tingley is continually accomplishing every moment of her strenuous and beneficent life, among old and young, friends and even enemies. "It is only a question of time and numbers when, from the inner harmony of human units, there must come the organic living unity expressed by International Peace."

Excellent also are "Home-Making," "Theosophy, the Unifier of Religions," "The Playground of Mind," "The Legends of Three Saviors." The illustrations include scenes in Cuba, Japan, Germany, Sweden, and Lomaland.

Den Teosofiska Vägen

Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D.,
Stockholm, Sweden.

The December number has a good article on the message of Yule-time, which points out that the festival was celebrated in many lands ages before what is known as the Christian era began. The significance of the wave of brotherly feeling which permeates human life at that season is dwelt upon.

"Râja-Yoga Teaching in the Schoolroom" might well induce educationalists to study Theosophy, so as to learn something of the secret of a system capable of producing such beneficial and well-known results. "The Peace-Pipe," from the *Song of Hiawatha*, is rendered in Swedish in a way that must delight Scandinavians, for it has the lilt and rhythm of the old sagas.

"Home-life and School-life from the Theosophical Standpoint," by a young student at Point Loma, is an article of especial value, for therein are beautifully expressed "some of the ideals that have grown up with me from my childhood, through thirteen happy years spent at Point Loma."

Other excellent articles are, "A Study of *The Secret Doctrine*"; "Art and Râja-Yoga"; "Gratitude and Love." "The First Christmas Tree" is a Russian legend of singular charm, which H. P. Blavatsky published in *Lucifer*.

Der Theosophische Pfad

Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany.

The finely illustrated December issue of *Der Theosophische Pfad* contains a wealth of interesting matter and of things worth knowing. "Opportunities at the Year's End," a song in rhythmic prose, contains noble thought. The leading article, "The Lost Chord of Christianity," by W. A. H., will interest those who think that primitive Christianity knew nothing of the teaching of reincarnation. The treatise deserves wide circulation, as its contents introduce a forgotten element into Christian philosophy. In it a series of important quotations from that old Christian document, *The Pistis Sophia*, the great value of which H. P. Blavatsky so emphatically pointed out, is given. Dr. H. Coryn writes on "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" The statements of the author will probably cause serious minds to reflect on the fact of human solidarity. A report by Mr. Montagu Machell on "Musical Activities at the Râja-Yoga College," gives some glimpse of the endeavors at the Theosophical Headquarters towards the rounding-out and growth of the musical and artistic life. On August 15th last, Katherine Tingley gave a public lecture in the large Concert Hall in Amsterdam, Holland. The December issue of *Der Theosophische Pfad* has a full translation of this lecture and the ideas of the speaker will not fail to find a strong echo in congenial minds. The number closes with very timely reflections on the nature of real Theosophy as contrasted with its counterfeit, Pseudo-Theosophy; a publication which will be hailed with great satisfaction by many.

El Sendero Teosófico

Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma, California, U. S. A.

"A Pivotal Point of History" is the opening theme in the January number, wherein the only true parallel between present and previous conditions is found, not in the fall of Rome, or of Babylon, but in those prevailing prior to the destruction of the Atlantean continental system, something like a million years ago, if the teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* are to be accepted. Then "material civilization had been brought to a wonderful point of splendor, . . . men built better, traveled faster, communicated with the ends of the earth with less trouble, navigated the sky. . . ." Dangerous powers, psychic, "menaced the whole future of humanity. . . . Nature lost her patience; she let loose her great waters." After enforcing the lessons of the parallel, it concludes: "We must have an education that shall hold up the goal of service to mankind, and not that of winning only wealth or position; and that shall fit the children for that service."

Next comes an informing and inspiring essay on Venice, copiously illustrated. A vivid picture is drawn of its brightest years and wonderful history, of its architecture, and of its literary and artistic contributions to our modern civilization. An appreciation of the life and work of H. P. Blavatsky follows. "The essential difference between H. P. Blavatsky and the founders of cults and sects is, that in place of offering for public approval a theory, a religion, or a special philosophy, she, like all true teachers, *showed the way.*"

"The Castle of Violence" purports to be an ancient Welsh legend; but one should have to expand the meaning of "Welsh" considerably, to reach the regions and times which belong to these fascinating tales.

Other articles are: "Coloring in Nature"; "Perfection, the Destiny of Humanity"; "Râja-Yoga and International Brotherhood League Work in Pinar del Rio, Cuba."

The illustrations include the famous gateways at Nagasaki, Japan; four reproductions of paintings of Venetian masters; and views in the north and south of England.

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 G. de Purucker, 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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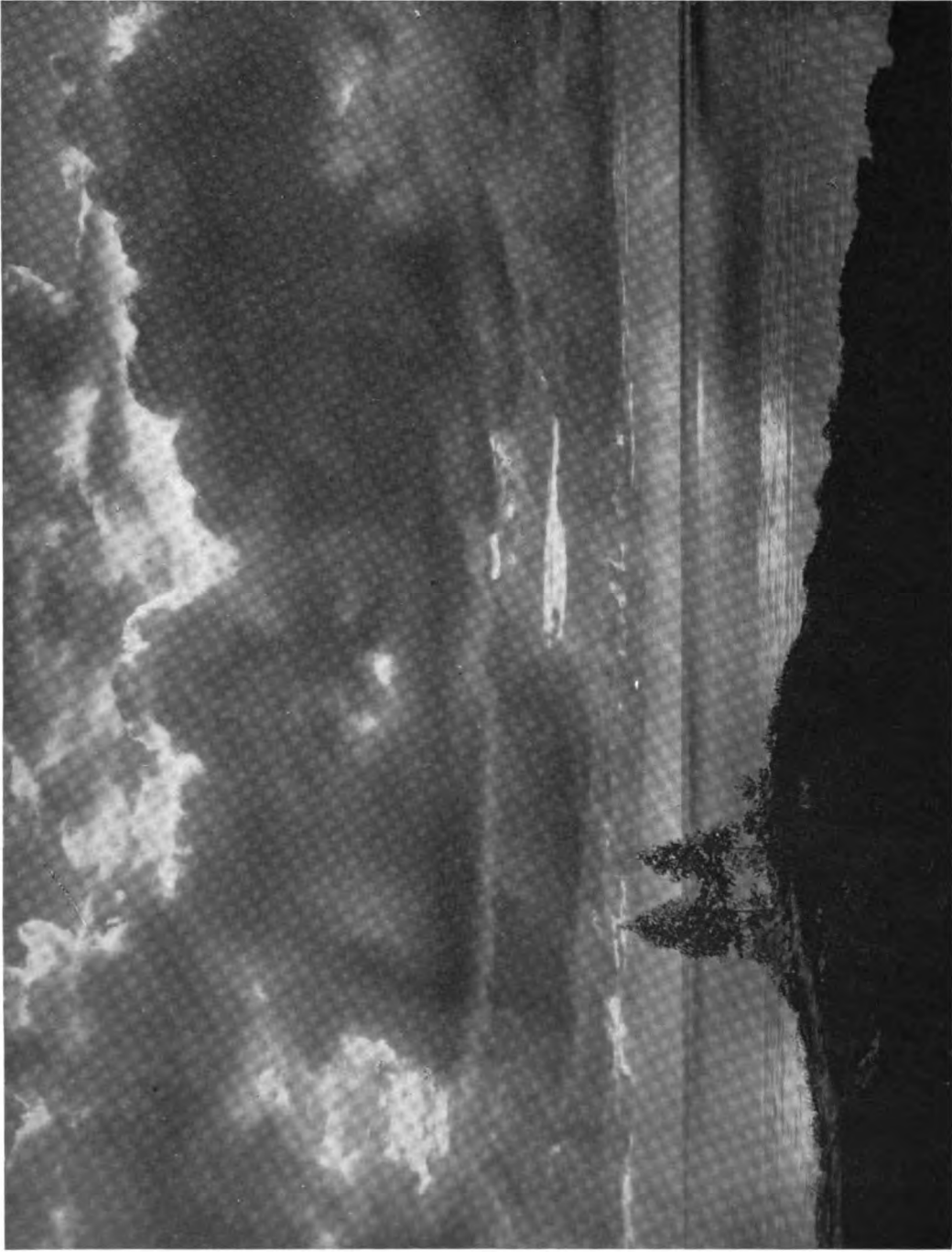
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VOL. VI No. 3

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SUNSET OVER THE PACIFIC
FROM THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

MARCH, 1914

NO. 3

THE DUTY of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

H. P. BLAVATSKY ON THE MISSION OF THEOSOPHY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THIS quotation from H. P. Blavatsky is chosen for a starting-point because it so aptly sums up her conception of the purpose of the Society she founded. The welfare of man is dependent on his recognition of the Divinity of his essential nature; and when he forgets this, he lapses into materialism. The Theosophical Society was founded for the express purpose of preventing materialism from proceeding to such lengths as to destroy civilization. Such movements have been initiated, with the same object, many other times in human history.

The word "spiritual" has unfortunately lost most of its meaning, through being used in a vague theological sense, and through being applied to things which are only psychic or astral. What it meant in the mind of H. P. Blavatsky is shown by the following:

From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

Great powers are often the impediments to spiritual and right conceptions.

This is enough to show that the spiritual intuition meant is not of the vague unpractical kind or of the vainglorious kind. And as to intuition:

Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.

In short, it is clear that by "spiritual intuition" H. P. Blavatsky meant the will and the wisdom to do right and to live unselfishly. The relation between spiritual and other powers is shown here:

Through Theosophy man's mental and psychic growth will proceed in harmony with his moral improvement.

The order of words in this sentence unmistakably indicates that the moral improvement goes first; otherwise the order of the words

would have been inverted. But in any case there is the most ample evidence throughout H. P. Blavatsky's writings that such was her meaning; upon no point is she more insistent. This indeed makes all the difference between Wisdom and false knowledge, or between the use and abuse of faculties. Man's whole life is a contest between right motives and the impulsive forces of selfish desire; and when the crisis comes, and he must choose definitely between these powers, as to which shall rule in the future, there is danger that he will choose wrongly and will make all his faculties subservient to desire. He thus enters upon a path which leads him ever further from the light, and he must either lose his Soul or painfully retrieve his steps. To guard against this possibility, it is essential to have a firm moral basis; or, in other words, to observe those Spiritual laws of nature which underlie all other laws.

The ancient doctrine, as thus stated, suggests a "heresy" — namely, that mental and psychic development should be aimed at, in the hope, or under the plea, that moral improvement will be the logical sequel. This is proved both philosophically and by experience to be wrong. The history of people who have tried to follow this path is one of self-undoing and self-deception, ending in catastrophe. Perhaps the fault is licentiousness. Having failed to overcome this, yet loath to follow the beaten path of profligacy, seeking to gratify at once their desires and their self-respect, they at last take refuge in an unholy alliance of sanctity and indulgence, and *deify* their passions. Thus have been invented many profligate and licentious cults, since the world began, and instances of such we see in our day. Or perhaps the obstacle is love of approbation. This motive has, let us say, been lurking behind every thought and deed of the aspirant to knowledge; and instead of being rooted up, has been suffered to grow. At last it waxes strong enough to overthrow all better motives, and the aspirant forsakes the path of duty and enters on a career of self-glorification. But "the Devil drives a hard bargain," and the career is short-lived and full of tribulation. Desperate expedients are resorted to, in order to secure the coveted adulation, so necessary to life. Vanity, grown inordinate, warps the judgment and blinds the eyes to what otherwise would be obvious folly. In this way many wild and weird gospels have been preached, since time began; and such again are heard in our own day.

Theosophy is intended to benefit individuals and races; hence it

teaches the eternal truth that moral principle always has the first place.

Important and excellent are the Spiritual powers in man, about which we have the following:

The Spirit in man—the direct ray of the Universal Spirit—has at last awakened.

Let once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him.

The Theosophist must himself be a center of spiritual action.

The powers and forces of animal nature can be used by the selfish and revengeful, as much as by the unselfish and all-forgiving; the powers and forces of Spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart—and this is DIVINE MAGIC.

It has been said that sacrifice is the only *real* deed that man does. On such occasions the real Man comes forth and acts. The mind realizes that human nature contains something that is better than personal desire. And the deed is done in fulfilment of this higher incentive. We have had about enough of the doctrine that desire rules the world and is the final law of life. It is nothing of the sort; such a universal strife and struggle could but end in universal destruction. But it is easy to discern in nature the law of sacrifice, if we only look for it. Those who aspire to spiritual powers, said the Teacher, must be ready to recognize this fundamental law; otherwise their efforts will result merely in the intensification of their own weaknesses. The psychic, in alliance with the passionate, is a terrible foe to man. Moreover, H. P. Blavatsky's message was for humanity; and the uprooting of selfishness is the only medicine for society. The development of psychic powers is no way to uproot selfishness.

To merit the honorable title of Theosophist, one must be an altruist above all, one ever ready to help equally foe or friend, to act rather than to speak, and to urge others to action while never losing an opportunity to work himself.

Altruism is an integral part of self-development.

The one terrible and only cause of the disturbance of Harmony is Selfishness.

Theosophy gives to every sincere man or woman an ideal to live for.

Theosophy is the quintessence of duty.

Theosophy is the most serious movement of this age.

Theosophy has to inculcate ethics.

Theosophy leads to action—enforced action, instead of mere intention and talk.

Theosophy teaches self-abnegation, but does not teach rash and useless self-sacrifice, nor does it justify fanaticism.

The Theosophical idea of charity means personal exertion for others.

The above quotations, which are but a few samples from an exhaustless mine, show beyond doubt H. P. Blavatsky's purpose, and also the source of her heroic strength. She surely was endowed with Spiritual powers. And these are the powers to be coveted by the aspirant to enlightenment. And what man or woman, who has felt the gloom and airlessness of self-satisfaction, the hopelessness of the pursuit of mere personal happiness, and who at times has glimpsed the nobler diviner possibilities of life, could be attracted by those ideals of self-development which only add to the burden of self-consciousness and shut the personality off more than ever from its unity with the race? The Divine Harmony is the only goal that will satisfy; and Duty, rather than pleasure, is the guide.

The Spiritual Intuition of humanity is indeed in need of being kept alive, if it is not to be strangled by the pursuit of false ideals. We see individuals and nations losing all that is of real and lasting value, in order to grasp things which they cannot keep and whose value is fictitious and uncertain. Balzac said that the only things which gave life and vigor to individuals and to nations were great ideals, whereas nearly everybody was absorbed in himself and the age had become "utilitarian." It is a common enough saying, and we can hear it preached anywhere; but how about the remedy? Mere exhortations will not suffice. The Theosophical movement is a titanic force poured into modern society and it touches life at all points, awakening man to new activity on every plane. It is an intellectual force as well as a moral force — and the two are really one, when each is sublimated.

The Theosophical Society will permeate the great mass of intelligent people with its noble ideals.

The ethics of Theosophy are the essence and cream of the world's ethics.

Theosophy *alone* can eradicate the selfishness ingrained in Western nations.

These quotations show what H. P. Blavatsky thought of the mission of Theosophy, and the following show how strongly she insisted on altruism as the indispensable quality of the aspirant to Wisdom.

Self-Knowledge is of loving deeds the child.

We have never attained or even understood the powers of the human heart. Self-sacrifice is the highest standard of Theosophy.

It is not by studying Occultism for selfish ends, for the gratification of one's personal ambition, pride, or vanity, that one can ever reach the true goal — that of helping suffering humanity.

Compassion is the Law of Laws — eternal harmony.

To feel "Compassion" without an adequate practical result is not Altruism. The first of the Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.

For every flower of love and charity you plant in your neighbor's garden, a loathsome weed will disappear from your own.

There is no happiness for one who is ever thinking of self and forgetting all other selves.

The duty — let alone happiness — of every Theosophist is certainly to help others to carry their burden.

A Theosophist should gain the wisdom to help others effectually, not blindly. The human heart has not yet fully uttered itself.

If unable to toil for humanity, work for the few who need your help.

The principle of Brotherhood is one of the eternal truths that govern the world's progress.

Step out of sunlight into shade to make more room for others.

The dynamic force that alone can move the world is Divine Compassion, with its twin, Divine Intelligence; and each one of these two evokes the other. Theosophy wages war against ignorance and mistaken beliefs, as well as against want of heart. Theosophy can stand by a man in that bitterness of soul when all life seems a cruel mockery — a crisis that comes to every man of feeling, whatever his circumstances. This travail of the soul is like the pangs of a new birth; and though we may rebel, we can endure it and pass safely through it, if we know that back of the storm-clouds there shines the eternal light of the Spirit — our very Self which is striving to reveal itself to the tottering mind.

Thus Theosophy is an invincible power, for it must touch men's hearts everywhere, and influence permanently even those who at first reject it. For the truth strikes home and is recognized. And Theosophy will survive all its counterfeits that are trying to live on it and exploit its benefits; for the latter are very mortal, while the truth is immortal. Finally let us give the following quotation from H. P. Blavatsky:

Do you not think there must be something very noble, very exalted, very true, behind the Society, when the leaders and the founders of the movement still continue to work for it with all their strength? They sacrifice to it all comfort, all worldly prosperity and success, even to their good name and reputation, to receive in return incessant and ceaseless obloquy, relentless persecution, untiring slander, constant ingratitude and misunderstanding of their best efforts, blows and buffets from all sides — when by simply dropping their work they would find themselves immediately released from every responsibility, shielded from every further attack.

POMPEII: by C. J. Ryan



THE unexpected discovery of the ancient harbor of Pompeii, which has quickly followed the wonderful discoveries in the Street of Abundance, has attracted wide attention in the last few months. Vesuvius, that terrible monster that shook itself out of an age-long sleep one day and overwhelmed the gay city, is again an object of apprehension. According to Professor Alessandro Malladra, of the Vesuvius Observatory, the daring explorer of the interior of the smoking crater, the signs point to the fact that a new period of eruption has begun which will probably not end without a violent outbreak.

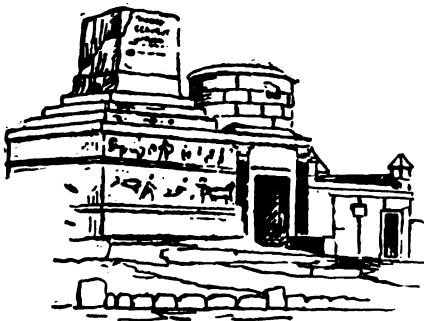
While the excavation of Pompeii is steadily going on, that of its sister city of Herculaneum has languished, but recent reports say that Herculaneum is now to be thoroughly explored. The cost will be great, for it is buried deeply beneath about one hundred feet of extremely hard volcanic tufa. Shafts sunk in 1684 led to the discovery of a few statues and columns of great beauty, but the work was so costly and difficult that it was soon abandoned. In 1748 the excavators were accidentally attracted to the easier digging of the softer material under which Pompeii is buried, though no one knew the name or the importance of the remains they had hit upon. Within seven years 738 pictures, some of great interest, 350 statues, and 1647 other objects were recovered and placed in the Royal Museum at Naples, and from that time, with short intermissions, the work has never ceased.

Vesuvius, to which we owe both the destruction and preservation of Pompeii and Herculaneum, had been peaceful for many centuries before the great eruption of 79 A. D. In fact, though the volcanic nature of Calabria was well known, Vesuvius was supposed to be quite extinct. Strabo, in 25 A. D., described it as clothed with fertile soil right up to the nearly level summit, which he says was stony and apparently at some distant time had been subjected to the action of fire (Bk. v, chap iv, §8). The slopes were overgrown by luxuriant vegetation and the wooded landscape was a fit retreat for the gods. The beauty of the view from the top was extolled by Tacitus, who speaks of the succession of picturesque towns which stretched for miles along the shores of the bay (*Ann.* iv, 67). Spartacus, the revolted gladiator, and his band of ten thousand slaves, took refuge in the fastnesses of the sleeping crater in 73 B. C., and descended from its shelter upon the praetor Claudius Pulcher to destroy his camp and defeat his troops.

With the tremendous outbreak of 79 A. D. the scene was completely changed. Since its first taste of blood within the historic period the fiery giant, Vesuvius, has not long been content without fresh victims. Till about 1130 A. D. there were frequent and severe eruptions, but after that time there appear to have been five centuries of comparative quiet. In 1631 it again broke out with great violence, and has continued to be more or less active ever since. Owing to its quiescence in antique times it is not remarkable that the classic poets did not associate it with supernatural terrors, but during the Middle Ages superstitious fears arose, and the belief became general that in its fires and smoke the boundary of hell was visibly advanced among the living. Legends related that the wicked were sometimes plunged into its sulphureous abysses almost before the breath had left their bodies, and when any prominent and wealthy sinner died the peasantry declared that its flames belched forth with extra fury.

The great earthquake of February 63 A. D., which partially wrecked Pompeii, was the first premonition of danger, and it came as an astonishing surprise to the inhabitants, who were only accustomed to slight shocks in the summertime, if at all. For some time they were doubtful whether it was worth while to repair the damages, but after a while, finding that all was quiet, they set to work with vigor, and the private houses and most of the public buildings were all rebuilt when the final catastrophe came and put an end to their labors.

Pompeii is about twenty-one miles from Naples, and stands on rising ground surrounded by a fertile plain, and close to the navigable stream Sarno. The ancient road leading from the direction of Rome



is very impressively bordered by large and handsome tombs of Pompeiian notables for a long distance from the city, which is entered by the unimposing Gate of Herculaneum. Several of the highways which leave the city in other directions are also lined with tombs, and future excavations will probably show that all the roads were decorated in the same way. The an-

cients looked upon the memorials of death with more wholesome feelings than we do.

Upon entering the city the twentieth century seems to vanish, and

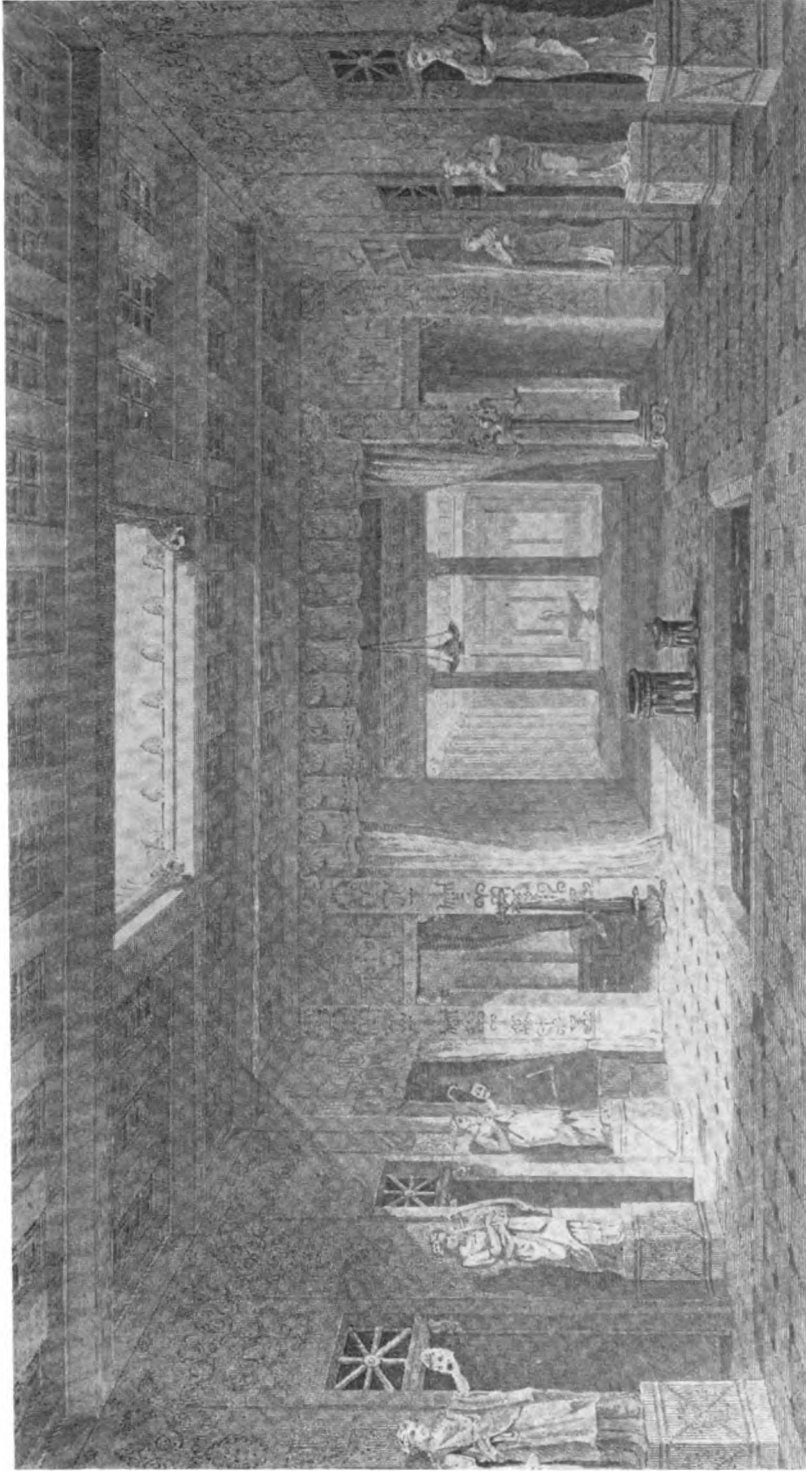
one seems to be living in the days of the early Roman Empire. Its decline and fall are far off in the future; the Rome of Nero has just been destroyed by fire, the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus are in



process of building; Christianity, then merely another insignificant Oriental sect among many, has made no impression upon the world, and the checkered centuries of barbarism, of change and revival, which we conceitedly fancy the most important of all human periods — the Middle Ages and their modern successors — are still in the mysterious womb of Time. The great Egyptian civilization is outwardly firm and will last several hundred years, though its vitality has gone, and the Sacred Mysteries will be at least formally celebrated in Greece for many generations. The

modernity of Pompeii is startling. It has lain wrapped in an enchanted sleep awaiting the spade of the excavator for its awakening to what is almost a re-embodiment, at least in outward appearance.

The history of Pompeii is a brief, and until its last years, an uneventful one. The city owes its small measure of importance to its defensible position and its situation near the mouth of the Sarno river. It was the port of the neighboring towns in the interior. Mythology says that Campania, once peopled by giants, was colonized by Hercules. Whatever historical foundation this may have, we are first on firm ground when we hear of its conquest by the Samnites, the previous inhabitants having been Oscans, Etruscans, and Pelasgians. About the third century B. C. it was conquered by Rome, and for a while it increased in wealth and population, equipping itself with handsome public buildings and fine houses. Pompeii took sides against Rome in the Social War of 91-88 B. C. and endured a long siege under Sulla. After its fall, Sulla partially dismantled the fortifications, but for some unknown reason did not severely punish the inhabitants. Stabiae, its neighbor to the south, was razed to the ground, and Pompeii succeeded to its trade, flourishing exceedingly until the first stroke of disaster, the earthquake of 63 A. D. The whole of Campania suffered from this, but the heaviest blows fell



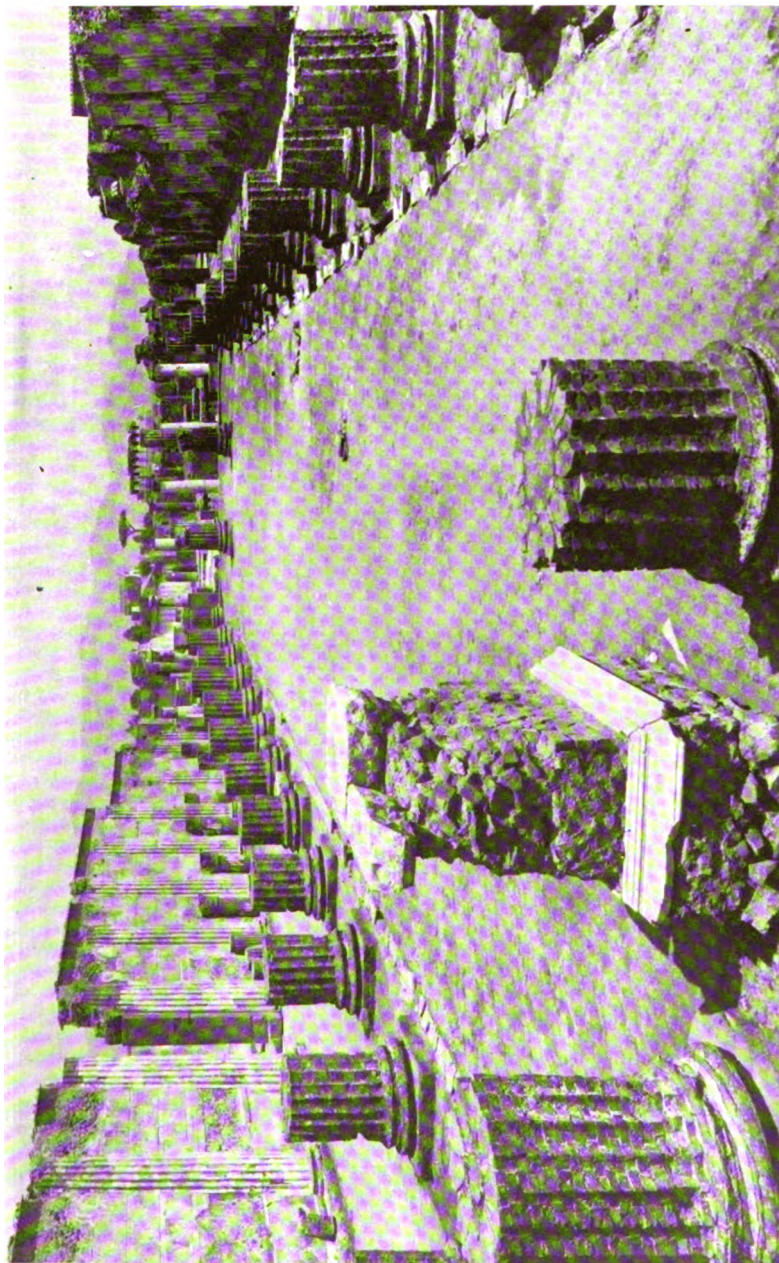
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RESTORATION OF THE ATRIUM IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA, POMPEII



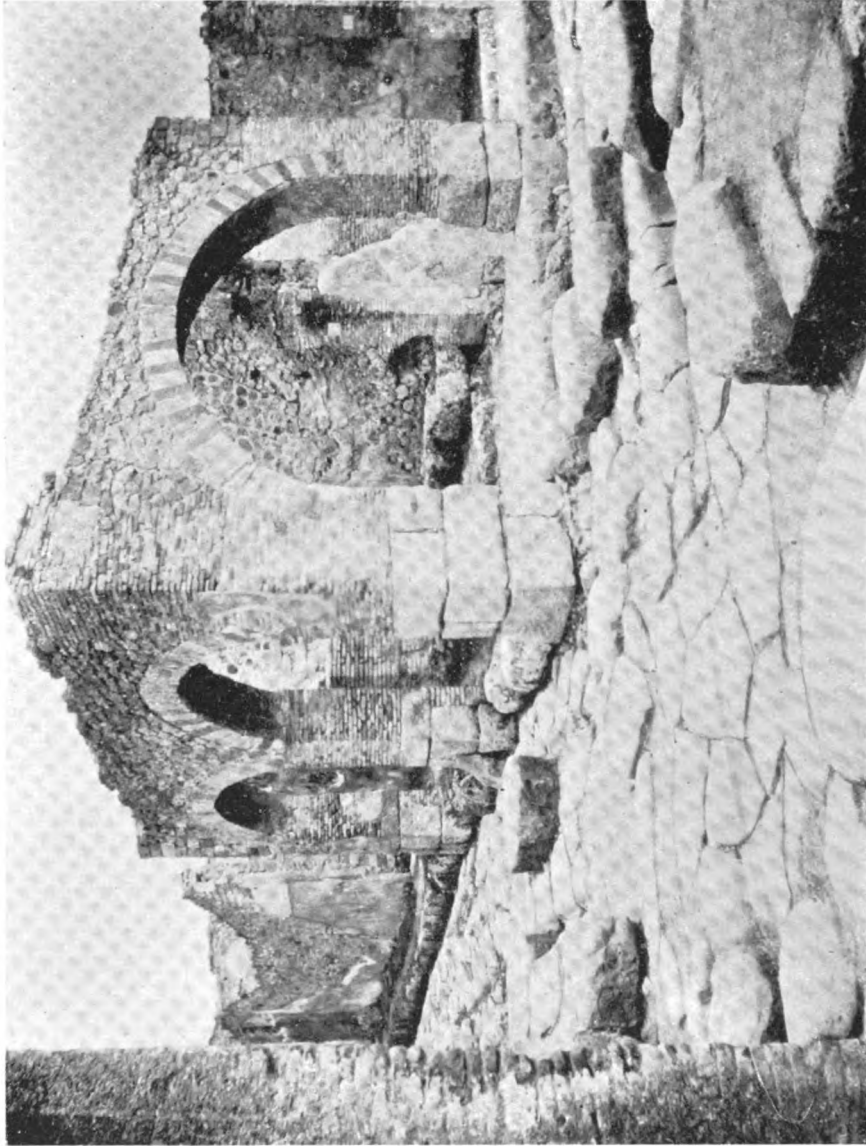
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OVEN AND MILLS IN THE HOUSE OF PANSA



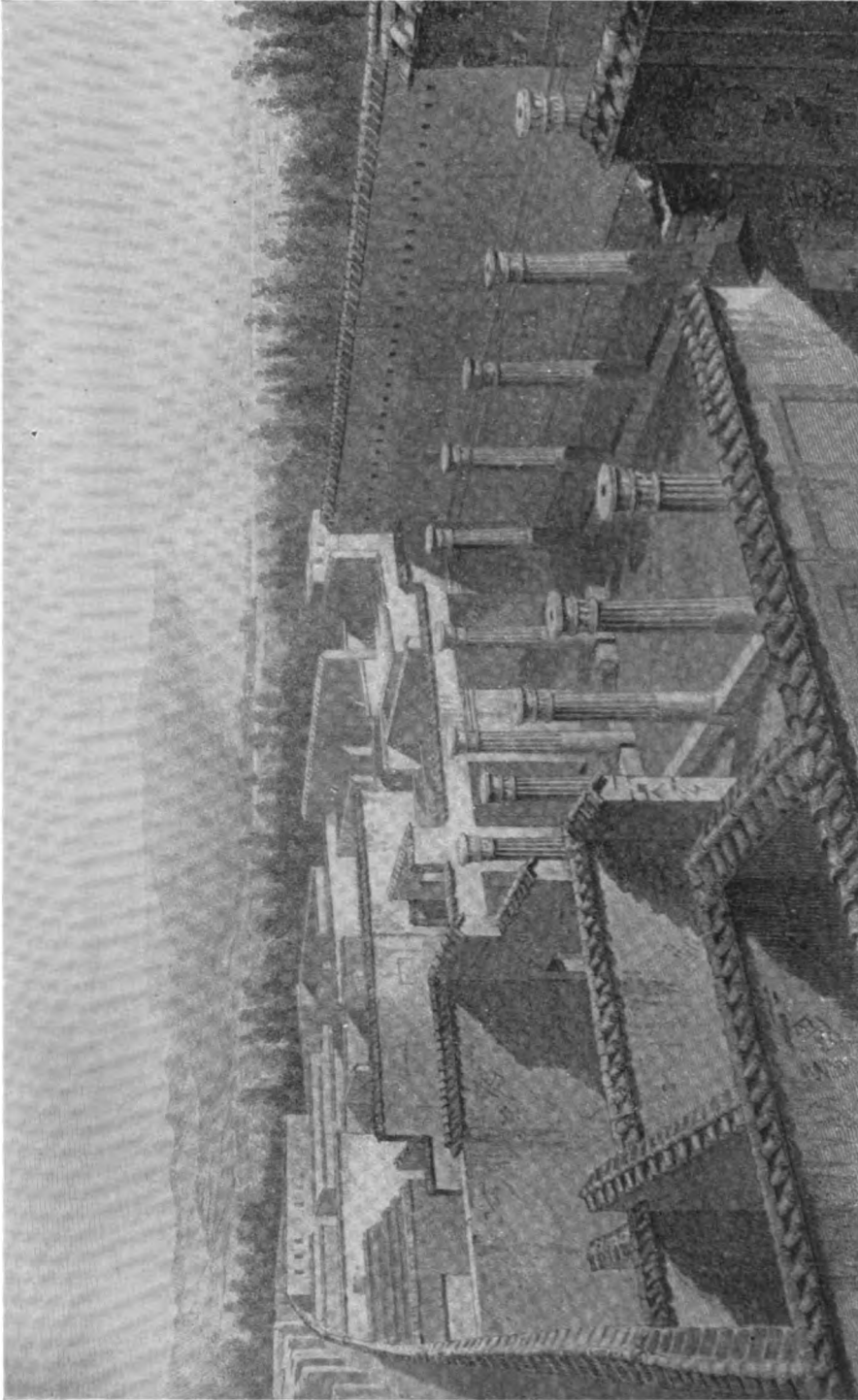
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COLONNADES AND REMAINS OF A ROMAN BASILICA, POMPEII



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A STREET CORNER IN ANCIENT POMPEII
SHOWING STEPPING-STONES USED BY PEDESTRIANS ON VERY STORMY DAYS



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VIEW IN THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS, POMPEII



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TRIANGULAR ROOM AND BATH IN THE "VILLA SUBURBANA," POMPEII

upon Pompeii and Herculaneum; the Roman Senate seriously considered whether Pompeii should be allowed to rebuild. In spite of the rapid restorations that were finally carried out, the traces of the earthquake are very clear. The temples and other colonnaded buildings suffered most severely. When the last day came the Forum was still an area of rebuilding; the Temple of Apollo was just finished; but the great Temple of Jupiter was in complete ruin. Many of the private houses show a curious juxtaposition of the old and the new, and nearly every building was covered with fresh stucco to disguise the repairs, and decorated anew in what is called the Fourth or Intricate Style of painting. Though its life was very short, this late style is what is generally associated with the name Pompeian, for most of the earlier work had perished, being replaced by the newer, lighter, and more fanciful designs.

The general plan of Pompeii was an irregular oval; its walls were about five kilometers (3 miles) in circumference; they contained eight gates, two still covered. The arrangement of the streets is fairly regular, the principal thoroughfares crossing at right angles or nearly so. Though the streets are narrow from a modern standpoint, the city is a good example of rational town-planning. Mercury Street, the widest, is only 32 feet wide. This want of breadth was probably not considered important in view of the shade obtained thereby, and there must have been need to economize space within the confining walls. The streets were carefully paved and had sidewalks and stepping-stones for use when they were flooded with rushing water. In some of the principal thoroughfares wheeled traffic was not permitted. Sixteen hundred years later the streets of Paris and London were in far worse condition, though rather wider, than those of Pompeii.

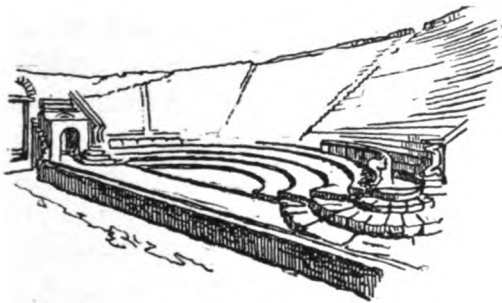
As the stores are exposed to view, the various trades of their occupiers are frequently traced by means of painted signs, tools, remains of food, etc. Several taverns and wine-shops have been found with heating apparatus for providing the warm drinks so popular with the Romans. The inns were not of a high class because the wealthy traveler expected to stay at his own villas, of which he would have several, or be entertained at a friend's house. Cicero had a villa here. Next to the fascination of being able to walk in the actual streets of a town of antiquity, so marvelously fossilized for our study and enjoyment, comes the possibility of examining a multitude of the small ob-

jects of everyday life constantly being discovered. By means of these we have proved that the ancients had nearly all the conveniences and most of the luxuries of a modern city. In fact, the people of even such a second rate place as Pompeii had far more comforts and means of satisfying the artificial desires of a complex civilization than the inhabitants of large cities during the Middle Ages and later. The list of trades and occupations is a very long one. It includes all the essential trades such as building, carpentering, pottery-making, tailoring, shoemaking, tanning, laundrying, furniture-making, baking, carriage-making, barbering, and dyeing. Banking was a well-established business, and there were numerous goldsmiths, fruit and poultry merchants, fishermen, muleteers, porters, and apprentices. Pompeii was famous for its fish-sauces. Olive oil was manufactured in the vicinity; the farm-villa at Bosco Reale, where one hundred and three silver vases were recently found, has a complete plant for this purpose. Among the tools which fill the cases of the Naples Museum a number of very modern-looking surgical instruments in bronze are conspicuous.

The Forum was, of course, the focus and center of the life of the city. It was surrounded by colonnades and dominated by temples, and decorated by numerous statues. Near the Forum were the markets, one of which, the Macellum, was a magnificent building, containing Carrara marble columns and statues, and walls painted with scenes from Homer and the classical mythology. At the west end of the Forum stands the Basilica, the center of the legal and administrative activities. It is the largest and one of the earliest buildings in Pompeii. It is one hundred and eighty feet long and eighty feet wide. Twenty-eight handsomely painted Ionic columns, over thirty-three feet high divide the interior into a nave and two side aisles with a space at each end. Pompeii had a splendid water supply, and three large public bathing establishments have been found. These baths are in far better preservation than those in Rome, and, although they are on a smaller scale, it is from them that we have derived accurate knowledge of the methods of heating and other interesting details of these characteristically Roman buildings.

The temples of Pompeii are more interesting historically than aesthetically. The temple called (without any foundation) after Hercules, in the Triangular Forum, near the two Theaters, is in the pure Greek Doric style, and is very old, but, unfortunately, there is very little left of it. It stands upon a commanding site and when perfect must have

been a striking and magnificent building. There are two semi-Greek temples in Pompeii, but the majority of the temples are distinctly Roman in design. The finest of these was the temple of Jupiter at the northern end of the Forum. It was raised high upon the customary Roman *podium* or basement and had a portico of six very large Corinthian pillars. It is in complete ruin. A small temple dedicated to Isis of the Egyptian cult, rebuilt after the earthquake, is in fair condition. It is of particular interest on account of being the only existing temple of the mystic cult in Italy. It originally contained a beautiful statue of Isis with the sistrum in her hand. Tablets with hieroglyphic inscriptions were found on two altars, and the style of decoration has a decidedly Egyptian cast.



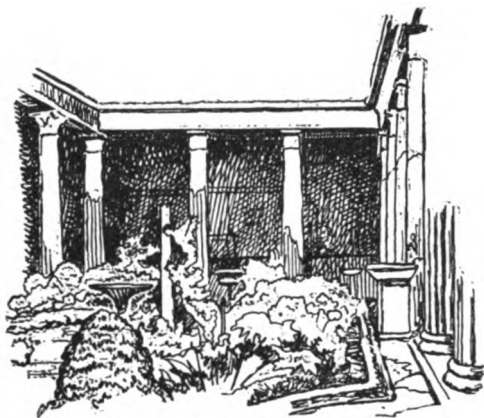
The theater was an essential of life to the Romans, and Pompeii possessed two, one an open-air theater holding 5000 people, the other a smaller covered one with 1500 seats; both were of the ordinary semi-circular shape. Little is known of the kind of plays that pleased the Pompeians,

but they were probably of the lighter sort as a rule, though an occasional heavy Latin tragedy gave opportunities for political points to be brought out. From an inscription on a metallic ticket of admission it is supposed that the noble dramas of Aeschylus were sometimes presented. The names of a few favorite actors have been found, and even that of an actress, Rotica.

The great Amphitheater, used for gladiatorial combats and such spectacular displays, held 20,000 people, and is remarkable for being the oldest structure of its kind in existence. It was here, during a performance, that a free fight took place between the Pompeians and visitors from Nuceria, which resulted in the Roman Senate, under Nero, forbidding any gladiatorial shows for ten years.

Interesting and instructive as the remains of the public buildings in Pompeii are, it is the wonderful preservation of many of the private houses that make the fossil city of unique importance. The habits of the people have been revealed and the technical terms and obscurities of Vitruvius and other writers on architecture made comprehen-

sible. The most complete Pompeiian house of the later time consisted of two interior courts, surrounded by rooms, and an upper story of less important chambers. The *Atrium*, the court nearest the street, had an opening in the center of the roof to let in the light and air.



The rain which penetrated this *Compluvium* was caught by a shallow tank which formed a beautiful decorative feature in the center of the mosaic floor. The second court, open to the sky, and with flowers growing in the central space, was surrounded by a colonnade, hence the name *peristyle*. Beyond the Peristyle there was another garden, if space permitted. If not, trees, flowers, and birds

were often painted on the back wall. The whole interior of the house was colored and decorated with mural paintings of great beauty and interest. Architectural effect has been carefully studied in the design and decoration of the Pompeiian house, a vista of nearly three hundred feet being obtained from the outer door to the garden wall, varied by a pleasing play of light and shade upon the richly colored surfaces, and productive of a more beautiful effect than has been obtained in almost any modern building. In sharp contrast with the richness of the interiors is the simplicity of the exteriors, and, although glass windows, and, as the new discoveries in the Street of Abundance have just proved, handsome balconies, were frequently introduced in the upper stories, the ancient principle of lighting and airing by means of interior courts was not greatly departed from. The Moorish houses still existing in Spain present many of the Pompeiian characteristics. Built into the front and sides of the Pompeiian house we commonly find a number of small shops not connected with it, but let to merchants.

Pompeii has provided us with more knowledge of ancient painting than any other source. The private houses, the temples, and other public buildings, were adorned lavishly with wall paintings and mosaics. The subjects include elaborate compositions of figures, historical and mythological scenes, and representations of the daily life of the people. Though art was not at its highest level, there is reason

to believe that it was not decaying, and the pictures were not mere reproductions of ancient Greek masterpieces. Bright and picturesque landscapes were popular, many being Egyptian scenes. Perspective,



afterwards lost until the Renaissance, was fairly well understood. The charming little cupids, the "little loves" of Theocritus, that flutter through Greek Alexandrine literature, are everywhere in Pompeii. Riding, fishing, hunting, or playing at business, these elfin mockers of mortal folk offer a sportive commentary on all the occupations of contemporary life. The pictures are not exactly frescoes, but are painted with colors mixed with lime laid upon a very fine stucco made of powdered marble. Several famous bronze statuettes, such as *The Dancing Faun*, and *The Listening Dionysus*, were found in

Pompeii. When we consider the good taste and artistic feeling shown in the best pictures, statues, and decoration, of such an unimportant provincial town as Pompeii, we cannot but wonder what must have been the glories of the neighboring large and opulent cities of Neapolis and Capua.

Until lately Pompeii was looked upon as a great archaeological mine from which all the treasures were to be carried off to be preserved in formal glass cases in collections. For more than two centuries the city was ransacked for marbles and building material as well as for art treasures. A change in policy has now taken place and the efforts of the excavators are now directed towards the preservation and reconstruction of the remainder of the city. For instance, every fragment of a house lately found by Professor Spinazzola near the Gate of Nola has been carefully preserved and put together with such care that the mansion stands now, with its furniture, almost as it was more than eighteen centuries ago. The skeletons and the impressions in the hardened ashes of the bodies of the escaping occupants are to be seen in the places where they fell, and even the name of the owner, Obellius Firmus, is visible, scratched on the walls in a childish hand. One of the servants had climbed a tree, but the branch broke under him, and he was buried while still clinging to it. In the Street of Abundance, Professor Spinazzola found many houses with balconies — a most un-

expected discovery — and one was decorated with spiral columns, hitherto unknown in Pompeii. Another contained a bird-cage. It has been made clear, from the recent discoveries, that the streets were not so dull and monotonous as was formerly believed. Many buildings have their walls covered by inscriptions recommending candidates for the municipal elections; some contain the names of women as nominators. Electioneering — in which women took an active part — was a fine art in Pompeii.

While there are many unexpected revelations to be looked forward to in Pompeii, the exploration of Herculaneum will probably bring to light a higher class of artistic products, and possibly some unknown manuscripts, if we may judge by what has already been found.

Only a few short years ago Troy was regarded as a mythical city, and the magnificent ruins of Central America and Peru were unknown. Pompeii and Herculaneum were apparently lost forever. When we consider how few relics of antiquity remain or have yet been discovered in comparison with the vast number of objects that once existed in the great civilizations of the past, we ought to be very modest in our criticism of the customs and conditions of the vanished races. The evolution of man is a very slow process; as far back as we can go in ancient Egypt human nature seems to have been much the same as it is today.

THE ESSENTIAL IN THEOSOPHY: by Oswald Sirén, PH. D.,
Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm



IF one should ask me the question: What is the essential in Theosophy? I should without hesitation reply: "The Life." Theosophy is not, in respect to its essential nature, a new system, but it is a practical thing, an ethical movement, a positive force, which does not come to mankind saying: "You shall believe," but saying: "You shall *be*"; "You shall *live*." It does not tear down anything true and good; it does not oppose honorable and sane conditions which in any way might be employed to elevate and ennoble individual life. Theosophy is not in the ordinary sense a religious form, but it is religion for the reason that it is life.

Religion, or more correctly, the several church creeds which by slow

stages become established, consists, generally, of a small kernel of life enclosed in a shell of theological formulas which are considered necessary, in order, as far as possible, to distinguish one church from the other churches. And it is incorrect to refer to Theosophy as being heathenism or as being Christianity, because either a heathen or a Christian can be a Theosophist if he is conscious of the divine essence in his own heart and faithfully tries to follow its promptings; or, to quote the noble heathen in *The Lost Athenian*, "the difference between what is holy for thee and what is holy for me refers only to the form, not to the spirit." And since Christ's efforts were chiefly devoted to arousing mankind and teaching mankind that they were all God's children — that is to say, that each possesses a higher divine nature — it must be that his real successors are rightly called Theosophists, their lives, their fidelity to the divine Self, is what makes them Theosophists. To the Theosophist human brotherhood is a fact in nature and the divine is a living reality in his heart.

In theological and philosophical questions a Theosophist may entertain whatever opinions he chooses, provided only that in thought, word, and act, he cultivate his inner divine nature — the imperishable in man, which survives and is mightier than all creeds, that which is in all and which gathers together the whole of humanity into one great family. It is consequently erroneous to think that Theosophy signifies or enforces any one creed; it signifies only an appeal to reflection, to sincerity, to courage to follow the highest persuasions, the cleanest motives, of which we are capable. To him who loyally listens to such an appeal is unfolded also the Christ spirit. For him no longer does the value of religion lie in mythological or theological conclusions; his conclusions are not affected by those who tear down, or build up only with words.

It is now perhaps easier to realize why it is that the essential in Theosophy is life — or, more accurately stated, something which can only be expressed through life: it is this which constitutes the foundation for all high moral conduct, and which, popularly stated, takes the form of brotherhood; it is the antithesis of selfishness and egotism. We assert that brotherhood is a fact in nature, therefore that a common divine life permeates the whole of nature — that in which "we live and move and have our being." In this at least there is nothing foreign to Christianity. Let us take an example.

When do we consider that a human being reaches the highest?

When does he most clearly and entirely express the noblest characteristics of human nature? Is it not when he forgets himself for something greater? when, through self-conquest, through courage and devotion, he becomes a hero in the trials of peace or of war? when he sacrifices himself (his lower personality) for an inspiring cause? when he goes to his death, perhaps, for his country, or for a fellow man? We bestow on such a man our applause and our honors independently of what creeds or what views of life he may have entertained. His example becomes a support and an incentive to others. Such a man has, through firm resolution, or by long-continued loyal work, or through profound devotion, reached forward to the point where life's lower inclinations no longer enchain him, and so the indwelling higher power is able to act untrammelled and to raise him to the heroic deed.

When we see this in life and deeds, we call it *honor* and *heroism*, and we are forced to admit that human nature is not so utterly ruined as certain theologians and pessimists teach. There is evidently something — let us call it heart-force — which is able to break through all forms of belief and mental dogmas — a creative power whose expression is action and whose essence is life. At core it is the same power which enlightens the artist in his noblest creations, which blossoms in the verse which springs from the poet's heart; and whether this fruition is the result of a momentary flaming transport or is the consequence of a long loyal life strife, in either event it is in essence, life — an uplifting, inspiring power. It is when this power is liberated that the human being first truly begins his career as a god-illumined being. It is for such an enfranchisement that Theosophy strives, but the work can only be wrought through the agency of our conduct.

In doing this, education is the first great factor, a true knowledge of human nature is of the most momentous consequence. Much of such knowledge is overlooked in the (in large part) materialistic intellectuality of the period. Theosophy seeks to restore this neglected education by emphasizing the essential truths which are to be found in the great world-religions, and to be found also in many of the greatest thinkers of the ages. And, quite naturally, we find it in the Christian teachings.

Jesus has often in metaphor alluded to this inner power, which, as I have said, Theosophy is striving to awaken into activity. He calls it "the Father's Will," or "God's Will." "Because every one who

does the will of my Father which is in heaven is my brother, my sister, my mother." This is a distinct reference to the spiritual unity which binds mankind into a single family. St. Paul calls it "the Spirit of God which dwells in you," — "for as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God . . . and if children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." (*Romans*, viii, 14, 17.)

If this spiritual power is a fact — a proof of God's existence in the widest sense — let us not dwell on profitless speculations as to whence it came or on its ultimate definition (if such a definition is indeed possible), but let us rather agree that this power is inexhaustible and that it is intended for our use in the sense that we are able to manifest it. When human beings create the gods they always create them after their own image however much they may afterwards seek to adorn and idealize them. The human conception works out the Supreme in outline: ideas are as little able as art to exist without a personal form. When mankind meditates on God or on God's existence, or the like, it is only about the forms of thought that the battle wages. Life itself, which lies behind, which upholds all, which flows through the human heart, is not reached by words and precise definition; it can only be symbolically stated. In a sense the Theosophist also speaks of God but he knows that so soon as he defines God, God no longer corresponds to the Reality. Ideas stand in the same relation to the divine principle as do garments to the person: they are outgrown or burst asunder simply from the force of the life within.

We outrage patience and peace in our speculations about the universe and It which is omnipresent therein and thereover. We ought to study our own inner natures more. All light comes from within; from without only other people's opinions reach us. Each one who deeply meditates is conscious of a presence within beyond the reach of thought, of a power for good which speaks with the voice of knowledge and commands to nobler effort. This power has its source in our divine primeval Self — the divine Ego — the true Self. The divine Self rises above all conceptions of God because these last-named are no more than the highest ideas which the power of thought can reach and they bear traces of the imperfections which inhere in the originator's mind. If it is possible for a man to become so ennobled as to raise himself above thought into a higher and clearer consciousness it would be for him a revelation which would cause all speculation over the divine nature to seem paltry and foolish. (Theosophical Manual No. 4.)

I have already, in the introduction, emphasized the fact that The-

osophy cannot be considered as a "confession of faith" (it has no ecclesiastical dogmas, it has no churches, no priesthood, and membership in the society requires only an earnest effort to live according to the principles of brotherhood); it cannot be considered as a form of religion but rather as a manifestation of the religion of the human heart. This also indicates that the essence of Theosophy is life. Religion is derived from *religare*, to bind together, and almost certainly signifies the binding together of humanity or the uniting with the divine. This is, popularly expressed, religion's purpose. Religion would show the way or the means by which we may reach a union with the higher consciousness.

To reach this point can the theological definitions of God's attributes, and of the nature of God be of any help? For those who sincerely seek a union with the divine, or, according to the Bible form of expression, seek to live with God, must this (God) finally cease to be something lying outside — a more or less sharply-defined personality — it must by degrees become an inner reality which can be perceived in moments of deep introspection or when we are subjected to the severest trials. Finally it must be something which we can evoke at will to our help. "In short we may say that the divine human ego is a ray from the universal spirit; through this divine ego it is that man may reach the spirit and win knowledge and light." In the *Bhagavad-Gīta* this is stated in the familiar words:

In every creature's heart, O Arjuna, dwelleth the Master — *Īśvara* — who through his magic power holds all things and all beings in action on time's eternal circling wheel; take refuge in him with all thy soul, O son of Bharata; through him shalt thou win the highest felicity, the eternal place of rest.

In the New Testament the divine human ego is called "the Son," and the Universal Spirit "the Father." The Galilean Initiate has several times described the birth of the Christos: how it can be won by each human being as certainly as that Christ — in the real sense (the sense in which the word is generally employed in allegory)—lives in every human heart; it is present as a potentiality, a spark, a ray from the divine source of light. That this spiritual, helping, saving power, according to Theosophy, has entered as a voluntary sacrifice on the part of certain more highly developed beings, stands in easy consistency with the symbolical representation of the redemption-idea as recited in the Bible. Let us, however, not interpret this in a too materialistic fashion; let us not seek to limit the light to a form, when

its essential nature requires that it freely glow in order to warm and enlighten.

This living Christ is in essence also one with the Holy Ghost; it is the power which finds expression in and through the "Son of Man," that is to say, through every true human being. Jesus clearly refers to this difference when, among other similar statements, he says: "And whoever shall curse the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but whoever shall sin against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him either in this world or in the world to come."

St. Paul often speaks of "the Christ" in man, thereby implying the divine radiation which dwells in each human heart. This is the only form in which we directly and immediately may learn to know the divine — God. All other efforts to present it become metaphors or fancies, fetiches or idols; perhaps lower reflections from the divine, the old nature-spirits and human heroes which are worshiped and get the name of Gods.

The hierarchies in the divine world-system are endlessly numerous, but the divine Self is one and universal, the essential foundation of all that lives; its most general expression is life, and nature is the Great Law which, in part, we recognize in our hearts and conscience as responsibility, brotherhood; in fact we perceive it as the building, leading, compensating power in life which surrounds us. Through the "Great Law" life is regulated; we reap what we sow, we get the experience and the lessons which are necessary in order to go forward in life's school. So, little by little, the character is strengthened, the dross of the lower nature is burned out, and the pure gold in the soul's rich mine shines out more beautifully. But this comes about slowly and through persistent effort. We must first attain self-knowledge, afterwards self-control and self-reliance, before we can really expect to make the right use of the highest possibilities of our natures. Christ said:

When you pray go into your closet and shut to the door, and pray to your Father who is in secret, and your Father who is in secret will reward you openly; and when you pray you should not be many-worded as the heathen are, for they think they shall be heard on account of their many words; but do not like them because your Father knows what you need before you ask him.

It is in the heart's innermost chambers, in the deepest silence that we must seek the Father who dwells in secret (the divine spirit, of

which each of us is a ray) and we must close the door — that is to say, we must shut out the disturbing pictures which the restless mind, the desires, and all the conditions which the surface life induces. It is no longer the many words, but uprightness and the trust in the justice of the Great Compassionate Law which is the essential in prayer. Neither our desires nor our prayers can move the Law; it takes its course despite us, it knows what we need before we ask. It is the sincere effort which in the Silence attains to the deepest insight into the processes of the Divine Law which procures consolation. The truest prayer therefore runs, “Not my will but thine be done,” this followed by corresponding action. Such an attitude involves a complete surrender of the selfish personal will to the Divine Law.

Generally prayer is only a formulated desire of a more or less personal nature; but the desires are many and conflicting, and so at other times the petitioner is in the grasp of other restless desires which more or less cancel and obliterate the force of the former; and so it goes with the next petitioner. The kind of prayer which is nothing other than an act of desire most necessarily calls forth a great many conflicting streams of energy with like conflicting consequences. This is particularly manifest when two armies pray to the same God, each for victory for itself and defeat for its antagonist. Even God cannot answer both prayers favorably. A prayer for a definite object cannot but imply an interference with the plans of providence.

It is seen logically, therefore, that it is foolish and vain to pray for a particular thing; but we can seek to bring our lives, our wills, our thoughts, into harmony with the divine Law. It is said in one of the Theosophical Manuals: “Action is also in such a case better than words; we need not pray for an opportunity to do this or that, but we should immediately take hold of the thing at hand, ‘for a good beginning is a work half done.’” Wait and pray? For what? For a savior’s intercession? For deliverance from our own responsibilities? Is this worthy of the god-born beings whom Jesus directed to strive for perfection? No time should be lost, no energy should be wasted in pitiful acknowledgment of sinfulness and helplessness. It is when we lose faith in Christianity’s central truth of the inborn human divinity that we begin to call upon outside powers and to have recourse to selfish prayer which weakens moral fiber. Therefore wrote Tegnér in *Church Ordinations*: Bow down and pray? No! stand up and love.

Know then he shineth for thee in the Sun,
 Ripens the harvest, cools thee with the spring,
 And moves above thee in the tops of groves.
 Each time for thee a flash of higher thought
 Strikes on the mind, dispelling all the gloom;
 Each time a purer, deeper feeling comes
 Than those of daily life with its mean cares,
 Entering thy heart, and bringing with it wings
 Which lift thee from the earth that thou mayest stand
 To drink in heaven and walk upon the clouds
 Submerged in bliss — thou wishest then to press
 Each fellow mortal to thy faithful breast:
 Know thou it is his might which moves thee so;
 It is his spirit near and over thee,
 His glory seest thou, it is his voice —
 Not from without he comes — but from thyself.

MODERN PROBLEMS: by Cranstone Woodhead



HERE are times in the life of every thoughtful man when the surging life in which he plays a daily part, seems to recede from his consciousness and he finds himself wondering what it all means. The work of the busy hands, perhaps even of the brain, stops for a moment. There is no longer an urge to do anything. And then he longs fervently for a key to the problems of life, a password which shall admit him to realms of realization and enlightenment. In some vague way he knows that there must be somewhere an explanation of it all, which, could he find it, he could grasp with his own soul and apply it to the general need.

That this pressing need for some all-convincing philosophy of life is largely recognized in every phase of modern civilization, is plainly shown by the general trend of present day literature, and by the opinions of the world's contemporaneous artists, politicians, scientists, and philosophers.

One great scientist proclaims that we are on the point of discovering the origin of physical life, and that thus we shall be able to construct living organisms! Another is both praised and condemned because he announces that he is convinced of the continued life of the personality after death. The worlds of art, medicine, political economics, and public morality, are over-run with extremists

who are enthusiastically supported by thousands of men and women, and as violently derided by other thousands. There is confusion and discussion everywhere. In their distress, the seekers for some exit from this *impasse* rush from one extreme to another and demand proof. "Prove it! Prove it!" they shout, and when no proof which satisfies them is forthcoming, they rush off in further search.

The question at once arises: How is any one ever convinced of anything at all? Where shall we seek for truth, and how shall we know it when we find it? How shall we recognize it? The human family is all one in essence. More or less progressed they may be, but "a man's a man for a' that."

Wherein lies the basic idea of this difference in progress? Very little thought will convince us that it does not lie in outward possessions. For there is nothing to prevent a wealthy man from being a degenerate and a menace to his kind. Nor does it lie with civic or political power.

History has abundantly shown that the great men who have left their mark upon the world as teachers, leaders, and benefactors, have sprung from every class of society, and more often from the ranks of the lowly than from any others. And yet they had a quality and an influence which touched the hearts of men and enlightened their understandings. Such men have left a legacy of progress which commands the respect and admiration of all future generations. If this be so, whence did that quality spring within them and how do we recognize it? What proof do we require that these men have changed the course of civilization for the better? If we know it, how do we know it? What is the kind of progress which we attribute to these men?

It would seem as if in the present day we had lost the touchstone with which we might prove ideas in order to see whether they be good or not. If such a touchstone exists it must be possessed by all men alike, though in different degrees. If each man possesses it, in virtue of his humanity, it necessarily conveys with it the power and right, as well as the duty, of individual judgment. If another man comes along and tries to impose his ideas by force they will be rightly rejected. There can be no authority except that which arises from a well-considered respect for the superior wisdom of another. And if the methods and crystallized ideas of our immediate forefathers, with which our daily life is soaked through and through, no longer respond

to the changing demands of universal progress, then there is only one course open to humanity. And that is, for each man to pause and look well into his own heart, that he may deliberately, wisely, and forcefully take his right part in building up the new conditions of the age.

If it be asked upon what grounds we believe that man has lost the key to right discernment, we would say that it is because he has lost the knowledge of his own divinity. Perhaps this may be made clearer if we briefly call to mind the teachings which were common in the schools of antiquity.

It was therein taught that man was the result of a double evolution. That on the one hand the physical body had slowly evolved through countless ages from the lowest forms of life until it reached a certain point of readiness or perfection. That at this time the body was ensouled by a divine being from other spheres, so that its evolution might continue towards perfection; and that these divine beings are our real inner selves — the Christos crucified in every man.

This knowledge possessed by the ancient Sages is the basis of all the allegories of the “fallen angels,” and “the stars that fell from heaven.” They did not rebel against “god” in any real sense. They carried out the purposes of the Supreme by sacrificing themselves for man’s salvation. Upon this knowledge, which was the foundation of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, all the religions of the modern world — with their iron-bound creeds and dogmas — have been founded.

If man were once convinced of his dual nature and of *its origin*, of the divinity dwelling in the animal body, most of the present world problems would be on the way to solution.

It is the divine within us which leads us to know and realize all truth. No proof is required. We know it, gradually, slowly, when we appeal to that which lies hidden within our own hearts, “the still, small voice,” which is heard through the thunderings and the lightnings of the Modern Babel.



O MAN, thou thinkest thyself alone, and free to act as thou wilt. Thou perceivest not the Eternal dwelling within thy heart. Whatsoever thou dost, It sees and notes all. The Soul is Its own witness and Its own refuge. It is the Supreme eternal witness of Man. Offend it not. — *From an Upanishad*

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES: by Archaeologist

MODERNITY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIANS



THE following is quoted from Professor Flinders Petrie's address on the excavations of the British School of Archaeology at Ghizeh:

Our work has proved that the culture which was the possession of the people of that part before the founding of Memphis was higher than is popularly supposed, and was very like the culture of the people of the present day.

The last remark was also made by Dr. Arthur Evans in reference to the newly discovered Minoan civilizations. Such admissions form part of the cumulative evidence going to show that human progress follows a "spiral" path. The proper geometrical name for the curve in question is, however, "helix." A helix is a curve consisting of a number of whirls in the familiar form of the corkscrew; progress along this curve is accomplished by a series of alternate rises and dips. So with evolution. For an example we may take the familiar cycles of time: the progress of the year is accomplished by a succession of days and nights. Civilization also has its days and nights, yet advances all the time.

Moreover, as there are many different peoples on the earth at one time, and as these people are in different stages of their progress, the matter is complicated, and we find that civilization has a local or geographical distribution as well as a distribution in historical time. Civilization has been said to march around the earth from east to west.

Another useful analogy is that of a wave in the sea. The wave sweeps onward, mile after mile, until it breaks on the shore. But the water does not sweep onward; it merely executes a small gyration and stays where it is. And so the ancient Egyptian civilization mentioned rose and fell and died away; those Egyptians are in their tombs (or in the British Museum), but the life-wave that caused the civilization has rolled on. That life-wave is simply the mass of Souls that were incarnated in that race; where are they now? Each has its individual destiny; yet, as they all belonged to one race and lived at the same time, the law of rebirth would tend to bring them back together. So it is the less surprising that ancient civilizations should resemble modern civilizations more closely than do many civilizations which have intervened between the two ages.

No definite statement, however, is here ventured; whether we are or are not those ancient Egyptians is a matter that may be left open.

But the principle is the same; the working of the laws of reincarnation must result in the cyclic progress of civilization and in its reappearance in various parts of the earth.

People often speak of modern civilization as though the phenomena it presents were new; and while some of them are new, very many are merely repetitions. Some say modern civilization is the foe to progress and they advocate a return to naturalism. But this is a peculiarity of all civilizations. It is simply due to the fact that all things earthy are mortal. A human body cannot live for ever, but must wear out and die; but the Soul passes on. And so civilizations must wear out and die; but not so the Souls (that is, the Race) which tenanted them. But our civilization is probably not near its dissolution; it perhaps has merely an infantile disease and will recover. Very likely we have for some time been following a course that, if continued, would lead us to dissolution; but we can tack, and there are signs that we are doing so.

If it be asked whether we are farther on or farther back than the ancient Egyptians, the answer may be that we are behind them in one sense and ahead of them in another. For perhaps we have not yet reached the same height in our cycle as they reached in theirs, and yet our cycle is farther ahead in the curve than theirs was. And even if we have greater evils and difficulties than they had, this may be that we have attempted greater tasks—incarnated more deeply into materiality. There is no call for pessimism, neither for complacent self-satisfaction.

This idea of the reincarnation of races is interesting, if only because it takes our mind from dwelling overmuch on the personal aspect of reincarnation. As each individual is one of the human family, it is necessary to consider him as such; otherwise we shall fall into fallacies. And this is probably the reason why people sometimes get perplexed over the question of reincarnation.

These ancient Egyptians may have possessed knowledge which we have not yet recovered; and later on we may be in a better position to understand their lore.

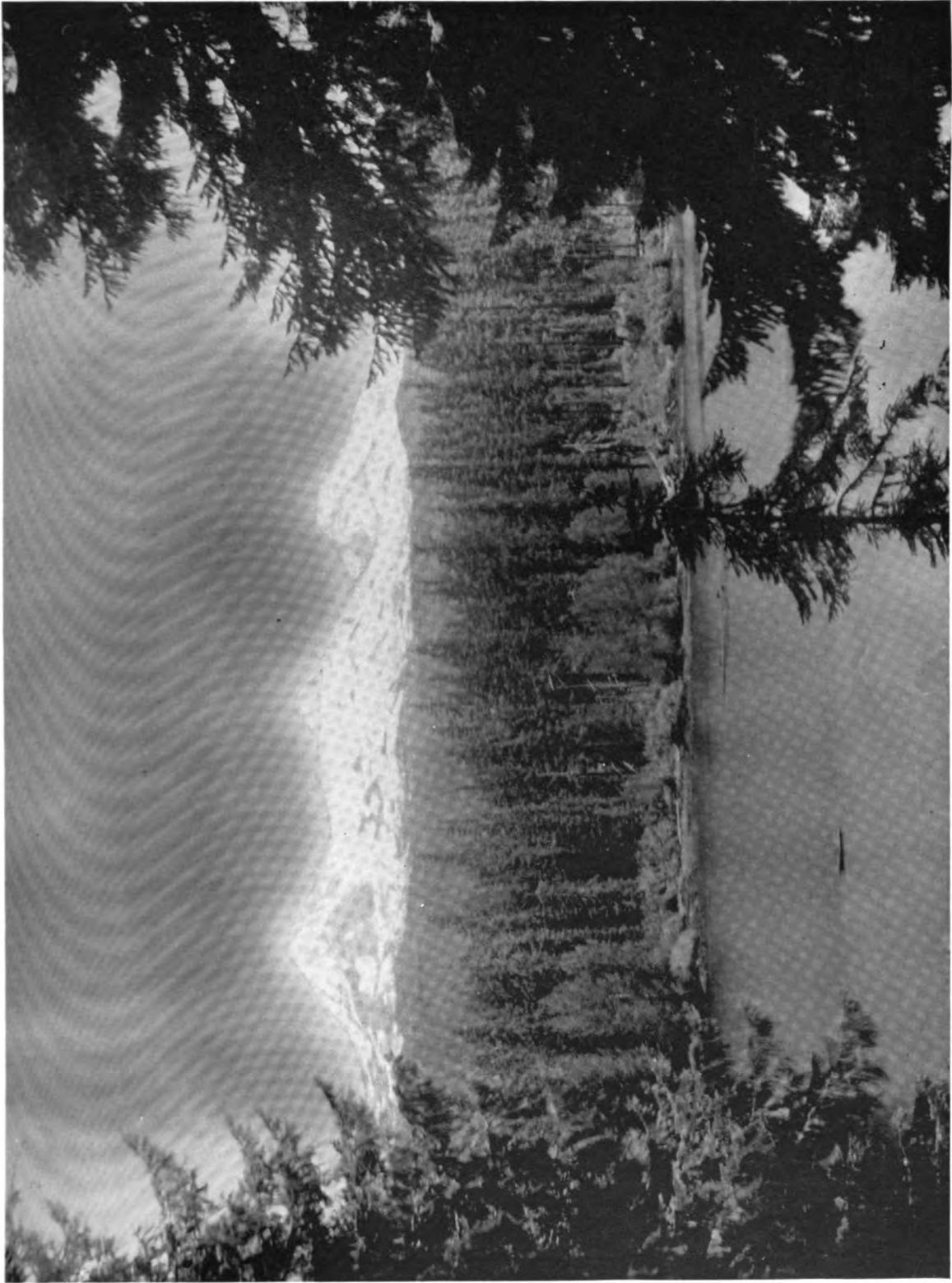
BAALBEK

A SCIENTIFIC contemporary contains an illustrated account of Baalbek. The columns in the Great Temple are $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter and 70 feet high (including bases and capitals); the shafts are each composed of *three* stones. A wall has its lower courses built of stones of moderate dimensions, but as we ascend they increase in size until

we come to a row of three stones, the shortest of which is 63 feet and the longest 65 feet in length, each being about 13 feet by 12 feet in the other dimensions. In the quarry near by lies a still larger block, which was never detached from the rock beneath; it is 70 by 14 by 13 feet, and its weight is estimated at 1,100 tons.

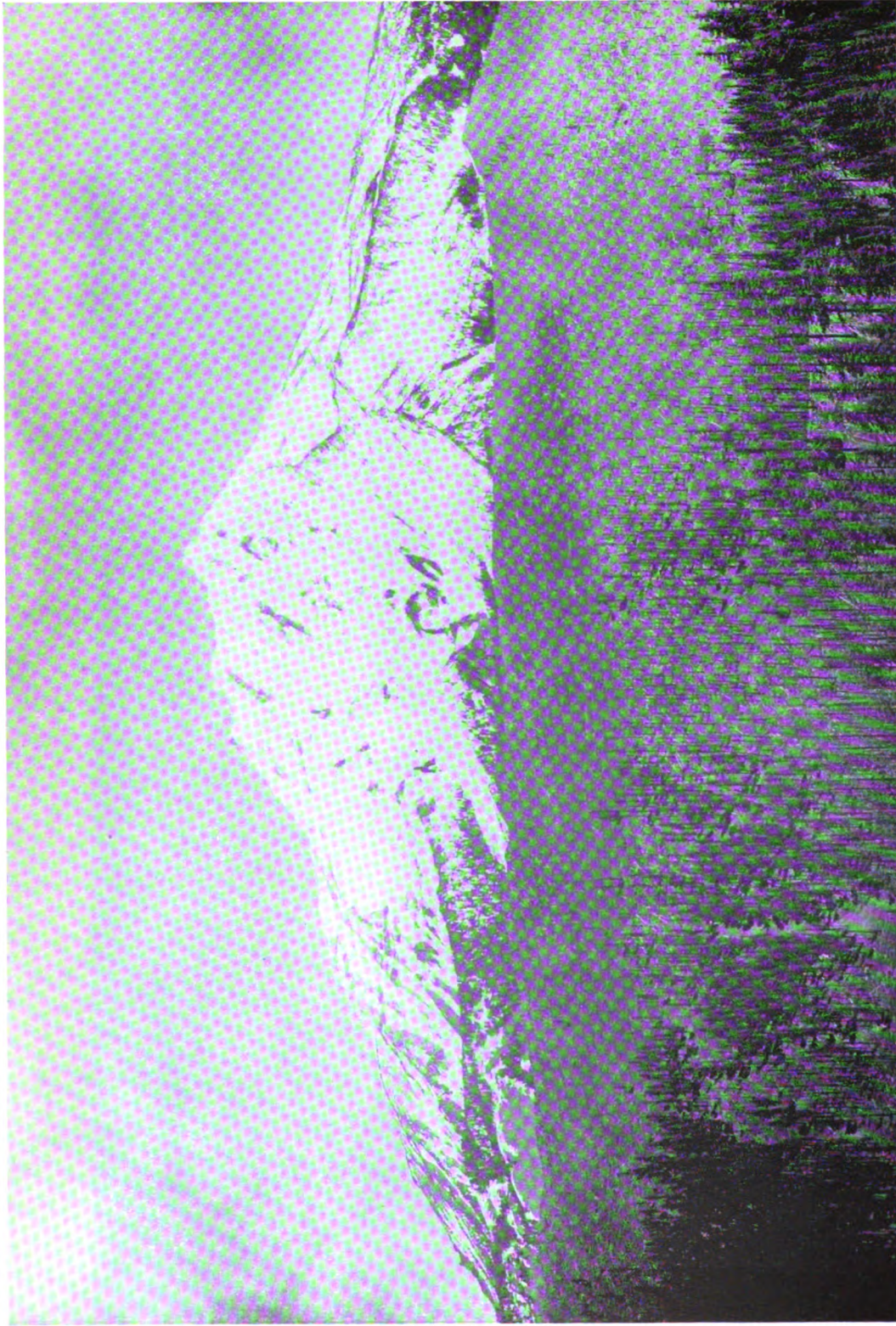
The attempt to explain the transportation and raising of these blocks by mere multiplicity of human labor has always seemed a feeble theory; the difficulty of course being to explain how the combined strength of so many men could be brought to bear, or what materials could have been found adequate to the strain. But there is enough evidence that the builders were able and cultured people; hence we may reasonably *infer* that they had engineering means equal to their culture. The same applies to other cyclopean builders, of which the world offers so many examples from China to Peru.

It has been a puzzle why little or no mention is made of Baalbek by Greek and Roman writers. Its origin is lost in the mist of history. It was associated with the Ancient Mysteries, and the name signifies that it was dedicated to the Sun. But the use of the expression "Sun-worship" is apt to suggest to the casual reader the degraded rites afterwards associated with that name and with the name of Baal. The worship of the fires of animal vitality is the polar opposite of the reverence for the Spiritual Sun. Sacred symbols and pure rites have always been subject to profanation. The sacrifice of a mannikin, intended to signify the offering up of the lower self in devotion to the great Cause, has found its travesty in human sacrifices. Yet, as regards Baalbek, we must give due weight to the fact that during the spread of Christendom it was a stronghold of "Paganism," and has probably been much maligned and misrepresented by zealous chroniclers. Even in our day the most egregious calumnies can be solemnly uttered with reference to worthy causes. Prejudice and fixed habits of thought blind men's eyes, so that they do not see things. These monuments of antiquity tell a tale which we do not yet want to hear. We prefer our familiar view of the world and of human history.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE THREE SISTERS; VIEWED ABOVE THE EVERGREEN FORESTS WHICH CLOTHE THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS IN OREGON
The water in the foreground is one of the beautiful lakes so common in this region.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A NEAR VIEW OF MOUNT JEFFERSON
ONE OF THE PROMINENT SNOW-PEAKS ALONG THE CASCADE RANGE IN OREGON
It was the extensive forest-fires, the effects of one of which is shown in the foreground,
that led to the establishment of National Forests in Oregon and other western States.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, AS SEEN IN MIDSUMMER FROM THE BROAD SUMMIT OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS IN OREGON

Here the timber is unusually poor, as is shown in the picture.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

HIGH MOUNTAIN MEADOW, WITH SUB-ALPINE FIR
RAINIER NATIONAL FOREST, WASHINGTON

THE GODS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD: by Kenneth Morris



NO doubt but we are the people, and wisdom began with us." Certainly a most comfortable doctrine — for a fool. But if it is a decent self-respect that we need, and not the blind, bumptious egotism so characteristic of our age and civilization, we should do well to exalt humanity, and not merely our own little section of it: we should seek for godhood wherever we come on the human; and take pride in belonging to the line whose fount and origin was divinity, and whose destiny it is to become again divine.

You know the story of the farmer in the Middle West who was contemplating the sky one night at the time of the presidential election? "Say," he said, "Is it true that all those millions of stars up there are suns like our own?" "Yes," said the astronomer, "they are suns, and many of them a thousand times vaster than our sun." "And every one of them the center of a solar system, with planets, worlds like ours?" "Every one of them has its planets." "And the planets, are they inhabited worlds?" "Undoubtedly," said the other, "thousands of them must be inhabited worlds." "Say," said the farmer, "I don't see that it matters so much after all whether Taft or Wilson becomes president."

We have our cities, our states and nations, our business and politics, science, inventions, and money — everlastingly our money; and all these things so crowd our consciousness, that we forget the universe we live in. The mountains, the sky, the stars, the solitary places of the ocean, the two vast defiant desolations of the North and South Poles; old Earth herself and the consciousness that animates her; the abounding life in the vegetable world — what are all these things to us? We are cut off from them by our petty concerns, and make no excursions into the largeness of life. Our passions, our greed, our miserable personal thinking and feeling hedge us round from the Infinite and keep us from our heritage of divine life.

Sons of this mighty and divine universe, how mighty, how divine might we not be, were the mess of pottage not always more tempting to us than our birthright of divinity! For we live in a vast sea of life, and its waters wash us through and through, and there is extension infinite on all sides of us; and within, inward and inward, there is infinite extension too — distances that stretch from here, from the next little thought that comes unbidden into your mind, right up to the Central Spiritual Sun; right up, in theological language, to the Throne

of God; and whatever consciousness exists, even to omniscience and infinity, that too we might come to share in.

Up from earth's center through the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a knot unraveled on the road,
But not the Master Knot of Human Fate.

There was the door to which I found no key,
There was the veil through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was, and then no more of Thee and Me.

Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the darkness, and I heard
As from without: "The Me within thee blind."

And there Omar found the key to the door, and vision through the veil: blind the *me*, the personal self within thee; stifle the voices of the flesh; still the insistent clamor of the brain-mind, the personality, the sense of separate selfhood, and the path to the divine is made known to you; the world of the Gods is open before you; the greater Self, which is the Self of the Universe, becomes the only self of you.

When we speak of the ancients, we mean commonly the humanity that lived in pre-Christian times; and the term brings before our mental vision, as a rule, perhaps, indistinct pictures of Greek and Roman vices and corruption — as if we had no vices and corruption of our own; of Egyptian "superstition," as we are pleased to call it — as if we ourselves were freed from all ignorance and erroneous belief; of Gothic and Northern savagery — as if we had long since quite abolished war. But we ought to remember that the race of man is old, old, old: that Egypt had her millenniums where Europe has had but her centuries; and that there were long civilizations before Egypt, and other long civilizations before them. Egyptian religion, that now we connote with divine crocodiles and mummified cats, had fallen to decay many times, and had many times been renewed, before Cambyses came; there were, indeed, many religions there, rising one after another, and in their turn withering and falling; so that to speak of the religion of ancient Egypt would be like speaking of the religion of Europe, and including under that term our modern Christianity, and old Greek, Roman, Celtic, and Gothic Paganism. In Greece, too,

successive waves of religion rose and fell before the coming of Christianity: Homer stands not at the dawn, but in the twilight of Greek glory; before him were the great ages of Crete and Mycenae, compared with which the Hellas of history was but a bagatelle, a waning splendor, the sunset flush of a long day. Before Homer and Hesiod had recorded the Olympic mythologies, Orpheus — a name perhaps almost as remote and mysterious to the Athenian mob of the days of Pericles and Cleon as to ourselves: a name that stands, perhaps, not only for a Teacher, but for a whole vast hierarchy and literature — had established the Mysteries of an older and purer religion; and that religion had grown ancient, and its origin wrapt in myth. And in Rome, the old Religion of Numa, the pure, antique Italian religion, had practically vanished, except in remote places, before Christianity had made any great headway. And everywhere, Paganism gave place to Christianity because it had lost its hold on the people; because it no longer taught vital truth; because it had grown old, senile, and corrupt, and had to combat with a force that was young and vigorous; but we do a huge injustice to antiquity when we confound the thought and aspiration of all its ages with the cynical, frivolous systems of its declining years; or when we judge Paganism not by its Plato, Socrates, Julian, or Marcus Aurelius, who sought to restore its purity, but by such men as Alcibiades, Nero, Vitellius, and their like, who hastened its fall. Menes is reputed the first king of Egypt, and heaven knows what vast antiquity must be assigned to him; but we find one of his successors speaking of him as having been the first corrupter of Egyptian manners, the initiator of the decadence of Egypt, after the long ages of her grandeur and truth and simplicity; and again we find Plato blaming Homer for obscuring the ancient truths about the Gods of Greece, where we consider him almost as the creator of those Gods.

Supposing that, in some far distant age people were to treat us and our Christianity as we now treat vanished Paganism. Supposing some one were to write, in that time, that the Christians were evidently immersed in the grossest superstition, worshipers of animals, adoring in their churches the lamb and the dove; while at the same time, such was the inconsistent nature of their "civilization," there was evidence that they esteemed the flesh of one of their gods as an article of diet, while the shooting of the other was among their favorite sports. *We* know how unfair and ridiculous such a statement would be; because we know that the lamb and the dove are but symbols, chosen for their

beauty, to express certain divine ideas; but how could that future critic, supposing him to be inspired, as we are, by an infinite conceit of his own age — how could he fail to light on such a titbit and appetizer for his vanity, if our hymn-books were open to his inspection? We should do unto antiquity as we would be done by by posterity: we should be just and sympathetic, trying to understand and get at the facts — for our own sake, because pride comes before a fall; because the lofty attitude of superiority that we take towards the ancients is just a part and nourisher of the great disease of the age: unbrotherliness, egotism; because by fostering our own conceit, we do but shut the door of true progress in our own faces. The bright goal that shines before us now is the realization of the oneness of the whole human family; and it is unbecoming in a man to vaunt himself as against other men; or in a race or nation to vaunt itself as against other races and nations; or in an age to vaunt itself as against other ages. It is our glory to be human, and to share in all the achievements of humanity, past, present and to come.

Again, supposing some cultured person were to come to you from China, or from Kamchatka, or from Mars for that matter, and make inquiry as to the religion of our race and age, Christianity. To what would you refer him? At first thought you answer, perhaps: to your own particular church or chapel. But after further consideration, that would seem too limited and partial a view, and you say: to Christendom as a whole. "What!" he replies, "your religion is then responsible for the slums, vice, armaments of the age? For the Balkan War and the Mexican situation?" "No!" you answer; "you must not think that the religion which is responsible for these things is Christianity; for Christianity you must go to the Gospels; you must read the life of the Founder of our religion, and his teachings; the evils of the day are not to be attributed to Christianity, but to the decline and decadence of Christianity; it is because people no longer believe in the teachings of Christ that these things happen." And you would be right; and believe me, the decay of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, the vices and corruption that we read of, were not due to Paganism, not to the religion of the Gods; but to the fact that people no longer held to Paganism: no longer understood, as once they had understood, the great bright Gods of the Ancient World. It was for lack of Paganism, the sublime Paganism of her Mysteries, the Wisdom of the ages, that Egypt fell under the heels of the priests, the Persians, the Macedon-

ians, and the Romans. It was for lack of Paganism — the old, bright, luminous, beautiful Paganism of her Orpheus and her Plato, her pre-Homeric poets and pre-Phidian sculptors — that Greece became ridden with graft, treachery, and foul vices. It was for lack of her austere, duty-worshipping Paganism, so closely in touch with the forces of nature and the wide, free life of the universe, that Rome went down in an orgy of debauchery, the easy prey of the barbarians.

Everywhere, in order to understand Paganism and reap the harvest of its glorious ideas, you must treat it as you would have Christianity treated: you must go back and back, seeking its origins; you must realize that it began as the expression of certain eternal truths, just as Christianity did, just as all religions do; that it was first proclaimed by men who had insight into — nay, sure knowledge of — the hidden things of this universe, the mysteries of life and death and eternity; that its mission was, as that of Christianity was at *its* inception, to bring mankind nearer to the heart of things, to make human life after the fashion of, and very close to, divine life.

Or, as the grand old Pagans would have said, to bring men nearer to the Gods.

That is a conception that we have lost, that of the Gods; and I think it has been a loss indeed. For now we consecrate Sunday to divine things; but then, each day in the week was sacred to its God, to its aspect of divinity: the Sun's day; the Moon's day; Mars' day; Mercury's day; Jove's day; Venus' day; Saturn's day. And now we consecrate religion alone, of all the departments and activities of our life, to the divine; but then, every department, every activity, was linked on to divinity by its presiding God. The man who painted a picture, or who carved a statue, wrote a drama, a poem, or a history; the merchant, the husbandman, the soldier or the sailor; each, in engaging on his own duty, entered thereby into the service of a God as surely as the priest did, and consecrated himself and his work to the divine. Where we see the sea, the mountains, or the trees and flowers, they saw the palaces of grand, mysterious and beautiful beings, aspects again of the divine: the primrose on the river's brim, that to us is a simple primrose and nothing more, was to them a gateway into the dwelling-place of God. Beauty, that divine thing, that Star of Bethlehem to lead us to the birthplace of the Eternal, our religion has too often and too easily banned and banished; but their's made it the aroma and exhalation of the Gods, a potent incentive, a mainspring of

human progress. Art and music, that to us are luxuries and the ministers of our pleasure, to them were a religion and the ministers of the Supreme. Commerce, which we have made the servant of and panderer to our greed, they made an act of service to the Divinity, and therefore to humanity. Agriculture was religion; and this old, green, beautiful Earth, to whose voices we are so deaf, whose pleadings we so pitilessly ignore, was for them instinct with living fire, divine, conscious, linked with humanity by the closest community of interests. Try to imagine the richness and fulness of such a life; contrast it with the barren poverty of our own.

And were they not justified? Who of you is mountain-born and nurtured, and after long dwelling in the plains and the cities, comes again among the mountains; does there not rise up something within you, indefinable but most potent, an emotion too deep to be called emotion merely? What is it? A mere bringing back to memory of old times, of the joys of your childhood? Here is what the Pagan would have said: In me too is a spark and seed of Godhood: a fragment of the life of those Divine Ones, whose body and outward being are yonder mountains; and that which rises within me now, is consciousness of that exalted kinship.

I think it was Huxley who said — whoever it was, he said it very truly — that if evolution be a truth, then there must be beings in this universe, as far evolved above man, as man is above the humble bacillus or the blackbeetle of our kitchens. In this statement you have the scientific justification of the Pagan Gods. Evolution is a truth; but a far more mighty truth than our scientifics and Darwinians imagine. You must not dream for an instant that Theosophy indorses exoteric paganism — or any exoteric religion. But it does uphold truth everywhere; it does proclaim the Divine everywhere, and the soul of man, and the spiritual nature of the universe, and that the universe exists for divine purposes, and is the field of an eternal progress towards divinity, an eternal warfare of the Hosts of Light against Chaos and Darkness and Evil. Evolution is a truth; but it is not merely matter and our bodies that evolve; spirit also breathes itself down into matter, informing it, acquiring experience and self-consciousness in it; and it is this involution, this coming in of spirit and consciousness to mold and work upon material forms, that is the cause of evolution.

Your materialist fondly imagines that when he has said Evolution, Natural Selection, Survival of the Fittest, and the like, he has con-

veniently explained the universe, and left no place in it for God or Gods or the Soul of Man. *Here is your amoeba; there is your man: evolution has done it, et voilà!* To which we reply: *Here is your war-canoë, there is your Superdreadnaught; here your coracle, there your Mauretania: Evolution has done it, and it would be absurd to suppose that there are such things as men, dockyards, shipbuilders, or arsenals.* But evolution is the name of a law, a method of working; and we know very well that Laws do not build houses or navies; they do not write books or make men; has a law hands and feet, that it should go here and do this? Has it a tongue in its head, that it should speak? Men, working under the laws of architecture, of naval construction, of literature, do these things; without agents, no law could accomplish anything.

So the ancients saw that the universe was under the reign of Law; and being a thousand times more logical and careful in their thinking than we are, posited Agents of the Law. They beheld the marvelous architecture of the universe, and they knew there would be a great Architect; but they knew very well that it is not the Architect who mixes the mortar, and carries the bricks on a hod, or chips the stones to shape and lays them in their places. There would be builders; in the Law they recognized the Universal Will, as we say, the Will of God; but they held that there would be agents to carry out that Will. So, under the Great Architect of the Universe, they posited the Gods: beings of all grades of divinity and power, from the fairy of the daffodil bloom, to the Cosmocratores and Regents of the Stars. They beheld divinity everywhere, divine law and order everywhere.

They did not imagine omnipotence as a quality of their Gods; they saw evil and oppression in the world, and were logical. Oh, no doubt in the exoteric tales of the later mythologies, truth was confounded, and the Gods were represented as living apart, selfish and sensual, letting the world go hang, so they should have their own pleasures. But I am speaking of the original, the esoteric side of Paganism; of the spiritual basis and rationale of it, if you prefer it put that way. And then too we must remember that those very exoteric tales of the mythologies began by having their inward meaning; they were symbolic, just as our pictures of the Lamb of God, and of the Dove, the Paraclete, are symbolic. Whoso would search deeply into them would find in them portrayings of recondite laws, the images of truths concerning the natural and spiritual worlds; and it was when men forgot

to look for these inner meanings, made light of the concealed truth and lived no longer by the law, that paganism grew corrupt and ceased to be an efficient aid to human evolution.

That the Gods should be worshiped? No, not in any sense that we give to the word nowadays. Honored, aided in their grand mission, communed with and brought into men's lives — there you have the inward objective of the old Pagan rituals, before they were defiled. We must think what the philosopher would mean, when he made sacrifice to this deity or that. He descried spiritual potency in the sun; he knew of a light, beautiful with flashing and gentle colors, that might illumine the soul, and run, a flame of inspiration through the imagination; dwelling upon and evoking this light, he paid his tribute to Apollo. He knew of a Warrior and heroic quality within the heart, one sworded and invincible against evil, who, let it be awakened into activity in our consciousness, makes us invulnerable to all temptation; intent upon so awakening this Warrior, he made his sacrifice to Mars. He held that there was an outer and an inner side to every action; that all the duties of life were sacramental, an outward and visible sign, and an inward and spiritual grace. You might go to your seed sowing, or your following the plow; and according to what was in your heart and mind at the time, so would the harvest be merely material, or there would be certain elements in it to nourish the spiritual sanity and well-being of the people. If the sower and the plowman sacrificed to Ceres or to Proserpine, it was that they might go spiritually to their work, evoking the divine side of things in it; doing it, as we say, as unto the Lord.

Ah me! the richness that might come into a life so nourished, so deflected from personal, trumpery, and selfish ends, to a consideration perpetual of the beautiful, the grandiose, the divine and quickening! Would the harvest be no better — dare you say it would be no better? Dare you say that the life of the people would be inspired by no diviner ichor, were the plowman to follow his oxen, not dully brooding on his dinner, his gains, his desires indifferent or bad; but alert with a consciousness of flaming and beautiful being in the air that he breathed, in the sky over his head; of Apollo shining upon him, of Proserpine and august Ceres breathing up through the broken clods that his plowshare might be cleaving? Shall we do evil in the Temple of the Lord? Shall we stand before the Burning Bush, and concern ourselves with the pride of the eye, the sinful lusts of the flesh? Take off thy shoes

from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. There you have the attitude of the Pagan: the dome of whose place of worship was the infinite blue; and its floor, the continents and islanded seas of the world.

There is a divine quality in and beyond human consciousness, called heroism; bring that into your life, and you are worshiping the Immortals; you are invoking an Immortal; you are making sacrifice to that God who is the Heartener of Heroes. There is compassion: let your heart flame with it, and you cannot choose but be invoking that brooding, mother-hearted divinity, that quality, that conscious quality of Godhood. Why, how shall you doubt that these be the Immortals? Consider Joan of Arc at the stake, the flames leaping up around her; and she suddenly concerned and anxious — for what? For her soul's safety? No, but lest the priest, holding up the cross to her, should be hurt by the flame. She is to die; she cannot die; she is immortal; she is united with the Immortals through that compassion, that care for others that flames up in her to light immortal ages, a thousand times more brilliant than the flame that is to destroy her bodily form. Consider the patriot of the Italian War of Independence, the Garibaldian taken prisoner. He is on the gallows, the rope about his neck, the Austrian soldiers and executioners and priests are around him. What is his word for the priest who is bothering him about his soul? For the soldiers, the executioners, the hushed, mourning crowd in the little square? Just this: *Viva Italia!* Good heavens, what's Italy to him, or he to Italy — he that, as you believe, is either to be a senseless clod in a minute or two, or to have parted company with Earth and her nations forever? This is what Italy is to him: the Goddess, the Immortality to which, in his devotion, in his utter forgetfulness of self at that supreme moment, he has united himself, attaining immortality, attaining God-being; because making himself, his personal consciousness, one with the divine consciousness that was always within him; that is always within every one of us, but commonly slumbering — commonly obscured beneath the turmoil and fuss of our personal thinking. So death is nothing to him; he is already immortal, and lives on in the life of his race.

The Japanese recognize this principle in a very beautiful way. When a man like Togo or Ito, or like the late Emperor, a great patriot and benefactor of the nation, dies, they make no bones about it, but declare him a God forthwith, and pay him divine honors; devoting

Christmas Day, I believe, to the memory of all such men become Gods. Wrap not about you the mantle of your Phariseism; forget to thank God that you are not as these heathen. They are, in effect, exceedingly rational beings; they do wisely and very well. We must give up our notions of the heathen in his blindness bowing down to wood and stone — and I tell you that there is wood in this world, and stone too, that are a thousand times better than the vulgar gold that we bow down to so assiduously. Heathen and heathen there are, no doubt, and some of them worse than ourselves; but in this case the “blindness” is a very real spiritual vision; and the heathen are simply recognizing the fact that there is a God, a divine part, in every one of us; that it may be brought to dominate our whole being, to overshadow all our doings, and to make what remains so unimportant, that when death carries away the body, the memory that is left of the man is actually the memory of a God: a bright, divine incident in our history, a star and luminous example for our future, a note in the symphony of our national life that somehow trembled up to divinity, and made us aware of our divine possibilities. We too honor our Lincolns and our Washingtons. How do such men make themselves immortal? By service; by so loving the race that their personal being extends and loses itself in impersonality, and they become the symbols of the highest that is in the nation, our most sacred hopes and aspirations and memories. So dying, they live.

I think that the best and truest conception the ancient world had of its Gods was, that they were the grand captains in the eternal warfare against evil, chaos, and night. Here in this world we men participate blindly and stumblingly in that warfare, now allying ourselves with right, now, and more commonly with wrong; but in their world, behind the veil of the seen and the seeming, the Gods wage their war perpetually to guard the world of men. Camped out against Chaos on the Borders of Space, they repel forever the onslaught of the hosts of evil, lest the world of men should be inundated by untimely sin. And whoso of us will join ranks with them, shall not he too slay the mortality within him, cast the chrysalis of his humanity and imperfection, and emerge winged and flaming, one of the Immortals? Though you shall pass him in the street, and see nothing but the common clay of mortality, yet you are to know that he has his commission in the army of the Gods; he rides out splendid against Chaos, he breaks the battle of the hellions on the borders of Space.

This is an old druidic conception, held in ancient times by the bards of Wales. They taught that at the dawn of the world the Host of Souls, Sons of Gods and Morning Stars of Glory, woke in the World of Bliss at the sound of the Chanted Name of God, which called the Universe from sleep and latency into manifested being. Then those Blessed Ones, as they were called — those Blessed Ones who were ourselves — looked forth over the vast deep of Chaos and beheld afar beyond that howling darkness the Peaks of White Infinity and the dwelling-place of the Lone One, the Eternal; and they said: Evil upon us if we remain content with less than that. Their Chieftains sounded the Hai Atton upon their horns, the bugle-call of the gathering of the Immortals; and they rode forth singing in their chariots of fire to take Infinity by storm, to batter down the Gates of the Castle of God, and dwell therein forever, united with absolute Deity. But before they could come to that consummation, they had to conquer the Chaos that lay between; they had to wage vast warfare through the abyss of night; and until the whole waste of matter was conquered, they could not go on to the heights. And in the passage of that deep, they could not withstand the foes that assailed them; they fell, succumbing to the dreadful snares and temptations of the material world. They fell into incarnation: passing through slow ages through the mineral, vegetable, and animal worlds, until at last they reached the state of humanity; in which, gaining self-consciousness and the knowledge of good and evil, we have the opportunity of remembering again our ancient mission and purpose: of sounding again the Hai Atton of the Gods, and taking arms mightily against Chaos and evil.

But there were some that did not fall, and never ceased to remember; or if they fell, they were swift to rise again; they carried on their struggle perpetually; they never let go of their purpose, nor allowed the battle of the ages to cease for a moment. Either they never lost it, or they quickly or slowly regained their divine nature; and they are the Gods, our Brothers, whose labor is to gain auxiliaries for the eternal warfare from among the ranks of men. They, said the Bards, are our protectors, our allies, our captains and generals against evil: call not upon them for help, but rather seek to help them; for the weight of the universe rests upon them; they are the vanguard of our battle and take the blows and fury of Hell upon their shields. They protect humanity, that should be, and one day will certainly be their effective ally, but now is dreaming or playing traitor.

And it is when we shall have awakened and joined ranks with them ; when Chaos at last shall have been conquered, and the whole dominion of evil mastered by us, transformed and added to the Empire of God ; when in all our ranks there shall be no one left unconscious of his divinity or less than lord of himself ; it is then that our great army, Gods and men, but all Gods then, shall ride forward again in triumph, and enter in, gay, triumphant, singing, through the Gates of Peace.

We wandered in Bliss in the World's Golden Morning,
 The bardic, lone Stars sang hymns in our praise ;
 The insignia of Gods were our proud brows adorning,
 And dark Chaos glowed as we went on our ways.
 What though while through Hell's self our war-way we winged on,
 In ages oblivion-o'erladen, we fell?
 It was heaven that we deemed too inglorious a kingdom,
 It was we that made choice to build new heavens in Hell.

There were some that o'ercame when the deep rose to slay them,
 And flame against flame, they waged high war with Night ;
 Dark Chaos and hell had no power to dismay them,
 Nor Night had no spell to dim their proud sight.
 The ranks of the Warward Gods shine with their glory,
 They turn from delight to their stern, agelong war,
 Lest the brightness at heart of the ages grow hoary,
 And the spirit's sun rise o'er the world-brink no more.

TRUE SELF-REALIZATION: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IF society is to be saved from the confusion of thought under which it suffers, man must regain the sense of his own essential Divinity. All fixed standards seem to be vanishing, and people have lost their bearings amid the multitudinous deceptive lights that flash up through the fog for a moment and are lost again. It is universally understood that *character* is the only pilot that can steer us, and that all systems collapse unless founded on a firm basis of individual character. But no one seems to know how to restore character and give man back his lost sureness and dignity. There is one thing for certain which will *not* do this, and that is the philosophy which exalts above everything else the *animal* nature of man. Man *has* an animal nature and various animal functions ; but he has also a self-conscious mind which can either be controlled by these animal functions or else can

control them. What is right and safe in the animal may be wrong and destructive in man, if he prostitutes his higher faculties to lower forces. Are we to change all the laws that govern human relationships, in order that animal man may have room to display these emotionalized propensities?

We are even being taught to revere these propensities as some sacred endowment from nature, but even the people who teach this draw the line somewhere; they would not have man eating like a hog or behaving in certain other ways in which various animals behave. So it may be taken for granted that all agree that man must restrain his animal propensities to some extent. The point of difference is — to *what* extent?

According to some evolutionists it was the animal propensities that developed the intellect — developed the intellect which is to restrain them; and even the moral sense is supposed to have evolved out of such passions as selfishness and fear. This seems a curious reversal of the order of precedence.

We find in ourselves plenty of proof of our animal affinities but we also find plenty of proof of our Divine nature. In fact, we find in man the evidences of his affinity with all the kingdoms; he is mineral, vegetable, animal, and Divine. From the mineral kingdom he has derived the solid substance of his body and the lesser laws which govern mineral atoms in their chemical and physical properties. From the vegetable kingdom, again, man has derived certain other and higher attributes; and from the animal kingdom he has derived a large and complex set of physiological organs, with their appropriate functions and the desires that reside in them. But he has derived much more than this. Man is a storehouse of evolutionary products, a synthesis of universal forces and qualities. From which kingdom did he derive his self-conscious mind, his reflective and introspective intellect? From which, again, his moral sense? Certainly not from the animal kingdom, which has these not. From the animal kingdom he derived that which it has.

The Divine Intelligence has existed from all time; or rather is beyond all time. It is present everywhere in the universe, and the tiniest atom manifests it in some degree. But man's mind is its highest vehicle — on our earth. This intelligence cannot ensoul the animals, because they have not the vehicle for its manifestation as such. But man is endowed with a faculty that enables him to reflect the

Divine Light to an unlimited degree. He has the power of self-development. He can consciously invoke the Divine. This supreme faculty places him far above all the lower creation and can make him absolute lord over all the animal propensities in him, however violent or however colored up by specious philosophy and high-flown sentiment.

Possibly this may seem dogmatic to some people; but nevertheless, if man really wants to control himself, there is no other way than by acknowledging his Divinity. So there is the choice. And there would be no great harm — or danger — after all, in assuming as a rule of life that man has a Divine nature.

Of course the Divine nature is not that which makes a man puff himself up and put on airs and preach about “higher powers.” That is only his lower nature over again. For with his animal nature man has acquired a large collection of animal peculiarities, among them those of the peacock and the parrot. Only, whereas these propensities, when exercised by the animal, are simply its little best, in man they are follies. A peacock probably wishes to please his mate, and knows no better way than to exhibit his plumage; but a man knows better. The Divine nature is sufficiently well expressed in the familiar words:

“Charity” suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

But perhaps it is better expressed by certain words not so familiar to piety as to chivalry: Honor, Loyalty, Fealty, Chastity, Fidelity, Courage, and the like. They are the very backbone of human life. Whether we got them from the monkeys or from God or wherever else, we *must* foster them or we shall decay individually and collectively.

There are certain forces, always at work, whose influence is hostile to humanity. Their effect is to destroy, if possible, man's faith in himself. This is the only way in which humanity can be destroyed. These forces are very subtle, for they sometimes lurk unsuspected behind what are apparently lofty and beneficent teachings. They work through human agents, some of whom are conscious vehicles, others unconscious; some single workers, others banded together. There is no need to point the finger at anybody or any society or institution; the forces are recognizable by their tendency and effects. These are the forces against which we must beware; the forces that tend to

make us believe we are powerless or corrupt, helpless or depraved. If we are depraved, we need not stay so; if we are weak, we can become strong.

Humanity looks for a Savior to help it out of its difficulties. Some expect a Messiah to come in the flesh; others fondly hope that a spiritual outpouring of some kind will take place; and others think the great God evolution will produce something out of the melting-pot of human fatuities. *But the true Savior is ever present in his ancient temple* — the human heart; and it is difficult to see how he is to help humanity without humanity's helping itself.

We may often see sermons like this in the Sunday corners of periodicals and elsewhere, but they amount to little because there is no definite teaching behind them, and also because they are inconsistent with currently accepted theories of life. But Theosophy can do much more than preach moral sermons, for it has its teachings to back up its precepts. Wordsworth could feel his intimations of immortality and pre-existence, and give them utterance in poetry; and so have many other intuitive souls. But they have always been hindered by their limitations. For the fact is that the ordinary theories of human life and destiny *do not* consist with the intuitions of truth which we obtain from the Soul within. Also many have complained that life seems a cruel and meaningless farce. But these contrarities disappear in the light of the ancient wisdom now called Theosophy. It is the Divine man that is the liver of the life; his are the purposes, and they do not fail. If the fond delusions and desires, engendered of our composite nature, do not fructify, it is because they are not in accordance with our real Will nor our real interests. Pious people have often said: "It is Thy Will," or "Thy will be done"; but in saying this, they have always thought of an external power, not of their own true Self.

Can Theosophy restore the faded ideals of Honor, Loyalty, Truth, etc? Yes, because it can bring about the conditions necessary to their existence. Civilized humanity has to a great degree mastered the idea of a collective interest in hygiene. We realize that our health is interdependent, and that each one of us has duties with regard to the community; and we take steps to insure that these duties shall be performed, and we ourselves are glad to perform them. We have begun to develop a sense of unity in this respect. But it is so in morals also.

If every man realized that his acts and thoughts perfume or pollute the atmosphere which his fellows breathe, he would thereby acquire an unselfish interest in being pure. Theosophy, with its teachings about man and nature, could render this a tangible fact.

Theosophy may be said to be demonstrating its teachings about the essential Divinity of man by the success of the Râja-Yoga method of education, founded by Katherine Tingley on lines also laid down by H. P. Blavatsky; as well as by the effects which it produces among the grown-up residents at the International Headquarters, and upon all who embrace it. The children are taught to rely upon their own inner strength from earliest years; which is a very different thing from teaching them to rely on their personal will. The great Law of helping and giving is impressed upon them, and they respond readily; for children are, as the poet has sung, fresh from the Divine, and only need to be guarded and kept from being educated in the way of selfishness.

Is it right to permit children to grow up in ignorance of their Divine nature, and to send them out into the world thus crippled by ignorance?

Theosophy answers the call of those who yearn for something better than the ordinary ideals of life and who cherish impersonal aspirations. It shows us how to call forth latent powers and qualities which may be used impersonally and for the good of all. Its limitless horizon of knowledge prevents it from being a mere system of quietism, as is the case with so many consolations that are offered; nor need it postpone its promised boon to realms beyond the grave. And after all, what has eternity to do with time, that we should so crudely imagine that the one begins where the other ends? An eternal Now is no more related to the future than it is to the present.

Sometimes people imagine that their Higher Self is but an extension of their personality — so deeply ingrained is the sense of personal possession. But surely it is not right to lay so much stress on the salvation of individual souls or the development of separate personalities? The path of light and liberation does not consist in a climax of egotism. What is needed is to get away from that overwrought sense of separate personality, that prison that shuts us up each in his own little sanctum. For this, there is nothing like impersonal work, solidarity. For, though Theosophy does not teach annihilation or absorption into the universal, but on the contrary maintains that the

Individuality (not the personality) of man remains the same throughout the cycle of rebirths — yet the consciousness of the Higher Self cannot be limited like that of the personality, nor can there be any such feeling of separateness from other creatures as we feel in our habitual state. So perhaps we may approach the Divine by this way of forgetting the personality in impersonal work. No one will deny that life grows smaller and narrower for the selfish man; and the converse is true — that for the unselfish man it grows greater.

One day in the future, humanity in the mass will have reached the point of definite and final choice between two paths; it will be the day when humanity wins its triumph and fulfils its real destiny. But before an aggregate of humanity can reach this point, individuals may reach it. We must all reach it sooner or later, for it is an inevitable stage in the destiny of man, the Divine Pilgrim. It is as though he grew up, reached maturity, passed a crisis, and was reborn. Jesus, in his private conversation with Nicodemus, the man who came to him for instruction, says that man is born a second time: the first time of the flesh, the second time of the Spirit. Thus is the history of the race repeated in the individual; for man had “two creations”: the first of the flesh, the second of the Spirit.

But moments of choice occur to us every day, when we may follow either path. And it is important, in this age of sophistication, to have the facts clearly before us. Then we may know that there is something in us even more sacred than those desires which bewildered philosophicules would have us reverence; and that a true Man may be willing even to deny himself “self-realization,” for the sake of a greater Self-realization.

It is indeed high time that the Divinity of man was taught anew and with stronger appeal, if we are to withstand the “divinity” of man’s intellectualized passions (what a misuse of the word “intellect”!). And there is nothing that can make this ancient truth a living reality except Theosophy. How drab and dreary does our modern life seem by comparison with what it might be if the glory of humanity were restored. What pigmies we are. Nothing sublime can flourish in such surroundings, but either fizzles away in mawkish sentiment or is buried in cynicism. The Divinity of man cannot manifest itself in an atmosphere of selfishness, and the only condition of attaining to beautiful ideals is that we should not seek to make them into personal possessions or private enjoyments, as men usually try to do.

THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT: by Carolus



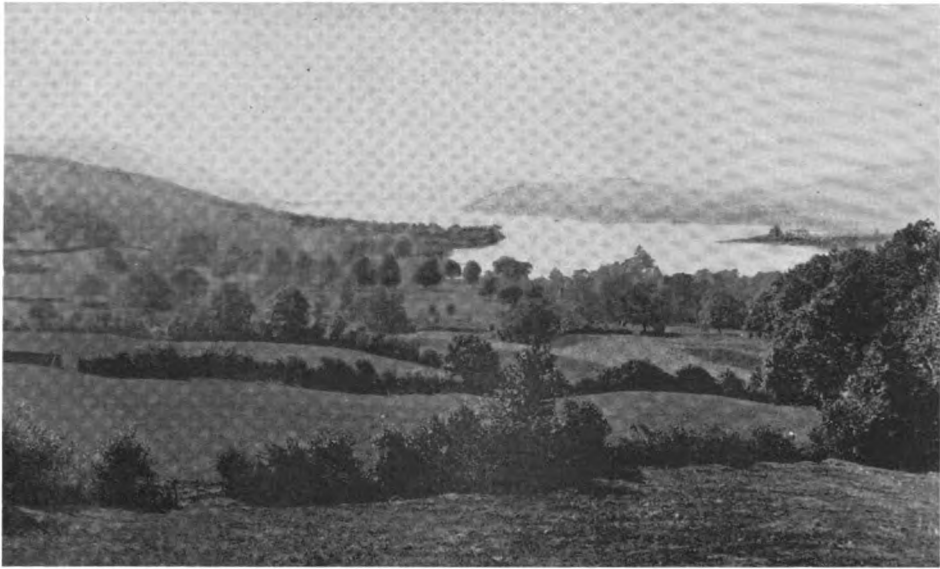
It would be difficult to find, throughout the world, another region so richly endowed by nature with beauty and so closely associated with the lives of great poets, philosophers, and artists, as the comparatively small portion of England known as the Lake District. This romantic territory, which lies within the three counties of Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland, contains the highest mountains and largest lakes in England. It is sometimes called the miniature Switzerland, but its scenery has a quality of charm peculiar to itself and quite different in character from the colossal grandeur of Alpine regions. The highest mountain, Scawfell Pike, only reaches 3210 feet, and there are no glaciers or avalanches; snow seldom lies on the heights for more than half the year, and there are no great rivers or waterfalls, though plenty of small and picturesque ones. But, although the scenery lacks the element of vastness, there is great variety and striking contrast between the wild and barren uplands and the rich tree-clad vales; each of the lakes, too, has its own well-marked characteristics, no two being at all alike.

The glamor of romance and legend, so strongly felt amid the mountains of Wales and Ireland, and to a lesser degree in Scotland, the breath of an old-world magic not yet quite passed away, is not predominant in the English mountain-land, though some of the local names and the so-called "Druidical" Stone Circles which still remain in a few places, remind the student of antiquity of races long passed away, and connect the locality in thought with other regions where traces of the ancient spirit still linger in the hearts of the people. The associations of the Lake District are mainly connected with the poets of about a century ago who took an important share in the awakening of the English-speaking peoples to the significance of the external beauty of nature.

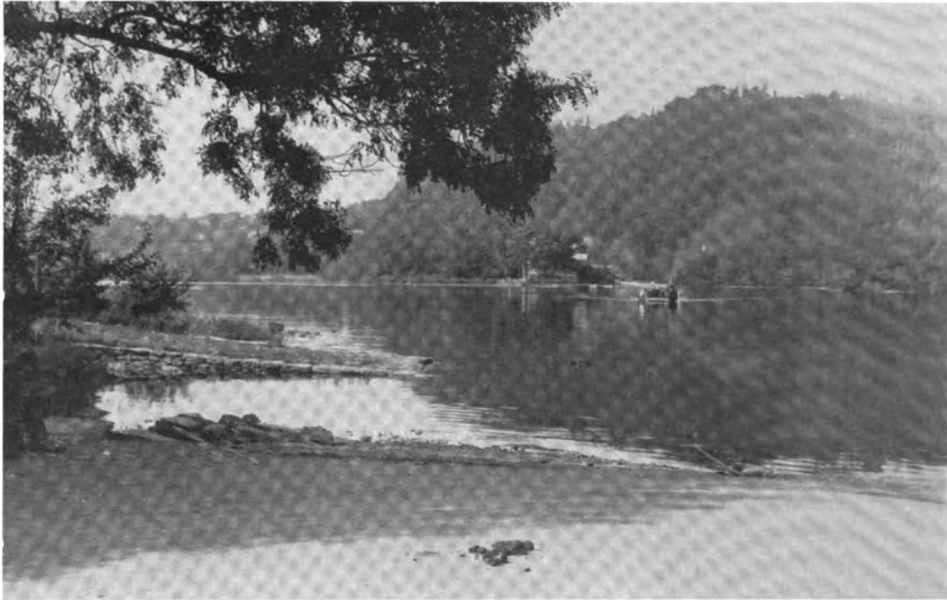
Visitors generally approach the Lake District from the south, and start their explorations at Windermere, the largest of the lakes, though not much more than ten miles in length. The lower end of Windermere is comparatively tame, but, as the steamer moves northward the loftier mountains at the head of the lake rise into view out of the waters, until at Ambleside they form a stately background of bold peaks and cliffs. Not to enter the charmed country of Wordsworth by the "water-gate" of Windermere is to miss the best introduction to the pleasure-ground of England. North of Windermere lie Rydal



FRIARS' CRAG, DERWENTWATER, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

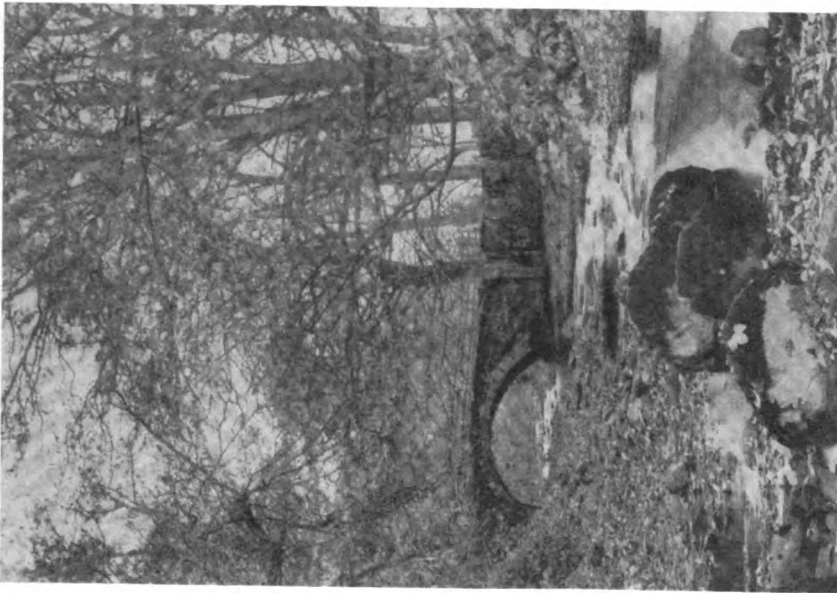


DISTANT VIEW OF CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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FERRY NAB, NEAR BOWNESS, WINDERMERE, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



A BECK IN CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND



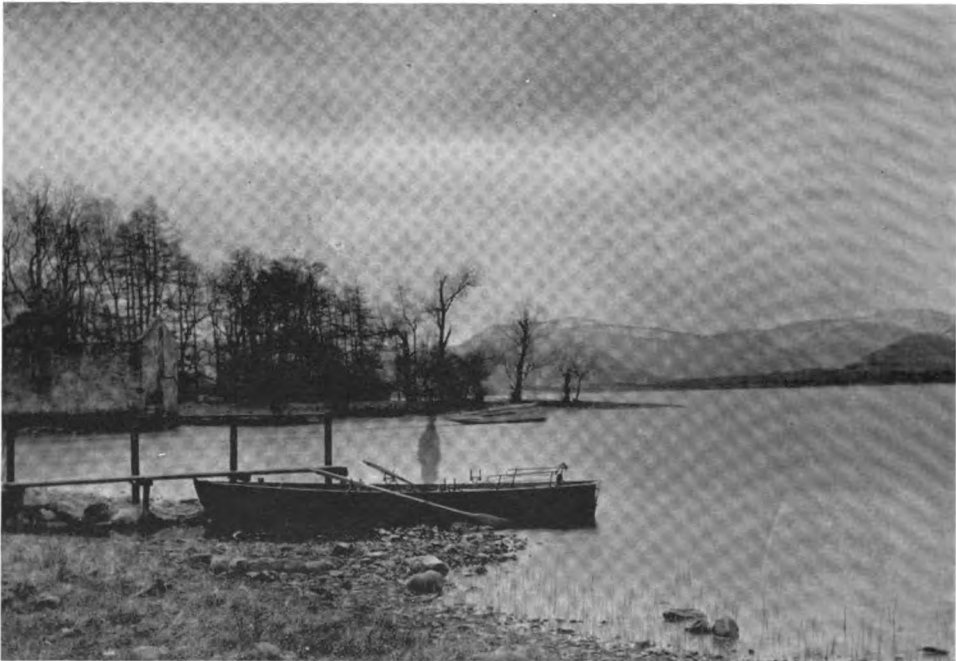
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DACRE CASTLE, CUMBERLAND

One of the towers for defense on the English side of the border between England and Scotland. There are remains of a moat on three sides. An underground passage — closed recently only — leads to the church above and it is said one passed also under the beck (stream) to a hill, where the Vicarage now stands.



BRATHAY BRIDGE, NEAR AMBLESIDE, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

OLD BOAT-HOUSE; POOLEY BRIDGE, ULLSWATER

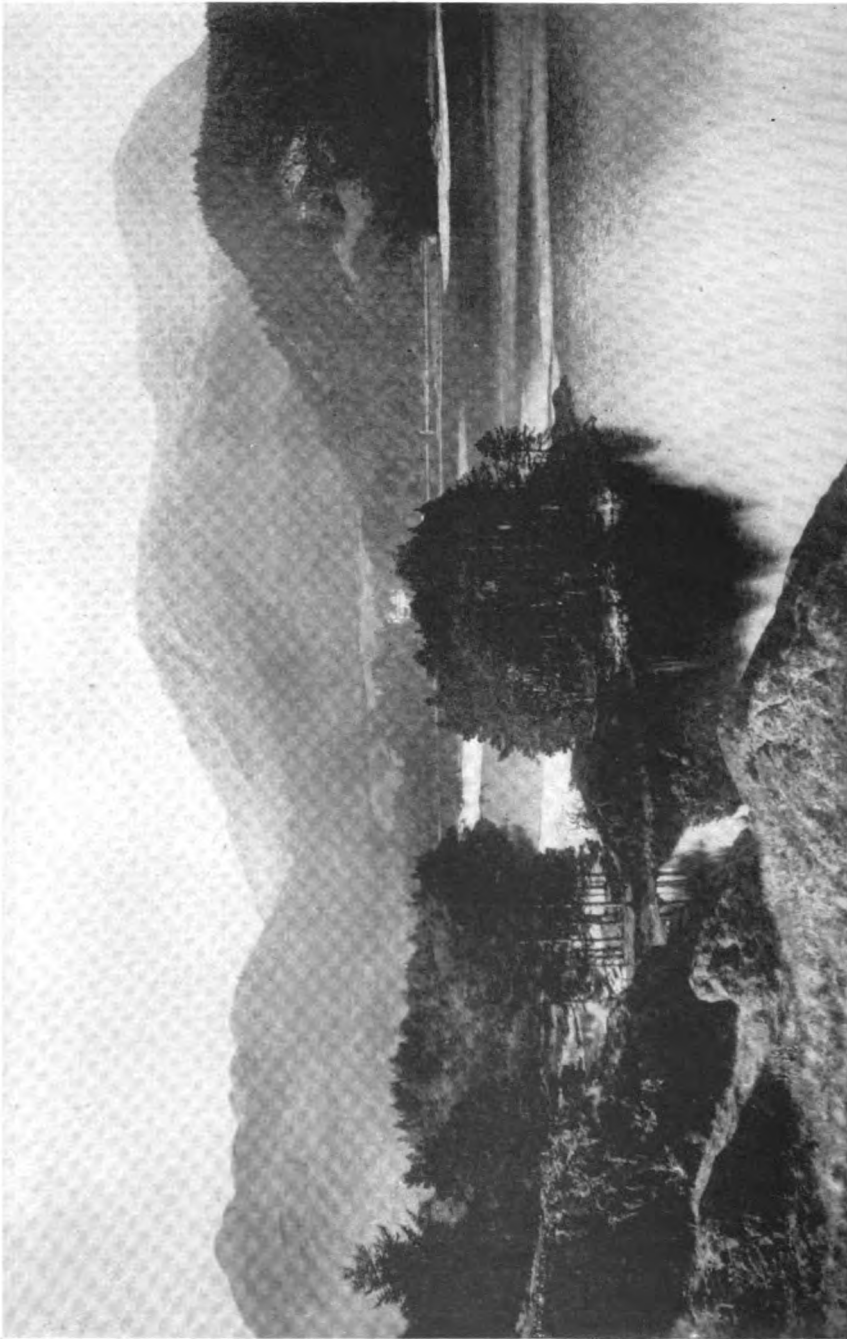


ULLSWATER, FROM GOWBARROW PARK, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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THE FELLS AT HOWTON, ULLSWATER, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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ULLSWATER, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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RYDAL WATER, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT



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LOUGH RIGG AND RYDAL WATER, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

Water and Grasmere, which are inseparably associated with the memory of Wordsworth, for it was in this neighborhood that he lived for almost fifty years. Just to the west of and parallel with Windermere is Lancashire's only other important sheet of water, Coniston. John Ruskin, who must by right of his penetrating insight into the mystery of natural scenic beauty and for his power of awakening the love of nature in others, be included among the poet-prophets of Lakeland, spent his last years at Brantwood, which overlooks Coniston. That woodland retreat is also associated with the memory of W. J. Linton, poet, painter, and famous wood-engraver, and with Gerald Massey, poet and philosopher, and admirer of H. P. Blavatsky. Speaking of Ruskin's long connexion with the Lake District, a modern writer says:

As long as any grateful heart turns lovingly to our Lakeland hills they will remember that from our mountains and our streams, our flowers and our woody places, our lakes and lawns, our clouds and sunshine, Ruskin's heart drew courage, drew strength and power to inspire, yea, and to be patient and endure. To his sure retreat above the tranquil lake, in Coniston's quiet vale, the greatest gladiator of his time, Carlyle hardly excepted, the most self-sacrificing teacher, the purest-minded thinker, the most farsighted prophet of his day, worn out and weary, returned to rest.*

Coniston is also known as Thurstonwater, the Water of the town of the Scandinavian Thor. Such names, and there are many throughout the Lake District, remind us of the Danish settlement in early times. From there a large emigration went to Iceland in the eleventh century, though many were left in possession of the land. Ullswater, on the borders of Cumberland and Westmorland, is the Water of Ulph the Viking. In later times the Ullswater district was part of the great Inglewood forest where Robin Hood and his merry men hunted and hid. One of the most exquisite spots in this district is Gowbarrow Fell Estate, a wooded glen, the property of the National Trust since 1906 and therefore saved for all time from the depredations of the speculative builder or from enclosure. It is a sanctuary of wild life; the golden eagle, the buzzard, the curlew, and other rare and interesting birds are now nesting there in peace, the red and fallow deer are multiplying again, and many other animals, now almost extinct in Great Britain, are being preserved for the benefit of posterity. It was at Gowbarrow, on the banks of the Lake of Ullswater, that Wordsworth gained that sight of a belt of daffodils dancing in the wind, that has enriched our literature with a song that is a joy for ever.

* Rawnsley: *Literary Associations of the English Lakes.*

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

.
 The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company!
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

In the northern part of the Lake District, in Cumberland, there are several fair-sized lakes, of which Derwentwater or Keswick Lake is the most romantic and beautiful. There is now a monument to Ruskin on the small promontory called Friars' Crag. It contains a profile portrait of him, with a crown of wild olive and the motto "Today." In his *Modern Painters* he says:

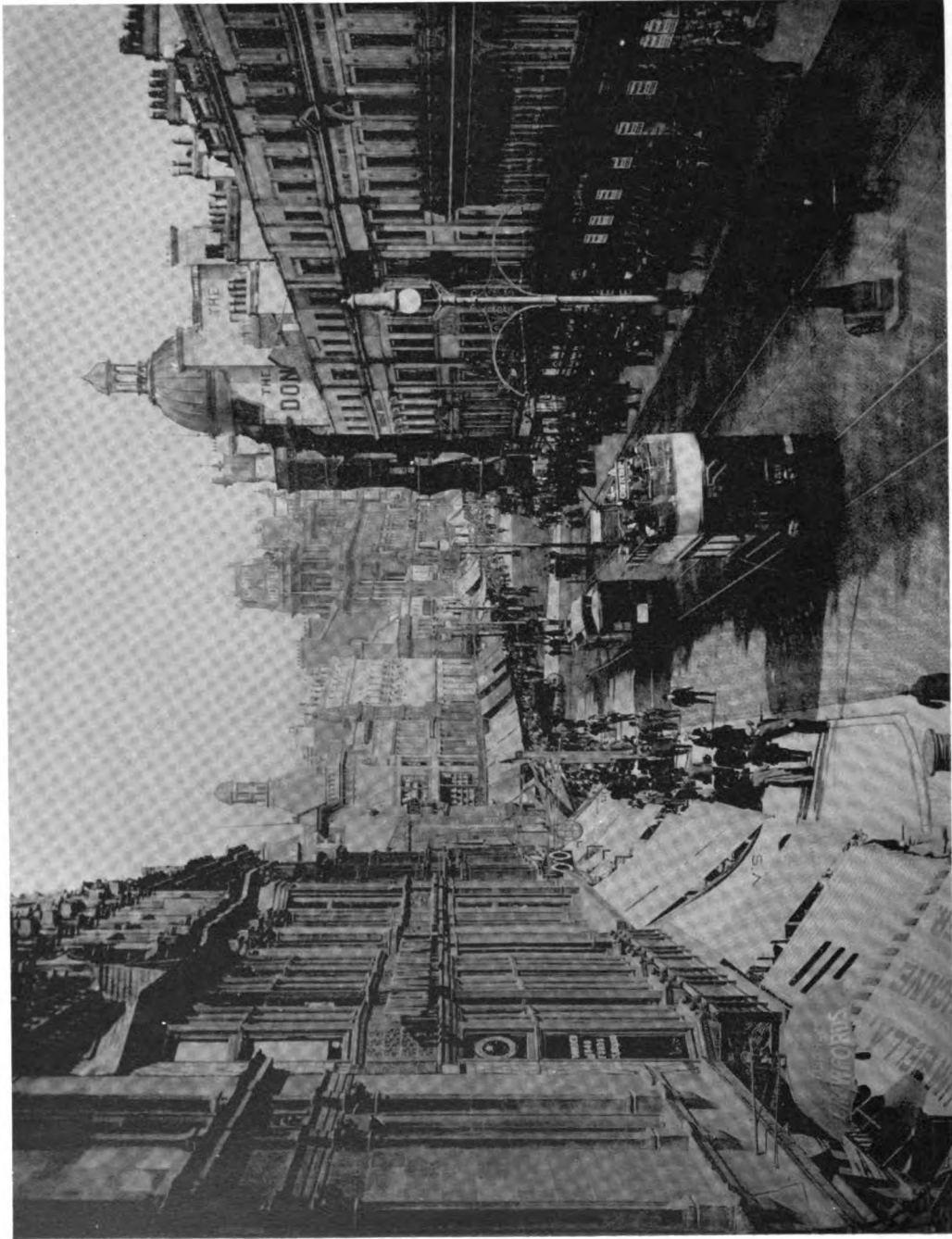
This gift of taking pleasure in landscape I assuredly possess in greater degree than most men. The first thing which I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars' Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the mossy roots, over the crag, into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since.

In 1777 Benjamin Franklin and Sir John Pringle sailed out on a stormy day on Derwentwater to make the first experiments with oil on troubled waters. The results are well known and have been of great benefit to mariners. A list of the famous men and women who have either lived for many years in the Lake District, or who have spent time there, would require several pages. It would include Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, Carlyle, Coleridge, John Dalton the chemist, Emerson, Sir Humphrey Davy, Hogarth, Harriet Martineau, Shelley, Southey, and Turner.



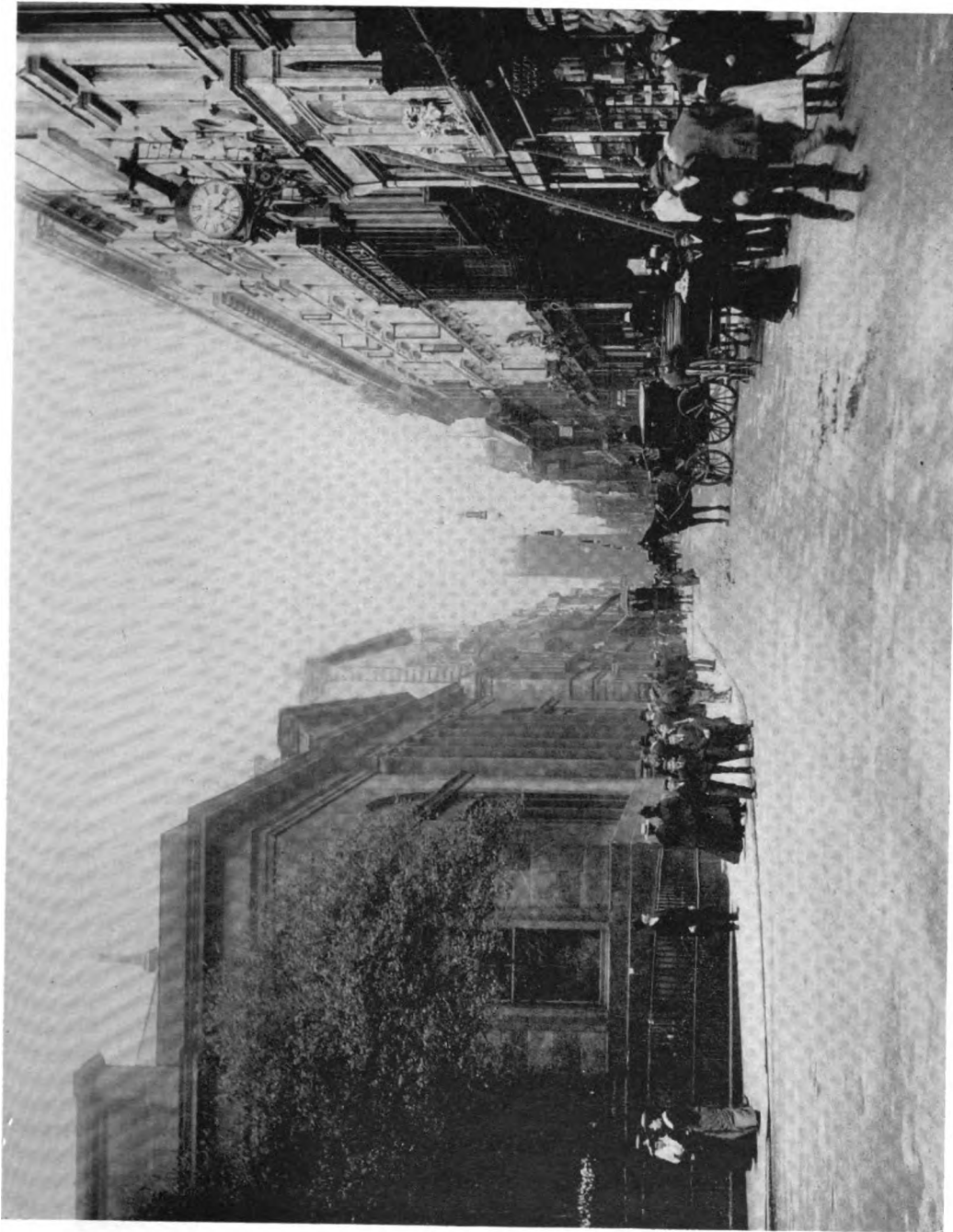
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THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND



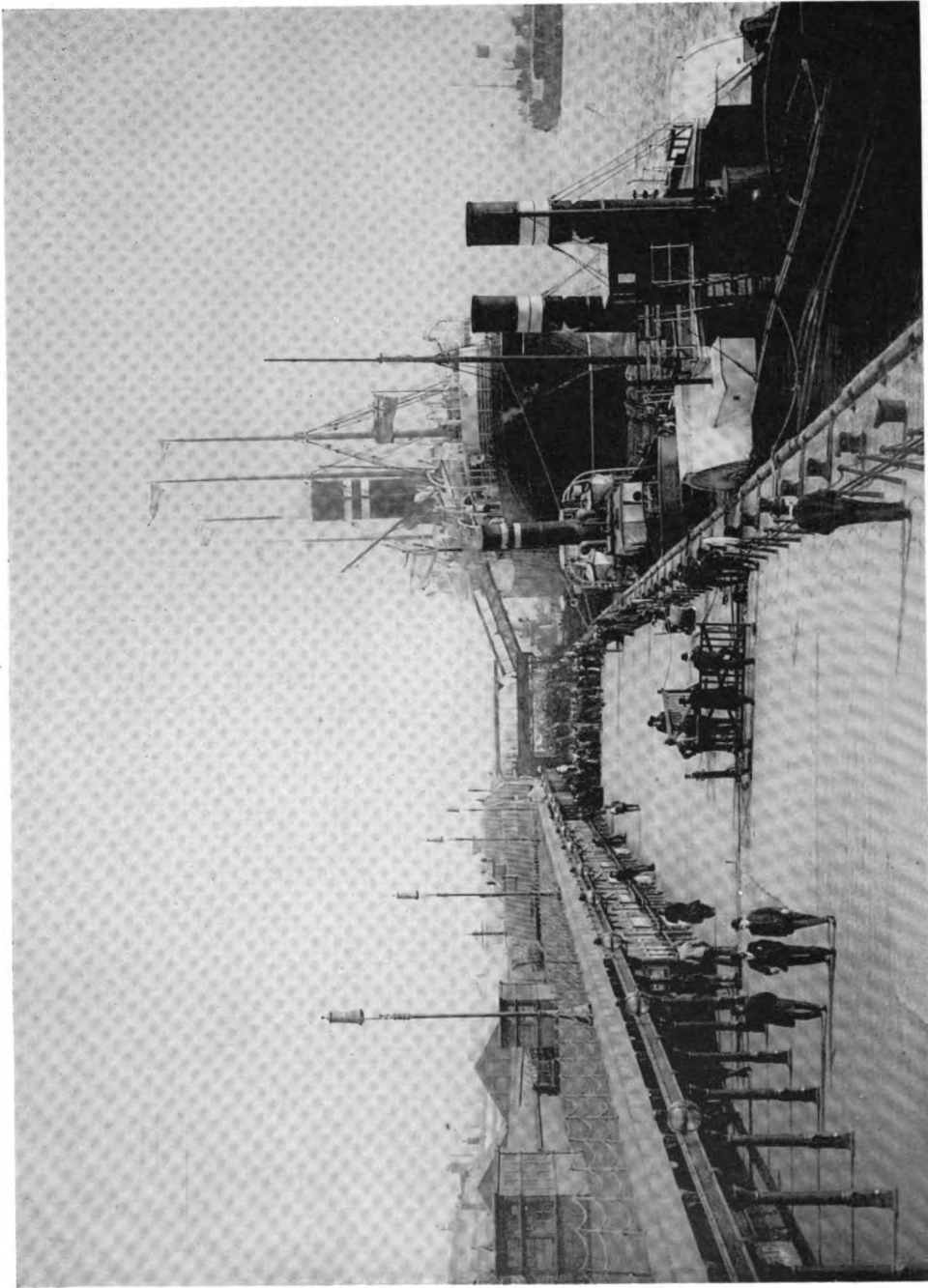
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LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL



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SCENE AT THE LANDING-STAGE, LIVERPOOL

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT: by P. A. M.

III

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhémar).

Vol. IV, p. 185.



O depict what happened at Versailles from the first news of the riot in Paris would be impossible. A panic terror, an unimaginable fear came over all of us; no one preserved any energy, or firmness, when we had heard the horrible cries "*Down with the Queen! Down with the Polignacs!*" uttered for the first time.

Every instant terrifying news was brought. They brought the lists of the proscription; all the men of the Duchess's acquaintance had their names written therein, and when the certainty of the murders of MM. Flesselles and de Launoy was established the bravest trembled.

It was no longer a question of resistance. One went to another asking for safety and help; supporters were chosen among the members of the *tiers état*, they spoke to them of patriotic sentiments, people lied to their conscience through excess of fear.

The Queen sent for me and I hurried to her. She was lying on her couch; tears fell abundantly from Her Majesty's eyes, they drew tears from mine. Seeing to what this great princess was reduced I fell on my knees, and taking her hands, I kissed them again and again. I was choking with sobs. We remained in this painful silence for some minutes, which seemed to me to be hours, then the Queen said to me:

"Poor countess, your affliction does me good, for it proves to me that you always love me — and I have great need of love. What will become of me, my God! How can I tell you the commission which it is indispensable that I must give you?" She stopped. I assured her of my affection, of my zeal.

"The excellent Duchess," continued the Queen, "is my friend; she only gives me good advice. Well, my detractors — those who desire my ruin — have sworn to ruin her also. They have put a price on her head."

I made an exclamation, in spite of the respect due to Her Majesty, who without noticing it, said:

"Yes, they will kill her, that is certain, and her husband and children with her. They are victims that have to be sacrificed; we must snatch them out of the hands of the assassins. Take this duty, dear Countess. Go and find the Duchess for me, and tell her that I conjure her to leave France for a little time. I will give her letters of introduction for Vienna, she will be in the bosom of my family, and they will receive her with open arms. In the interval we will avert the storm, we will persuade the mutineers to return to their duty, and then I will hasten to recall her to me. Assure her that she will not lose my friendship, nor her position, and that she will retain the office of governess of the children of France, and that her husband will be the first peer that the King will appoint."

I heard what the Queen said to me with an inexpressibly heavy heart. Certainly this commission was a difficult one to carry out. How was I to go to tell a person established at the pinnacle of favor that she was to fall from it, and

pass from absolute command to a distant exile? However, I could not refuse Marie Antoinette, and moreover my attachment for the good Duchess would soften the blow.

I rose, and showing the grief that this commission caused me, I went to Madame de Polignac. I should have preferred to find her alone; but I found her husband the Duke, her sister-in-law, the Comte de Vaudreuil, M. l'abbé de Ballivière. Judging by my solemn manner as I entered and my swollen eyes still damp with my tears that had been mingled with those of the Queen, they did not doubt that I had come with sad news; the Duchess gave me her hand.

"What have you to announce to me?" she said. "I am prepared for any misfortune."

"Not at all for that which is about to fall upon you. Alas! my gentle friend, accept it with resignation and courage..."

The words expired on my lips, and the Countess continued:

"You are killing my sister a thousand times with your silence. Well, Madame, what is it?"

"Yes, what is it?" said the Duchess, "since I must know."

"The Queen," I said, "wishes that to avoid the proscription which menaces you, you and yours, that you should go for some months to Vienna."

"The Queen drives me away and you announce it!" cried the Duchess, rising.

"Unjust friend," I continued, "let me tell you all that remains for me to tell you." Then I continued, and repeated word for word what Marie Antoinette had charged me to tell.

There were more tears, more exclamations, more despair; I did not know what to make of it. M. de Vaudreuil showed no more firmness than the Polignacs.

"Alas!" said the Duchess. "It is my duty to obey. I will go without question, since the Queen wishes it, but will she not permit me to renew to her with my own mouth the gratitude I owe her for her endless bounty towards me?"

"Never has she thought of your going without being able to console you first," I said. "So go to her room. Her reception of you will make up for this seeming disfavor."

The Duchess begged me to accompany her and I agreed. My heart was bursting at the sad interview of these women who so ardently loved one another. There was a deluge of lamentations, of weeping, of sighs; they embraced so warmly that they could not be separated. It was really pitiable to see.

At that moment a fancifully sealed letter was given to the Queen. She glanced at it, trembled, and then said to me:

"It is from our unknown."

"In fact," I said, "it seemed strange to me that in such circumstances as these he kept quiet. In any case it is not for lack of having warned me."

Madame de Polignac, by her expression, seemed anxious to know what was so familiar to me. A sign I made gave the Queen to understand this. Her Majesty then said:

"Since my arrival in France, and at every event in which my interests are concerned, a mysterious protector has revealed to me what I had to fear. I have told you something about it, and today I do not doubt that he advises me what I ought to do."

"Take it Madame d'Adhémar," she said to me. "Read this letter; your eyes are not so tired as those of Madame de Polignac and mine."

Alas! the Queen referred to the tears which she did not cease to shed. I took the paper, and having opened the envelope I read as follows:

"Madame:

"I have been Cassandra. My words have assailed your ears in vain and you have arrived at the times I announced to you. It is no longer a question of maneuvering but of opposing with energy the storm that is growling ahead; it is necessary for that and in order to increase your strength, to isolate yourself from the people you love the most, so as to take away all pretext from the rebels. Besides, these people are risking their lives. All the Polignacs and their friends are doomed to death and pointed out to the assassins who have just cut the throats of the officers of the Bastille and the Provost of the Merchants. M. le Comte d'Artois will perish; they thirst also for his blood. Let him take care. I hasten to tell you this. Later I will communicate further."

We were in the state of stupefaction into which such a threat necessarily plunges one when M. le Comte d'Artois was announced. All of us started; he himself was dumbfounded. We questioned him, and he, not being able to keep silence, told us that the Duc de Liancourt had just told him and the King that the men of the revolution, in order to consolidate it, wanted his life (that of the Comte d'Artois) and that of the Duchesse de Polignac, of the Duc, of MM. Vaudreuil, de Vermont, de Guiche, of the Ducs de Broglie, de La Vauguyon, de Castries, baron de Breteuil, MM. de Villedeuil, d'Amecourt, the Polastrons, in a word a real proscription.

"My brother," said the Queen, impetuously, "I do not know what the King has ordered you to do. But I beg you to save yourself. Go, with the good Duchess; you will return together in happier times."

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhémar).

Vol. IV, p. 253.

When the troubles of the approaching revolution were thickening around Marie Antoinette, she advised Madame d'Adhémar to leave her and Versailles.

"Go to Paris for the present," said that excellent Princess.

"Ah, Madame," I replied, "Paris for me is where you are."

"Do not expose yourself, do not compromise your husband."

I bowed, and my expression indicated that the morrow would see me again in my place.

As I went to my apartment, a note was given me. This was it.

"All is lost, Madame la Comtesse, this sun is the last that will set on the monarchy. Tomorrow it will exist no longer, there will be another chaos; anarchy

without parallel. You know how I have tried to give affairs a different turn. They have disdained me and today it is too late. I wanted to see the work which *the demon* Cagliostro * prepared; it is infernal; keep yourself apart. I will watch over you. Be prudent, and you will exist after the tempest has beaten down everything. I resist the desire I have to see you. What should we say to one another? You would ask of me the impossible; I can do nothing for the King, for the Queen, nor for the royal family, nothing even for the Duc d'Orleans, who will triumph tomorrow, and who in due course will cross the Capitol to be cast from the Tarpeian rock. However, if you are particularly anxious to meet an old friend, go at eight o'clock to the Récollets, and enter in at the second chapel at the right.

"I have the honor to be . . .

"Comte de Saint-Germain."

At this name, already guessed, an exclamation of surprise escaped me; he still living, whom they said died in 1784 and of whom I had not heard for long years, had reappeared suddenly, and at such a moment, at such an epoch? Why had he come to France? Would he never have done with existence? I knew old men who had seen him at the commencement of the eighteenth century with the features of a man of forty or fifty years old.

It was one o'clock at night when I read his letter; the hour of the rendezvous was in the morning, so I went to bed. I slept little. Dreadful dreams tormented me, and in their hideous fantasy I saw the future without comprehending it at all. At the approach of day I arose weary. I had told my chief valet to bring me very strong coffee and I took two cups, which put a little spirit into me. At half past seven, I called a sedan-chair and followed by my confidential servant, I went to the Récollets.

The church was deserted. I posted M. Laroche as a sentry, and I entered in the chapel indicated. A short time afterwards, and just as I had gathered my thoughts before God, a man came towards me. . . . It was he in person. . . . Yes, he with the same countenance as in 1760, whilst mine was full of wrinkles and marks of decrepitude. . . . I was struck with astonishment; he smiled, advanced, took my hand and kissed it gallantly; I was so much upset that I let him do it.

"You there," said I. "Where do you come from?"

"I come from China and Japan."

"Or rather from the other world!"

"Pretty nearly so. Ah! Madame, *down there* (I underline the expression), nothing is so singular as what is passing here. How are they dealing with the monarchy of Louis XIV? You who have never seen it cannot make the comparison, but I . . ."

"I catch you there, man of yesterday!"

"Who does not know the history of that great reign? And the Cardinal de Richelieu, if he returned . . . it would drive him mad, the reign of the rabble! What did I tell you, as well as the Queen, that M. de Maurepas would ruin

* Compare THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, February, p. 93.

everything, because he compromised everything: I was Cassandra, a prophet of misfortune; where are you now?"

"Eh! Monsieur le Comte, your wisdom will be useless."

"Madame, he who sows the wind, gathers the storm; Jesus said it in the Gospel, perhaps not before me, but in any case his words are written; people have not been able to profit by mine."

"Still! . . ." I said, trying to smile; but he without replying to my exclamation, continued:

"I wrote to you: *I can do nothing, my hands are tied by one who is stronger than I*; there are periods of time when it is impossible to retreat, others in which when HE has pronounced the decree, the decree must be executed; we are entering into that time."

"Will you see the Queen?"

"No, she is doomed."

"Doomed! To what?"

"TO DEATH!"

Oh! that time I could not repress a cry. I rose in my seat, my hands pushed the Count away from me, and with a trembling voice, I said:

"And you also! You! What! You also!"

"Yes, I . . . I, like Cazotte."

"You know . . ."

"What you do not even suspect. Return to the château; go and tell the Queen to look out for herself, that this will be a fatal day for her; there is a plot and murder is contemplated."

"You fill me with terror, but the Comte d'Estaing has promised. . . ."

"He will be afraid and will hide."

"But M. de Lafayette . . ."

"A balloon filled with the wind. At this moment they are determining what they will do with him, if he is to be an instrument or victim; at noon all will be decided."

"Monsieur," I said, "you can render great services to our King and Queen if you wish."

"And if I cannot?"

"How?"

"Yes, if I cannot; I thought I should not be at all understood. The hour for repose is past and the decrees of providence must be executed."

"Definitely, what do they want?"

"The complete ruin of the Bourbons; they will be hunted from all the thrones which they occupy, and in less than a century they will again enter the ranks of simple private people in their different branches."

"And France?"

"Kingdom, Republic, Empire, mixed state, tormented, agitated, rent; from clever tyrants it will pass to other ambitious people of no merit; it will be divided, cut up, split in pieces; and these are by no means pleonasms on my part. The near future will bring about the overturning of the Low Empire; pride will

dominate or abolish distinctions, not from virtue, but from vanity; it is through vanity that one will return to them. The French, like children, playing at "*pou-cette et à la fronde*," will play with titles, honors, decorations. Everything will be a toy to them, even the trappings of the national guard; people of great appetite will devour the finances. Some fifty millions today form a deficit in the name of which a revolution is made. Well, under the directory of philanthropists, rhetoricians, fine talkers, the State debt will increase to more than several milliards."

"You are a terrible prophet; when shall I see you again?"

"Five times more. Do not wish for the sixth."

(Note. I have seen M. de Saint-Germain again, and always to my inconceivable surprise: at the assassination of the Queen; on the approach of the 18th Brumaire; the day after the death of M. le Duc d'Enghien; in 1815 in the month of January; and the day before the murder of M. le Duc de Berri. I await the sixth visit, when God wills.)*

I confess that a conversation so solemn, so mournful, so terrifying, inspired me with very little desire to continue it. M. de Saint-Germain weighed upon my heart like a nightmare; it is strange how we change with age, how we look with indifference, or even disgust, upon those whose presence formerly charmed us. I found myself in this position. And then the present perils of the Queen worried me. I did not insist enough with the Count. Perhaps if I had begged him to do so, he would have come to her. There was a time of silence, and then he spoke again.

"Do not let me detain you longer. There is already a disturbance in the city. I am like Athalia, *I wanted to see, and I have seen*. Now I am going to take the post again and leave you. I have a journey to make in Sweden; a great crime is being prepared there, and I am going to try and prevent it. His Majesty Gustave III interests me. He is worth more than his reputation."

"And they threaten him?"

"Yes; they will no longer say 'happy as a King,' nor as a Queen, above all."

"Adieu then, Monsieur. In truth I wish I had never heard you."

"So it is with us people of truth. One entertains deceivers, but fie on those who say what will be! Adieu, Madame; au revoir."

He left me, and I remained plunged in a profound meditation, not knowing if I ought to inform the Queen of this visit or not. I determined to wait until the end of the week and to say nothing if it were fertile in misfortunes. Finally I rose, and when I found Laroche again, I asked him if he had seen the Comte de Saint-Germain as he passed.

"The minister, Madame?"

"No. He died a long time ago. The other."

"Ah! the clever conjurer. No, Madame. Has Madame la Comtesse met him?"

"He went out a moment ago; he passed close by you."

"I must have been thinking of something else, for I did not see him."

"It is impossible, Laroche. You are amusing yourself."

* Note written by the hand of the Countess, attached by a pin to the original manuscript, and dated 12th May, 1821. She died in 1822.

"The worse the times are, the more respect I have for Madame."

"What! He did not pass there, close by you, out of this door?"

"It is not that I deny it, but it did not strike my sight."

He had then made himself invisible. I was nonplused.

I quitted the church. He had not deceived me. I recognized that the populace of Versailles was becoming uneasy. It was nothing yet. I met M. de Cazalès. He came to me and his exquisite politeness caused him to show concern for my health. Then he spoke to me of the Queen.

"Ah! Madame, how great is the number of her enemies! What has she done to them?"

"Good."

"That is a wrong towards bad people. They will never pardon those who force them to gratitude, who put them under an obligation."

The justice of this thought struck me; it is the counterpart of that excuse of selfishness, so poetically expressed by Racine:

A benefit reproached is always a possible offense.

Thence we passed to the circumstances of the day.

"What do you think of them?" I said.

"We must see."

"And wait, must we not? The rascals have less patience. They act."

"Do you think, Madame, that if the King deigned to ask us to come to his support, we should not fly to his orders? What can we do? They neutralize us, they paralyse us, and the time will come when people will blame our inaction. A King whose crown is threatened ought to hold it on his head with one hand and draw his sword with the other. Yes, when the sword of the King is in its sheath, the subject only draws his with lukewarmness. One should preach by example — it is the best kind of eloquence."

At this moment, to our unbounded surprise, we saw at a distance of two paces M. de C — L —, dressed as a servant, in the livery of M. le Comte de Bourbon. His disguise did not hide him so well that I could not recognize him, as well as M. de Cazalès, as he was one of the "âmes damnées" of M. le Duc d'Orléans. He may have thought we did not recognize him, and continued on his way.

As for us, a look given and taken depicted our astonishment.

"Well, Monsieur!"

"Well, Madame, that man comes like a huntsman on the track of the beast, assuredly. I am going to run to the assembly, where perhaps I can serve the King."

"I am going to place myself at the side of the Queen; let us do our duty and then let come what may."

Book 28. The Days of October, 1789.

I went to the Queen very early. She appeared to me to be less agitated than the evening before. I soon learned the cause. The Marquis de Lafayette had just written to M. de Saint-Priest and as I had a copy of the letter, I insert it:

“ Monseigneur,

“ M. le Duc de Larochefoucauld will have told you of the idea they put into the heads of the grenadiers of going to Versailles tonight. I sent to you to tell you not to be disturbed, because I counted on their confidence in me to destroy this project, and I owe them the justice of adding that they had counted upon asking my permission, and that several thought they would make a very simple march and that it would be commanded by me. This weakness was entirely dissipated by the few words I said to them, and nothing has remained except the inexhaustible resources of the plotters.

“ You ought to regard this circumstance only as a new indication of evil designs, not as a real danger.

“ Send my letter to M. de Montmorin.

“ They had circulated the letter among all the companies of the grenadiers, and the rendezvous was for three o'clock at the 'Place Louis XV.' ”

The usual formulae followed.

When I had finished reading this, the Queen turned and said with some satisfaction:

“ There is a respite.”

I did not know how badly these words made me feel. For so great a Princess to congratulate herself, not on her complete tranquillity, but on a delay in the execution of a crime! I did not wish to take from her her moments of repose, only too certain that it would be disturbed before her last hour; nevertheless, I proposed measures of prudence. The Queen then, with a sort of impatience which was not usual with her, replied:

“ But there is a respite. Must I repeat it? Let me breathe for a few days.”

I was silent. At the same instant M. Fersen entered. He also came from Paris at full gallop; he had followed the first battalion of the insurgent women.

“ I have taken part in the revolt,” said he, “ in order to know it better. I marched on the Hôtel de Ville. We took it. MM. Lafayette and Bailly lost their heads. The National Guard assembled and there is only one cry, 'Go to Versailles!' ”

“ And when?” said the Queen, paling in spite of her great energy.

“ Immediately, Madame, without respite!”

At that word employed by Marie Antoinette, but in an opposite sense, Her Majesty looked at me with an expression of despair. I turned away to hide my eyes, which were filled with tears; I recognized how much M. de Saint-Germain, that inexplicable person, had told me the truth; the subsequent events only too clearly demonstrated the truth of his prophecy. Meanwhile I must keep to the narration of the events of Monday, 5th, and Tuesday, 6th, of October, 1789.

The factious party, delighted with the pretext that the court furnished them with, decided to deliver a final blow. So they gave the order to the bakers not to light their fires. Bread was lacking, without there being a famine. One of these workmen, less cowardly or more honest, having served his customers, was hanged to a lamp-post.

He was saved by M. de Gouvion, who cut the rope at the risk of his own life.

(To be continued)

THE LEGEND OF VISINGSÖ: by Oscar Ljungström



EVERY Swede knows Lake Vättern — the wide clear inland sea, a diamond among lakes — and all have certainly heard of Visingsö, the pearl of Vättern. But perhaps all do not know that in olden times the royal residence of Sweden was situated here on this beautiful island, which was the seat of several of our old kings, chief among whom was Magnus Ladulus (Magnus “lock the barn”). In these times, when legend changed into history, the metropolis of the North was situated at the southern end of the island. In remote antiquity, however, when legend was true and history unwritten, the metropolitan center even then was in the island, though at its northern point.

One summer I journeyed to Visingsö and turned my steps to the old fragments of the walls in the south, which are all that is left of the royal castle. Antiquarians and their helpers were busy digging, and had brought the immense walls to the light. On the outside they found the barbs of decayed arrows that had been shot against the castle when it was stormed by hostile forces; inside they found charred wood remnants, dating from the day when enemies had set the castle on fire. In front of a niche in the tower-chamber a small ornamented bronze key was found. Maybe it once belonged to the jewel-box, in which the diadem of the royal bride was kept.

From the south I turned my steps to the place of memories in the north. I wandered in dreams through immense oak-woods out into pine-regions, where the tall trunks reminded me of columns in a fairy temple. As in an old church one treads on gravestone after gravestone all the way to the altar, so the ground below the crowns of pines was strewn with barrow on barrow, in their hundreds. The people of the saga had found here the path that leads through the underworld over the Gjallar-bridge and Bifröst up to Valhall.

Half-way to the place in view I passed a stately view, surrounded by gigantic ramparts and ditches — Earl Brahe's Visingsborg. The castle was burnt one Christmas Eve in the time of Carolus XII, being set on fire by captive Muscovites. Now lofty trees covered with leaves were to be seen growing from the ground up through the hall of knights, and forming vaults from wall to wall. Though not following the plan of the architect, yet they were in keeping with the whole, conforming to its style — a ruin style!

At the extreme north a memorial stone is standing, which was erected by Earl Brahe: “Here our forefathers had a castle in olden

days," it says. Dark forces, however, try to destroy such memories and turn them over to oblivion. Storm-waves dig and dig until the stone falls down the steep and becomes buried. Several times it has been erected anew, and each time at a greater distance inland from the shore.

But this is not the true memorial stone. One hundred fathoms from the shore, deep down you must seek the "Borga-stone" — this stone of which the legend speaks. Some of its words still live in the legends of the people and in ancient chronicle — they give some scattered features. When listening to the temple-song of the wind in the pine-wood among the barrows; when standing on the shore with the clear little wavelets whispering at my feet; when rocking in the billows on the way to the Borga-stone — then my mind was filled by the echoes of bygone days. And my soul heard the legend that has been handed down in a trustworthy manner from generation to generation, though now it is half-forgotten.

Thus it runs:

In ancient times Vättern did not exist. Where its cool waters now extend, there was a wide, fertile valley — a whole country, covered by houses, fields, and woods. This was long, long ago, before the time of discord, and then all men were happy. Thus joy and peace reigned in the valley, and as king there ruled a wise old king who still remembered the days when Heimdall wandered among men. The king's name is not known in our time. He had two sons, Vise and Vätte.

When the old king went away he left the kingdom to his sons. They should rule it together, so he decided; but Vise, as the oldest and wisest, should have the highest power. Vise was to give the counsel and Vätte to respect it. At the *thing* Vätte might speak, but Vise was to have the judgment when judgment was difficult.

Now Vise built his castle on a high hill in the midst of the valley, and Vätte his down in the valley. Vise's castle was beautiful to behold, with arcades, vaults, and domes; and it stood there as a token of the happiness and joy of the land, visible to all around. Its splendor was mirrored in a small clear lake at the foot of the hill, while beautiful groves surrounded the castle.

In the midst of the courtyard stood a mighty *thing*-stone. Often it happened that when Vise mounted the stone crowds of people in festal attire came to hear his laws and listen to his words. Mighty

and wonderful sounded his voice, and deep wisdom flowed from his lips, seeming to emanate from his whole being; it penetrated the hearts of the listeners and many minds were turned to manly and noble acts.

King Vätte was a great warrior and at the head of his army he defended the borders of the country. When he rode in his shining armor to King Vise's castle to take advice of his brother, he was stately to behold and many a maiden followed him with loving eyes. In the lake a sea-maid had her dwelling. Hidden in the reeds with love in her heart she had often seen the bold warrior passing up the hill, and this was the cause of the sighs that rose from out the water as Vätte passed. But he who becomes subject to the love of a sea-maid and hears her sighs can never more be happy in the company of men.

As long as Vätte continued to ride to his brother and followed his wise counsels everything was well in the valley. But Vätte's heart was unreliable, and falsehood slumbered in its depths; and further his mind was dulled by the sighs of the sea-maiden. In his heart jealousy began to rankle. He could no longer be satisfied with conditions in which his brother had greater power and dignity.

One day Vise brought home as his bride a lovely maid, and a sweeter queen had never been seen. But Vätte's jealousy turned to hatred, and his thoughts ever centered themselves on the queen. Wild with passion, he decided to dethrone Vise, capture his bride and make himself the sole sovereign of the country. Then came a time when Vise went far away to another country to give his good laws and wise rules to its people. With words from the heart he desired to fill the minds of listening crowds with knowledge. The castle he entrusted to the care of a faithful servant whose name was Bard. Further, he invited the sea-maid to the castle to solace his young bride with her wonderful songs. Bard too was a master of music, and there was a remedy for her longing in the sea-maid's song and in the play of the harp.

Vätte now thought it was the right time to carry out his infamous design. He gathered together his sworn champions and rode to the hill. But Bard saw the dark warriors at a great distance. He knew secretly of Vätte's jealousy and guessed what would happen. With great dispatch he took the queen out of the castle, saddled the horses and dashed off with her to where he knew King Vise was.

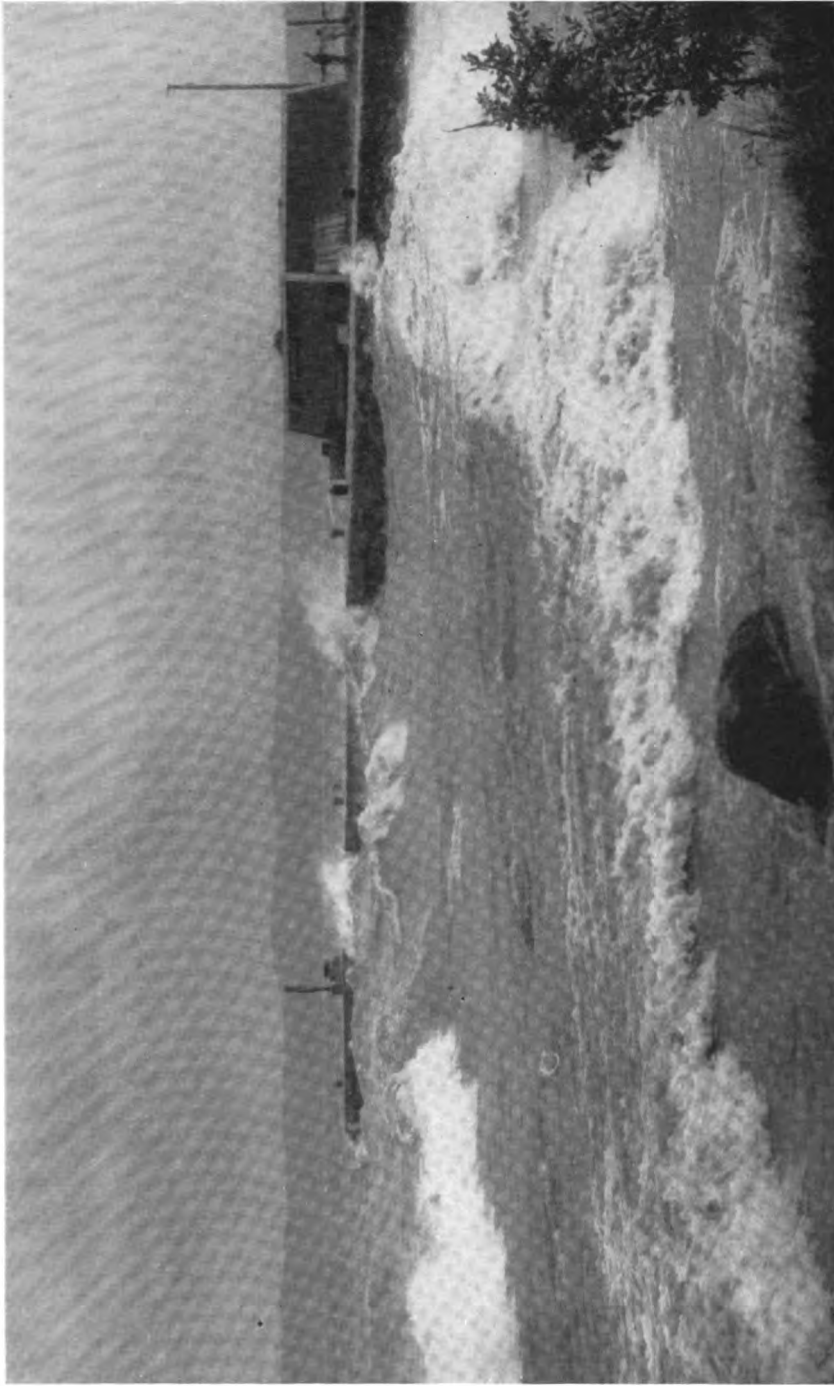
When Vätte arrived it was an easy thing for him to take the castle. In the keep he found the sea-maid. As everyone knows, a sea-maid can easily change shape, and now she had taken the shape of the queen in order to meet the desire of Vätte. Being himself false, Vätte could not readily see the falsehood of others, and thus he was gratified in having attained his goal. We can imagine that the sea-maid most willingly followed Vätte to his castle in the valley.

Soon the thought came to Vätte that he ought to destroy the castle of Vise, so that the latter might not have a stronghold when he came back again. Thus he rode once more to the hill with his champions, but nowhere could he find the castle. The Vana-gods of the underworld had taken Vise's castle under their protection. Only the great *thing*-stone was still visible, and it became from this time a memorial for future generations, standing on the site where the castle once had been.

King Vätte now ruled the whole kingdom, but the golden age had passed away. The dark king did not rule in peace. At his castle in the valley he lived with his sea-maid. Years rolled by, and in time she began to long for her old servants and playmates, the billows of her home — the clear little lake at the foot of the hill. Once when she was singing her wonderful songs her longings grew with a strange force. It was carried by the magic power of its tones out over the valley, and the billows of the little lake began to tremble when they felt the urge of their queen. They had no choice, they must obey her secret call, and so one after another they glided over the brink of their home. Soon thousands of waves rose from the hidden spring in the depths of the lake and followed their comrades out into the valley, which finally they wholly embraced in their arms.

We name the valley Vättern because it is the land of Vätte, and the hill above the water, Visingsö — the remnant of Vise's land — the land of old, where the people were ruled by a king filled with the wisdom which Heimdall once brought to the races of men.

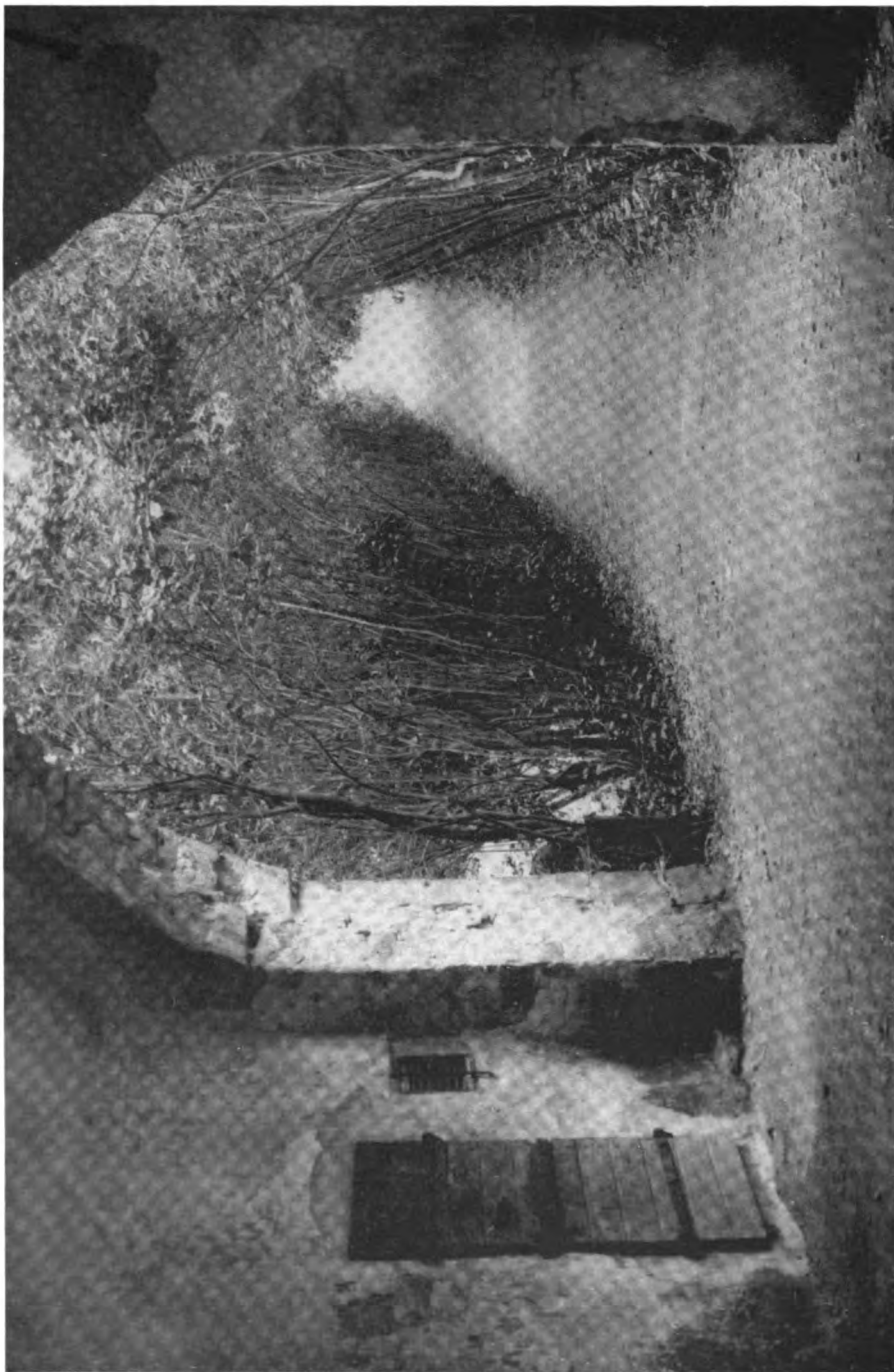
King Vätte and his queen still live in their castle at the bottom of the sea. When the sea-maid is singing her charming songs the surface of the lake is quiet and beaming. The clear little waves touch the shore with melodious sounds. But Vätte is a king full of wrath, and his raging champions, following his command, storm against the shore in the dark blue storm-waves. Full of rage for not having been able to destroy King Vise's castle, he sends them against the island to



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VISINGÖ HARBOR

A curious phenomenon frequently takes place on Lake Vattern: the lake as smooth as glass, and with no appreciable change in weather conditions, at times within half an hour becomes so rough as to be covered with "white caps," lashing the shores with heavy waves, and destroying small craft that may happen to be away from port. No one seems able to explain it, though there are many stories and legends concerning the origin and nature of the lake that are believed by the natives to account for the remarkable phenomenon.



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VISINGSBORG CASTLE, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

Vaulted passage through embankment and road across moat, leading to Kungsgården, the site of the temporary open-air theater built for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, June 22-29, 1913.

dig and dig until the whole hill shall be swept away in the depths. Thus it is his hope to destroy the castle that must be found within the hill.

If you take a boat along the strange rocky shore of the island you can sometimes see parts of the sunken castle, laid bare by the washing billows — here a stair, there a gate or column. In time they become undermined by the waves, and one after the other falls into the depth, down into the kingdom of King Vätte. Even the mighty stone on the courtyard from which Vise used to teach the people is now partly covered by the water.

However, as long as it is still visible above the water King Vise can come back.

They who have received the legend as a heritage from their fathers and who faithfully tell it to the next generation, are hoping he will reappear some day. Then shall the castle of the saga once more rise above the crest of the hill. Over clear shimmering waves its golden domes and high arcades shall be seen from the distant shores of the mainland. The ancient *thing*-stone shall then be brought to its right place and once more inspired crowds from afar and near shall listen to the wisdom of primeval times.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS: by T. Henry

DISCOVERIES IN AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE



HOW often does some art, which had seemed to be completely mastered, unexpectedly reveal new possibilities of such extent as to suggest the idea that instead of having learned all about it, we have barely begun to learn at all! Agriculture may have seemed to be merely a mechanical process, with perhaps a little knowledge relating to manure added. But now we have learned to study intimately the treatment of the soil under three different headings: the physics of the soil, the chemistry of the soil, and the bacteriology of the soil. Consequently the problem has become indefinitely complex and far-reaching.

The plant has long been regarded by our science as a living thing. But not so the soil. Mineral life seemed too far removed from what we are accustomed to regard as life. Nevertheless there is mineral

life.* What reason, indeed, can there be for regarding anything in nature as dead? We have begun to find out that the soil is not simply so much dirt, into which the plant is stuck; but that the soil too is alive and busy, co-operating with the plant in a "symbiosis" or mutual life, each helping the other in the ceaseless work of evolution and creation of new forms. Allusion is here made particularly to zeolites.

Zeolites are a family of minerals that have resulted from the alteration, especially the hydration, of other minerals, chiefly feldspars. They occur in the cavities of the rocks from which they have been derived, as amygdules and veins and as minute specks. They are produced by the action of heated water, and a study of this kind of action reveals the existence of a slow but active mineral life, as intelligent and busy in its way as the life of the forest and jungle. Plants absorb from the soil nitrates, phosphates, sulphates, and carbonates, of potassium, calcium, magnesium, and iron, which must be dissolved ere the root-hairs can take them up. How is it that these salts are not all washed away by the rain-water? According to the explanation of Professor O. N. Witt, it is because the zeolites act as storehouses and distributing agents of the salts. They are double silicates, having alumina as a permanent base, and one of the above-mentioned metals as a replaceable base. The replaceable base can be changed any number of times; it is not chemical affinity that determines the change, but "mass-action" — that is, any solution containing a certain base in excess will introduce that base into the zeolite in exchange for the zeolite's base. Hence this mineral is capable of taking from the soil any salt of which there is too much, and giving to it any salt which it lacks. It exercises a similar economy upon the plant. The roots not only absorb but excrete; the zeolites take up the rejected matter and give food in return.

In the winter, when the plants rest, the zeolites have a chance to renew their supplies from the decomposing minerals about them; thus being ready for the plants again in the spring. But if exhaustion should occur prematurely, the plant can take up temporarily salts of a kind that it cannot use directly in the building of its structure, keeping these until it has a chance of exchanging them with the zeolite for

* The U. S. Department of Agriculture says in one of its Bulletins: "The soil is not a dead mass controlled entirely by chemical and physical laws, but . . . it is a living thing. It is the scene of the activities of living organisms (bacteria) which have a most important influence on its fertility. In the soil, as in the animal body, beneficial and harmful organisms are constantly struggling for supremacy."

the kind it does use. This explains the known fact that plants do take up salts which they do not need. Such a fact as this last is hardly to be explained by any theory based on the instincts of the plant alone. The work is co-operative between plant and soil; and, if we are to have a psychological explanation, it must be one that includes the soil. It is quite like the act of storing up money, or surplus goods for barter. Lesser lives, like that of the plant and that of the minerals in the soil, doubtless form integral parts of a larger life which embraces both; just as the life of an individual man is not entirely distinct but bears relation to the life of his family and of his race and of his kind. Again, when we consider the equal parts played by plant and soil in the transaction, it seems unwarrantable to speak of the plant as alive and the soil as dead.

But it is when we pass from chemistry to bacteriology that we get the most striking evidence of the universality of life, even in the so-called inorganic world. It is now known that many actions, once believed to be chemical, are in reality due to microscopic animals or vegetables or animal-vegetables. H. P. Blavatsky goes further and states that *no* action whatever can take place in nature, except through the action of tiny invisible "lives." And this seems the only logical view to take; since, if we deny the existence and operation of such lives, it becomes necessary to invent some other power or force capable of taking their place and doing what they do. Even in inorganic chemistry it has been found that combinations and reactions of the most apparently vigorous and inevitable kind will not take place at all if the substances concerned are perfectly pure. If oxygen and hydrogen are perfectly dry — that is, pure — they will not combine, even when heated. Here, in the mediation of the moisture, we have an analogy to the work of the zeolites. The same is true of ammonia gas and hydrogen chloride. Incandescent gas mantles of thoria do not glow brightly unless the thoria is impure from the admixture of 1% of ceria. Sulphur dioxide and oxygen are made to combine by the use of a catalytic agent; and so on with many other instances, all tending to show that agents of some kind are required in every operation. We do not yet discern any bacteria in these operations, but in some other cases we are more fortunate. For, passing to organic chemistry, we find that the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and sulphur, pass by a series of steps through endless combinations, effected by microbes. The proteids, fats, and sugars of dead plants and animals are converted

into organic acids and aromatic bodies. The yeast cell is one of these organisms; but it has been found that the substance in the yeast cell has the same fermentative power as the yeast itself. Büchner mixed barm with very fine sand and subjected the whole to great pressure; the cells were crushed, and the liquid which flowed out fermented saccharine solutions. Hence it is said that the action of the yeast cell is due to an enzyme; and later we acquired the terms diastase, zymase, invertin, ptyalin, etc. But, as a writer says:

Like many other *termini technici* with which we are familiar, these expressions, ferment, diastase, enzyme, or what-not, must be understood historically.

True; and now it is in order to ask what may be inside the enzyme. One is reminded of an ancient rhyme ending with the word *infinitem*. Fermentations have been closely imitated by means of finely divided metals, such as platinum and gold; though here a different system of nomenclature is used. But a rose is just as sweet whether we call it enzyme or catalysis, to quote another ancient proverb. Are molecular actions vital, or vital actions molecular? Is life a fermentation, or is fermentation life? Certainly it is better to think that one's beer is alive than that one's body is fermenting. The biological, chemical, and physical maps of the world need co-ordinating.

The tubercles or nodules on the roots of some leguminous plants contain bacteria which have the power of drawing nitrogen from the air and fixing it, thus providing sustenance for the plant. Some years ago a scientist succeeded in preparing a culture of this bacterium, and this can now be distributed in convenient form among farmers for the inoculation of their peas, beans, etc. Nitro-bacterine keeps well, when sent out as a prepared powder together with the necessary chemicals to impart vitality to the bacteria. By its means plants have been grown in soil otherwise non-productive for them.

This application, however, has not come up to expectations; for, though attended with good results in certain poor soils, it has proved useless for ordinary soils. But six years' research in the Botanical Laboratories of King's College, London, has (says the *Illustrated London News*, which gives some interesting illustrations of the process) resulted in the discovery of a *medium* which, when saturated with the nitrogen-fixing bacteria and added to the soil, brings about nitrogen fixation in ordinary soil. To make this medium, peat is treated with certain aerobic soil-bacteria, which decompose it and render its acids neutral. This result obtained, the aerobic bacteria are

killed off by sterilization and the medium is inoculated with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, and after a few days' incubation is ready for use. Excellent results are reported, and the preparation has other valuable properties; for in addition to adding active nitrogen-fixers to the soil, it stimulates the action of those already there, and also adds direct plant-food to the soil in the shape of the material of the peat. Besides this, it directly promotes the root-development and improves the mechanical condition of the soil.

All this shows how much there is still to be studied and learned about the mechanical, chemical, and biological conditions favorable to growth.

The co-operative interaction of different organisms has been christened with the name of "symbiosis," though it is doubtful whether the organisms concerned are aware of the existence of any such principle. The bee and the flower is the stock instance of the principle now called symbiosis. The medusa and the fish *Caranx auratus* form a partnership, the fish seeking protection amid the stinging appendages of the medusa and repaying the service by discovering the lurking foes of the medusa and hurrying it away from the place of danger. One has read of birds which get their living by picking the teeth of crocodiles. Lichens are now thought to be not a distinct plant but an association of algae and fungi in a state of symbiosis. The alga is adapted for producing an abundance of organic material by means of its action on the carbonic acid of the air, but it cannot easily decompose the soil. The fungus excretes acids which readily decompose the soil, but it is not adapted for obtaining material from the air. Each of these plants can flourish alone in its proper habitat, the alga on a marsh, the fungus on decaying organic matter. But should they be thrown together on a spot not specially favorable to either, they will combine their resources. Let it be a rock or tree-trunk, for instance. The fungus with its acid roots provides the sustenance from below, and the alga contributes to the common stock by its action upon the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere. A writer in *Prometheus* some years ago, commenting on such instances, extends the idea to the case where one of the partners in a symbiosis becomes unduly predominant, and then we get parasitism, also very common in nature. Such instances are food for the man who is in quest of evidence for a principle of destructive emulation; but as we see, nature contains so many things that unless she is studied on a large scale, we may easily get false impressions. Doubt-

less nature is neither god nor devil, but simply a collection of living things fulfilling their various functions, making mistakes and learning new lessons, and all evolving towards perfection. But destructive violence and selfish rapacity are certainly not the mainspring.

Much has been done in agriculture by means of plant introduction, and many plants have been introduced into North America from Siberia and China, and acclimatized. Then there is the enormous field opened up by experiments in plant breeding and the production of new varieties, such as Burbank has created. The question occurs whether mankind in far past ages has engaged in this kind of work to any great extent. We have fruit-trees which do not appear to have sprung from a wild stock, but seem rather to have been thus artificially created. It is surely possible that some of the great and capable races of antiquity may have progressed much farther in this science than we have so far. And possibly some of the marvelous plants, like the Eucalyptus, may owe their manifold perfections to the skill of past human races. When man considers himself as a co-worker with the other intelligences in nature, and works on lines of sympathy and intelligence, he may make many wonderful discoveries; especially when the order of human fellowship has assumed a less wasteful stamp than it bears at present.

GERMS AND SERUMS

A paper published in the cause of the humane treatment of animals draws attention to a confession made in a certain medical paper. An experimenter in serums complains of the great uncertainty of the serum method of treatment, declaring that nature's slow but sure processes of healing are to be preferred, especially on the ground that they render the patient immune against further attacks. The serum treatments, however, according to this experimenter, more than compensate the advantage of rapidity by the risk of further infection. But his most important confession was that the germs artificially bred in prepared cultures often become suddenly virulent, and are thus responsible for the spread of epidemics.

The above is a good illustration of the unsatisfactoriness of methods which involve cruelty, and of the hopelessness of seeking wisdom in such paths. But the point we wish to make at present is a follows. *How or why do the germs become suddenly and unaccountably virulent?*

The answer to this question concerns a very important principle.

It is often stated that diseases are the product of evil thoughts; and the fact that they are also traceable to physical causes, such as germs or dirt, does not in the least invalidate the former explanation. For the physical causes are merely a link in the chain of causation; and this link alone does not suffice for a full explanation — as illustrated by the cases just cited. Evidently there is something behind the germ, and the germ is merely a carrier of some influence. That influence may be mild, or may become suddenly and unexpectedly virulent; and the experimenter finds himself unable to control the situation thus created.

It is well known that various insects may be either harmless or poisonous, according as they carry deadly germs or not. Hence it will not suffice to blame these insects, but we must look to the germs which they may carry. And what do we know about the origin and conditions of propagation of these creatures? We can detect them when they are present, and we can tell a good deal about what will favor their reproduction, what will kill them, and what effect they will produce. But how did they start? Why do they sometimes gain no power, while at other times they spread with fearful rapidity? And why are they sometimes more virulent than at other times?

The natural explanation is that evil thoughts create such germs, or create still smaller germs from which the larger ones are in turn generated.

Sanitation and antisepsis are indeed essential and have accomplished wonders; but how much more effectual might they not become, did we but understand better the relation between physical cleanliness and moral cleanliness. Conditions prevail which are such a continual outrage upon the laws of cleanliness and wholesomeness, that the attempt to prevent the natural consequences by mere physical prophylaxis is like damming a torrent. In spite of all our science, care, and energy, we may even be fighting a losing battle. Some diseases are decreasing and others increasing. Does it not seem likely that potent causes, born of moral and mental impurity, if denied one outlet, will seek another? Or, if denied all outlet (supposing that to be possible) would they not fester in the mental and moral atmosphere?

The serum method is evidently not the best that could be conceived for combating the spread of disease. It would be wonderful if a method involving cruelty should result in benefit or knowledge. Moreover, if we are to believe what we hear, the vivisection of animals is already

leading in some quarters to its logical sequel — experiments upon living human beings. It is a line that leads downwards and not upwards, evidently.

What is needed by the opponents of this cruelty is a constructive program; hence we look forward to the discovery and advocacy of cleaner and more effectual methods of resisting deadly germs. Nature's curative processes can be helped by man's work; it is man's privilege to work consciously with nature.

It is disparaging to the fair name of science that it should be made a shelter for practices which violate humanity, and that it should become associated in the minds of many people with pitilessness. The true representatives of science should be anxious to free themselves and their cause from the stigma. Other fair names than that of science have been made a cloak for unseemly acts. No more than religion, can science rightly involve mercilessness; and that which prescribes cruelty as a condition of progress is not science but a travesty of it.

Thoughts are the primal causes of physical effects, and cruel deeds are the outcome of cruel thoughts. We can at least see to it that we generate no germs of cruelty by our cruel thoughts; else we may perchance create more evil by our thoughts than we can undo by our charitable deeds. The evil complained of is but a fraction of the great evil of the world, against which all loyal compassionate hearts are leagued in resistance. We must each do his best to spread light and healing around in the circles wherein we move. "A thought is far more potent in creating evil results than are deeds." "We have never attained or even understood the powers of the human heart," says H. P. Blavatsky.



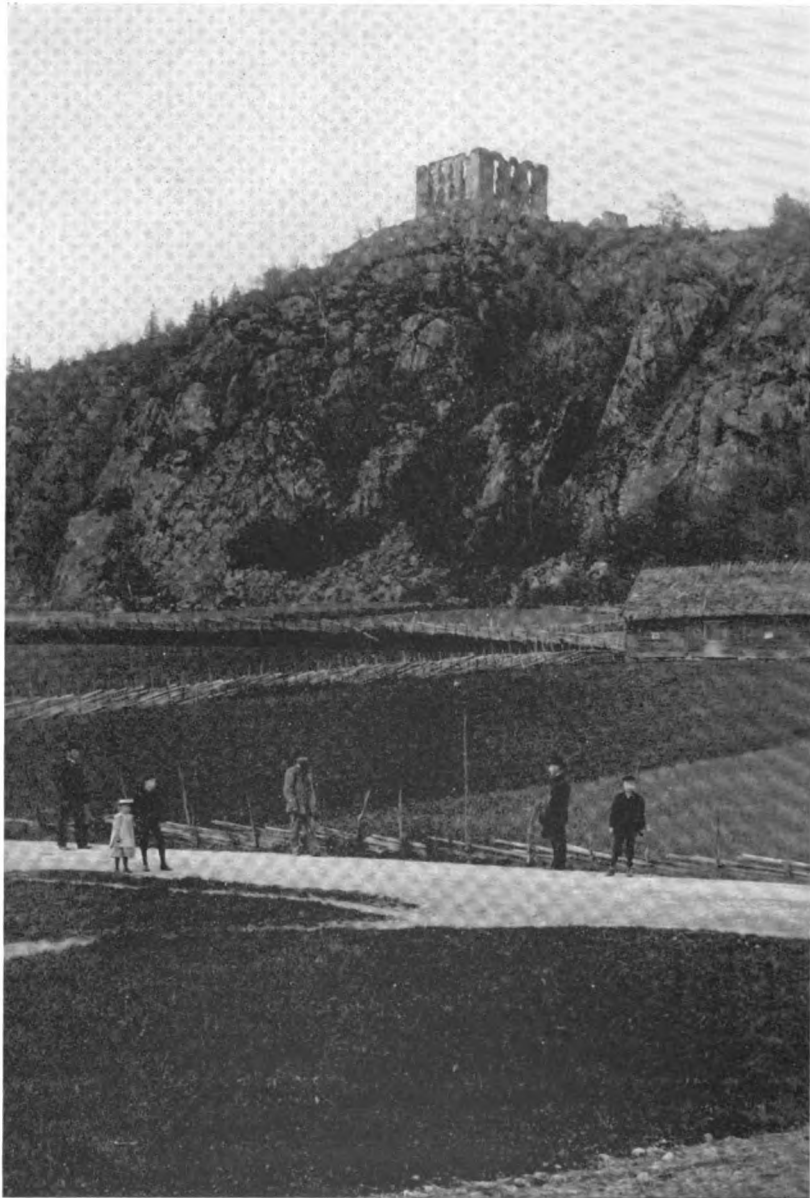
Now that light which shines above this heaven, higher than all, higher than every thing, in the highest world, beyond which there are no other worlds, that is the same light which is within man. — *Chhândogya Upanishad*

WHEN this path is beheld, thirst and hunger are forgotten; night and day are undistinguished on this road. Whether one would set out to the bloom of the East, or come to the chambers of the West, without moving, O holder of the bow! is the traveling on this road. In this path, to whatever place one would go, that place one's own self becomes. How shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shalt experience it. — *Jñāneśwari*



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PORTRAIT OF EARL PER BRAHE, IN BRAHE CHURCH, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN



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RUINS OF PER BRAHE'S CASTLE, GRENNÄ



GRENNA, SWEDEN



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RUINS OF EARL PER BRAHE'S CASTLE, GRENNA. CLOSER VIEW



THE BRAHE SCHOOL, FROM THE SOUTHWEST; VISINGSÖ



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE BRAHE SCHOOL; BUILT IN 1663



THE SCREEN OF TIME

A MESSAGE TO DENMARK from a Dane in America

Written for the International Theosophical Peace Congress, held at Visingsö, Sweden, June 22-29, 1913.

The International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, offers an opportunity to Danes in America to send a greeting to their motherland, an expression of gratitude to Denmark for the sacrifices she has made for her sons in America and for her warm, active and continued interest in their welfare, and a message of peace to the dear old country from those who have learned from the harmonious union of many European nationalities in this new Western land, to see the signs of a future of peace for all the nations.

Through this Theosophical Peace Congress will be heralded to the world some of the vital truths concerning peace among nations. It will be shown that the attempts to settle the ever-arising differences between nations by arbitration, are but palliative, attempts to deal with diseased conditions; that we must face and attack the causes which are continually producing these differences, and learn how to root them out. An *assured* peace between nations will never be possible until peace and harmony are expressed in the nations themselves, and the constructive forces which tend towards national upbuilding and united action are fully recognized and utilized. Internal strife is in its way as destructive to national strength, growth, and well-being, as is the havoc produced by pestilence, and just as modern science is fast learning to trace and remove the very causes which produce pestilence, so Theosophy is teaching us how we may trace and root out the causes which ever tend towards strife and contention and undermine the national life. The laws which govern individual conduct apply with equal force to national con-

duct, and the qualities which are necessary for the protection of the individual in his struggle for life, the virtues and powers which any individual must develop before he can become an example to others, can by united action be produced by a nation for its adequate protection, be that nation large or small.

At present the vital question in Denmark is national defense, and, in fact, ways and means for preserving its identity and independence in these stirring times. The national spirit is strong and Denmark will be defended unto victory or unto death, but as it is better to live for our country than to die for it, it may be timely to ask "What is the true defense of a nation?"

Knowledge of Theosophy and of American institutions makes it possible to bring forward some practical ideas and some facts concerning a progressive movement towards adequate national defense and peace between nations.

The militarism prevalent in Europe must be studied in its two aspects. Considered as the creator of a disciplined body of men, trained to obey and therefore most truly qualified to learn to command, it has great value and represents a principle necessary in the upbuilding of any nation. Considered as the creator of a mere fighting machine, a body of men trained to carry on warfare, it may become a menace to the life of a nation, for it constitutes an element which may rend the nation from within, may offer to any group of disintegrators of national life a weapon which can be used in the war of class against class, thus causing the internal discord which is the greatest foe of national welfare. It is precisely in emphasizing the idea of discipline, not only as a preparation for the activity of a soldier, but as a preparation for a useful life, not only as a *possible* benefit in defending the country against an enemy but as an *actual* benefit in producing

the useful citizen who is also the soldier, that the real service of military training lies.

In the United States the army and navy, as now organized, are being built up, not only as an armed defense, but as bodies of trained men, skilled not only as fighters but as workers. Side by side with the military training, these soldiers are taught different trades, such as carpentry, mechanics, saddle-making, tailoring, shoemaking, surveying, telegraphy, the work of draughtsmen, and many others too numerous to mention, which, while it on the one hand tends to make the army self-sustaining, also helps to increase the productive strength of the country. The men are being taught all the elementary subjects, while those specially fitted receive more advanced instructions. Every ship and army post is supplied with library and reading rooms. The officers are the teachers, and one of the most encouraging signs is the readiness with which many of them have entered into this new spirit and are helping and directing the men along lines quite apart from the purely military. This is a new order of military defense, the transformation of a long-existing institution into what meets the needs of the present time, into a protective agency which also performs constructive work for the nation. Gradually the nation will possess a growing body of men, ready to be used in any emergency, and to be called upon to perform many services better because of the military discipline which has trained them to act intelligently as one man. The inestimable services which have been performed by this army during the many harrowing disasters and floods which this country has suffered, show how invaluable such an army is to a country in times of peace.

The conditions in the United States are in many ways so peculiar to the country that the particular means adopted to meet them satisfactorily may be neither practical nor desirable in any other country, but such an effort as this is entitled to recognition as a real factor for peace, and it touches closely upon a vital question, which modern nations and modern thought and tendencies are inclined to ignore or underestimate; and this vital question is discipline, rightly understood.

In the minds of many, discipline is associated with tyranny. It is contended, that it

tends to dwarf the mind and is considered as an obstacle to Freedom. True Liberty, however, is not license but the ability and freedom to act with the law, and this applies to man-made laws as well as to the laws of nature and the laws governing our minds and bodies. Real Freedom is only gained through that true knowledge which discipline can teach and bestow.

What the United States army is doing now has for a long time, but in a somewhat different way, been done by the people's High Schools in Denmark, and to make this work successful there, the progressive leaders of this movement relied principally upon awakening in the young men and women a love for folk-lore, traditions, and religion. The United States has no state religion, its people are without such common traditions and the many mutual ties belonging to the people of the old countries, and the army had to rely first and foremost upon discipline. It might be well for Denmark to study and compare the respective value of these two systems, and perhaps learn the value of combining them.

Discipline when rightly understood and practised is more closely connected with the true spiritual and religious life than any other influence, for it is only by the perfect control of body and mind, that the true concentration, necessary for a clear understanding of the fuller meaning of life, and the deeper truths underlying it, becomes possible. The principal reason why the religious life is losing its hold upon the people, is because the true principles of discipline are neither taught nor practised by so many of its votaries. Discipline of body and mind was the vital principle in all the old religious systems. It produced the many great men of the past, and founded the great nations whose history is cherished by the whole world, while today it has been largely relegated to the world's fighting machines and associated with the destructive forces in the nations.

But an important step has at last been taken. When Katherine Tingley founded the Râja-Yoga Schools, she once more introduced this most important factor in building up the youth of the nation. In these schools it has been clearly shown, that discipline when rightly understood and applied is the expression of the true and helpful spirit

of Brotherhood, and is furthest removed from any conception of restraint. Through example and clear recognition of the need of self-control, this system is calling out the higher and nobler qualities in the young, along lines of least resistance, and thus opening to the men and women of tomorrow a more beautiful and significant world to live and to work in, and arousing in their hearts and minds a truer conception of a higher patriotism.

It is in fact a new day we live in. Unity, the principle of Brotherhood, and its bearing upon national as well as individual life, demands recognition in order that a higher form of life may be organized. It is Theosophy which teaches us to recognize this principle and to apply it in daily life. It inspires the virtues and the conduct in individuals, which aside from any other fortifications a country may choose to erect, will build a human fortification no force can successfully assail. At this International Theosophical Peace Congress, the Scandinavians may acquaint themselves with the unique educational and philosophical work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of which Katherine Tingley is the leader and Official Head, and may learn the extent to which Universal Brotherhood has become a factor in the development of national life. If the ancient unconquerable Viking spirit, which left the seal of its victory on many shores, can be challenged now, and have courage to rally the brotherly and constructive forces needed for a harmonious nation-wide development, Denmark will find a sure national defense and take a long step towards lasting peace.

The principle of unity is not unknown in Denmark, and there has been a sincere and unique expression of practical Christianity, a united effort to revive and draw upon the inspiration of a heroic past. This has led to a co-operative spirit among the agricultural workers, the results of which are seen in the unsurpassed products of the country. It is therefore with high hopes that Denmark may consciously adopt the principles of Brotherhood in her upbuilding and in her defense, that this message is written at this auspicious time when the possibility of war is agitating the country and when an International Theosophical Peace Congress is being held in a friendly, neighboring country.

INDIAN NOTES

The award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to the Bengal poet Rabindranath Tagore has attracted the attention of the world to his works and their spiritual philosophy. By this decision the Nobel trustees have carried out to the full the purpose of the Founder, i. e., that the recipient should be the writer of a book of the most hopeful tendency as well as of high literary distinction, and their bold selection of an East Indian writer stands as a demonstration that they believe the East and the West are not unintelligible to one another. For thirty years Mr. Tagore has been producing songs and epics, dramas, novels, critical and philosophical writings and music, for he is not only the most eminent living poet but also a fine musician. He has written the national song of Bengal, and even in the English prose translation of his poems, which he made himself, the musical quality of his mind is apparent. He teaches his words and songs to the wandering musicians who sing them throughout Bengal, to the delight of the people of that State, which contains about fifty millions.

The *London Times* says:

"Born in 1860 of an ancient and illustrious Bengal family whose members have often distinguished themselves in philosophy and the arts, Mr. Rabindranath Tagore in his own person exhibits a hereditary versatility. He administers his own large landed property, but has had considerable experience as a successful journalist and historian. He has composed music, enunciated philosophies and conducted a school of his own foundation. Not only does he write poetry which has won him his reputation outside India, but, like the bards of old, he has been known to sing his own verses to his own music. He has written a number of dramatic works, one of which, *The Post Office*, was produced at the Court Theater in July last, shortly after which the author was entertained at a congratulatory dinner. Mr. Rabindranath Tagore is well known in London, having visited this country on three occasions, and *Gītāñjali*, his own translation of some of his Bengali lyrics, which was published about a year ago, has introduced a new and poetical interpretation of an ancient philosophy to a wide circle of students and admirers."

Gītāñjali (song offering), the work by which Mr. Tagore is best known in America

and Europe, and which has earned him the Nobel prize, has a Theosophical atmosphere. Most of the lyrics are invocations to the indwelling spirit, the Higher Self, to uplift the personality to conscious union with Itself. The author uses many forms of appeal, varied and interesting poetical metaphors, in order to enforce his meaning. Here are two short poems from *Gītāñjali* which express the ideal of the aspirant for purification in the Self:

34. Let only that little be left of me whereby
I may name thee my all.

Let only that little be left of my will
whereby I may feel thee on every
side, and come to thee in everything,
and offer thee my love every moment.

Let only that little be left of me where-
by I may never hide thee.

Let only that little be left of my fetters
whereby I am bound by thy will, and
thy purpose is carried out in my life
—and that is the fetter of thy love.

4. Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep
my body pure, knowing thy living
touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out
of my thoughts, knowing that thou
art that truth which has kindled the
light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away
from my heart and keep my love in
flower, knowing that thou hast thy
seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavor to reveal
thee in my actions, knowing it is thy
power gives me strength to act.

Another poem presents Mr. Tagore's ideal
of a regenerated India:

35. Where the mind is without fear and
the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken
up into fragments by narrow domestic
walls;

Where words come out from the depth
of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms
towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has
not lost its way in the dreary desert
sand of dry habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee
into ever-widening thought and ac-
tion—

Into that heaven of Freedom, my Fa-
ther, let my country awake.

As a reformer, he says:

"It has always been the chief endeavor of
India to establish a bond of kinship with
every man whom we meet in life. In no
case can we regard a human being as a mere
machine for executing our purpose.

"India cannot forget the charm of human
relations in the midst of business. The Hin-
dû religion has pointed out the path by which
each individual can be made to transcend his
petty home or village, and feel his affinity
with the Universe. Every Hindû is bound to
perform daily the 'five offerings' and these
recall to his mind his beneficent kinship with
the gods, the sages, his ancestry, the human
race, and the beasts and birds."

Mr. Tagore's new book of poems in Eng-
lish, *The Gardener*, is not a mystical work
but an expression of youth, gayety, and hap-
piness; he is now preparing a serious work
of essays and lectures on such subjects as
The Problem of Evil, The Problem of Self,
The Relation of the Individual to the Uni-
verse, etc.



MAGAZINE REVIEWS

In the Cause of Architecture

FROM far-away Lomaland in California
comes a copy of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH
containing the first of F. J. Dick's "Studies
in Symbolism" entitled The Doric Order in
Architecture, and marked for favor of review
by *The Masonic Observer*.

While this journal cannot, for lack of
space, give detailed notice of the article, it
goes without saying that a first-hand reading
of such matter is all too rare on the part of
most of us who are Master Masons and
more than passing attention to this individual
series might easily be of great profit. The
writer sets forth to prove that the bulk of
numerical and geometric symbolism of all
the ages may be discovered in the front ele-
vation of a Doric temple of the type illus-
trated. It is a veritable mine of material for
the zealous truth-seeking student of ancient
craft mysteries.

Liberal references to that good old Roman,
Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, or, as he is better
known, Vitruvius, remind all of us that his
name has ever stood for one of the grand
patrons of our Order. One of London's

earliest lodges bears his name and has world-wide renown under the soubriquet "Old Vitruvian." Mr. Dick tells his readers of Vitruvius modestly asserting that the rules of construction of the Greek temples were given to him for transmission to posterity. Then he, as Pythagoras, was an initiate of that ancient school of the far east whose teachings have been handed down esoterically through the ages after the manner of passing on of a lighted torch from one to another, each torch in the procession of science being lighted from the one immediately preceding it. . . .

Masons especially, of all people, should be most appreciative of the cultural benefits to be derived from the study of the statics and dynamics of the art of building. If any group of society is to be a bulwark against the degrading of this great gift it should be that order which has taken to itself the name of a brotherhood of Builders.

(From Review in *The Masonic Observer*, Minneapolis, Minn., January 24, 1914.)

The Theosophical Path

THERE is always an abundance of interesting and valuable matter in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, and helpful hints for all who recognize something of the serious side of life and are searching for a solution of its many problems. One strong point of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH which has made many friends for it is that it is never dogmatic, but on the contrary distinctly challenges its readers to think for themselves. In the current (February) issue the religious and mystical aspects of Theosophy receive special attention, as instanced by the following titles: "The State of the Christian Dead," by H. T. Edge, M. A., a discussion based on two quotations from Gladstone; "Many Religions—One Religion," by M. A.; "The Esoteric Philosophy of Unselfishness," by C. Woodhead; "What is Occultism?" by H.

(From *The Highland Democrat*, Peekskill, N. Y. Jan. 31, 1914.)

International Theosophical Chronicle *Illustrated. Monthly.*

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke,
London, England.

"The Key-note of the Year" opens the January issue. "Without altruism mere

strength is brutal, riches but a miser's store, and happy circumstances a playground in which the soul wearies itself with surfeit of enjoyment." In "National Responsibility" are some pregnant thoughts.

"National Art" sounds a note which perhaps few ears are as yet prepared to hear. "There is the natural art of a nation, that springs spontaneously, that may be very much diversified, and even freakish, but which is still national, whether good or bad; and there is national art, resulting from special culture; that, while still national, is not spontaneous, normal, or characteristic of the tree that bears it. And there is the imported article, which is simply, like the artificial flower fastened on the tree, a pure 'fake!'"

"Echoes of the Peace Congress" includes essays on international peace, music, and Râja-Yoga. "The Spirit of the Forest" is a tale for the young. "The Ruins of Pompeii" (illustrated), "Notes on the Theosophical Manuals," "Exoteric or Esoteric," "A Mother of Religions," etc., complete an excellent number.

El Sendero Teosófico *Illustrated. Monthly.*

Editor: Katherine Tingley, Point Loma,
California, U. S. A.

THE February number has an informing article on Australia and its aborigines, that contains some points of interest to men of science.

"The Last Judgment" is a good essay, showing that the time of judgment lies in the ever-present, and that all suffering partakes of the nature of discipline.

"The Romance of the Dead" brings one into the times of Rameses II, and traces in an interesting manner the vicissitudes that have befallen some celebrated remains. There are excellent illustrations, including one of the Graeco-Egyptian mummy-case on which is a very remarkable portrait, and the words "O Artemidorus, farewell!"

The stirring and beautiful Welsh legend, "The Castle of Violence," is continued, with appropriate illustrations. It must be read to be appreciated, for it cannot be summarized.

"The Turning of the Wheel; a Little Tale of Karma," by W. Q. Judge, should not be missed; nor should the essay, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

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 G. de Purucker, 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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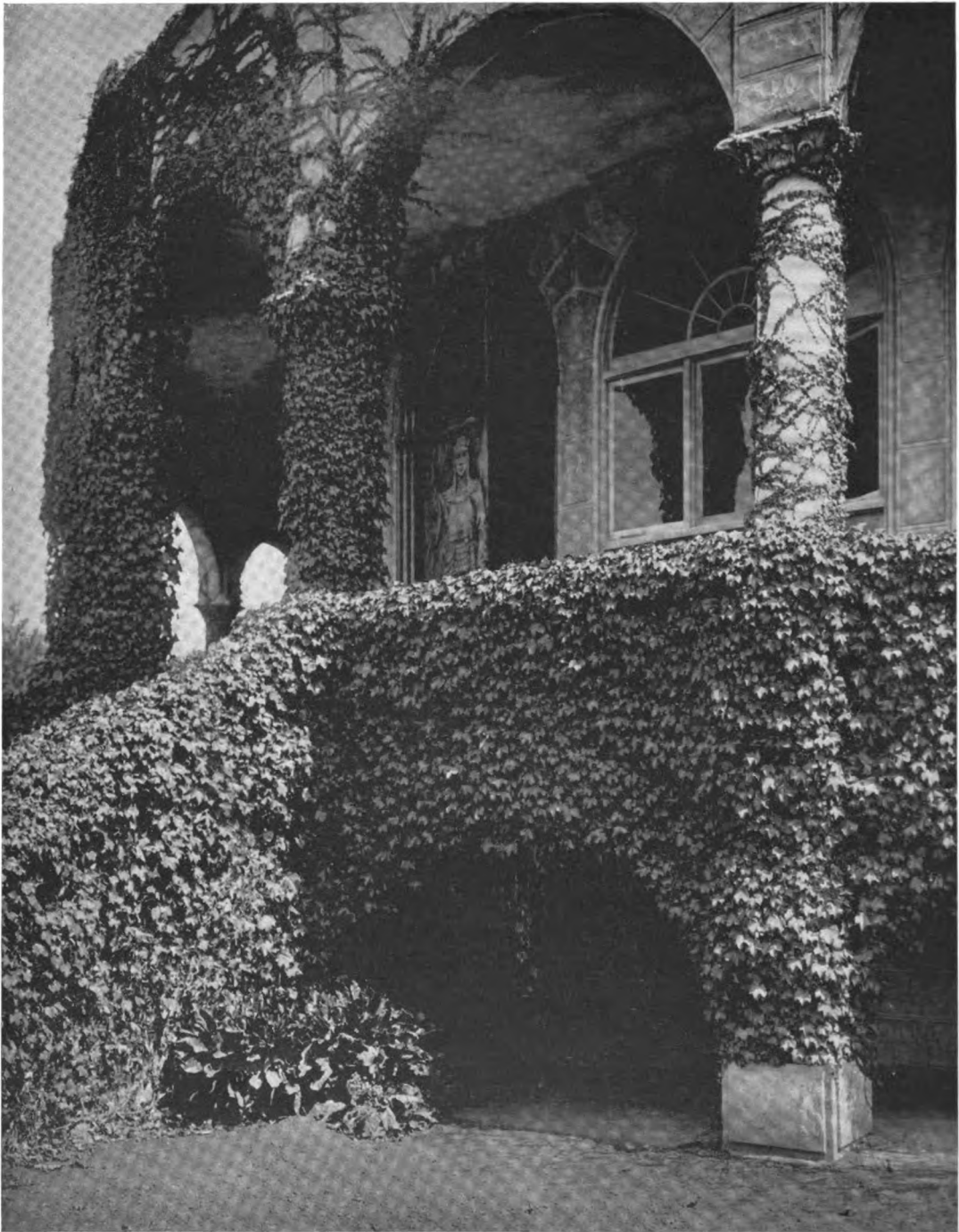
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SIDE VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARYAN MEMORIAL TEMPLE OF MUSIC AND DRAMA
INTERNATIONAL, THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

APRIL, 1914

NO. 4

ALL these souls, when they have completed the circle of the revolving years, the god summons in long array to Lethe's stream, so that losing remembrance of the past they may again enter the vaulted arch above, and then begin to feel desire to re-enter mortal bodies. — Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 746-751

REINCARNATION: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE law of Reincarnation has won the attention of many thinking people since it was first brought prominently to the notice of Western peoples by H. P. Blavatsky. It commends itself to the intelligence and it answers the riddles of life. It has been earnestly and persistently urged by the followers of H. P. Blavatsky. And, being a truth, it carries with it a power to appeal to the intuitive perception of truth that is latent in all men. But there are many false ideas abroad concerning Reincarnation, and these mislead inquirers and turn them aside from the real teaching, of whose existence they may not have heard. These perversions of the teaching have tended to vulgarize the subject; for they present it in a form unworthy the attention of serious people and often merely ludicrous. For these reasons a clear and sensible statement of the teaching is always in place.

Reincarnation is so closely interwoven with other Theosophical teachings that it is impossible to consider it adequately without reference to them. In particular this applies to the law of Karma and to the teaching as to the Seven Principles of Man.

The law of Karma is that law of Nature in accordance with which all the events of our life are related to each other in a chain of cause and effect. In other words, our destiny is conditioned by our conduct. This principle seems so just and reasonable that people would accept it naturally, were it not for the fact that their ignorance of Reincarnation stands in the way of their understanding. For the period of a single earth-life is too short to display the pattern of our lives; and while we can trace the sequence of cause and effect in a few cases, there are many more cases in which we fail to do so. Especially is this true of hereditary conditions; ordinary philosophy is unable to tell us *why*, or on what principle of equity, people should be born with

defects, physical, mental, or moral, for which (apparently) they are in no wise responsible. Science, with its researches in heredity, does not give us the explanation we seek; on the contrary, by stating the facts so cogently, it only makes the problem more urgent. And the answer given by theology — that it is the Divine will — is too summary to please an age which aspires to know more about the workings of the Divine will. Reincarnation and Karma afford the best explanation of these crucial problems. Admittedly, we suffer because our desire to know is in advance of our actual knowledge. We cannot resign ourselves like the animals. The Divine spark within us urges us ever onward towards knowledge. And in the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma we may see that such problems as these are not eternally insoluble but may be understood more and more as we advance in knowledge.

Theosophy teaches that man's conduct in past lives conditions his experiences in the present and in future lives; and with this larger field of view it becomes possible to account equitably for every human destiny. It is sometimes objected that it is unjust that a man should suffer for acts which he does not remember and for which he feels no responsibility. But it must be borne in mind that man actually does so suffer; this is one of the facts of life, and the Theosophists have not ordained it so. The quarrel of these objectors, therefore, is with the facts of life, and it is unreasonable of them to try and saddle Reincarnation with the blame. Reincarnation tries to *explain* the facts, and should therefore be commended, not blamed. It is a fact that we suffer for reasons which we cannot trace; and if this be unjust, then God himself, or whatever power we believe in, must be unjust. But is it not more likely that there is something wrong with our own notions of justice? Clearly it is a case for wider knowledge rather than petulant objection.

It is necessary to have our minds clear as to what it is that reincarnates. It is rather misleading to say, without qualification, that *I* or *you* have lived before and will live again; for that neglects to distinguish between the Individuality and the personality. The Individuality is the real man, the real *I*; but the personality consists almost entirely of what has grown up during the present life. It is made up of things gotten from this life, and cannot have existed (as such) before. Again, death will remove so much of what goes to

make up the personality, that we cannot correctly say that the personality (as such) will live again.

Yet there is an immortal seed in the personality, and this will survive all the processes of death, and will in due time form the nucleus of a new personality. Thus it is seen that the Being who reincarnates is not that which we call our "mind," nor even that which we know as our "self"; but an essence much deeper and finer than these; being, in fact, the Soul — the real Self.

The Spiritual Soul is the real liver of the life, and its life is not limited by the seventy-year cycle of the bodily life. This Spiritual Soul is the real man, the "Individuality," as distinct from the personality. It may be called the Divine Man or the Divine in Man. When incarnation takes place, the Soul lends a portion of its light to the nascent human organism, and so the complex human being is born. Should this not occur, then there would be a merely physical birth resulting in the generation of an idiot. The human being thus has two kinds of heredity: the kind which he derives from his ancestry, and the character and destiny which pertain to the incarnating Soul. These two influences act mutually throughout the life, and sometimes one prevails and sometimes the other, according to their relative strength. Here, then, we find the clue to the puzzles of heredity.

The personality of a man is a complex structure built up around the nucleus of consciousness with which he enters life. From birth onwards his mind is steadily and continually directed to the experiences of earth-life, and any spiritual recollection which he may preserve of a previous existence is industriously discouraged; so that he speedily forgets, and may even become so deeply mired in the flood of material life as to lose sight of his Divine nature altogether and even to deny it. But in most of us the light still shines out with sufficient strength to give us occasional flashes of intuition and aspiration.

It is to be regretted that Reincarnation should ever be lightly considered, or that it should be thought of in any way but as a serious and sacred subject. More than anything, it brings clearly before us the idea of our own Divinity and bids us try to realize that we are far greater than we had dreamed. In place of a brief and troubled span of some seventy years, we contemplate an existence which to all intents and purposes is infinite. Instead of a life that seems aimless

and inexplicable, we have in view a life of great and enduring purposes, linked with the life of the ages, of one substance with humanity's past and future. Surely such a view cannot but be ennobling and uplifting; and it ought to have that influence upon our character. Such petty ideas as the balancing up of punishments and rewards, as though the life of an eternal Soul were a matter of huckstering, will pale before the light of our vision of the Soul's mighty purposes.

In the light of Reincarnation no life can be called a failure. For a life is but a small section of a great whole. Nor is our estimation of what constitutes a successful life necessarily a correct one. If we could live less in the contracted sphere of our own ideas, and reach out more into the spacious realms beyond, we might have a better realization of what has been achieved during our life.

The twin mysteries of birth and death bring all men back from vanities to realities; they force us to think. When a child is born to us, we are present at the entrance of an immortal Soul with a character, a career behind it, and a destiny before it. Ours has been the solemn duty and privilege of fulfilling the laws attendant upon the event. Upon us has fallen a responsibility so great and so sacred that it surely calls up in us all the best in our nature. For that Soul has *intrusted* itself to our care. We can make or mar the future life; for mankind is a great family, and each one of us has the power to bless or to offend another. The responsibility and the sacredness of parenthood are emphasized by Reincarnation.

And what of death? Though we may not escape the sorrows of bereavement, we can at least sanctify them; and, in the strong faith that the Great Law deals with equal justice and mercy, we can strive to make our experience a stepping-stone from which to rise to a higher level in our own life. The personality to which we were attached has gone beyond our ken. We cannot follow the Soul to its abode of rest. Yet in the innermost there is no separation. And what other belief is there which can afford so much consolation in bereavement as Reincarnation? What we call death is a release — a birth into a new life. That which is eternal in us knows nor death nor separation.

It is a fact that we all live as though we knew we were immortal. This may seem a bold statement, yet try to imagine how people would live if they really believed there is no other life. They do not believe it; their inner sense tells them otherwise. But they have been so fed up with strange doctrines that their theory contradicts their intuition.

Reincarnation is simply a truth, stated anew; and it strikes home with force to those who hear it. Perhaps we really understand very little about it; nevertheless, once the idea has entered the mind, there it will abide; and from this starting-point our inner life will begin to build itself up anew. For now we have a firm foundation in place of the old misconceptions. All the experiences of life will begin to show a new meaning; scattered ideas will fall into line; and we can enter on a road that will lead ever onwards to greater and greater light and understanding.

And the teaching can help us to an understanding of Brotherhood; because the link that binds your several lives to each other, and my several lives to each other, is like the link which binds you to me. For we are one in spiritual essence. As the knowledge of these truths spreads, mankind will grow more conscious of their Spiritual unity and will dwell less in their little personal lives; and then mankind may be more ready to receive knowledge of a kind too great for it now.

From "The Book of the Three Birds," by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd
(From the Welsh. Translated into English by Kenneth Morris.)

UNDERSTAND, O Eagle, that the Spirit is the Real, and that the world that is seen is but the shadow of the world that is unseen that pervades it; and the body is no more than the shadow, as it were the screen of the Spirit, the scabbard of the soul that endures forever. The Trinity abides within us as gold ore abides in the earth, or a man in his house, or the fetus in the womb, or fire in a furnace; or as the soul is in the eye. . . .

O Eagle, understand this; here is the root of the division of all the branches of knowledge and nature: the nature beyond time is the fountain of the nature within time.

The soul of man came out of immortality, and goes back into the eternal.

As sparks out of the rock, so are all souls out of the Primal Will.

There are many that would fain traverse the whole world, but that know nothing of the great, wide world that is in the heart.

And the minds of most men are running out through the eyes and ears towards things visible and perishable, without a thought of abiding within to listen to the insistent voice of the Spirit.

He who talks most among men, hears least of the voice of God.

The Eagle: Is there not a propitious hour for every one, according to the Planets?

The Dove: The Planets rule the animal mind, until it soars out from the body and from beneath the sun. The spiritual man is above the Planets already in his mind, although his body be animal.

For the evil, no hour is propitious; for the good, no hour is of evil omen.

THE CHANGELESS CHANGE: by R. Machell



THE fog lies in the valley and the sky is clear, the mountains and the tree-tops rise dark against the glow of the rising sun, and a deep-voiced "siren" thunders its cry of warning from some great ship, lost to sight, as she feels her slow way up the bay. And other calls are heard: the call of the quail that run about the garden like chickens round a farmyard, fearless and eager. The trees drip, drenched with shining globules that melt into streams and fall in pools, and the sun mounts to his throne, growing more masterly moment by moment. The game of hide-and-seek lasts still a little while, but only till the shadows of the mountains shrink into themselves and vanish. Then the day is begun in earnest. But where are the shadows now? And where is the fog that a moment ago ruled the whole region? The moisture on the trees evaporates, the earth sucks in the pools and rivulets beneath; in a little while no trace of the dense white veil will remain. Yet no one was to be seen carrying it away or burying it; its conversion into invisible vapor was a transmutation, that would appear marvelous to one sufficiently ignorant to have a just appreciation of the marvelous.

We are too sophisticated; I do not say too wise, nor too learned, but too sophisticated. That is we are afflicted with too many theories, by which we deaden our appreciation of the marvels and mysteries with which we are surrounded, without really understanding the forces and the phenomena that are so familiar to us. So we have lost faith in marvels without gaining the power to perform the feats that we affect to despise. Our acquaintance with the theories, by which some few investigators attempt to explain the marvels of nature, serves to blind us to our very real ignorance of the laws of nature manifesting in the common occurrences of daily life. So we lose touch with the poetry of life without acquiring the mastery that real knowledge gives; and in losing this we let go our hold on a part of our nature that might guide our awakening intellect to a deeper and fuller comprehension of the vast scope of natural law. The poetry of prettiness is perhaps

more of a narcotic than a stimulant but the poetic imagination is capable of carrying even a scientist into regions that pure reason alone would not venture to recognize. Not that pure reason is not able to rise to these heights, but that, without the guidance of imagination, man fears to follow pure reason to the threshold of the spiritual world, to which it would lead him, and dares not face the abyss that borders the little land of material fact in which he is accustomed to disport himself.

“As above, so below,” is a Hermetic axiom. The phenomena of nature are a dramatic display of the action of forces operating also in human life. The dawn of day is a continual lesson to man as to the way in which human evolution takes place. If we begin to study nature seriously, if we merely study its appearances and moods as an artist is bound to do, we soon find that though the sun rises every day with exemplary punctuality, it never repeats the same succession of pictures. An artist, who tries to catch some one of these countless moods, knows that he may visit the same spot at the right moment every day for years and never find that picture exactly repeated, though a casual observer might see little variety in the daily occurrence; but then the casual observer is not an observer at all, and has not learned how to observe; observation is a faculty that must be cultivated by long practice, like any other of our latent powers, and can not be casual.

So we may learn that while there is a constant recurrence of events in life, and that history is but a partial record of these, yet there is also an infinite variety, and an unceasing change taking place. We may thus discover the futility of continued repetition of certain formulae, such as creeds and dogmas. Life does not stand still, nor does it move with the changeless regularity of a machine. Even a machine has its moods and its vagaries, as any chauffeur can tell us, and the successful machinist is generally a man of intuition, who trusts to his feeling as much as to his reason in seeking the cause of trouble in his machine.

In dealing with the great machine of organized life, political, social, or individual, the need for intuition is far greater; for this living organism is a machine that can not be handled quite as readily as even the most complicated of man's contrivances. There are at work here more unknown forces, and the combinations are more various. Mechanical methods frequently prove insufficient even in the repair shop, and the man of intuition and invention has to be called upon to exercise his imagination; but in the repair shop of social life, the world of

constructive and curative legislature, and of reform, the man of intuition is the only one that has any chance of accomplishing any real improvement. The man of machine-like method is only fit to keep the machine-like part of the structure in order, he can do no more; and, without assistance from the man of intuition, he will constantly fail in doing even that.

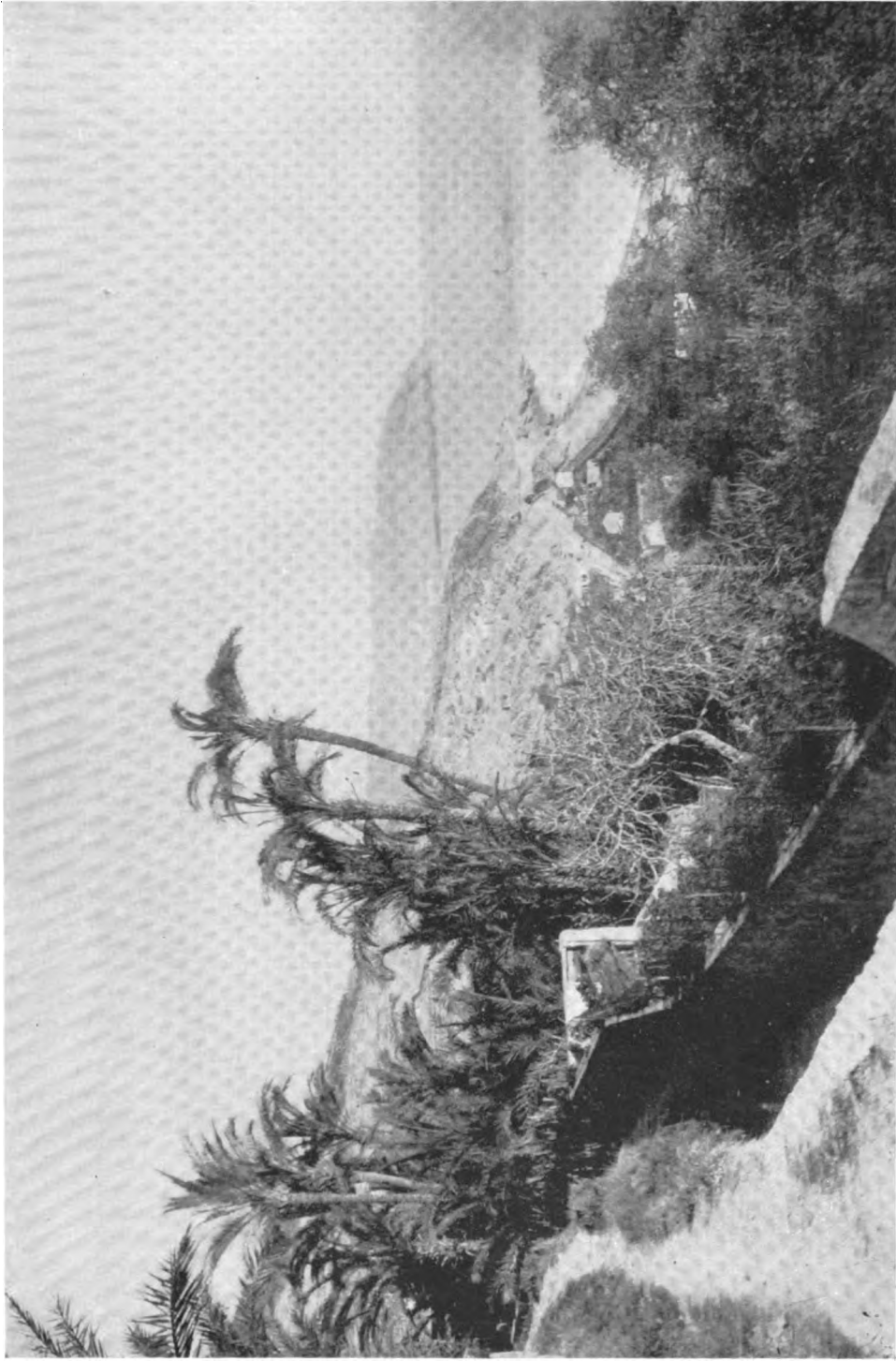
When one watches the difficulties of a navigator struggling in a fog, and then witnesses the instantaneous disappearance of the difficulties along with the lifting or the evaporation of the mist, one wonders whether the golden age may not dawn in just such a simple fashion.

The marvel of the fog can be scientifically explained; why not also the marvel of materialism, that terrible fog that still wraps the intellectual world today? and the marvel of Theosophy, the light of the rising sun, that shall dissipate the fog, when the Sun of Life shall have reached its strength. The Light of Wisdom has illuminated the world again and again, and no two days have been alike, nor shall they ever be. The golden age that is to be cannot repeat a golden age that is gone by, any more than one sunrise can repeat itself in another, though it may seem to the blind to do so; it has been well said that "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind man."

So we, who look for the dawn of a new day, look for no mere repetition of past glories, but for a new step in evolution, in which all shall be new, as all is eternally new in the "changeless change" of nature's ceaseless rebirth and re-creation of the universe.

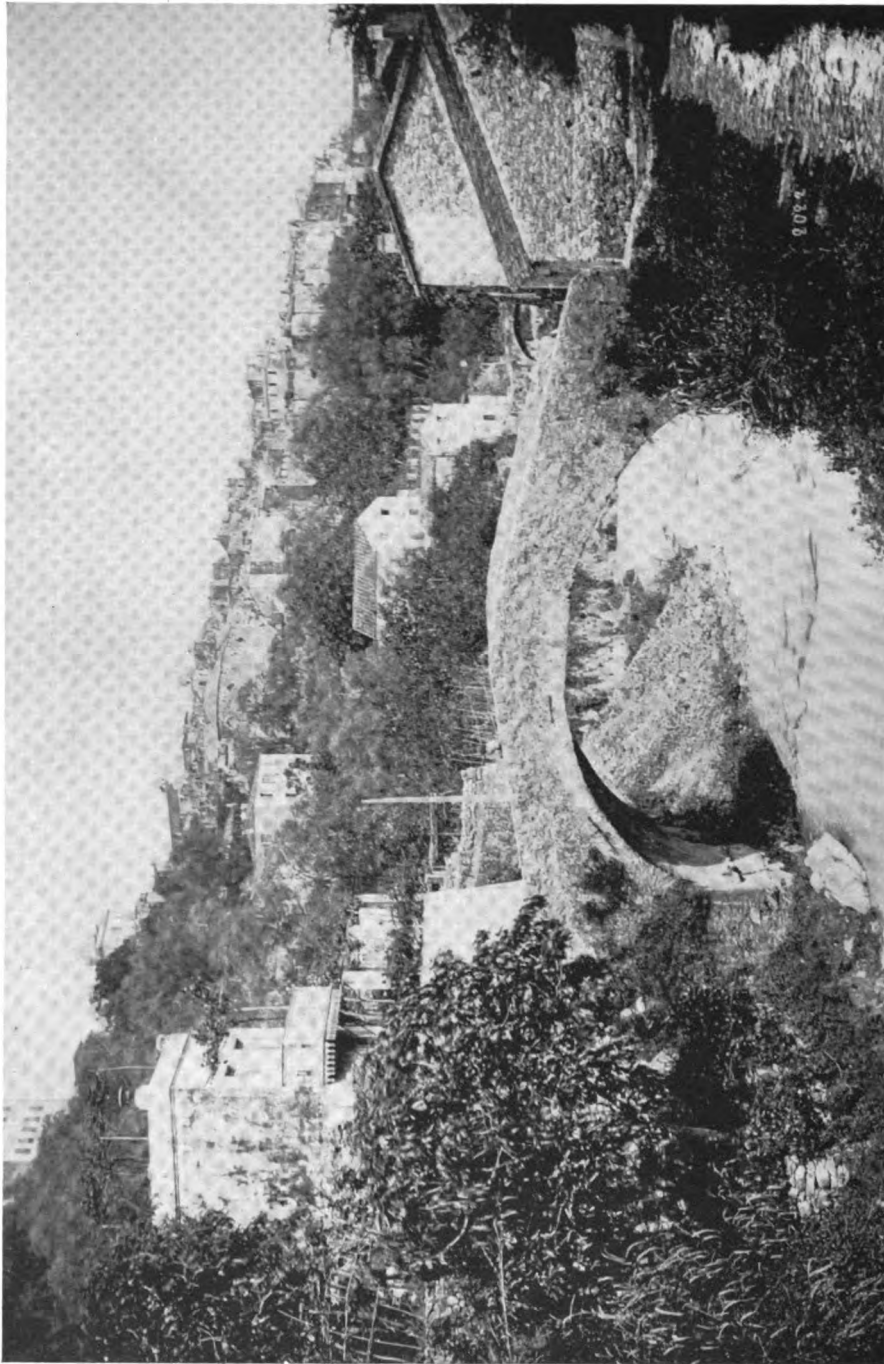


MANY a woman has known of the uplifting and refining power, tending towards self-restraint and nobility and virtue, which Masonry has exercised in the life of brother, husband, or son; and without in any way encroaching on Masonry or trying to pry into its secrets, every true woman, in the light of the knowledge that is publicly given out by Masons themselves of Masonic principles, can, if she will, help brother, husband, son, or friend to be true to these principles. . . . As I understand Masonry, it seems to inculcate all the virtues, honor, rectitude, chastity. — *Katherine Tingley*



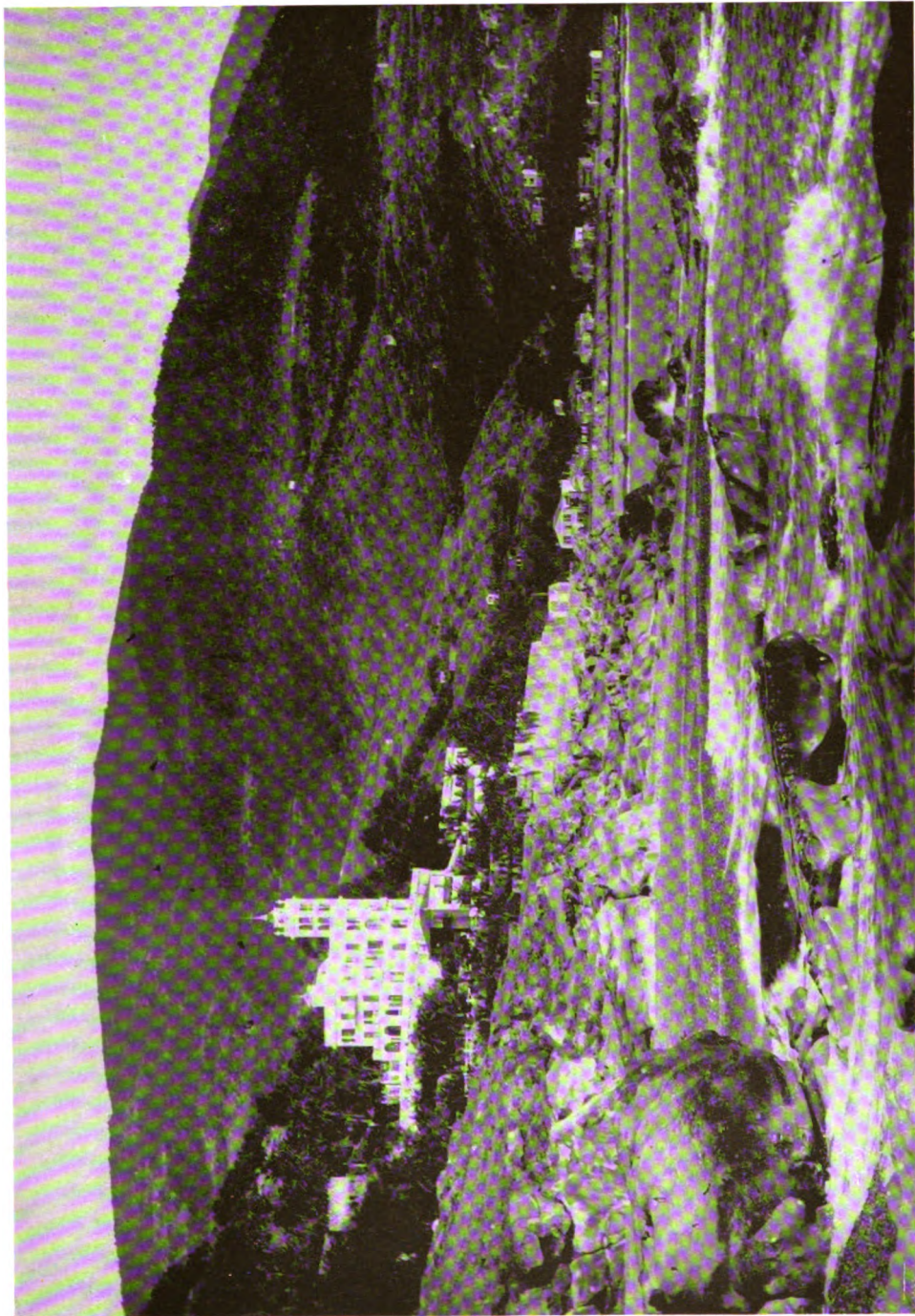
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LOOKING EASTWARD TOWARDS SAN REMO FROM THE HILLS ABOVE OSPEDALETTI, ITALY



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SAN REMO, LIGURIA



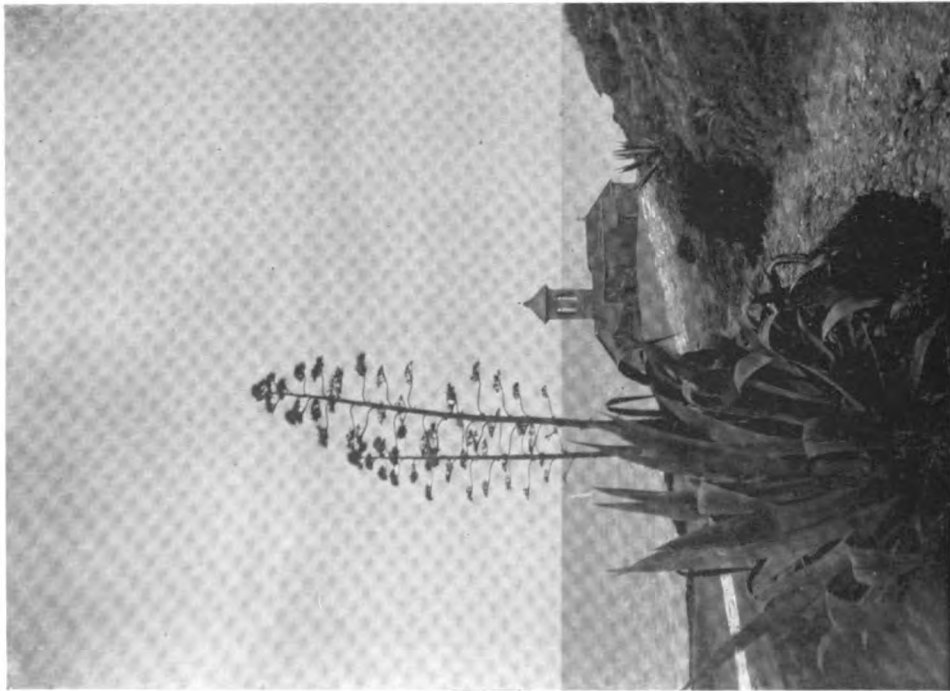
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ON THE SHORE BETWEEN BORDIGHERA AND SAN REMO



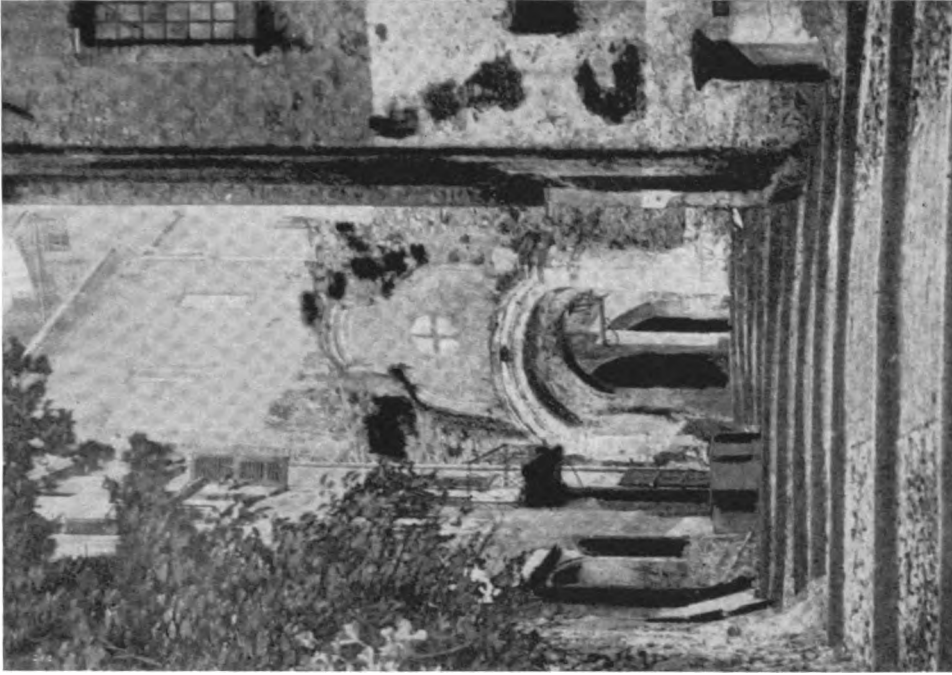
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ISOLABONA, NEAR BORDICHERA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

SANT' AMPEGLIO ON THE CAPO, BORDICHERA



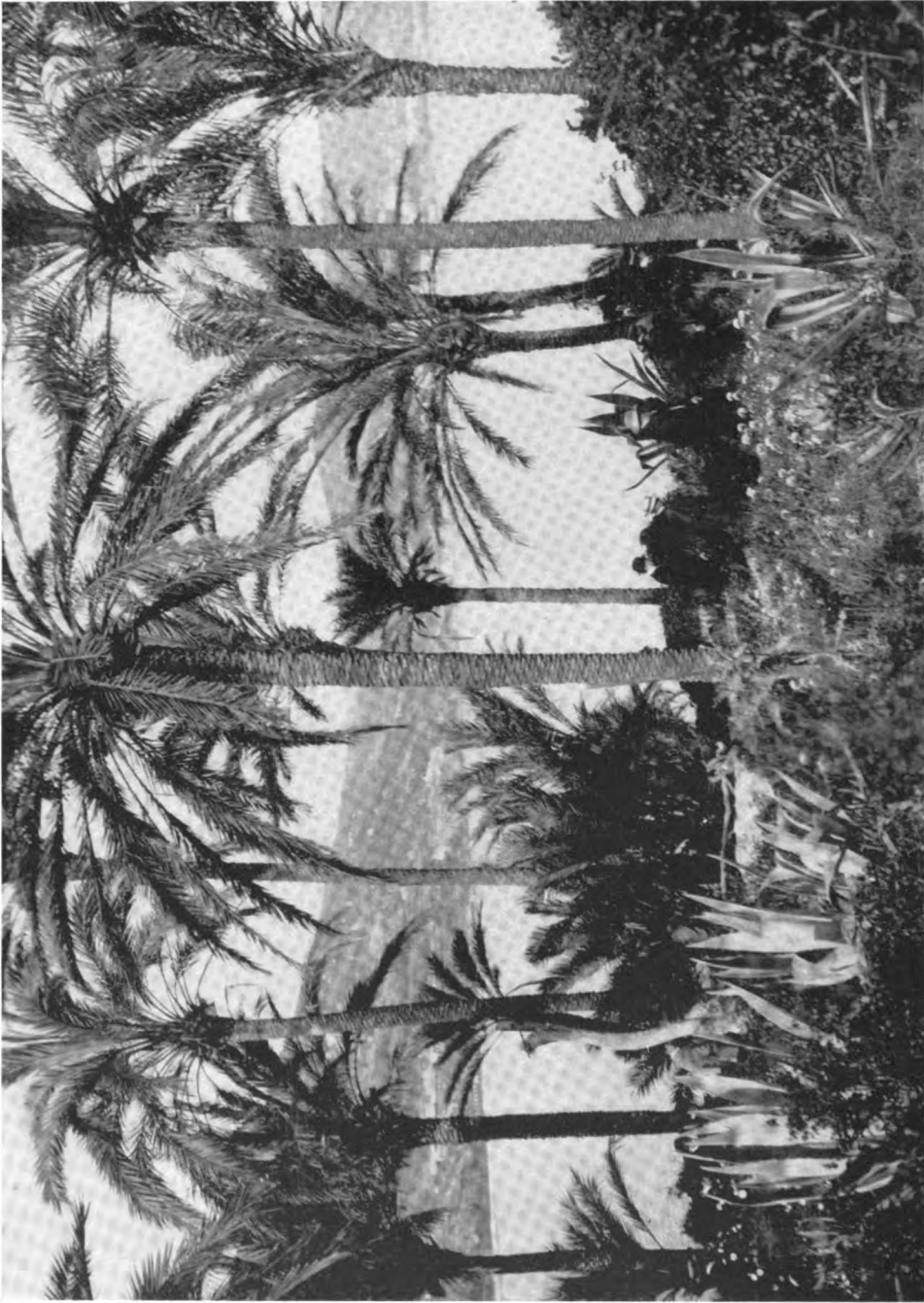
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PORTA SOTTANA, BORDIGHERA



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ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SASSO AND BORDIGHERA



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PALMS AT MADONNA DELLA ROTA, BORDIGHERA

A MARVEL OF MOTHERHOOD: by Percy Leonard

A RECORD OF OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOUNDING OF
A COLONY OF HONEY-ANTS (*Myrmecocystus mexicanus*).

The parsimonious emmet, in small room, large heart enclosed. — *Milton*



THE amazing contrast between Man and the Ants never strikes the observer more forcibly than when considering the first beginnings of an ant colony.

Imagine a human bride who, losing her husband on the wedding-day, retires underground and without the aid of any implement, not even of a barrow to remove the soil, succeeds in digging a tunnel some seventy feet in length in two or three days. Next suppose that she blocks the entrance with soil to exclude all communication with the outside world and that in this unventilated cavern, with no food supply, no light, nor help of any kind, she rears more than a dozen children and a score or more of babies all in the short space of six and a half months! The mind accustomed to consider human possibilities will scout the supposition as too improbable even for a fairy-tale, and yet undertakings just as incredible are successfully carried through by the ants, as the following observations show.

Early in 1912 an enormous flight of winged female honey-ants settled on Point Loma. At least one of these prospective mothers alighted on every square yard of surface in the College grounds. Arrived on solid earth, each widowed insect stripped off her beautiful wings and buried herself in the soil, still moist from the recent rains. For many days their little round tunnels were conspicuous on every side. Each opening was half-surrounded by a pile of earth-pellets arranged with the utmost neatness in the form of a crescent, half an inch high in the middle, and tapering away towards the horns.

On January 15th one of these incipient colonies was scooped up with a trowel and the captive ant transferred to a glass tumbler nearly filled with sifted garden soil. By the next morning she had dug a spiral tunnel nearly reaching to the bottom of the tumbler three and a half inches long or nine times her body length! It must be borne in mind that only a few days before she had issued from her home as a dainty, delicately-nurtured bride, who had never done a stroke of work; but had been nursed from infancy by her industrious, stunted, spinster sisters. During her trial-flight she had accepted the advances of a dashing and devoted consort and there now lay before her,

at least as a *physical* possibility, a care-free life of pleasure, fluttering in the sunshine and sipping nectar from the bright flowers. But such a career would be *morally* impossible to our heroine. The resistless urge of maternity fills her whole mind with its insistent call to stern yet pleasurable duty. The shining wings are torn away, and freed from these encumbrances she flings herself with furious energy into the most stupendous mining operations.

In order to induce my captive to work close up against the glass, it was necessary to surround the tumbler with a tightly-fitting sheath of pasted strips of paper in order to exclude the light.

On January 17th when the sheath was slipped off, the ant was seen backing up the tunnel and carrying up little balls of pressed earth the size of her head to the surface.

On the 18th she had reached the bottom of the tumbler and was busily engaged in excavating a roomy cellar on the glass floor.

On January 19th she was still employed in enlarging her cellarage and at whatever hour of the day or night she was inspected, she always appeared to be hard at work.

On January 21st the opening of the tunnel was surmounted by a little pile of earth the size of a pea, and during the next few days the entrance was blocked to a distance of three quarters of an inch with hard-packed grains of soil. Friendly visits, hostile attacks, food supplies, fresh air, and surface water were now entirely shut out. The lonely hermit had now entered upon her retreat and the next six and a half months are to be spent in solitary confinement.

On January 30th two pearly eggs are noticed and to these she devotes her constant attention, licking them over with a devotion that never wearies. They are covered with a rough, moist membrane and are shaped like crocodiles' eggs, both ends being of an equal size.

On February 3d five eggs are lying in the glass-floored nursery at the bottom.

On February 4th at 1.35 p.m. the eggs were discovered in the highest part of the tunnel close up against the entrance barrier and attached by means of saliva to the glass wall. In a state of nature of course the upper galleries are the first to be warmed by the morning sun, the heat traveling slowly downward as the day advances. Wild ants usually carry their eggs and young near the surface in the morning, and remove them to the deeper levels as the heat descends, thus maintaining them at an equable temperature. In my artificial nest

of course the temperature is much the same in all parts of the tunnel; but there must be a slight increase in the humidity of the air in the upper portion because of the water occasionally sprinkled on the surface.

On February 5th the eggs had increased to eight and at this point a labor-saving device may be described by which many a tedious journey is avoided. Human twins may easily be transported from place to place in a go-cart. A small family may be conveyed in a pony carriage; but an ant has no vehicle in which to carry her young ones. Her substitute for these conveniences is astonishingly simple. She merely glues her eggs together, forming them into a solid package by the application of her adhesive saliva, and thus is able to carry fifteen eggs at one time. At least once a day her eggs are carried to the upper tunnel and fetched back again to the lowest chamber.

February 17th. The egg-mass was discovered in a disintegrated condition, the constituent eggs lying scattered about the floor of the nursery in the basement. Very slowly and methodically each egg was being licked over for the purpose of removing the spores of parasitic fungi which might otherwise germinate and feed at the expense of the the living occupant.

March 2d. The eggs were found to number fourteen, and now follows a long period of unbroken regularity, during which the egg mass (now reassembled) is daily carried to the upper part of the tunnel and the saliva baths are continued as usual. The young larvae are so little distinguishable from the eggs from which they hatch, that it was not until May 22d that about a dozen lusty, little white grubs were detected twisting and turning on their backs on the bottom of the tumbler. The larvae started growing at a rapid rate and here a question will arise in the minds of practical, human housewives as to how the mother obtains food for her hungry family, seeing all foreign supplies are cut off. As already mentioned, the mother ant is furnished with large wings when she bids her final adieu to the nest where she was reared and soars into the air for what is called the "marriage flight." Naturally, these wings required powerful muscles for their operation; but when the bride deliberately tears the wings from her shoulders, the muscles that supplied the motive force become superfluous. From this time forward they constitute a stock of available food material, and being slowly dissolved by the blood, together with sundry deposits of fat, they help to secrete the nutritive saliva with which she

nourishes her growing brood. The thought of dieting infants on saliva is somewhat astonishing until we remember that birds'-nest soup, esteemed so highly by the epicures of China, is made from the nests of swallows who build their "procreant cradles" of nothing but dessicated saliva.

Day by day the chubby larvae, as helpless and exacting as our own babies, thrive and grow. They are regularly bathed and fed with strict economy upon the precious "mouth-broth." The larvae are never carried to the upper portion of the tunnel, but remain in the lower chamber, with nothing but their own spongy bristles to mitigate the hardness of the glass on which they lie.

The honey-ants rear three distinct "phases" of those wonderful spinsters upon whom all the active labors of the nest devolve. They are known as majors, minors, and minims, and differ only in point of size. It is believed that the varying stature of the three classes is produced solely by regulating the quantity of food supplied them during the period of growth. The first few to be reared are always minims, the smallest size; and so we must suppose that these larvae, though apparently fat and flourishing, are always dumbly asking for more and conscious of an aching void within.

On June 6th one of the larvae entered the pupa state and span her silken case, and by June 9th three more were shrouded with the seamless robe which screens the magic transformation from the public gaze.

On June 22d the mother was first seen bringing up the cocoons one by one and laying them close against the barrier.

During the following month the slowly increasing number of cocoons, together with the egg-mass which was constantly receiving fresh additions, was moved up and down the galleries with unbroken regularity.

July 14th. The face of the earth-barrier showed unmistakable signs that the work of demolition had begun.

On July 22d, at 8.05 a.m., the proud mother was discovered in the act of licking over her firstborn, the earliest of all her brood to emerge from the cocoon, a perfect insect or "imago." The face of an ant is of course no index to its feelings, being composed of an inflexible crust of "chitin." An ant's emotions can therefore cause no play of facial expression; but a solid satisfaction was certainly evinced by her gestures and carriage at the successful emergence of this, the first perfect member of her family. The newly emerged ant (or "callow") was

pale and feeble, and the legs trailed in a helpless way behind it in the manner of a flying heron. At 12.50 p.m., the firstborn was staggering about the bottom chamber and beginning to "take notice." At 7 p.m. there were indications that somebody, most likely the callow, had been at work removing some of the barricade of earth. There is something rather shocking to our human notions that an infant only one day old should be employed in navy's work; but we must remember that on the emergence of an ant from the cocoon it is completely formed in all its parts and has reached its full stature. The only disability from which it suffers at this early stage is a softness of the chitinous integument which later on matures into a hard, rough covering.

On July 23d, at 8.15 a.m., there were fresh signs of work on the barricade, and the precocious youngster was detected at what colliers call the "working face," as if she had been digging there.

On July 24th the callow was busily shifting about the larvae at the bottom. There are now twenty larvae and at least as many eggs and all these not only produced but also nourished by a fasting mother who for more than half a year had tasted no food and whose only possible supply of liquid was the moisture of the earth.

On July 26th another callow had emerged.

On July 30th both the sisters were vigorously attacking the barrier which shut them from the world outside.

July 30th. The sisters abandoned their work on the barrier and commenced excavating an entirely new exit in a perpendicular direction. For some days past diluted honey and dead flies had been provided so that the hungry family should find food the instant they broke through; but it was not until August 14th that the last remaining obstruction was demolished and communication reestablished with the surface. Later in the day one of the minims, enormously bloated with honey and water, descended with fresh supplies. All that evening one of the workers was laboriously blocking up the newly made exit, no doubt for the purpose of excluding enemies. This was a memorable day in the annals of the nest, for it marked the termination of our heroine's voluntary imprisonment. For a space of six and a half months the devoted mother had been self-exiled from ant-society; for an "egg-mass" can scarcely be considered as "company," nor even the helpless, hungry larvae; still less the silk-shrouded cocoons whose entire anatomy is broken down into a structureless cream-like

fluid and who are certainly in no condition to contribute to their mother's entertainment.

On August 5th it was noted that six cocoons had hatched out.

On August 8th the exit had been so enlarged that the mother might have come out had she been so minded; but never once has she been observed outside the limits of the nest. A temporary barricade is erected every day and is broken down whenever an ant goes out for fresh supplies.

August 9th. Up to this date honey only had been taken down below, the flies being probably too tough for their young mandibles to deal with; but early this morning the first fresh meat in the form of a fly's abdomen was taken below, and at 6.20 p.m. one of the workers was caught in the act of dragging down an entire carcass.

On August 10th four of the split, discarded cocoons cases were brought up and scattered about the surface, and one of the now fairly well-matured workers was seen feeding a pale, unsteady callow with weak honey regurgitated from her crop.

On August 22d the egg-mass at the bottom was estimated to contain thirty eggs.

On August 28th three of a little band of workers who had escaped through an imperfect joint in the cover of the tumbler were recaptured, but some were still missing. It was touching to observe that, contrary to their invariable habit, the barrier was not built up, but that the mouth of the tunnel was left open as if to provide a ready entrance in case of the wanderers' return!

There are as yet no regular "repletes," that is, ants set apart as containers for honey. Some of the workers therefore habitually go about greatly swollen with honey so that their sisters may always be supplied with refreshments at a moment's notice. The hungry sister simply caresses a walking honey-jar with her antennae. The two stand together as if in the act of kissing for a minute or two, and during this brief commerce sufficient honey has been transferred to the crop of the recipient to last her for a long time.

I have never been able to detect a member of the nest asleep, although I have examined them at irregular intervals during the day except from midnight until half-past five in the morning. It is unlikely that they sleep during the small hours, because these ants are strictly nocturnal in their habits. Some species of ants certainly find time for sleep. They indulge in heavy slumber, and waken with a diffi-

culty almost human. They stretch and yawn and show all the well-known signs denoting reluctance to renewed activity.

Since her first retreat underground I have never seen the mother on the surface, and indeed there is no inducement to cause her to leave her quiet home. Her whole attention is concentrated upon the production of eggs as soon as her young ones are able to relieve her of her domestic duties. A few days previous to this present date I had observed some larvae of a slightly larger size lying on the bottom and completely buried under a pile of earth.

On September 11th they had completed their cocoons and lay awaiting the great transformation. The larvae cannot spin their cocoons in the open. The mother therefore surrounds them with earthen walls to which they can attach their silk. These larger sized cocoons are evidently those of "minors," the grade immediately above the tiny "minims." Now that food is plentiful we may expect that the community will indulge in the luxury of fattening up many of the young larvae into the size of "minors," and later on, that the lucky juniors will be so generously dieted that they will blossom out into "majors," that caste from which, in a well-established nest, are drawn those who specialize into "repletes."

At this point the observer was forced by circumstances to discontinue his studies; and so with deep regret the contents of the tumbler were turned out near a bank of earth abounding in natural cracks and crevices where shelter might be readily obtained. No doubt the faithful mother and her loyal band of children succeeded in establishing themselves in new and more commodious quarters.

The word marvel appearing in the title of this article is of course used in its primary sense as of something which inspires our wonder; and to those who have witnessed a solitary female retire underground and after six and a half months of fasting, appear surrounded by a numerous family, it does seem as though the substance of her body had multiplied in a marvelous way. Our astonishment is somewhat abated when we remember that a large part of an insect's body and of the contents of the eggs is composed of water, and if we suppose that the mother ant contains a quantity of highly concentrated substance, which she dilutes with moisture gained from the surrounding soil to form the bodies of her progeny, our wonder is somewhat reduced. But even so, when we behold more than a dozen "minims," as many cocoons, and the egg-mass containing thirty eggs, it seems

incredible that the solid substance of their frames was all packed within the mother at the time of her descent underground.

One hardly knows how to discuss the complete unselfishness of the mother ant. Her conduct soars into a region where praise and formal compliments are out of place. It is cosmic, impersonal, and has a quality of the Divine Beneficence, so that human patronage would be altogether impertinent. There is probably no struggle between inclination and duty. She does not indulge her self-esteem with the pride of conscious virtue, but simply forgets herself, and yields her little individual will as a pliant instrument for working out the purposes of Nature.

To toil unceasingly for half a year in some sequestered, gloomy cave, unvisited by friends, deprived of every comfort, lacking food and even proper ventilation, is a service from which each of us would shrink. It may well be doubted, however, if it appears in the light of a sacrifice to the ant. She may be living in a world of glorious dreams so vivid as to overpower all physical sensation. The enraptured insect may have entered into union with the formative imagination of her mother, Nature. There, in clear outline, she beholds the vast prophetic scheme. She scans futurity and takes a mental leap into the midst of generations yet unborn, so that her far-removed descendants seem companions of her present hour. She wanders through interminable galleries within the moist and friendly earth where busy workers in their countless thousands hurry to and fro. Clusters of spherical repletes all smooth and shining hang from vaulted roofs filled with the fluid treasure of the nest. Masses of pearly eggs are there, and nursery floors, where larvae, soft and lovable and plump, lie strewn in thick profusion all around. Ant-nurses step with tender care among the prostrate brood; and dominating all, the ceaseless rustle of the insect throng is merged and blended in an undertone of sweetest song. Her glowing fancy peoples the habitable globe with her offspring. She views with rapture her teeming families extending their dominion over all the world, and hunger, loneliness, darkness, and incessant toil, are swallowed up in her exultant hope.



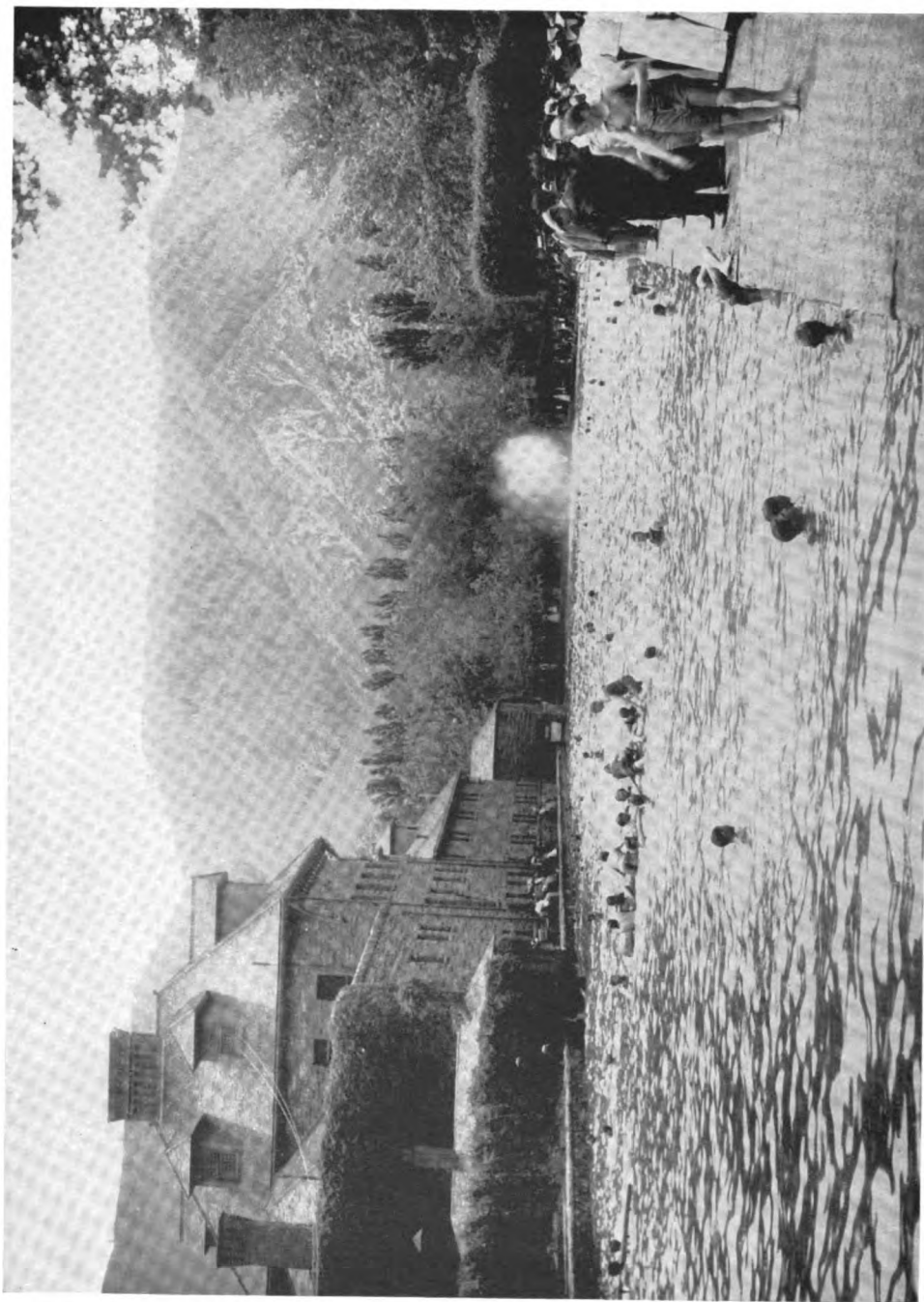
THOSE who belong to us, whether living or departed, and whatever else there is which we wish for and do not obtain, all this we find there if we descend into the heart, where Brahma dwells, in the ether of the heart. There are all our true desires, but hidden by what is false. — *Chhândogya-Upanishad*



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CHAPMAN LAKE ON THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE OF THE COLORADO ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Colorado Midland Railway. (Photo. by McClure, Denver.)



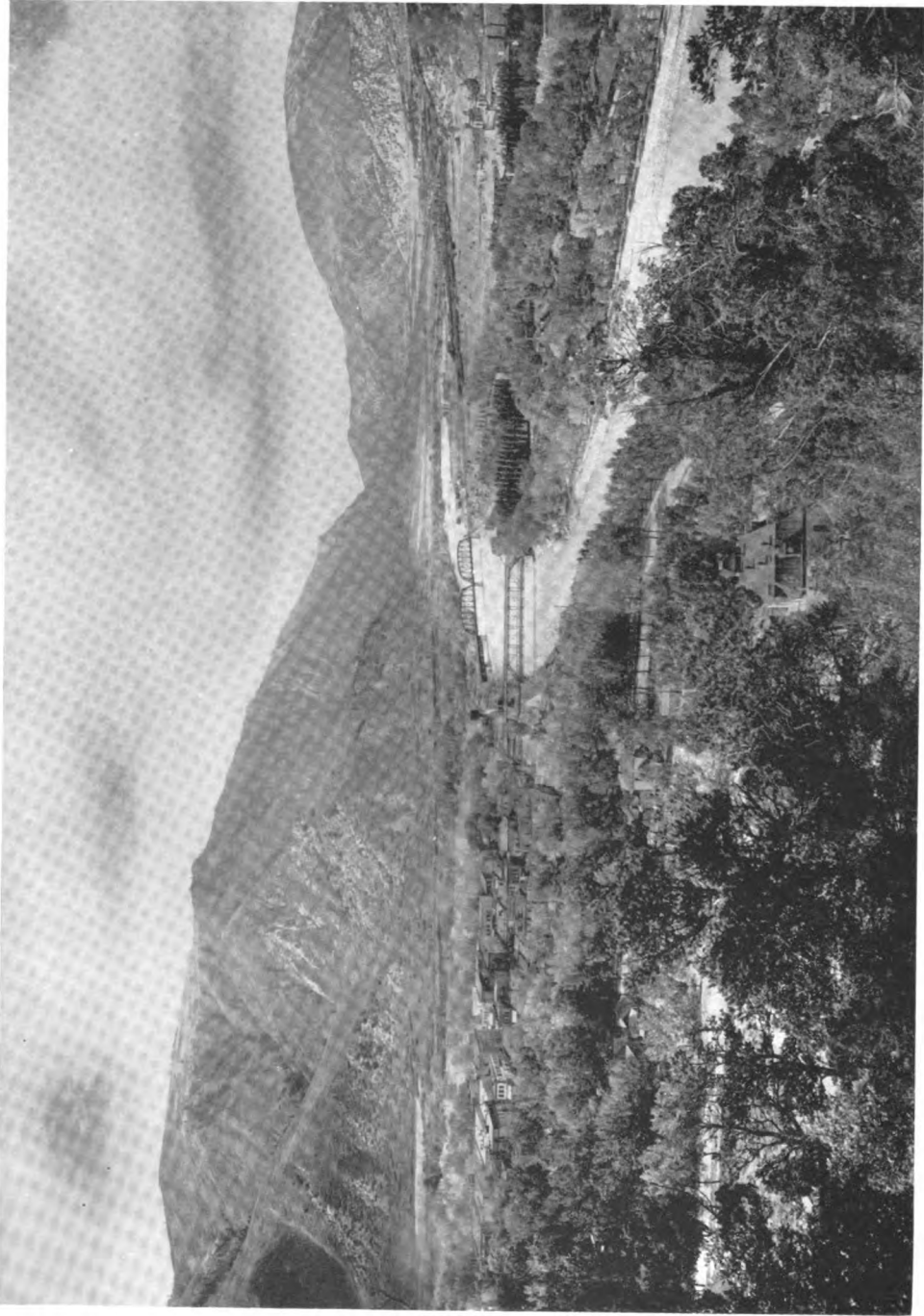
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THE LARGE HOT-WATER SWIMMING-POOL, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO
Colorado Midland Railway. (Photo. by McClure, Denver.)



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CRYSTAL RIVER VALLEY AT CARBONDALE, COLORADO
Colorado Midland Railway. (Photo. by McClure, Denver.)



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GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO
Colorado Midland Railway. (Photo. by McClure, Denver.)

PYTHAGOREAN GEOMETRY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

Das Theorem des Pythagoras, wiederhergestellt in seiner ursprünglichen Form und betrachtet als Grundlage der ganzen pythagoreischen Philosophie. (The Theorem of Pythagoras, restored in its original form and considered as the foundation of the entire Pythagorean philosophy.) Von Dr. H. A. Naber, Lehrer an der Staatsrealschule erster Ordnung zu Hoorn (Holland). Haarlem, 1908.



HIS book may be taken as one among many signs of the new Renaissance or revival of ancient knowledge. That Renaissance which gave us the ancient classics was only partial; for we have yet to understand them. Pythagoras we have never understood. H. P. Blavatsky speaks of him in terms of the highest reverence, as having been a great Teacher of the Secret, initiated in India, and founder of a school of esoteric philosophy in the Grecian world. His symbols and maxims are referred to continually by her. Other writers have also recognized him more or less as having been something more than he is usually considered to have been. The author of the present volume is not original in this respect; but he has been genuinely struck by the wisdom of Pythagoras, and has described the results of his studies and reflections in a way that is fresh. He has given us a number of mathematical *details* which will be found very useful in enabling us better to realize what we already believe about Pythagoras. It would require much erudition in the subject to be able to state how far the ideas of this author are original; so many have worked in this field.

He tells us at the beginning that he saw the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid thrown on a lantern-screen at a lecture and was struck by what was evidently a flash of intuition. The illuminated picture seems to have hit him in a new way and to have started him asking: "What does it all mean, any way?" The picture had been thrown through a piece of gypsum, on which the diagram was drawn; and the polarized light gave different bright colors to the different squares. The audience applauded, for they too were struck. Why did they applaud? Was it not, says the author, because they recognized a *truth*? We agree with him, and add that there is a racial memory as well as an individual memory, and that this often preserves truths which are not perceived by the mind but yet are recognized intuitively by a faculty beyond the mind. What did Pythagoras mean by his theorem? As the author shows, he did not mean a mere geometrical theorem but something far more important.

The author reproaches the innumerable geometers and writers of

school-books who have labored to “demonstrate” this theorem, which he regards as a proposition that should be self-evident and require no demonstration. He gives it therefore in a form in which it is self-evident, as follows. Passing over the *particular* case of square areas, he takes the general proposition — that if similar figures be described on the sides of a right-angled triangle, the figure on the hypotenuse is equal in area to the sum of the figures on the perpendiculars. By taking a right triangle and dropping a perpendicular from the right-angle to the hypotenuse we obtain three similar triangles, each of which is similarly described on one of the three sides of the original triangle; and it is obvious that one triangle is the sum of the other two. Thus the proposition becomes self-evident without proof. Euclid has something similar in his book on proportionals.

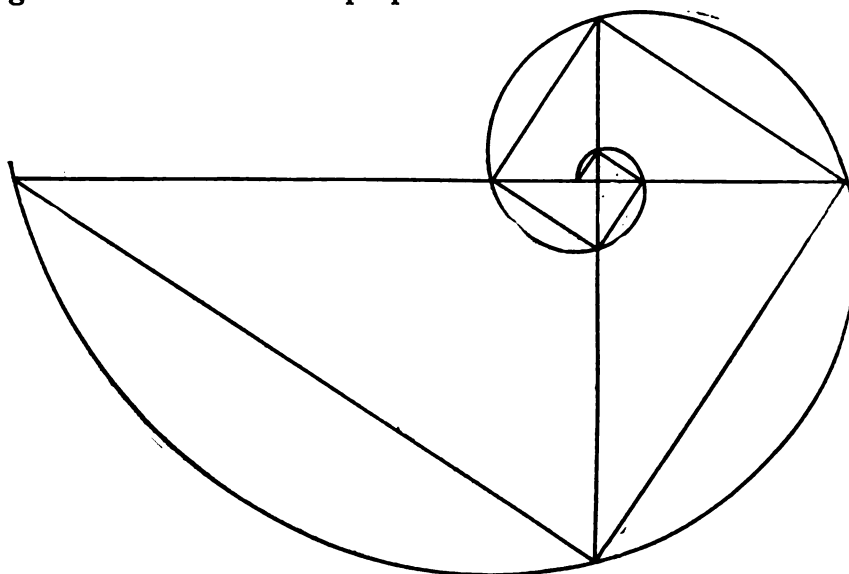


Figure 1. Right triangles giving rise to a logarithmic spiral.

The Pythagoreans taught that the hypotenuse is equal in *power* (*δύναμις*) to the other two sides put together; and, referring to the 3-4-5 triangle, that the number 5 is equal in power to 3 and 4 together; 3 is father, 4 mother, and 5 offspring. It may be observed that 7 is the sum of 3 and 4, and is produced by the same two lines with an angle of 180° .

The author attaches great importance to the significance of the word “gnomon.” This is generally applied only to that figure which, when added to a square, turns it into a larger square; but the author extends the meaning so as to include *any* figure which, when added to

a given figure, produces a figure similar to the given figure. Thus, if a right triangle be divided into two similar right triangles, then each of these latter is a gnomon to the other. And the process, being continued indefinitely, gives us an endless series of smaller and smaller triangles. Also, by reversing this process, and applying gnomons (that is, similar triangles) to the initial triangle, we can get an endless series of larger and larger triangles.

By connecting up the corresponding points in these various triangles, we obtain logarithmic spirals; and the author obtains some spirals which are identical with those found on ancient monuments. One of these is the double right-and-left spiral of the Ram's horns,

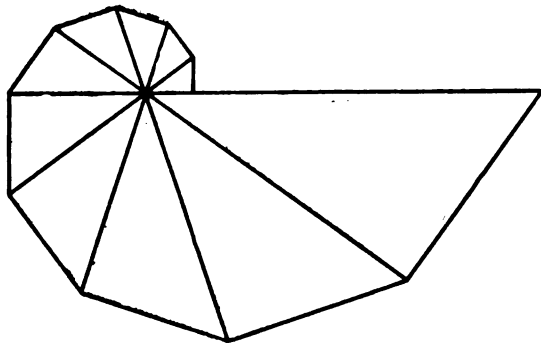


Figure 2. Right triangles and Nautilus.

sacred to Jupiter Ammon, the sign of Aries, and found also on the Ionic column. We observe, by the way, that if the two horns are drawn so as to curve towards instead of away from each other, the sign of Taurus is obtained. The Ammonite, a well-known fossil, is a spiral curve, and the Nautilus is another. The Nautilus form can be readily drawn by means of a series of right triangles described

in the above way. (See figures 1 and 2 herewith.)

The author thinks that Pythagoras was formulating in this way his doctrine of Evolution, as to which he says:

Pythagoras taught geometry as a kind of introduction to a doctrine of emanation or evolution.

The author's favorite triangle is that of the regular decagon; for the side and base of this are in the proportion of $1 : \frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$, which is that of a line divided in extreme and mean ratio, or the *Sectio Divina*, or golden ratio. Much importance is attached to this wonderful ratio, which forms, in the author's opinion, one of the most vital parts of the Pythagorean teachings. Those who have studied it are aware of its wonderful properties. If a line, whose length is one unit, be divided so that one part equals $\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$, then the small part is to the large part as the large part is to the whole line. The parts are approximately

.618 and .382. Thus .382, .618, and 1 are in geometrical proportion; and the next two terms of the series are 1.618 and 2.618. Any term of the series can be obtained by adding together the two preceding terms. If we take the numbers 1 and 2 and add them, we get 3; then 2 and 3 make 5; 3 and 5 make 8; 5 and 8 make 13; and so on. And these numbers approximate more nearly as we go higher, to the golden ratio.

The decagon triangle is called the triply isosceles triangle, because it can be divided into two isosceles triangles, one similar to itself, the other dissimilar. These two kinds of triangles have their angles 36, 72, 72, and 36, 36, 108. One of them is acute, the other blunt. The acute one may be called positive, the blunt negative. The author calls the pair of them Castor and Pollux, or Gemini. The obtuse triangle can also be divided into three — one acute and two obtuse, making something like a Balance.

We have noticed also the following remarkable fact (not in the book, we believe). By adding the negative triangle to the positive, either another positive or another negative triangle is produced. The resultant triangle is positive if the negative element in its composition is in excess, and negative if the positive element is in excess. (See figures 3, 4, 5.)

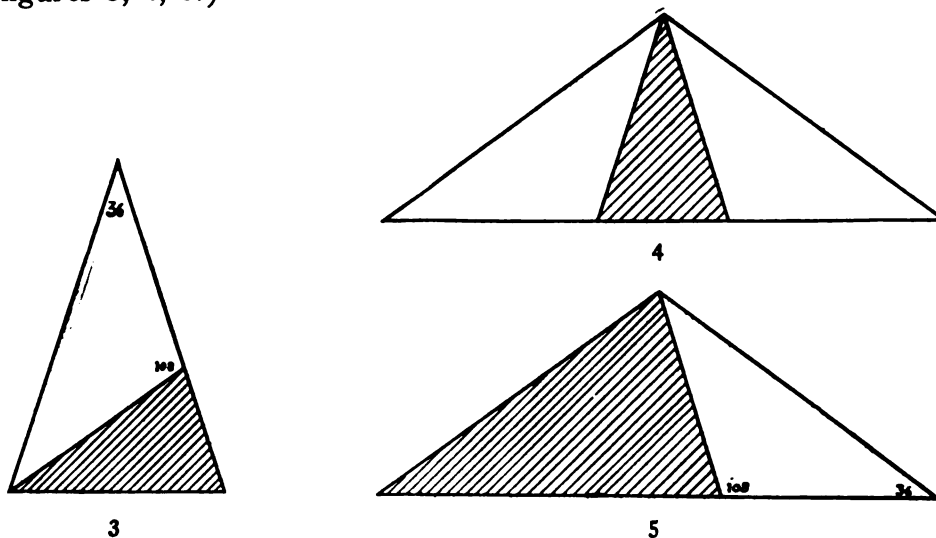


Figure 3. The triply isosceles triangle divided into a (similar) acute triangle and an obtuse triangle. Showing also how the acute and obtuse triangles together make an acute triangle.

Figure 4. The obtuse triangle divided into one acute and two obtuse triangles and suggesting the Balance.

Figure 5. Showing how the acute and obtuse triangles together make an obtuse triangle.

The three problems of the squaring of the circle the duplicature of the cube and the trisection of an angle, are all considered; and the use of the curve known as the "limaçon" in trisecting the angle is shown. An ancient ratio for π was $\sqrt{10}$. It is found in Egypt and also in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta*. Its use in the latter is puzzling, since it is by no means a good approximation, and the other calculations in that work are so marvelously exact. One feels that there lurks some mystery behind the use of this value by those who so evidently knew better. It is the hypotenuse of a right triangle of 1 and 3.

The author has a good deal to say about the Pyramid of Cheops, referring to Piazzi Smyth, Petrie, and others, and mentioning that the periphery of the base is supposed to be 2π times the height. As to his own theory — the angle of inclination of the Pyramid is given by some authorities as $51^{\circ}50'$, and this he finds to be the angle given by a right triangle, one of whose perpendiculars is .618... of the hypotenuse.

A great many geometrical figures, series, and ancient ornaments are considered, and the geometry of the regular polyhedra is touched upon. Under "Evolution" the author maintains that the generating of a series of triangles by the successive addition of similar triangles (that is, gnomons), and the drawing of spirals thereby, was for Pythagoras a symbol of all growth and evolution. It is evident that by letting the spirals proceed in a third dimension, we shall get helices, and the growth of plants is at once suggested. The shapes of leaves, including even their apparent irregularities, can be thus explained geometrically. It would be possible to follow the author's suggestions endlessly and to apply them to shapes in all the kingdoms of nature, as well as (by extending the analogy) to formless ideas. The following gives a good idea of the author's thesis:

If I interpret rightly the scanty remains of Pythagorism, there was, according to him, originally only one point, of atomic smallness. It had the form of a triply isosceles triangle. [An isosceles triangle which divides into two other isosceles triangles — the decagon triangle.] *It was an ensouled point.* It drew Space magnetically to itself, and a surface was built, like an ice-sheet on tranquil water. On the analogy of the formation of the icosahedron from the pentagonal figures this surface absorbed into itself matter; took on, like a kind of bubble, a third dimension.

The remark about the atom being ensouled, which we have italicized, will especially remind the reader of H. P. Blavatsky, who, in

passages too numerous for citation, insists upon the fact that the atom of the ancient philosophers was not a physical speck or a geometrical figment but a living entity — the only kind of entity there can be, unless there can be *dead* entities. They knew full well that the rudiment, the unit, of manifestation must be a living conscious Soul. They had never obfuscated their minds with fruitless efforts to conceive the inconceivable by endowing metaphysical abstractions with a fictitious reality. They knew that the properties of matter are nothing in themselves, but are simply *properties* — properties of something that has real existence.

Such a work is difficult to review adequately; the writer is concise; one would have to reproduce whole chapters. We must be content to supplement a brief summary and some general remarks by a few choice references. The word "Theorem" is derived from a Greek word meaning "to see"; yet it is nowadays regarded as something which has to be *proved* — something *not* obvious. Pythagoras, by cutting a right triangle into two similar ones, rendered his theorem (as to the areas of similar figures described on the sides) self-evident. Since then some mathematicians have labored to demonstrate this theorem, and thereby earn the scorn of the writer.

If we make a small square and call its area 1, and make larger squares by affixing gnomons with areas 3, 5, 7, etc., thus making the squares 4, 9, 16, etc., then the number 1 is seen to be at once a square and a gnomon. It is androgyne.

Referring again to the subject of the gnomon, the author quotes Philolaus to the effect that: "Knowledge is possible only when between the soul and the essence of the object there exists a relation similar to that which the gnomon has."

It is interesting to note that the Greeks, when they had any building to do, "did not, like us, stick in the straitwaistcoat of a metrical system, but chose their unit of area according to the immediate need." This of course is well known to every student of ancient building proportions.

Plutarch is cited as saying that all bodies are divisible into elementary triangles. Here we may quote H. P. Blavatsky to the effect that "everything in nature appears under a triune aspect; everything is a multiplicity and trinity in unity, and is so represented by him [the Kabalist and Hermetic philosopher] symbolically in various geometri-

cal figures." ("Six-pointed and Five-pointed Stars," *The Theosophist*, vol. II, no. 2.)

Thus we have briefly summarized the author's principal points, and now add some remarks in comment. It is evident that he has received a touch of the real meaning of Pythagoras and his school, and that he has not been able to reduce all his intuitions to the mental plane. Innumerable books have been written by people with gleams of intuition, which they have endeavored to formulate; and these books are often very suggestive and often very obscure. Sometimes — though not in the present case — the author is a very indifferent mathematician, as judged by ordinary standards; and this circumstance still further impedes the conveying of his ideas. Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* will be familiar with the names of Ralston Skinner and Parker in connexion with the quadrature and ancient measures of dimension, and with H. P. Blavatsky's criticisms thereupon.

That there is a mystery underlying the complex mass of ancient symbolism, geometric, mathematical, decorative, astronomical, musical, theogonic — what not — is very evident; and we need not trouble ourselves with those who find themselves able to regard it all as mere primitive superstition. But what is that mystery, and how is it to be plumbed? If one goes elaborately into the subject, one compiles a mass of erudition and discovers a number of curious "coincidences"; but instead of solving the mystery, these only open up new and wider fields. But what is worse one finds no useful direction for his studies and discoveries: he becomes bewildered and a mere crank. The fact is that he has not provided himself with some necessary *key*; he is exploring the country from afar without being able to pass the portal. He is playing with the most colossal jig-saw puzzle ever conceived, but can never stick more than two or three pieces together, and even they do not make anything that he can use.

What was the key? To answer that question we need but turn to Pythagoras himself. We find that all his studies, unlike our own, had to be preceded by most strenuous and careful self-preparation, such as years of silence, abstinence in eating, and the like. This surely gives the clue. Perhaps these symbols contain meanings that cannot be conveyed to the mind in customary condition, but which strike the intuition like a flash when the whole nature has been purified and refined to the necessary quality. Perhaps these symbols are the alphabet and vocabulary of a mystic tongue that can be understood only

by him whose ears have been duly prepared by long and arduous study.

In *The Secret Doctrine* there is of course infinitely more about these matters than the writer has touched upon; but it would not be of much use to try to present any of it here. The same difficulty would arise; it might lead to an additional piling up of suggestive but unuseable lore. People need the key to understand such teachings. And that key is to be found in the ancient doctrine that wisdom is inseparable from conduct, and that discipline must precede knowledge. What is the etymology of the word "discipline," in any case? It means teaching.

Geometry, as we know it now, is indeed something very different. On its applied side we have carried it to great perfection. In its purely theoretical aspect it is an entrancing mystery. But who ever thinks of connecting it with religion and conduct? Pythagoras is said to have kept secret the properties of certain geometrical forms. It is certainly no longer necessary to do so. But after all we are not sure what it was that he kept secret. We have inherited the tools of the Master and put them to such uses as we could devise; but we do not know how *he* used them.

Pythagoras learned his philosophy in India. Hence the similarity in the fundamental ideas of the ancient Brahmanical Initiates and the Pythagorists.

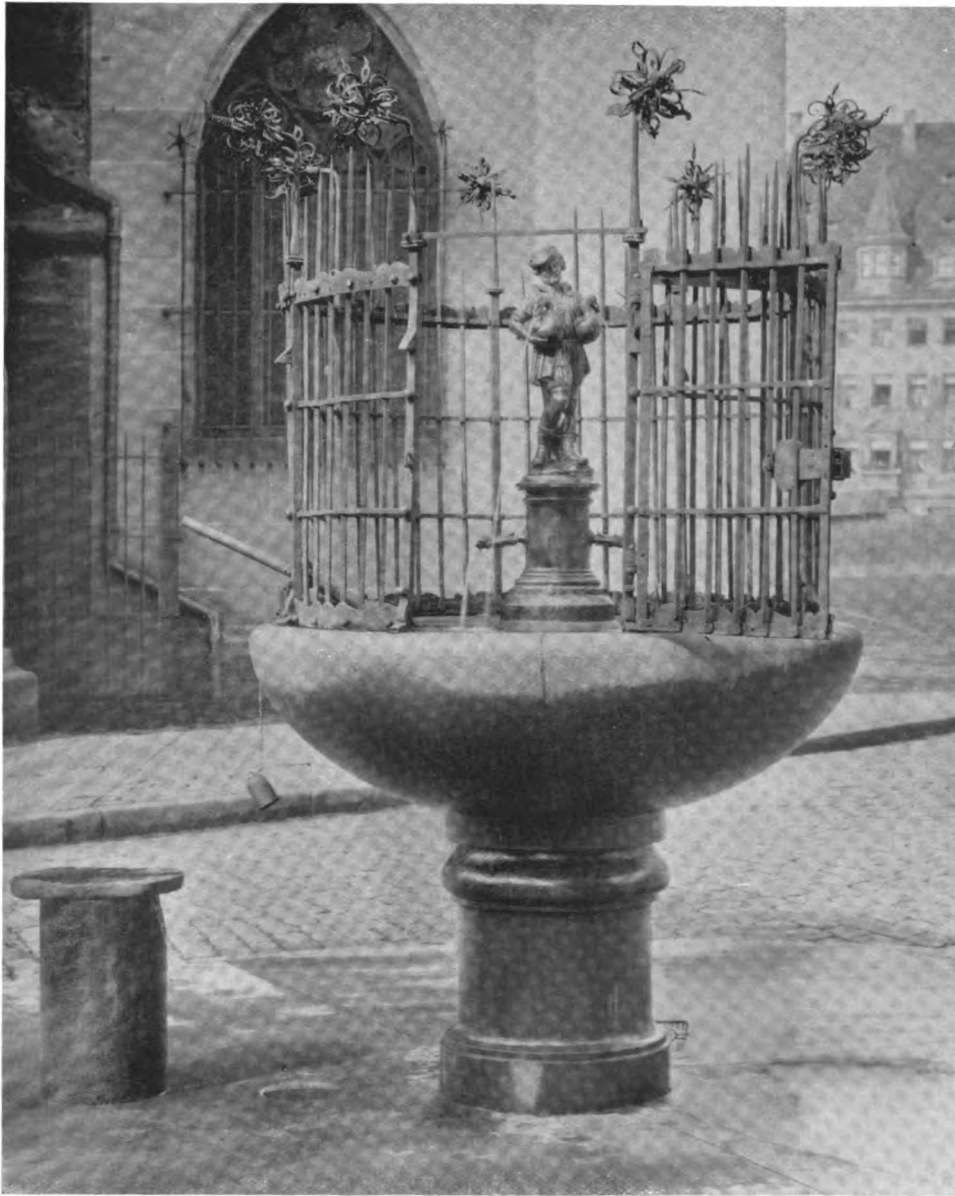
So says H. P. Blavatsky in the place cited above, adding that:

Our authorities for representing the pentagram or five-pointed star as the *microcosm*, and the six-pointed double triangle as the *macrocosm*, are all the best known Western Kabalists — medieval and modern.

And with regard to the double triangle:

So well known and widespread is this double sign that it may be found over the entrance door of the Lhakhang (temples containing Buddhic images and statues), in every Gong-pa (lamasery), and often over the relic-cupboard called in Tibet Doong-ting.

It is manifest that this kind of geometry was an essential part of the sacred mysteries; and if the teachings of Pythagoras and other Greeks were only early attempts at our kind of geometry where do these Buddhistic diagrams come in? But indeed such symbols are universal, as witness the Svastika, the Cross, and many others. Useless to us now (as we perhaps think), they evidently served an important purpose once. It is said that not all of the teachings in the Mysteries were oral. Much was taught by symbols, graphs, and scenic methods.



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THE GOOSE-MANNIKIN FOUNTAIN, NÜRNBERG, GERMANY



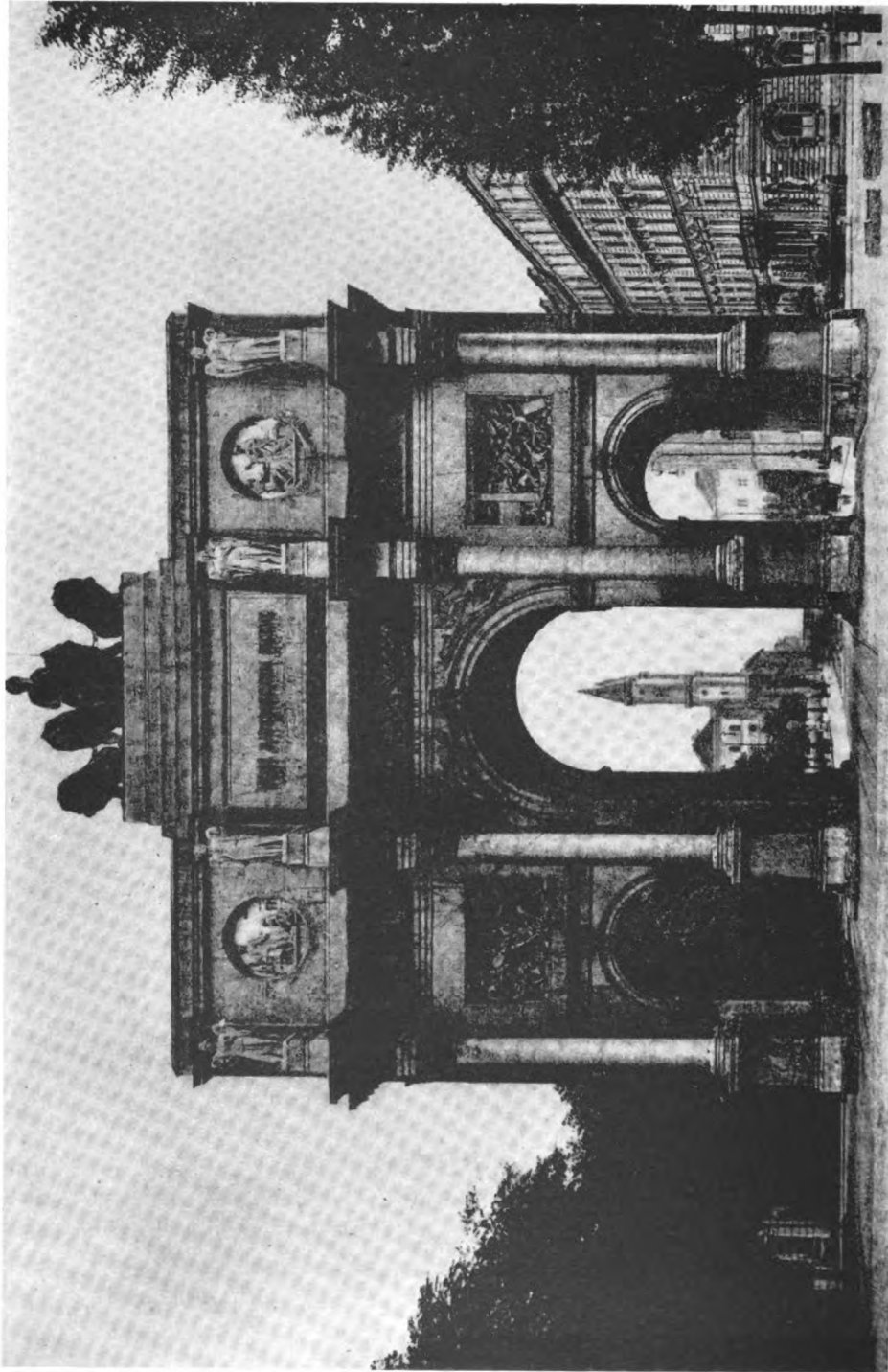
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AN OLD STREET IN NÜRNBERG, SHOWING THE MEDIEVAL HOUSES



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THE HANS SACHS MONUMENT, NÜRNBERG



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THE ARCH, MUNICH

THE DRAMA IN WALES: by Kenneth Morris



SUCH a title sounds a little like the famous *Snakes in Iceland*; there is no drama in Wales — or was not until recently. There was good promise of it at one time: when Twm o'r Nant the carter was wandering the land, writing and performing his interludes — and suffering no lack of audiences, it would appear. But then came the religious movement, a Joshua to arrest the sun, and hold him for a century at an hour before dawn. The barn or booth that might have grown into a national theater was, so to say, “nipped in the bud” by the frosts of theology; and Wales remains a terra incognita, which may be desert, for all the world knows, or flowing with milk and honey. She has found her enjoyment in singing hymns and listening to sermons; squeezing the last drop of juice out of a somber, narrow, but somewhat pictorial dogmatism; squeezing it out again and again; and nothing creative to show for a vast expenditure of emotion.

In the twelfth century she had produced (or recorded) the *Mabinogion*: promise of a literature which, had it grown and borne fruit, might have equaled that of France itself; for these romances are better than the French ones of that period. But then came the conquest, blighting her highest genius for centuries. So, as we are often told now, the soul of Wales remains elusive, uncaptured, never written down.

This is true, whether native or English literature be considered. Scott, and after him the men of the Kailyard, have held up the soul of Scotland for the world to gaze upon; Lever and Lover and their ilk created an Irish type for stage purposes that persists; but Wales, that knows not herself, is known even less beyond the border. In Shakespeare's day it was not so: Fluellen, to be recognized, hardly needed to make p's of his b's, or to force his leek upon Pistol; he is sound flesh and blood, full stature, where his Scotch and Irish colleagues are but shadows. Milton's “old and haughty nation, proud in arms” has become obscured under a fog of chapel-going and revivalism; Tennyson's Arthurian Welshmen have nothing Welsh about them. For lack, we may say, of collateral support, even Blackmore's Deio Llewelyn — wonderful old garrulous Deio, so lovable with all his imperturbable vanity and sharp methods in fish-dealing — though he deserves to rank with Sancho, Tartarin, and Sam Weller, came into the world of fiction stillborn, and laid no hold on popular imagination. Allen Raine, indeed, did something in her day; her Wales is

Wales, and lovely, so far as it goes. She caught, to a certain extent — we think to a very great extent — the atmosphere of the shores of Cardigan Bay; the sentiment and humor of her people; the gentle sweetness of the natural beauty of those regions: the sea, and the sea-pinks on the cliffs, and the sea-gulls; the simplicity of the life of the peasants, their quick hatreds and passions, and their unbounded sympathy and kindness; the sunny cliffs and moors with their rushes and gorse and heather; the hedges with their wild-rose and honeysuckle; the foxgloves in the fields, and the daffodils and phlox and box hedges in the farm gardens. All these things are Welsh, very Welsh indeed; but they are not the best and greatest there is to tell. Those who know the spirit and atmosphere of the sixth century bards, and the romances from of old that were written down for us in the two centuries preceding the conquest, know that there is an El Dorado of unminted gold, pure and magnificent, to be mined in Wales; a literature august, severe, and ennobling, waiting to be written; a poetry to be sung that shall take you right into the arcana of the human soul, revealing the grandeur, beauty, and unconquerable heroism that hide there: the brightness of those beings whose home is the sunlight, the awful splendor of the dwellers in the mountain and the storm.

It would seem as if creative ages were always born of the union of two forces: Nationalism and Internationalism. A light shines out of the World Soul, a universal spirit stirs, and runs forth quickening the souls of this nation and that, so that they leap into flame and illumine their epoch. But the national soul must be prepared first: there must be a grand courage, self-confidence, and hope; the future must appear to be teeming with high possibilities: where this tinder is not, the sparks will fall and die. We never find, I think, any great nationalism arising, of the kind that produces genius, unless internationalism was wandering the world at the time to stir and awaken it; as if the souls of the nations were the treasure-houses wherein the World-Soul stores its riches, and it could not come by any wealth to wear or squander, save with the key of nationalism and national awakenments. Not nationalism and universalism are the two poles or opposites, but nationalism and provincialism: the more national is your book, the less provincial, and the more international or universal it is. Athens and Florence bear witness; or again, is there anything so Spanish as *Don Quixote*, which the whole world treasures; or so (Elizabethan) English as universal Shakespeare? In a period of national deadness, such

works as may be produced are essentially provincial and minor; but when nationalism awakes, fanned up into a Bagdad, an Ispahan, or a Córdoba by some Moslem breath from the desert; into a Florence of Lorenzo, a France of the Pleyade, an England of the great Elizabethans, by some Revival of Learning — then, and not till then, are the grand universal words spoken.

In Wales, the native literature of the last six hundred years has been mainly of the kind tinged with provincialism: interesting, but falling short of greatness. The Renaissance hardly affected her; for the ground of a vigorous and hopeful nationalism was lacking. The conquest, mortally wounding her aspirations, paralysed in her the forces that bring genius to its fruition. Mortally wounded her aspirations, we say; they were not quite to die until the fatal victory of Bosworth put a Welsh prince on the English throne, and killed them by seeming to grant them all that they could ask. So between the fall of Llewelyn and the rise of Henry Tudor, there were still signs of life. The spirit of troubadorism, before its wane, found some response in a conquered but still rebellious Wales; it touched the greatest of the troubadors, Dafydd ab Gwilym, and his successor, Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll, in the fourteenth century, and awoke in them a wonderful vision into the magical beauty of the land of their birth; but the paralysis of national conceptions and aspirations forbade that they should produce any great constructive work. Had Owen Glyndwr succeeded, and had Dafydd ab Gwilym been Iolo Goch Then again, the international movement of a century ago found a Wales just stirring to receive it; an awakening of national life, headed by certain antiquarians who devoted their lives to collecting, rescuing and publishing the ancient relics of her literature and philosophy. Chief of these was Iolo Morganwg, mystic, druid, liberal and advanced thinker, linked on to the universal movement by his friendship with Paine. Iolo, delving into the fugitive and unclassified traditions of the centuries, brought to light a great measure of the ancient esoteric wisdom of the bards: certainly, with the Mabinogion, the best, Welshest, and most universal treasure that we have; one which would have borne fruit in a great creative literature, but that theology deflected the national impulse. For this old Welsh wisdom is but part of the Theosophy of all elder nations: cognate with the teachings of Pythagoras, the Mysteries of Egypt, and the esoteric philosophy of the East.

The spirit of the Victorian period, so fruitful in all lands where

the World Movement, quickened by scientific discovery, might find scope for its action, found the ramparts of Calvinism raised high along the borders of Wales; and nationalism, beginning to be reborn there latterly, still too weak to speak with any but minor voices. Of these the most important were Ceiriog and Islwyn the poets, and Daniel Owen the novelist. Ceiriog, like Burns, was a peasant poet, altogether a lyricist; he was a sweeter singer, and clean in his life and verses; but without the tang and bite of the Scotchman. It has been said by German critics that his lyricism outweighs all that of the England of his century; it is a large claim; but not quite ridiculous, when one considers the matter purely from the standpoint of lyricism. But he fell short of extra-national importance, through inability to voice any of the deeper things of life. Theology shut the inner worlds from him; though he was, yes, a prophet of the dawn, the dawn in Wales was yet some decades away. Islwyn, on the other hand, was a mystic; a great national impulse would certainly have carried him to the heights, and his message far and wide; but it was lacking; his audience limited him, calling to the most trivial, and not to the greatest that he was. Daniel Owen drew his waters from the well of Dickens; writing down the life that he saw about him, he would have written great novels to pass the border and survive translation, if that life had been stirred to any great purpose by national-universal ideals. But theology obscured his Wales from him, and put blinkers on his imagination. So one must dismiss the three of them, now; though were there opportunity, one might say much on their great gifts and genuine value.

Between Daniel Owen and the writers of the Mabinogion there had been no Welsh fiction at all; and what a gulf is there! Style, imagination, beauty and mystery, titanic humor, and a real something from the inner worlds: something that set Arthurian legend burning over western Europe, keeping alight heaven knows what fires and ideals and aspirations, the best that existed at the time — and from that to the little preachers and puritans of *Rhys Lewis* and *Ystraeon y Pentan*, with only one bright unorthodox Wil Bryan amongst them all to say that there is still laughter and wit in the heart of the Celt! Where is the ancient poetry, the burning imagination, the warrior tradition; the *old and haughty nation, proud in arms?*

*Lle bu bonedd Gwynedd gant
Adar nos a deyrnasant;
Y llwybrau lle gynt bu'r gan
Yw lleoedd y ddyllhuan.*

But what has all this to do with the drama? Everything; because drama is the culmination of creative literature: all roads lead to it; and we must climb a little of the hillside, if we are to appreciate the view from the crest. Here then was the position a few years ago: certain influences, historical and religious, had arrested the development of literature among a people so naturally literary as the Welsh; so that for six centuries practically nothing had been produced beyond lyrics and odes in poetry — some of them, indeed, of rare and extraordinary beauty; numberless biographies, countless works on theology, and one novelist who stands fairly high in the second rank. As for drama, theology, with lifted hands and eyes would have breathed its most sulphurous anathema at the mere mention of such a thing — only it never was even mentioned.

II

But now all this is changing, or has changed — most astoundingly, most incredibly. When the religious revival of some ten years ago spent itself, thoughtful minds were not lacking, to predict that it would prove the last of its kind: that the next revival would be nationalistic; and events are showing that they were right. A new Wales has been born, and is entering into conflict with the old; rather, I think, it is an old, old Wales that has reincarnated to take the field in the cause of the Gods against the dull, lugubrious usurper who has been obscuring realities so long. Herein lies the excuse for the present article: any national awakening is of universal interest, because it promises the revelation of a new type of beauty in literature, a new kind of force in life.

It would not be possible to trace here all the causes that led to this awakening in Wales; but a few of them may be indicated. First and foremost, an international movement of the kind is in the air: it is pre-eminently a time of the reawakening of the nations that have been asleep. H. P. Blavatsky, a voice crying in the wilderness of nineteenth century utilitarianism, planted certain ideas in the atmosphere of the world; among others, that of the immense value of the lore and mythologies of the ancient nations of the east and west. By a "curious coincidence" (blessed words!) such nations here and there began turning to a study of their forgotten treasures; and finding in them, strangely enough, an impulse, an encouragement, a new heart for the future. She proclaimed human brotherhood; the innate divinity of

men and nations; ideals sweeter and vaster than those of the materialism of the age; and, *mirable dictu*, many peoples that had never heard of the Messenger or the Message, began to behave as if they had. So much for the world movement: which, it may be said has already affected Ireland very strongly.

In Wales itself a great deal was due no doubt to the foundation of the Welsh University; which dates, as a corporate whole, from the eighties or nineties. A great deal was due, also, to the coming into touch with Ireland and Brittany, through the Gorsedd and the Panceltic Movement; it was from these two countries that Wales received the sparks, in the twelfth century, which set her own smoldering fires ablaze then. The modern rapprochement began at the National Eisteddfod at Cardiff in 1899, we believe; when Irish and Breton bards appeared on the platform for the first time with their Welsh confreres. Then the Eisteddfod itself, which owes its modern existence to Iolo Morganwg, had been growing in influence during the nineteenth century; and whatever criticisms may be leveled against it, it had served as an evident symbol of national unity. Lastly, one must not forget the work of certain disinterested politicians of the last quarter of the old century: such prophets of nationalism as Henry Richards and Tom Ellis. But it is in the last six years or so that the wonders have been happening.

What these wonders have been, so far as concerns the politico-national plane, one need not mention; but the world is beginning to hear of Wales, as Wales is beginning to realize herself and her potentialities. Katherine Tingley, visiting Cardiff in December 1907, felt in the atmosphere the oncoming of great things, and foretold then immense progress; her words have been verified beyond the imagination of those who heard them. Almost yearly now, the Eisteddfod is revealing the existence of some new poet of a new order: national, but no longer provincial, and with something to say, and a way of saying it, that the world will wish to hear. There are men who but for the circumstance of the language, would probably be given rank even now with the first poets of contemporary Europe. Above all, the Mabinogion, for centuries an utterly sealed book, is becoming the source of a national inspiration: one reads complaints here and there, that it will soon have supplanted the Bible in Welsh affections. We are no longer turning, say such complainants, to Moses and Joshua, or to Joseph and his brethren, but to Plenydd, Alawn, and Gwron; no

longer to the story of the gospels, but to the stories of Arthur and the sons of Don. Where of old we wrote Crown or Chair poems on *Elusengarwch* (Almsgiving) or *Y Greadigaeth* (The Creation), now we write on the Coming of Arthur, or on the exploits of Gwydion ab Don and Llew Llaw Gyffes. These are all shining figures out of the Celtic dawn: Gods and demigods, Masters of Magic and Music. Though perhaps indeed, that dawn were better called twilight: the twilight of a long, golden, wellnigh forgotten day, since whose waning it has been all night with the Celts, starlit at the best.

It is within these last few years, too, that Wales has become possessed with the desire for a national drama. To this ambition, no doubt, the success of the Irish drama has been a main incentive; and great credit is to be given to many of the nationalist leaders in Wales, and to a Welsh-American, Mr. D. R. Williams of Utica, who has most ably preached, to men of his own language, the drama as a factor in the higher education of the people. But the fun began, as we say, when Mr. Lloyd George, turning from politics to the real needs of the Welsh people, as he often does when speaking in Welsh to Welsh audiences, announced to an astounded theater-abhorring Wales, that among those real needs was the need of Welsh drama. Such things had surely never been spoken in a chapel before; but from this man — “*He isn't God Almighty,*” said the Englishman in the story, wearied of hearing Lloyd George's praises. “Well, no,” replied the Welsh encomiast, abashed; — “but he's *young yet.*”

Then things began booming. Lord Howard de Walden, a Welshman with the soul of the Welsh princes in him, took to offering prizes of a hundred pounds each year for a Welsh play, either in Welsh or English; and himself produced, in co-operation with Mr. Josef Holbrooke, the opera *The Children of Don*. Of this one may venture the following, although with no better guide than the newspaper criticisms: Lord Howard was on the right path in going to mythology for his subject, and in treating it symbolically. Thus did Wagner also, who should be followed so far; but not much farther; for his genius, universal in spirit and intention, was too Teutonic in its methods of expression to fit the Celtic myths. Two other plays must be mentioned: Mr. J. O. Francis' *Change*, now running in London, and soon to appear in New York; and Mr. W. J. Gruffydd's *Beddau Prophwydi*, which was produced at Cardiff. Both are notable and serious works; the first tells of the passing of the old religious order in Wales, and the second

does something to expedite that passing: which something, significantly enough, was received with rapturous applause.

Dramatic societies are springing up everywhere, that write and act their own plays; and if things go well, bring them up to the annual Eisteddfod to compete for a prize; generally these societies are in connexion with some chapel. For from anathema, drama has become orthodox — we may hope not merely as a means for keeping the young folk in the fold, now that the bonds of dogma are being loosened.

Needless to say, a National Drama will not come into being at the bidding of any statesman, or for the sake of prizes offered; nor could you expect great things from first popular efforts. But anything will set the ball rolling when the slope is steep and it is no longer being held in place. Here we have a national awakening in process; a genuine movement of the people, and search being made everywhere for the true road to success. One can hardly open a Welsh magazine or newspaper, without coming on articles about this; one reads recommendations on all sides that the Greek, French, Irish, Shakespearean, or Ibsenic model should be taken or eschewed; or that we should turn to the Mabinogion for inspiration and soak ourselves in the spirit of the ancient and medieval bards.

One thing is certain: matters are moving. The future has come to seem of immense importance, of most glowing promise; and Wales is growing in the conviction that she can voice her soul in drama, and in certain other directions as well. The psychic energy that used to run riot in religious revivals is now being turned, a deal of it, to meet national needs. Welsh nationalism, rapidly growing to be the most potent force there, has this much to be said for it: it inculcates no antagonisms, and finds no pleasure in vilifying "the foreigner." It takes for its watchword *Wales for the World*; and seeks the redemption of the national soul, that the treasures that lie concealed therein may enrich humanity at large. This is the Higher Patriotism, preached by Theosophy; we do not know where it has more vogue and insistent propaganda than in Wales. It is this that actuates the search for a National Drama: so searching, it is thought, the people may find the treasures of the national soul; which treasures cannot be expressed or indeed brought out so well in any other way than in the drama.

III

It is an interesting situation then; an effort, we would say, that deserves success. By what road that success should be sought, it will now be our purpose to inquire.

It is a truism that the drama must mirror life; were there nothing to be added, all would be plain sailing. You might go to the inn, the club, the chapel, or the cottage, and write down what speech and action you should observe there: a photographic farrago to serve to a public that knew it all already, and whether they liked it or left it, would be neither better nor worse for your pains. But take this as your A B C and most dogmatic canon: the drama is to make people better; and unless it can do so, is but a thievish plebeian jackdaw in peacock's feathers.

Again, you might so treat and arrange your common speech and action as to make them interesting, witty, sensational; you might, by flattery of the senses, by cosseting personal weaknesses and predilections, win popular favor galore; and still have done little better than disgrace yourself. For your true dramatist is a Bard or teacher; he considers the needs of the people, and lets their "wants" go hang.

You might even preach — sectarianism, politics — even social reform; and excellent sermons too; and still be, dramatically speaking, but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. For art neither moralizes nor demoralizes, but lays bare the truth of things; it is not a preacher, but a wizard; not a sermon, but a living lesson. *Do as I say, not as I do*, says the preacher; but the drama: *Do as I do, and — watch the consequences*.

Life itself is twofold: there is an inner and an outer to it; you have not explained everything when you have said that life must be mirrored. The outer man struggles to obtain his living, his love, or his fame; and that struggle concerns us not, for nothing important can be made of it. But the soul that is within struggles also: to master its personality, to silence the noise of the passions; and this does concern us, and is of infinite importance in every age. Man evolves as the soul masters sense: there you have the theme of all true drama; because that is the One Drama, whose stage is the inhabited universe, and its seven acts the seven ages of eternity.

The drama, then, has to tell the story of the inner man; but it has to tell it in terms of the outer; it has to mirror the world of soul into the world of sense. Through pictures presented to the eyes, and spoken

speech for the hearing, it must deliver that which seeing has not seen, nor hearing can hear. Following its own canons, in a fashion apprehensible to the mind and senses, it tells in symbols the eternal grand adventure of the soul incarnate in the world.

Otherwise, how should it lay hands upon eternity, or grasp anything of the immortal? The outer life dies at every death, and is buried with every funeral; there is nothing to outlast personality in it; there is no anchorage against the tides that wash things down into oblivion. Though the play that reflects it, and nothing deeper, may run for ten thousand nights, it is essentially trumpery; it accomplishes no work in the world, and the idler and trifler are dead already. *To hold as 'twere a mirror up to Nature* — but the mirror must reflect the hidden sun of truth, and flash down light from that into our darkness. So all great drama has done; and because the inner life is the same in all ages: because we have always the war of the Soul against self, sense, passion, *Hamlet* and *The Eumenides* are just as true now as they were when Aeschylus and Shakespeare wrote them; and will be, while man is man.

But this inner life — who knows about it? One must live it first, engaging upon the great adventure. And for that one needs not to round the Horn or cross Africa; the life that is tamest, to all outward seeming, may inwardly be the richest and most epic. One may have had no experience but the daily going from the cottage to the school, mine, or office; and yet have found El Dorado and fought great dragons and monsters of the deep. It is those inly wars and expeditions that must be told — in outward, vivid, and splendid terms. Whoso would find the secret of drama, let him plunge first into the depths and obscurities of his own being; and find there the Hero, and the Gods that aid, and the demons that oppose him.

For self is not the little and confined thing that we suppose; it is a vast Africa awaiting, in most of us, its Livingstone and Stanley; it is a lonely Arctic and Antarctic, where many Nansens may adventure, and many heroic Scotts may die. Within the least of us there is an Orestes dormant, and dormant Furies waiting to pursue him; and there is a divine Athena too, who at last shall transform the Furies into beneficent Eumenides. So also within ourselves *Hamlet* is played, and we are all the characters; and we are Shylock and Antonio and Portia, Macbeth and Duncan, Othello and Iago and Desdemona. For the matter of all drama is the warfare between good and evil, fought out

within ourselves. How to know of it, without examination, study, finding the keys of self?

So when one says that we must go to life itself for our inspiration, one means more than that the people in our plays shall seem to be living men and women. These indeed are the material of which our story shall be told; but the story itself we must have found within. We must have sought and fought within: challenged chaos and hell and all the demons of Abred and Annwn to the conflict, and borne off some few of the Spoils of the Deep to vindicate our spiritual manhood.

So much, then, for our drama, if it is to be Drama; now a word or two as to its needs, if it is to be Welsh. Truth, which is to be found within, is the same whether it takes a Greek or an English, a German or a Welsh or any expression; so no models can be taken for the stuff or essence of our drama, except the eternal truth. For the form and outward clothing of it, we must find Welsh material; rather, we must see truth from a Welsh angle; from the angle of all Welsh history. The present and immediate past are too small; the real thing has been too much obscured. If the soul of Wales is to be captured, one must seek it by the light of a pre-Christian Wales: in a land of druid enchanters and titanic warriors; in the Wales of Taliesin and Arthur and the Mabinogi. Not that this has vanished utterly: catch your Calvinist unawares, and he is still often a Welshman; and there is still a human element by no means incompatible with the old grandeur, to be found among the country people. Also, I think it will be best expressed in poetry, or at least in the most exalted and beautiful forms of prose. One ought not to be afraid of aiming too high. Without question, poetry is the rightest form of all for drama, being the supreme method of language. Nor is it a lost art in Wales, or divorced from the life of the people, where a poet may very well be a popular hero, and his literary exploits pass into folklore: told and retold, and kindling new enthusiasms always, among the peasants and miners. One has heard unlettered men so expatiate and kindle over Dyfed's victories. Let the men who can wield the cywydd look to this: poetry is a grand key to the higher nature of man, and you cannot get language too splendid, too melodious. But let us have our own meters: Welsh will not be at its best, probably, in English heroic decasyllables, or in French Alexandrines. There is the cywydd of Dafydd ab Gwilym; still better, there is the old meter of Myrddin's *Afallenau* and Taliesin's *Preiddieu Annwn*. Marlowe's mighty line does not excel this last in glory, nor

does Homer's hexameter; and we have seen it used consummately in these latter years. Let the poets of Aberystwyth and Caerdydd look to this. There is a flood of majesty and high beauty to be let loose on the world, now hidden away in the mountains and in the ancient subconscious memories of this race: offer to it the most august vehicles; be assured that though there have been Golden Ages and Golden Ages, the best is yet to come. This is not to exalt the Welsh above others: what you may predict of one people, you may foretell of all; but how shall the splendid destinies of humanity come to pass, unless great gifts be given, and this nation and that lay the perfect treasures of its spirit on the altar of the world? So the best is yet to come; we must appeal for a transcendent faith. The mighty vowels of the Cymraeg, the sweet rippling liquids, and the incessant fire and energy of the aspirates, shall inspire and build up art-forms statelier and more excellent than any we have imagined. There shall be a poetry, loud as the mountain wind with innate music: flaming as the dawn or the sunset with brilliance of color: in form, having all the style and grandeur of the Wyddfa or Carnedd Llewelyn. The best is certainly yet to come.

(To be concluded)

BOLIVIA: by C. J. Ryan



BOLIVIA is an inland country, until lately very difficult to reach from outside. By the loss of Mollendo, on the Pacific coast, to Peru, and of Acre, on the upper water of the Purús, to Brazil, no direct access to the oceans was left but the apparently open door of the rivers Madre de Dios, Beni, and Mamoré, leading to the Madeira, the Amazon, and thereby to the Atlantic. Ocean steamers can sail up the rivers to San Antonio, which is not far from the frontiers of Bolivia, but from there a long series of cataracts begins, and the surrounding country, through which the river Madeira flows, is hidden in dense jungle. The open door was not really open, therefore, and, owing to the natural obstacles, the magnificent possibilities of Bolivia have been greatly hindered in their development. An idea of the risks to be encountered by the daring navigators who attempt to shoot the rapids of the Madeira in charge of merchandise may be gained when it is known that almost fifty per cent is lost every year. For a long time efforts have been made to skirt

the rapids by means of a railway. Two unsuccessful attempts were made, but at last the principal portion has been completed, and now Bolivia is really accessible to the outside world. Immigration will become easy, and great developments in mining, agriculture, and trade in general, are certain to follow. The Maderia-Mamoré railroad is considered to be a remarkable achievement in tropical engineering. Another outlet, the railway from La Paz to Arica, the Chilean port on the Pacific, has just been finished by Chile as part of the indemnity due to Bolivia for the loss of its sea-coast. It is three hundred miles long. As soon as Bolivia has completed its internal main lines of railroad its future as a united, compact, and powerful country is absolutely assured, for it has great natural advantages in extraordinary variety. Railroad building, as may easily be understood from a study of the nature of the country — high mountains and plateaus, and tropical plains of dense jungle — has been very slow. In 1892 President Arce formally opened the first railroad, and now there are 1500 miles in operation, 280 under construction, and 1100 planned.

Bolivia is the third largest country in South America, being exceeded in size only by Brazil and Argentina. Its area is 540,000 square miles and the population 2,266,000. The largest city is La Paz, containing over 80,000 inhabitants. It is the seat of the Legislative Palace. The legal capital is Sucre, a smaller but very attractive city, and the seat of the Supreme Court. The Constitution of Bolivia is framed on progressive lines; the government is divided into three independent branches, the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial. The President and the two Vice-Presidents are elected by direct popular vote for four years, but are not eligible for re-election. The Legislature consists of a House of Representatives and a Senate, elected by the people. All registered male citizens over the age of twenty-one having a fixed income, and knowing to read and write, have a vote. The Supreme Court is elected by the House from lists proposed by the Senate, and the members serve for ten years. The Bolivian Republic is not constituted as a Federation of sovereign states, like Brazil, Argentina, or the United States of North America; but, for administrative purposes it is divided into eight main Departments, at the head of each of which is a Prefect, appointed by the President and subject to his authority. The Departments have their own local councils and administer their own revenues and affairs.

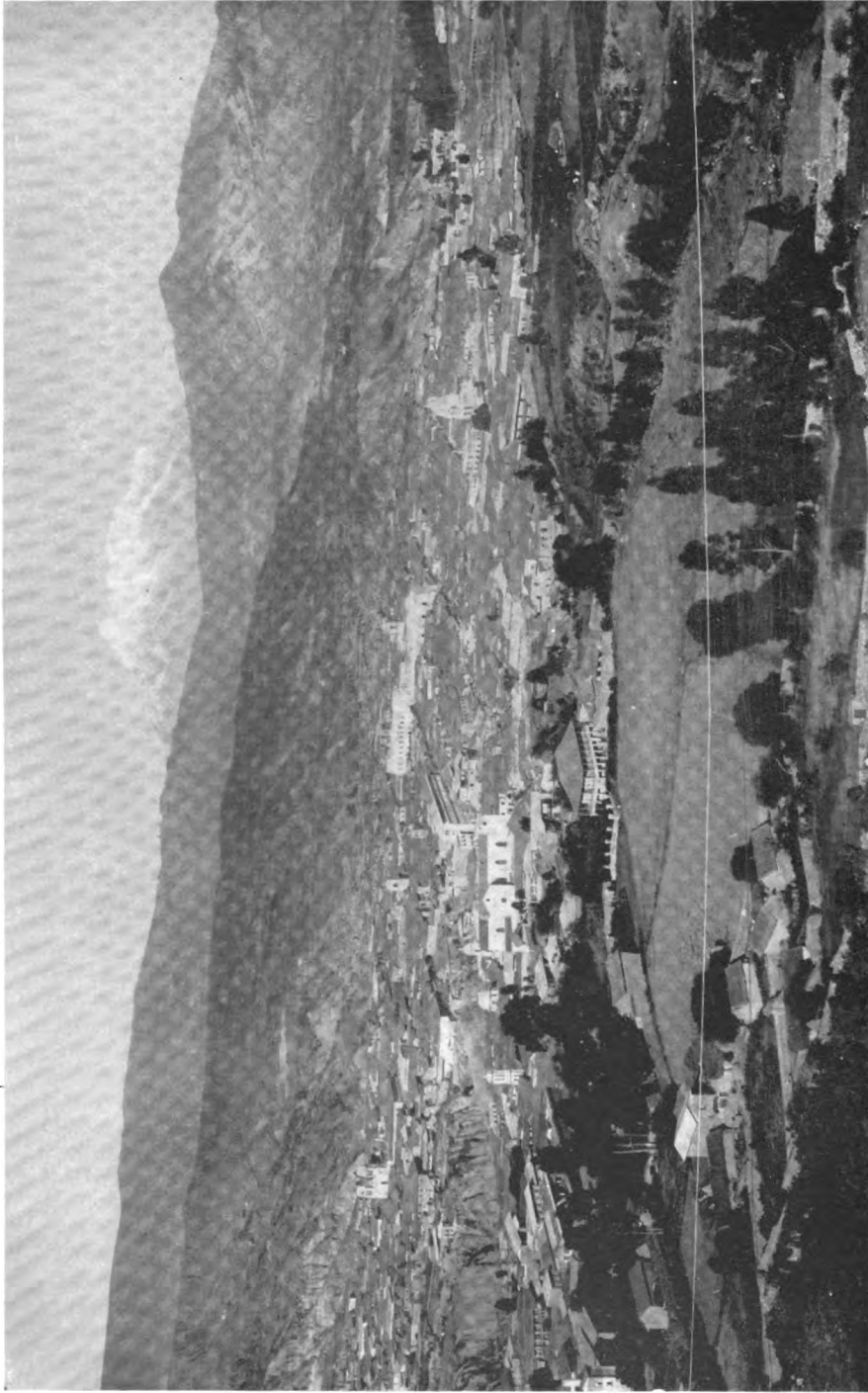
Freedom of the press and of religious belief, and the right of all

persons to hold property, are leading features of the Constitution. Primary education is compulsory, and colleges for secondary education are found in each of the Departments. Schools of Commerce, Mines, Engineering, and Mechanics, have recently been established. The university courses are limited to the professions of medicine, theology, and law. The population of Bolivia in the cities is mostly of Spanish descent; some half-breeds are also found. The main population of the rural districts is of Indian origin, survivals of the great Inca Empire that once flourished before the Spanish Conquest. Bolivia possesses a small but well-trained army of 3750 men, and a large Reserve; the total is 103,750.

As before remarked, Bolivia is a land of immense possibilities, and its prospects are exceedingly bright. Three countries stand forth in the New World as pre-eminently rich in mineral wealth: the United States of North America, Mexico, and Bolivia. Though great quantities of gold, silver, and copper have been taken out of the Bolivian mines there is far more remaining, but the scarcity of labor and the high cost of transportation is a serious obstacle to the working of many of the mines, particularly the silver mines since 1873, owing to the depreciation in the value of the white metal. At the present time tin is the most profitable source of revenue; the ore is of high grade, and in 1910 over 100,000,000 pounds were exported. With the development of the railways and the increase of immigration the prosperity of the mining industry will greatly increase.

The vegetable resources of Bolivia are enormous, and it is impossible to set a limit to the future of agriculture, for, in consequence of the great variety of climates, every known vegetable can be grown with success. Over 325,000 square miles of vast forests and grazing plains occur in the eastern section of the country in which the great navigable rivers flow. This, undoubtedly, will be the seat of the densest population in the future. At present agriculture is in a backward state and many commodities, such as flour, have to be imported. The chief vegetable article of export is rubber, which is abundant. In 1910 over eight millions of pounds were exported. The vast plains of the southeast are capable of raising enormous numbers of cattle.

The history of Bolivia since the Conquest has, until lately, been a very disturbed one. The South American War of Independence began and ended on the plateau of "Upper Peru," which included modern Bolivia. On the soil of Bolivia the first blood of the great revolt was



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PANORAMIC VIEW OF LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, ILLIMANI IN THE BACKGROUND



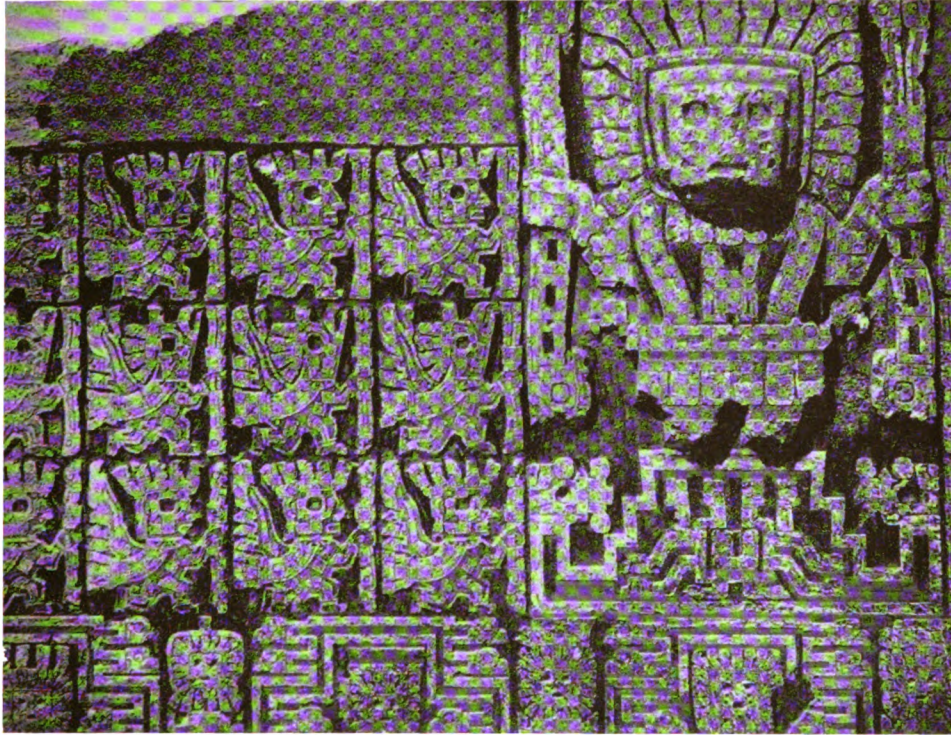
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AN EXAMPLE OF THE RUINS IN TIAHUANACO



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A PORTAL, TIAHUANACO



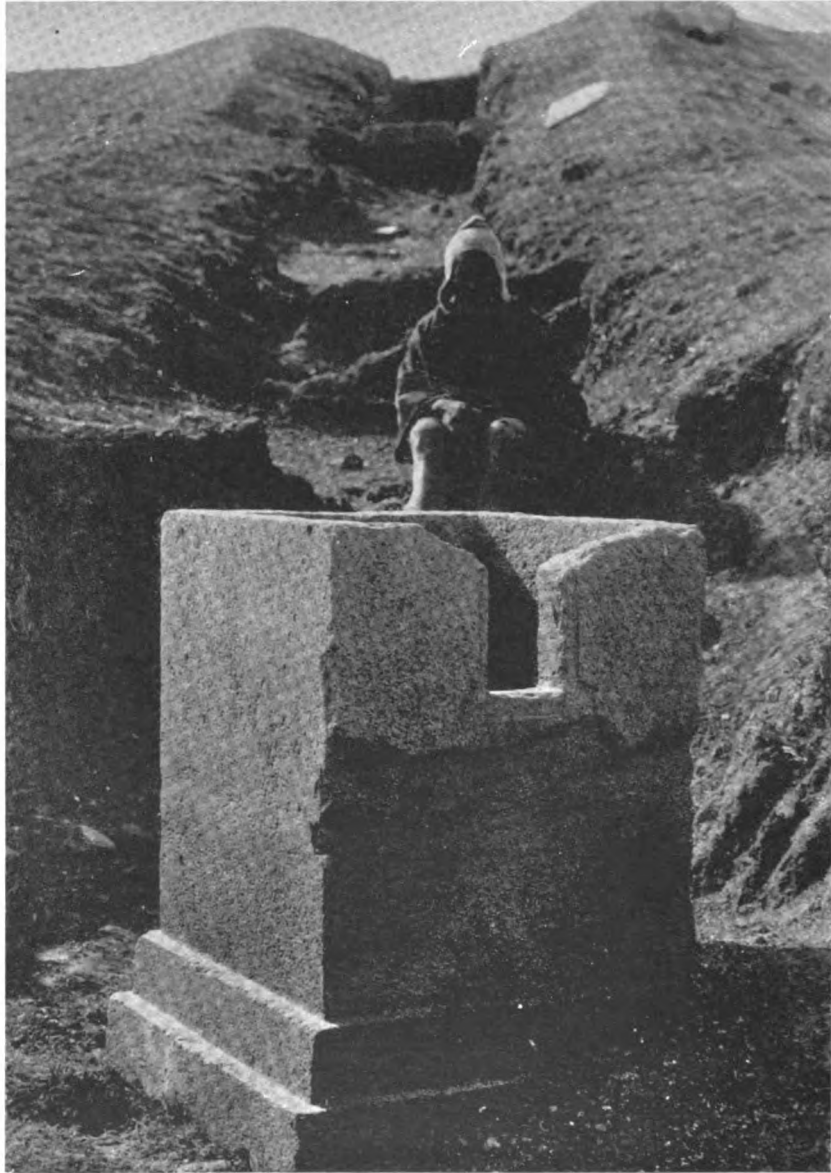
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PORTION OF THE MONOLITHIC "GATE OF THE SUN," TIAHUANACO



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STEPS IN THE RUINS OF TIAHUANACO



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CURIOUS MONOLITHIC REMAIN, TIAHUANACO

spilt, and there the last Spanish soldiers laid down their arms. Lying on the great route for traffic from Lima to Buenos Aires, her territory inevitably became the battleground of the hardest and most continuous fighting on the continent; from 1800 till 1825, with scarcely an intermission, the fighting raged, each side alternately being victorious until the final success of the South Americans. The name Bolivia was given in honor of Bolívar to the state formed from the provinces of Upper Peru which formerly constituted part of the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires. The famous hero prepared a Constitution for the new republic, but it was quickly modified, and the present one is quite different.

To the archaeologist, and to every one who feels the least interest in the mysterious past of the human race, Bolivia offers a source of wonder and speculation unequaled elsewhere in the Americas in the possession of the marvelous ruins of an unknown prehistoric civilization on the shores of Lake Titicaca on the borders of Peru. Tiahuanaco is in the very heart of the region called the Tibet of the Western world; it lies on a plateau which is over 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from which the lofty Cordillera range rises. The ruins consist of rows of stones, carved doorways, stairways, and great monoliths carved in human forms. Looking at these mysterious relics of past greatness, and picturing in one's mind the populous city which once they graced, and which clearly was equal in magnificence to the ancient capitals of Egypt and the Orient, one can hardly feel too much interest. History repeats itself, and we have no reason to believe that ours is the first real civilization on earth. Indeed, we have every reason to believe the contrary, and that the history of mankind is a very long, slow process of cyclic rises and falls. Each race develops some valuable characteristic and impresses it upon the general consciousness of the whole of humanity. In time, through the process of Reincarnation, the perfected man will appear, and then we shall see that all the vicissitudes of history have been necessary stages in the development of the ideal which was outlined in the Universal Mind from the first.

One of the great mysteries of the pre-Inca empire of which the remains at Tiahuanaco are witnesses, is the fact that the climate is now so severe that it would be impossible to support a populous city at that height above the sea. The few miserable inhabitants eke out their livelihood with difficulty on *chuno*, the frozen potato, and *cholona*, or dried

goat or mutton. The hillsides around the lake are barren, except for a few cultivated patches. It is generally believed that the whole country has been greatly elevated since the period of the pre-Incas, and that formerly it had a temperate or warm climate. This implies an immense age for the ruins. Lake Titicaca is the highest body of water on earth which is steam navigated. While crossing the lake the traveler obtains a view of an uninterrupted chain of mighty Nevadas, stretching from Illampú to the graceful Illimani, the beautiful White Lady, which overlooks the picturesque city of La Paz.

THE LIFE WITHIN; A STUDY IN MYSTICISM:

by W. A. Dunn



HE advances made in scientific knowledge in recent years, especially those growing out of the momentous discovery that radio-activity is universally present *in* matter, independent of external sunlight, will inevitably lead to the removal of prevailing scepticism as to the permanent presence of a divine light and of an invincible creative energy which permeate the inner nature of man.

The humiliating notion that the arena of active life is restricted to the material objects associated with the physical senses, must in no long time give way before the vast array of discovered facts which prove man to be intimately associated, throughout the *many* octaves of his inner spiritual being, with *every* possible aspect of universal life, from an all-permeating spiritual radiance down to the last analysis of minute physical cell, and outward association of cells in various forms of organized matter.

The doctrine of evolution, in that phase of its application that traces but a few selected lines of individual development (like unaccompanied melodies in music) must be amplified so as to include the powers that supervise the correlations *between all evolving entities*, like that demonstrated in the harmonious association of *many* melodies woven into an orchestral symphony. Melody is simply a line of single notes successively extended through time. Harmony is the association of many melodies welded into a stream of mass chords organically related.

The keynote and scale of evolution, which is usually thought of as progressing through long periods of history, must be associated with

the truth that on either side of the process we happen to be aware of, countless *other* lines of special evolution are also active, the interweaving of which with our lives makes man the complex being that he is. As a further illustration of this, consider the phenomena of time. We think of time as proceeding in *successive* moments, throughout the days and years. Yet this view is but a relative one, bound up with the geographical location we *personally* occupy on the surface of the globe. Thinking of time as it appears from the center of the earth or the sun, all time-units appear as *mutually coexisting* in a larger unity. Hence "divisions of time," as we each perceive them, are rhythmic currents that mark *our* journeyings over the ocean of life. When the heart-center is lived from as at one with the Heart-center of Humanity, all "time divisions" of past, present, and future, must appear as coexisting in the *present* harmony of the spiritual consciousness. From a similar point of view all forms of evolution mutually coexist in the total organism of Humanity, their correlations as between nation and nation, man and man, being evidenced in the events of history.

Within the adult human body the evolutionary processes of nature, in their totality, are simultaneously active from germ cell up to perfected organism. All stages of life from birth to death — and from death to birth — never cease to operate in some "corner" of our being. The dim light of the lower mind merely reveals the objects of thought relating to the geographical station we occupy, or to the plane of consciousness to which we are attuned — just as unthinking minds will tacitly accept the religious creed that prevails in the place where they are born. Hence the separation between the ordinary *local* consciousness and the all-inclusive consciousness of the spiritual self is a mere delusion, just as our notions of "time divisions" cannot be thought of as actually existing in Nature.

The vital principle of life, the energies ever active within blood-corpuses, the manifold functions and qualities of the bodily organs, the endless streams of sensation and feeling, the electrical rivers coursing through the nerve fibers, the digestion and assimilation of food, the organic relations and adjustments to heat, light, and other etheric forces, the marvelous processes of thought that proceed in orderly sequence as well as in structural complexity, the tremendous power in polarized energy and intelligence — are all processes *simultaneously* active and correlated in the bodily and mental organisms (in tune, or

in confusion, as the case may be), and are largely independent of the restricted intelligence that surveys and controls a few local interests. All these bodily activities bear a strong family resemblance to the so-called "external" forces of nature and give rise to the irresistible conviction that nature *within* humanity is in very truth the soul of the world that gives birth and life to the external aspect which is the arena of ordinary scientific research. Hence the inner and outer aspects of life are but two poles of one supreme all-enveloping consciousness; and no possible restriction can be imposed on the mind that resolves to break down its local prison walls and establish association with all other powers at work within and without human nature. The antagonisms of those who believe that the present era is at the prow-point of evolution cannot disturb the true testimony of the ages that innumerable paths lead to the mountain-tops of life and have been traversed by countless feet in ancient as well as in modern times.

The thoughtful mind will ask in amazement: "How is it possible for man, whose body, mind, and soul are inextricably interwoven with universal nature, to be removed from a radiant essence that is the living principle of the very air he breathes and of the food he assimilates?" Radiant matter can no longer be thought of as a far-off metaphysical theory, but as an ever-present, all-penetrating life-essence that perpetually bombards every cell of our being. It is now known that every particle of matter is a living world in itself, as luminous and as harmonious as the solar system. Though but one unit to the outer perception, its correlated forces represent every degree of substance from primordial matter down to its molecular constitution. Within each molecule are congregated the atoms known to science. The atoms themselves have *their* internal constitution of electrical corpuscles, which obey fixed laws of relationship as infallibly as those which govern chemical affinities. A celebrated scientist has computed that with every breath we breathe, we take in enough energy imprisoned within the particles of air sufficient to run the machinery of the world, if it could be released and utilized.

It is small wonder, therefore, that earnest-minded men and women, who have lived in obedience to the higher laws of life, should speak of the actual revelation to them of the Light Within. The power to assimilate the deeper and purer elements of the life in which we exist, whether through food, air, thought, or feeling, must surely be possible of growth and expansion as self-conscious power and efficient know-

ledge is obtained through assertion of the divine energy that exists at the summit of all our faculties and attributes. Like the chemist at work upon crude material, an active application of superior knowledge is necessary to unfold the divine properties locked up in the grosser aspects of our lives. The discovery of radium and other radio-active substances is perhaps the most important ever known to chemical science. Their properties are so startling as to demand a reconstruction of all theories as to the construction of matter. Radio-activity is known to be diffused throughout substances that hitherto were thought of as "dead." Yet this radium is more intensely living than the energies attributed to all other elements. Shall we exclude man alone from these radiant forces of life? Is it utopian to believe that within the *depths* of his thought and feeling an unfading radiance is present that is hidden from physical sight?

History demonstrates that such a light does exist. The spiritual teachers of all time have proved themselves as transmitters of that Light, which was manifestly as clear to them as sunlight to the eyes. Reflection will convey to any earnest and sincere mind that within the entangled elements of commonplace human life the higher properties of spiritual existence must somewhere be present; and that a process of readjustment and purification will surely lead to that condition in which the light stands revealed.

History presents many examples of thoughtful men who have sensed the spiritual light that overshadows the race. They all speak of the *same* truth, and corroborate to the fullest the teachings of Theosophy. To take a few modern instances:

Alfred Tennyson, the poet, speaking of his own experiences, says:

Individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state but the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility—the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life.

The American poet James Russell Lowell wrote in one of his letters:

I had a revelation last Friday evening. Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking, the whole system rose up before me like a vague destiny looming from the abyss. I never before so clearly felt the spirit of God in me and around me. I spoke with the calmness and clearness of a prophet.

From Professor Starbuck's collection the following is taken:

I remember the night, and almost the very spot on the hillside, where my soul opened out, as it were, into the Infinite; and there was a rushing together of the two worlds, the inner and the outer. It was deep calling unto deep — the deep that my own struggle had opened up within being answered by the unfathomable deep without, reaching beyond the stars. I stood alone with Him who had made me. I did not seek Him, but felt the perfect unison of my spirit with His. The ordinary sense of things around me faded. For the moment nothing but an ineffable joy and exaltation remained. It is impossible fully to describe the experience. It was like the effect of some great orchestra when all the separate notes have melted into one swelling harmony that leaves the listener conscious of nothing save that his soul is being wafted upwards.

J. Trevor, in his book *My Quest for God*, writes:

Suddenly, without warning, I felt that I was in heaven — an inward state of peace and joy and assurance indescribably intense, accompanied with a sense of being bathed in a warm glow of light, as though the external condition had brought about the internal effect — a feeling of having passed beyond the body, though the scene around me stood out more clearly and as if nearer to me than before, by reason of the illumination in the midst of which I seemed to be placed. The spiritual life justifies itself to those who live it.

J. A. Symonds, the English poet, states:

My soul became aware of God, who was manifestly dealing with me in an intense present reality. I felt Him streaming in like light upon me. I cannot describe the ecstasy I felt.

In another letter Symonds writes:

Suddenly, in company or when reading, I felt the approach of the mood. Irresistibly it took possession of my mind and will. It consisted in a gradual but swiftly progressive obliteration of the multitudinous factors of experience which seem to qualify what we are pleased to call our self. In proportion as these conditions of ordinary consciousness were subtracted the sense of an underlying or essential consciousness acquired intensity.

These modern instances, that bear witness to the reality of "The inner light," are substantially similar to references made by ancient writers. In the ancient Hindû writings this Light is described as Daivîprakriti, the Light of the Logos, a conscious power and energy whose presence is the condition of all life. In the Egyptian Book of Hermes it is written:

I am that Light, the mind, thy God, who am before the moist nature that appeared out of darkness, and that bright lightful word is the Son of God. God and the Father is Light and Life, of which man is made. If therefore thou learn and know thyself to be of the Light and Life, thou shalt again pass into

Life. Shining stedfastly upon and around the whole mind, it enlighteneth the Soul, and loosening it from the bodily senses and motions it draweth it from the body and changeth it wholly into the essence of God. For it is possible, O Son, to be deified while yet it lodgeth in the body of man, if it contemplate on the beauty of God.

A famous Chinaman who lived seven hundred years ago, wrote:

There is in the universe an Aura which permeates all things and makes them what they are; below, it shapes forth land and water; above, the sun and the stars. In man it is called spirit, and there is nowhere where it is not. In times of national tranquillity this spirit lies dormant in the harmony which prevails, only at some great crisis is it manifested widely abroad.

From the *Life of Dr. Henry More*, published in 1710, the following extracts are taken:

I say that a free, divine, universalized Spirit is worth all. How lovely, how magnificent a state is the soul of man in, when the Life of God, in actuating her, shoots her along with Himself through Heaven and Earth; makes her unite with, and after a sort feel herself animate the whole world. This is to become Deiform, to be thus suspended, not by imagination, but by union of Life, joining centers with God, and by a sensible touch to be held up from the clotty, dark personality of this compacted body. Here is love, here is freedom, here is justice and equity, in the superessential causes of them. He that is here, looks upon all things as one; and on himself, if he can then mind himself, as a part of the whole. Nor am I out of my wits for God converseth with me as a friend, and speaks to me in such a dialect as I understand fully, and can make others understand that have not made shipwreck of the faculties the God hath given them, by superstition and sensuality. For God hath permitted to me all these things, and I have it under the Broad Seal of Heaven. He hath made me full Lord of the four elements. All these things are true in a sober sense. We may reach to the participation in the Divine Nature, which is a simple, mild, benign light that seeks nothing for itself as self. The whole life of man upon earth, day and night, is but a slumber and a dream, in comparison of that awaking of the soul that happens in the recovery of her ethereal or celestial body. I profess I stand amazed while I consider the ineffable advantage of a mind thus submitted to the Divine Will. How calm, how comprehensive, how quick and sensible she is, how free, how sagacious. There is a kind of sanctity of Soul and Body, that is of more efficacy for the receiving and retaining of Divine truths, than the greatest pretenses to discursive demonstration.

In the fourth volume of *Lucifer*, Madame Blavatsky gives the following extract from the teachings of Iamblichus:

There is a faculty of the human mind which is superior to all which is born or begotten. Through it we are enabled to attain union with the superior intelli-

gences, of being transported beyond the scenes and arrangements of this world, and of partaking of the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones. By this faculty we are made free from the dominations of Fate [Karma] and are made, so to speak, the arbiters of our own destinies. For, when the most excellent parts of us become filled with Energy, and the Soul is elevated to natures loftier than itself, it becomes separated from those conditions which keep it under the dominion of the present everyday life of the world, exchanges the present for another life, and abandons the conventional habits belonging to the external order of things, to give and mingle itself with that order which pertains to higher life.

Many long centuries separate the ancient author just quoted and our modern poet Walt Whitman, yet that they would be brothers-in-arms and fellow-students in life's mysteries could they meet face to face, is evidenced from the following, taken from Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days and Collect*:

There is in the make-up of every superior human identity, a wonderful something that realizes without argument, frequently without what is called education (though I think it the goal of and apex of all education deserving the name) an intuition of the absolute balance, in time and space, of the whole of this multifariousness, this revel of fools and incredible make-believes and general unsettledness we call *the world*; a soul-sight of that divine clue and unseen thread which holds the whole congeries of things, all history and time, and all events, however trivial, however momentous, like a leashed dog in the hands of the hunter. Of such soul-sight and root-center for the mind mere optimism explains only the surface.

Considered apart from the different styles of literary expression peculiar to ancient and modern Teachers, there is an undoubted identity between them as regards the subject matter they treat of. It is a far cry between Hermes Trismegistus and Iamblichus, Dr. Henry More and Walt Whitman, yet upon consideration of their writings side by side, who can doubt the identity of fundamental thought and feeling that exists between them? This remarkable identity of thought common to the Teachers of every race and age, is an intuition of the Wisdom-Religion from which all exoteric creeds and sects have sprung. More or less hidden from age to age by the rise and fall of ecclesiasticism and exclusive dogma, its unbroken perpetuation is demonstrated in the lives of the pure in heart, who have purified their minds to such a pitch as to be at one with the higher laws of life.

No one would suspect the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of partiality towards the teachings of Theosophy, yet under the heads of Mysticism and Neoplatonism it gives the following testimony as to the religious philosophy taught in the early centuries of the Christian era:

By Plotinus, the One is explicitly exalted above the *νοῦς* and the ideas; it transcends existence altogether, and is not cognizable by reason. Remaining itself in repose, it rays forth, as it were, from its own fulness, an image of itself which is called *νοῦς*, and the soul of its motion begets corporeal matter. The Soul thus faces two ways — towards the *νοῦς* from which it springs and towards life which is its own product. On the practical side mysticism maintains the possibility of direct intercourse with the Being of beings. God ceases to be an object to him and becomes an experience. The thought that is most intensely present with the mystic is a supreme, all-pervading and indwelling power, in whom all things are one. The mystic is animated not merely by the desire of intellectual harmony; he seeks the deepest ground of his own being, in order that he may cast aside whatever separates him from the true life

The writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, after stating, “*It is undeniable that the very noblest and choicest minds of the 4th century are to be found in the ranks of the Neoplatonists*” (italics ours), proceeds:

Neoplatonism seizes on the aspiration of the human soul after a higher life, and treats this psychological fact as the key to the interpretation of the universe. Hence the existing religions, after being refined and spiritualized, were made the basis of philosophy. The doctrine of Plotinus consists of two main divisions. The *first* or theoretical part deals with the high origin of the human soul, and shows how it has departed from its first estate. In the *second*, or practical part, the way is pointed out by which the soul may again return to the Eternal and Supreme. Along the same road by which it descended, the Soul must retrace its steps back to the Supreme Good. *It must first of all return to itself.* This is accomplished by the practice of Virtue, which aims at likeness to God, and leads up to God. The lowest stage is that of the civil virtues, then follow the purifying, and last of all the divine virtues. The civil virtues merely adorn the life, without elevating the soul. That is the office of the purifying virtues, by which the Soul is freed from sensuality, and led back to itself, and thence to the *νοῦς*. But there is a still higher attainment; it is not enough to be sinless. This is reached through contemplation of the Primeval Being, the One. Then it may see God, the fountain of life, the source of Being, the origin of all Good, the *root* of the soul. In that state it enjoys the highest indescribable bliss; it is as it were, swallowed up of Divinity, bathed in the Light of Eternity.

How inspiring, how profoundly true and sincere must have been the lives of those early Theosophists, is evidenced by the fact that a representative modern scholar should write so impressively of the spirit that animated them. And what a glowing contrast they present with the ecclesiastical discord that prevailed in the early Christian Church. This “inner” and “outer” aspect of Religion have moved side by side throughout all history — the “inner” aspect ever remaining con-

stant because true to Life; the "outer" rising and falling with changing material conditions and sectarian love of dogmatic power.

The same thought is to be found in the teaching of Jakob Böhme when he wrote:

Within myself will be the paradise. All that God the Father has and is, is to appear in me as in his own image. I am to be myself a revelation of the Spiritual divine world.

The late Professor William James of Harvard University, whose influence on modern philosophic thought is unquestioned, wrote that

Mystical states when well developed, usually are, and have a right to be, absolutely authoritative over the individuals to whom they come. They break down the authority of the non-mystical or rationalistic consciousness based upon the understanding and the senses alone. They open out the possibility of other orders of Truth, in which, so far as anything in us vitally responds to them, we may freely continue to have faith. The mystic is, in short, *invulnerable*. I repeat once more, the existence of mystical states absolutely overthrows the pretension of non-mystical states to be the sole and ultimate dictators of what we may believe. It must always remain an open question whether mystical states may not possibly be such superior points of view, windows through which the mind looks out upon a more extensive and inclusive world. The counting in of that wider world of meanings, and the serious dealing with it might, in spite of all the perplexity, be indispensable stages in our approach to the final fulness of the Truth. They tell of the supremacy of the Ideal, of vastness, of union, of safety, and of rest.

The great German philosopher Immanuel Kant taught, in the interpretation given by Josiah Royce, a sometime colleague of Professor James at Harvard:

Your world is glorious if only you actively make it so. Its spirituality is your own creation, or else it is nothing. Awake, arise, be willing, endure, struggle, defy evil, cleave to good, strive, be strenuous, be devoted, throw into the face of evil and depression your brave cry of resistance, and then this dark universe of destiny will glow with a divine light. Then you will commune with the Eternal. For you have no relations with the Eternal world save such as you make for yourself. This determination of ours it is that seizes hold upon God, then, just as the courage of the manly soul *makes* life good, introduces into life something that is there only for the activity of the hero, finds God because the Soul was wrestled for His blessing, and then has found after all that the wrestling *is* the blessing. God is with us because we choose to serve our ideal of Him as if he were present to our sense. His kingdom exists because we are resolved that it shall come. This is the victory that overcometh the world, not our intuition, not our sentimental faith, but our living, our moral, our creative faith.

Equally inspiring are the words of Fichte, a German philosopher

who lived a short time after Kant. Professor Royce thus interprets him:

The true self is something infinite. Each one of us is a partial embodiment, an instrument of the moral law, and our very consciousness tells us that this law is the expression of an infinite world life. All we human selves are thus one true organic Self, *in so far as we work together*. With you I stand in the presence of the divinest of mysteries, the communion of all the spirits in the one Self whose free act is the very heart's blood of our Spiritual Being. We and our world exist together. Our world is the expression of our character. As a man thinketh, so is he—as a man is, so thinks he no one can exist unless he is ready to act. My life, my existence, is in work. I toil for self-consciousness, and without toil, no consciousness. My deeper self produces a new world, and then bids me win my place therein.

Extracts similar to those given above could be multiplied ad infinitum as indicating the undying persistence of the aspiration of the human heart throughout the whole extent of history. The living threads laid down by its votaries may be traced through every age and in every race as the palpitating nerve fibers from which all external formal creeds have received the vitality they may have possessed. All advance of civilization, all religious institutions, have existed, and still exist, *because* of the life-giving currents that unseen and unannounced, proceeded from those who ever labor for the evolution and upliftment of humanity. Their influence upon the thought of the world has been certain and authoritative.

Under the former Leadership of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, and now of Katherine Tingley, the modern Theosophical movement is a serious effort to establish conditions of life and thought that will draw the attention of the world, through a process of true education and effort, to the absolute Presence of the Wisdom-Religion in our midst and in our hearts. There is no human being who does not carry some germ of spiritual life within his heart that will awaken into activity through effort in the *right direction*. Whatever the law of spiritual existence may be, it cannot act except under conditions that are inviolable. It is our power to establish those conditions, and they have been stated times without number by Teachers of all times. Theosophy is the embodiment of all such teaching, and no sincere truth-seeker can fail to find in its philosophy the instruction and aid he hungers for.

In *The Secret Doctrine* Madame Blavatsky states that:

It is the Spiritual evolution of the *Inner*, immortal man that forms the funda-

mental tenet in the Occult Science. To realize even distantly such a process, the student has to believe (a) in the ONE universal Life independent of matter (or what science regards as matter); and (b) in the individual intelligences that animate the various manifestations of this Principle.¹

With every effort of Will towards purification and unity with that Self-God, one of the lower rays breaks and the spiritual entity of man is drawn higher and ever higher to the ray that supersedes the first, until, from ray to ray, the inner man is drawn into the *One* and highest beam of the Parent-Sun.²

No one will deny that the human being is possessed of various forces: magnetic, sympathetic, antipathetic, nervous, dynamical, occult, mechanical, mental — every kind of force; and that the physical forces are all biological in their essence, seeing that they intermingle with, and often merge into, those forces that we have named intellectual and moral — the first being vehicles, so to say, the *uphâdi*, of the second. No one, who does not deny Soul in man, would hesitate in saying that their presence and commingling are the very essence of our being; that they constitute the Ego in man, in fact.³

William Q. Judge says, in *Lucifer*, Vol. VII:

Just as muscular strength comes from physical training, and is perfected by exercise, even so with strength of character and moral force; these come only by *effort* at self-conquest. In no single instance is man master of the plane above him. Nothing less than experience and conquest determine power. Can there be any question as to what constitutes strength of character? It is the struggle of a strong man against all his foes. He recognizes no enemy without, *all are within* — and having conquered these he is master of the field at one with *Nature without* and *God within*. Here is the true meaning of Life.

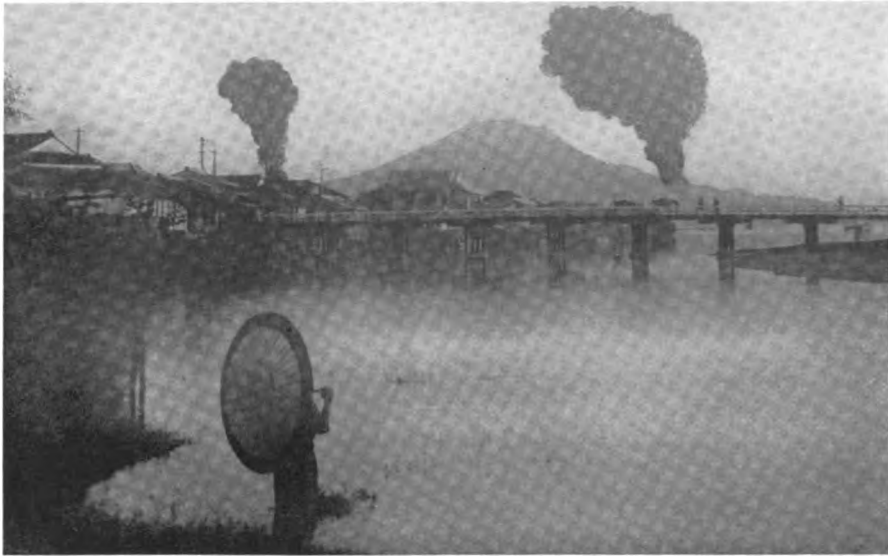
Under the Leadership of Madame Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical movement has presented the practical application of the teachings of Theosophy in daily life and in education. The phenomenal success of this work has attracted the attention of truth-seekers in every country because of its sincerity and truth to nature and to the Laws of life. The spirit which animates this work is beautifully suggested in these words of Madame Tingley:

O my Divinity, thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself temples of might power! O my Divinity, thou dwellest in the heart-life of all things and dost radiate a golden light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth. O my Divinity, blend thou with me, that from the corruptible I may become Incorruptible, that from imperfection I may become Perfection, that from darkness I may go forth in Light!

1. Point Loma edition, Vol. I, p. 634.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 639.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 669.



THE FIRST OUTBREAK OF SAKURA VOLCANO, JAPAN

An outburst from each end of the island. Looking from Kajiki, mainland, at 10 a. m., January 12, 1914. Notice the pine-tree formation, similar to the shape spoken of by Pliny, as regards Vesuvius.

(Photo. by Tanaka.)



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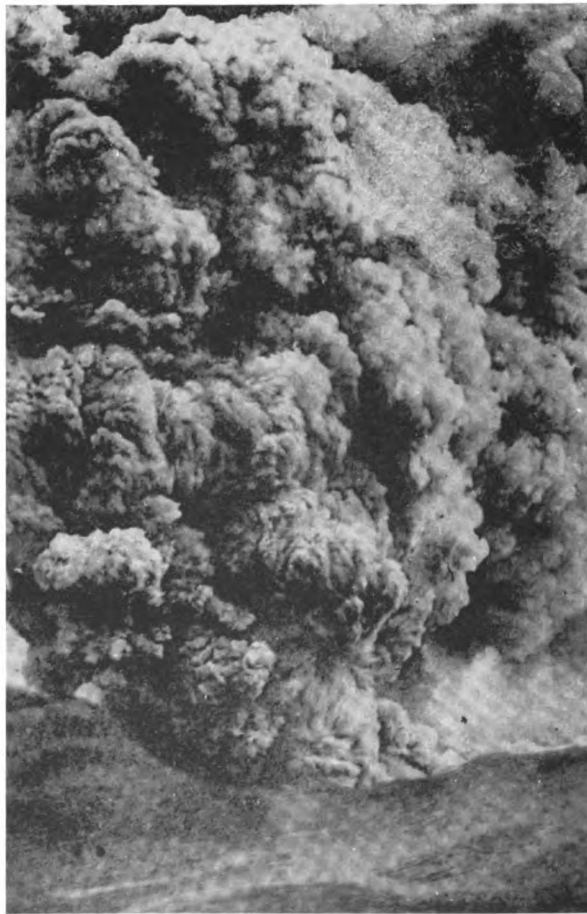
SAKURAJIMA IN ERUPTION

Looking from Kagoshima, at 12 a. m., on January 12, 1914.

(Photo. by Tanaka.)



WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE VOLCANO
DID TO THE CITY OF KAGOSHIMA
The earthquake occurred at 6.30 p. m., on January 12, 1914.
(Photo. by Tanaka.)



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THREE DAYS AFTER
Looking from Koiki, on Sakurajima.
(Photo. by Tanaka.)

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES: by Archaeologist

ROMULUS AND REMUS REINSTATED



ATTENTION should be paid to the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum and to the conclusions which the excavators have reached in consequence thereof. We are informed that, after penetrating through the remains of Imperial times, they reached traces of the original foundations and delimitations of early Rome; and that the discoveries indicate that much of the familiar story of the founding of Rome is true after all, and not mere folk-lore, as it had become the fashion to call it. The story of Romulus and Remus may be true after all, we are informed.

This is by no means the first time that stories pooh-pooed as myths have since turned out to be true; and it certainly will not be the last. Not a few thoughtful people have been forced to the conclusion that, as H. P. Blavatsky says, myth is often more reliable than history. History is written by careful people who "winnow the chaff from the grain," or sift the facts for us; but owing to the imperfection of the winnowing machine and the sieve, which are human instruments, some of the grain gets on the wrong side. The following passage from Dr. William Smith's *History of Greece* is an interesting sample:

Some writers represent Pythagoras as forbidding all animal food; but all the members cannot have been subjected to this prohibition, since we know that the celebrated athlete Milo was a Pythagorean, and it would not have been possible for him to have dispensed with animal food.

This reads strangely nowadays, and is hardly credible; yet Dr. Smith did write it, and we are bound to infer that he has applied similar processes of reasoning all through his book, and that other writers have done the same. We cannot blame them for using their judgment, for it was the best they had, and perhaps as good as ours; but still — there it is.

As to tradition and myth, they are preserved in the racial memory, and are kept essentially intact. For the notion that a myth is repeated from one to another until it gets changed beyond all recognition, is only a theory after all; it can only be tested by the facts. And the facts seem to show that myths hold true.

Could anything be more presumptuous and unreliable than the species of argument which says that the ancients "could not have known this or done that, and therefore, etc."? We are familiar with it in connexion with ancient buildings; for it is said that the builders

could not have had metal tools, and so must have used stone tools; which only makes it all the more wonderful. Much argument is built upon pure assumption and hangs together beautifully — which is a good thing, because it has nothing else to hang to.

“RECORDS OF THE PAST”

IN *Records of the Past* for January - February, 1914, Dr. Flinders Petrie gives an account of the excavations at Tarkhan, a site entirely free from modern plundering, being unsuspected by the dealers. Tarkhan, which the Egyptian Research Account acquired, lies about two hours' railway journey above Cairo. Fifteen hundred graves have been opened and over six hundred skeletons measured. The age is just before and after the beginning of the Ist dynasty. Yet

Altogether this population at the beginning of the history of Egypt was apparently well-to-do, and possessed better things than are made in Egypt today. So far from being an age of dim barbarism the people were well off, with much taste, and owning ornaments that are still beautiful to the tastes of men 7000 years later. From the Palermo stone we also know that they had precise historical reckoning, and a register of the annual Nile flood; while from the historical mace-head we see that a complete numerical system was used with special signs up to millions.

This record of high civilization, art, and culture, 7000 years ago (if no older — but archaeologists are continually putting back their dates) tends to negative favorite theories of the derivation of the human race and to confirm the teachings of Theosophy. Such a single fact as this about Egypt might not of itself invalidate the anthropological theories; but such facts accumulate more and more, and all tend in the same direction. According to the writer these tombs belong to a time when new arrivals were settling in Egypt and inaugurating what he calls the dynastic period. An examination of the bones leads him to the conclusion that the arrivals were mainly men, the female skeletons being those of the former inhabitants of the region. These arrivals evidently brought with them their culture, but whence? Egypt was probably the home of many different civilizations, perhaps as miscellaneous as those which occupy the earth today, and its history introduces us to the study of an ancient cycle of humanity on a large scale, and not to anything like a primitive state.

Dr. Petrie gives us an account of the careful method of tabulating finds and results employed by the excavators, and describes the graves, of which some were merely covered with a mound, others crowned

with a *mastaba*. Alabaster vessels and ornaments were among the objects, as also vases of green glazed pottery, bead necklaces, amulets, etc. Remains of wooden architecture were found, and it is but natural to suppose that buildings so superb in their stone-work would be fitted interiorly on a corresponding scale of excellence.

An archaeologist who confines his attention to Egypt or any one corner of the earth is likely to suffer from a lack of sidelights and a comprehensive view. The same number of this magazine contains an article on the ruins of a Guatemalan site, namely Nakum, in the most important center of Maya culture. The main group of ruins is about 1350 feet, from north to south, and 1000 feet from east to west. As is well known to students of Theosophy, these American remains have to be considered in connexion with the African, Asiatic, and other vestiges of humanity's past, if we are to arrive at a just conception of history.

MAGICAL PROPERTIES OF GEMS

A CERTAIN writer, in reviewing a work on jewels, admits that "the great majority of mankind" have always attached importance to some properties of gems which science has taught us to neglect. Such a weighty judgment as that of the great majority in all times is worthy of respect, and one may well wonder whether science has done right in teaching us to neglect these properties. Again, he says, that "of course magic is plainly impossible"; but goes on to admit that clairvoyants react very markedly to different gems, and that some queer things have been seen in crystals. This illustrates a transition stage in modern thought, and the attitude is somewhat difficult to maintain; for why should magic be impossible if clairvoyance and crystal-vision are facts? But indeed the qualifying words, "of course" and "plainly" weaken the dogmatism of the statement and are virtually weak negatives.

The great majority of mankind, we are told, attached great importance to analogy; and a forced distinction between analogy and causal relation is drawn, the latter being supposed to be the principle of modern science. But modern science uses analogy too; nor did the use of analogy by the other people imply that they did not also recognize the causal relation. The real difference is that their field of view was larger. A gem may be alumina with a trace of metallic impurity, and still have magical properties.

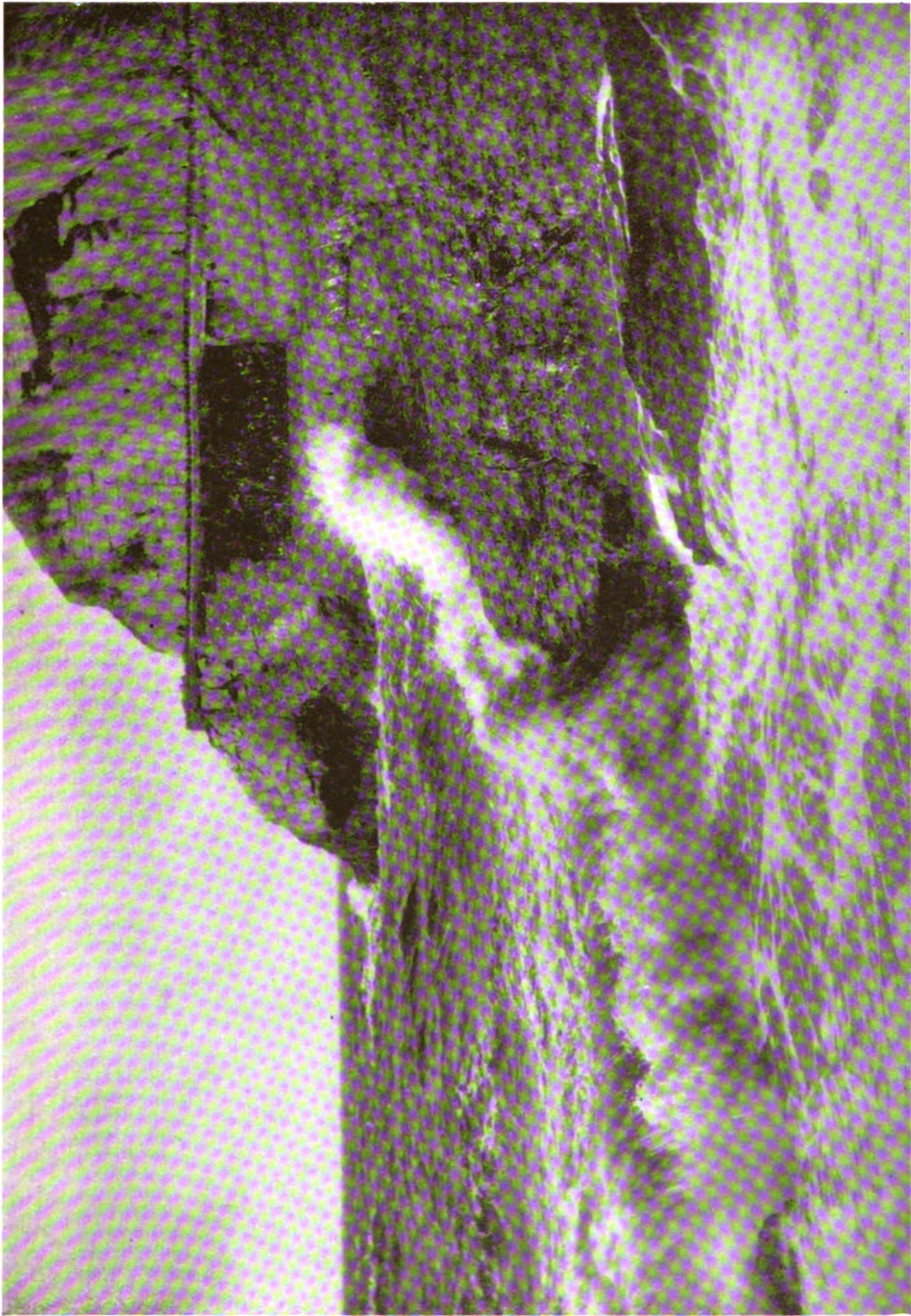
As regards the question of evidence for the existence of magical

properties, it may reasonably be argued that such properties may be delicate and shy, ready to desert their dwelling-place on slight provocation; so that the fact of not finding them might prove nothing more than that the investigator drove them away before he looked, or did not know how to look. To walk under a ladder will not necessarily bring ill luck, any more than forcing down the barometer will bring rain; nor does either procedure invalidate the principle involved. In water-divining, some people have success and confirmation, and others not; and in the latter case the methods employed strike one as those most likely to render the experiment abortive by banning any intelligent forces that might be supposed to be operative in divining. We do not know how to use jewels and talismans, but other people claim to have known how. The same applies to divining with the cards and many other things. We lack the clue; and if we presume to dogmatize and deny, we may be in the position of one who denies that a musical instrument can be played because he cannot make it sound himself.

As to the question of the trace of mineral matter being an impurity, why should it not be the essential ingredient? Certainly it is the characteristic and all-important ingredient, and by comparison with it the alumina is mere stuffing. What does mere physical bulk count? On the same principal we should have to describe the essential principles of most of our drugs, beverages, and fruits, as mere impurities, and the whole earth as so much impure dirt; while the soul of man, being quite imponderable, cannot even be called a *trace* of impurity!

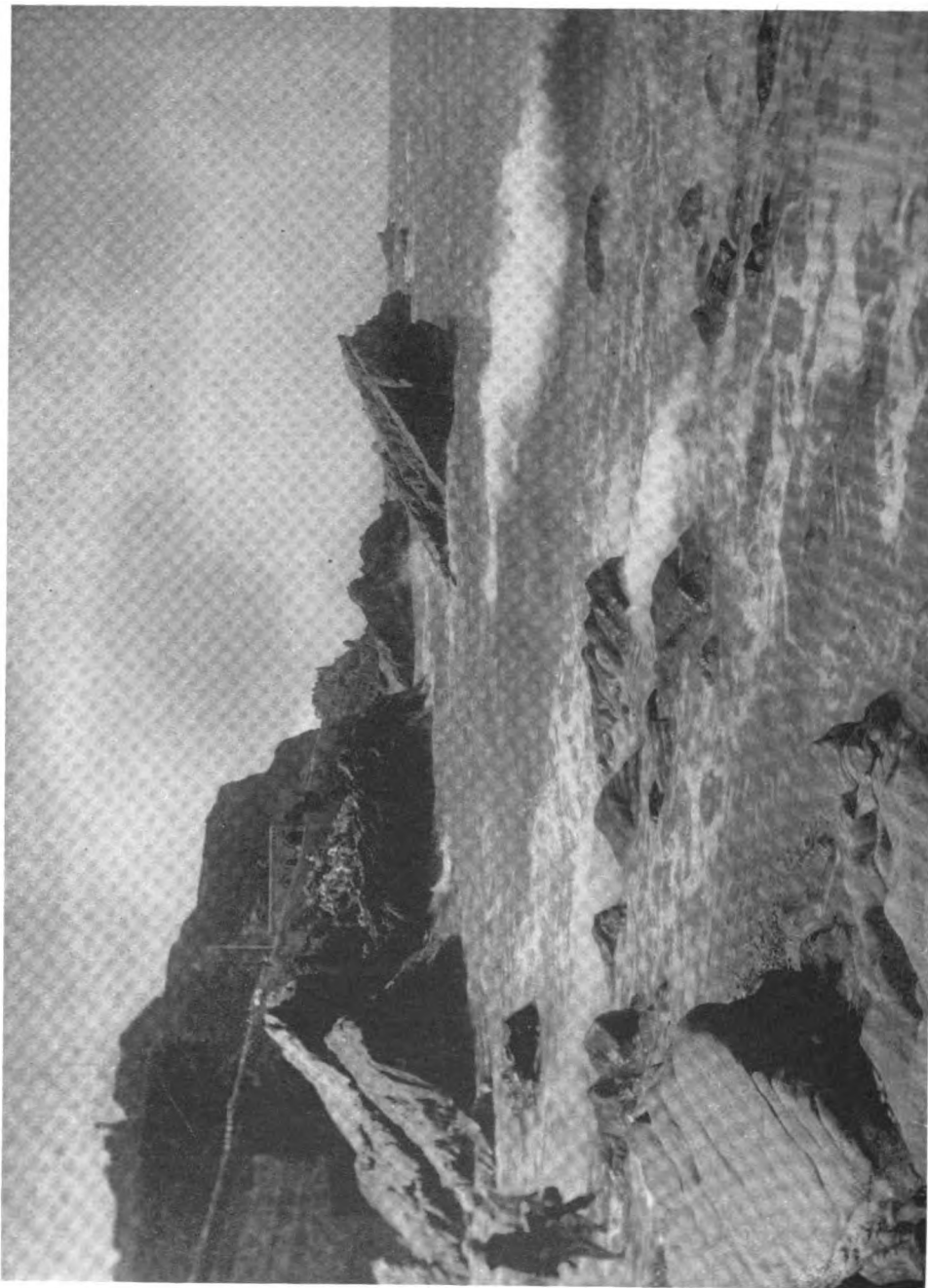
A gem can be considered as a product of evolution in mineral life; and gems and metals are certainly the highest products in that kingdom. The theory which stops short at defining them as impure forms of alumina stops short almost at the beginning, and leaves the rest of the inquiry open — unless indeed it resorts to dogmatism on the principle of “thus far shalt thou go and no farther,” or, “what I don’t know isn’t knowledge.” A universe wherein forms of matchless beauty and symmetry are created for no purpose whatever and in accordance with no principle, is an unthinkable universe. In a gem we see the finished work of invisible workers, but to see the workers needs an eye sharpened by a more sympathetic understanding of nature.

And finally, what about artificial rubies? Do they, or do they not, possess the same magical properties? A question we leave to others.



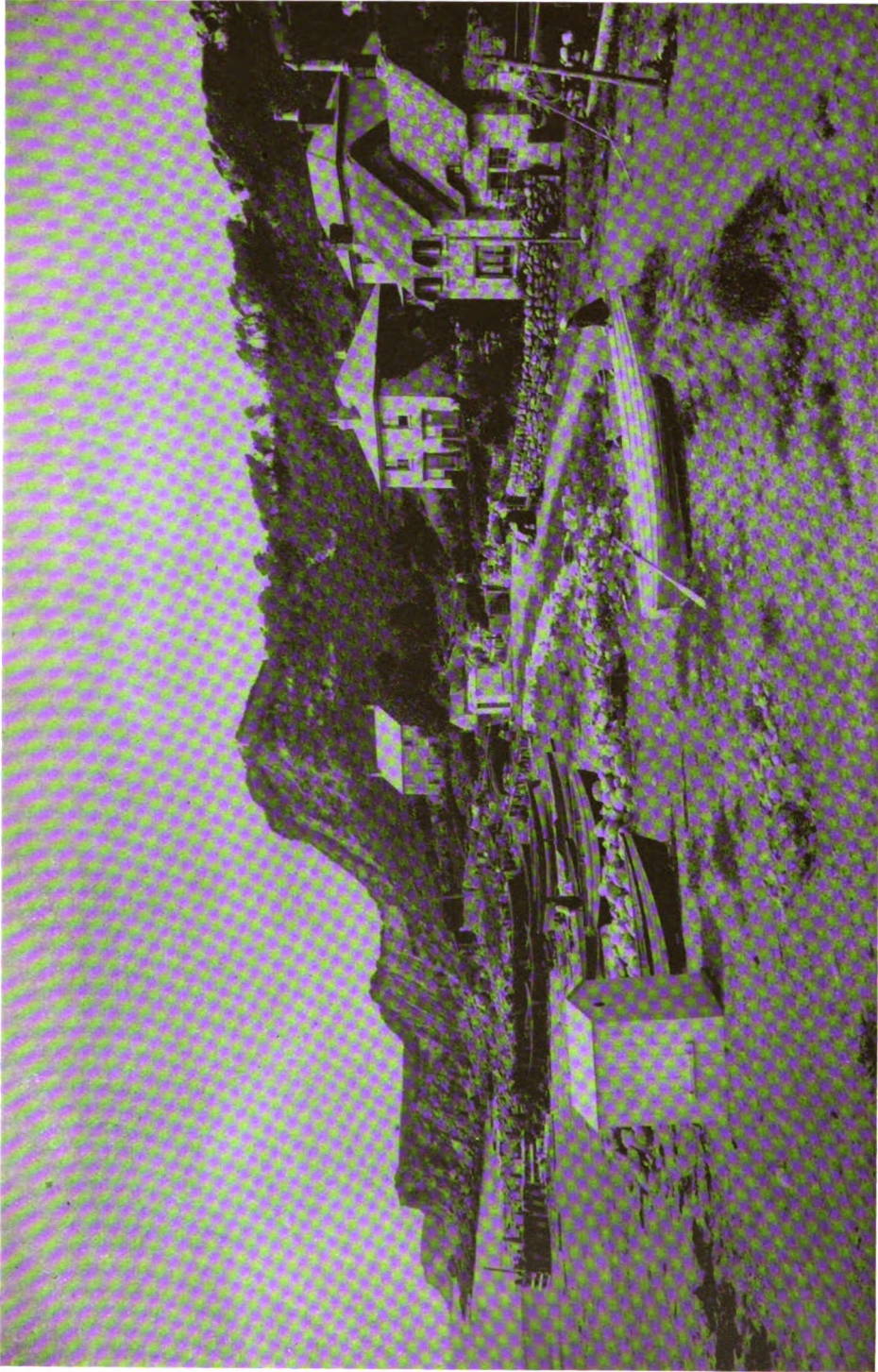
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BREAKING WAVES: WILDERSMOUTH. ILFRACOMBE, ENGLAND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

ROUGH SEA: WILDFERSMOUTH, ILFRACOMBE



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NEAR VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THORNTON FORCE, NEAR INGLETON, YORKSHIRE

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

IV



IN a letter from Count Saint-Germain to his friend Count Max von Lamberg there is an interesting anecdote of the voyage to India and the visit to Madagascar in 1755.

There were four of the East India Company's ships in the little squadron that left England for Bombay in the spring of that year. They were *The Stretham*, *Pelham*, *Houghton*, and *Edgecote*. On February 22 Captain Clive's baggage began to arrive on board *The Stretham* and on April 2 he called to see the ship in person. Only three days later he embarked with "his lady" and was received with a salute of nine guns. They left the Thames on April 24 with their full complement of soldiers and cargo.

Even the first days of the voyage were not without their little anxieties. On Tuesday, May 6, *The Edgecote* saw two Algerine zebecks hovering about in a suspicious manner, and as the pirates had not been suppressed — that was left for the Americans in the next century — the ship's company were kept to quarters, standing by their guns all night. This was in latitude 42.23 N., longitude 7.2 W. At two p. m., on the 7th the zebecks approached and fired a gun to leeward, then bore away and were soon lost to sight. Apparently they had decided that *The Edgecote* was too tough an antagonist for them to tackle.

The squadron arrived at Madeira about May 10 and took the opportunity of a homeward-bound ship to send mails to England. It was at Madeira that the chaplain of *The Stretham* went on board *The Pelham* to celebrate a marriage. Captain Clive dined on board at the wedding dinner.

Count Saint-Germain was on board *The Stretham* with Clive, although his name does not appear in the passenger list, for a very good reason. He found it at that time especially necessary to conceal his identity to ensure privacy, and traveled, he tells us, under the name of Count C — z.

On June 12 an interesting little old-world sea-ceremony took place. This was the opening of the Company's sealed packet of instructions to the captain in the presence of the chief and second mate. Sometimes such sealed instructions contained matter of extreme importance and were the cause of much curiosity until the solemn moment came to open them. And the captain often had to keep the instructions private, leaving the curiosity of the witnessing officers unsatisfied.

Five days after arrival at Madeira the ships came in sight of the wonderful Peak of Tenerife that stands in the southern sea like a Fujiyama of the Atlantic, a holy mountain of old Atlantis erected like a pyramid in an ocean desert for the contemplation of every traveler who passes within a hundred miles. But the ships had to press on and only stopped at Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands to take in water, cattle, sheep, and goats. They arrived on May 22, but *The Edgecote* was three days late. They left on May 28. This gave *The Stretham* a week in the island and it would be interesting to know if Count Saint-Germain anywhere left a record of his possible and probable inquiry into the strange legends of the "cantadas" or mysterious white race of "mermaids" or sirens, who live in a wonderful underground kingdom whose entrance is in a still lake at the base of the crater of the mountain of Santiago. The peak stands like a sentinel of a prehistoric world, and it is strange that the story of the white race that lives beneath the sea should prevail today to such a degree that a native has been known to contract to accept no payment for two days' services if he could not actually show these people by the lake, where one or two come to bathe when all is still in the silent twilight. Exactly similar stories exist in the mountain lakes of the West Indies. Count Saint-Germain was, for his own purposes, an inveterate talker, and he was forever talking of the wonders of antiquity, gigantic races that once inhabited the earth, marvelous histories of long-lost nations, legends and tales of the things that might awake the world to a sense of greatness beyond that of courts and intrigues. Could he have failed to contact such a strange legend of a vanished but still existing race in the midst of the Atlantic?

On June 17 the wind was very unsettled and the weather variable. The captain of *The Houghton* says he never met such an interruption in the trade wind before. On June 25 they saw the Island of Trinidad, just two days after there had been wedding bells on board *The Pelham*. The ships hove to, and Captain Clive, among others, went on board *The Pelham* with *The Stretham's* chaplain to celebrate the wedding of Captain Galliard and Miss Hill.

Not always were there wedding bells. In the same ship one month later, on the 31st of July, at four p. m., they "committed the body of Captain Ferguson to the deep, after which fired three volleys of small arms and forty-six half-minute guns."

The captain of *The Edgecote* was quite an observant naturalist.

He tells us of the birds and butterflies they saw, of the seaweed, and the strange fishes and monsters of the deep. There were albacores, turtles, dolphins, gannets, "pittrels," Cape hens, silver ducks, pintadas, grampuses, and all sorts of odd creatures.

The Pelham was at St. Augustine's Bay in Madagascar on Sunday, August 17, 1755. *The Stretham* and *Edgecote* came in a few hours later, the latter not having been in company since the ships left Porto Praya in the Cape Verdes. *The Houghton* arrived on August 18. The Swiss soldiers on board suffered badly from scurvy and were sent ashore, with two tents, up the river. None of the English soldiers or sailors suffered from the malady. *The Pelham* sent the jolly-boat ashore to build a tent for the train of artillery, probably by way of protection as well as recreation, for they knew little of the natives of the country they were in.

It was a beautiful moonlight night on August 17, 1755, when the ships commenced erecting their tents on the shore. The peace of the day and the arrival in that tropical paradise on a Sunday evening had their effect in arousing the wonder and curiosity of the sick soldiers and tired sailors who were looking forward to their arrival in the Golden Indies.

There were plenty of things to do besides caring for the sick. Cattle and sheep and goats were purchased at Tullea, and the stewards with their parties spent their days and nights ashore, salting and preserving the meat. The steward of *The Edgecote* devoted his energies to the manufacture of candles from the tallow, while others bought haricot beans and Indian corn and other dried products of the East for the ships' stores. Parties went into the forests cutting wood, and altogether there was a busy scene in the little English camp on shore.

On August 20 the captain of *The Stretham* dispatched the long boat to Tullea with a present to the King of Baba, the purser being in charge. The boat returned the next day from Tullea, and on the 26th, the King came down to visit the tents and the ships with his court and his retinue.

Nearly twenty years after this, in 1773, Count Saint-Germain wrote a long letter from Mantua to his friend Count Maximilian von Lamberg; it is so interesting that it deserves a place to itself. We will here quote only that part which relates to the visit to Madagascar in 1755.

The Count is speaking of his wonderful power of "melting"

precious stones, by which means, he, as it were, reconstructs diamonds, cleaning them of all defects and flaws in the process and making them far more valuable than before. This was a real process, for he thus cleaned a diamond for Louis XV, and it underwent the supreme test of the jeweler offering a vastly greater price for the gem. Louis XV was so struck by the fact that he kept the diamond rather than the money.

Count Saint-Germain says in his letter :

I have to thank my second journey to India, which I made in the year 1755 with Colonel Clive, who was under Admiral Watson, for my art of "melting" stones. On my first journey I had only received a very limited insight into this wonderful secret of which I am speaking. All my attempts made in Vienna, Paris, and London, are merely experiments; the great work was accomplished at the time I have mentioned. I had very important reasons for making myself known in the fleet only under the name of Count von C—z; I enjoyed wherever we landed the same distinction as the Admiral. The Nabob of Baba especially received me without asking me of what country I was a native, as being of no other country than England. I still remember the enjoyment he experienced at my description of the races at Newmarket. I told him also of a famous racehorse which is known by the name of Eclipse, and runs more swiftly than the wind. And I told him no lie: for actually this horse covered in one minute an English mile, which works out at $82\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second, so I say that if he had even for no more than one or two seconds maintained his greatest pace, you could without fear of contradiction reasonably maintain that such a horse went faster than the wind, whose highest speed is not more than 85 feet, since a ship which can only answer to a third of its impulse is driven forward six yards in a second, which is the highest speed we know on the sea.

He proposed to me that I should leave with him my son, whom I had with me. He called him his "Milord Bute," after the example of his courtiers, who all had English names. This Nabob had among his children a Prince of Wales, a Duke of Gloucester, of Cumberland, and so forth. During the visit which Mr. Watson paid the nabob, the latter inquired after the health of King George, and when he had learnt that he had lost his eldest son, he sighed and exclaimed, "And I, too, have lost my Prince of Wales!"

I am,

The Marquis of Belmar.

Count von Lamberg makes a note to the effect that in the *Literary Gazette* this incident was ascribed to the Admiral himself. But the fact is that at the time Admiral Watson had already been on the station a long time before the call of the Indiamen at St. Augustine's Bay, and it is much more likely that he quoted it from Saint-Germain, if indeed he did ever quote it, for, if memory serves, the records say

that Admiral Watson died in India within a year or two, without returning to Europe.

On August 21 the tents were struck and the soldiers, "greatly recovered," returned on board. On the 30th the ships weighed at half-past eight and proceeded on their voyage to Bombay.

The voyage was not quite without incident, for *The Edgecote* saw lights on November 27 and cleared ship for action, sending the "Centinells" to their stations. Fortunately it proved a false alarm and no encounter took place, although there were plenty of pirates and enemies about, ready to snap up any unprepared merchantmen.

The Pelham anchored in Bombay harbor on Saturday, November 8. *The Streham* was already anchored, but *The Edgecote* and *Houghton* did not come until the 30th.

The following day, November 9, Rear-Admiral Charles Watson arrived in his flagship *The Kent*. The East India Company's ships saluted him with fifteen guns and he returned thirteen.

On Monday, December 1, *The Pelham's* men were employed getting out "Elephant's Teeth and Barr Iron, Faggotts of Steel and Iron Shott"

Those were rough old times. On December 2, at Bombay, the captain came on board *The Edgecote* and had Samuel Ansko, a seaman, tied up and given a dozen lashes with the cat for some offense or other. He was then released on his promising good behavior for the future.

Shortly after *The Kent* had arrived at Bombay *The Cumberland* came in with Admiral Pocock, accompanied by *The Tyger*, *Salisbury*, and *Bridgewater*. The three fleets all joined in a grand salute on December 10, as it was the King's birthday.

The adventures in India of the "Wonderman," as Count Saint-Germain was called in Austria, are unknown to history, but we find him back in Europe before long, so he could not have stayed more than a year or two; quite enough, however, for him to learn how to "melt" diamonds. Sometimes one is inclined to wonder if this process, fact as it was, was not really also in the beautiful imagery of the Eastern Wisdom, the symbol of the purification of the Diamond Heart.

DEUX LIVRES SUR LA FRANCE: par J. L. Charpentier,
(Rédaction de *La Vie*, Paris).

I



PARMI les écrivains de la génération militante, il en est peu dont l'activité soit aussi grande, l'idéal aussi élevé que ceux de Marius-Ary Leblond — romancier, critique, essayiste — dont l'Académie Goncourt couronna l'œuvre en 1909.

Artiste vibrant et coloré mais observateur réfléchi, Marius-Ary Leblond croit avec ferveur optimiste à la mission civilisatrice de la France et veut participer, dans tous les domaines de la pensée, à son traditionnel effort.

Après avoir étudié la composition de *La société française sous la troisième République*¹ et défini l'Idéal du XIX^{me} siècle²; il envisage, aujourd'hui, "une quarantaine d'années après 1870" — *La situation de la France devant l'Europe*. Pour apprécier l'importance de cette situation, il se place à un point de vue plus moral que politique, et ce faisant, il reste dans la logique de la conception qu'il a de son glorieux rôle.

Pour la France des Croisades, de la guerre d'Indépendance Américaine, de 1792 et de 1848, il ne saurait être question de situation, en effet, que sous le rapport de l'autorité sociale, scientifique, littéraire, philosophique et artistique. D'autres pays peuvent mesurer leur importance au degré de crainte qu'ils inspirent. La grandeur de la France, au contraire, ne saurait être qu'en proportion de la qualité de son influence sur la destinée des peuples. L'orientation de sa politique même dépend de cette influence.

"Pour elle, écrit M. Leblond, le premier *devoir* est d'être une puissance morale." Aussi bien, l'accomplissement de ce devoir est-il la condition essentielle de son existence. C'est par lui qu'elle se prouve sa vitalité. Plus il lui est facile d'affirmer sa fraternité à ceux qui souffrent et plus elle a conscience de se réaliser pleinement. Son action est "action-bonté" selon la signification sanscrite pour qui les deux mots sont inséparables.

Mais à quoi reconnaître qu'elle jouit actuellement de l'influence qui lui est particulière, comment se rendre compte qu'elle agit dans le sens du rapprochement des nations et que par là elle aide à la réalisation de cet idéal de fraternité qui lui tient plus encore à cœur que celui de liberté que sa Révolution de 93 proclama ?

1. Alcan, éditeur.

2. Fasquelle, éditeur.

C'est à nous le préciser que vise la consultation de M. Leblond, et son livre est à proprement parler un examen de conscience national. Ainsi s'explique que la première étude qu'il se propose soit celle du patriotisme. Définir le patriotisme d'un peuple c'est, il est vrai, préciser le caractère de son idéal collectif: Ce qu'il aime dans sa patrie étant l'expression de ce qu'il appelle de tous ses vœux, de cet effort de perfection qui répond aux besoins de tous et qui est autant l'effet du sentiment que de la raison.

Qu'est-ce donc qu'être patriote, en France? C'est avoir, pour citer M. Leblond: "*Le sentiment d'une mission à remplir au bénéfice de l'humanité entière.*" Ainsi, point de patriotisme étroit dans ce pays. Ceux qui s'y effraient de le voir accueillir trop d'étrangers comprennent mal son rôle. Il ne saurait pas plus l'accomplir en se renfermant dans un individualisme jaloux qu'en se dispersant trop hâtivement dans un humanitarisme imprécis et qui se perdrait vite dans un avide et vulgaire désir de jouissance. La tendance d'une démocratie étant de s'impersonnaliser, il lui faut prendre conscience d'elle-même dans la patrie. C'est dans la patrie que le peuple acquiert le plus amplement la connaissance de ses vertus et qu'il les cultive avec le plus vif enthousiasme pour les dévouer aux fins supérieures de l'humanité. L'humanité n'est pour lui que l'impersonnalité. Il ne peut savoir l'homme, dans son caractère, c'est-à-dire en dehors des instincts qu'il a de commun avec lui, que par la nation qui le représente.

"La masse, écrit M. Leblond, serait entraînée à une grande confusion de conscience, si l'élite ne concentrait sa notion de patriotisme de façon à l'élever ensuite pour servir de symbole précis, de drapeau à tous."

Sans exciter son humeur belliqueuse, il sied donc de fortifier dans le peuple le sentiment national — première étape du sentiment humanitaire qui ne saurait s'épanouir en s'élevant que chez les élites. Il faut le convaincre du droit des nations et de l'importance de leur rôle civilisateur. Trop souvent se pratique encore, non seulement par le monde mais par l'Europe, l'exercice du droit du plus fort. Aucun acte de spoliation ne doit être considéré comme un fait accompli. Que les nations chez qui règne le sentiment de la justice affirment leur volonté d'exister et qu'elles soient puissantes. Le sont-elles? Et, en particulier, à cette question: la France est-elle en décadence? Que convient-il de répondre? Qu'elle est le pays le plus riche? (appréciation anglaise), non — mais qu'elle est un des pays dont les énergies sociales, artis-

tiques, littéraires et scientifiques sont encore les plus vives. Ses forces morales, seules, paraissent assez hésitantes. Sa stérilité marque, à coup sûr, que sous ce rapport elle traverse une crise. Les principes, qui formaient hier encore sa conscience, groupent de moins en moins d'adeptes. Sa conception du bonheur sans être aussi grossièrement sensualiste que celle du XVIII^e siècle est toujours d'ordre matériel et demeure confuse. La nation française, par ses écrivains et ses philosophes qui plaident en faveur de l'amour et du mariage le plus libre possible, sans songer au développement de la population, semble vouloir exprimer qu'elle aspire à une félicité plus individuelle que familiale. Préoccupés d'enrichir de jouissances l'instant présent, indifférente de l'avenir, maintenant qu'ils ont secoué la foi de leurs pères, les Français manquent d'élan vers la vie. Ils se sont ramassés sur eux-mêmes. Le mariage malgré les sentiments souvent très nobles qu'ils y cultivent en communiant dans la même recherche du bien est insuffisant, parce que privé d'enfant à exalter leurs cœurs vers la perpétuation d'une œuvre utile aux hommes.

Ce n'est pas assez de vouloir composer à deux un seul caractère qui s'affine et se perfectionne; de vouloir devenir à deux une personne douée d'énergie supérieure, il faut créer l'enfant qui continuera l'œuvre entreprise.

Réalisant le plus heureux équilibre de positivisme et d'idéalisme, le Français pourrait en se tenant à une égale distance du rêve et de la force brutale, imposer son action généreuse à l'Europe, si son pouvoir d'expansion correspondait à ses activités diverses et s'il était aussi prolifique que sa volonté d'altruisme le réclame.

Paris, certes, est toujours un foyer exerçant la plus vive attirance sur les intellectuels de tous les pays. Mais la France devrait être assez riche en hommes pour en pouvoir répandre pacifiquement sur les nations voisines sans s'appauvrir.

S'il est vrai, comme le pense M. Leblond, qu'il appartient à son génie de comprendre les races, de les révéler à elles-mêmes analytiquement et d'éveiller dans leurs âmes, enfin, la conscience de leurs droits, elle n'exercera pleinement sa mission que le jour où, sans appareil guerrier et sans effusion de sang, cette fois, ses enfants iront enflammer de nouveau les peuples, comme à la fin du XVIII^e siècle. . .

En attendant de former des foyers d'influence française en Europe, la tâche actuelle est donc d'encourager les entreprises, de multiplier les relations amicales avec les élites des divers pays du monde entier.

Telle est la conclusion de ce livre, d'une intelligente et abondante documentation. Je me suis borné à en résumer ici les principaux chapitres; mais il en est qui, à eux seuls, mériteraient une étude à part. Parmi ceux-ci, il convient d'en signaler tout particulièrement deux sur la *Jeune fille et la France* et la *Langue* qui abondent en observations profondes et originales. Œuvre d'un esprit clairvoyant quoique optimiste enthousiaste, *La France devant l'Europe* répond aux préoccupations de tous ceux pour qui le mot " progrès " a encore un sens et qui croient que la France peut toujours prétendre à une glorieuse part dans l'ensemble des collaborations qu'exige la poursuite du bonheur de l'humanité.

II

En même temps que M. Leblond, l'historien et critique d'art, M. Théodore Duret vient de publier un livre³ où, avec autant de positivisme, mais sans la même ferveur humanitaire, il étudie également la France actuelle. La vue qu'il jette sur son histoire et qui s'étend de la fin du XV^e siècle à nos jours, embrasse un champ très vaste. Mais M. Duret voit de haut. Aussi, point de confusion dans l'immense étendue d'événements qu'il fait se dérouler devant nous. Tout s'éclaire à la pensée qui le guide dans le magnifique effort de synthèse qu'il accomplit. Ce qui lui apparaît en relief, ce qui pour lui se dégage avec évidence des périodes les plus diverses de l'histoire de notre race c'est la constance de son instinct belliqueux.

" L'amour de la guerre, écrit-il, avec les traits de témérité et d'absence de vues politiques propres aux Gaulois, réapparaîtra chez les Français lorsque, après huit siècles de sujétion à Rome d'abord et aux Francs germains ensuite, une nouvelle nation se sera formée, ramenant à la possession d'elle-même la vieille race débarrassée du régime étranger. Les Français ont fait, au cours de leur histoire, la guerre pour les motifs les plus divers. Ils ont été parfois attaqués et ont dû alors se défendre, mais les guerres qu'ils ont engagées de leur plein gré, maîtres de ne pas les faire, ont un caractère commun essentiel. C'est celui que l'on trouve aux guerres des Gaulois et qui, ayant un même caractère, entraînent les mêmes conséquences."

C'est cette passion de l'épopée, de la guerre pour elle-même non pour ses résultats qui l'a menée à des succès vite suivis de revers et qui reparait jusque dans les manifestations, en apparence les plus dissemblables, de son activité.

3. *Vue sur l'Histoire de la France Moderne*, Fasquelle, éditeur.

Déjà dans un précédent ouvrage sur *Napoléon* M. Duret s'était demandé quel homme avait jamais enthousiasmé un peuple comme Bonaparte et il avait analysé la persistance de cet instinct qui porta les fils des Gaulois à faire la guerre pour la seule joie de triompher. C'est à retrouver la preuve des réveils plus ou moins violents de cet instinct au cours de cinq siècles qu'il s'attache aujourd'hui avec un esprit impartial et une rare intelligence.

Pour lui la Commune, aussi bien que les guerres de la Révolution et que l'épopée impériale en ont été également les explosions. A l'origine de toutes ses fautes, derrière tous ses désastres, M. Théodore Duret, découvre à la France sa passion effrénée de la guerre. Froidement, en savant qui ne veut faire appel qu'à l'expérience et qui considère la vie d'un peuple comme celle d'un organisme naturel, en philosophe pénétré du sentiment de la fatalité, il dénonce à la nation la plus entichée de gloire la folie de son culte pour les beaux exploits militaires. Il la convainc de l'absurdité de se montrer fière de combats dont elle n'a tiré aucun résultat pratique.

Son réalisme blâme avec sévérité cet idéalisme fanatique qui a conduit tant de fois la nation française au bord de l'abîme. Mais il ne désespère pas, et bien au contraire, de l'avenir de la France. Il la voit, réagissant contre le romantisme né de Rousseau et des idéologues du siècle dernier, s'orienter vers le positivisme.

“ Avec le temps, écrit M. Duret, par un travail lent mais continu, sous le coup des leçons dues aux événements, un autre esprit se formait. . . Les intelligences émancipées venaient à considérer définitivement l'homme comme partie intégrante de la nature, régi par les mêmes lois qui règlent l'ensemble des phénomènes. La conception positive du monde prenait enfin sa croissance et arrivait à la domination. Elle amenait un changement de l'intelligence, qui faisait répudier l'esprit révolutionnaire ayant accompli sa fonction. On allait pouvoir fonder l'ordre nouveau qui assurerait au moins un perfectionnement certain. Cette réalisation s'accomplit après 1870. La République, vainement survenue à deux reprises, s'établit maintenant d'une manière définitive. Avec elle, deux des grands points de la rénovation entrevue et poursuivie depuis le XVIII^{me} siècle, à travers tant de déceptions et d'obstacles, se trouvent enfin acquis: la forme politique libre et la paix.”

Cette conclusion de son livre est réconfortante et l'on est d'autant plus sensible à son accent optimiste qu'on a moins de méfiance à l'égard de celui qui l'exprime.



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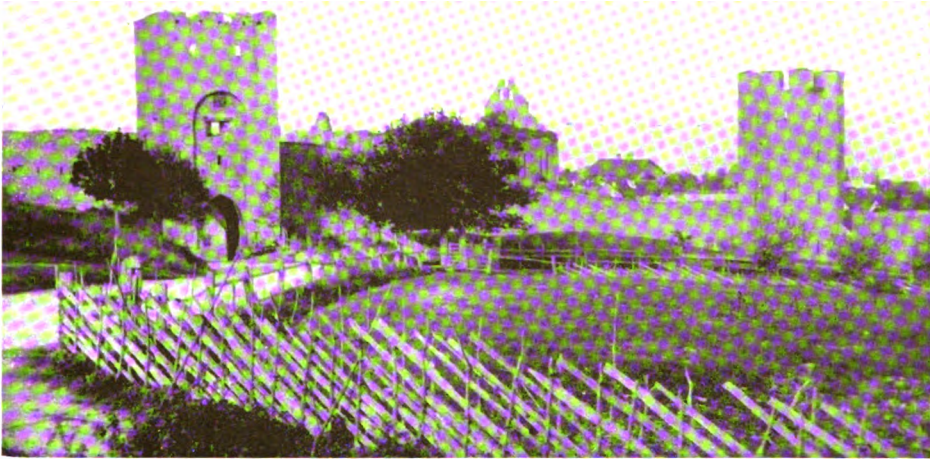
KUMLA CHURCH, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN

Built in the twelfth century; used by Earl Per Brahe as astronomical observatory and school.

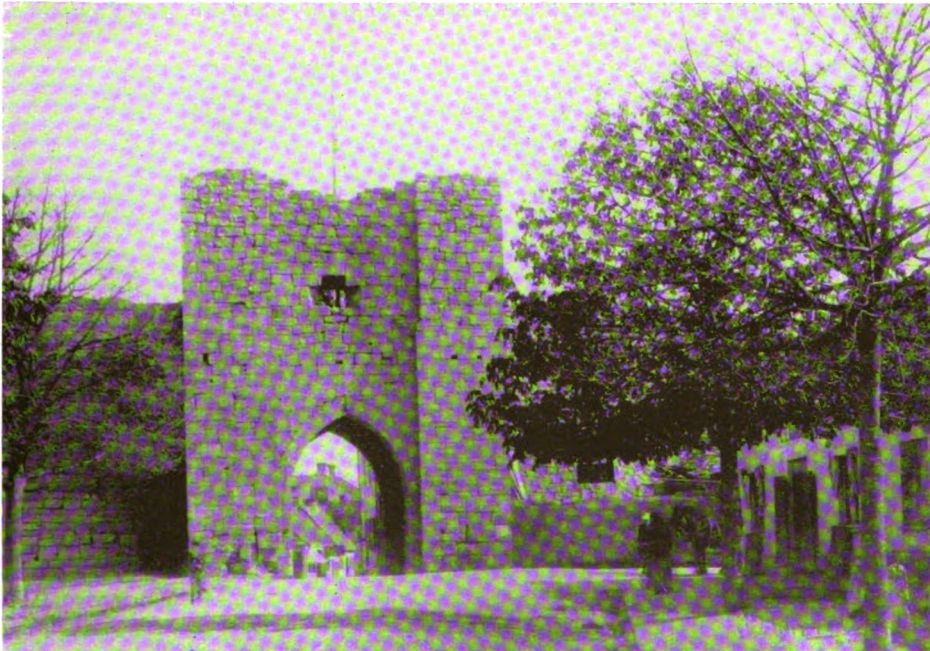


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VISINGSBORG CASTLE, VISINGSÖ, SWEDEN
Passage through embankment; the only approach from west.



THE MEDIEVAL NORTHERN CITY GATE OF VISBY, GOTLAND, SWEDEN

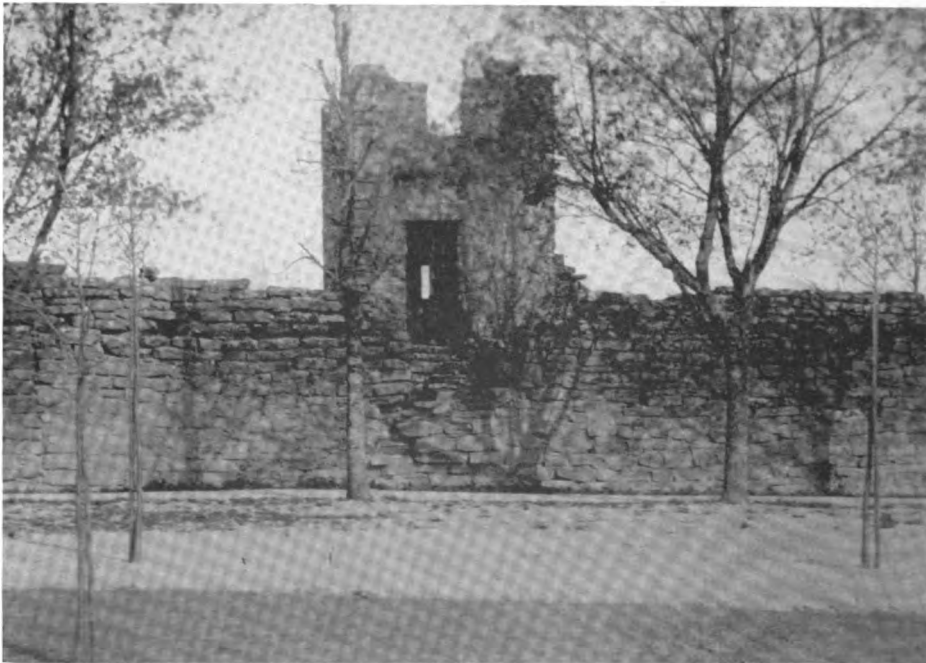


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THE MEDIEVAL SOUTHERN CITY GATE OF VISBY, GOTLAND, SWEDEN



A VIEW OF THE RUINS OF VISBORG CASTLE, GOTLAND, SWEDEN



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"THE MAIDEN'S TOWER," VISBY, GOTLAND, SWEDEN



THE SCREEN OF TIME

Notes from India

The difficult problem of sanitation in India is being seriously taken up by the Government. At the third meeting of the All-India Sanitary Conference on January 19, at Lucknow, Sir S. H. Butler, a member of the Governor-General's Council, explained what was being done. Since the new Department of Sanitation had been started in 1911, over \$15,000,000 had been granted for the work. Investigators are making careful researches into the problems of malaria, cholera, dysentery, fever, and goitre, etc. One hundred and forty-three health officers had been appointed in municipalities, and in a few years India will have research institutions of great usefulness. Much had been done in the army, but there was a greater difficulty in rousing the people at large to the need of sanitation; compulsion cannot be much used; education is what is needed. It is announced that the epidemic of plague, which has raged for many years, is now abating.

Dr. Marshall, Director-General of the Indian Archaeological Survey, has recently made many interesting discoveries on the site of the ancient city of Taxila in the Punjab, twenty miles northwest of Rawal Pindi. Taxila had a great reputation for its culture at a remote age, and it was probably included in the Achaemenian Empire of Persia. In 326 Alexander the Great conquered it, and it afterwards became subject to the Mauryan, Bactrian, and Kushan empires. In the seventh century A. D., the city was largely in ruins. The abundance of sculptured images secured and monuments unearthed shows the strong influence of Greek art and proves what a prominent part the Parthians played in the diffusion of Mediterranean culture in India. The double-headed eagle, later adopted for the imperial arms of Russia and Germany, was found on

one of the shrines at Taxila, which is classical in design and partly in detail. Dr. Marshall says, of the double-headed eagle:

"This motif occurs, so far as I know, for the first time in an ivory from Sparta, but it seems to be particularly associated with the Scythians, from whom it may have been borrowed by the Parthians or possibly introduced at Taxila by the Sâkyas."

In exploring the streets of the city large buildings were found which may be colleges or other public buildings with "stûpa" shrines attached of classical design with Corinthian pilasters. The rooms had no doorways but were basement chambers entered from above. Apollonius of Tyana is said to have visited Taxila about 50 A. D., during the Parthian period, and he noticed these underground floors with a single story above. This newly-discovered corroboration of the narrative of Apollonius' wanderings to India in search of the great Teachers, the Rishis, is a blow to some prejudiced critics who argue that Apollonius never existed!

Rabindranath Tagore is not only a great poet and a deep thinker but is a man of practical affairs with a clear outlook upon his country's needs. Having become convinced that the problem of poverty and unemployment, so serious in India, is largely the result of lack of intelligent organization of the forces available, he has just invited an English officer, Captain J. W. Petavel, R. E., to put his new ideas into operation upon his estates, with the hope that they will be taken up by others and acted upon widely. Captain Petavel has made a special study of the problems involved; he has established a self-supporting colony for the unemployed in England, and he believes that it is nothing but the want of organization that causes the waste of Indian labor. Money is very scarce in India, but labor is so cheap that the popu-

lation could easily produce an abundance of useful articles such as manufactured goods for domestic use and agricultural development. The Indian peasant is greatly in need of agricultural implements necessary to get the best out of the soil, and the manufacturers are badly equipped with machinery. Captain Petavel says: "What is needed are public workshops, where unskilled labor could make the most necessary articles. Peasants could come to these workshops and make what they want for themselves, leaving behind part of the product for the payment of the foremen and organizers." It will be very interesting to watch the success of this truly patriotic plan of Mr. Tagore's. H. P. Blavatsky always said India had to be restored to its ancient greatness by the energy and intelligence of its own sons, though others could help by advice and by starting new lines of action.

C. J. R.

News Items

TURKISH WOMEN

An astonishing thing happened in Constantinople on December 30, the anniversary of the foundation of the Turkish Empire. This was a public meeting held by women, under the sanction of the Government, in fact under the patronage of the Minister of Public Works, to raise subscriptions for a national object. A few men were allowed to speak, but the audience consisted entirely of women. The Turkish "Red Crescent" ladies are doing a noble work in relieving the terrible distress among the relatives of the soldiers killed or wounded in the late wars. The great difficulty they have is to find occupation for the widows and other poor women, whose method of life has not enabled them to learn a trade. The emancipation of the Turkish women has gone so far that some of them are organizing charity bazaars, giving concerts, and at least one has been allowed (by the Government) to go up in an aeroplane, an unheard-of thing!

The deaths of General Picquart and M. de Pressensé, coming closely together in January, bring to mind the famous Dreyfus case, in which both took an active part. M. de Pressensé, whose services to the public have been great, was a member of the most highly cultured and active section of French Protes-

tantism, and one of the most brilliant journalists of his time. He took up the cause of Dreyfus with enthusiasm and did far service in helping to liberate that unfortunate man. General Picquart was a man of high character whose vicissitudes of fortune read like a romance. He discovered that Dreyfus was not the author of the incriminating document upon which he was condemned, but opposition was so strong that Picquart was deprived of his rank as Chief of the Intelligence Department of the Ministry of War and even dismissed from the army. After a few years however (in 1906), Picquart was restored to honor and given the highest post, that of Minister of War in M. Clémenceau's Cabinet. Later he became Commander-in-Chief of the 2d Army Corps at Amiens.

Lecturing before the Royal Asiatic Society at Shanghai on everyday experiences in Tibet, Dr. Shelton, who has spent many years there, related many stories of the native kindness of the people. He once performed a surgical operation of a very critical nature upon a young man. The father and mother, both over sixty years of age, walked a hundred miles in seven days to repay him with an old rooster, six eggs, and a dirty lump of butter. Dr. Shelton said he never appreciated a fee more highly in his life. He found true friendship among the Tibetans. He was greatly puzzled by finding pictorial scenes representing the life of a great Tibetan reformer in which the life of Christ was almost exactly reproduced with the exception of the crucifixion. This is not so remarkable to students of Theosophy.

Stockholm is so well supplied with telephones that there is not a person who cannot be called up. There is one telephone for every four and a half inhabitants, and everywhere in the streets there are public telephones which can be used by dropping two cents into the slot.

It is worthy of note that some businesses are so prosperous and firmly established that they can dispense with advertising. The oldest firm of cutlery manufacturers in the world, at Sheffield, England, does an enormous business without advertising, and also has no use for typewriters or telephones. The head of the firm says he does not dis-

pense with these things because he has any prejudice against them, or because his father and grandfather did not use them, but because they can get on perfectly well without them.

Review

GÖTTE's *Hermann and Dorothea*: Done into English by Vivian Brandon.

Lieutenant Brandon of the British Navy, condemned to certain years of "enforced leisure" in the German fortress of Wesel on a charge of espionage, fought off ennui with a labor which, whether so intended or not, can hardly fail to do something in the cause of international peace and better understanding. The result of his toil is the excellent little volume before us. *Hermann and Dorothea*, we are told, remained until Goethe's death, as he says, "almost the only one of my longer poems which still gives me pleasure"; and in Germany today it is a universal favorite, read everywhere, studied in every school. Why it should be so seems plain: of all the great poet's works, surely none is more German in atmosphere than this tale of simple burgher people, with its Rhenish setting bathed in all that Grecian translucency and golden air which the great Hellene of modern European literature knew so well how to use.

Of previous translations into English, none had hit the popular taste; one reason for this being, according to Lieutenant Brandon, that

"the existing translations too exactly follow the German original. Conscientiousness has been pushed to the point of following Goethe in his use of hexameters. When one considers the small number of happy examples of the use of hexameters in English, this must seem rather a rash undertaking. . . . Owing principally to the great number of monosyllabic words in the English language, an English sentence contains on the average fewer syllables than its German equivalent. If hexameters are adopted in the translation, a certain amount of "padding" must inevitably be used, which can only weaken the poem and impede the flow of the story. The twelve-syllable line used in the present English version was chosen as the nearest convenient equivalent of the hexameters of the

German original. A similar principle, that of never sacrificing the spirit to the letter, has been followed throughout the translation."

In which last, as in rejecting the hexameter, Lieutenant Brandon showed wisdom. As in correct English the tendency is always to stress one or the other of two consecutive syllables when they occur in one word or phrase, spondees can only be attained by the juxtaposition of two separate words: (thus *white blooms* may be a spondee both by quantity and stress; but when one says *white-bloomed*, what should by quantity be a spondee loses spondee value on account of the tendency to stress *white*), and so a true hexameter is almost impossible in English; and for lack of the weight and singing quality of the spondee, the so-called English hexameter always tends to cheapness. The meter chosen by Lieutenant Brandon is this: *The streets and the market were never so empty!*

and the attempt to write a serious poem in this measure must be called a daring experiment, because of the almost inevitability of cheapness where the line consists entirely of English or stress dactyls or anapaests. Generally speaking, this meter has only been used we think in more or less comic verse. It is therefore to the lieutenant's credit that one can read the whole poem without losing the sense of its being a perfectly serious work; where every line affords its temptation to fall into cheapness and the lack of dignity, there is still an admirable dignity preserved throughout; which is certainly an achievement of no mean order. Then too, while the language is quite simple, there are certainly no lines that fall below a certain staid and excellent level; and one does not altogether miss the Goethean luminosity of the original: the pictures are presented with a continuous clearness, justness, balance, and sanity. The result is a book which will appeal, not so much to initiated lovers of poetry, as to the general mass of readers; and this is entirely desirable; because *Hermann and Dorothea* is pre-eminently a sweet and sane presentation of ordinary, bourgeois German life, drawn with infinite sympathy by the hand of a master. Anything that will help to make that life known and understood by ordinary middle-class readers in England is, as said above, a real contribution or auxiliary to the

cause of international good feeling. It is the man in the street, the general reader, who is apt to be carried away by foolish notions as to the inferiority or base designs of the foreigner; and the publication of this translation, which has the qualities that make Longfellow and a good deal of Tennyson popular with the bourgeoisie, is to be looked on as auspicious, well-timed, and useful. At the same time, for the lover of poetry, it is a work by no manner of means to be despised; if one cannot read the original, here at least is a good representative translation, retaining or at least giving an idea of certain of the salient flavors of Goethe's genius; we venture to class it above, for example, any of the better known translations of Dante. Lieutenant Brandon is therefore to be congratulated warmly on having made splendid use of his term of imprisonment at the fortress of Wesel. M.

Clipped from the Press

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH has evoked much favorable comment and appreciation from all who read it, from the scholar and technician as well as from the ordinary man of intelligence and thought; and this has been the case from the first number issued. Although very few of the comments have been published in these pages, for obvious reasons, yet it may not be uninteresting to readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH to know what others think of it. No other excuse is needed for reproducing a few of the expressions of satisfaction, or of the printed reviews, that reach the Editor's office.

The Theosophical Path and Symbolism
(From *The New Age Magazine*, February, 1914. Official Organ of the Supreme Council 33° A. and A. Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, S. J., U. S. A.)

"Studies in Symbolism" is the title of an article in the January, 1914, number of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, published at Point Loma, California, and of which Mrs. Katherine Tingley is the Editor.

The magazine is number one of volume six and like all its predecessors is a splendid example of the printer's art. From the elegant front cover-page to the end of the periodical the illustrations are as fine as anything we have seen in any of the current magazines.

But it is the matter of "THE PATH" which counts most for the students of the subjects to which it is devoted. Its seventy-two pages contain at least five articles of more than usual interest to Masons or to those who study subjects which ought to attract the attention of studious members of the Craft.

H. Travers, M. A., contributes an article on Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*. We are informed in Scottish Masonry that "Its one great law is duty," and no fresh discussion of that subject should be without value to the earnest Mason. Neither the Poet nor the author of the article, finds any antagonism between Duty and Happiness or Freedom. the *apparent* conflict Mr. Travers thinks is due to the present imperfection of our knowledge, and he points to the pathway from such antagonism. It consists, he says, in following the law of the higher nature—Forbearance, self-Control, and Charity.

P. A. M. contributes an article entitled "Saint-Germain at the French Court." All that relates to that remarkable man, who was a Freemason, is interesting. Even if, as is commonly believed, he was a mere charlatan, his career is one which has puzzled and still puzzles the most astute historians. Frederick the Great, at whose court he remained for a long time, said he was "a man no one has ever been able to make out."

The famous writer Miss Lilian Whiting has an article on "The Mysteries of Eleusis," and there is an appreciative sketch of the great scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, by C. J. Ryan.

The article, however, which will attract the greatest attention from Masons, is entitled "Studies in Symbolism," by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.. He discusses "The Doric Order in Architecture," and illustrates his paper with a picture of a front view of a "Systyle Hexastyle Doric Temple according to Marcus Vitruvius Pollio."

The Five Orders of Architecture are familiar to every "Fellow of the Craft" and the Masonic Monitors set out the descriptions of the Doric as well as of the other four Orders. The following extract is taken from Cross V True Masonic Chart published at New Haven, in 1820:

THE DORIC

"Which is plain and natural, is the most ancient and was invented by the Greeks. Its

column is eight diameters high, and has seldom any ornaments on base or capital, except moldings, though the frieze is distinguished by triglyphs and metopes and triglyphs compose the ornaments of the frieze.

"The Doric is the best proportioned of all the Orders, the several parts of which it is composed are founded on the natural position of solid bodies. In its first invention it was more simple than in its present state. In after times when it began to be adorned it gained the name of Doric, for when it was constructed in its primitive and simple form the name of Tuscan was conferred on it. Hence the Tuscan precedes the Doric in rank on account of its resemblance to that pillar in its original state."

Mr. Dick thinks that the intelligent study of symbolism requires a broadening of present ideas about the antiquity of the human race as well as its origin and destiny, and more dignified opinions relating to man's inner nature. The ultimate significance of symbols has reference to man.

We cannot for want of the illustration follow the author of the article in his discussion of the symbolism of the Doric Order. It must suffice to say that on the view of the Temple "the eyes and the upper part of the head come within the frieze. That is, the frieze represents the region of man's conscious experience and intelligence. . . . The geometry of the sphere and icosahedron, basic elements of nature-forms, is further indicated by the semi-circle," etc. "The five orders," says a Masonic writer, "are the perfection of the principles of design which are universal in their character, existing in nature as well as in art. The human system is the perfection of every principle in series and degrees, combining the three, the five, and the seven, which are equally important."

We look forward to a continuation of the series of articles by Mr. Dick and hope they will have the wide reading which they will undoubtedly, like this first paper, deserve from all serious students of symbolism.

El Sendero Teosófico

(From *Revista Nacional*, Quito; Alejandro Andrade Coello, Editor; Last quarterly volume for 1913.)

To the enthusiasm of Madame Katherine Tingley and to her great administrative

ability is due the creation, in July, 1911, of this beautiful monthly, the organ of the Râja Yoga College. Profusely illustrated, it is one of the highest products of modern typographic art. The variety of the subjects with which it deals and of the views from all parts of the world which it so excellently reproduces; the lovely glimpses it affords of the grounds and buildings of the International Center and Academy situated on the heights of Point Loma, overlooking the Pacific; its art illustrations from the most celebrated museums; the portraits it presents—all these contribute to make *El Sendero Teosófico* the brilliant publication that it is—one that never slackens in the propaganda of its ideal of universal peace.

Thanks to the kindness of the Editor, I have been favored with a complete set of the magazine. Certainly each number is worthy of special study, in view of its careful and artistic make-up and the diversity of its instructive articles, through all of which runs the tenor of one and the same educational aim.

I wish to tender my homage and thanks to Madame Katherine Tingley, successor to William Quan Judge, for this valuable gift.

The Theosophical Path

(From the *Havre de Grâce Republican*, January 31, 1914.)

There is always an abundance of interesting and valuable matter in **THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH**, and helpful hints for all who recognize something of the serious side of life and are searching for a solution of its many problems. One strong point of **THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH** which has made many friends for it, is, that it is never dogmatic, but on the contrary, distinctly challenges its readers to think for themselves.

In the current (February) issue the religious and mystical aspects of Theosophy receive special attention, as instanced by the following titles: "The State of the Christian Dead," by H. T. Edge, M. A., a discussion based on two quotations from Gladstone; "Many Religions—One Religion" begins with the statement:

"There are 2767 religions in the world, according to a statistician. Is any one of these religions right and the remaining 2766 wrong? If so, which?"

The writer uses the following illustration :

"Though there are many tongues, many races, many customs, there is but one humanity. Applying this analogy, ought we not to arrive at the conclusion that the oneness of humanity underlies and overrules the multiplicity of religions, just as it does the multiplicity of tongues and races?"

There are also many articles of wide general interest.



MAGAZINE REVIEWS

International Theosophical Chronicle
Illustrated. Monthly.

Editors: F. J. Dick, and H. Crooke,
London, England.

The February number has a luminous essay on "The Insistence of Theosophy," which traces in a broad manner the influence of Theosophical teaching in many directions and walks of life; including, for instance, that of *The New Way*, among the inmates of prisons. "The prisoner distrusts the law and the motive of a community whose punishments hurt more than they help him, where the motive is mainly punishment and not reform. He sees no consistency in preaching a merciful Christ, crucified because misunderstood, and the practice of hanging evil-doers because society does not know how to direct and control the forces of their nature."

"The Value of Anecdote" has some pregnant thoughts regarding the place of this in historic narrative. "The Story of Parsifal" is commented upon, in connexion with the recent grandiose production in London. The Theosophical teaching to be found in this great drama will no doubt be better appreciated, when knowledge of the simple and imperishable truths embodied in the ancient Wisdom-Religion, becomes more general.

Dr. O. Sirén has a note on the frieze of the Parthenon (illustrated). Articles on "The Honey Ants of Point Loma," "An Ancient Shrine," reviews, and views in Japan, etc., complete the issue.

Den Teosofiska Vägen
Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: Gustav Zander, M. D.,
Stockholm, Sweden.

The February number opens with an article "Concerning Toleration," by the editor, in which are many helpful thoughts. "The various religions resemble many more or less direct or tortuous ways; yet all finally converge in the path that leads onward to the same goal. Hence the reason for that toleration of various beliefs and religious needs, which above all is imposed upon Theosophists, because the truths that render toleration a necessary and beneficent principle go to the very foundation on which Theosophical teaching rests."

"Râja-Yoga—a Remedy for the Unrest of the Age," is a forceful article by one of its best students. In "Buddhism in Eastern Turkestan" attention is drawn to the fact that H. P. Blavatsky said this region conceals the ruins of immense civilizations of whose history nothing is yet commonly known.

There are other interesting articles, and the numerous fine illustrations add the touch of beauty characteristic of this magazine.

Der Theosophische Pfad
Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: J. Th. Heller, Nürnberg, Germany.

The abundantly illustrated January issue of *Der Theosophische Pfad* opens with an inspiring poem "Universal Brotherhood for Ever," which sets forth the Theosophical ideal of Human Brotherhood, Human Solidarity, and which will arouse kindred impulses in receptive minds. The leading article, "Theosophy and the Theosophical Movement," by W. A. H., pictures in clear and positive words the nature of Theosophy and the objects of the official Theosophical School. This article will give those who stand outside the Theosophical Movement a clear synopsis of the Theosophical Cause and of the position of Theosophy towards Theology and "Monism." The present issue also contains the continuation of Dr. Coryn's valuable article "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" Very profound is the impression produced by Heinrich Wahrmund's contribution "J. G. Fichte's Ideals of Education." Then follows "The Secret of Silence" by R. Machell

(translation from *THE PATH*), and a translation of Katherine Tingley's significant lecture at Boston.

Het Theosophisch Pad

Illustrated. Monthly.

Editor: A. Goud, Groningen, Holland.

Het Theosophisch Pad for January, contains the remarkable address by Mrs. Katherine Tingley in the Copley Plaza Hotel, at Boston, as the leading article. Difficult as it must be to convey in written words the spirit of the addresses of the Leader, as her inspiring figure and voice and gestures must remain unexpressed, yet some of the stenographic speeches are marvelous in themselves, and among these, that delivered at Boston is in the first rank. It affords to those of the Dutch people who do not understand English, and who on meeting Mrs. Tingley when she was in Holland were anxious to get the translations of her speeches, an excellent opportunity to learn what her message is, and the challenge she makes to the better part of the nature of every one to exert itself and to live the real Theosophic life.

Further articles are: "A Land of Mysteries," by H. P. Blavatsky, giving interesting accounts of the ancient civilization in Peru. Several illustrations accompany this article. "When a Man Dies, Shall He Live Again?" is an able article by Dr. Gertrude W. van Pelt. In "Scientific Jottings" the divining-rod and the synthesis of matter from energy are discussed by "Busy Bee." Professor Edge writes about "Confirmations of H. P. Blavatsky's Teachings concerning Ancient Continents."

"The Mirror of the Movement" has an account of the visit of 160 teachers of the State Normal School to Point Loma; magazine reviews, and an announcement of the December number of the *Râja-Yoga Messenger*, especially devoted to Holland.

Râja-Yoga Messenger

Illustrated. Monthly.

Conducted by a staff of the Younger Students of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma.

The *Râja-Yoga Messenger* for March is a particularly interesting number. Especially noteworthy are two short editorial articles: "The Art of Life," and "Rhythm and Life," the tenor of both of which is highly ethical and uplifting.

In "Man and Nature" is reprinted an extract from an article by William Q. Judge (one of the Founders of the Theosophical Society) which deals forcefully with man's responsibility in wantonly destroying life. This should be read by all humanitarians. On the same page appears, quite appropriately, "The Milan Bird-Cages," a poem telling of Leonardo da Vinci's great love for birds, so that this renowned artist and scholar was wont to buy caged birds by the wholesale, only to liberate them.

"The Worth of Knowledge," and "A Great Statesman on Good Manners" will well repay the reading.

On page 7 will be found a glowing tribute to the musical work at the Râja-Yoga College paid by Professor Daniel de Lange, the eminent Dutch musician and critic.

Among the interestingly instructive articles should be mentioned the following: "Architectural Styles and their Meaning" (tenth chapter, dealing with the Ionic Order); "A Strange Old Country: Part II (continued from February), a description of the country around Naples and Vesuvius; "Volcanic Wonders," and "Japanese Paper." Students of natural history will be interested in "Wonders Near Home," "Our Friend the Horse," and "Water Fairies."

There are several charming stories for little people. "The Story of Taliesin" is a Welsh story full of the glamor of that country. How a Swiss boy-hero saved the city of Lucerne is told under the general heading "Old Stories Retold for Young Folk"; while Chapter III of "The Magic Cloak" tells of the completion of that wondrous garment and of the setting-forth of Queen Alys garbed in its folds.

In addition to all this, there are a number of well-selected poems—a monthly feature of this highly interesting college publication.

Probably the most conspicuous thing about this magazine, at first glance at least, is the large number of beautiful half-tone illustrations that appear in each issue. Six of the twenty-five illustrations this month depict some phase of the life at the Râja-Yoga College, which is situated at the International Theosophical Headquarters on Point Loma, California, the beautiful grounds of which are world-famous.

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 G. de Purucker, 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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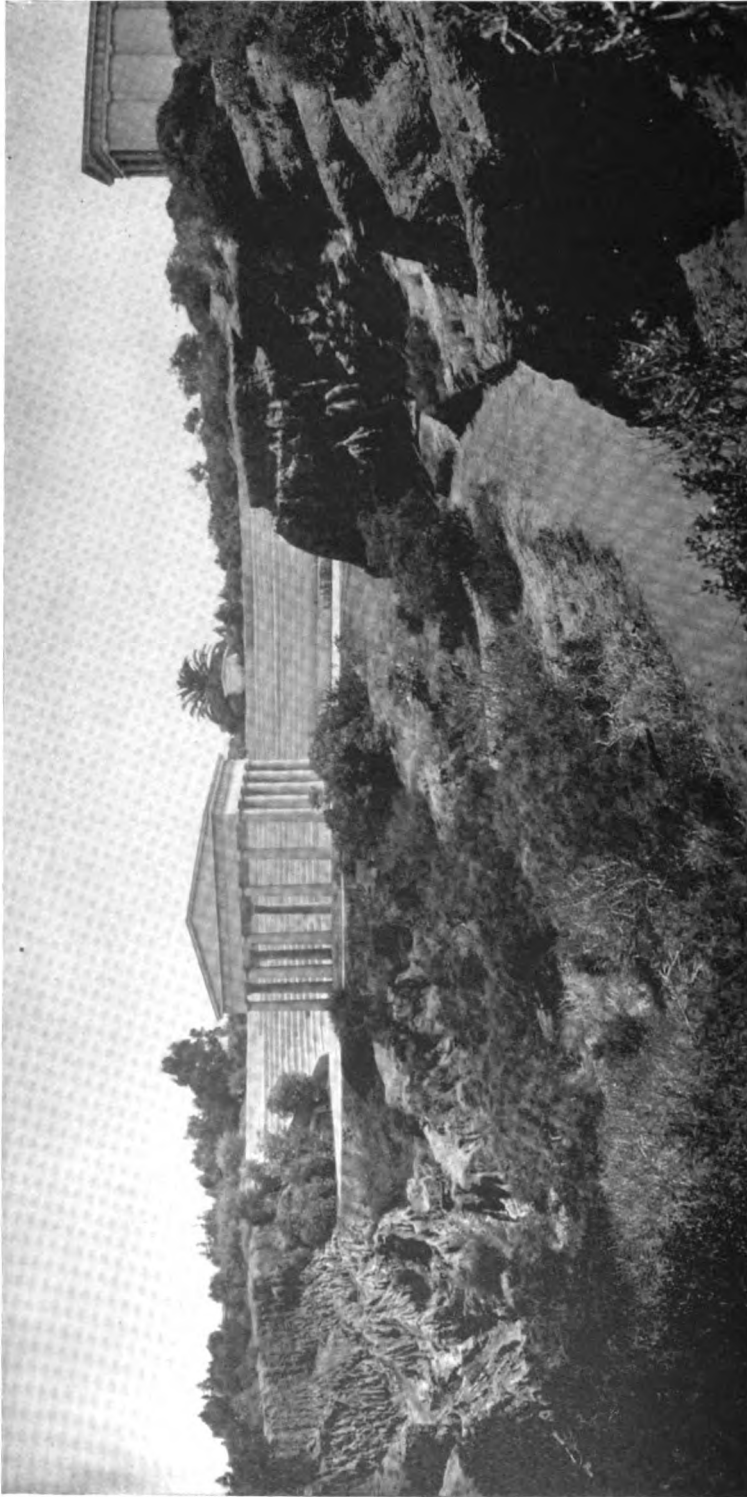
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THE GREEK THEATER FROM THE CANYON
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

MAY, 1914

NO. 5

THE consciousness of divinity is the key to human life. For want of this key humanity has been drifting — all because of the mistakes of the past. In finding this key we unlock the door to the grandeur of human life. — *Katherine Tingley*

BEAUTY AND IMPERSONALITY: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE life of nature is harmonious and expresses itself in beautiful forms; but the life of man expresses itself in great cities — and often in futile attempts to beautify them. The life of man is not really harmonious. There was once a civilization in the southeast of Europe, whose life expressed itself in beautiful forms — which we cannot even imitate. The life of that people must have been harmonious. Byron — surely an ancient Greek soul? — felt that harmony; but he could not realize it because his own life was inharmonious and passion-torn. But he has left us his songs, as has many a poet. And we know there is a beauty, a harmony, a glory in life, which we have missed and cannot grasp.

Why should not the life of man, the crown of creation, be melodious, like that of nature's humbler kingdoms?

Is it not perhaps that our aspirations end in smoke — which is not the smoke of sacrifice, but rather that of nicotine — and that so we yearn and keep on yearning, but nothing further? “None but the brave deserves the fair.”

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal souls who live again
In minds made purer by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence urge men's thoughts
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven,

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beautiful order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

What a vision of a higher life! An aspiration to live in the noble thoughts of all noble natures, to lose all sense of separateness in the overwhelming feeling of being part of the universal harmony. This was the cry of the Soul, struggling to speak through the mind. Not everyone who has these aspirations can utter them. But why let the aspiration end in a mere prayer — and nothing done? May it not be *possible* to join the choir invisible?

The achievement of beauty is a question of action; and if it is worth having, it is worth toiling and suffering for. Nay, suffering itself would be a joy in such a cause. It is surely worth while to live in order to help bring back beauty and harmony and joy to the world.

Now it is a fact that discord is caused by our own imperfections, and it is a fact that the ugliness in civilization is caused by discord of our conflicting desires. There are too many of the “miserable aims that end with self” — and begin with self too. It is also a fact that anyone who longs for harmony has the field of his own character open in which to begin his work. He can make music in his life. But woe betide him if he tries to make it for his own special enjoyment: that is a miserable aim that ends with self; and he will find himself shut up alone with his music, and nobody to listen. Also, this is not joining a “choir invisible,” or any choir at all. Hearts in tune make harmony.

Occultism is a word much heard today. But the great secret of Occultism is the conquest of personality, for personality is the one great obstacle that stands in the way of realization. That is why people do not progress, but simply write about Occultism, and talk about Occultism, and offer to make other people magicians instead of being one themselves.

There is no way for man to become free except by stepping out of his limitations. Which seems obvious. But he always shirks and tries to find another way. Why? Surely not because he is afraid!

There is no doubt that H. P. Blavatsky, in founding the Theosophical Society, had in mind the future establishment of a school wherein the lesson of life might be taught, learned, and illustrated by example. Her work was preparatory, and was carried on by her successor, William Q. Judge; and under his successor, Katherine

Tingley, the Râja-Yoga education has been established, together with centers and the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, where earnest and intelligent people of all ages can draw together to work for these ideals.

Here, then, we have something practical, something actual, something visible; something that people can come to see. Here, at least, we can trace the fruit of aspirations that did not end in smoke, of aims that did not end with self. H. P. Blavatsky did not work for self. W. Q. Judge did not work for self. Katherine Tingley does not work for self; and her students are trying to learn not to. The result is useful work; practical, as opposed to visionary. And the people in Lomaland and true Theosophists everywhere are working to make life more harmonious and beautiful.

In such a group of workers, the "miserable aims that end with self" must necessarily come to an untimely end before they get there, for they are not in harmony with the general tune.

Why is it that the most well-intentioned, intelligent, and high-minded people so often do harm when they are trying to do good? Why do even the best parents spoil their children, why are good men deceived by false friends, and why do great and high-souled leaders pass measures that prove harmful instead of beneficial and have to be repealed? There is surely something lacking in the wisdom of the world, that this should be so. The explanation probably is that the efforts of these worthy people are too *personal*, and that they do not realize what a drawback that is. The conclusion is that, in order to do real good, a man has to be impersonal to a degree little dreamt of. He has to be superior, not only to traits which are ordinarily recognized as faults, but also to some traits which are usually (though wrongly) labeled "virtues." This, of course, does not mean that he is to be superior to virtues, but only that he must know what are virtues and what are not. And all too often there is a fatal admixture of self-love in the virtue. It is this drop of poison in the cup that does the mischief. It is this admixture of tares in the wheat that afterwards yields the rank crop of strangling weeds. In mechanics we learn that the path of a moving body is determined by the resultant of the various forces acting on it. Consequently the worker whose motives are mixed will go in a direction other than that at which he thought he was aiming. Nature's laws are inevitable — which is but just, seeing that it is in fact we ourselves who invoke them.

All this shows why so little real good can be done in the world in comparison with what might be done with better understanding. It also shows how easily the obstacle can be removed, once we understand what it is and set about trying to remove it. There is no harmony between the various efforts for good. They undo each other; and all because each one contains some personal note, which, however meritorious in itself, is not conducive to the result desired.

Thus we see that the attainment of harmony, which is the soul of beauty, is a question of eliminating discordant personal notes, even when these are clothed in the garb of merit. Perhaps some will think at this point that we are preaching the suppression of individuality; but on the contrary we are proclaiming the assertion of individuality. For we draw a vital distinction between individuality and personality. The former is the real character of a man, the latter is merely an obstacle in his path. His personality hinders him from expressing his individuality.

External beauty must certainly be the outward expression of internal harmony, and it cannot be reached on any other conditions. A man may make himself a beautiful house and grounds, where his will and fancy are the undisputed arbiters; yet even then much is missed and the scheme is too narrow. And if a large body of people are to make themselves a beautiful city, they must be as single-minded among themselves as if they were one individual. But single-minded is not an adequate term, because it suggests unison rather than the harmony of which we are speaking.

The above is a beautiful ideal, some will say, but how is it to be attained? Is it not a counsel of perfection? Well yes; it is just that and nothing more — unless we first exchange some of our false philosophy for common sense. We must, for instance, be prepared to accept the fact that we are immortal beings, divine in our essence; and the life of the Soul is not limited by the death of the body. We must be prepared to admit that unity and harmony does actually subsist between the Souls of men, and that the apparent separateness is merely a limitation imposed upon us so long as we live in externals. By the study of Theosophy we may learn about the complex nature of man, and how it is possible to evoke Spiritual forces from within our nature and by their means to transcend our limitations. These Spiritual forces are evoked by silent loyalty to truth and honor, justice and kindness. He who believes that the real essence and joy of

life consists in loyalty to these ideals, for their own sake and not in the expectation of reward, will surely find a new peace and a new light to guide him.

It is only in this way that the life of man can be made beautiful again, so that he can realize the harmony that he now occasionally glimpses in fitful moments of exaltation.

Theosophy has its intellectual aspect, its mystical aspect, its philanthropic aspect, and so on; and it being thus a complete thing, also has its sublime and beautiful aspect. Thus it can appeal to the deepest chords in human nature. Not to make this appeal too abstract, let us take concrete instances. Who has not been fascinated, but also perplexed, by the beauty of a child, so transient, so deceiving? There is beauty, and yet — what of the character? The beauty is as elusive as the scent of a rose and seems to mean nothing. Perhaps it is the fleeting vision of something that is trying to find a home among us, yet cannot, and so away it flies, leaving behind but the place where it was. But perhaps under other conditions such a beauty might be made abiding; so that, no longer a mere bloom, it might be rooted deep in the nature to the innermost fiber, and stay with the child through adolescence and maturity to the end of life. To achieve this would be a practical result. And what are the conditions? The same as said above: instead of regarding our child as a mere personal possession, we must look upon it as a Soul entrusted to our *loving and wise* care. So here again it is a question of making the personal give way to the greater issues. In our too fond and unwisely meddling affection, we may restrict the growth of the young plant, as a child might hug a bird to death. Hence in Lomaland there are many parents who, loving their children with a wiser love, have sought and won the privilege of Râja-Yoga education, where their youth may receive that which the parents themselves feel unable to bestow; and they have found that the sacred bond of parental affection has grown stronger and stronger as it has become purer. And again, there are parents engaged in the care and instruction of children in the Râja-Yoga school.

The fashions in dress are a striking illustration of the working of a law that relates effect to cause while the intermediate links in the chain of causation remain hard to trace. Why is it that certain modes dominate us all with a power that bends the strongest will and forces compliance from the most original and independent characters? Why must every man appear in public with a stiff linen collar, whether he

be king, genius, workman, or nonentity? Why must every woman be in the mode, no matter how unreasonable and uncomfortable? It is because the law relating cause to effect is inexorable, and the chaos and confusion of our life has to express itself in appropriate forms, just as the fine quality of the rose plant expresses itself in matchless blossom and superb aroma, or the qualities of the toad are revealed in its abhorrent form. This shows how futile it is to attempt to graft a meretricious beauty upon an unkindred stock, to purloin decorations from the Corinthian temple and glue them upon the outside of one of our buildings, to grace our city squares with stone effigies of the silk hat and the frock coat, or to turn our interiors into a magpie's nest of assorted artifacts. Of the same character must necessarily be our similar attempts to achieve an artificial beauty or excellence in institutions, such as education and sundry social experiments. Beauty has to grow, unless we are to be content to give the name of beauty to a collection of wax flowers and stucco ornaments, or to a garden of cut flowers stuck rootless into the soil. And it is not possible to see how harmony can be achieved but by the subordination of personal notes; and this again can only come through the emergence of a greater and more commanding life-force that springs not from the personality but from the united heart of mankind.

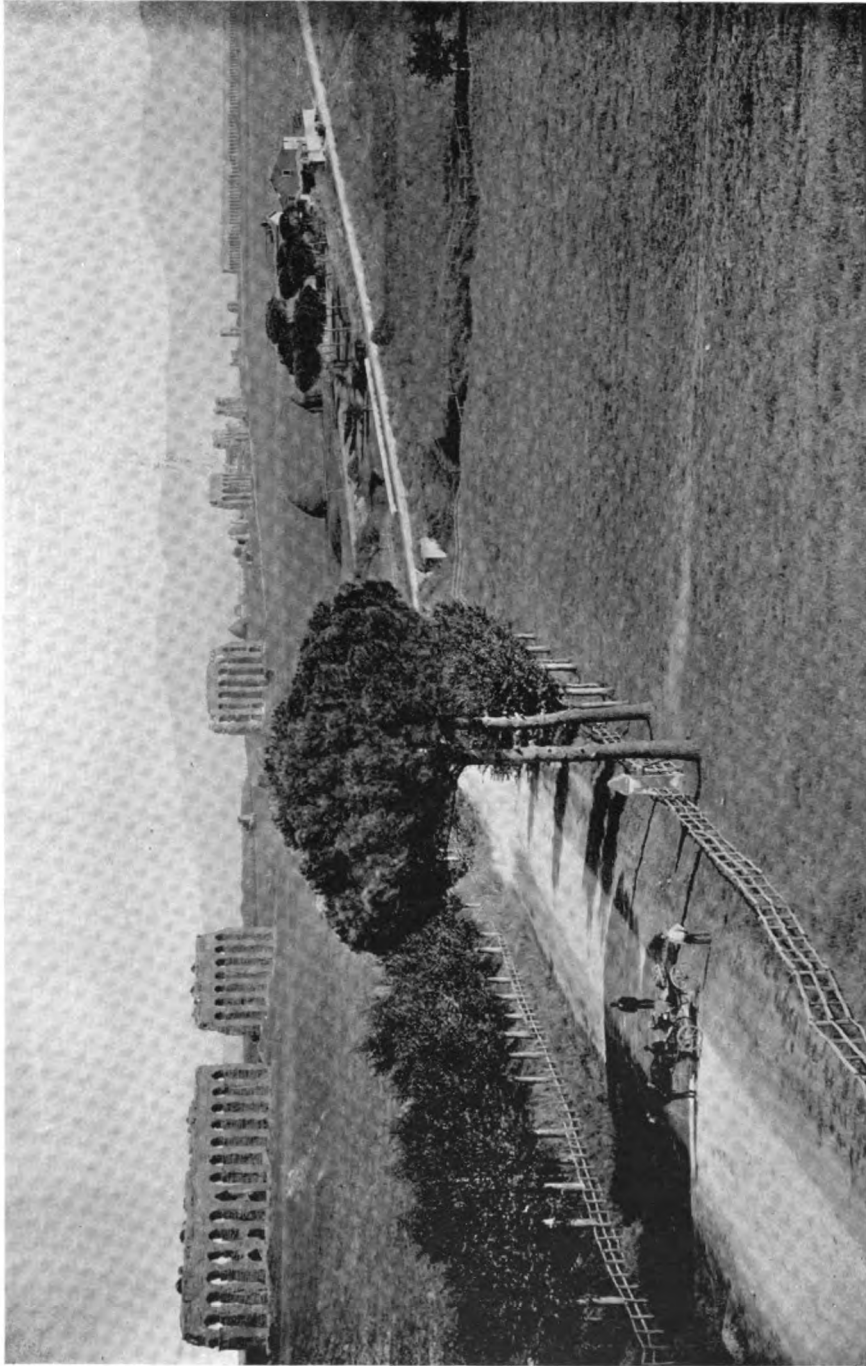


THAT MAN who sees inaction in action, and action in inaction, is wise among men. — *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

ASSIMILATION with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who are free from desire and anger, temperate, of thoughts restrained; and who are acquainted with the true self. — *Ibid*

THERE dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master — *Īśvara* — who, by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve, mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place. — *Ibid*

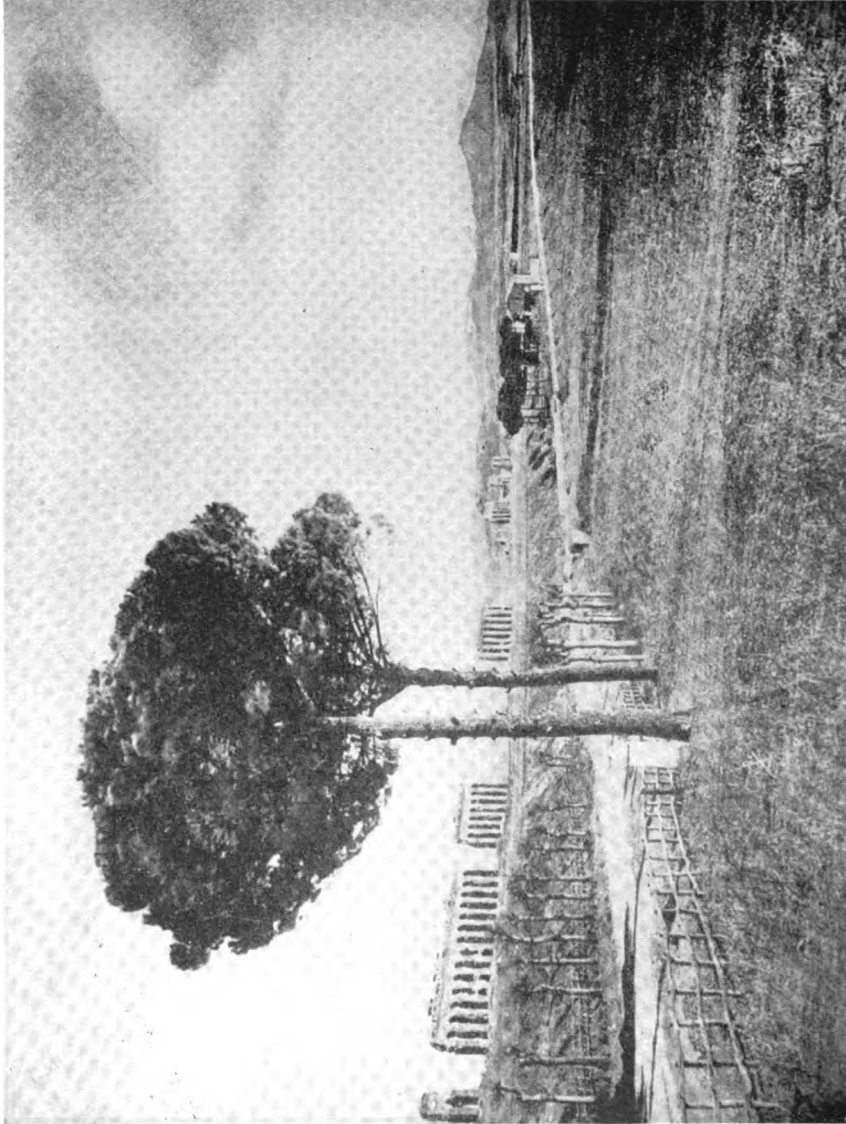
WHEN harmlessness and kindness are fully developed in a Man, there is a complete absence of enmity, both in men and animals, among all that are near to him. When Veracity is complete, a Man becomes the focus for the Karma resulting from all works, good or bad. When Desire is eliminated there comes to a Man a knowledge of everything relating to, or which has taken place in, former states of existence. — *Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*



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A PART OF THE FAMOUS CAMPAGNA ROMANA, NOT FAR FROM ROME

The ruins of the Claudian Aqueduct in the background.



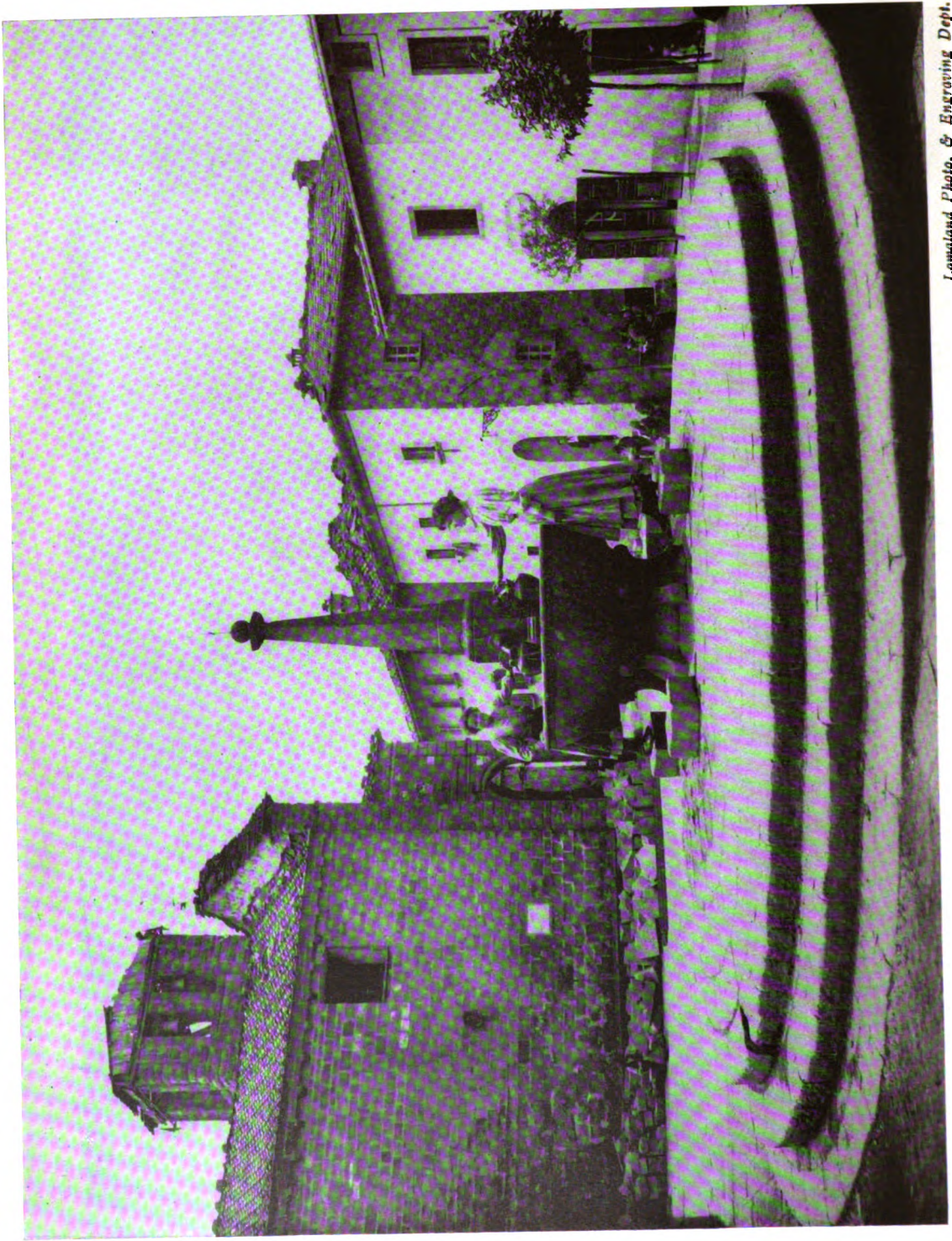
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THE SAME VIEW, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT ANOTHER SEASON OF THE YEAR



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THRESHING THE GRAIN AT AVENZA, ITALY, ABOUT THREE MILES SOUTH OF CARRARA



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE AND FOUNTAIN OF GAVINANA, PISTOIESE APPENNINES, ITALY

“IN MY FATHER’S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS”:

by R. W. Machell



MOST people think that nothing is easier than to separate mentally a pair of opposites, such as black and white, good and evil, light and darkness, or life and death. But, when we try to find the dividing line between any such apparent opposites, we are in difficulties at once. It is easy to see all around us cases in which light and darkness are so blended as to make it almost impossible to decide which predominates, and in which the combination is so balanced as to make it absurd to call the result either light or dark. Yet we cling to the conviction that there is no confusion in our mind in the difference between the two. If we try to find an instance in nature of the appearance of one without the other we are forced to admit that our faculties are so limited that we can never approach the point of absolute separation of one from the other. Nay more, we have to confess that even our mind is unable to contemplate the one without reference to the other; for the mind can only distinguish objects or conditions by referring them to their opposites; we only know light by contrast with darkness. The absolute is beyond mental conception, and when we use the term in general conversation, it is always in a relative sense.

The curious thing is that we are able to conceive mentally the idea of absoluteness. The importance of this lies in the natural inference to be drawn from it, which is that there is at our command a consciousness higher than that of the ordinary mind, which enables us to recognize unthinkable ideas as possible realities.

The existence in us of this higher consciousness is made intelligible by a study of Theosophy, which teaches the complex nature of man. There we find the eternal duality of material nature synthesized by a higher unity in the spiritual consciousness, which again is analysed into a higher triad or trinity and a lower tetrad or quaternary. But it is not necessary to go further than the field of daily life to find out that there is an inseparable duality that pervades the whole of nature, of which man is a part.

The study of light and shade may have little interest for any but the artist, but the question of good and evil, or of life and death, concerns all. Some wise people have tried to solve the “problem” of evil by treating it as separable from its opposite; and they put themselves, so doing, in the position of one who tries to cut off the other end of

a stick, only to find himself in possession of two sticks with two ends to each. The solution generally offered is comparable to the trick of bending the stick round till the two ends meet, and then concealing the joint with putty and paint. But then both ends have disappeared; and this is the unfortunate conclusion of such fallacious methods of solving the problem of evil. The disappearance of good exactly coincides with the elimination of evil, a result that these pseudo-philosophers rarely care to contemplate, but which is highly interesting to a real thinker, for it indicates the existence of a door that may be opened on to a higher plane.

The study of Theosophy requires a student who is constantly trying to rise to a higher plane of consciousness, from which he may gain a synthetic view of the plane of contrasts and opposites, on which the ordinary mind generally operates. It is by the aid of his intuition that the student can alone hope to reach the path of wisdom. His ordinary faculties will present him with conclusions which may appear unanswerable, but which are invariably contradicted either by experience or by conclusions drawn from other considerations. These conclusions are to him closed doors, or more, they are as walls with no sign of a door in them. For this reason he almost invariably becomes a pessimist or a cynic, mentally convinced by the force of his own reason of the finality of his conclusion, which something deeper in his nature rejects. Theosophy shows doors that the student may open for himself, if he has the will.

Before trying to solve such a problem as the immortality of the soul, which is a direct outcome of popular belief in the finality of death, and of the contrast between two supposed opposites, life and death, it would perhaps be well to ask whether these two are really opposites. We would not admit that life and sleep could be regarded as a pair of opposites; but we contrast sleeping with waking, and recognize both as conditions of life. May it not be that death is a doorway in the house of life? It is said: "In my Father's house are many mansions," and we may well say that in the house of life are many dwellings, not all mansions, nor all beautiful; some are mere hovels; some are filthy dens; and some are infamous abodes; but all are dwellings in the house of life, and all have entrances and exist, doorways, that the souls of men pass through, and we call the passing, birth, or death, according to the point of view from which the passing of the soul is contemplated. This thought, we submit, is worth long pondering over.

May it not be that death is no stoppage of the stream of life, no more than sleep is? Though in waking from a dream we pass a door that seems to close behind us, and in falling asleep we leave our daytime occupations, and pass to other interests untroubled by the sudden change of scene and circumstance.

Had we but recognized in life the soul of one *now* dead, we would not dream that the disruption of the body put a stop to the soul’s continuity of life. We would not speak of death as the opposite of life, nor would we see in it an enemy. We would not shudder at the approach of death, though we might wonder what the opening of the door would show. We would not mourn the dead, though we might tenderly regret their absence, and look forward to reunion with those we loved, even as we do when those who live may leave us for a while.

We do not find it necessary to assert the continuity of personal identity in life through many sleepings and wakings; nor would we speculate about the immortality of the soul if we could accustom ourselves to the fact that the soul is the self that is not shaken from its self-consciousness by the change we call sleep during the life of the body.

May it not be that as there is in us a consciousness that can take note of unthinkable abstractions and meditate on ideas that the mind cannot formulate into clearly defined thoughts, so there is an immortal spiritual essence that is to the soul (or personal man) what his higher mind is to his brain-mind, and which looks on the birth and death of the body as the soul looks on the waking and sleeping that make up life on earth? Is not the continuity of consciousness so reasonable as to be inevitable? Can we think of any cessation? Is not the continuity of life an unavoidable conclusion rather than a theory?

When we try to find in a dead body some particle of matter that is not alive, we are driven to despair by the evidence of universal continuous life, which works changes in organisms that are called birth and death, but which represent no real cessation of life.

Yet death does interrupt the activity of an *organism*, and it also changes the mode of manifestation of the indwelling soul or consciousness; but only as a train removes its passengers from the sight of their companions and breaks off their communication.

We may recognize the importance of death as an incident in the life of a soul, but we should cease to regard it as the opposite of life, unless we qualify our terms, and speak of the life and death of a body

as something independent of the real life of the man, which is not interrupted by such incidents.

Life and death are as inseparable as light and darkness. Both are eternal modes of manifestation of being.

Doorways are an important part of a house, and every room has some sort of doorway for entrance and exit. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and in the House of Life are many life-times, and as many births and deaths, through which the eternal soul gains experience for the evolution of spiritual self-consciousness, and the realization of Universal Brotherhood, the ultimate reality of earth life.

THE DRAMA IN WALES—II: by Kenneth Morris

IV



MATTHEW ARNOLD was somewhat right in attributing to Celtic literature those three qualities of Titanism, the Grand Manner, and Natural Magic. They are in the atmosphere of the Celtic lands; they are the most distinctive notes in our oldest literature, and even in our folk-music. When two or all of them are found in conjunction, then one ascends into the mountains and great memories of the race, and breathes the old glory and gloom and glamor. So these three things must find expression in our Drama; but it must come from an understanding of the inwardness of them, not from any effort to imitate models. Each is the resultant of a grand philosophic principle, the forgotten heirloom of the Celts—I think, rather subconscious than forgotten. Let us examine the esotericism of them, so to call it; remembering that though all forms pass and perish, the spirit that inspires them is eternal; you cannot revive the past, but you can make the present burn with a kindred and equal glory. Celticism, that we imagined belonged to a vanished order, has its message for our own and for all time.

One does not think of Titanism without its calling to mind Llywarch Hen, one of the most titanic voices in all literature; one thinks of the sons of Llywarch that went forth to the war, "wearers of the golden torque, proud leaders of princes." And still today there is Mwg Mawr Drefydd: a smoke not material, but materialistic, a dread fume and smother of the soul; and still today there are the sons of Llywarch, the Ancient Radiance, to carry on that endless warfare.

Here, I think, is the message of the soul of Celtic Titanism: Man, it cries to us, remember that you are a Soul. Here in this material world, where money reigns, and fool customs, and personality and base ideals, you stand, a Soul that issued from the Eternal; unconquerable you stand, and the diadem of godhood, could you but see it, is yet overshadowing your brow. *Will you not raise the Standard of Revolt?* Man, among these personalities and pygmies, you that gorge the husks that the swine do eat, are yet a King's Son from a far country; nay, you came down once from the peaks of Gwynfyd, and your raiment then was flame of the dawn, and you were accustomed to chant anthems for the dancing of the stars — you with the choirs of the Seraphim. Man, crucified on this cross of selfhood and passion: bound on this Caucasus of the flesh, torn by these vultures of desire: you are yet he who brought down flame in the fennel-stalk; it was yet to you that the Magi came with gold and frankincense and myrrh. *Will you not raise the beautiful Standard of Revolt?* Godhood is your birthright; will you submit to this intolerable dominance of the lower self? Better, better, better, it cries to us, on the day when the giants besiege the Castle of the Gods, to go down into ruin fighting by the side of Odin, than to inherit thrones and empires and the whole world in alliance with these greedy loutish ones that oppose him.

Look about you: here is a world domineered over by machinery, where it should be ruled by magic; here is dirty little selfishness strutting and hectoring, contemptuous of all things divine and spiritual; here is miserable greed walking in the daylight, obscene and unabashed. Is there no need for the uplift of Titanism here; and the banners of Revolt to be raised in behalf of Beauty, the Soul, and the Gods? This is the sign, this the essence of your true Titan: he has measured the outward universe against the universe within, and found the latter ten times as vast. And ten times as vast it is, and more than ten times! For everything outward crumbles down perpetually, and is afflicted with ruin: you cannot build an empire, that shall not dwindle into a wandering tribe: the laws of the Medes and Persians are broken: the great and solid mountains are unstable as water, and flow forever into new forms. But the Soul within is wizard, potentate, creator: from that daedalian fountain, that flaming fecundity, all things proceed; all things assume at last the guise that it permits. No doubt the fool egoist, too, measures himself against the universe; but confuse not his method with the other's. It is his per-

sonal self that he so puts up; and on that, poor exorbitant, stakes his days and years. Not so the Titan, who, going forth in the strength of the Soul, sets scorn on time, fate, change, and circumstance to check or limit It from Its mighty designs. He champions the Soul, which is in all men: he champions the Gods in a world where demons riot. He lifts his voice against the mountains of materialism, and they are lifted up, and cast into the depths of the sea.

Out of this central doctrine of the Soul: its divinity; its beauty even though engrossed in matter; its potential might even though fallen under the sway of circumstance: comes all the fragmentary glory of the ancient Celtic relics. There is nothing smug, commonplace, mediocre, or merely utilitarian here; no truckling to the domination of vulgarity. Easy to see whence all this splendor came: from the Druid's doctrine of the Gwynfydolion (ourselves) who flung away the delights of heaven, and flamed forth across Chaos, that they might take the Palace of the Eternal by storm. *Nid da lle bo gwell*, says the proverb: there is no resting content, with the soul of man, with less than the ultimate perfection towards which it strives. Here is the core and stuff of all true tragedy: the Human Soul, divine, against matter and evil and all the tyranny of the external: *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd*, and the Truth to win. Yes, the Truth to win; even though it shall be crucified a thousand times. For whatsoever card your Titan plays, it shall prove trumps ultimately; losing and losing, he wins. He goes forth to the fight, and though he always fall, he always triumphs; if his every battle is a defeat, he comes victorious from every war. He goes to the cross, the stake, or the gallows, as another to his wedding-feast or throne.

That is one grand note of the Welsh drama that is to be, if it is to be Welsh, and drama, and real: the titanism of *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd*, of *Nid da lle bo gwell*: the Grand Rebellion of the Soul against the reign of evil. Let Celtic faith, which has fettered us so long, flame up now to splendid and man-redeeming uses.

You can have tragedy and tragedy; the world has no need of that kind which falls short of being true, and achieves merely an apparent and external realism. He does evil, who creates gloom for gloom's sake; with a view to biting the popular taste, or winning a reputation for power. Let us have no pessimism. The drama is a picture of life, to be painted by an artist; it is no mechanical photograph of a little fragment of life, as we hear the doctrine preached nowadays. We

must get at the truth of things, painting life sanely and whole. Not the defeat and martyrdom of God's Warrior, but his inevitable triumph, must be the last scene. To chasten and uplift the emotions, to teach — that is the mission of your true tragedian; it is a quack business to plunge an audience in hopelessness, and leave it in the darkness of a ruined world. We should understand Universal Law better than to suppose such methods are natural. This is the day of the pessimistic realist; but his reality is apparent only, and the Gods see it for a sham. His day will end; and the splendor of his work, that so impresses us, will be accounted but the phosphorescence of decay, or a shadow moving along the road to oblivion. The rind and husk of life may be as gloomy as deep hell, but within —

. . . The Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest.

The Titan dies but to live; back of the stake and the gallows wait glorious Valkyrie; behind apparent loss and failure stands, veiled and beautiful, Success. The drama must take account of these things, ending with a fanfare of hope and triumph: revealing the meanings, justifying the Law and the ways of the Gods to men. Because in every real drama, the whole of time and evolution is portrayed in little; and the Universe is not going to end in this early twentieth century, with the sordid rampant and regnant everywhere. You must set the past down in your play, with its long entanglement of causes; showing how evil came to be: as the fruit of what crimes, mistakes, and failures. You must set the present down: showing evil existent, perhaps enthroned; yes, but you must not leave it there, or your play remains incomplete and inartistic. You must set the future down too; with the throne of evil gloriously overturned, and the Soul, the hero, coming into his own. Do we need more pessimism, who are already so shorn of hope? The drama must be a real factor for upliftment; and you shall not uplift men by casting them down, and leaving them there. Things may be bad enough; then sound the Hai Atton to that which is divine in man, and insist that they shall be better, better, best.

V

In this doctrine, too, lies the root and secret of the Grand Manner. It was a dim memory with our fathers of what was once knowledge: knowledge of the august purpose of things, and how great and dignified it is to be a human soul. No aristocracy that pits itself against

the rabble, here; no levelers down, clamoring against all things noble, and thirsting for a dull democracy of the vulgar and mediocre. As thou art human, so thou art divine — wilt thou but make thyself divine. It is not the exteriority and common doings of us that are to be celebrated; it is not man the animal that we must exalt. There be poets nowadays, in Italy and elsewhere, who intoxicate themselves hymning the gross side of human nature: who clap a chaplet on the skull of beastliness, and burn incense on the altars of the flesh. "Whose God is their belly," says Paul. One senses a danger here, on account of inevitable reaction against theology. Follow not these, for heaven's sake, nor consent to be fooled by them. The human body is only divine in so far as it is the Temple of the Living God; praise not the money-changers that chaffer in it; take a whip of small cords to the gross hucksters; cast not your pearls before swine. To purge this Temple, and exalt the incoming of the God: there you have the mission of the poet and dramatist. *Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered: yea, let all his enemies be scattered!* There is nothing concerns poetry in the animal man, except the subjugation of the animal man. Beauty is less a thing that the eyes can see, than a light to lead us to Divinity; call not that beautiful which awakens passion and fetters the Soul to sense. Get drunk, and no doubt you will feel yourself poet and king, and the stars ripe and near for your gathering; but to the sane observer you are lower than the brutes, a noisy cause of offense. In an ill-digested Nietzscheanism, and in the heady doctrines of D'Annunzio, there is no spur nor nourishment for progress; therefore, nothing for the poet, and nothing that will go to make a Drama that is fit to live. Milton rather should be the poets' prophet, who gave them a severe and exalted doctrine, and in *Comus*, perpetual and most wholesome object-lessons in truth. *A fo ben bydded bont*: which I will translate thus: He who would be Bard must point the Way, and live the Way, for humanity. And it must be the Noble Way, the "small, old Path," the road to the Gods. There is no need for debate, for what sake Art shall be. It is for man's sake; like the universe, it is for the purposes of the soul. The Soul is the true bard, and may get some word spoken in spite of ambition or base motives of any kind in its personality; but such motives are its hampering and obstruction; they thwart the sweetness and grandeur of the message, and are the thorn in the flesh for the Soul, who desires to speak. I would call the Grand Manner the proof, in literature, of the sublime existence of the hidden Soul in man.

VI

Then there is Natural Magic; it is true that this also must be a main note in the message of Wales to the world. Matthew Arnold shows beautiful outcroppings of it in English poetry, and discovers the main strata in the oldest literature of the Celts; indicating, as he thinks, an enduring Celtic influence beyond Clawdd Offa. How far he was right as to that, it is not in our purpose to inquire; certain it is, however, that for the writers of the *Mabinogi* and of *Culwch and Olwen*, for the *Cynfeirdd*, and even for such bards of the Middle Ages as Dafydd ab Gwilym and Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll, there was a flame and consciousness in the natural things, voices in the mists and in the mountains, Wizard Being everywhere. *I know the imagination of the oak-trees*, says Taliesin; with more philosophy than we might give him credit for. There are revelations to be made here; it has its bearing on human life and evolution; there is a vast forgotten wisdom behind this Natural Magic. For consciousness does not, we think, stop short on the horizon of our own human mentality; but the whole Universe plots our exaltation, and the winds and the seas and the mountains are concerned that we should play more divinely our human part. *If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, thou art there* — thou — life, consciousness, Godhood, Eternal Beauty. A grand inescapable enchantment is this existence, this mighty current of beauty and glory that rose in Deity, and flows onward towards God. The Druids were right, who caught glimpses of Gods, fairies, endless magic, perpetual daedal consciousness beneath the veil of the seen; and those are abominably wrong, who speak to us of blind forces and chance; of an iron law without ministrants, and a poor hollow shell of a universe with never a soul to inflame and make it beautiful.

For assuredly the Natural Magic of our old poetry is an heirloom from Druid pantheism, which is insight and wisdom: from eyes that were not blinkered miserably with materialism and dogma; from hearts with courage to ensue Truth, and winged imaginations that dared cleave the empyrean, seeking her eyrie among the stars.

It is when the Soul of Things sweeps by him; when he is touched by the great consciousness out there in the regions that personal thinking hides from us, and the uplift of inspiration surges with him beyond the confines of self, that the vision comes to the poet of that which we call Wonder and Natural Magic. He sees truly then, with an eyesight

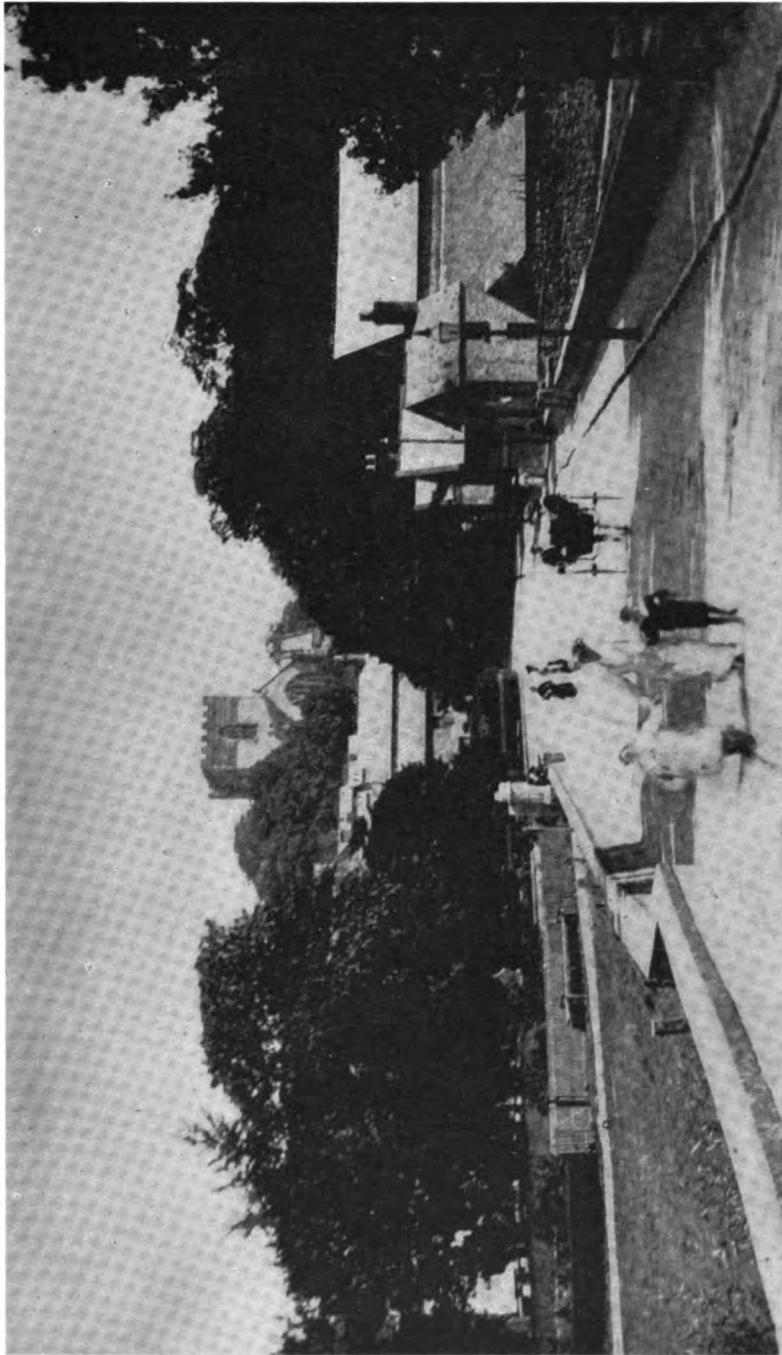
that mere logic can never attain. Read Dafydd ab Gwilym's *Ode to the North Wind*:

Bodiless Glory of the Sky
 That wingless, footless, stern and loud,
 Sweep'st on thy starry path on high,
 And chantest mid the mountain cloud
 Wind of the North, no power may chain,
 No brand may scorch thy goblin wing!
 Thou scatterest with thy giant mane
 The leafy palaces of spring.

— and — you see where we have arrived? Outside the personal; lifted up into the vast; self falls away from us for the moment. For this is no mere description of the wind; but his being, his thought, his dragon consciousness; in which, when we can link our consciousness with it, there are fountains of purification for us. Dafydd plays the magician, waves his wand, and we are out making billows of the forest tree-tops, taking the citadel of morn, flinging the sleet of the breakers; taking no thought, now, for the morrow — what we shall eat and what we shall drink, or wherewithal be clothed. Deep is the philosophy behind it. All the lines of Wonder in all the Poetry of the world are but indications of a big, clean truth, which now thrills and exalts us when we come on it, but might be made the daily pabulum of our lives.

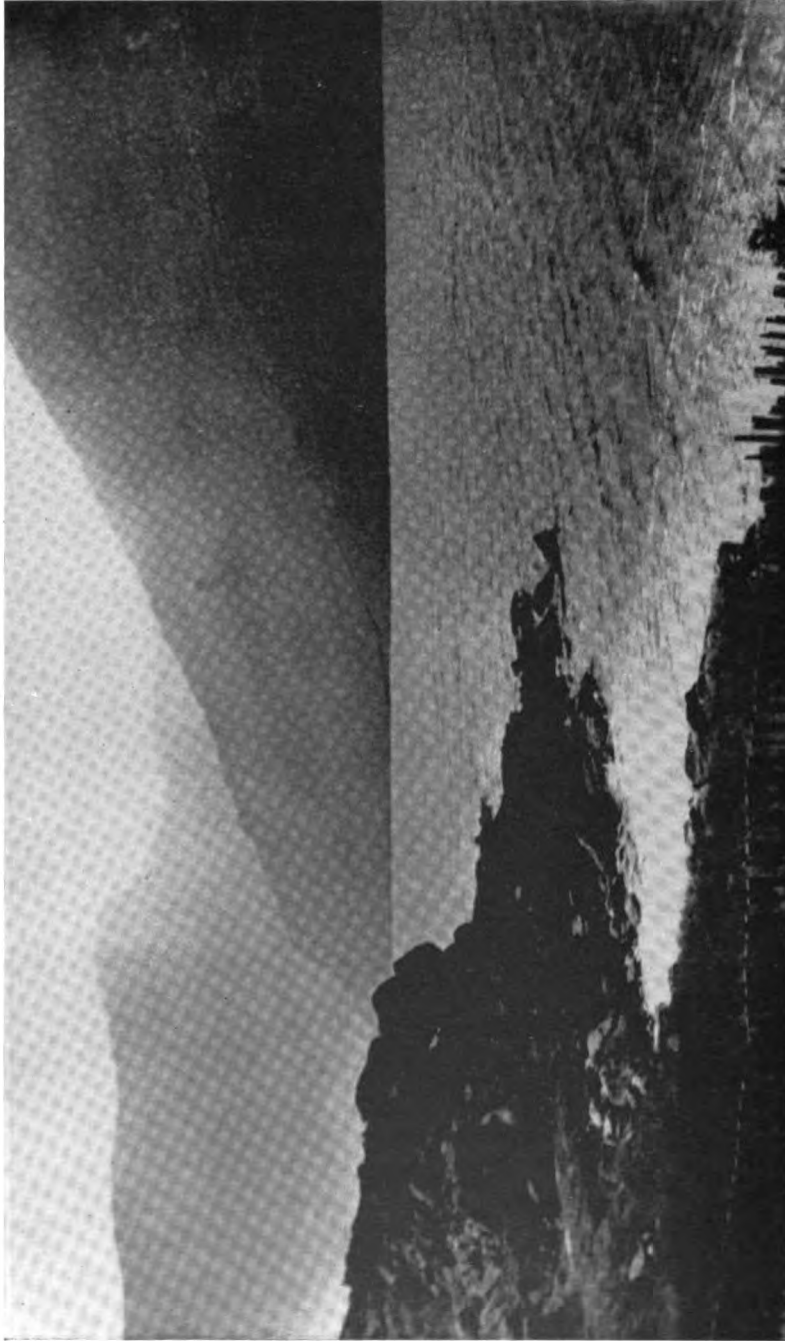
What a gift would be here, for Wales to give the world: a drama shot through and through with pure magic; a sweet cleansing wind to be let loose in literature! And if the drama of Wales is to be Welsh, nothing less will serve. It must fling the dead mechanical systems to the winds; it must purge the souls of men with the dear and living waters of magic. It must capture the beauty of the mountains, the sea, and the sky, at the point where that beauty trembles up to invisibility, and becomes spiritual and quickening; when it is no longer a pageant only for the eye, but has grown alchemic, a true philosopher's stone; and can transform the base metal of our consciousness into the gold and clean beauty that it should be.

Gods, fairies, and demons, all play their part in the drama of the life of man, which is a great Mabinogi and mythology, an epic of the Wars of Heaven on Hell. What we see and experience outwardly is but the rind and worthless part of life; but the old myth-writers told, in their magical language, the inwardness and true bearings of it. Hence the beauty and power of the Mabinogi; which may itself have



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ST. ASAPH



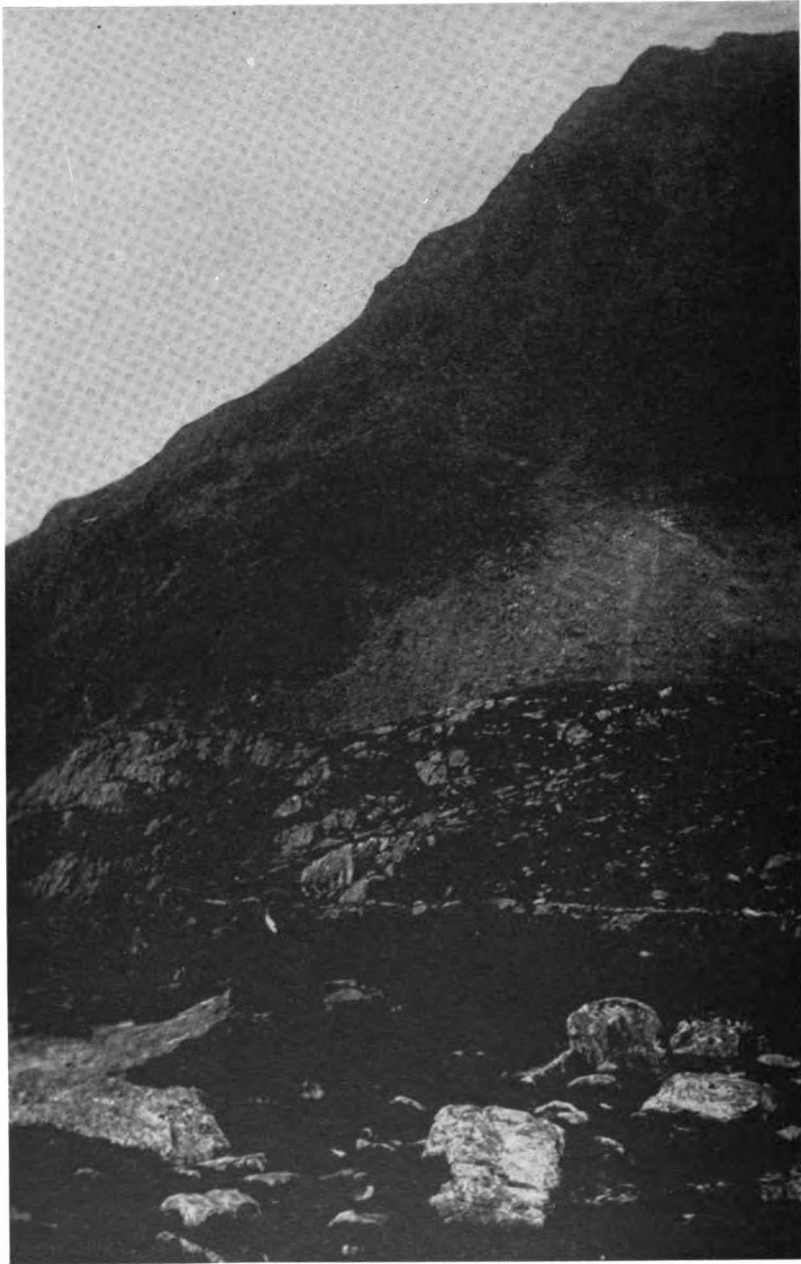
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LAKE OGWEN



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ALAWEN AND HOLYHEAD ROAD, NEAR LAKE OGWEN



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ALAWEN



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CONWAY FALLS, BETTWS-Y-COED



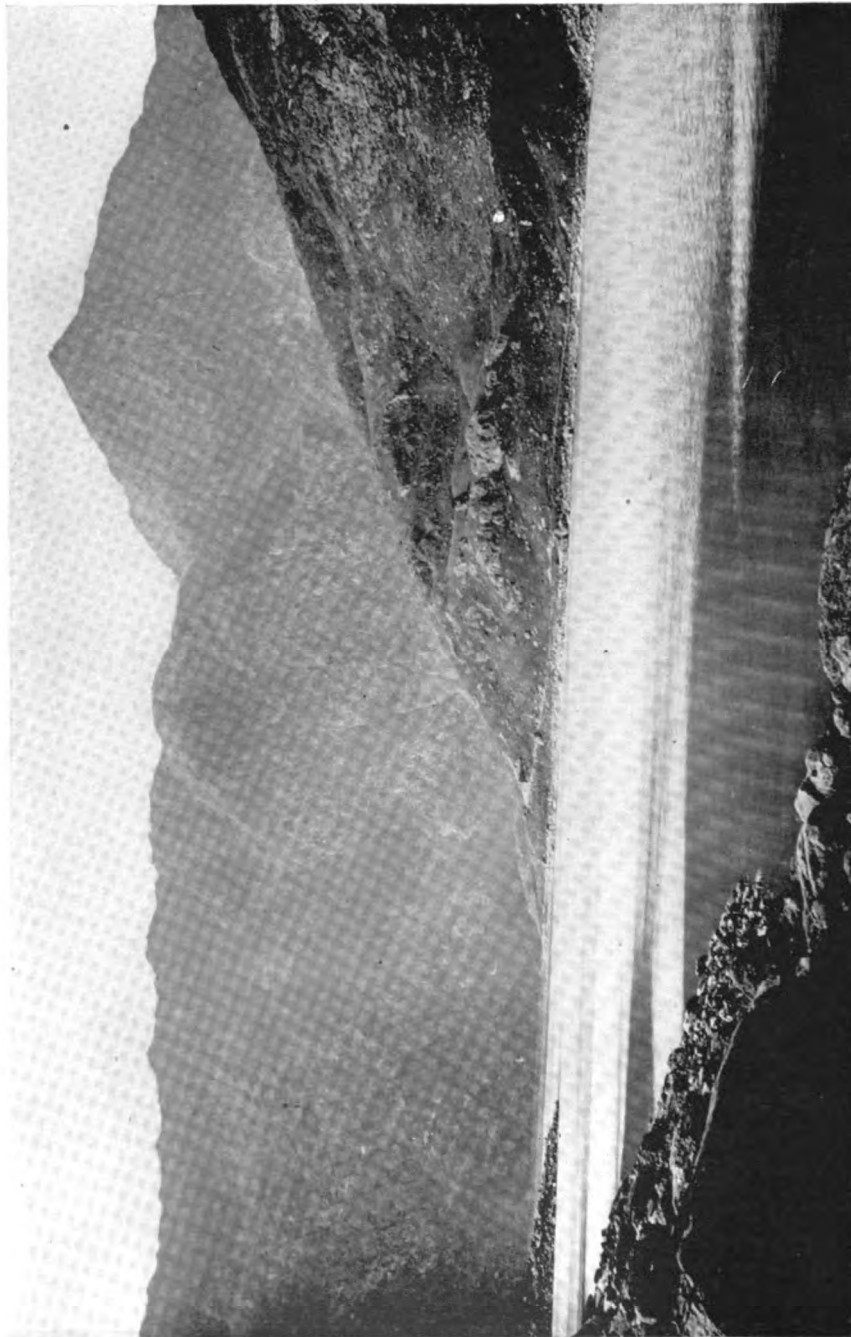
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LLUGWY RIVER, FROM PONT-Y-PAIR BRIDGE, BETTWS-Y-COED



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LLANBERIS WATERFALL



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SNOWDON, WALES
CONSIDERED AS A SACRED MOUNTAIN BY THE ANCIENT CELTIC INHABITANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN

been drama at one time, and to which, certainly, Welsh dramatists should go. For the mirror held up to Nature must be a magical one, not reflecting the external, but revealing the world of causes. All the great and permanent dramas of the world have done this, making the seen symbolize the unseen. To the ancient Celts, the Bard was no mere maker of verses, but an exalted one, a Teacher and Revealer of the inner things. Only such Bards can proclaim that which waits in the Soul of the Race. The result would be a drama absolutely national, because coming from the Soul of the Nation; absolutely universal, because coming from that Soul, and not from any lesser or more outward center. For the Soul is Universal.

ST. ASAPH: by K. M.

THE little city of Llanelwy, called in English St. Asaph, is situated on an eminence in the Vale of Clwyd, near the junction of the Clwyd and Elwy, in the shire of Flint, Wales. The cathedral, a plain square towered structure shown in the illustration, is, next to Llandaff, the smallest in the British Islands. It occupies the site of a church founded about 560 by St. Kentigern when he fled to Wales from Strathclyde, which at that time was also Welsh territory; and the name of St. Asaph is derived from that of Asa, Kentigern's successor as bishop of the diocese. The population is about 4000. Its Welsh name, Llanelwy, signifies the holy place on the Elwy.

The other illustrations are of scenes in the heart of the Eryri or Snowdon range of mountains in Arfon, one of the most romantic and beautiful districts in Wales. From this region time and again the Saxon and Norman kings, invading, were driven "bootless home and weather-beaten back"; nor could Edward I himself succeed in reducing it until he brought in Basque mountaineers from the Pyrenees.

THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTS OF EVOLUTION:

by H. Coryn, M. R. C. S.



EVOLUTION, as the word is used in Theosophy, means the passing into manifest form and active operation of that which lay previously folded and latent. The entire universe is a living existence, unfolding itself in space, becoming more and more concrete and objective, and finally dissipating again into latency and invisibility. It is the home of countless evolving lives, all of them enduring from the first to the last of the great drama. They are sparks of the one flame, the Life-Soul of the universe, separate out of it and from each other to proceed upon their vast journey of experience, and, having evolved every power that lay latent in them from the first, return with fully awakened self-consciousness to that Soul again.

Thus the universe, like a day of human life, or like human life itself, has its beginning and its end. But the day has its morrow; for each of us life follows life; and for the Life-Soul of the universe, after it has rested in latency and invisibility, there follows another coming forth from the seeming nothingness of space. It comes and goes in the bosom of infinity, of infinite potentiality, whereof what we call space is the visible symbol. Every time of its coming, it brings forth for development a new aspect of that infinite. It proceeds from the level it had reached before and in its new period of evolution reaches a new height. The successive dramas are new achievements. There are no repetitions.

So there are three fundamentals to bear in mind if we would understand evolution as Theosophy teaches it.

(1) The infinite potentiality within which all things have their coming forth and going back. As H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* calls it, the "Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception . . . beyond the range of thought." Its manifestation (as the universe and successive universes) is under the two forms of spirit (or consciousness) and matter, each with its infinite gradations.

(2) The tidal ebb and flow, or appearance and disappearance, of manifest life, the life of the universe and those countless lives of which it is the home; and

(3) The fundamental oneness of all individual souls with the

Soul of the universe, the Oversoul, and their consequent partnership with it in the whole march of the great drama of evolution.

This last means that every living thing is in its inmost essence a ray of that Oversoul. But "separated" from it at the dawn of evolution and beginning its journey through the kingdoms of matter, its divine consciousness is as it were left behind whilst it acquires a new consciousness of nature. It threads its way through the forms of matter; is part of the stone, becomes sentient in the plant, gains active animal consciousness, and becomes thinking and finally spiritual in man. In us it comes into sight once more of the Oversoul whence it emerged. Its progress is now committed into its own hands, to be hastened or retarded and even reversed. Clothed in an animal body, which is itself a little universe of lower lives, it can be master or servant of that. So long as it consents to be servant, it is but a thinking animal. If we seize mastery and in our highest moments seek union with the Oversoul, we become co-workers with that in helping on the progress of our fellows and of all lower forms of life. The grander mental powers, reflections of the power of the Oversoul, begin to appear. There is the inspired man of science and invention who turns the ray of his intuition upon a group of facts which suddenly leap into order and reveal their underlying law. There is the philosophic seer of new truths; the artist, poet, musician; the spiritual Teacher of the race. Every one of us, and every living unit in nature, is some special aspect of the Oversoul, latent or active. Evolution is the gradual manifestation of that power or aspect. It brings them closer together in work for each other and for the raising of life in general, and it differentiates them in respect of their special inner genius. Every one of us, once he has reached the power of doing divine work, has work which only he can do, work for the helping on of evolution. So work becomes more and more specialized in each, while each profits more and more by the work of the others. In ancient times the bard was he who wrote the song and made the music for it and then sang it. There has been evolution since that. The poet and musician and singer are not now the same man. The musician can write music too rich and complex for voices to render and the poet poetry which has a deeper thought and wider range.

That is one aspect of evolution, the separating out of functions among different workers, so that each function is better done, is more fully evolved, and each separate power deepened and expanded.

The other aspect is a deepening sense of unity, brotherhood, closer co-operation, the feeling of each for the needs of the others, of the inner presence of the others as he works. The original bard sang because he had something to communicate, some religious teaching, some inspiration to war or devotion. He sang for the others because of the link he felt between himself and them. They, by their mere being around him and by their need, called forth his song.

It is still the same. It is for the rest of us that the musician and poet do their work. If their inspiration is true they are replying to our need of their message and it is we who call it forth. And they are using and developing a creative power that is a reflection of one of the powers of the Oversoul. They lose their creative power just in proportion as lower motives from the personal nature, desires for renown or cash, creep in and cover over that profounder motive which is mostly hidden deep below their personal consciousness. And the singer only reaches his greatest when he has forgotten his reward, reaches unity with his audience, becomes their expression, and sings as the old bards sang.

So evolution, so far as humanity is concerned, depends for its finest flowers of production upon the sense of oneness with the rest that the workers possess. As the poet and musician compose, they feel already that they are in the presence of the rest of the people, and it is this which calls forth their greatest.

If we want to look forward along the path of humanity's progress, see what is coming, see what is not here yet that ought to be, and understand life, we must keep these aspects in mind:

(1) The separating out among different individuals of functions that were at first done by one, with the result that every function is better done and has richer fruit;

(2) The constant feeling in each individual that he is in inner contact with the rest, that he has something to give them which he is specially fitted to give and which they need, the increasingly conscious feeling that they are calling that out of him, the increasingly conscious sense of co-operation.

And this last means that humanity is gradually passing from its state as separate units into a great organism.

Let us look a little closer and see what organism, organization, and the development of it mean. We hear a great deal about evolution by conflict and rivalry, very little about evolution by combination

and co-operation. Yet the latter underlies the former and is infinitely the more important.

What conflict does is easily understood. The weaker and less efficient go down before the stronger, more efficient, or better adapted. This is what is called natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Suppose we take an example or two.

There are certain fish which as they swim about among surroundings and over water bottoms of various kinds and colors change their colors and markings to correspond, thus continuing invisible to enemies. There are insects which exactly resemble the leaves or dead twigs and branches upon which they rest.

It is obvious that when these markings first appeared they conferred upon their owners great advantages in the general struggle for existence. Fish and insects of the same genus who had not developed them would be killed by enemies in much greater numbers than those who had.

This is what conflict, the struggle for existence, does — eliminates those who do not develop useful variations in favor of those who do.

But what made the favorable variations appear?

Theosophy sees in evolution a *guided* process, from top to bottom. Humanity, for instance, has never been without its spiritual Teachers, guiding its spiritual evolution, because there have ever been men who, perfected in far past dramas of evolution, reaching unity with the Oversoul, have as it were separated themselves from that and come down into incarnation amongst us for the purpose of teaching and helping. And below them, hierarchy below hierarchy, are other forms of intelligence, lower aspects or emanations of the Oversoul, with the duty of watching and guiding animal and lower levels of evolution. It is to the work of these that the animal and plant variations are due, the marvellous adaptations to environment, the mimicries, and the origins of new species. They stand behind nature and all living things and carry out the urge or mandate of progress which sets eternally from the Oversoul. That the variations are sometimes mistaken and even occasionally injurious and the mimicries sometimes useless, merely shows that the guiding intelligencies at work among the animals are limited in their intelligence and in no special sense divine. They are in the lower ranks of the supervising hierarchies. The lower the rank the greater the limitation of power and wisdom.

So if we consider the progress of any living unit in nature as it

passes upward through stone, plant, animal, and finally reaches humanity, we see that it comes under the surveillance of successively higher ranks of these supervisors, each of which communicates to it or awakens in it something of its own intelligence, a process known in Theosophy as the "lighting of the fires." Biology has always been in trouble over the impassable gulf separating the animal and human worlds. It finds its explanation in Theosophy. For when the animal evolution had finally produced the human form, the guiding hierarchy into whose hands the animal now passed awoke the mind "fire" that differentiates the animal from man *by incarnating in it and becoming that mind* with all its intellectual and spiritual possibilities. In other words each of us as a mind-soul is a direct ray of the Oversoul, in its origin a god. Charged with the duty of awakening mind in that highest animal of the far past, it accomplished the duty by itself incarnating therein.

Such, according to Theosophy, is man, a god blended with an animal, often conquered by the animal, still more or less conquered in all of us, but destined in the end to recover his full consciousness of divinity. This incarnation is the origin of all the legends of "fallen angels" and the loss of Paradise. Each of us, searching within himself, can find the evidences of his own divinity and in time, conquering selfishness and the animal, win his way back to the Oversoul. He can feel the Oversoul within him and have its help and inspiration when he will.

But to return to this matter of conflict, struggle throughout nature. That is a subsidiary keynote. Accompanying it, surrounding it, underlying it, is the greater principle of co-operation, unification. That is the real keynote of nature, sounded from the very first moment till now. Not a living thing would have been possible had not unification been the great law and principle from the very first.

Science supposes that in the very earliest time of terrestrial livableness, in the first ocean of geological beginnings, an epoch perhaps three hundred million years ago, life began as infinitely minute floating monads, infinitesimals that had just crossed the boundary between inorganic and organic. They were themselves aggregations of chemical molecules, united, unified, co-operating to make a living speck.

Then the specks united into little groups, larger organisms, and these again and again into larger. At last, by the same and continuing process of union and co-operation, came about the little one-

celled organisms — still microscopic in size — which throng the sides and bottoms of every pond. They are very complicated, full of organs that serve their activities of feeding and breathing and digesting and motion and reproduction.

But this complex life was only possible because of co-operation, because the still finer specks of life were made to come together, work together, be one organism instead of many acting each for itself. Having come together in the one cell they took up different kinds of work, restricting themselves, but far more than rewarded for the restriction by the higher, richer consciousness they got in the new, higher, and richer life they now lived in their combination.

If now there is conflict among these formed cells as they crawl and swim about, how much more important was that co-operation which made the cells themselves possible. It is *that* that is the real basis of evolution.

But the process did not stop there. The cells took to combining into still larger organisms, now just visible to the naked eye. As before, in these larger organisms the composing cells took up different duties, renouncing some activities so that they might specialize on others. All the duties were therefore better done, and the cells got their reward in sharing the richer life and higher consciousness made possible by their co-operation.

Again there was an advance, and of the same kind, still higher and more complex organisms resulting, the same principle still at work: the principle, namely, that advance is by union, co-operation. So it was by this resistless spirit of co-operation that the whole animal and plant world came into being. The spirit of evolution is one with the spirit of combination. In our own bodies we see the highest flower of its work. Our own brains, for instance, are in part composed of many millions of cells very comparable to those cells that we saw about the sides and bottoms of the pond. But they are in most intimate combination, and it is possible that no two of them do exactly the same work. They have almost forgone all other duties save one.

So with all the other organs, all made of millions of cells. Each organ does one thing, that it may do it well. The stomach digests for the brain and heart and lungs, and in return the lungs provide it with air and the heart with blood, and the nerve-cells arrange for the balance of all. There has been much renunciation, and much more reward, the reward of sharing in the intensely vivid and evolved life

and consciousness of the body as a whole. No cell has lost its individuality; but it has gained, in addition, the myriad-fold individuality of the great whole of which it is a part. This it has won by obeying the urge behind all nature to combine, an urge present in us as the impulse of brotherhood.

So the principle of conflict takes a relatively small and secondary place. It could not act at all until the profounder principle of unification had already done some work. And we have noted that this unification was more than a mere sticking together as grapes are upon one stem or pomegranate seeds inside one rind. There, each grape and each seed has its separate and independent life. There are creatures like that to be found in every pond, just clusters of cells inside one coat or on one stem, living almost separate lives. It is a stage of evolution intermediate between quite separate life of the cells and really combined life, life as an organism. When the organism stage is reached, the cells are no longer merely clustered but co-operatively interdependent, some doing one sort of work, some another, for the benefit of the whole. Higher up in evolution you get strings of such clusters, the clusters hardly co-operating at all. Our humble friend the earthworm is an organism of that sort. You can cut the clusters apart without very greatly inconveniencing him. But higher up than he, the clusters have really combined, each with its appointed work for the whole. In the insect, for instance, you could not cut off any cluster — now called “segment” — without killing all.

In the ants' nest and the beehive you have still further combination and co-operation. Here it is more than combination of particles into cells and cells into organs and clusters and clusters into highly evolved insect organisms, but of organisms themselves into the larger organisms we call the nest or the hive. And these larger organisms have their organs, groups of individuals doing special work. In the ants' nest there are the foragers, the nurses, the soldiers, the feeders — as in the “honey ants” — and the reproductive units we call the king and queen.

We humans think of ourselves as of course far more highly evolved than the ants. But we don't know much about their consciousness. Besides the individual consciousness of each ant there may be a general consciousness or mind of the nest, shared in by each individual and of an intensely vivid and active character, so vivid as to be much more than a recompense to each individual for the re-

triction of personal liberty to which he submits as member of the nest. I have never heard that the cells of our own bodies complain because they may not break away and swim about in individual liberty in the bottom of some pond, doing each his own digesting and breathing and excreting and movement. They have a million-fold compensation as members of the intensely conscious organism we call our body. It is as if two brothers, each of whom could write poetry and compose music, were to agree one to do one and one the other. The two arts would both be better done. Each, helped by his appreciation of the other's work, would rise higher along his own line of composition, the rise again reacting; and so on. But there is more than that in the matter, as we shall see. So we come to the question, where is humanity now in the scale of evolution?

Certainly we have differentiation of function. In all the world's history this can never have been carried to so extreme a point as now. In some manufacturing houses there are girls whose sole duty it is to paste pretty pink and green labels on candy boxes, whilst others consecrate the slow years to tying ribbons on to the same. They do it very well, but it could be done just as well by a machine. The essential marks of evolution are not here.

Suppose one of these girls painted her boxes with little scenes instead of pasting paper upon them, the scenes and colors being left to her taste and feeling of the moment.

The situation has changed at once. Some of the girl's inner creative nature is now called upon. Her soul can get out through her work, and it now speaks its daily changing message in color to all who see her boxes. A relation has been made. The girl works in a twofold way, at once in touch with her inner artistic nature and with an outgoing thought to those who will see her work. There is the beginning of the feeling that they are drawing upon her for what she finds pleasure in giving, the beginning of the thought on their part of the worker whose creative taste pleases them. Is not this link, this true relation, the beginning of an organism? All work becomes dignified as soon as it is done with any thought of its benefit to others, as soon as that thought begins to displace the thought of pay. It is doubly dignified when it calls for some creative power to do it. By these humanity will slowly evolve into an organism. Only so will differentiation of function mean real organism-forming. The work must be done with thought of the rest, with a sense of their call for it, with

a feeling of conscious relation to them; and it must be such as allows of the presence of the soul, the creative and originative faculty, in it. It is by reason of the soul, of this faculty, that man differs from the animals. So in the *human* organism, when that comes to be, there will be indications of the soul everywhere. But at present, humanity is in the cluster stage. It has not yet evolved into any kind of organism. The units are all almost separate, each for himself. The divine urge towards combination into organism has been obeyed indeed in our bodies, but not in our thinking selves. As a mass of thinking selves we are low down in the scale of evolution.

If only the soul had been taught of rightly all these centuries! It is that highest, creative part of us that wants to get into expression. No soul can get into full expression without the call of all the rest and the help of all the rest. The poet cannot reach his heights, cannot make his noblest verse, except after the help of the musician's music. The musician needs to assimilate the verse of the poet. Even the girl who paints her little screen on the box can be helping both, adding just her touch to the general atmosphere which makes them both possible. All need the call and help of all the rest.

For there is the Oversoul, beyond and yet in us all, of which our individual souls are rays or aspects. It is ever pressing through, to realize itself in the definite, pressing through each of us. Each of us contains in himself a unique and special phase or facet or aspect of it. Only through all of us, *as* all of us, can it get into full manifestation. In the end none of us must be missing; none can be spared. He who thinks of saving his soul, of taking it out from the rest and getting it into some special haven of safety, is missing the meaning of the whole drama, is aiming to get outside the river of evolution, is negating the Over-soul.

We are yet in a transition stage. Machines are not doing all they will. They are not putting paper and ribbons on candy boxes for instance. But let us remember that there is divine creative capacity of some sort latent in every one. Even in our highest creative geniuses it has but began to be what it will be. The oversoul can as yet show through us men and women on earth but the fringe of its light. We make too little call upon it, develop our inner lives too little, make too little call upon each other, have the spirit of giving too little developed.

Think of some very high activity, such as that of the musician,

and then imagine that in his moment of most inspired composition the desire to outshine a rival should take possession of him. Where would his inspiration be? Where, if he should think of the cash receipt?

But contrariwise, the desire to raise and ennoble the souls of those who would hear his work, the sense of their need for what he had to give — would not this blend in with and intensify his inspiration? He would have the double motive, the urge of his highest creative consciousness from within, and the sense of the waiting people.

When we speak of the soul, the higher nature, we mean that within everyone is the latent possibility of such an urge as that of the musician, the urge to create, produce and contribute something which only he can contribute. Only Tennyson could have contributed to us the poems of Tennyson, only Beethoven the music of Beethoven. The Oversoul is pressing in upon us all and we have not learned to feel it. Yet the drain-pipe layer in the street may get his something from it. He gives the side of his trench an extra touch with his shovel, an unnecessary touch we might say. But he does it because it looks good to his eye, looks more workmanlike to have a level side. That was his something, the mark in him of something higher than the bare work-for-cash spirit. He has served the spirit of evolution.

In that future day, which may not be so far in the future as it looks, the minds and hearts of men will be open to each other. They will feel and respond to each other's needs as now they do not because they are so preoccupied with their own needs and wants and wishes and pleasures. The great motive will be to contribute something — in work, art, thought, invention; to put something right, better something, serve the whole, each in some way that is *his* way. The higher they rise, the more marked becomes the individual genius of each. It is the art *students* who turn out work that is all alike. From the moment that the creative spirit awakes they begin to differ. And in the great art school of life we are all but students yet and the creative spirit only just stirring in the highest of us.

But since we are all united, all rays of that one sun, need each others' help, are to some extent tied all of us by any bonds that tie any of us, we can get to work without any waiting at all. In his inner nature each of us is unhappy and unfree in proportion as there remain others unhappy and unfree. No outer happiness, no outer liberty and license can do anything to open our inner natures to the light. In lifting burdens not our own we are opening our own doors, clearing

our own path. We have to begin to alter our minds so that they learn to think instinctively towards others and towards duty to others rather than towards our own personality. The higher law will see to it that in that effort we personally lose nothing we need. We can trust for all that. We have to create an atmosphere of thought in which the loneliest shall no longer feel so lonely and so unfriended. It is that sense of loneliness that underlies half the cases of suicide. What today is owed to others, is the great question for each morning, each day. The Oversoul will shine into that moment of silent question, and it is these moments of gleam that finally evolve our highest natures. Each one of them leaves us higher men and women, closer to the soul, with more power by our mere thought to awaken others to duty and sense of responsibility. Gradually, as more and more cultivate and encourage such moments, the atmosphere of general peace and brotherhood will steal about through the hearts and minds of all men.

PETER VISCHER OF NÜRNBERG: by Carolus

NÜRNBERG was a great center of sculpture in the fifteenth century. The names of Veit Stoss, Adam Krafft, and Wohlgemuth are famous; Dürer himself was a clever wood carver as well as painter and engraver. Amongst the ablest sculptors in bronze the Vischer family are specially eminent. Peter Vischer was the chief. He died in Nürnberg in 1529. Full of exuberant energy, few bronze-sculptors have equaled him, though he is considered by some to be too realistic. He and his sons designed and executed many splendid tombs, one of the principal being the magnificent canopied pedestal of the shrine of St. Sebald in Nürnberg, a high bronze structure, crowded with figures. The details are in the sixteenth century Italian Renaissance style though the general design is Gothic. Peter Vischer introduced a small portrait statue of himself at one side, a marvel of realism. He is represented with the tools and apron of his craft, and the inscription below shows that he was assisted by his sons in executing the work. In quaint old German it reads: "Petter Vischer, Purger zu Nürnberg, machet das Werck mit seinen Sunnen, und ward folbracht im Jar MDXIX."

Nürnberg has many modern statues of its great men whose names are known everywhere, such as Dürer, Sachs, and Melanchthon.



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STATUE OF PETER VISCHER, BY HIMSELF
IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SEBALD, NÜRNBERG



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

MODERN STATUE OF ALBRECHT DÜRER, NÜRNBERG

THE MISUNDERSTOOD: by Sors Dilya



HERE was once a man who was not satisfied with people and things around him. They got on his nerves so badly he feared they would spoil his disposition; but they never did. He said frankly that if he were running the world things would be different; which no one presumed to deny.

Possibly you may have heard of, or even seen him. Without casting reflections upon any one, it is said that some of his features are seen, at times, in the mirrors of our intimate friends.

This man was sorely grieved because nothing was ideal or rightly managed. From being misunderstood, he also suffered almost visible pangs and endured a settled grief too great for silence. He knew he would be treated differently were his sensitive nature and good intentions understood.

Should blindfolded Fate shake up the separate histories of his days together, the first one picked out of the hat would reveal tones and touches that make the world kin. Perhaps you may get *en rapport* by reading the simple story of the one-fourth day, that goes with the three hundred and sixty-five, for sample purposes. As everybody is wide awake, watching Father Time count out the last hours of the old year, he just makes a February fraction of the odd minutes, and adds it somewhere in the dark before the lamb or the lion marches in with the next month. In this chill, ante-daybreak period, the man's sleep was broken — or pierced, rather — by the leading soprano voice in the local chorus of cats. She was not calling his telephone or even his hand; but he was a light sleeper when martyred by headache and dyspepsia. Indignation prompted some handy, substantial tribute to the vocalist; but his humanity covered his ears with the blankets, rather than chill his rheumatic feet upon the floor. It was no use; a finely-attuned ear hears noises unnoticed by ordinary people. He did not even enjoy what others called good music — a fact modestly attributed to his fine-grained sense of faults.

Once, when every sick nerve quivered with the discord of common things, a rude specialist said his condition was due to faulty diet, business worry, and artificial living, and he prescribed a change. The man made the change at once, and got a doctor who knew how to tell the difference between a delicate make-up and mere vulgar disease. Ugh! the thought of that specialist jarred on him yet. Didn't a man have to eat to live, and have to worry to make business pay, and have

to forego the simple life to keep up appearances? He would willingly see only the things he liked on the table, and be only too glad to have money enough to give up business, and travel; would even go to foreign lands and spend his time telling the natives a few things. He had no sordid ambition that insisted upon making his own money, or wanted to be worried with the presidency of — oh those cats!

His annoyance didn't matter, of course; but this noise would waken the baby, who could outcry the cats. Even when his wife got up to quiet the crying, she would be half asleep and stumble in the dark. It is *so* irritating to hear a person carefully creep along and then suddenly whack into something. He didn't know what ailed Jane these days. She had grown so dull and lifeless, she was no credit to him. She failed to rise with fitting ease and grace to the responsibilities he freely allowed her to share. She was not so fagged and faded when he married her. Many a man in his place, now, would feel entitled to a real soul-mate. But he was too conscientious to do anything that would get into the papers and injure his business. Besides he was generous enough to provide Jane with a home where she could exercise her housekeeping talent. Of course, his looks had changed, too. But that was nothing. She was lucky to live with a good man, who was growing more interesting all the time, as he knew he must be, because he felt he was himself.

Jane returned to the cold kitchen late last night when he decided to try a mustard plaster and the camphor. He never disturbed her domain by looking for things in it — especially at night. His fine sense of equity let her run the house, while he made and handled the money. He did not even ask her to sit up and remove the mustard when he got to sleep; and now it must have been on too long. He took all this trouble for his family's sake, being the bread-winner. He will avoid taking cold now by gently waking up Jane, and she can throw the mustard plaster at the cat. But the vocalist anticipated him and retired, *sans* bouquet.

Then the Man fell asleep and, presently, forgetting his troubles, was well on the way to heaven — to be understood at last. Reaching the Golden Gate he noticed it swung both ways and St. Peter carried no key. Of course, he would be welcome; but were the unworthy not locked out, he asked in surprise.

“No,” the veteran gatekeeper explained: “the old orthodox scheme of reward and punishment wore out at last, and it has been

replaced by an up-to-date, automatic judgment plant. All the stand-pat deacons and pastors on earth opposed the change, but it had to come."

"I never heard of this in our church," said the new arrival. "How did you keep it from getting out below?"

"It is easy enough to keep high-class news out of churches, when most of the hearers are busy keeping out themselves. We know more about the Earth's affairs than it knows about this place. Paradise, like the penitentiary, is kept in touch with the outside world by new arrivals; while the truth about the inside is rarely told."

"What was the matter with the Promised Land?"

"To begin with, briefly, the orthodox plan of it was made up on Earth by men whose narrow views lacked human perspective. They were not broad enough to take in the whole situation and foresee the complications. For one thing, millions of desirable applicants were barred out because they ignored creeds, while the elect admitted were often so small in nature that even their virtues were offensive. The many we turned away who were used to right living might have offset the desperate cases that came in under the death-bed clause. Most of these poor fellows were miserably homesick: even the biggest liar among them wouldn't stand and sing, 'I want to be an angel.'

"Another thing was the arrival of reputable, philanthropic pew-holders and property owners, expecting honor and reward for generous donations to free dispensaries, public baths, and home missions. Their righteous gifts had provided places where the vicious and diseased could be properly salivated, cleaned, and saved, without disturbing the social odor of sanctity in up-town congregations. Imagine them finding their credit accounts shared by the very women whose wages of sin — before reformation — had paid them such high interest in rentals, and who sometimes had been subjects of personal interest to sons of fathers who were not ready to throw the first stone at the erring.

"Another boomerang came from the law of civilized communities. Law-abiding, Christian citizens fairly collapsed in the golden streets on meeting the men they had helped to convict, convert, hang, and send to heaven, all inside of a few weeks. Good voters had nervous chills whenever any man choked on manna or hung his head in prayer. In trying to get rid of offenders, they had sentenced themselves to live forever with converted convicts they could not bear with even one

little life on earth. The prospect made their first day here seem like a thousand years. The ex-prisoners were full of a kind of dry-rot of doubt. Though they left their broken necks behind, the break in the human tie by their brothers had hurt something deep inside.

“ Even the foreign missionaries had not thought their theology out to a finish. No less surprised than their converts at the practical working of the vicarious theory, the best of them were distracted, trying to think how to square the matter. They could not bear the haunting eyes of the gentle Hindûs and other heathen who had given up their chances of a congenial resting-place between lives for this eternal mix-up.

“ Among the radical set of the saved were some whose devotion to Karl Marx had made them class-conscious before they became conscious of their sins. They disturbed the peace so by calling mass meetings to argue against class legislation, we had to call in a host of guardian angels from outside duty, for home protection.

“ The dissatisfied number gradually increased. They often sulked or moped and refused to sing hymns, or got their golden harps all unstrung clamoring for a change of society and air. Reciprocity with the rival winter resort being out of the question, things came to such a pass that the Golden Gate was locked as much to keep the inmates in as to keep the outcasts out.

“ All this time the belief in fire and brimstone was dying out. Then the old fear of death reacted into reckless scepticism which made so light of the gravity of the case that soon the flying machines were trying to rush in where angels fear to tread.

“ Our earthly promoters, dealing in futures and mansions in the skies, tried hard to keep up their end of the business, so as to make both ends meet. But it wasn't like the old orthodox times. The anxious clergy were losing patrons, in spite of concessions in the dogmatic contracts. They sent us a lot of customers who could not read their titles clearly, because the absent-minded agent, in making creedal documents, would write platitudes for beatitudes, and omit brimstone for brown stone, and get in salary for salvation, and flaws like that. Finally, the whole inter-urban line, as well as terrestrial and celestial termini, were in a condition where we simply had to reorganize and change the entire millennial machinery. The old plant must go as junk. But come in; just look the ground over and find your own.”

Entering the beautiful place, the Man heard faint music and caught

distant glimpses of little children and tall figures, and asked when he might meet his companion souls.

"Whenever you are ready," St. Peter said, showing where the white robes were kept. There was no attendant to hand him things and hear his reasonable complaints. Nothing fitted so that he looked like the Greek god he expected to appear. First he chose a youthful tunic; but it was scant and plain like the one redeeming garment on a pudgy, undressed doll for sale. Then he hastily covered it with the largest toga of the lot and the least-open cut of sandals. He inquired confidentially if he could not slip quietly into the heavenly throng in his own clothes, having a retiring nature. St. Peter wouldn't hear of it. "Your old desire to be free and at ease in a classic robe makes it yours," he said. "Go right up the hill and make yourself at home."

The Man started, suspecting that he was too sensitive even for heaven. He blamed the robe for his clumsy looks, and the high altitude for his heavy feeling. "Talk about wings," he murmured; "I could no more fly than a granite goddess of liberty could walk." Then his cheerful spirit revived, thinking how his dazzling crown would blind all beholders to his little defects.

He paused to watch a busy group of gardeners as, with easy strength they dug, planted, and beautified the place. They saluted genially, and invited him to join them, saying it was an unusual chance to get more light on dark problems of the past on earth that would meet them there again. They would make a place for him, if there were any point of culture he wished to dig out. He didn't expect gardeners to be familiar, and returned a patronizing "Thank you; there is nothing." They bowed at once, and went on with their tasks. Watching the lithe, strong figures, he approved the just law that gave fitting labor to laborers, to leave the wise free for greater work. He would tell these good fellows about it some time. Ah, yes: he would gladly instruct any humble soul.

Passing on, he noted workers everywhere, doing perfectly all the things that were failures on earth. Everything moved with musical rhythm and made beautiful pictures and filled the air with quiet peace and joy. At a sudden turn he saw a woman taking hold of a tangle of rank growth and, heedless of wounding thorns, making a clean and clear pathway for all the children who would come that way. It puzzled him to see how she put her whole creative energy into the work. The path had been overgrown and forgotten since Eve wandered idly

through the valleys of Paradise and forfeited her right to remain. Now it was being carried on and on to new heights, and it pushed the confines of heaven further out into confused regions of darkness, where lurking beasts of passion and prey fell back before the revealing light. This woman looked like neither devotee nor simple nursemaid, but a refreshed and glorified Jane, with intuitive power and tenderness and wisdom. She asked no one for the right to do this most neglected work of creation. At her side, a man begged to help to reclaim the lost ground of Eden, that together they might feed the hungry world with the fruit time had ripened upon the tree of knowledge.

The woman was very beautiful; but surely, the Man thought, the saintly Sapphos, destined to discuss high themes with him, would not spoil their fair hands with rough work. Drawing nearer, however, he figured that a courtly bow, even to a lesser angel, would sweep his faulty drapery over his feet anyway. As she looked up, he bent low, furtively watching the impression he made. She slightly inclined her head with all the gracious charm and dignity he missed in Jane. She took him in with one easy glance that, he knew in his soul, had summed him up to the last fraction of failure. A protracted siege by a rampant suffragette would have disconcerted him less than the silent look of this serene woman, who had found her place and knew where others stood.

He turned away, limp with a cold sweat, and feeling awkward and mean and weak and sick and useless. How could anything or anybody in the heavens above or the earth beneath make him feel like that? Turning down a bypath, he thought of claiming a crown before ten thousand times ten thousand. Every eye would be a moral searchlight; and his only bright spot would be where the red brand of the mustard marked his over busy stomach. No, no! He didn't care to be understood too widely or too well. He tiptoed on, past the gardeners, and down to the gate.

"Hope you find the noiseless, automatic judgment system a practical thing," St. Peter said.

"More so than I hoped. I shall try to use it in my own affairs hereafter."

"Going?" the well-seasoned guard said in his cordial imperturbable way. "Well, glad to see you again any time at the Golden Gate."

"Believe me, this gate is a twice welcome sight to me," was the

humbly sincere reply. "My coming now was a mistake. I find I was not dead, after all, only asleep. A woman woke me up, and I'm going back to the woman I belong to until we can come together, and bring the boy."

"That's the best way," St. Peter said. "You can catch the next Earth-bound airship. Goodbye."

The Man got back just as the confident cocks were crowing the sun up. The aviator's warning whistle at the last crossing merged into a shrill cry of trouble from the crib in the corner. Ah, it was sweet to welcome music that guaranteed he was safe at home again. His heart warmed as never before towards his own. He had a true son of an outspoken father — down to the last kick and cry. How did any mortal woman stand it to live with both of them? Well, he would show high heavenly Peter that the home over there was not the only one to have a change.

He leaped up and made straight for the storm center. In the dim light the crib seemed a nestful of little arms and legs, vigorously beating time on the outraged air. It was new business for him to gather up an armful of crying, wriggling baby, but he took it all in — only upside down. The next indignant shriek brought Jane out of a deep sleep.

"If you'll tell me what he wants the worst, little woman, I'll give it to him first," he cried out in a loud voice, like the angel of revelations.

As he turned the light on, Jane's weary, bewildered face took on a look of dread. He never bothered about her or the baby or got up early, even when well and good-natured. He was sick and cross enough at midnight; but he must be very far gone to be marching around deliriously helpful and cheery in the cold dawn. Even the righted baby was stricken dumb with surprise. Jane faltered out in a dazed and broken way: "You must be going to die."

"Heaven forbid!" he said, in a glad and solemn tone that was new and true and tender. "I'll stay here with you for a hundred years, if I have *my* way."

Wider awake and now more amazed, she said: "But I don't understand you."

"Thank God for that!" he said, with more reverence than he had shown towards the wiser woman in heaven who did understand.

MODERN ATHENS: by F. S. Darrow, M. A., Ph. D.

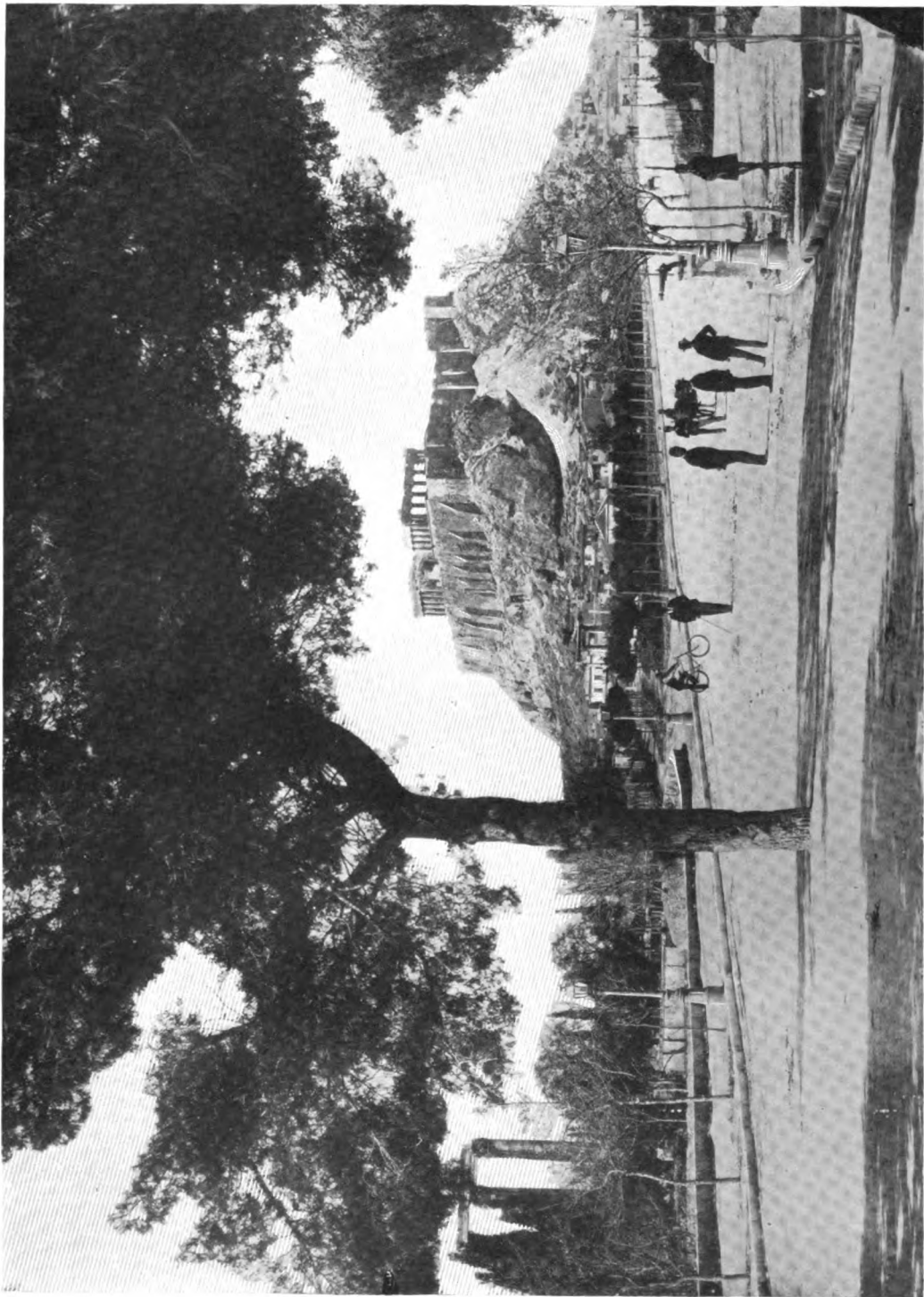


THE modern city of Athens is almost wholly the growth of the last eighty years. Four long centuries of Turkish dominion following the previous periods of changing vicissitudes of fortune at the hands of marauding Venetians, Slavs, and Turks, had so crushed and impoverished the country that to the world generally recovery seemed almost impossible. But the rapid growth of the country despite the enormous national debts, heterogeneous population, and lack of natural resources, proves the innate tenacity of character and perseverance of a nation so seriously handicapped.

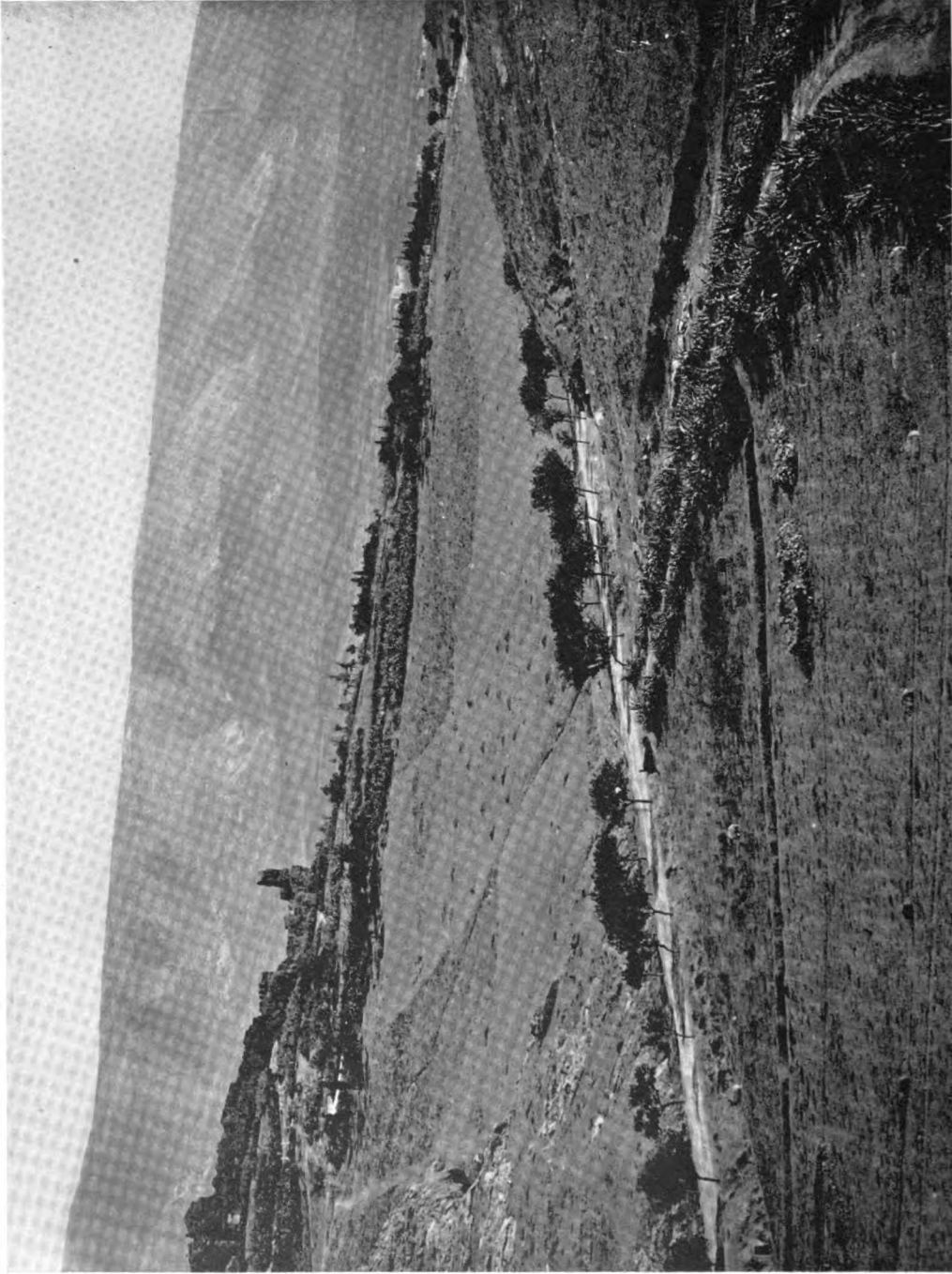
The first stormy years of self-government resulted in the assassination of the first president, Johannes Kapodistrias, and the resignation of his brother who had been appointed his successor. In 1832 Prince Otho of Bavaria was proclaimed king. The inexperience of the boy king, and the disaffection of the regency, led to natural discontent of the people, who rebelled at the public funds being appropriated for the aggrandisement of foreigners instead of being utilized to expand and develop the resources of the country. In 1843 the Athenians rose in rebellion and demanded an interview with the king. The young Otho, now of age, courageously faced the mob in front of the palace in spite of remonstrances from his advisors, and with great presence of mind struck up the rifle of an officer who would have fired upon the spokesman, gave the excited throng a hearing, and peaceably granted the people a constitution. He ruled until 1862, when he left the country, being unable to agree with his parliament upon a point of honor. His place was taken by a son of the King of Denmark who ascended the throne as King George I in 1863.

The seat of government during the first few years of independence after the founding of the kingdom of Hellas in 1830, was at Nauplia, the seaport of the Argive plain on the Eastern coast of Greece, until, in 1834, Athens was chosen as the center of administration. Since then the capital has been remarkably fortunate in friends and patriotic sons who have generously contributed towards the building of the beautiful city of today. The old Athens of 1834 had dwindled down to little more than a village of narrow streets with about 300 insignificant houses and a mixed population of Greeks and Albanians. The last census shows a population of 170,000.

Some of the old squalid streets yet crowd around the north side of the Akropolis, often covering or hiding relics and sites of interest; their



ONE OF THE BOULEVARDS OF MODERN ATHENS. THE AKROPOLIS IN THE BACKGROUND



Lomland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

THE SOUTHWESTERN SLOPE OF THE AKROPOLIS, WITH MT. HYMETTUS IN THE BACKGROUND

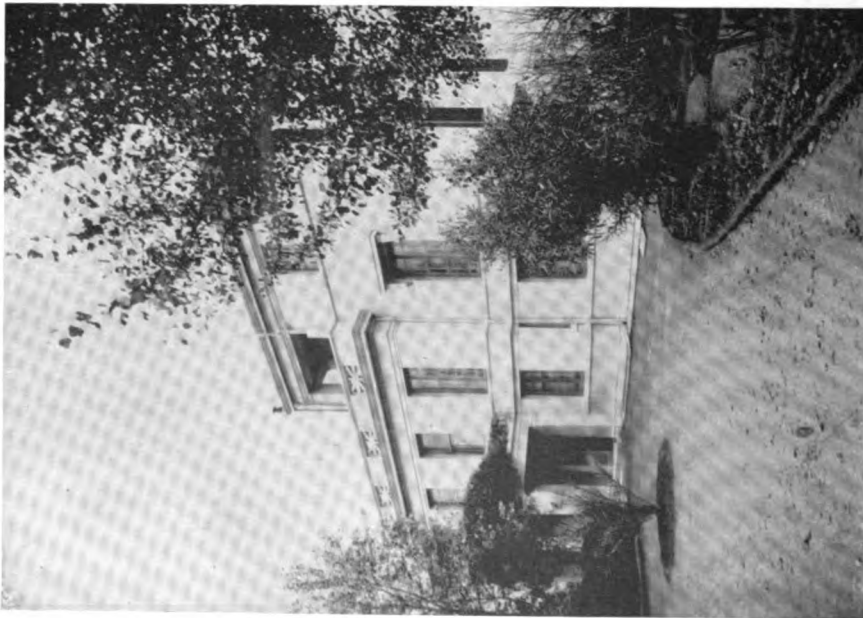
Here are seen the ruins of the Odicion of Herodes Atticus and the sacred way leading to the Propylaea. The rocky, treeless ridge of Mt. Hymettus (3370 ft.) is seen in the distance. This yields a useful gray marble for building purposes. The Hymettus honey is still famous as of old, though much of the modern product is obtained from the surrounding hills.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF MT. LYCABETTUS AND MODERN ATHENS

This shows the streets nestling at the base of Mt. Lycabettus (910 ft.), the highest of the chain of hills crossing the Attic plain and terminating in the Akropolis. The summit of this finely shaped hill, which towers 400 ft. above the Akropolis, is crowned by a small chapel to St. George. The Royal Palace is seen on the right, with the Greek Cathedral a little in front, while on the extreme left can be discerned the exquisite Ionic portico of the University and Academy of Science (built 1837).



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FRONT ENTRANCE AND LIBRARY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY, ATHENS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

TWO VIEWS OF THE PLACE DE LA CONSTITUTION, ATHENS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

VIEW OF THE SO-CALLED "THESEUM," AND A PART OF MODERN ATHENS

The handsome modern city was planned and built since 1834 (principally by German architects), after the seat of government was transferred there from Nauplia. In the distance can be seen the spurs of Mt. Aegaeos and Mt. Parnes, which border the Attic plain on the northwest. The so-called Theseum is seen in the foreground, the Royal Palace in the center, and the Museum to the extreme left.

picturesquely oriental character proves a source of attraction to visitors.

The Akropolis has been the pivotal point about which the city has ever settled during the centuries, to the south, the west, and the north in turn, the undulating land on all sides showing many relics of former habitations, sacred shrines, or monuments of intense interest to the archaeologist. The modern streets, planned mainly by a German architect, have left these old sites almost deserted, and extend north and east across the base of Mt. Lycabettus for a considerable distance into the plain. The many regular streets branch from two broad main thoroughfares lined with public buildings, handsome residences, and modern stores and hotels, and these terminate in two extensive public squares situated at a distance of a modern stadion, or five-eighths of a mile. This measurement has given the name to one of these principal streets, the Parliament Houses and Administration buildings being built upon Stadium Street. The Place de la Constitution, the center for the best hotels, has the Royal Palace upon one side standing in the midst of a luxuriant forest garden laid out by Queen Amalia, the consort of King Otho. The public garden in front of the palace is luxuriant with orange trees and oleanders while many of the avenues are lined with pepper trees. The Place de la Concorde is the second terminal to the north-west. The University Boulevard, or second main street, is lined with handsome residences, notably the "Palace of Ilion," built by the late Dr. Heinrich Schliemann of blue-gray marble from Mt. Hymettus. The exquisite buildings of the Academy of Science, the Library, and the University, are seen farther along. These buildings are all the gifts of patriotic Greeks, and are built of white Pentelic marble in classic style with Ionic porticos, richly decorated in polychrome and gilt and contain collections of treasures.

In other parts of the city the Polytechnic Institute, the National Archaeological Museum, observatory, hospitals, orphanages, public park, exhibition building, and educational institutions, as well as the restoration in dazzling Pentelic marble of the seats of the large Stadium upon its ancient site are other examples of the munificence of the sons and friends of Hellas. The French, German, British, and American Schools of Archaeology have each a library and commodious headquarters of their own, while the various foreign delegations occupy handsome offices.

Many of the houses and buildings are finished in stucco painted

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

in light colors, but marbles are used in some of the more pretentious residences, notably the two mansions of the princes of the Royal house. Athens possesses an unusual number of churches and chapels, but their unobtrusive Byzantine architecture can hardly be discerned in the illustrations with the exception of the Metropolis.

The power for good of the quiet unostentatious reign of the late King George who ruled over the country with sympathy and foresight for forty years, will perhaps be more thoroughly appreciated since his martyrdom. He, together with Queen Olga, often worked for the good of the nation against great obstacles of prejudice, superstition, and lack of understanding. The persistent efforts of the queen for the uplift of women have resulted in many helpful educational institutions, of which the flourishing Institution for the Employment of Women is an example; the new convict prison for women where the inmates are permitted to work at looms and needlework or other industries if they are capable, is another result of her efforts, in a part of the world where such institutions are usually of the lowest grade.

There are many charming and unusual pictures of daily life to be seen upon the streets of Athens at all hours of the day. The rows of money-changers, and the fruit-vendors with their donkeys, the prevalence of military uniforms, and the gaiety of the cafés, particularly in the evenings when the heat of the day has subsided, all add to the attractions, and give the city the title of "Little Paris."

But there is an alluring charm in the ancient haunts and natural beauties of Athens and her surroundings which attract the visitor from the more ordinary city life. Perhaps the most imposing natural feature, conspicuous from all points, is the finely shaped peak of Mt. Lycabettus, rising as it does in its isolated position on the plain. The ascent of this mountain (910 ft.) as a morning constitutional is one of the necessary initiations of the student of archaeology. The venerable priest in the little chapel of St. George on the summit had, at the time of our visit, lived more than sixty years of his life on the height, descending only at intervals during that time for supplies. He expressed the wish that at his death his remains would be allowed to lie there.

Mt. Lycabettus is the highest of a chain of hills which cross the plain of Athens irregularly from east to west. It towers 400 ft. above the Akropolis over which it seems to stand as guardian, while the

MODERN ATHENS

Areopagus, the Hill of the Pnyx, the Hill of Philopappus and the Museum and Observatory Hills, form landmarks as the heights dwindle towards the Aegean, some seven miles away. Legend tells that Athena as she was carrying Lycabettus through the air to fortify her Akropolis, dropped it suddenly in its present position. Perhaps the more prosaic version given by Plato is nearer the truth, who tells us that the mountain was probably at one time continuous with the Akropolis, but the agitation of the "Earth-Shaker" rent them asunder. The marvelous panoramic view of Attica obtained from this height is one of the countless views of Greece which blend the beautiful and the grand in this land where every outlook is a panorama. The cloudless sky and clear atmosphere enable one to distinguish the rolling hills on all sides, most of them apparently solid masses of rock covered only with low vegetation.

The Attic peninsula, which has an area of 975 sq. miles, is bounded by mountains which rise to a height of 4600 ft. In the middle of this Attic plain lies the plain of Athens which has a breadth of about three miles and extends from Mt. Parnes to the sea, a distance of about fourteen miles. Undoubtedly in past times the district must have been well watered, but today the numerous river beds are nearly dry during the greater part of the year, or at best remain as small streams which are exhausted for irrigation purposes before reaching the sea. The dry calcareous soil is adapted for little vegetation except the olive and the fig, though the vine is now cultivated to a considerable extent. Herds of sheep and goats find a precarious living by being kept constantly on the move by their shepherds.

The slopes of Mt. Pentelicus to the northeast, are exceptionally fertile owing to the presence of copious springs, and consequently the place is now, as in ancient times, a favorite summer resort for the residents of Athens. The rather limited water supply of Athens is brought by an underground aqueduct from this mountain, while her quarries of white marble were reopened after lying unused for centuries, to supply material for the restoration of the Stadium, which had been defaced and the marble carried off or burnt for lime during the dark ages.

The barren rocky ridge of Mt. Hymettus (3370 ft.) borders the plain of Athens on the east and terminates in rocky headlands running into the sea at Zoster. It is recorded by Herodotus that these headlands were taken for hostile ships by the frightened Persians as

they were escaping from Salamis, from which they fled in terror. The river Ilissus rises in this mountain, but like the other rivers of Attica, amounts to little more than a small stream except during the rainy season. The blue-gray marble which is obtained in the quarries of Mt. Hymettus is useful for building purposes, while the honey is as famous as of old, though it is probable that much of the modern product is obtained from the surrounding hills which are more fertile. The wonderful "purpled tints" seen at sundown against this rocky pile have always been admired, while clouds over Hymettus are still, as in the old days, a (possible!) sign of rain. The infant Plato is said to have been taken to Hymettus by his parents, who sacrificed to Pan, the Nymphs, and Apollo, on his behalf.

A little more than a mile to the northwest of Athens, the famous hill of Colonus rises, now barren and disappointing, while in the far distance to the north and northwest the ranges of Mt. Parnes and Mt. Aegaleos roll down towards the sea. On the south and west lie the blue Aegean and Saronic Gulf, with the island of Salamis and the mountains of the Peloponnesus visible on the further shore.

The description of Greek hills given by Sir Richard Jebb, is singularly fitting, where he says their forms

are at once so bold and so chastened, the onward sweep of their ranges is at once so elastic and so calm, each member of every group is at once so individual and so finely helpful to the ethereal expressiveness of the rest, that the harmony of their undulations and the cadences in which they fall combine the charm of sculpture with the life and variety of the sunlit sea.

ALCHEMY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



Notice in a contemporary a brief report of an address delivered before the Alchemical Society, in London, by Professor Herbert Chatley, of the Tangshan Engineering College, on Alchemy in China. The lecturer pointed out that views like those held by the medieval alchemists of Europe had been current in China since 500 B. C. or even earlier. Among other views, the Chinese alchemists:

Regarded gold as the perfect substance.

Believed in the possibility of transmuting base metals into gold.

Employed peculiar symbols in their writing.

Held that a spiritual influence was necessary in the alchemist.

Required astrological correspondences in the operations.

Used mercury as the basis for preparing the philosopher's stone.

Believed that gold develops slowly from other metals.

Associated immortality with asceticism.

Taught that all things were generated by the interaction of "masculine" and "feminine" potencies.

Believed in the Elixir of Life.

These are indeed remarkable analogies, and we have no doubt the said society has, in the course of its lectures, brought to light many more such analogies, drawn from sources neither European nor Chinese. For alchemy was indeed a branch of ancient knowledge and, as such, is to be found widely spread among the nations which, at the present day, represent the results of the scattering and confusion of races that took place in olden times.

These facts would certainly seem to invalidate certain "theories" which we shall find elaborated at considerable length, if we turn to the learned repositories of universal information in search of knowledge about alchemy. Whether such authorities do or do not know anything about it, need not be argued, as it is never necessary to prove a self-evident proposition; and the fact that we close the volume with confusion superadded to our previous darkness is enough. Possibly a larger proportion of facts and a smaller modicum of speculation would have conduced a more enlightening result.

Alchemy came to Europe from the East, so it is not surprising that it should be found to have flourished in the quarter whence it came. Did it come originally from China, or did it go to China from some other source? The problem is similar to that concerning many other ancient things, such as chess and cards, creation and deluge myths, geometrical symbols, etc. It is a question of historical research, aided by an unprejudiced mind, and unhampered by a desire to establish any particular historical, scientific, or theological theory.

Had not Diocletian burned the esoteric works of the Egyptians in 296, together with their books on alchemy — "περὶ χυμῆς ἀργύρου καὶ χρυσοῦ"; Caesar 700,000 rolls at Alexandria, and Leo Isaurus 300,000 at Constantinople (8th century); and the Mohammedans all they could lay their sacrilegious hands on — the world might know more today of Atlantis than it does. For Alchemy had its birthplace in Atlantis during the Fourth Race, and had only its *renaissance* in Egypt. — *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 763, note.

1. Theory, "hypothesis, speculations"; from *θεᾶσθαι*, "to see." Webster. (1)

It is from the Fourth Race that the Aryans inherited their most valuable science of the hidden virtues of precious and other stones, of chemistry, or rather alchemy, of mineralogy, geology, physics, and astronomy. — *Ibid.*, p. 427

The Fourth Race had passed through its seven cycles and bequeathed its knowledge to the nascent Fifth Race, our ancestors. But knowledge may, under certain conditions, be lost for awhile. History tells us clearly enough how often man, choosing glory or self-indulgence, has shut in his own face the door of knowledge, and preferred to establish systems built on physical force and systemized belief. The instances of wilful destruction of manuscripts given above are the merest samples of a process by which ancient lore has time and again been hounded from the earth; and in seeking to regain knowledge, it is our own efforts that we have to undo.

To those who *want* to think there is nothing in alchemy, we can only say: "Sure! by all means," smile, and turn away. But those who want to know what there is in it must seek that knowledge along the lines just indicated. Alchemy was part of the Secret Doctrine, and as such must be studied. Its symbols ramify in all directions, so that we must be prepared to study ancient teachings in mathematics, astronomy, symbolism, and other subjects.

Alchemy is said by some wiseacres to be a primitive attempt at chemistry. This seems to be on a par with the idea that Pythagoras, in attaching so much importance to right-angled triangles, was making feeble attempts at Euclidean geometry;² or that myths about Atlas were early attempts at cosmical science. There *were* medieval alchemists who lost their way by paying too much attention to the physical aspect of their science and forgetting its spiritual import; and no doubt their efforts paved the way for modern chemistry. But is no account to be taken of the symbolical aspect of alchemy, by many alchemists regarded as by far the most important part?

This suggests the question, "Was alchemy literal or figurative?" It was both. The doctrine of correspondences holds that one plan runs throughout all nature, both without and within, and that what is true of the spiritual world is true of the physical. Physical gold can be made free from base metals by a process analogous to that by which the gold of wisdom can be made from the base elements in our

2. See *Theorem des Pythagoras*, by Dr. H. A. Naber, Haarlem, 1908; reviewed in *THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for April, 1914.

make-up; and very possibly the physical process cannot be consummated except by one who has mastered the spiritual process.

Mercury, sulphur, and salt symbolized body, soul, and spirit. It is interesting to note that salt crystallizes in cubes — the characteristic geometrical form for the physical world; sulphur crystallizes in needles and double pyramids — the number three and the triangular form corresponding to soul as contrasted with body; mercury takes a globular form — that of the sphere, which corresponds to the number One.

Among metals, mercury stands for the mind, which is volatile and very mobile and easily contaminated by base metals such as lead, which last symbolizes the dull earthly quality in our nature. The bright silver, used for mirror and photography, associated in its ores with lead, readily tarnished by sulphur, is the imagination. The astrological correspondence is the moon, the radiance of which is turned alternately to the sun and to the earth, and which throws upon us a pale and transformed reflection of the solar light. The purification by fire in the crucible is an undying symbol, so true to life, as all know who have learned anything through suffering. One might go on indefinitely commenting on the symbolism in this manner.

The eternal Quest has been symbolized by agriculture (*Nabathean Agriculture*, by Chwolsohn), the labors of Hercules, the winning of the Golden Fleece, and many a legend of Knight and Dragon. Alchemy is only one of the ways. The Master Science includes mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, physics, music — all.

How is it that people who study these ancient mysteries generally get lost in a perfect maze of erudition and find themselves further and further away from any definite knowledge or useful result? Is it not because they lack some personal quality, some mental power, whose possession is indispensable? There are scholars gifted with marvelous powers of literary research and phenomenal memories, who can tell you all that anybody ever thought or wrote upon a given subject; but who have arrived at no conclusion whatever, their minds being still quite blank. There are others who seem to digest and turn to account every atom of the very little they have gleaned. The former have the greater mentality; the latter the more intuition. It is the difference between learning and knowledge. It is the difference between the craftsman who has elaborate tools but no skill, and the craftsman who knows he can rely on his skill but needs few appliances. We have

acquired a radioactive method which tends to lead us away from the simple truth into endless unprofitable details; and it is this which so hampers our attainment.⁸

How can we regain the necessary altitude? By never forgetting that knowledge is sacred, and that (like nobility) it confers obligation. If we have any other motive, then we must remain content with something less than knowledge. This is no arbitrary condition, but a law of nature. We cannot see with our eyes shut; and if the presence of certain motives in us has the effect of closing our eyes and clouding our vision, then we must remove those defects before we can see. He who desires to share the thoughts of another must first win the confidence of that other; for to go to him with prying eye or searching question would be to seal his lips. And with nature it is not otherwise. True, there are those who believe nature is a clod or a machine; and for them she remains just that and nothing more. But we address those who think otherwise.

If only we can learn to use aright the knowledge which we have perhaps we shall find other knowledge pouring in upon us as fast as we can use it. Perhaps we may have to pray to be spared more knowledge, lest we be singed by the light.

"Asceticism" was mentioned as a necessary condition for the alchemist; but the word is to be avoided on account of its associations. It does not mean that the alchemist must stand on a pillar like Simon Stylites, or walk barefoot in the grass before breakfast, or wear a hair shirt and look miserable. This is not abstinence, but the vain mockery thereof. It means that the alchemist must pull off from certain things that are pulling him back; and this is but common sense. Whether any particular pleasures or habits are right, is one question; whether or not they interfere with the objects which the alchemist sets before himself, is another and distinct question. He may find it necessary to give up one thing in order to get another.

An alchemist is properly one who aspires to learn the secrets of life. And how can he expect to find such knowledge along the ordinary tracks of study, which do not conduct thither? Clearly he must follow another track. This kind of knowledge was taught in symbols — mathematical, numerical, astronomical, chemical, etc.

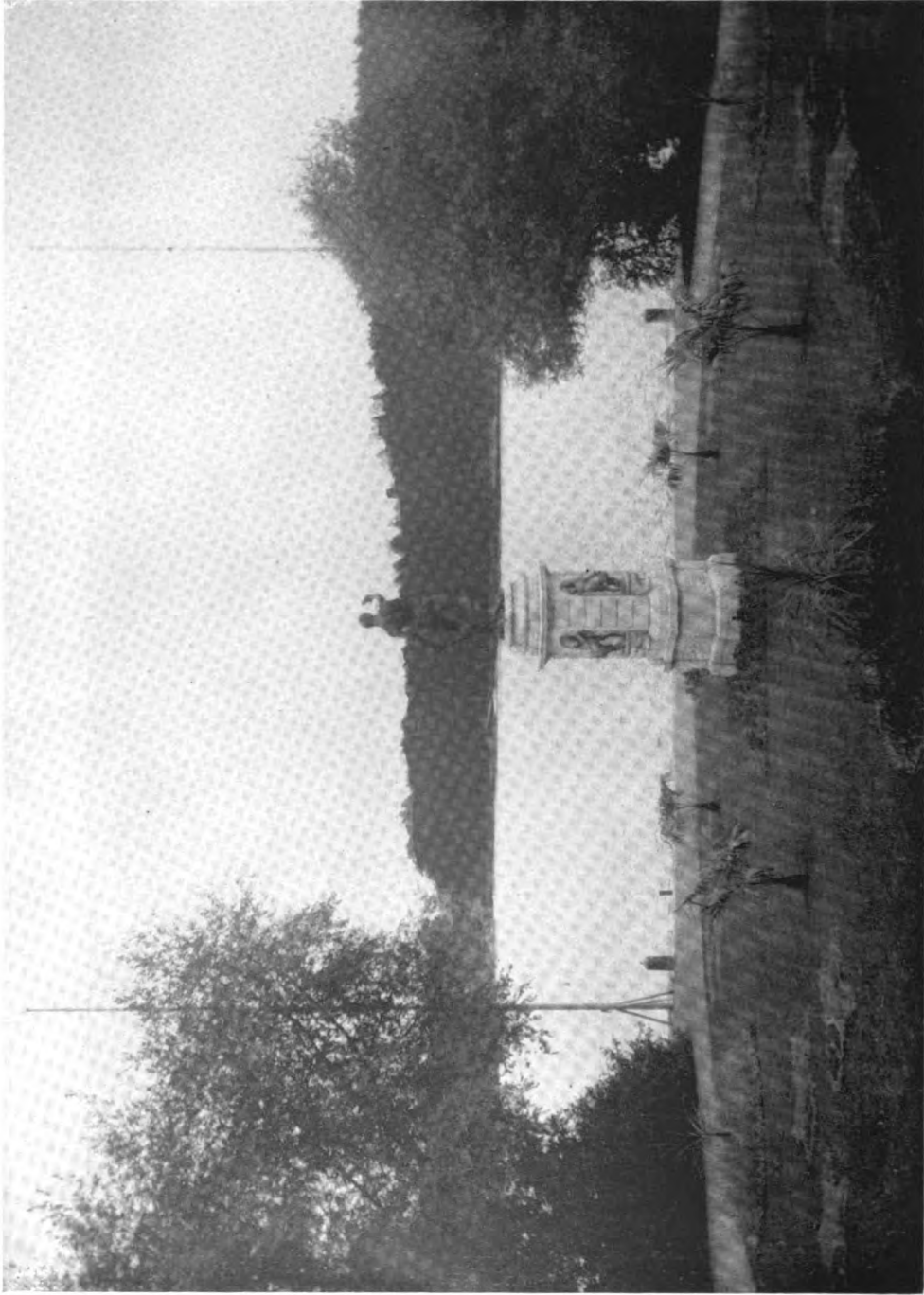
3. "Indeed, if such an imaginary Chemist happened to be intuitional, and would for a moment step out of the habitual groove of strictly 'Exact Science,' as the Alchemists of old did, he might be repaid for his audacity." — *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 144, note.



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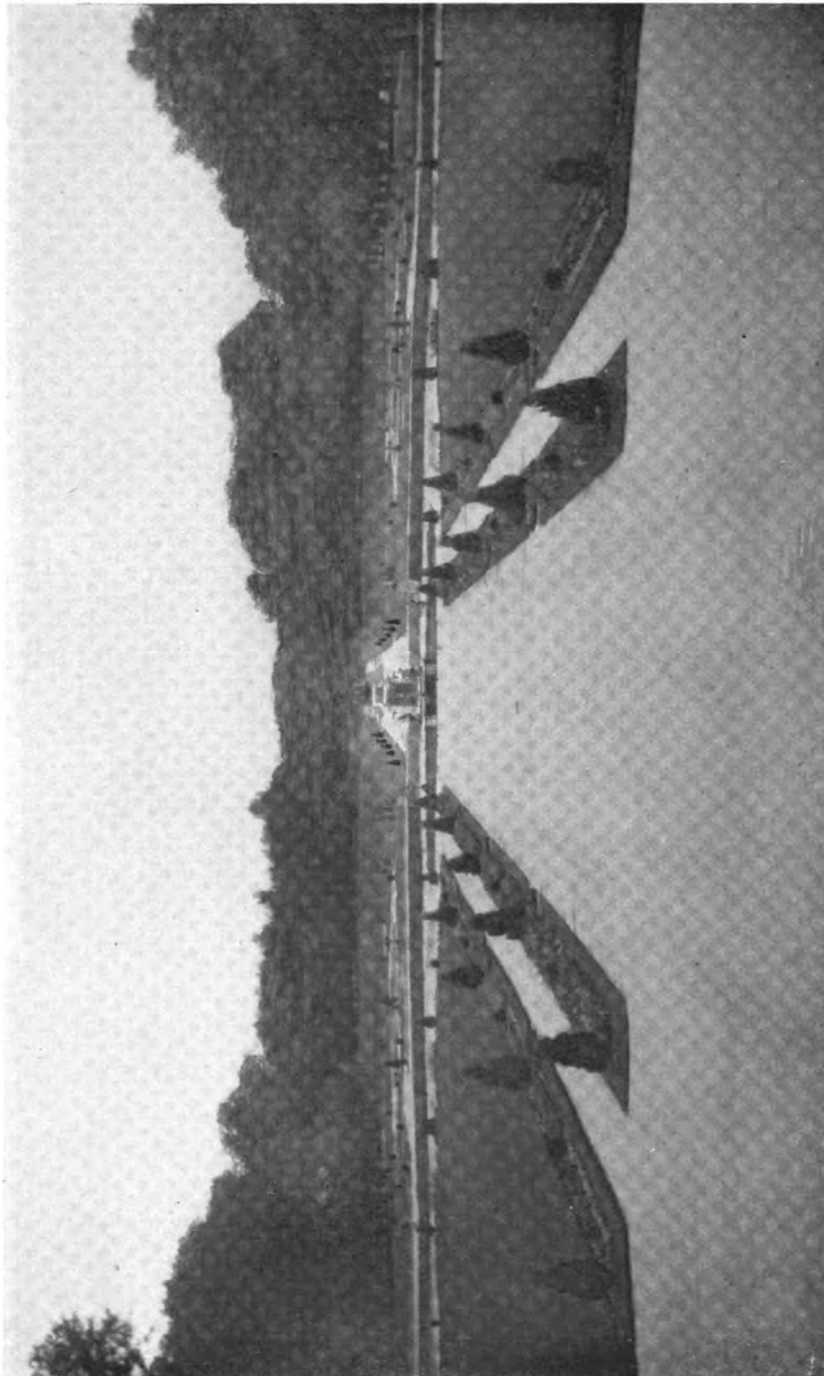
THE LATE KING OSCAR II OF SWEDEN

One of the last photographs of him whom his people loved to call "The Peace-Maker"
(Photo. by Herm. Hamnquist.)



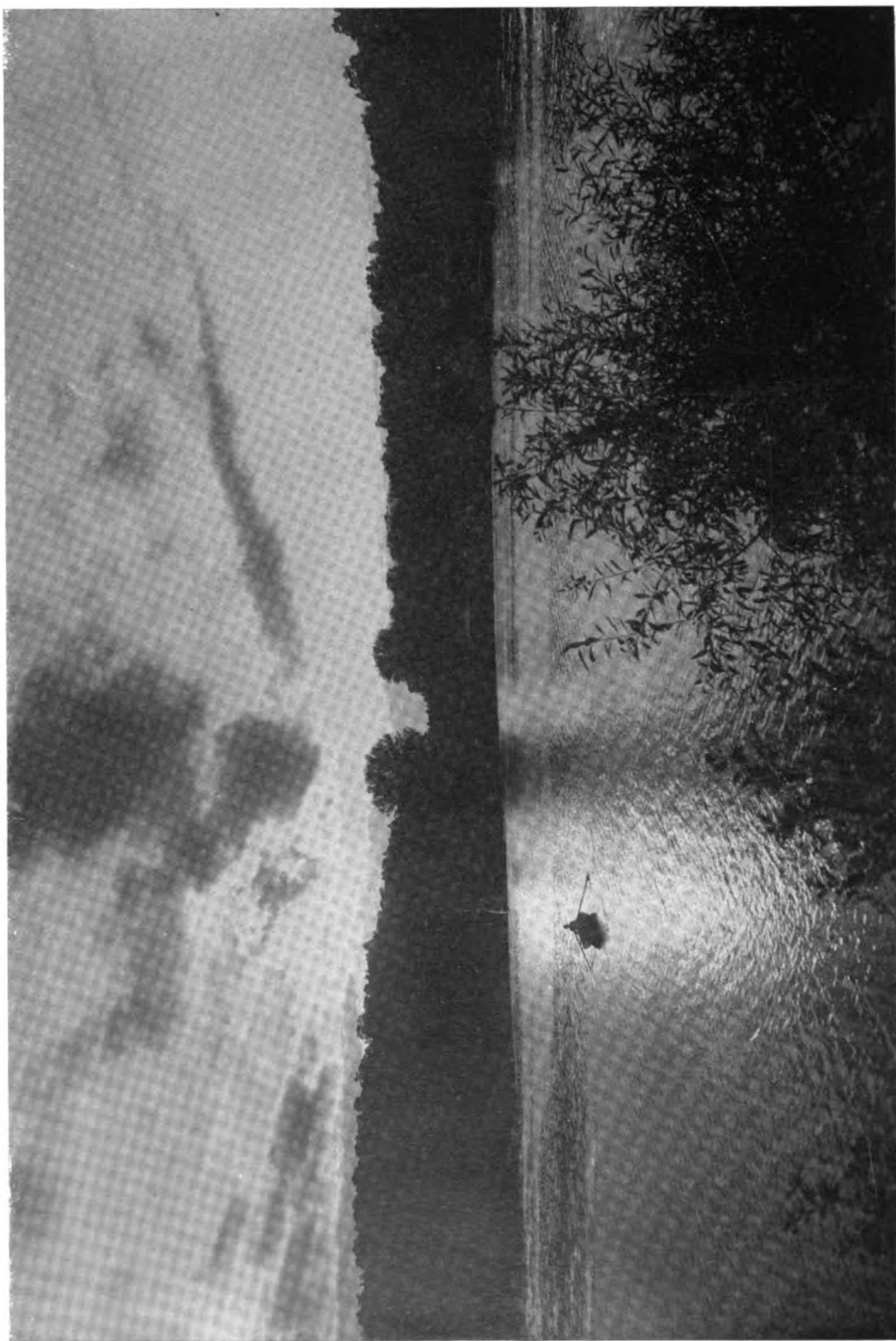
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IN THE GROUNDS OF DROTTNINGHOLM CASTLE, NEAR STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN



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A VIEW OF THE GARDEN AT DROTNINGHOLM PALACE



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ROYAL PARK AT HAGA, NEAR STOCKHOLM

CASANOVA AND COUNT ST. GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

V



THE name of Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, does not usually bring before the mind the idea of a man worthy of very serious consideration. His career belongs rather to the bypaths of history, but as a sidelight on the social life of his times the story of the Venetian adventurer is valuable. To us his career is of special interest in that he is able to tell us not a little about St. Germain, always, be it understood, from a point of view of his own. We are left to deduce much, if we can.

The fact that St. Germain chose to keep his real business almost completely to himself is hardly a justification of those who, being ignorant of his purpose, attribute to him the faults which they would themselves favor in his place, as they consider that place to have been. Maynial once or twice suggests as a possible comparison the Roman augurs meeting with their tongues in their cheeks when the Venetian adventurer and St. Germain met, and refers to the latter as an impostor. This is absolutely without justification, unless a man who deliberately steps down from a high position and accepts a less exalted one for the purposes of his life-work can be said to be an impostor. In this case King Edward VII of England was an impostor when he traveled incognito under a lesser title!

In regard to Casanova, there does not seem to have been much secrecy desired or necessary. He seems to have been, and to have acknowledged himself to be, a jovial adventurer, from the time that he made his sensational escape from the dungeons of the Venetian State and arrived in Paris enveloped in the glory of his exploit.

Casanova entered the arena of Parisian notoriety about the year 1757, immediately after this incident in his varied career had made his name notorious. Naturally enough he was lionized and found himself invited to many a house where as the hero of the moment he was a social acquisition. Also he had a talent, genuine or bogus or mixed, for the occult sciences and pseudo-occult practices. This was sufficient to ensure his reception in all circles, for at the time it was fashionable to pursue such arts in almost all parts of Europe.

Among such students was the Marquise d'Urfé, and as St. Germain devoted much of his time to her, we may suppose that he either considered that she had the makings of the refined character necessary for any degree of practical usefulness through such studies, or that he could, in the opposite case, avert as much harm as possible from her

and from society through her failure to make a proper use of her inclinations and talents. That seems to have been his business among such as she was.

Casanova naturally found himself at her table. This was at the end of 1757. He was the lion of the hour, and it could have been with no feeling of satisfaction that he found St. Germain at the table, absorbing all the attention that would otherwise fall to his share. It was a curious meeting of motives which we must partly guess. There was the wealthy Marquise, a devotee of the occult arts, and perhaps even a little a student of occultism, ready to go to the good or the bad as her faculties led her. There was St. Germain, watching and hoping to be able to point out to her the unselfish line of devotion to humanitarian ends which he himself had found his only consolation in life. There was the genial new comer, frankly a cynic, but possessed of similar, though largely selfish, inclinations for the same arts or their imitations. Besides, he had an unlimited imagination, energy, and fund of enterprise, which, if they could be turned in the right direction, might make of him a power of untold importance to the future of European history. And St. Germain was the one who could, if permitted, point out the difficult way to make those talents effective for good. If not permitted, they could serve very well for selfish ends, and it was his business to let that selfishness run in as harmless a channel as possible, for their power for evil might be even greater than that for good, if their possessor could only gain an inkling of their real importance and the opportunities that lay at his feet.

The key to the situation was St. Germain. He was dealing with the fire of human nature, and we are left to guess just how much he disclosed and how much he concealed from those who contacted him, and the exact extent to which they were able to profit by what he had to tell them. He knew them, but they did not know him. This strange man, of royal origin, renouncing his own wealth but in exchange in command of unlimited funds, renouncing his social position and yet regarded by many as almost more than human, throwing away life and yet possessing eternal youth, he dwelt apart, watching the kaleidoscope of European history as one from another sphere. Owing no allegiance to France, he was for twenty years a most intimate personal friend of Louis XV, one of the very few men who knew who he was and respected him accordingly. There was an Englishman who was said to share the secret, but he too, would never tell. Perhaps it was

one of those secrets that cannot be told by a man who wishes to be believed.

With the sole purpose in life of discovering and fostering the finer qualities in human nature and turning them to profitable co-operative account in the service of mankind, he seems to have been seeking to guide the intuition of the Marquise into its best channels, or rather to induce her to perceive the best channels for her to follow if she desired to do so, while discouraging inclinations to follow an opposite course.

Perhaps it is not going too far to say that Casanova seems to have allowed his talents to have taken a selfish bent up to the point of his meeting with St. Germain, and that the latter would find himself obliged to deal very delicately with the situation to prevent the Venetian duping or corrupting the Marquise. At the same time it was necessary not to make an active enemy of the adventurer, and so prejudice his chances of performing the alchemical operation of refining the gold in Casanova himself without letting it escape with the dross, from undue precipitancy.

In reality the extremes of character shown by St. Germain and Casanova were so great that they justify the old saying that extremes meet. Some guessing authors, such as Maynial, simply class them together as more or less unscrupulous adventurers, quite failing to realize that St. Germain never anywhere, in any case, showed a selfish act or thought. He gave, but never took. His diet was more than Spartan. He worked as few men work; but it was for others. He talked incessantly and always monopolized the conversation at dinners, where he never broke bread with any one. And yet paradoxically he was a "reserved, laconic, silent man." The former was an assumed pose, or a tool, for some purpose of his own — it was not purposeless. He was sometimes covered with diamonds, to the value of a million or so, and displayed immense wealth. This is brought up against him as a vain display, and at the same time his detractors accuse him of wearing false diamonds. This too was for a purpose — it was the position he needed to take in the society of the time. Is it possible that it was also a satire on that society? As soon as this display was no longer needed, we find him dressed in the simplest manner possible — an old black gown, a workshop overall, anything. It is a study of motives and illusions.

It was at this first dinner together that Madame de Gergy, the an-

cient dame "whom death had surely forgotten to call for," related the fact that she had met St. Germain at Venice, where her husband was ambassador fifty years before in 1710. As a matter of fact, it was not quite so far back, but it is none the less astonishing that he was then in the prime of life, just as he was in 1822!

It is quite natural that if we understand Casanova correctly, he was chagrined to find the field occupied by a rival who was "trying to exploit" the fortune of the Marquise, and who apparently possessed a genius at least equal to his own.

Maynial jumps to the conclusion that St. Germain did not eat at table because he wanted to be more at ease to astonish the other guests with his "superior eloquence," and also perhaps from a "superstitious fear of poison." The latter we know is not the case, because St. Germain himself tells us the means by which he was able to detect poison with instantaneous certainty. The passage is also indirectly interesting as showing that he had acquired certain oriental habits in his eating and drinking.

During the course of this eventful dinner St. Germain told of the laboratory he had constructed for Louis XV, who had granted him an apartment in the Castle of Chambord, with 500 livres for the work. The reason given is characteristic, for the King by his chemical productions would make all the factories in France prosper. Always we find St. Germain using every possible means to induce others to work unselfishly and to do what good was possible, fostering the better side of their natures.

Maynial seems to be satisfied with what satisfied others in the times when St. Germain passed across the stage of Europe. He seeks no deeper than the surface. He perceives that St. Germain had a sliding scale of adaptation of his statements to the degree of intelligence of his hearers. Putting aside the cases where he was obviously joking we can see that this is not sufficient. But Maynial does not see that these statements are anything more than just talk. He tells us that Casanova in his capacity as a man who knows about these things is taken into the inner circle of confidence of St. Germain, and that the latter confessed to the Venetian with due modesty and frankness that certain of the miraculous actions attributed to him were "supposed," for instance, that he could not give back youth to women, but that he contented himself with preserving them in the state in which he found them by means of certain preparations.

Apparently this statement is not so much of a shock for Casanova's powers of credence as the former, but, in view of St. Germain's "Indian" education, it would be interesting to know what his reply would have been had he been asked if such a thing as rejuvenation were or were not possible in the hands of others? He always seems to say just enough to tranquilize those who do not think, and to give a lead to others who are of a more penetrative turn of mind. Surely the statement as it stands is astonishingly enough! In view of his own undoubted marvelous preservation of manhood and the oft remarked fact that those who paid any attention to his teachings all seemed to live to a great age, such as Prince Karl of Hesse Cassel who lived to 1836, and many others, we cannot easily ignore the fact that he did know something beyond ordinary knowledge.

He put off Madame de Pompadour with a remark that "sometimes I amuse myself, not with *making* others believe, but in *letting* them believe that I have lived from the most ancient times." We are not told if she had the penetration to see what lay behind the words, and to discover what he probably taught to some of his more trusted Freemasons and Rosicrucians of the universal doctrine of reincarnation so long forgotten in the West, together with the obvious fact that if, as in Russia, there are some who without special training live to approach their second hundred years of age, it must be possible for others, commencing with an equally good constitution and intelligently employing special precautions and a lifelong training, to live beyond a hundred and still be vigorous and energetic, as St. Germain himself is so often said to have done. It is the elixir of life, to live reasonably without wasting one's energies, as most do, in civilized countries.

So too, he does not deny the statement of the Countess de Gergy. He only leads off the scent, by suggesting that she is in her dotage. All the listeners are apparently quite content with this simple suggestion. They are very easily satisfied, these Europeans, in comparison with the Oriental, and Count St. Germain was an Oriental by education. He simply adapted himself to his audience.

An example of this easy way in which the European mind works is that shown by frequent acceptance of the statement that St. Germain's Elixir of life was simply senna leaves. It is true he brought this then extremely valuable, and perhaps even now not fully known remedy, to Europe. The Russian fleet was helped with it, and even today a preparation of it is called "St. Germain's Tea." That it was

a good medicine goes without saying. It has been more or less superseded by more pleasant drugs; but who shall say in our present comparatively chaotic state of medical science that the modern drugs do quite the same work? To say that this was St. Germain's whole secret is childish.

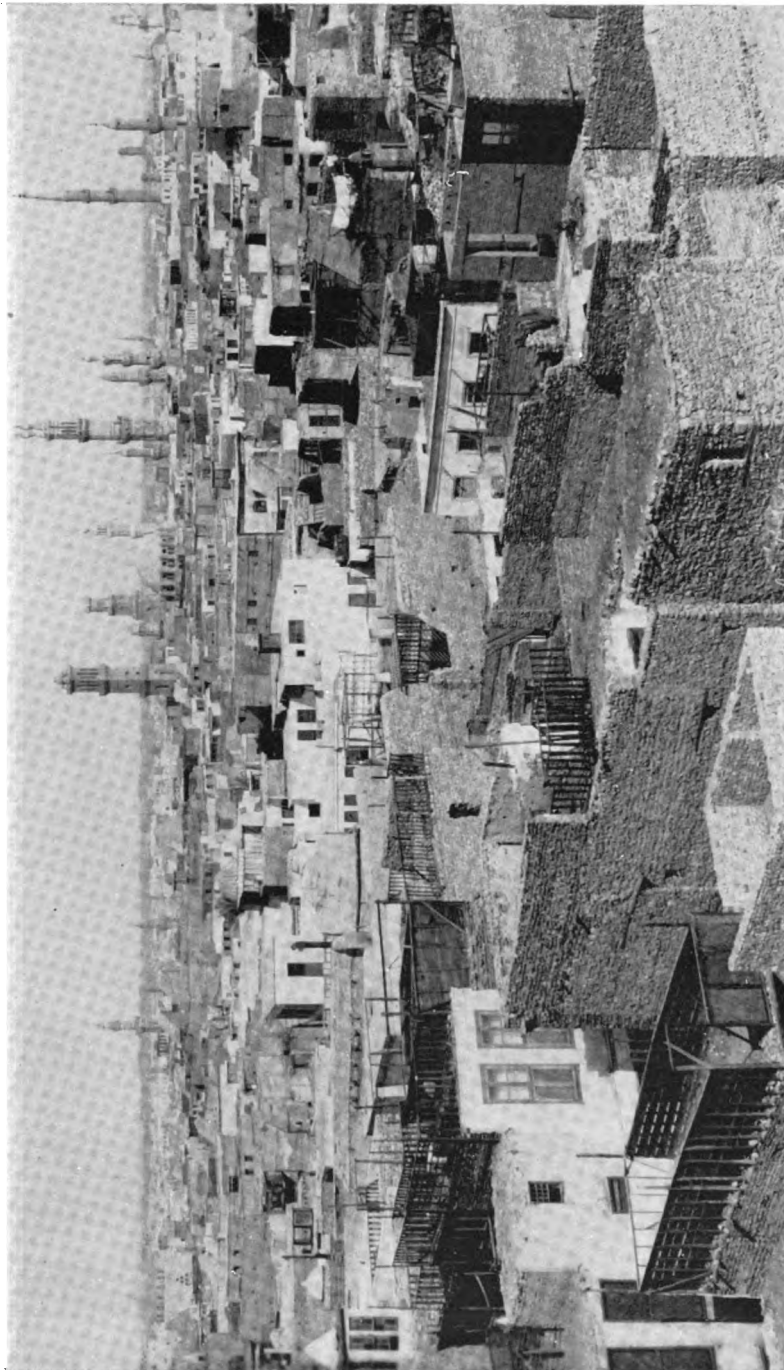
Maynial repeats from Gleichen's Memoirs the story of the grant of the Chambord apartments to St. Germain for his experiments in dyeing and the allowance made to him for the purpose by Louis XV. But the details differ a little. This is quite natural; stories, especially about St. Germain, had a way of being diminished or exaggerated in value unless they were recorded at once. Fortunately in that age of diary writing, most things were recorded on the spot, and we are seldom at a loss for the truth of a story.

But in reality it is not very important whether the King gave St. Germain 500 livres or 100,000 francs for his experiments at Chambord. St. Germain's own statement was apparently the former figure. Probably other grants were given for this purpose of making the colors of the French cloth superior to those of any other country.

Then, too, St. Germain had given to the Favorite the Water of Youth and had persuaded the King that he could "melt" diamonds. We must not forget that the King knew very well who St. Germain was, and no power seems to have been able to drag the secret from him. Perhaps the King was the only man in France who knew. The Duke of Newcastle in England was said to know also, but he guarded the same in silence. In those gossipy days it must have been a strong reason that could hold men's tongues so silent; this fact is what makes the story of the Man in the Iron Mask so fascinating.

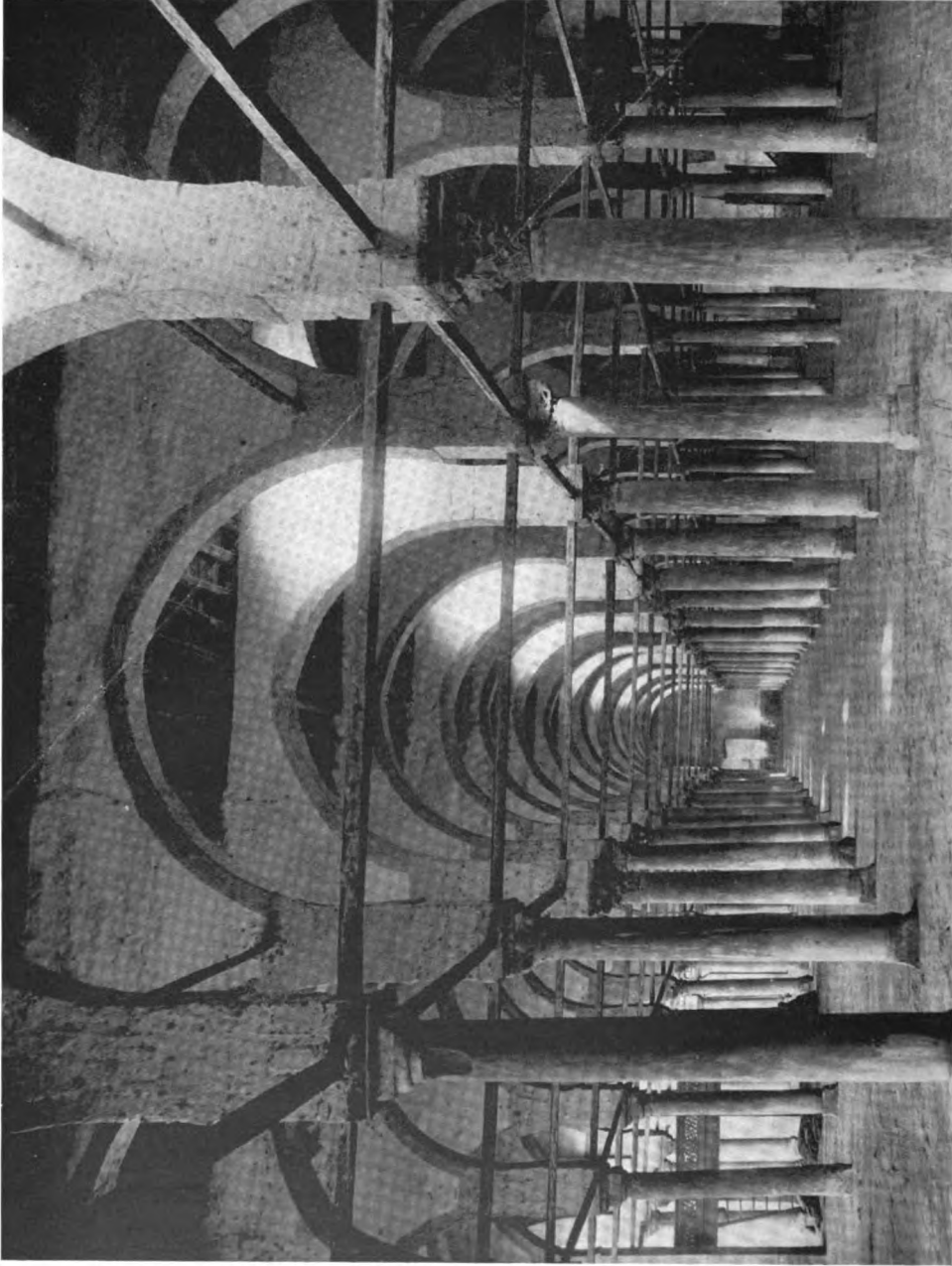
The Court jeweller was no visionary; he dealt in hard cash and its equivalent. But he offered an immensely enhanced price for a diamond that St. Germain had "cleaned" for the King. After the transaction was completed in good faith by the jeweller the King took the diamond back to keep as a curiosity worth more than even the increased price offered. And the King was a good bargainer, too. St. Germain tells of a funny incident where in order to beat him down over the price of a diamond, the King deputed an agent who employed a dealer to purchase it from the Count. The latter probably cared little in reality about the price, but he really did seem to take huge delight in making the agent pay far more than he would have taken from the King himself, had the latter not been so grasping.

(To be continued)



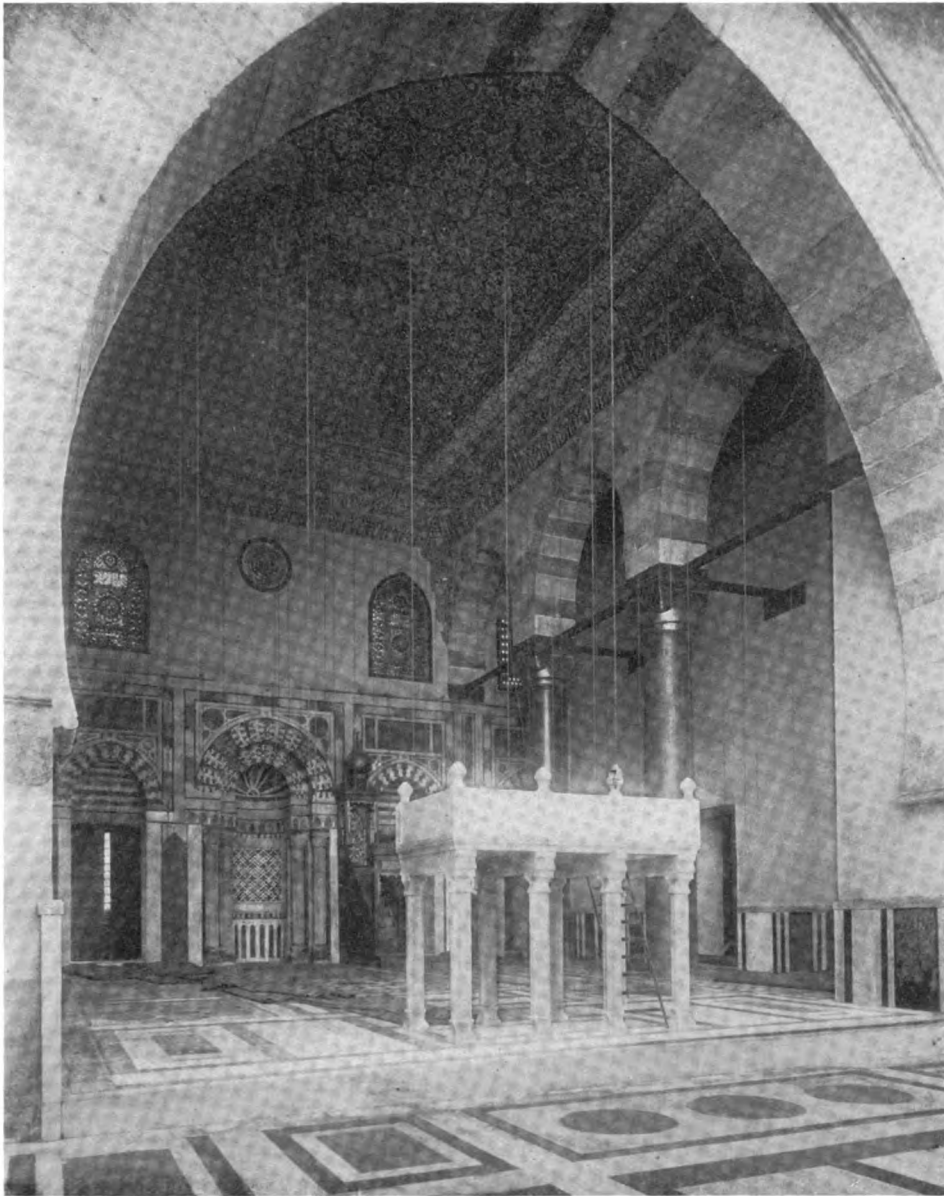
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL MINARETS OF CAIRO, EGYPT



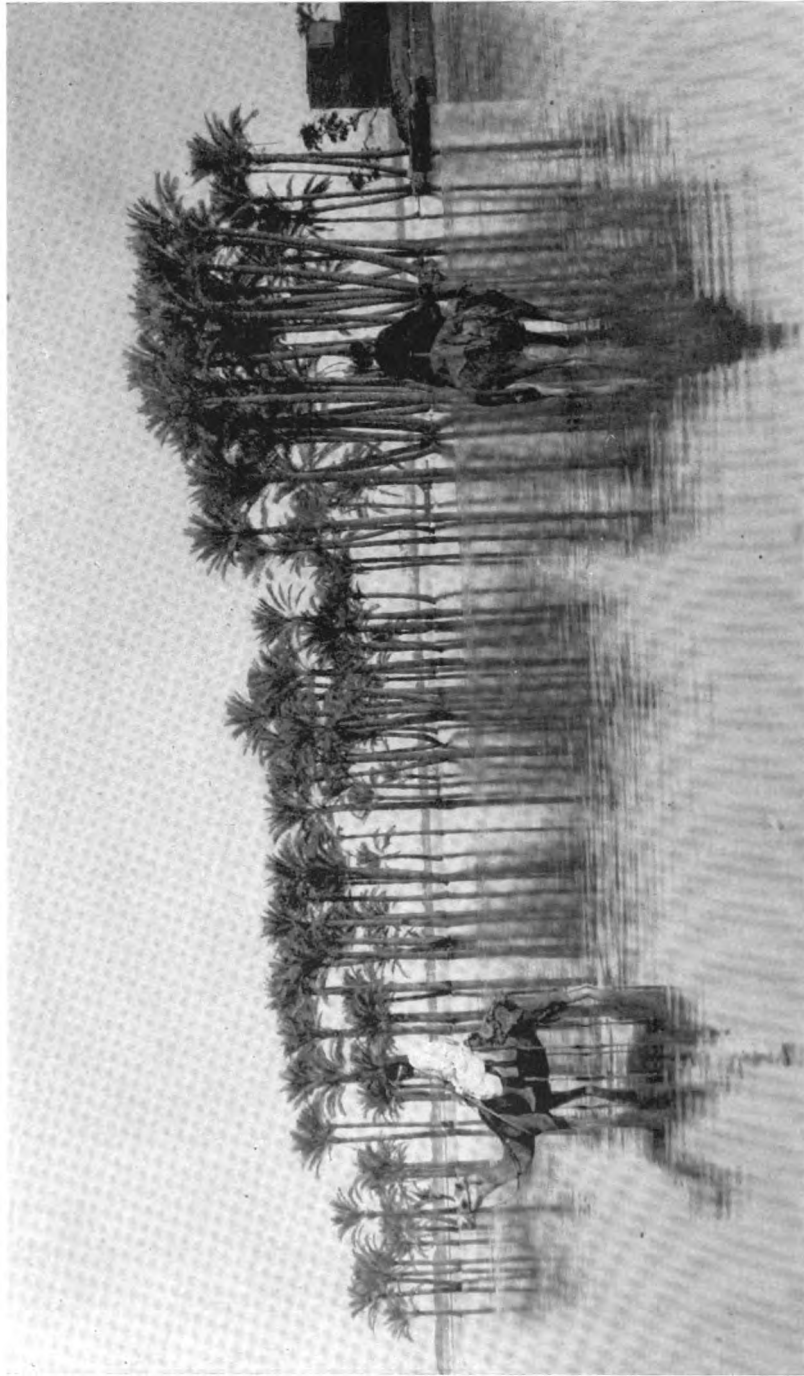
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THE COLONNADE IN THE MOSQUE OF 'AMR, CAIRO
Notice the mixed columns, all relics of ancient days.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

A FINE VIEW OF PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE SULTÂN BARKÛK, CAIRO



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THE RIVER NILE DURING THE INUNDATION

AT THE TOMB OF MÉNALA: by Stanley Fitzpatrick



THE yellow sunlight fell, in nearly vertical beams, on the hot shimmering sands and the rugged walls of rock in which a band of explorers were making excavation.

Many ancient Egyptian relics had been unearthed and now they had come upon a limestone sarcophagus containing the form of a young girl.

A couple of Americans, belonging to a party of tourists, from whom they had strayed, had come suddenly around the projecting cliff and stood watching the workmen with breathless interest, and listening to the comments and conjectures of the archaeologists who were conducting their labors.

A picturesque group of people, Arabs, were also looking on with grave, composed demeanor.

“Oh!” breathed the American girl softly to the man beside her, “it all seems so strange, and yet there is a perplexing sense of familiarity about it. Who was this girl? I feel as though I ought to know something about it.”

“Perhaps you will,” replied her companion, “when they have deciphered these inscriptions. She may have been a princess’ daughter or sister of one of Egypt’s great kings who ruled thousands of years ago.”

“No, she was not a princess,” murmured a sad and musical voice which caused the young man and the girl to turn around in some wonderment.

They were confronted by an Arab, a tall dignified man of venerable aspect and quiet, gentle bearing. His large, dark eyes were undimmed and clear and serene as those of a child. His brow was shaded by a yellow turban and a white beard fell over his tunic.

“No,” he continued, looking into the wide gray eyes of the girl with a grave sweet smile; “No, Ménala was not a princess; but she was fair enough and good enough to have been the greatest queen. She was a daughter of the people, her father being a builder of canals and irrigating works. But he was rich and he loved his only child, whose mother was dead. Tenderly as any princess was she reared and her education was all that could have been bestowed upon the highest lady of Egypt. And she was fair, very fair to look upon; but her beauty did not surpass the courage and devotion of her nature, nor the purity and goodness of her heart.

“ Those were troublous days for Egypt — for the ancient glory of Khem was already departing, her sun descending toward the night that was at last to envelop her. The king and the leaders of his army had all they could do to hold their place and power.

“ One, the bravest man in the army, was young Seti who was distantly related to the royal family. His father was dead and he was the pride of his mother, the lady Amenthis, whose ambition for her son was the one passion of her life, and she was determined that he should rise to the place of honor and trust nearest to the king. Yet Seti himself cared not, except to be of noble and honorable conduct toward all men, and to faithfully serve his country and king.

“ To further her schemes his mother had, while her son was still a child, entered into a contract with prince Ramessu, whereby Seti should wed with his daughter; for Ramessu had great wealth and was a power near the throne. The princess grew up proud and ambitious, though she was not beautiful, nor was she of a sweet or joyous nature.

“ Now it came to pass that Seti wished not to wed with her. The builder’s daughter dwelt with her father in a house near the river, surrounded by a beautiful garden. Even as a child Seti had seen and admired her loveliness and gayety and as she grew up into a tall and beautiful maiden he loved her exceedingly. And she loved him and they knew each other well; for there was a little door in the garden wall near the arbor where Ménala sat, and it belonged to her alone and none went thither excepting herself and her maid, who loved her mistress too well to refuse her aught which she desired; and to Seti had been given a key to this door. And here many, many times met the bravest and handsomest man in Egypt and the loveliest maiden of the Nile.

“ When Seti wished not to carry out his mother’s contract she was incensed beyond measure, and the proud princess was filled with the bitterest rage and humiliation: and she determined to avenge the insult put upon her.

“ Now misfortunes were coming fast upon Ménala. Her father fell from a scaffolding and was brought home injured so badly that he shortly died; and thus was she left with no protector save an old aunt and her servants.

“ Her father, knowing naught of her love for Seti had promised her hand to a young man, his associate in his business, and he now

came forward urging his suit and claiming her father's promise. Through the influence of his mother and prince Ramessu, Seti was sent away on a special mission. I had been his teacher in the use of weapons when he was but a boy and later and had ever since remained with him. Now he begged me to remain behind that I might perchance be of service to the orphaned Ménala.

"So great was my love for my lord Seti that I would gladly do aught he might ask; also, for her sweet graciousness, I loved the maiden. So disguising myself, I went into her service as a gardener. Thus I was always near her and able to listen to aught she might wish to communicate; and my sister, being maid to the lady Amenthis, let us know what plans were being set on foot against her. The lady and princess had sought out the builder, and promised to aid him in gaining possession of the maiden, Ménala.

"Finding they could not reach her in the midst of her own household of devoted domestics they laid a plan to remove her to some secret place where through her fears they could persuade or force her to renounce Seti and give herself to the other. But they counted not on a constancy such as they knew not, and a spirit as brave as that of the warrior Seti. They did indeed succeed in gaining possession of Ménala; but through my sister I soon discovered where they had concealed her in a lonely house far up the river.

"I went by as a wandering harpist, for I had skill with the harp; and the lady Amenthis gave orders that I should play in the garden near her windows, hoping that music might soften the heart of her prisoner and weaken her stubborn will; for Ménala had withstood all promises, threats, and persuasions. So I played the tunes that she loved and quickly she knew me. I knew that Seti was not far away and I sent to him a swift messenger.

"Quickly my lord came, but not too soon; for on the selfsame night the princess and the builder came also, determined to make an end of Ménala's resistance. I was watching, and when Seti came I led him to a breach which I had made in the garden wall: and then a servant, whom I had bribed, opened for us a door. Guided by angry voices, up the stairs we rushed, and Seti himself flung wide the door.

"The princess and his mother shrank abashed before his glance of burning scorn, and the other sank down upon the nearest seat. Turning from them all Seti held out both his hands to Ménala. But with a cry she sprang aside and threw herself between him and the

coward builder, who had seized a weapon and would have slain him as he stood, his back turned full upon him. The keen blade pierced the heart which that fair maid had thrust before it as her lover's shield.

"And thus she died; and in this tomb was laid the fairest flower of the Nile. And never more my lord looked on his mother's face. He went among the Libyans, Phoenicians, Greeks, wherever there was most incessant toil and action with the greatest danger. And soon his hair grew gray and many lines were on his stern, unsmiling face. While my lord Seti yet was young in years he died in battle, fighting with a strength and valor unsurpassed."

During the latter part of his strange story the old Arab's face had worn the look of one who sees only the far past and his voice had the musing tone of one communing with his own memories. He ceased as suddenly as he had begun and turning away passed out of sight behind a jutting rock.

As the girl turned around she met the gaze of many eyes. A handsome young Arab offered the explanation:

"Abu Harrān; he believes that he lived then and knew Seti and Ménala, it may be so; Allāh knows."

"It was a strange thing," said the young man as they walked slowly away.

"It was," replied his companion, "and the strangest part of it all was this; I thought — I felt — Oh, how shall I ever explain myself!"

"Don't try to, Marian. I was under the spell too, and felt so myself."

"Yes, yes, Robert; just as if it were all true and we knew it as well as he did — as if we had seen and known and *acted* in the scenes he was recalling."

"Yes, indeed; and I have felt that way before. I have often had the feeling that places and people and things were perfectly well known to me, although I certainly had never before met with them in this life. And this is by no means an uncommon experience. In fact I believe nearly every one has, at times, experienced this feeling to some degree."

"And how do you account for it, Robert?"

"I know of no theory that will account for it except that we have

lived other lives and these feelings are fleeting memories—momentary glimpses — of scenes in those former lives.”

“But how lovely it would be if we only could remember it all clearly.”

“I don’t think so: probably it’s best that we cannot. We have enough to bear in one life without the burden of the memories of all the trials and tragedies, mistakes and perhaps crimes of other lives.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean all that, Robert. I was thinking only of pleasant things.”

“But you know, dear, in our upward journey we have to pass through many places; otherwise how could we gain a perfect knowledge of life? And until we have accomplished this we cannot leave this earth, except to return again.”

There was a pause, then Marian said softly:

“Poor Ménala and Seti! Do you think they knew then?”

“I do not know; but we know now.”

“Yes, Robert, and we will make the world brighter and better by putting our knowledge into practice.”

And they passed on over the glimmering sands.

SEISMOLOGY AND JOHN MILNE: by D.

IN the March bulletin of the Seism. Soc. Amer, is a scientific summary of the life-work of the founder, as he may be called, of present seismology; although Milne’s work in Japan was perhaps at first greatly aided by that of Sir James Ewing. Some of his general views will be of interest. “Inquiry into the more profound causes did not preoccupy his mind, for he believed they are beyond our reach.” In 1885 he pointed out that earthquakes originate mainly in regions of geologically recent elevation. Ten years later he drew attention to an apparent relation between seismicity and slope steepness. Through his exertions, the records of fifty-nine stations all over the world were regularly assembled at his laboratory in the Isle of Wight. “Never had a geo-physicist been the leader of such a worldwide network of observations.” He was the first to announce that an earthquake can put in vibration the entire terrestrial mass.

IMMENSE AUDIENCE ENDORSES KATHERINE TINGLEY'S APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Extracts from the Theosophical Leader's Address

(From the *San Diego Union*, April 6, 1914)



LAST night at Isis Theater, which was filled to its capacity, the whole audience save six responded to Katherine Tingley's appeal for a standing vote in support of resolutions for the abolishment of capital punishment.

In a stirring and eloquent appeal Katherine Tingley spoke right to the hearts of her audience and by the force of her arguments won them over to complete sympathy with her. The meeting was opened by the singing of songs, exquisitely rendered by the Râja-Yoga international chorus of some fifty voices, and the reading of appropriate quotations.

Following are extracts from Katherine Tingley's address:

"While we are in this atmosphere of music, of brotherly love, of compassion for all that lives, we are obliged to admit, if we think at all, that human society is morally bankrupt. The sooner thinking people of the present generation admit this the sooner will they reach a point of discernment whereby they can see things as they are and apply the remedy.

SOCIETY MORALLY BANKRUPT

"How can you read your newspapers daily, as you do, and feel satisfied that all is well? How can the so-called Christians of the present age go to their prayers and to their homes satisfied? How can they do it? I ask this in love, with all due consideration for their beliefs: but I say, how can they do it? Is it not true, if we think well, that we have missed the real meaning of the teachings of Christ and of the sages of old? If we had them in their simplicity and clearness and force of spiritual life, we should not have to admit that society morally is bankrupt, and that the conditions of the world point to a degeneracy in human nature that one scarcely dares to think about.

"So when we take up the subject of capital punishment, before we look at it with unfriendly eyes, we must consider why it is that with all the so-called education, culture and the prosperity of the twentieth century, there is this great gap between ourselves and the unfortunates. Can you recall anything that Christ ever taught, or any of the Great Teachers, that could sustain you, or the people at large, in taking a position that because a man sins he is to be condemned? That because he has sinned he is to be punished through the laws of man? I find nothing in the teachings of Christ to support any such position.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

"You have a perfect right to feel that it would be a most unwise and injudicious thing for us to attempt at this moment to open all the prison doors and to

let the unfortunates go free. You certainly might say to me: You have a theory that capital punishment should be abolished, but where is your remedy? What are we to do with these unfortunates? What is to become of them? Must they be allowed to go at large? Must they be permitted to continue their vices and their crimes? No, Theosophy answers, no; but Theosophy says: Treat them as something more than mere mortals. . . .

“If you had studied your own lives you would long ago have reached the causes of these things and then you would have been able to apply the remedy. Your remedy would not be unbrotherly, it would be Christian-like; because, if you had knowledge of the Divine Law, the heart and mind would be illuminated by its light, by that power of discernment that would bring about conditions so that all humanity, knowing its responsibilities, would know how to treat the unfortunates.

“All down these years that you have come, in your soul’s experience, you would have been teaching and working and serving, and today there would not be a prison in the land, not a prison, not a man caged and bound and hunted down, held in like a caged animal. No! Mercy, compassion, knowledge, wisdom and discrimination would be in your lives; you would have realized before this time that those in prison and out of prison who have sinned — indeed, who has not sinned? — are entitled to that kind of treatment that is in harmony with the Higher Law, with the Divine Law; they would be treated as invalids.

THE ETERNAL SELF FORGOTTEN

“You treat your bodies with such gentleness and consideration, but you forget the eternal self, the soul, the Christos within you; and so, forgetting it in your own lives, you forget it in the lives of those who naturally look to you for help and example.

“So you see I am not so far away from the truth when I tell you that human society is bankrupt; that the moral and the spiritual life is not a living power in our midst today, and only a very few men and women can be found who are really working unselfishly; only a few.

“If we are to discuss this subject of the abolishment of capital punishment, we must be prepared to state what remedy to apply in its stead; not asking for the freedom of the prisoners, not presuming to interfere with the law of justice in any sense, but declaring and demanding that every man and woman under the sun shall have their spiritual rights.

HUMANITY IS INDIFFERENT

Last Friday a man of twenty-three years of age, with not a very bad record in the past, was hanged in this state. Oh, when I think of it, when I think of it! And that any mortal, any human being can think of it and can look on the picture for even a moment, and be at ease! That is what alarms me — to find the human family forgetful — worse, indifferent! That is the horror of it; and the hardest work that a real helper of humanity has in carrying the spirit of reformation to the world is with the public; it is with the minds of men; it is with the people

who support the laws. It is they who must be pleaded with and cared for and also, in varying degree, treated as invalids.

A DARING SPEECH

“This is a daring speech of mine, but it is true. All humanity is in a state of invalidism, and so again that statement supports the idea that human society is bankrupt, morally and spiritually. And so with the different aspects that are presented to me tonight, of humanity going along in a half-interested way, some totally indifferent, some pretending that they are happy, satisfied as long as their little squirrel cage is not interfered with, satisfied as long as their interests are not touched. The picture is appalling — humanity in its unrest, ignorance, despair and indifference, with its weaklings going down to degradation, and then ending up in prison; and we humans, we of God’s great family, supposed to have intellects keen enough to discern right and wrong, permit them to be sentenced to death — to be executed.

“Think of it! That we dare to support laws that will allow such brutal and inhuman work; that we dare to interfere with God’s laws; those wonderful, divine laws that guide us in spite of ourselves.

“But to think of presuming to take God’s laws and to defy them and to let a soul go out in the darkness, in the shadows, in the despair, feeling that all the world is against it; to take a life, the rope around the neck; cut down the body to earth; but, oh, ye men and women of the twentieth century, what about that soul?

BLAME YOURSELVES

“Are you not, and is not the whole human family responsible for that act that I am now referring to and for all acts of injustice? Should you blame the governors and the law-makers? No, blame yourselves. Oh, be courageous and blame yourselves! May this blame sink so deeply into your hearts that your consciences will take new life, that a freedom of thought will come to you, an enlightenment, discernment, the power to see the injustice of things as they now are.

“When you reach that point, a new life will come to glorify, and the Christian spirit will begin to work in your lives, and you will not have to sit down and discuss and worry and be afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid that if capital punishment should be abolished we should have more crimes. Let some one bring me some proof that capital punishment has lessened crime. What evidence have you? None at all. You cannot bring any evidence at all, none at all.

“If we are to stem the tide of vice and degradation, we must treat these unfortunates, these weaklings, as souls; not intimidate them, not arouse their lower natures, not create a larger revenge, more passion, more hate for the world and the laws of men. But we must change these conditions through our spiritual effort. You may think and talk, and you may strain your intellects to the utmost, you may have your societies and your systems; you may make laws and laws, and yet not reach a solution of this problem. I tell you that I know this, and I know it, because I am a Theosophist.

MUST HAVE COURAGE

" I know, largely from my association with criminals, in trying to help them, that we never can restore society to its dignity, we never can restore the unfortunate to his rights, until we have reached that point of spiritual attainment, where we shall know right from wrong, and have the courage to declare the right, to sustain it and to uphold only those laws that make for the betterment of human kind. And when we say the betterment of human kind, we must include something more than the physical life, or our worldly interests, or our society aims, or our pride.

" So now to go back to our unfortunate and the type he represents: Let us think, at the present time when our prisons are overrun with criminals, when our youth are going to the dogs so fast that we cannot count them, and so many appalling things are happening in our own state and other states, let us see, what can we do?

WORK ON MIDDLE LINES

" It will take time, because as humanity has been going on the downward path so long, we cannot get back to the old position of soul-life in a day. So we must be wise and work on middle lines, on lines of least resistance, endeavor to do the best we can, according to our opportunities; but we must grasp every opportunity, and we must have the courage born of the Gods, to work out our opportunities in this direction.

TO AROUSE THE WORLD

" So in my opinion the first thing is to arouse the whole world, this great family of humans that we are associated with, with the idea that it is savagery for us to support capital punishment; that we must take a stand and make the first step, remove the first stone, so to speak, and arise in our righteous wrath and in the dignity of our manhood and womanhood and declare: No capital punishment in the state of California! Let us not take up the question of other states tonight, because we cannot make the world over in a minute, but what a glorious thing it would be if California, under the pressure of just our efforts here — this small body of people — would abolish capital punishment; if we could arise to that point of discernment of knowing what is our duty at this moment, not tomorrow — not to think it out or work it out by the brain mind — but let us find our consciences!

" Let us get right down to that point, and stop and think a moment! Think just how we should feel if *our children* were in prison today, or if *our children* were to be executed! That is the way to get home to the truth! That is the way to arouse the hearts of men; to bring the sorrows of others into our lives, feel them, understand them.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS SAVAGERY

" When that power comes, that knowledge, that love, that compassion, that the Nazarene and others taught ages ago — when that comes — well, there will

be no questioning. Your minds would repudiate the necessity of discussing the question. You would declare that it is savagery, that it is brutality, that it is a great disgrace to the human race today — that any man or woman would support such unjust measures. It is your duty; it is the duty of all humans to come closer to the realization of what human responsibility is.

“I have said it over and over again, and these words are always singing in my heart like a beautiful mantra: ‘I am my brother’s keeper. I am my brother’s keeper,’ and surely if we are our brothers’ keepers, then we can very quickly see how we have failed and how our dear ancestors have failed in doing justice to humanity, and particularly in doing justice to those who are condemned to be hanged or electrocuted.

“I could conceive, and I always try to control my imagination when I am meeting a mixed audience, but I could conceive the psychological influence of a body like this, agreeing with me that capital punishment was wrong — it would affect others, and before long we should take another step in helping to change unjust laws.

A NEW PICTURE

“It would be our heart work, the voices of our souls speaking, we might think ahead ten years or fifteen and see the picture of some of our hills and our valleys presenting a new feature in the twentieth century civilization. A something so splendidly remedial — and that is, that we should have our hospitals for the weaklings, for the more unfortunate, whose unbridled passions have carried them so far beyond the pale of society — we should have institutions of reformation with the name unprinted — hospitals with the name unprinted.

“There would be the gardens and the fields. There would be the houses and the homes. Do you know that I dare conceive and have written it all out, that those prisoners should not be separated from their families! That they should be placed in these Institutions of Brotherhood that I speak of, and cared for in such a way that they would understand quite well that they were under a certain amount of restraint, but no more, perhaps — if we are very thoughtful — than that we give to invalids. They would feel that they were in a hospital, in a school, with everything so helpful that there would be no inducement to rebel.

“If we can now send out from the prisons on parole a certain number of men, put them on their honor, send them out with only five dollars, some of them with no understanding, with no friends — if we can send these out on parole and trust them to society, surely we can take our unfortunates and give them the advantages of reformation in the helpful environments I have described to you. They would be self-supporting, and in the end there would be less cost to the state — and less crime.

HUMAN POSSIBILITIES

And I know that in such environments it would be possible that most of these unfortunates, through the suffering that they had endured that you know nothing about, would arouse the strength of their higher natures and become in the course

of time valuable citizens, and some ultimately law-makers, teachers, and reformers. How dare we stultify the possibilities of the soul of man? Can we not let our imagination soar so far into this broad arena of spiritual life and picture the future?

“Is my picture so far-fetched? If you can take men and let them out on parole now, with everything to contend with, striving for the dollar and their bread and butter, with no end of difficulties, everything to discourage them — if you can do this now, surely you could support a scheme of brotherhood reformatories, leaving out all creeds, making them a universal expression of the hearts of the people, held down by no special system, except that of the laws of the state; but those laws would have been made by you, and so you would have become a part of them.

NO MORE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

“I can feel your hearts pulsating with the thought of this picture. There are only a few here who are so held in and limited and prejudiced, who cannot break the bars and look out, who will ever advocate capital punishment after this. You can't do it. My heart, the persuasion of my heart and my voice, my love for humanity and my hopes for the unfortunate, certainly will be enough to move you to concerted action; and concerted action, when hearts are united, is like one great throbbing ocean of spiritual force.

“When hearts and minds are united, then the soul speaks, and then my prayer, my earnest prayer, is that ye men and women of San Diego will arise to the occasion and that you will find yourselves in a new way, that you will study your duties in a new way, that you will realize your responsibilities in a new way, that you may feel the touch of that divine life, the divine law, that you may feel so truly, so splendidly, so fully, so generously, so divinely, that you will declare that California must take the lead. California can no longer support capital punishment.”

Resolutions Accepted

At the close of Madame Tingley's address the following resolutions were read, and were received with hearty applause. Katherine Tingley then said:

“I wish to thank all present for their splendid attention, and the spirit of sympathy which I have felt in your presence tonight. But I cannot let you go until I have made just one more plea. May I not ask you that there shall be a standing vote in support of these resolutions, that Capital Punishment may be eliminated from the statutes of the State of California?”

In response, the whole audience, with the exception of but half a dozen out of the twelve hundred and fifty present, arose and gave their enthusiastic assent with loud applause. While the audience were still on their feet, Katherine Tingley said: “It is the desire of the Râja-Yoga students who come here almost every week to entertain and to help you, that you join with them in singing that beautiful hymn, *Lead Kindly Light*.” To this request the audience enthusiastically responded, and at the conclusion, the Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang, *There is Music by the River*.

**HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY CLUB
RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

"Judge Not, That Ye Be Not Judged."

The members of the Helena Petrovna Blavatsky Club, a representative body of the students of the Râja-Yoga Academy, a department of the School of Anti-quity, of which Katherine Tingley is Foundress-Directress, on hearing of the death sentences of J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and others, to be executed during this month of April, 1914, have unanimously adopted the following resolutions, to protest against this infringement of the Divine Laws of Justice and Mercy.

WHEREAS: The Râja-Yoga School was established to educate the youth in accordance with the spiritual laws of life, and one of the essential teachings of Râja-Yoga is the duality of human nature, and the continual warfare between the Lower and the Higher Self; and

WHEREAS: This knowledge has been lost to the world, and these men were not taught to rule the Lower by the Higher Self, and therefore cannot be condemned for their mistakes; and

WHEREAS: We are our Brothers' Keepers, and are responsible for their welfare, and the death penalty destroys all chance in this life of a man's squaring himself with the world; and crime has not been lessened by capital punishment; and the death penalty creates misery and poverty in many homes; and

WHEREAS: The psychological effect of the fear of death adds to the despair which may lead others to crime; and such a death liberates evil influences beyond human power to control, which could be held in check if the man were given another chance; and

WHEREAS: Capital Punishment makes Death a horrible nightmare instead of the entrance into the Larger Life, as it is under the workings of the Higher Law; and

WHEREAS: Life is heaven-given, and man cannot give it, and so has no right to take it away: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That not only should the present sentences be removed, but the death penalty should be forever blotted from the records of our civilization.

RESOLVED: That in order to accomplish this, we appeal to the Divine in Man to arouse itself in protest against this inhuman act.

RESOLVED: That to follow Christ's teaching, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it is our duty to help these men, not put them beyond the reach of help.

RESOLVED: That we appeal to His Excellency Governor Johnson to commute the death sentences of J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and the other condemned men, in

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accordance with the spirit of the Higher Law, and thus be a helper in the work of placing California in the ranks of our most enlightened States.

In behalf of all the members of the Helena Petrovna Blavatsky Club, founded July 1913, among whom are represented six nations.

Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

KARIN HEDLUND
President
MARGARET HANSON
Secretary

Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914.

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB

RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

"Fortune's Favored Soldiers, Loyal and Alert."

PRIMARY OBJECTS:

1. To form a nucleus of dependable Râja-Yoga workers for Brotherhood, under the guidance of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley.
2. To aid in raising the standard of our Râja-Yoga College, by the example of our daily life.
3. To put into practice at all times, the highest ideals of manhood, and the teachings of Râja-Yoga.

SECONDARY OBJECTS:

1. To acquire a greater knowledge of, and facility in, public speaking.
2. To gain a more thorough mastery of the English language.
3. To study and practice Parliamentary Law.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR HIRAM JOHNSON,
State House, Sacramento, California.

Honorable Sir:

The WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB was organized in June, 1906, by the students of the Boys' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, which college is a Department of the School of Antiquity (Incorporated), and of which college Katherine Tingley is the Foundress-Directress. This Club is the central one of many Boys' Brotherhood Clubs that have been established by Katherine Tingley throughout the world since 1898.

At a special meeting of this Club, held on this, the Second Day of April, 1914, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and others, have been legally condemned to be hanged during this month of April, 1914, and they are, in the sense that we are all essentially divine, our brothers; and moreover, *they have probably*

been deprived of the opportunities that we have had of learning the invaluable lessons of self-control; and had we not been afforded such opportunities, we do not know to what temptations we ourselves might have succumbed; and

WHEREAS: It is the aim of the members of this Club honorably to meet life's responsibilities, and thus prepare themselves to better serve humanity; and we believe in putting into practice the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and in our opinion, every man worthy of the name, must instinctively throttle the voice of conscience and humanity, in order to permit a fellow-being to be hanged or otherwise executed; and

WHEREAS: The WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB has been given the opportunity of co-operating with Katherine Tingley in her efforts to abolish Capital Punishment in general, and in her protest against the execution of these men in particular; and has also been given the opportunity of co-operating with the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, in the Resolutions unanimously adopted by that Body on March 31, 1914: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB appeal to His Excellency, Governor Hiram Johnson, to commute the sentence of our condemned brothers, and thereby give them another chance to learn their lessons from their serious mistakes, and thus possibly become in time worthy citizens; and that in no sense do we presume to ask that our condemned brothers be set free; but that we repeat the words of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley: "They should have another chance in the most humane environments."

RESOLVED: That His Excellency, Governor Johnson, be reminded that we are to make the future citizens of this State; and that we—and we feel all the people of our State, who have the true Christian Spirit—will ever cherish his memory for any act of clemency he may show to erring fellow-beings.

RESOLVED: That the following words from Shakespeare fittingly express our own sentiments:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.*

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In behalf of all the members of the WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB, among whom are represented nine different nations.

HUBERT DUNN
Censor

Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

MONTAGUE A. MACHELL
President

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.
Secretary

Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914.

AN APPEAL

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR,
Sacramento, California.

Dear Sir:

The members of the Woman's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian) of Point Loma, California, associated with other Leagues throughout the world under the Leadership of Madame Katherine Tingley, their Foundress-Directress, and organized to protect the homes and to safeguard the interests of civic and national life and harmonious international relations, at a meeting of the Council of said League on this date, March 31, 1914, do hereby adopt the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: We learn that the fate of J. Allen and Ralph Fariss and others now in San Quentin penitentiary legally condemned to death, is in your hands and their cry for mercy is in your heart; and know that the influence of your decision is a responsibility that will react upon many lives and that it will be far-reaching and potent in its effects for good or ill; and

WHEREAS: We hold that, in view of the tie of human brotherhood as a fact in Nature, we, as intrinsic parts of the body politic, enjoying its rights, also share in the responsibility of its wrongs; and that, in the eyes of the Higher Law, we also share in the guilt of evil-doers who may be more blindly led and more sorely tempted than we ourselves, through the influence of environing conditions for which we hold that we are, in part, responsible; and

WHEREAS: We believe that nothing which is morally wrong should be considered legally right; that the common law should be an instrument not of *destruction* but of *instruction* and that its mission should be not to destroy but to fulfil; that no beneficent purpose can be served, either for the men now condemned or for others in like case or for Society, by thus cutting short the lives of these unfortunate men and removing them by force from the School in which Nature has placed them, but that, on the contrary, in so doing we miserably shirk a sacred responsibility and cruelly deprive them of whatever opportunities for improvement this life might otherwise have to offer; and

WHEREAS: We hold that all men have the God-given right to correct their mis-

takes and do what they can to restore the harmony their acts have violated, no less than the harmony within their own natures; that this, in short, is the Divine End towards which all are struggling, and that the greater the sin the greater the need for help and opportunity for readjustment; and

WHEREAS: We believe that in every man, even in those who temporarily lose all control of their passions, there resides an inner Divine Power which, if appealed to in the spirit of true brotherliness and strengthened by discipline and co-operation, enables even those who have failed many times to conquer the evil impulses which impelled them, and transmute the evil into good; and

WHEREAS: It is our conviction and belief that if he who has done the evil deed does not himself atone by transmuting the evil in his nature into good, these wicked impulses live on after the man's body is dead and constitute a menace to weak and innocent persons, poisoning the atmosphere of thought and feeling in which we all live and breeding crime by their unseen influence — thus accounting for many of those sporadic outbursts of crime which are as yet neither controlled nor understood; and that a living man, guarded within prison walls, is better than a disembodied evil passion seeking a victim to satisfy its desires; and

WHEREAS: As law-abiding citizens, we believe in restraint and correction for wrong-doers, but believe that our beloved commonwealth of California is powerful enough to impose the necessary restraint upon those who are dangerous to Society; and that fearless mercy will lead to an intuitive understanding of even the criminal's nature, to the end of true reform, while his death warrant must ever bear, when challenged, the stamp of social ignorance and weakness; and

WHEREAS: It has been our good fortune to assist Katherine Tingley for many years in her efforts to reform and to uplift the discouraged and the fallen, in and out of prisons and among both men and women; and

WHEREAS: We have observed the effect of her teachings of Man's essential Divinity and the Brotherhood of Mankind upon erring men and women — in particular upon the unfortunates in our prisons — and have seen many a hardened criminal reformed through the knowledge that there were those who believed in his Divine power to redeem himself and who, while not condoning his guilt, still looked upon him as a brother; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That, whatever the guilt of these condemned men may be, or of other condemned men in other States or nations, they are human, like ourselves, and are our brothers, with like need of merciful judgment; that shameful death will not undo their crime while it will act to prevent them from learning needed lessons in Life's great School of Experience; that their execution serves no purpose of reform in their embittered fellow-prisoners or in the ranks of hardened criminals at large, while the shadow of the scaffold that ever darkens the saddened lives of a wide circle of innocent ties would, in some measure, surely fall with deepened horror upon us all,

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since no man can sin or suffer the effects of sin alone; that the signs of the times point to an awakening of the public conscience regarding the unrealized horror of Capital Punishment, and that it were well for the fair name of sunny California that it early abolish the outgrown barbarity which our children will be embarrassed to explain; and, be it also

RESOLVED: That, in the name of thousands of humanitarian women throughout the world, who are united in seeking to understand better their own responsibilities to their homes and to the world, we earnestly entreat you to use the power of your honorable position in staying the executioner's hand in the case of these condemned men, that you may give to human brothers what is yours alone to give; that you may make your act a signal response to the cry for *another chance* that pleads in every human heart;

That, as Women, many of us mothers of sons, we plead for the condemned; as workers for humanity, we plead for the good name and the protection of Society; that, as members of God's great family, we plead for all those who, in spite of their mistakes, are still our Brothers; and that, in addition, we declare it our conviction that Your Excellency, as the First Citizen of our fair State, by resolute courage in stepping out in defense of the Higher Law of Compassion, would invoke its protection in a new and Divine expression that would benefit all the world.

In behalf of the members of the Woman's International Theosophical League, (unsectarian, humanitarian) among whom are represented twenty-five different nations.

KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

(MRS.) ELIZABETH C. SPALDING
President
(MRS.) ESTELLE C. HANSON
Secretary

Dated March 31, 1914, at the Headquarters of the Women's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian), Point Loma, California.

A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND AN APPEAL FOR ITS ABOLISHMENT

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.

Every man who errs, no matter how seriously he errs, deserves another chance.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity is a world-wide body, unsectarian and non-political, established in New York in 1897 by Katherine

Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, for the purpose of aiding and uplifting Humanity along practical lines; in which work it has been actively engaged since its foundation.

Among its objects are the following:

"To abolish Capital Punishment."

"To assist those who are or have been in prison to establish themselves in honorable positions in life."

In pursuance of these objects and to make an appeal to the public of California and of other States of America which still retain the death penalty among their statutes, and to the enlightened public throughout the world; and in particular to appeal to the Governor of the State of California mercifully to exercise his power of clemency and to commute the death sentences in all cases that may come before him, a special meeting of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity was held at its headquarters at Point Loma, California, this day, March 31st, 1914, at which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: Among the enlightened and seriously thinking people of all civilized countries there is a growing recognition of human solidarity and the Brotherhood and mutual interdependence of all men, and a recognition that Society as a whole is responsible for the conditions that result in crime; and further, that being responsible it is the duty of Society and the State to reform and not merely to punish the criminal — which responsibility is virtually denied by the execution of the death sentence; and

WHEREAS: Society as a whole, represented by the State, has an equal responsibility with the individual to display those attributes which distinguish man from the brute, and to follow the highest dictates of virtue and of humanity as well as those of divine law; and hence the divine command, re-echoed by Jesus, "Thou shalt not kill," applies to and is equally binding on the State as on the individual, the State being equally bound with the individual to respect the laws of the State, and not to commit an offense against any of its laws, such as the taking of life; and

WHEREAS: In retaining the death penalty among its statutes the State virtually arrogates to itself supreme right which belongs to Deity alone; viz., the taking of life, man's sacred possession and inalienable right; and

WHEREAS: There is a growing distrust of the efficacy, humanity and common-sense of Capital Punishment, and a growing revolt of thinking people against this method of dealing with the heinous offense of murder by repeating it judicially, in cold blood; and

WHEREAS: By executing the sentence of Capital Punishment the State commits an act which, committed by an individual, it condemns, which act is irrevocable and in many instances has been inflicted upon persons who have afterwards

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been found innocent, in which instances the State stands convicted of crime, not merely of blunder; and

WHEREAS: The protection of Society can be assured and safeguarded by the proper restraint — by incarceration — of the criminal, permitting the exercise of humane, remedial and educative measures for his reform and possible restoration as a useful and honorable member of Society; Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That, and we do hereby most earnestly protest against the infliction of the death penalty, and make this appeal for the Abolishment of Capital Punishment, which violates the sacredness of human life;

RESOLVED: That we appeal to and call upon every enlightened citizen of the State of California, of the United States of America, and of the whole world, to unite in a solemn protest against the enforcement of Capital Punishment; and to abolish from the statutes of all States and Countries the death penalty;

RESOLVED: That we call upon the humanity of the Twentieth Century to arise and proclaim itself in recognition of the duty and obligation of man to man, and brother to brother;

RESOLVED: That we call upon the people of the State of California to support this appeal to His Excellency, the Governor of California, to mercifully exercise his prerogative of clemency and commute the death sentences of those men in San Quentin penitentiary now awaiting execution;

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Governor of the State of California and other officials, and that the same be printed and sent to the Governors of every State of the United States of America, and to the Heads of Governments and their Ministers throughout the world, and be published broadcast among the peoples of the earth.

On behalf of all the members throughout the world of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, among whom are representatives of twenty-five nations, resident at the International Headquarters at Point Loma,

KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

C. THURSTON
President
FRED J. DICK
Secretary

Dated March 31, 1914, at the Headquarters of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity (unsectarian and non-political), Point Loma, California.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

Indian Notes

THE president of the British Institution of Civil Engineers said lately: "In England the great irrigation works of India are seldom heard of and I cannot but think that the magnitude of some of them is but little appreciated even by members of our own profession." Yet there is no country in the world where so much has been done to make the desert blossom like the rose and to prevent famine by the judicious storing and distribution of water. We have heard much about the great Assouan Dam on the Nile which has so largely increased the cultivable area of Egypt and eliminated the failures of crops, but the area of one irrigation enterprise alone in the Puñjâb, the great Chenâb Canal, is equal to half the cultivated area of Egypt. Two million acres of crops grow on land that was formerly waste. The Indian Government has sunk \$190,000,000 in irrigation works. This has been a profitable investment for all concerned, for it produces seven per cent interest. Fifty-three million acres are now irrigated in India, including the schemes carried out by the Imperial and Native State Governments and by private enterprise. The size of the irrigating canals is very considerable. For instance, the Chenâb Canal comprises 2800 miles of channels, and the Great Ganges Canal, with its distributing channels, is 9900 miles long, 200 feet wide, and 10 feet deep. A vast irrigation scheme is now in progress forty miles south of Lahore involving the construction of three canals, one 200 feet wide, which will have to be carried across the three-mile-wide river Ravi. The dam recently constructed across the Periyar River in the Madura district is nearly two miles long, and the constructors had to face the most extraordinary difficulties. It is situated in an uninhabited country, far from a railway, and in the middle of a range of hills filled with wild beasts. The wild elephants gave the greatest trouble.

It has been known for some years that Chinese Art was powerfully influenced about the sixth or seventh centuries A. D. by the Greco-Buddhist art which came from the Gandhâra district of northwestern India. This influence, which originally came from the Greek colonies in Asia Minor, finally reached the shores of Japan. In 1905 an expedition was sent by France to explore Turkestan for remains of pre-Islâmic Greco-Buddhist art, and it has had conspicuous success. The discoveries include statues, bas-reliefs and pottery, temples and grottos with paintings, and manuscripts; 4000 photographs, numerous plaster casts, and more than eighty cases of sculptures, paintings, and manuscripts have been brought back. A part of this extensive collection is on exhibition in the Louvre at Paris. They show the close relation existing between the sculptors of northwest India and Chinese Turkestan, and bring out the influence of the Hellenistic style in Central Asia. They display an intimate union of the classical and the oriental spirit, in the fusion of Buddhist thought and symbolism in Western molds.

C. R.

•

The Drama

MR. F. R. BENSON, EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN ARTIST, VISITS THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

On Saturday, March 21st, 1914, the Faculty and Students of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California, had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. F. R. Benson, the celebrated Leader of the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespearean Company, and the inspirer of the "Stratford Movement." Mr. Benson visited the International Theosophical Headquarters at the special invitation of Mme. Katherine Tingley.

After listening to a number of songs by

the Râja-Yoga Students, which evidently delighted him, and visiting the beautiful grounds of Lomaland and enjoying the magnificent views from Point Loma's heights, Mr. Benson was conducted to the open-air Greek Theater—the first in America, built by Mme. Tingley in 1901.

Thereupon, one of the older Râja-Yoga Students, Mr. Montague Machell, spoke from the arena to give Mr. Benson some idea of the wonderful acoustics of the theater. Mr. Machell made some very appropriate remarks concerning Katherine Tingley's work for the elevation of the Drama, incidentally mentioning what an important feature the Drama was in the many-sided Râja-Yoga education.

Mr. Benson then delivered extemporaneously the following brief address, which, in itself bespeaks a broad mind and an artistic nature. He said:

"Fellow-Students of the College of Life:

"It is a very great pleasure to me to be your guest. I do not think this is an occasion for me to say anything at all; because you—all of you—seem to be *living* those things which we are merely *studying*—those things which Mr. Machell referred to when speaking here a moment or two ago. You are living those things in life, which are the common denominator of all the teachers, the thinkers, the educators, and artists of all time—no matter whether it is Simon Stylites standing alone on his pillar, or whether it is just the fakir crawling through the dust, or whether it is a great and original educator, such as Mme. Tingley, or whether it is those who are carrying on her work, amidst these beautiful surroundings. Therefore it is a great help and encouragement to me, just a wandering actor, to come here and receive such kindly welcome.

"The thought uppermost in my mind at the moment is this: As the previous speaker said, of course the drama is one part, one study of life; but in another sense, Life and the Drama are but two points of view; and there is the one, great, human eye, trying to catch the beams of a sun, shining beyond all these other suns somewhere; and in that sense, there is no difference between the Drama, Music, Education, Law, and Science, etc. They are all one light, composed of many rays. So I am here among you, just as a stranger—and yet, not a

stranger, but as one of the human brotherhood, which is seeking for Truth; and I must thank you very much for having allowed me just to light my little wax taper in the presence of so many torch-bearers, in the presence of so many beacon-fires on the mountains of—you may call it the mountains of Greece, you may call it the mountains of America—but on the mountains of the world! And I shall go back and perhaps be able to light a bigger torch, because I have stood in the presence, and received the warmth of a friendly welcome from the theosophical torch-bearers who have played, and taught, and sung, and danced, and grown up, and made life more joyous and beautiful in these wonderful surroundings.

"I realize that I too come here as one of the humblest students in the school of life; and I thank you for the light that my visit to your school of life has given me."

To test the acoustics of the Greek Theater, Mr. Benson was requested to step back into the temple portico at the farther end of the theater. This he did, and recited in conversational voice, "The Seven Ages of Man," from Act II. Scene 7, of *As You Like It*. On finishing he said:

"I recited that here just to try some experiments in acoustics, not because I think those lines are appropriate. Of course those lines are merely the point of view of the cynical, philosophical courtier, who had not the same advantage of being in the school of life that you have. Some people will tell you that that is Shakespeare's view of life; but any one who has really studied him, and acted him, or who has really loved his characters, knows that that is not so; and the real answer to the problem comes much nearer being found in the lines:

' . . . books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

"I think there is a very strong link between Shakespearean drama and the school of life, such as this. But today, I feel I ought to apologize for talking to you at all, because the answer to it all is just here."

Saturday afternoon, Mme. Tingley and a large number of the Râja-Yoga students witnessed the Stratford Players' production of *King Henry V*, in which Mr. Benson, besides playing the title-rôle, is also the art director.

OBSERVER

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 G. de Purucker, 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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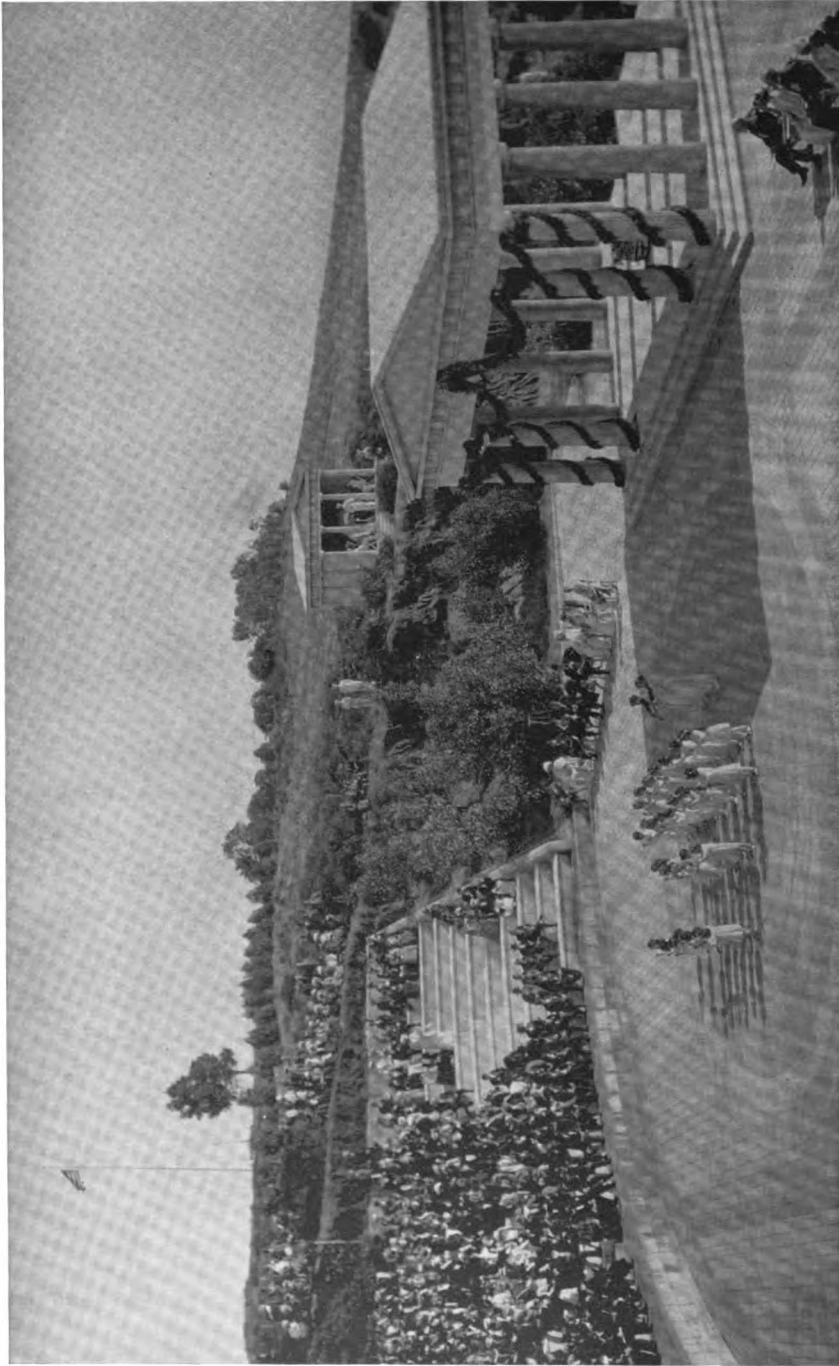
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VOL. VI No. 6

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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R., 47TH ENCAMPMENT, DEPARTMENTS OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA
AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, MAY 7, 1914

ACTION-SONGS IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATER BY SOME OF THE YOUNGER PUPILS

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

JUNE, 1914

NO. 6

THE unwritten and unvarying laws of Heaven are not of yesterday nor of today. They are from all time, and none knoweth when they appeared.

SOPHOCLES, *Antigone*, lines 457 et seq.

PSYCHIC AND NOETIC ACTION: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



ONE of the most interesting and important of H. P. Blavatsky's works is the little book under the above title.* As the name implies it was written to distinguish between two quite distinct sets of functions and faculties in the human constitution, to which the aforesaid two names are respectively given. The word "psychic" being derived from the Greek *psuche*, the word "noetic" is similarly derived from the Greek *nous*. These are words used in the Platonic philosophy to signify respectively what we may call the animal soul and the spiritual soul, though their meanings will become more clearly defined as we proceed. *Psuche* is possessed by man in common with the animals; with this difference, however, that in man this principle is more highly developed by reason of its association with man's higher principles and also by reason of the greater delicacy and perfection of man's physical organism. But *nous* is not possessed by the animals. It is the *self-conscious* mind of man, peculiar to him, and that which makes him what he is.

FREE WILL AND THE "ANIMALISTIC" PHILOSOPHY

The book is divided into two parts. The first deals with the arguments of a certain school of psychologists. In speaking of the school as being "idealist," the author uses the word in their own sense; but, as we learn, both here and elsewhere in her writings, she regarded

* *Psychic and Noetic Action*: Studies in Occultism, Vol. 3. Theosophical Publishing Co., Point Loma, California.

this kind of "idealism" as being a stage more materialistic than materialism. When she chooses her own designation for it, she calls it the "animalistic" school. The name is certainly appropriate, in view of the fact that this philosophy tends (and apparently aims) to obliterate as far as possible the distinction between man and animals.

The principal proposition of the animalistic school is that there is *no free-will in man*, the same being a delusion, that all his ideas and acts (as they say) are determined by the chemical, physical, and physiological processes which go on in his body, and by all those various external circumstances which, considered collectively, are designated by the familiar name of "environment." This kind of philosophy will be sufficiently familiar to our readers. It affords a basis for dividing mankind into two classes: namely, those who can fool themselves with such a theory, and those who cannot. The latter can never be brought to understand how a self-reflective and introspective mind can be the result of molecular actions, nor how such molecular actions can ever give rise to a theory respecting themselves. The philosophy, in fact, makes the molecule superior to self-conscious intellectual man, and thus exalts it to the plane of the gods at least, if not to that of deity itself. To these people, then, the theory needs no further disproof; nevertheless it is handy to have arguments ready.

The author proceeds to show that the animalistic school have neglected to discriminate between quite distinct functions of the human mind, and have jumbled the whole together in a wholesale fashion that scorns analysis and leaps airily over the chasms that intervene between its premisses and its conclusions. And she quotes in her support Professor George T. Ladd, of the chair of philosophy in Yale University, to the following effect:

If the question is pressed as to the *physical basis* for the activities of self-consciousness, no answer can be given or suggested. . . . From its very nature, that marvelous verifying *actus* of mind in which it recognizes the states as its own, can have no analogous or corresponding material substratum. It is impossible to specify any physiological process representing this unifying *actus*; it is even impossible to imagine how the description of any such process could be brought into intelligible relation with this unique mental power.

The phenomena of human consciousness must be regarded as activities of some other form of Real Being than the moving molecules of the brain. This Real Being, thus manifested immediately to itself in the phenomena of consciousness, and indirectly to others through the bodily changes, is the Mind. To it the mental phenomena are to be attributed as showing what it *is* by what it *does*.

The so-called mental "faculties" are only the modes of behavior in consciousness of this real being.

And he goes on to infer that the phenomena of human consciousness are explicable —

only on the assumption that a Real Being called Mind exists, and is to be distinguished from the real beings known as the physical molecules of the brain's nervous mass. We conclude, then, from the previous considerations: the subject of all the states of consciousness is a real unit-being, called Mind; which is of non-material nature, and acts and develops according to laws of its own, but is specially correlated with certain material molecules and masses forming the substance of the brain.

THE HIGHER SELF AND THE LOWER SELF

It is interesting to know that this conclusion has been reached by so eminent and capable an authority; and many others have naturally attained the same result, for it is but logical. Only some of our faculties proceed from our animal nature — not all. Self-consciousness is not the same as consciousness. Self-consciousness proceeds from the SELF. To quote the author herself on this part of the subject:

Whereas the psychic element is common to both the animal and the human being — the far higher degree of its development in the latter resting merely on the greater perfection and sensitiveness of his cerebral cells — no physiologist, not even the cleverest, will ever be able to solve the mystery of the human mind, in its highest spiritual manifestation, or in its dual aspect of the *psychic* and the *noetic* (or the *manasic*), or even to comprehend the intricacies of the former on the purely material plane — unless he knows something of, and is prepared to admit the presence of, this dual element. This means that he would have to admit a lower (animal), and a higher (or divine) mind in man, or what is known in Occultism as the "personal" and the "impersonal" *Egos*. For between the *psychic* and the *noetic*, between the *Personality* and the *Individuality*, there exists the same abyss as between a "Jack the Ripper" and a holy Buddha.

Part II of the book will interest the inquirer still more. It shows that *there is in every man a physical basis for the doctrine that man is a compound of the animal and the Divine.*

Occultism postulates in man the existence of an immortal entity — divine Mind, or *Nous*. This is the principle called in Theosophical terminology *Buddhi-Manas*. It will be remembered that *Manas* is dual: it may ally itself either with the Spiritual Soul (*Buddhi*) or with the principle of animal desire (*Kâma*). When the real Ego or Self of a man incarnates, the *Manas*, losing sight of its Spiritual origin, becomes closely allied with the principle of desire, and thus is set up

what is virtually a separate mind. And this is the *personality* of the man —

Or that which, manifesting through our *organic* system, acting on this plane of illusion, imagines itself the *Ego Sum*, and thus falls into what Buddhist phraseology brands as the “heresy of separateness.”

But the other element in man, the immortal element, is termed the Individuality. From it proceeds all the noetic element; from the other proceeds the psychic element, that is, “‘terrestrial wisdom’ at best, as it is influenced by all the chaotic stimuli of the human or rather *animal passions* of the living body.”

The Higher Ego cannot act directly on the body, as its consciousness belongs to quite another plane and planes of ideation. But the lower self does act on the body, thus being able to act as a link. Its capacity to do this depends, of course, upon its obedience to the law of the Higher nature. Thus the true sequence of events is this: the Higher Self rules the lower self, and the lower self rules the body. But what actually occurs in the average human being of today is not quite the same; for in his case the mind is very largely influenced by the physiological forces. Hence his mind is a continual battleground, a drama of shifting scenes. This helps us to see the trend of those theories which would have us believe that the mind is wholly and unavoidably controlled by the body.

The personality or lower self is the agent of the real Self, through which the latter has to act on this plane.

The *memory* of the personality inheres, not in the brain alone, but in the nervous centers of the various physiological organs, such as the liver and spleen. And here the author again quotes Professor Ladd to the effect that we have no valid reason for locating memory in the brain rather than all over the body. But what of the brain? The lower self —

has no direct dealings on this physical plane with either our brain or our heart — for these two are the organs of a power higher than the *Personality*.

FUNCTION OF THE BRAIN: THE TWO MEMORIES

And she speaks of certain brain cells (unknown to science in their functions) to which is transmitted the knowledge possessed by the Higher Ego, by which transmission man becomes a Seer. This point bears on the familiar question of “Why we do not recall the memory of our past lives.” Because our ordinary memory, being merely

that of the personality, recalls merely such impressions as have been stored up in the ordinary memory; and we are unable to recall those far deeper memories which pertain to the Individuality.

In the following remarkable passage, H. P. Blavatsky speaks of the two sets of chords in the human harp — the chords of silver and the chords of catgut:

Verily that body, so desecrated by Materialism and man himself, is the temple of the Holy Grail, the *Adytum* of the grandest, nay, of all the mysteries of nature in our solar universe. That body is an Aeolian harp, chorded with two sets of strings, one made of pure silver, the other of catgut. When the breath from the divine Fiat brushes softly over the former, man becomes like unto *his* God — but the other set feels it not. It needs the breeze of a strong terrestrial wind, impregnated with animal effluvia, to set its animal chords vibrating. It is the function of the physical lower mind to act upon the physical organs and their cells; but it is the higher mind *alone* which can influence the atoms interacting in those cells, which interaction is alone capable of exciting the brain to a mental representation of spiritual ideas far beyond any objects on this material plane.

But we must bring our quotations to a close, though there is great temptation to quote more from this important book. What wonder that people are so confused in their minds and weave such pessimistic philosophies, when they abuse their bodies so! Must not this abuse react on the mind and give rise to false notions of every kind? It is evident that before we can attain to knowledge and clearness of vision, we have to do a great work of extricating our mind from entanglements. And all our desires and passions and pride and self-love, all our whims and caprices, and even many of the opinions and habits we cherish most fondly — all, taken together, go to make up that thing called the “personality”; which, as we are here shown, is the great obstacle to knowledge. We have to overthrow this, if we aspire to be free. We have to rule it, not be ruled by it. Everything, therefore, depends on the highest morality and duty; and morality, so far from being an artificial code, is the very law of life.

Think, then, of the blindness of those who try to master the secrets of nature *without* recognizing this indispensable obligation to duty and self-sacrifice! Instead of mastering the foe, they make themselves its slaves. Well does the author recall in this connexion the familiar story of the Temptation, wherein the Serpent offers to the Wise One “all the kingdoms of the earth, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.” Woe to him who accepts such a bondage.

PSYCHISM

This book is a warning against psychism. For we see that these practices concern the physiological part of man only, and amount to nothing more than arousing the dormant potentialities of our animal nature. In short it is all a form of hysteria; which, whether religious frenzy, bacchic orgy, or a tampering with our bodily forces, or a giving way to unbridled emotion, or an addiction to drugs — is of the same kind, and destined to lead to speedy reaction. Thus the safe road of Theosophy is justified from every point of view; and Theosophical warnings against psychism are seen to be good advice based on common sense and fact.

There is great confusion in the world today through want of ability to distinguish between the psychic and noetic natures of man. For instance, in training children along lines of liberty, should we encourage the psychic will or the noetic will? It makes all the difference which; and through ignorance we may do much harm in spite of the best intentions. All success in life depends on our being able to do what we ought — not what we like. Even in learning shorthand and music the pupil has to practise a little every day, whether he feels inclined or not; as, if he practices by fits and starts, and only when the fancy takes him, he does not progress. In fact, we have to make our actions independent of our sensations. In encouraging a child to take his bent, then, we may with the best intentions be initiating him into a life of futility. Perhaps discipline is what he needs most — the power of self-discipline.

Theories of life in general are based on a totally inadequate idea as to what a human being is, and this is enough to account for the failure of those theories. Human nature, being what it is, cannot be forced into any mental straitwaistcoat. Man has a higher nature, but few appeal to it. The appeals are made to his lower nature. Self-interest does not move the world, but the politicians and social prophets say it does and act accordingly. What is needed is an appeal to the higher nature in man; and this appeal must come from the philosophical side as well as from other sides. Hence the value of such writings as this one on Psychic and Noetic Action.

SOME OLD FRENCH CHÂTEAUX: by Carolus



IN his *History of Architecture*, Fergusson says of the châteaux of France:

France is not so rich as Germany or England in specimens of castellated architecture. This does not apparently arise from the fact of few castles having been built during the Middle ages, but rather from their having been pulled down to make way for more convenient dwellings after the accession of Francis I, and even before his time, when they ceased to be of any real use. Still the Châteaux of Pierrefonds and Coucy are in their own class as fine as anything to be found elsewhere. The circular keep of the latter castle is perhaps unique both from its form and its dimensions. Tankarville still retains some of the original features of its fortifications, as do also the castles of Falaise and Gaillard. The keeps of Vincennes and Loche are still remarkable for their height. In the south the fortified towns of Carcassone and Aigues-Mortes, and in the north, Fougères, retain as much of their walls and defenses as almost any place in Europe. The former in particular, both from its situation and the extent of its remains, gives a singularly favorable and impressive idea of the grave majesty of an ancient fortalice. But for alterations and desecrations of all sorts, the palace of the popes at Avignon would be one of the most remarkable castles in Europe; even now its extent and the massiveness of its walls and towers are most imposing.

These are all either ruins or fragments; but the castle of Mont St. Michel in Normandy retains nearly all the features of a medieval fortress in sufficient perfection to admit of its being restored, in imagination at least. The outer walls still remain, encircling the village which nestles under the protection of the castle. The church crowns the whole, and around it are grouped the halls of the knights, the kitchens and offices and all the appurtenances of the establishment, intermingled with fortifications and defensive precautions that must have made the place nearly impregnable against such engines of war as existed when it was erected, even irrespective of its sea-girt position.

With the passing of feudalism and the romance of chivalry, and the introduction of gunpowder and cannon, the stern Gothic strongholds lost their usefulness, and the royal or baronial dwelling-houses or Châteaux of the Renaissance took their place and marked with unmistakable clearness the new era in which the royal power became supreme in France. Richelieu in 1626 issued an edict which ordered the destruction of all the useless castles in France; those which had sheltered the Protestants were specially marked for demolition. The Revolution nearly completed the ruin of the feudal Châteaux, and so it is no wonder that there are fewer well-preserved specimens in France than there are in Germany or England. And yet those that remain have a more romantic interest than the later ones, for each grim ruin is associated with tragic or dramatic events and with personages

who stand as landmarks in the history of the Middle Ages. Their very names arouse the imagination and bring before our eyes the pageant of the past: Angers, with its tradition of Rollo and the Vikings; Falaise and William the Conqueror; Gaillard, the stronghold of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, the key to Normandy; Chinon, the cradle of the Plantagenets; Avignon and the rival Popes; Montfort l'Amaury; Laval; Vincennes and St. Louis; Pau; Amboise and Josselin; each has its place in the passionate story of feudal times, when western Europe was blindly feeling its way out of the confusion and darkness of the period that succeeded the break-up of the Roman Empire.

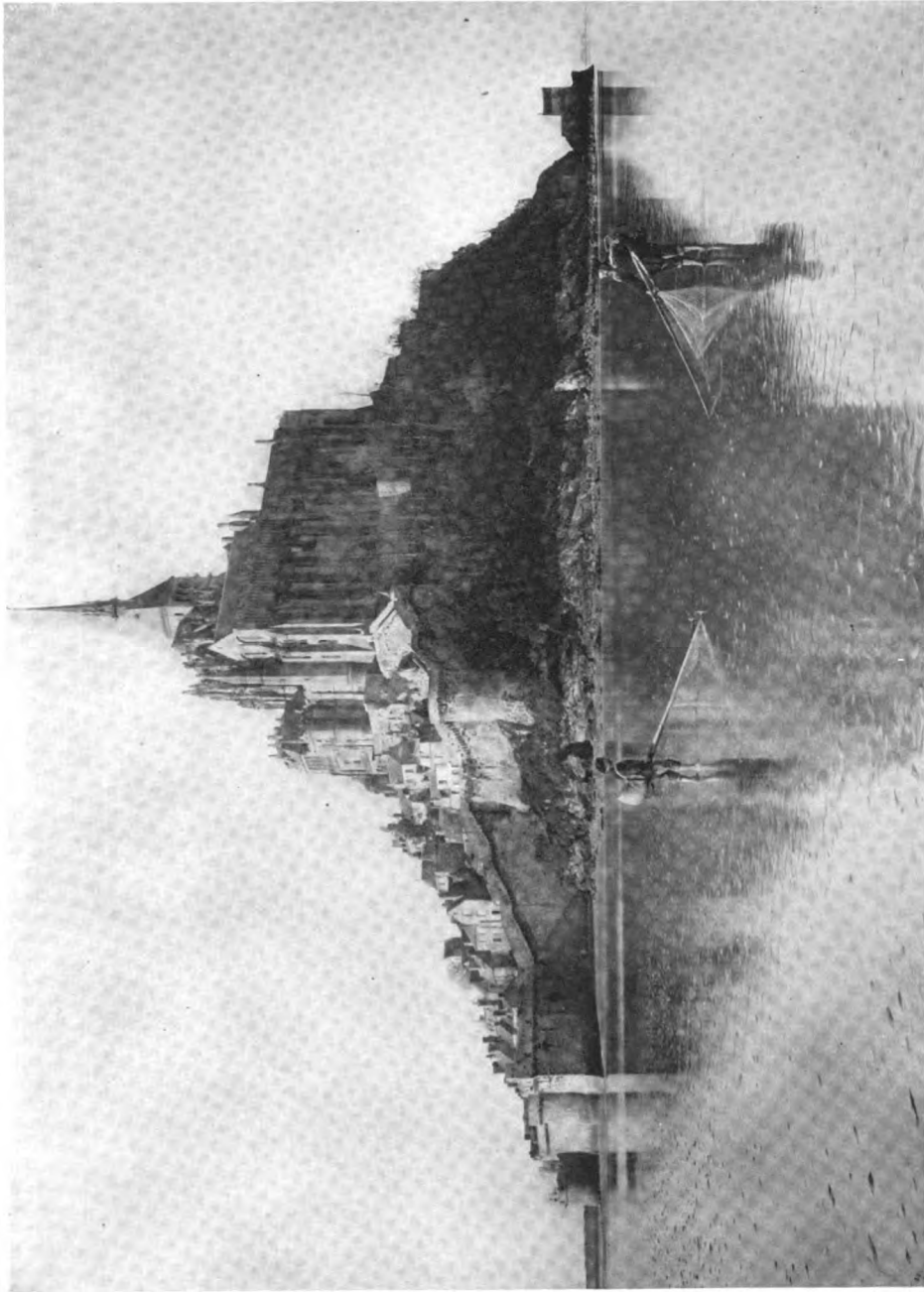
A description by Froissart of the friendly "Battle of the Thirty," near Château Josselin in Brittany gives a curious glimpse at the spirit of the times:

In 1351, it happened on a day that Sir Robert de Beaumanoir, a valiant knight and commandant of the castle which is called the Castle Josselin, came before the town and castle of Plöermel, whereof the captain Brandebourg [probably the Earl of Pembroke] had with him plenty of soldiers of the Countess of Montfort.

After some negotiation it was decided that thirty on each side should cross swords "for love of their ladies," and for glory.

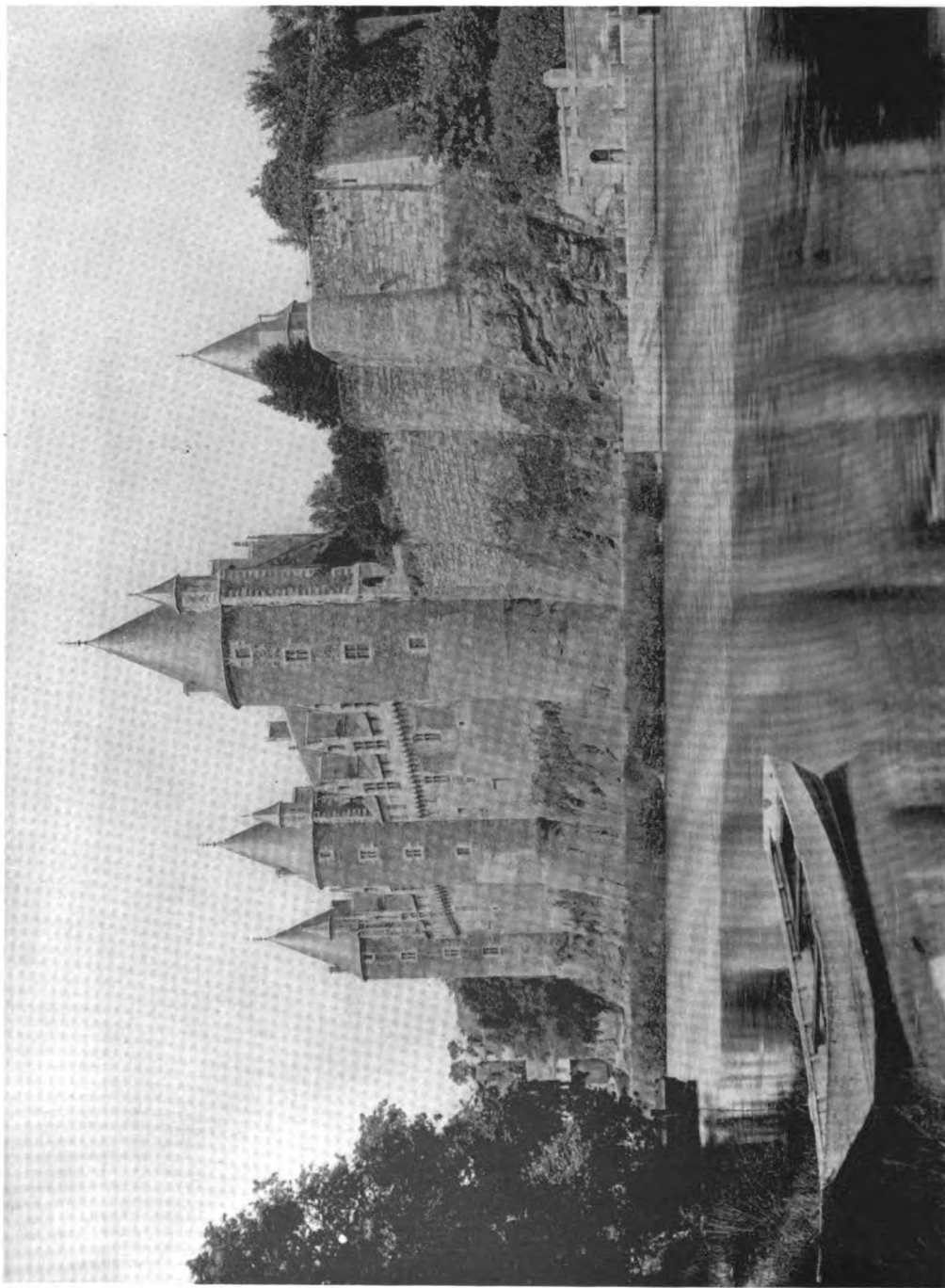
When the day was come they parleyed together all the sixty, then they fell back until one made the sign, and forthwith they set on and fought stoutly all in a heap, and they aided one another handsomely when they saw their comrades in evil case. . . . At last they were all forced to stop and they rested by common accord, giving themselves truce till they should be rested. Then rebuckled their armor which had got undone, and dressed their wounds. . . . At last the English had the worst of it; Brandebourg, their captain, was slain, with eight of his comrades, and the rest yielded themselves prisoners when they saw that they could no longer defend themselves, for they could not and must not fly. Sir Robert de Beaumanoir and his comrades who remained alive took them and carried them off to Castle Josselin as their prisoners, and then admitted them to ransom courteously when they were all cured, for there was none that was not grievously wounded, French and English.

But even at that time, and notwithstanding the "courtesy," it seems, as Froissart says, that "the matter was talked of in many places, and some set it down as a very poor and others as a very swaggering business." There still stands a column near Josselin, erected to commemorate this extraordinary combat for love; it is frequently visited by tourists. Josselin Château contains the tomb of Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France in the reign of Charles VI, in the 14th century, and of his wife Marguerite de Rohan.



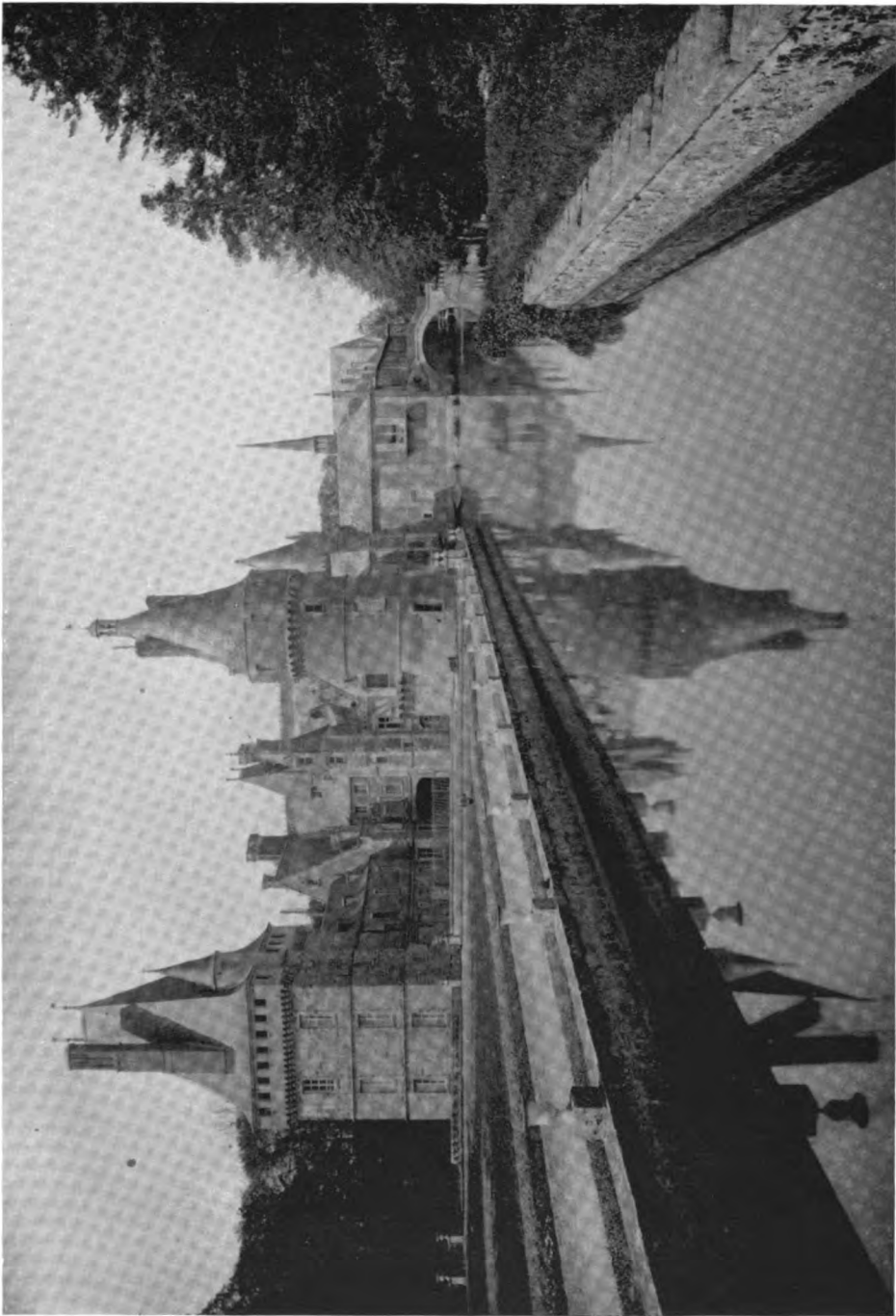
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MONT-SAINT-MICHEL, FRANCE, NORTHEAST VIEW



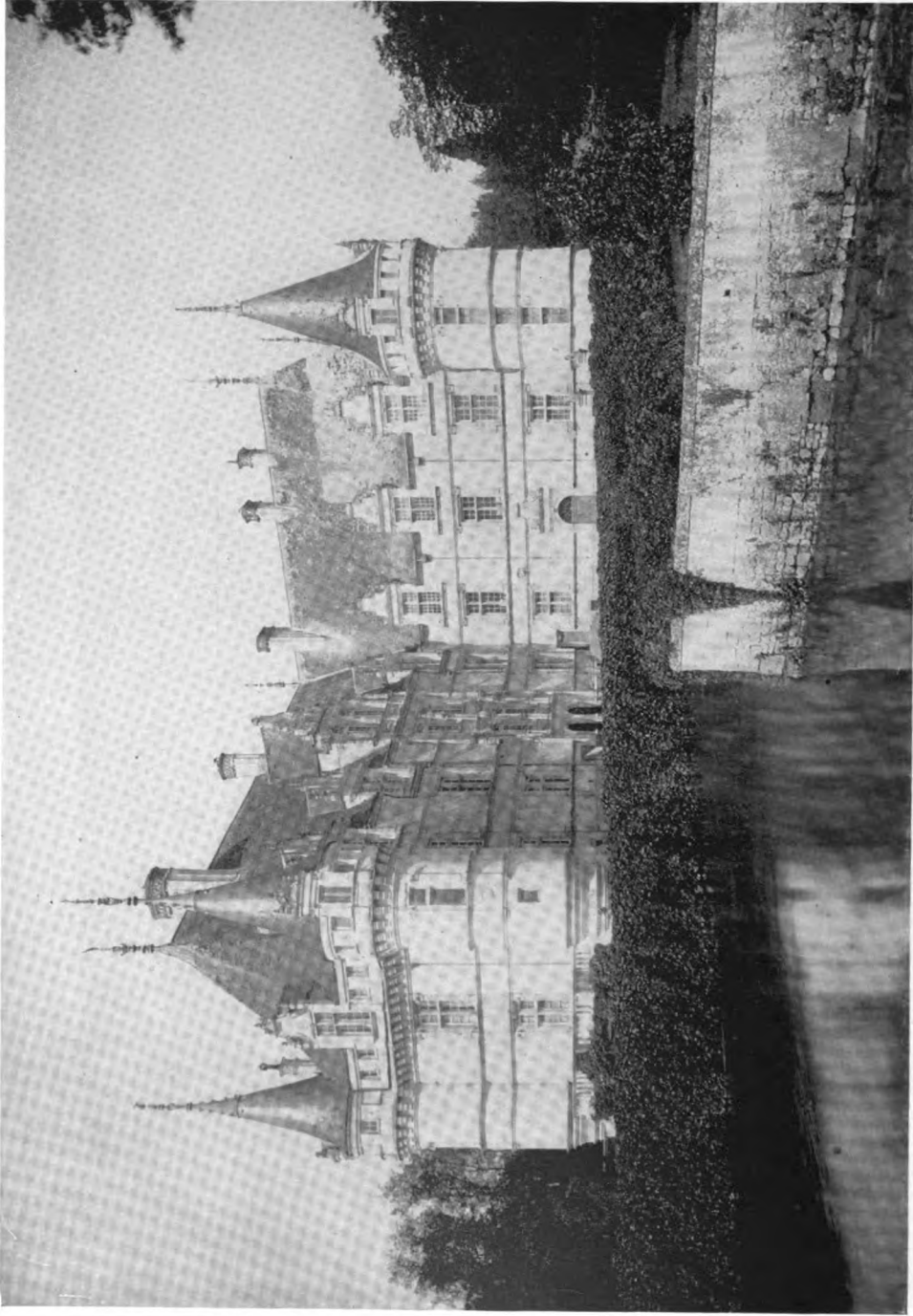
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CHÂTEAU DE JOSSELIN. WESTERN SIDE



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CHÂTEAU DE MAINTENON. SOUTHERN FAÇADE



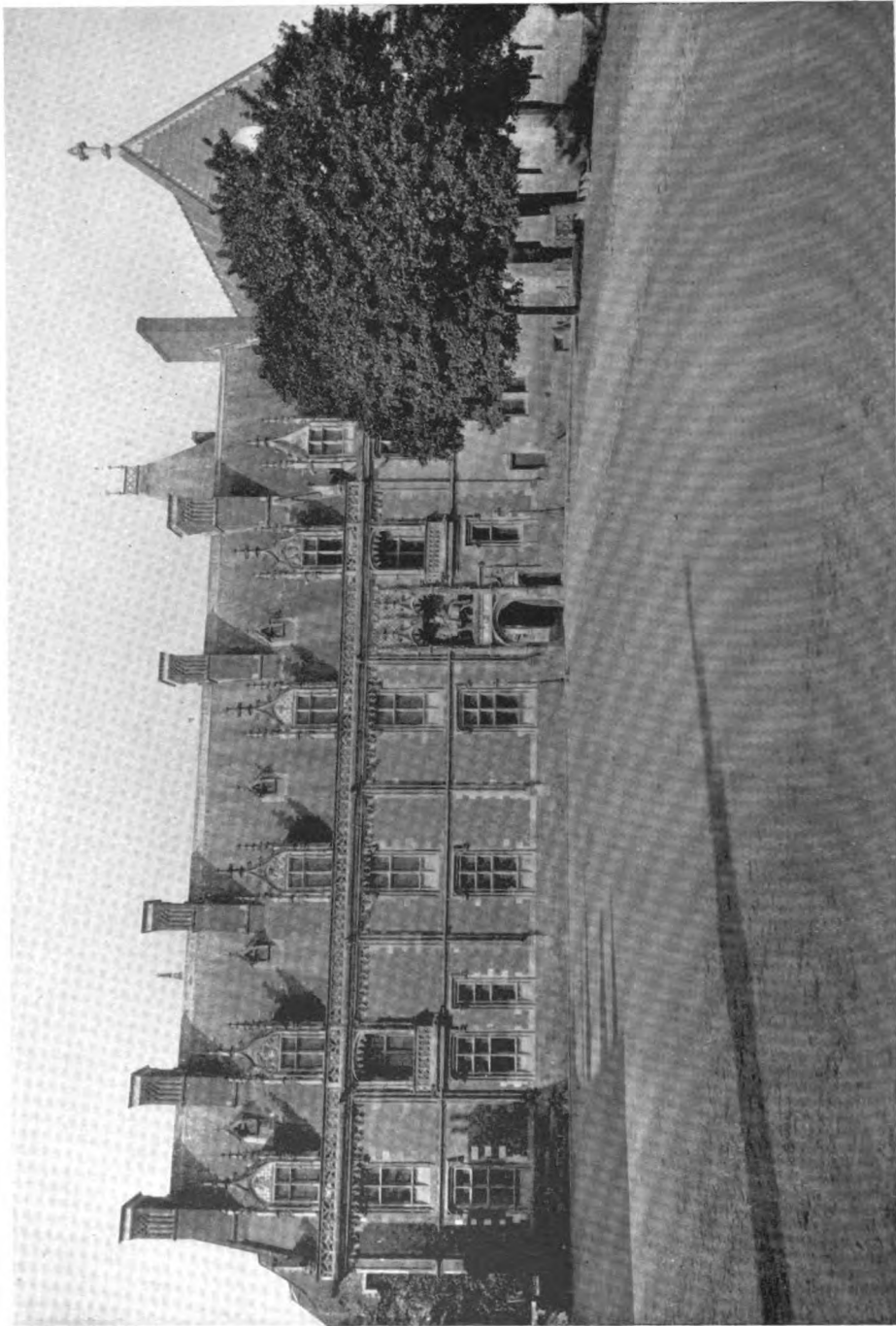
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CHÂTEAU D'AZAY LE RIDEAU. EASTERN FAÇADE



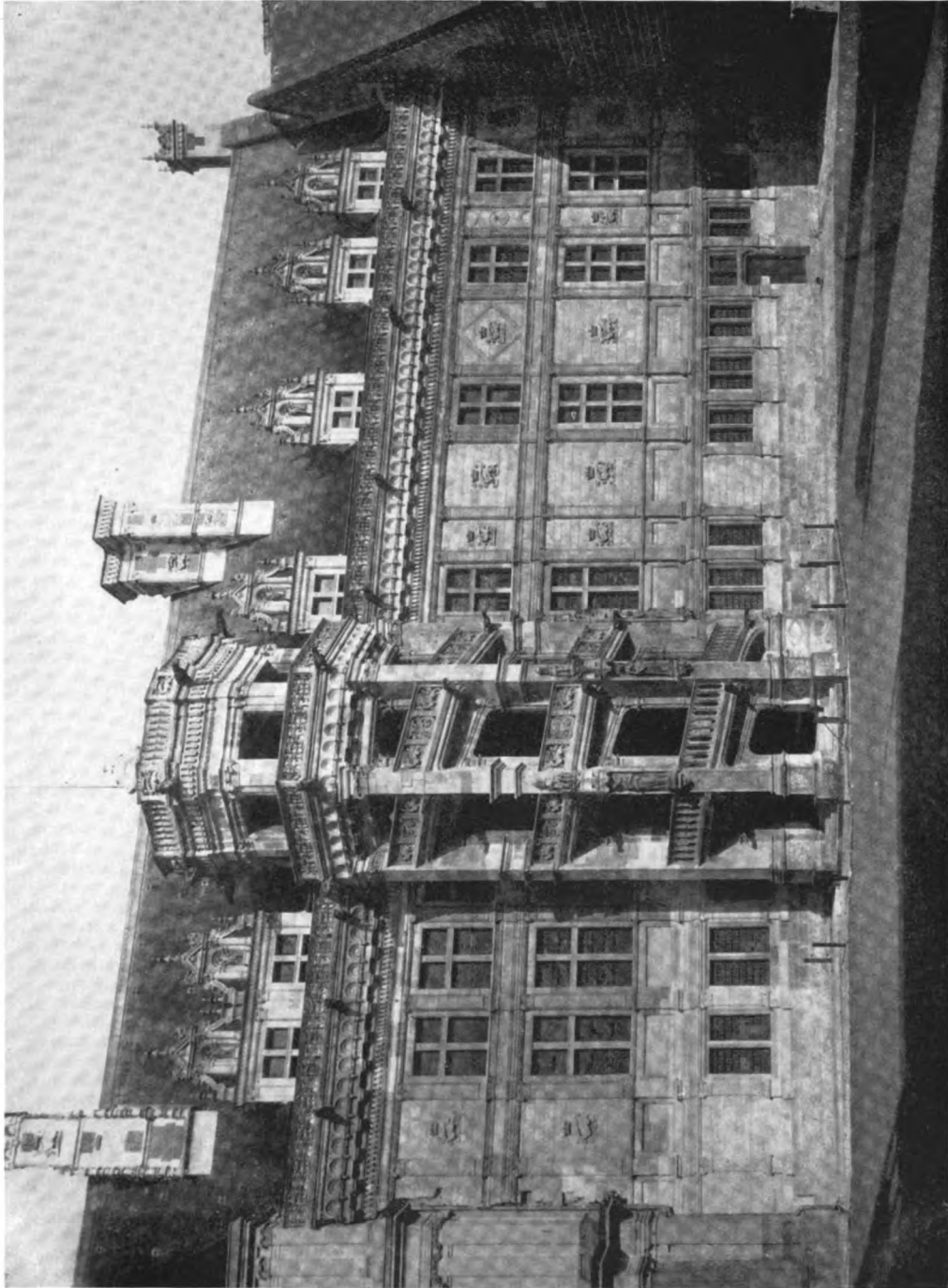
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GENERAL VIEW OF AMBOISE



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CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS, WING OF LOUIS XII. EXTERIOR VIEW



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CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS, WING OF FRANÇOIS I^{er}. FAÇADE FACING THE COURTYARD



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CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS. THE APARTMENT OF CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS

With the coming of the Renaissance the feudal life passed away and the barons no longer needed to build fortresses. The Gothic style fought hard for its life, but in vain, and the French architects who traveled in Italy gradually worked out the masterpieces of the transitional style of the early 16th century, which finally developed into the complete Renaissance. Within fifty or sixty years twenty-four châteaux of first-class importance and innumerable minor ones were erected by the King and the nobility. The Amboise family, descendants of the Sieur de Chaumont, were pioneers in châteaux building. They rebuilt and beautified their ancestral home on the Loire. The Château of Amboise is indissolubly associated with some of the most tragic events in French history, particularly with the persecution of the Protestants. It was here that Francis II watched, from a terrace, the massacre of 1200 Huguenots after the discovery of the plot against the Guises. In the nineteenth century the château was used as a prison for the unfortunate 'Abd-el-Kader, the patriotic Algerian Emir of Mascara, who heroically resisted the French for many years. He was distinguished for learning, piety, skill in manly exercises, and enthusiastic love of his country, but he finally had to surrender in 1847. He was released by Napoleon III in 1852 on condition of not returning to Algiers.

The Château of Bloise, also on the Loire, is one of the noblest remains of the early Renaissance, though part of it dates from the 13th century. The wing built by Louis XII is distinctly Gothic in feeling, but the wing of Francis I has less trace of the older style. The wonderful spiral staircase is one of the most celebrated works of the period. There is a tradition that Leonardo da Vinci designed it from studying the convolutions of a shell, but some believe the architect Nepveu designed the whole wing, including the staircase. Blois is the birthplace of Louis XII and the scene of the assassination of the Duke of Guise by order of Henri III.

The religious wars proved the ruin of many of the glorious Renaissance châteaux of the 16th century, but with the accession of the Bourbons, in 1589, a new age of architecture arose. No greater contrast to the grim feudal châteaux can be imagined than the gorgeous Palace of Versailles, a marvel of pride and luxury, a fitting reflection of the vanity of the "Grand Monarque," but we cannot help regretting the rapid disappearance of the simpler style that preceded it, in which many of the best features of the Gothic were preserved.

BEYOND THE VEIL: by H. Travers, M. A.



P. BLAVATSKY states that the man who follows the law of his higher nature —

leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes, not even during those periods which are the halting-places of the long pilgrimage of purely spiritual life. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of the noumenal, the one reality. If man, by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is behind the veil of physical Mâyâ, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life, even while in temporary bodies of short duration.

And what is this but the old teaching of Jesus, restated in different words and with a special appeal to modern ears? The doctrine of eternal life! But how the meaning of that phrase has become reduced! For most of us it now means, if it means anything at all, a vague misty vision of a life beyond the grave. How came it about that the intervening centuries of history so pruned and pared away the truth that it has thus lost its reality and its power of appeal?

To be able to answer this question, we must know more about history than we do. Something must have happened to the teachings of Jesus, after he had withdrawn, whereby they were converted step by step into a sort of religious basis for materialistic civilizations. Since that time the spirit of his teachings has descended side by side with the formal systems thus created, the two ever struggling together. But the *gnosis*, his esoteric teachings, seems to have disappeared altogether. Centuries of dogmatism and disputation have talked all the life out of the gospel. Human life, as a whole, has been animalistic; for we must take into account the fact that culture and refinement have never been general and that the numerical majority of civilized mankind has always lived a life of privation. And though it is possible for a few people to fence themselves off physically and mentally from the mass, and thus to achieve a certain culture, it is not possible for them to fence themselves off spiritually; because spiritually mankind is one. Hence the spiritual life of all has suffered.

Is it not time that the buried teachings of Jesus were resurrected?

And is not this destined to come about through the resurrection of man's own buried spirit of Compassion? Never was such a time as the present for a universal stirring of the heart of Compassion; sympathy is striving everywhere to express itself. Verily sympathy must be the coming world-force. It will unseal our eyes and we shall see the truth once more.

An eternal life! A life that is eternal while we are in the body, as well as while we are without it. And with no breaks of continuity during the periods of death. And it is possible to realize this; possible so to refine our nature that we may be conscious, while in the flesh, of an eternal existence; feel as though the body were but a garment which we assume and discard — as indeed it is. This is Knowledge.

Jesus came to teach this Knowledge; the Buddha came; many have come and will come. But what matters how the message comes, so long as we have it? It is not a dogma; the knowledge of it is there in our hearts; we only need reminders. And see what H. P. Blavatsky adds about the means of attaining to Knowledge:

All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow.

Again the old message, the truth which all the Teachers have taught — that solidarity is the gate to Knowledge, and selfishness its bar. But H. P. Blavatsky, as we have said, makes a special appeal to our own times. In Theosophy we shall find restated many ancient teachings which have somehow during the ages of history dropped out of sight, so that the gospel as we have it now is but a mutilated book. We do not know what Jesus taught his disciples apart, though we have some of his public teachings to the multitude. Yet there can be little doubt that he must have taught them the mysteries of man's complex nature and given them detailed instructions as to how to study and master their own nature. Compassion was one of the keynotes of his gospel, as it has been of all the great Teachers, and compassion is essential for helping humanity. But — how can even compassion enable us to help our brother, unless it equips us with the *knowledge and wisdom* to help him? What has become of the *wisdom* which Jesus must have imparted to his faithful disciples — those who took (to their own Higher Selves) the vow of devotion to compassion?

Compassion is not only a duty, it is a condition — the condition

essential to the attainment of Knowledge. And the elimination of selfishness is also a necessary condition, an essential process in the attaining of Knowledge. In the passage above quoted, the words *personality* and *selfishness* are twice used interchangeably. We have not to try to destroy our individuality or identity, but merely to eradicate the fault or disease of selfishness. That done, our true Self will have a chance to show itself. Till it is done, we abide in varying states of delusion, mistaking a shadow for our Self. The "veil of physical Mâyâ" refers to the ordinary mental state of a man living the ordinary physical life of the world; it all seems very real and solid, yet it is only a picture on a screen. It hides the reality behind. *Mâyâ*, in Sanskrit, is often translated "delusion," but connotes much more than this. In metaphysical language it might be called the principle of objectivity — that power or quality which "bodies forth" and makes tangible what else would remain but spiritual and ideal. Of such a kind is the imagination — which represents and bodies forth our ideas, and at the same time deludes us with its images.

The greatest delusion of Mâyâ is that notion that our existence is separate from that of our fellows. This delusion causes us to act as though it were true. Hence arises imaginary self-interest, and hence the conflict in mankind. Intellectual penetration and Compassion are the mighty powers that must be invoked. But alas! under its other name — love — this latter power often runs off in narrow molds. Lifted for a moment within view of heaven, we are bewildered by the light, and fall back again under the dominion of Mâyâ. Having mistaken our ideal, we seek it where it is not to be found, and lapse into the commonplace. But this is not the fault of love. If that power is to help anybody — ourself or anybody else — it must be kept free from anything which might hinder it.

We all feel the contrast between our desire to know and our knowledge. It cannot be that man has this desire to know, without also having the power to satisfy it. And the Teachers have told us that man has this knowledge, but that it is veiled from him by his limitations. These limitations he can overcome by the force of that very desire for knowledge. Possibly some will say that this is "transcendentalism" or some other -ism. But this, though it may satisfy the ambitions of some, or serve as an excuse for dismissing the subject to the wastepaper basket, hardly disposes of the matter for those who feel an interest in it. The question is, *Is it true?*

Those who think they can pursue the path of knowledge without the password of Compassion will only spin for themselves denser webs of illusion, deceived by the vanity and cupidity which they have failed to remove from their path.

The "noumenal" referred to in the quotation means that which is in contrast with the "phenomenal." The latter is the world of appearances, the former the world of realities. Behind every phenomenon lies its corresponding noumenon. Scientific minds often confuse themselves with hopeless attempts to comprehend the noumena behind phenomena — or rather, to apprehend them in the same way as they apprehend the phenomena. But to comprehend the noumena, we must get beyond the senses, for these present an *appearance*, a phenomenon — in short, a delusion (*mâyâ*). In the same way that which we call our self is an image thrown on a screen; and behind it stands the real Self, the spectator of the scene. Thus man is so absorbed in the contemplation of this fictitious self that he has lost consciousness of his real identity. The path to knowledge, therefore, lies in ridding the imagination of fictitious pictures and erroneous ideas. The force of personal desire being the all-fruitful cause of such false notions, this force has first to be mastered.

The promise that the awakened man shall stand beyond all pain, misery, and the wear and tear of change, is a healing balm to the spirit. "Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." This does not mean, however, that the man will live a cotton-wool existence in a hothouse; for if he has any manliness in him, he will be ready to take whatever may come to him in the performance of his duty or in the fulfilment of his compassionate work among men. But it does mean that he will have found the peace that passeth all understanding.

If we believe in the eternal life, we must believe that it is attainable in earthly life, that it is there all the time behind the curtain of our lower self, and that we have (as it were) to awake from a dream to full consciousness.

How the ancient path to Knowledge can be trodden, Theosophy reminds us. The world is at a crisis, and we all feel that new things are being born. We can better realize now how the Teachers chose the right moment. The confusion of men's minds seems to be coming to a head, as though precipitated in a mass by the working of the purify-

ing process in the crucible. Never was such a Babel of tongues; every possible fad seems struggling to get itself expressed before it is too late. Or again, it is like a coming Spring, which brings up everything that is in the ground, weeds and all. But it is the same old path — the path of Self-Knowledge.

What a difference would a knowledge of these facts make to our methods of educating, treating, or curing people! The real Man behind the outer man. Our politicians appeal to the outer man, the man of senses and desires, and all kinds of philosophers and would-be reformers preach as though human life were merely a matter of satisfying personal pleasures and ambitions. Thus the disintegrative forces in mankind are fostered instead of the constructive forces. Seldom, if ever, is an appeal made to the higher nature; yet there can be no doubt that such an appeal would meet with response; for people's higher natures are starved.

In view of the changelessness of the life within, it is evident that our opportunities are as great at one period of our lifetime as at another; they are merely different in kind. The oldest man may make new starts (as indeed, in defiance of mental beliefs, he often does). For Death is but a passing sleep.



THE SELF is that by which this universe is pervaded, which nothing pervades, which causes all things to shine, but which all things cannot make to shine. By reason of its proximity alone, the body, the Manas, and Buddhi apply themselves to their proper object as if applied [by another]. — *Viveka-Chûdâmani*

THIS PURUSHA is eternal, perpetual, unconditioned, absolute happiness, eternally having the same form and being knowledge itself — impelled by whose speech the vital airs move. This unmanifest spiritual consciousness begins to manifest like the dawn in the pure heart, and shining like the midday sun in the cave of wisdom illumines the whole universe. — *Ibid*

CREATIONS, CREATURES, AND CREEDS:

by Lydia Ross, M. D.

There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. — *Bible*

There dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master — Iswara — who by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve mounted upon the universal wheel of time. — *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead: so that they are without excuse. — *Bible*

It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light; but the light itself has never faded, and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours today, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand. Arise then, fear nothing, and, taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace for evermore. — *Katherine Tingley*



LIGHT was the Creator's first great gift in creating an earthly home for man.

Out of the void of space and the night of time, the sunlight of Truth brought human dawn to the newborn world. Then began another aeon-long, earth-bound day for a race of time-free, spaceless souls. Man, made in the divine image, was challenged to find himself, to read the riddle of Duality; for within each visible creature was the clue to the unseen Father of all. The incarnating souls were pledged to wear the be-shadowed, limiting shapes of clay until each heart's flashing "sword of spiritual knowledge" should overcome the embodied darkness that imprisoned it.

From the beginning, the endless human drama has been pictured upon the screen of time by the living play of shine and shadow, for "light and darkness are the world's eternal ways." The bewildering warfare waged upon every hand by illusive, fantastic, fearsome shapes has ever served to obscure the truth that the real issues remain to be fought out within. As the Creator first commanded that there be light, so the spiritual will of each of the "sons of God" was to challenge and disperse the darkness round about his real world. Man had only to conquer and subdue the natural forces in his earthly body to inherit a larger realm of light and liberation. Then "the will of the Father," in "the kingdom of heaven" within, should be done on earth; for the dual man would know the truth that made him free, even in the flesh.

"The universe exists but for the sake of the soul's experience and

emancipation," said the ancients. When "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" shall have dispersed the personified darkness in human guise, then shall bright, joyous earth claim kin with other glowing stars.

At first, the child-man, lightly veiled in virgin matter, remembered the reality of the soul's foregone life of freedom, and was innocently happy. In a Golden Age master-souls themselves lighted a trusting infant race along the untrodden pathway of dust. But life, on all planes, always lures the pilgrim within its borders with rich promises to unfold and endow him with new power and knowledge. So the growing children of men, who had been "made upright," wandered and crouched and crawled as they turned away from the light of their Leaders to seek out "many inventions" for gaining power to know, to do, and to feel. Thus, through the rounds of ages, they wandered on and on, ever becoming more entangled and involved in the dense mazes of matter that blurred the memory-pictures of real life. In turning from the natural pathway of light and growth, they paid the heaviest price in time and suffering for counterfeits of lasting love and wisdom. Vainly they sought in physical ties for the satisfying unity of the old soul life; and they were "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Meantime lesser creatures, the growing things, and even the patient soil of mother earth were hindered in their onward course, "the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain," with humanity's unnatural suffering and delay. Man, with his knowledge of good and evil, was as a god to these lesser creations, made of dust like himself, and likewise destined to reach far-off goals. Given dominion over the lower kingdoms, he held the power to evoke the light for them by the natural brotherhood linking together all forms of clay. He could give of his own light as freely as he had received from his Elder Brothers.

As man was fed and clothed, sheltered and served by the things of earth and air and sea, this moving current of material touched him at every point, and, in return, it was stirred by vibrant human life. A steady stream of elements flowed around him, entered his body, nourished his brain, moved with the growing skill of his hand and the conscious power of his thought and the impulse and purpose of his desires and aspirations, until, particle by particle, the earth was stamped with the imprint of humanity. The beasts of the field were branded with man's will; the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the yield of the

ground and the lowly minerals, fed, strengthened, and covered him and his, warmed and brightened his hearth and healed his wounds. Thus matter, in many forms, serving him and traveling through his body towards its more conscious goal, fed his desires, and reflected, in turn, the light of his life — and its shadows.

For uncounted ages man ate and drank the things made from land and water, until the great earth, gradually touching him as food and drink and medicine, had been quickened by his thought and feeling. He mingled his discarded dust and diseased ashes with the clean clay until returning souls too often found the bodies of fresh, sweet babes already tainted with seeds of bygone sins. The evil imprint upon the embodied earth was carried by the blood stream "unto the third and fourth generations." Even to this day, many new-born eyes are blinded by the virulent chaff of forgotten "wild oats" that defile the entrance into an infected world.

When the foundations of the earth were laid, "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." But man, in turn, forgot the sacred joy of unselfish creation, as he became absorbed in the sweep and power of unfolding creature sensations. His children have been born in the shameful shadows of ignorant desire, unrelieved and unenlightened by muttered sanction and faulty guidance. With the babe's first cry, it has breathed in air poisoned with belittling beliefs, with dull dread of the unknown meaning of life, and dark fear of the soul's mystic rite of death. Before the infant's tongue could speak, it drank in with the current of mother's milk, old racial wrongs and doubts and pain; while motherhood still prays for the light it has long betrayed.

So closely did the man of clay become linked with the soil permeated with humanity, that his old centers of active thought and deed drew the souls back to earth with magnetic power. Over and over, great civilizations were born and lived and died on common ground, where outspread palls of unknown ages of dust hid the ruins of bygone eras below, and upheld the succeeding foundations above. The very stones cry out from many an unearthed ruin, that they mark where the human pathway became lost in shadows. The old handwriting on Pompeian walls reveals to a like profligate modern age, that "the light in their foolish heart was darkened," before the smoking breath of an outraged earth hid the sun and filled their eyes with dust.

From the first, "before the mountains were settled," Wisdom

awaited the coming of man, with whom to rejoice "in the habitable parts of the earth," for her "delights were with the sons of men." The sunlight of Truth has never failed to illumine man when he has journeyed towards it. Always he had only to walk in the way where its light fell upon his face to feel the answering glow in his own heart. But whenever, doubting his divinity and ignoring his own heart-light, he has turned back or wandered into bypaths, he has seen his own enlarged and distorted shadow moving in the sunlight of Truth, and he has mistaken that for his God. Made in the likeness of the Creator, his "vain imaginings" create a God like unto himself. The uncouth savage praying to a visible deity of frank ugliness is no less consistent than his modern brothers of commercial, scientific, and theologic culture, who invoke the powers of a golden calf, a Providence of protoplasm, and a fantasy of creeds.

With bodies of clay that have become rank with disease and red with the curse of Cain, the sickened soul of the world is restless and desperate for the reality of the water of life, instead of the barren desert of mirage and shadows. When will it turn its eyes to the Light? For this Light is both light and life; and in it are all things good and desirable for man.

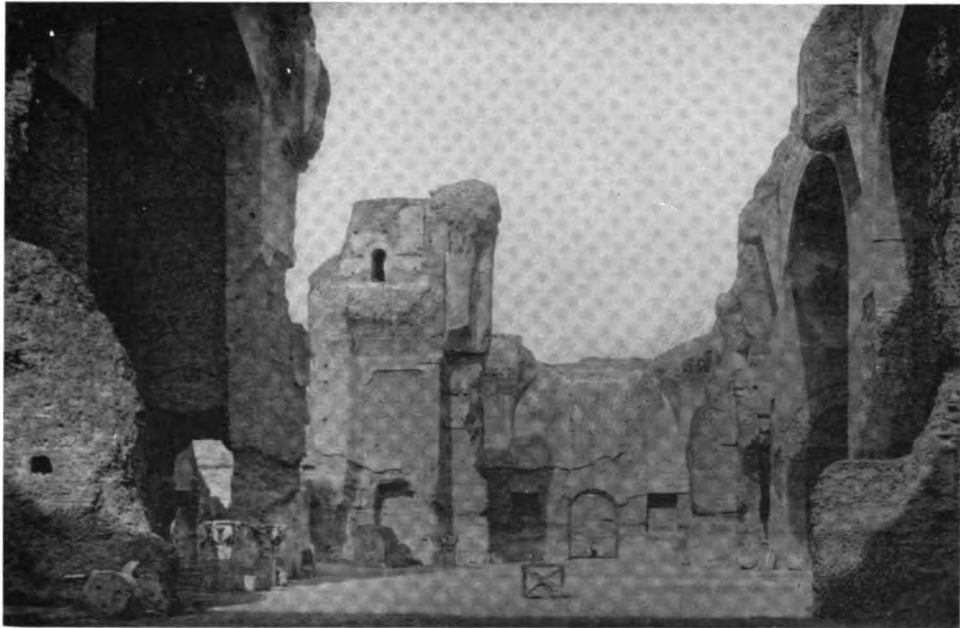
EXTENSIVE EXCAVATIONS UNDER THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME: by Anton Giulio Bragaglio

I



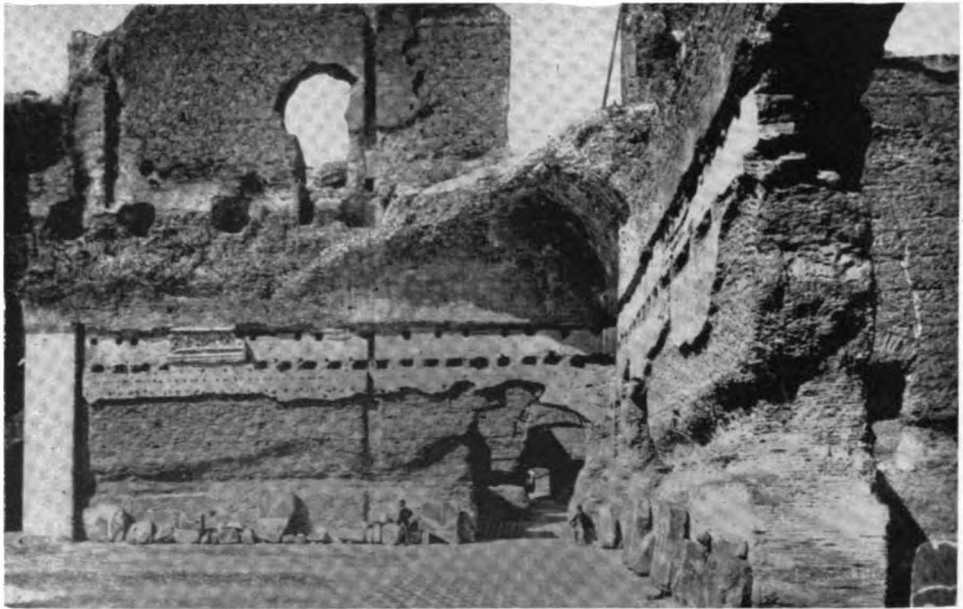
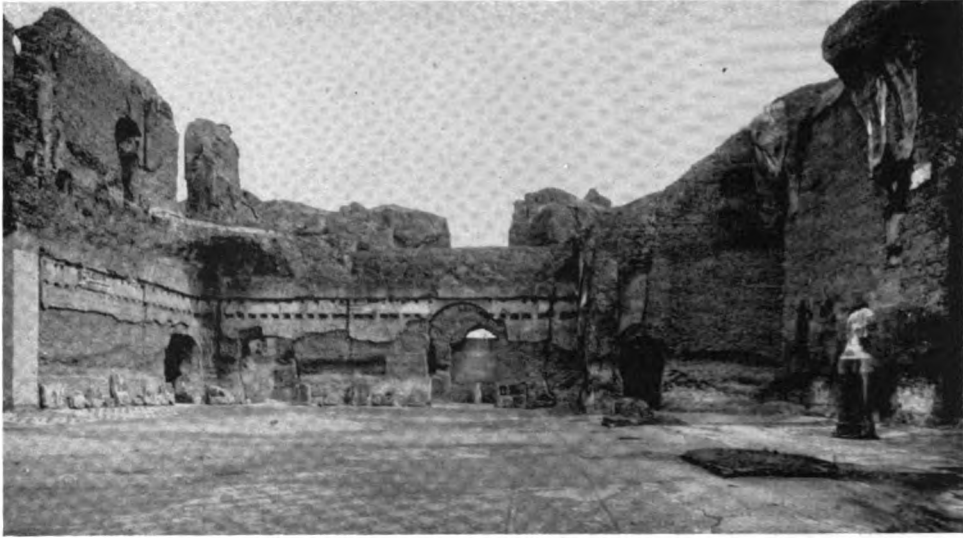
THE recent discovery of the kilometers of galleries under the Baths of Antoninus has justified the legends which popular imagination had woven around them. The "Antoninian Mirabilia Urbis," as Antoninus called the Baths, have themselves rivaled the marvels of their walls that tower above ground by the dark mysteries of their vaults. The excavations which have revealed these mysteries are due to the science of Professor Lanciani and to the patient, tenacious, and well-directed work of Professor Alessio Valle and Signor Gaetano Ferri.

Professor Lanciani's first undertaking was the uncovering of the great Stadium of Antoninus, which lies under the hill behind the Baths; from this two hundred thousand cubic meters of earth were carted away. Various rooms were found, one of which Professor Valle was



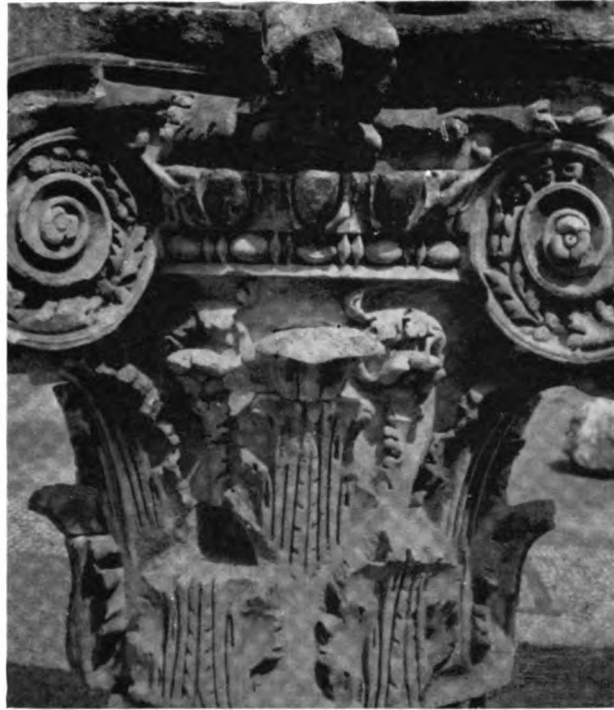
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THE UPPER VIEW SHOWS A PART OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA AS SEEN FROM THE STADIUM
THE LOWER VIEW HAS BEEN CALLED THE TEPIDARIUM



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THE UPPER VIEW SHOWS WHAT HAS BEEN TENTATIVELY CALLED A "PERISTYLIUM"
THE LOWER VIEW SHOWS THE SAME (LEFT CORNER)



A COLUMNAR CAPITAL
FOUND IN ONE OF THE GALLERIES UNDERGROUND



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AN UNDERGROUND MILL.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

AN APHRODITE ANADYOMENE
DISCOVERED IN ONE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES

able to recognize as a library from its resemblance to that found at Tingad. It is at the opposite side of the Stadium from the curved wall of the Caldarium; in the center are the remains of a sort of tribune with the library on one side and there must have been a corresponding one at the other side which is entirely destroyed. Round them ran an uncovered walk raised a little above the ground, where, after the bath, bathers could pass to the gymnasium for the exercises prescribed by hygiene. In the library, the square recesses for the shelves to rest on are still visible, and also traces of the bases of the pilasters which divided the cases and against which were placed short step-ladders whereby readers reached the rolls on the shelves, rolls containing the works of Homer, of Vergil, of Horace, of Martial. To the right of the Stadium, beside the Library, there is a large hall, in the holes and crannies of which many jackdaws have their nests; this has been called, though with no good grounds, the Hall of the Philosophers. It certainly must have been a place for reunions, like that other near by called "Sette Parti." It is interesting because a staircase in perfect condition leads to it from the vaults and on up to the lofty roof of the Baths.

When the area of the Stadium was uncovered, Professor Valle and Signor Ferri made experimental borings to discover what lay beneath. The result of these experiments was that the difficult task of exploring the depths was undertaken. The two archaeologists were frequently obliged to wriggle like eels along the passages, or to wade through fetid, stagnant water. But the joy of discovery was worth it all. They explored an immense network of tunnels, some more than seven yards wide, and covered, which led to enormous underground halls 40 meters long by 30 wide. There were wonderful vistas of passages and arches lighted by feeble gleams from the distant entrances, or checkered here and there by vivid rays of sunlight penetrating through the openings originally placed at regular intervals in the roof to give light and air to the galleries and which, during the abandonment of the Baths, served as receptacles for the rubbish with which they are almost filled.

The medieval mind, stupified by the wonderful remains of ancient Rome of which the "Mirabilia Urbis Romae" were the most striking, said that the forefathers had built baths for winter above ground, and for coolness in summer had hollowed out still greater halls beneath them. This idea, which until now had seemed a mere invention, has by these excavations been proved to have a solid foundation in fact.

These vast underground halls and tunnels would hold as many people as the Baths above, and besides there is the extensive system of corridors running parallel to the galleries and an ingenious system of shafts which served for the emptying of the water of the baths, for the hot pipes, and for the admission of air.

When Rome fell into decay and the city was left desolate by the slaying or flight of its inhabitants, the Baths of Caracalla were deserted. The water that supplied them, introduced by a system whose perfection has never been surpassed, when no longer regulated, broke its conduits and flooded the corridors, filling them with detritus, the vaulted roofs fell in, and the walls crumbled and fell in spite of their strength.

Then, little by little, Rome revived and the enormous Baths and their materials began to be made use of. The marbles and the columns were carried off and the galleries were stripped of the lining of their walls. A gruesome relic of this work of devastation has been discovered: in a circular underground hall, the roof had fallen, and under it were found eight or nine skeletons; here a head, there a foot or an arm stuck out from the masonry. The men had probably been carrying away the bricks of the corner pillars, heaps of which were lying ready for transport, when the roof gave way and overwhelmed them. Gardens and vineyards were planted in the courtyards and halls above, and huts built for the wine-makers. In the vaults a place for treading the grapes has been found in perfect preservation with the vase into which the juice ran, the "*vasca vascalis cum calcatorio suo*," of medieval documents; also a wine-cellar roughly closed. In a crypt there is a most interesting medieval water-mill with two compartments, one for grain and the other for colors. In short, there are a hundred evidences of a long period of troglodyte life, a phase of which is vividly illustrated by the discovery of the skeletons of two murdered men with the knives with which the fatal blows had been struck still fixed in them. In the mill there is a little mill-stone with a circular hole for the axle which still has a layer of red lake spread on its rough surface. The millers, therefore, not only ground the corn from the surrounding country, but also ground the colors which in the first century of Christianity were used for painting the frescoes in the neighboring churches; this red lake must have served for the blood in pictures of the Crucifixion.

Under the whole of the Stadium, where the Romans practised

gymnastics, exercising themselves in throwing the lance and the javelin and in racing, after their baths, there was found an immense deposit of marbles, bases of columns, whole columns, statues, capitals on ornamental pedestals, elegant friezes, from which two facts may be concluded though not absolutely proved. First, that there was a limekiln in the Baths; and secondly, that decorations taken from temples were stored there for future use in the building of Christian churches. For instance, some columns of gray porphyry were found, a rare and beautiful stone never found in any of the other excavations in Rome and of which some similar columns are in S. Gregorio, not far from the Baths, and a superb capital with a Harpocrates in each volute, identical with one on a granite column in Santa Maria in Trastevere.

II

Signor Ferri, the superintendent of the excavations under Professor Lanciani, says that he has now measured the height and thickness of the walls, their length, and their position with regard to the Baths, of five kilometers of galleries. It has been no light undertaking; two men have died of diseases contracted in the vaults and he himself was ill for two months; but today a plan of the whole magnificent system of internal service has been accurately drawn. On the other hand, only a small part of these passages has been cleared out; what are the few hundred cubic meters of earth that have been carried away, in comparison to the kilometers of galleries still encumbered and which may hide endless treasures? It is only necessary to stir the soil a little to find relics. When I was down, a strange archaic head was turned up almost accidentally. It represented a very ugly negress with a broad nose, her tongue protruding from her open mouth; and to add to its strangeness, the hair was in the Roman fashion and adorned with a diadem shaped like a half-moon.

In the great heaps of marble collected in the middle ages for burning into lime, precious fragments of beautiful sculpture are often found. And many such heaps remain to be investigated, for as yet attention has been principally directed to verifying the plan of the network of galleries and passages that cross and recross each other underground.

Signor Ferri did not wish to take me down but he at last acceded to my entreaties. Accompanied by three men with torches we descended

by a long shaft into one of the galleries. The greatest care was necessary to avoid falling into holes or muddy pools. The venerable curtains of spiders' webs, which hung from the roof, caught fire. The bats almost dashed into our faces in their terrified flight. The mephitic air of dead centuries surrounded us. We had to walk bent almost double and in some places we had to crawl on hands and knees, for so obstructed are the galleries that only a narrow space is left under the roof. Enormous spiders, strange beetles, and hideous scorpions were the fauna of the place, whilst the flora was represented by nettles growing in the cracks in the sides of the shafts communicating with the open air. The light of these shafts revealed for a moment the profile of the tunnel; bats fluttered wildly across, seeming to tear the light as one might tear a curtain, and vanishing again in the black darkness.

Signor Ferri gave me much interesting information during our painful walk. The wider galleries, from seven to nine meters wide, measure one kilometer. The so-called galleries of exploration, above the parallel emissaries, from 1.20 meters to 2.30 meters in width, measure another kilometer, and the emissaries below are also of the same length. The passages for emptying the baths, etc., are another two kilometers long, thus making up the total five kilometers of tunnels discovered under ground. These tunnels are, however, almost all of them nearly full of earth, and here and there they are entirely blocked, because the early excavators in their search for marbles and precious objects in the Stadium, broke open the top of the tunnels and emptied in the earth through the roof in order to get rid of it. The tunnels excavated under the Baths and the Stadium of Antoninus run along the front, back, and sides of the building and also across the central part, while the emissaries unite towards the city side in a single channel which communicates with the river. The emissaries are still full of water and undoubtedly hide many treasures, perhaps irrecoverably, for it is said that it will be impossible to drain them. Some of them are at a great depth far below the level of the Tiber; others carried off the rain water. In some of the passages the slaves passed to and fro; in others the linen and the wood for the furnaces were stored; others again were rooms for the slaves, and large halls were devoted to special purposes, such as the Mithraeum. There were numerous spiral stairs and narrow shafts with holes for the feet up which men could climb, cut in the thickness of the walls, linking the openings on the top of the walls with the profound depths

below, passing by the spaces left under the floors of the Baths for the heating apparatus and leading to the exploration passages so that a vigilant watch could be kept over the system for carrying off the water. Ferri explained the ancient plan of this system. During the night the halls were washed with quantities of water which ran by gratings into brick conduits still perfect, built into the walls of the tunnels. The slaves traversed the narrow steep stairs in the walls and washed the underground passages. There were numerous taps for drawing water from the conduits for this purpose. Air-shafts carried off the miasma from the emissaries, thus making life possible in these depths. This ancient system of ventilating drains is unknown in those of the Rome of today, and the discovery gives archaeologists the right to say that their researches are of practical use! The steep stairs extended, as I have said, to the roof of the Baths where the slaves had to go in order to open the terracotta ventilators to let out the hot exhausted air. It will be seen how perfect the system of galleries, passages, stairs, ventilating-shafts, and hot and cold water conduits was.

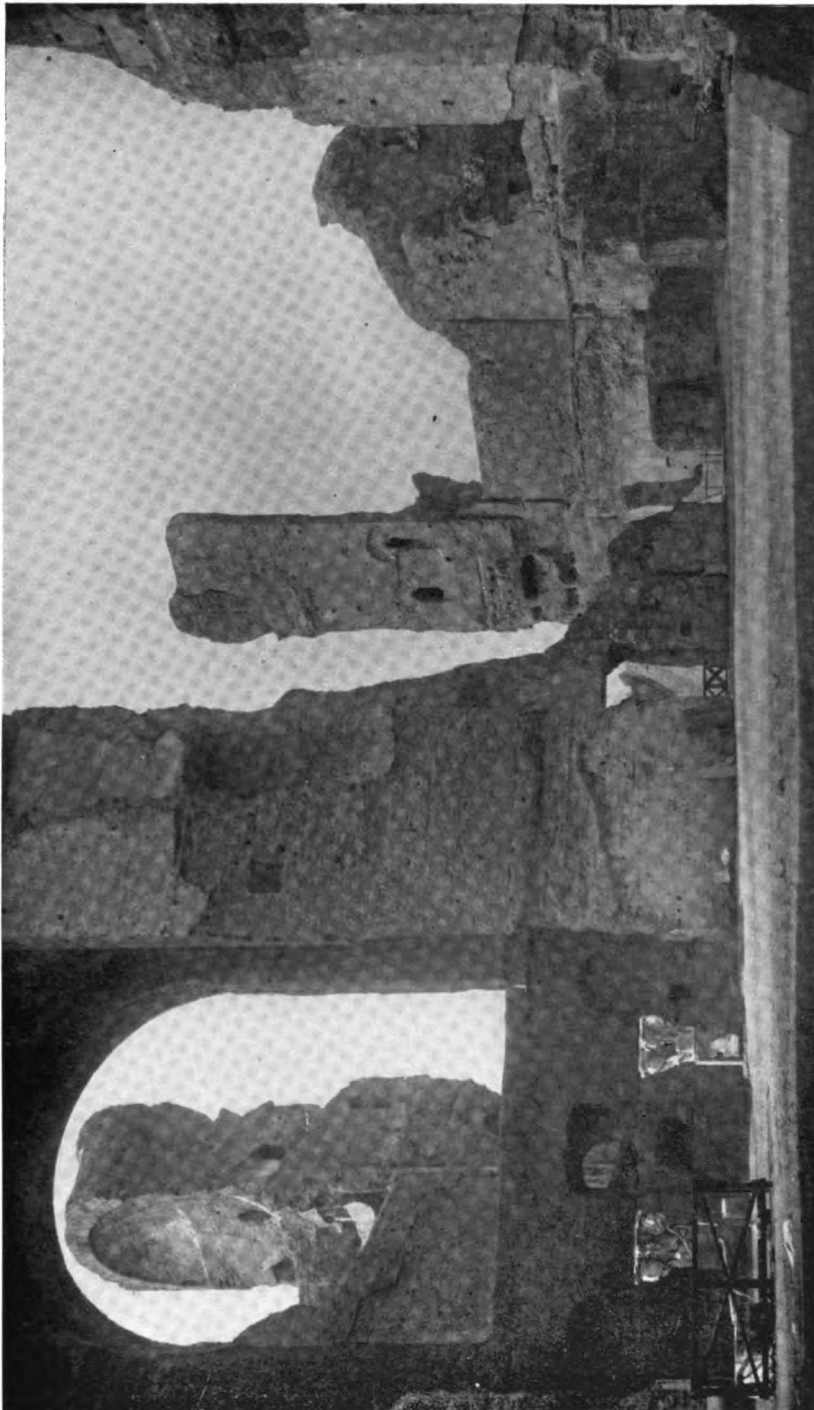
The work of Signor Ferri has thus given most interesting results. Professor Lanciani in presenting him to the King called him the Mole of the Baths, and he is the only one who really knows all the intricate ways of the underground labyrinth; it is thanks to him that a clear understanding has been arrived at of the manner in which the internal working of the magnificent Baths was carried on.

In the course of the excavations that led to the most important discovery of all, many works of art have come to light. In a corner of an oval hall a medieval limekiln was found with traces of fire, the door of the furnace, and several lumps of the mineral scum that results from the burning of calcareous matter; and in the opposite corner, buried under rubbish, an enormous quantity of marbles: columns, tablets, architectural fragments, broken up by the hammer, were heaped up ready to be thrown into the furnace. In the drain there were found two beautiful Hermai, one an Apollo and the other a Bacchus, which, as they were of the same size and style, must have been companion ornaments of one of the halls in the Baths. Near by were found the torso of an athlete, life-size, and a graceful little satyr. The most important find, however, from an artistic point of view, was made in a little room beyond the large space under the stair on the north side. Here, on the pavement of red mosaic, amongst other

remains, were the pieces of a statue larger than life, which Professor Valle identified as a Venus Anadyomene, a masterpiece of Greek art. She has her arms raised, apparently in the act of coiling her hair. The statue is headless, but the figure is so perfect in every detail that it may be said to be one of the most beautiful pieces of ancient statuary found in Italy of late years.

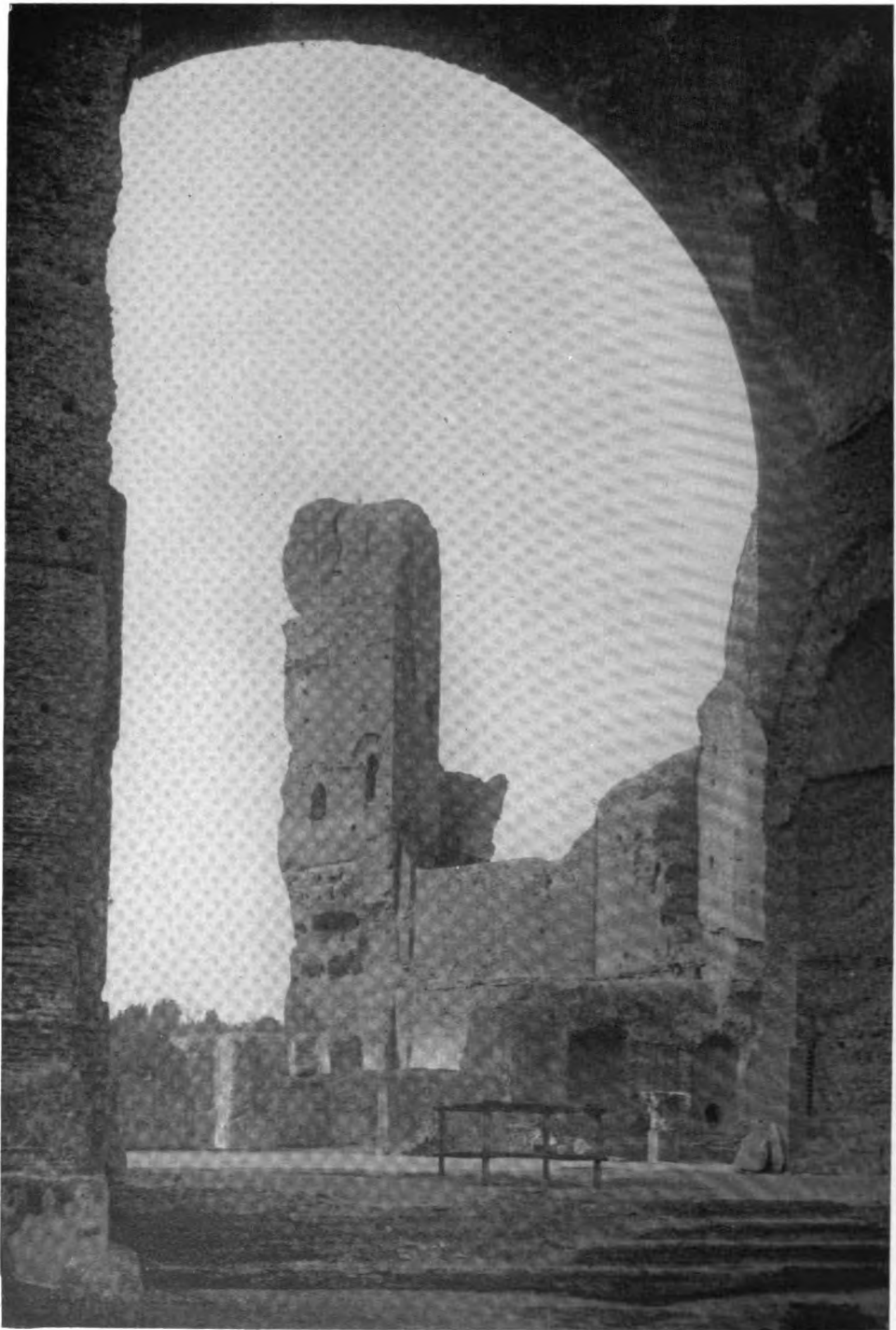
Beyond this little room, the explorers, continuing the excavations, reached the large temple of Mithras which has been so much spoken of. It consists of several rooms all underground and shut off from all light, according to the requirements of this religion. From the corridor we enter a room where there is a fountain in a niche, for lustrations; from here a stair leads down under the center of the temple to the place where the sacred vessels were deposited, and then to the stall of the sacred bull, in which, high up on the left, there is a hole once painted with frescoes. Returning to the room of the fountain, another passage leads to the temple, which consists of a nave, paved with black and white mosaic, and of two lateral aisles each divided into three by three pilasters. These lateral aisles, from the slope of their pavements, must have been the places for the worshipers, who were obliged to lie prone with their heads towards the center of the temple, where were the sacred mysteries. The Mithraeum is 23 meters long by 9.70 wide, and is the largest yet discovered.

The religion of Mithras, a Persian god who symbolized the sun, was brought to Rome early in Imperial times and spread rapidly in the city, either because of the influence of Eastern traders, or because of the attraction exercised by the mystery in which its rites were involved. Its liturgy is almost unknown, for the sacred books containing the prayers and hymns have all vanished, and there survives only one short verse. It is known that the liturgy was in Greek, as that remained the language of the cult even when it traveled to the West. Some strange words, mysteriously incomprehensible and cabalistic, were used in the invocations and salutations of the rite, but these scanty facts are all that are known of it. The rites were kept secret and were celebrated generally in underground places in the dark. St. Jerome speaks of the religion, and we owe to him the names of the seven grades (the cabalistic number) of initiation. They were *corax* (crow), *cryphius* (occult), *miles* (soldier), *leo* (lion), *persa* (Persian), *heliodromus* (messenger of the sun), *pater* (father). And in the Mithraeum just found these seven grades are distinguishable in



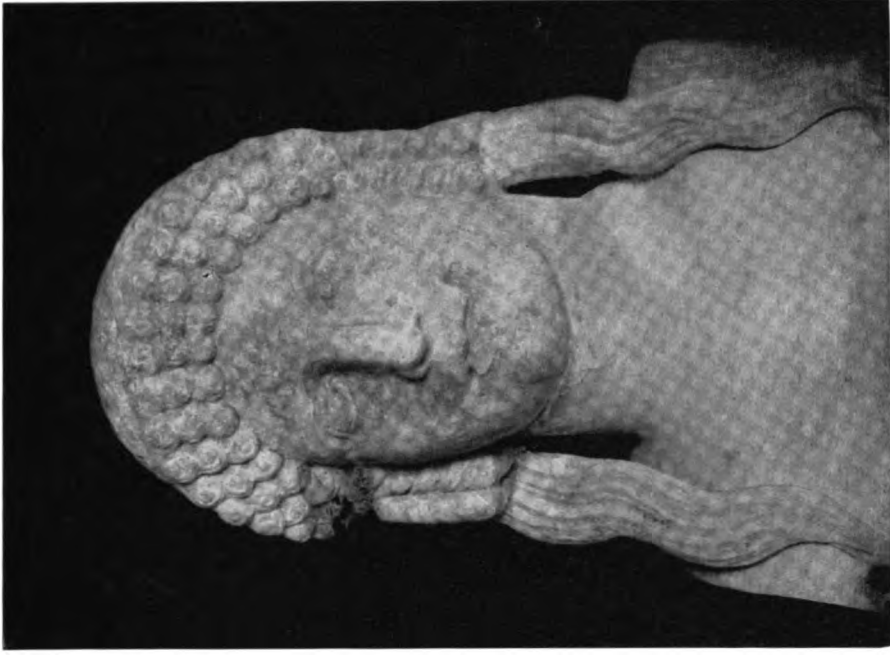
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A CENTRAL APARTMENT IN THE BATHS OF CARACALLA



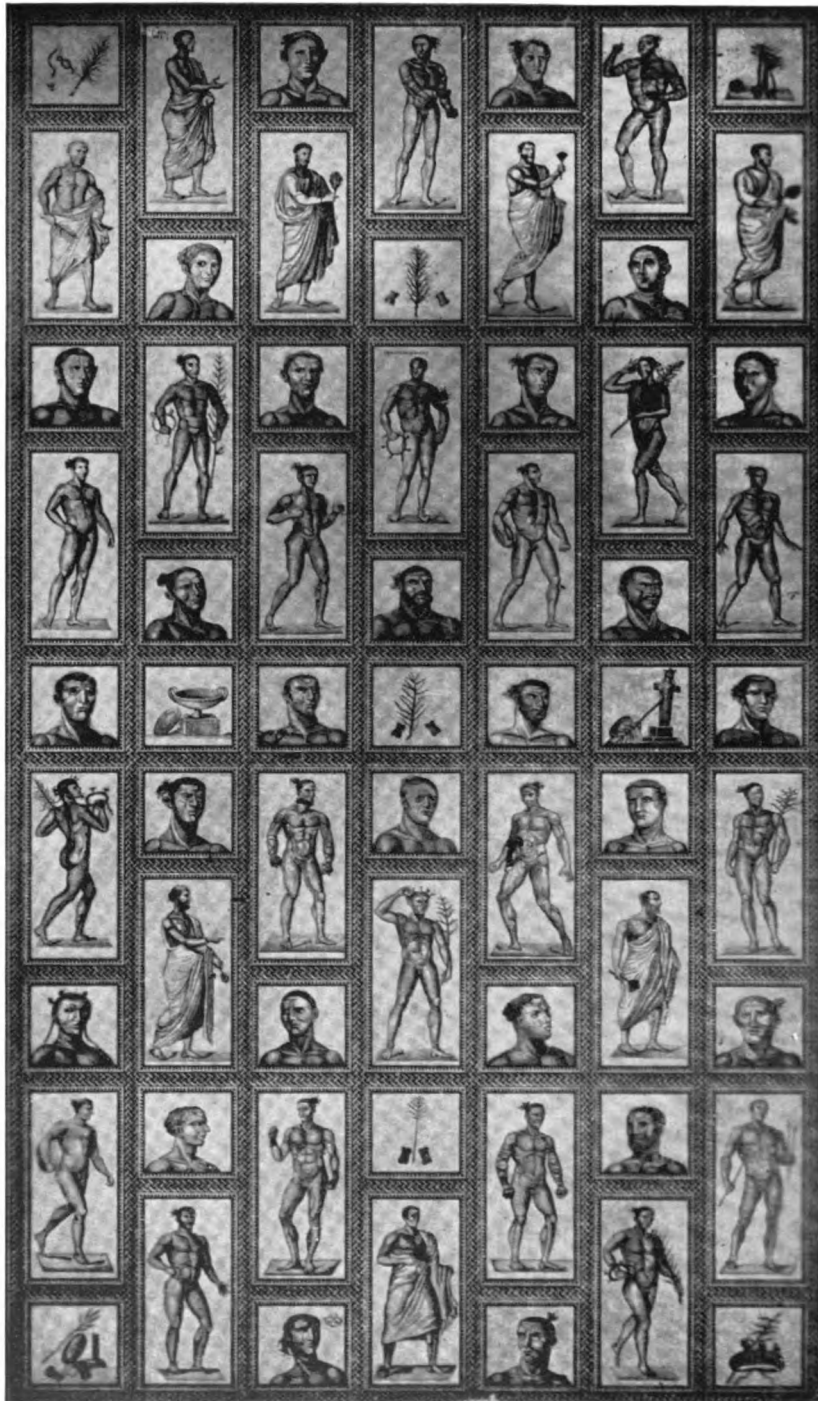
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ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PRECEDING SUBJECT



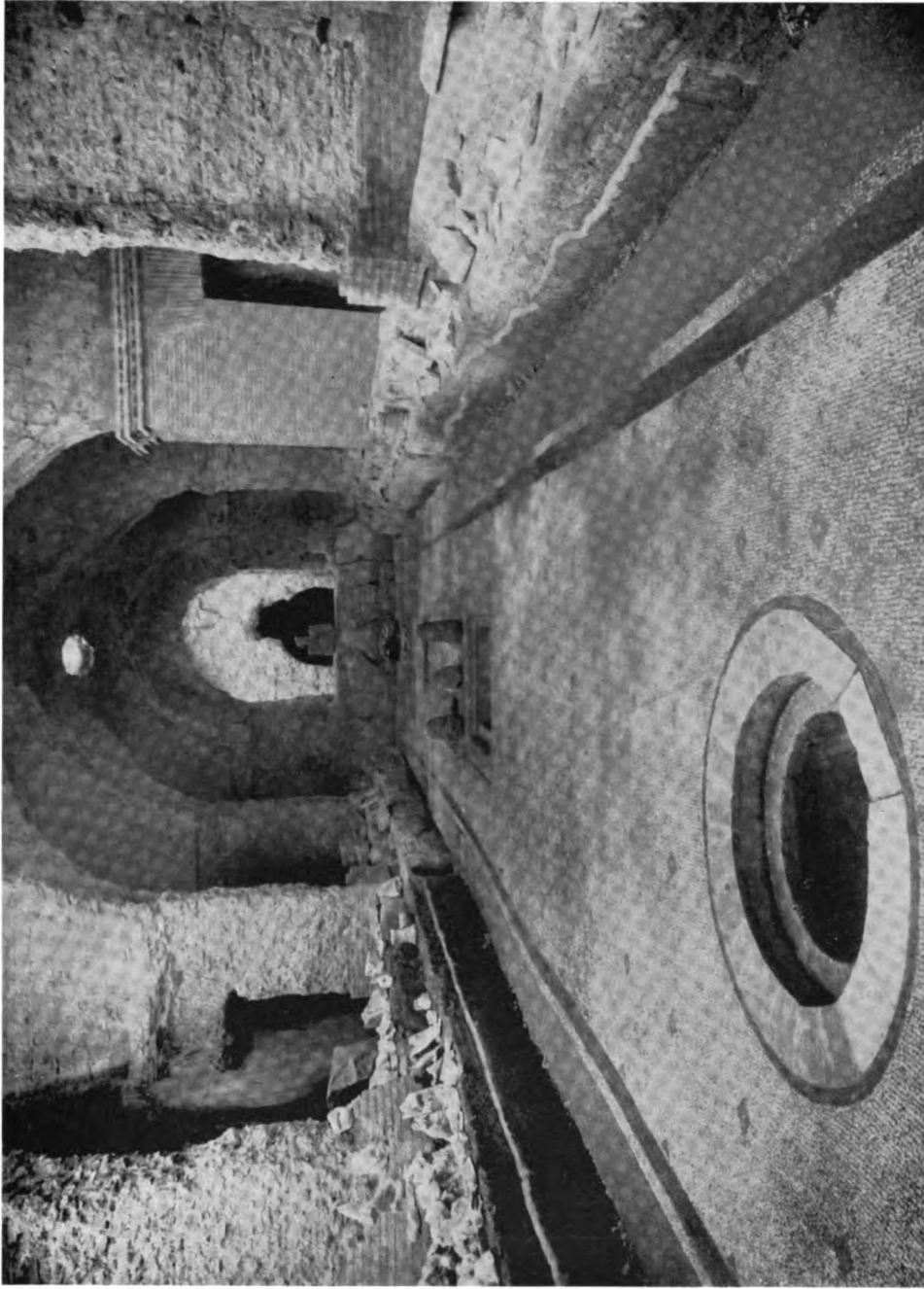
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REPRESENTATIONS, AS SUPPOSED, OF BACCHUS (DIONYSOS) LEFT, AND OF APOLLO, RIGHT
FOUND IN ONE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES



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**A CURIOUS MOSAIC PAVEMENT, DOUBTLESS REPRESENTING PORTRAITS
OF WELL KNOWN ATHLETES OF THE DAY, AND KINDRED SUBJECTS**



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A VIEW OF THE REMARKABLE MITHRAIC TEMPLE IN THE UNDERGROUND GALLERY



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THE MYSTIC TAUROBOLIUM OF MITHRAISM
A SYMBOLIC GROUP WELL KNOWN TO STUDENTS
FOUND IN ONE OF THE SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES UNDER THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

the six divisions of the nave and the space at the end around the principal altar of the God, where the *patres* were grouped with the *pater sacrorum*, the chief priest. It is known that the different grades were not only distinguished by their names but also by their dress, which agreed with the names. Thus St. Augustine, speaking of them in *Quaestiones Veteres*, says, "some flapped their wings like birds, imitating the voice of the crow; others roared like lions. Behold how those who are called wise make themselves ridiculous." On the reasons for this, divergences arose even in the early days of the Empire, which proves that they were in reality a survival of those primitive customs which have left their traces in so many religions. These seven grades had each its special forms of initiation, or sacrament, of which all that is known is that each was accompanied by ablutions, a kind of baptism, to wash away moral stain. For the grade of lion, however, there were no ablutions with water because the lion symbolized fire and for this it would have been absurd to use water which extinguishes it. For this grade therefore honey was used, and the hands and tongue of the initiate were anointed with it. This anointing of the "lion" with honey recalls the biblical story of the bees which swarmed from the mouth of the lion slain by Samson.

III

In the Mithraeum was found a rare pictorial representation of the God Mithras and many fragments of ritual sculptures, among them the usual "Taurobolium," or the slaying of the bull. In it the God Mithras, a youth in oriental dress with the Phrygian hose and cap, presses a bull down on its knees, grasping its muzzle with his left hand while with his right he drives the knife into its neck; a dog and a serpent lick the blood which drips from the wound, transforming itself into grain as it falls, and a scorpion attacks the bull from beneath. Of this group there was first found the dog, a fragment of the serpent, knee of the bull, and a piece of Mithras; the other parts were believed to be entirely missing, but many of them have come to light in other places. They consist of two of the bull's hoofs, the right shoulder of the God with the brooch that fastened the mantle, the serpent in the blood, the scorpion, the sheath of the tauric knife, and the whole of the large base, which unlike that of other statues already found, does not consist of a rock but of waves of blood. Altogether five representations of the God have been found in this Mithraeum. These are:

the fresco already spoken of; the base of another statue or altar of cubic form representing a rock with the serpent; and a relief placed at the end of the temple in such a manner that the light from a window behind formed a nimbus round the head of the God, who with his hand outstretched, is giving the benediction. A little cippus of Parian marble has also been found which is inscribed with two interesting Greek inscriptions. One is: "Mithras, Sun, unique, invincible lord of the world"; the other: "To the Sun God, the great Serapis the Savior, giver of riches, hearer of prayer, beneficent, invincible, unknowable, Mithras, for blessings received." On the cippus there is a long-shaped hollow in which there must have been inserted a votive bas-relief. Altogether the Mithraeum has proved to be an archaeological monument of exceptional importance. It presents many problems, and much study and research will be necessary to explain some of its particulars. Amongst other things, it proves that not only was the Mithraic cult tolerated in Rome, but that some Emperor, perhaps Septimius Severus, lent it powerful support even to the extent of allowing its followers to excavate their temple under a building erected for a very different purpose.

One of the many interesting discoveries is that of certain pebbles which have been identified as votive offerings taken from Egyptian tombs and placed in a special position to the right of the altar. The round opening in the center of the nave is identified as the place into which offerings were thrown, and the square basin is the baptismal font (it is supposed that blood was used for baptisms). The site of the high altar is quite clear, and the seats of the priests with the mysterious niches hollowed under them. The passage that led from the Mithraeum and its surrounding chambers, had its exit near the Roman Villa called the Sette Parti. The finding of this passage from the vaults and another from the Stadium turned Signor Ferri's attention to this Villa. The two passages, one a carriage-way, the other with steps, certainly joined the Villa to the Baths; what had the Villa, which was there before the building of the Baths, to do with them? It extended from near the Porta Capena along under the slope of the hill, and it was probably left untouched in order not to risk disturbing the hill face. Signor Ferri thinks that the rooms of the Villa were adapted for public use, an opinion confirmed by what remains of them. There is still a graceful nymphaeum with a round opening in its roof which is perfectly preserved and divided into panels ornamented with

stuccos and shells. Beside the nymphaeum, there is a high semi-circular wall; from its shape this must have been the wall of a large hall and in it there are the remains of niches for statues.

Beyond, there was another large rectangular room rounded at one end, apparently a lecture-room, as around it there are brackets at regular intervals, five meters from the ground, which supported a gallery. The access to this was by means of a spiral stair and there are remains of its balustrade and of the pilasters. Thus the conclusion arrived at is that the Villa of the Sette Parti, like that of the Pollione on the other side, was done away with as a Villa to make room for the Baths, but part of it was utilized for lecture-rooms in connexion with the Library of the Stadium. The present researches have resulted not only in the finding of new localities, but also in correcting the ideas regarding the use of those already known. What were once considered to be two oil-stores are now recognized as courts, for the underground passages converge to them; and what was called a gymnasium, is, thanks to Professor Valle, now known to be a Library. We look for further interesting results from the excavations so ably directed by Professor Lanciani, in these five kilometers of remarkable vaults.

MISCHIEVOUS MEDICINE: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



IS modern medicine robbing Peter to pay Paul, stealing victims from one disease to hand them over to another?

This large question is raised and partly answered by a great American authority on public health, Lieut.-Col. C. E. Woodruff, late of the U. S. army medical corps.

His answer is — Yes. The vaccines and serums, rendering the patient immune against one disease, leave him the easier prey to another or to others. The increase of cancer and tuberculosis, for example, are, he suggests, thus explicable. With respect to tubercle he thus quotes various corroborative authorities:

Le Tulle tells me that all serums and vaccines will cause incipient cases of tuberculosis to get worse. Drs. Spooner, Louis, and Combe have noticed that anti-typhoid vaccines bring out any latent or chronic disease, particularly tuberculosis. Chantmerse informs me that he has seen two cases of rapid tuberculosis develop a few days after anti-typhoid vaccination, and he warns particularly against using it where tuberculosis is suspected.

The vaccines and serums are stimulants, for which *irritants* might just as well be read. The word stimulation covers several processes. You may stimulate a horse with a whip, but you have added nothing to his strength. If he is very tired the period of stimulation may even close with his dropping dead. You may stimulate an organ, say the heart, with alcohol. But you do this by paralysing another, the nerve whose duty it is to hold the heart in check. Lastly you may *really* stimulate by adding a needed something which is in deficiency. For example you may give food. Perhaps the use of iron in anaemia comes under this head of true stimulation.

The body's methods of defense against invading germs are very complicated and by no means fully understood. It is a swift and ready analytical and synthetic chemist, studying the chemistry of the life of hostile germs that have found entrance and then producing chemicals *anti* to them and their products. The work is costly and may, even when successful, leave the chemical departments quite exhausted. Another variety of germ now arriving may find them unprepared to take up at once the manufacture of a new set of chemicals. So the patient just through with disease number one may succumb to disease number two.

Here is Dr. Woodruff's point. The vaccines stimulate or irritate the chemical departments. Ordinary vaccination, for example, communicates an extremely mild disease whose poison so closely resembles that of small-pox that the same anti-poison will do against both. It is accordingly produced and continues to be produced and held in readiness for years. During that time the patient is immune against the effects of any second vaccination and against smallpox. But the question is, at what cost in respect of resistance to other diseases, is this immunity achieved?

Serums differ from vaccines in that they do not contain a germ. They contain, already made, the chemical compounds necessary to antidote the effects of some particular germ which the body would otherwise have had to supply; or they contain something which irritates ("stimulates") the body to the increased manufacture of a previously deficient antidote.

If, as Dr. Woodruff says, supporting himself by the testimony of others, both serums and vaccines tend to provoke tuberculosis and to weaken resistance to diseases other than the one against which each is specific, it follows that they are all of them irritants provocative of

constitutional exhaustion — even those hitherto regarded as merely supplying a needed deficiency.

It has not been proved, nor even rendered probable, that the use of vaccines and serums has caused any fall in the *total* deathrate. It may easily have caused a concealed rise. In western civilized countries life has been lengthened during the last quarter of a century. But has it been lengthened more than a better understanding of and obedience to the laws of hygiene and a better technique in surgery can account for? Not proved nor rendered probable. Infant feeding is understood; infection is understood; the conveyance of typhoid is understood; the value of open-air treatment in chest diseases and tubercle generally is understood. Having duly credited all these advances with their efficiency, how much will remain for the vaccines and serums?

We owe their employment almost entirely to the practice of vivisection. It is a large part of the case of the vivisection. If Dr. Woodruff's contention can be pushed as far as we have indicated, and sustained there, what will remain of that case?

Some knowledge in physiology and pathology, which could have been, and would have been, and was being, got in other ways.

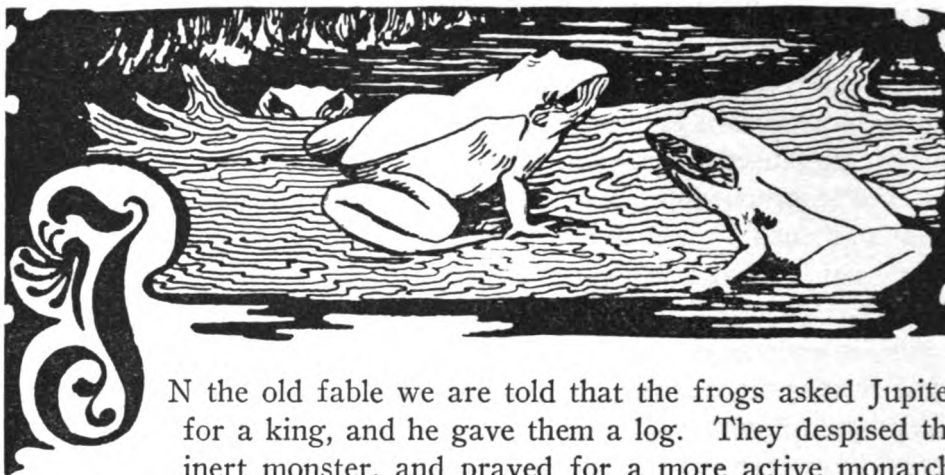
And when that is seen it will be recognized that vivisection was an evil and time-wasting bypath, unspiritualizing medicine and leading it away from discoveries of real beneficence and value. From doing evil, evil comes. That is the final answer to the vivisection case. One of the specific applications of this answer we have had from Dr. Woodruff.



BUT since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which center upon the human heart, and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research and discrimination of that basic truth. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

LET us, by playing our part well, invoke the God of Peace, that it may brood over our fair land and breathe into the hearts of all a larger tolerance, a greater love for each other, for all nations, for all peoples. — *Katherine Tingley*

THE FROGS ASK FOR A KING: by R. Macbell



IN the old fable we are told that the frogs asked Jupiter for a king, and he gave them a log. They despised the inert monster, and prayed for a more active monarch. Jupiter, whose sense of humor was based on the knowledge of the eternal fitness of things, admitted the objection, and gave them an eel. But the amphibious folk saw neither the humor of the god nor the fitness of his selection, and protested that they could have no respect for such a crawling creature. So the god, passing over the animal kingdom, sent them a heron, who was neither inert nor a crawling reptile, but who with his long legs waded through the water and the mud, and with his long bill fished out the frogs for his own consumption. When the frogs were devoured they no longer clamored for a king. Their complaints ceased, and the sovereignty of the heron was no more subject to dispute, than was the tractibility of the hearse horses sold by a dealer with the guarantee that, though in use as harness horses for some years, none of those that had traveled behind them had been heard to complain either of their speed or their temper.

But there is more in this fable than meets the eye of the ordinary reader.

The frog is born, or spawned, as an egg that lies inert upon the surface of the water; and for this reason the first period of their evolution may be symbolized by the log, that the god caused to fall into the pond, where the mature frogs held council. They no doubt recognized some title to respect that the log could claim in the slaughter of a goodly number of their people when the mighty tree fell: there was also to recommend it its size, which is always an imposing adjunct to authority if not in itself a title to respect.

But, when the little people found they could climb all over the monster with impunity, their respect vanished: they felt that they

deserved a representative from a higher stage of evolution, having themselves forgotten their primal condition of mere egg or spawn.

Then came one who was more nearly representative of the second or tadpole stage of the frogs' history. But the eel, though amphibious to some extent, and though a good swimmer, is more at home in the mud at the bottom of a pond, while the frogs love the surface of the water and the shallow places: they look to the sun, they breathe the air of heaven, and dream of the golden age, in which frogs will fly like the birds. So Jupiter, knowing what was in their hearts, as well as what is the destiny of all creatures, yielded to their desire for initiation into the mysteries of evolution, and sent them an initiator, a hierophant or king from the order of beings beyond the stage the frogs had reached.

The heron ate the frogs; so says the fable.

Well, the tadpoles destroyed the eggs, and the frogs put an end to the tadpoles — what next?

So far the history of the frog corresponds strangely to the history of the human body in its fore-natal state.

Like the frog, the man can walk and swim without help, but when he tries to fly, it is another story.

Now men are growing disrespectful towards their kings, and they are even seeking new gods. Like the frogs, they look up to the Sun and breathe the air of heaven, while the soul within them urges them to open the wings of their imagination and to rise to heights as yet almost undreamed of.

Not knowing to what power they have attained in long past civilizations, nor from what spiritual ancestry they come, men seek initiation into mysteries often unclean, obscure, or curious; forsaking the great sunlit path of evolution, where sanity, morality, and brotherhood make progress glorious and beautiful, they wander in the devious ways of occult arts, or lose themselves in the great desert of materialism, while the great masses of humanity just lie and wallow in the mud of simple sensualism, or seek in the unknown new gods and new ideals.

Then comes the messenger of Time, the avenger and destroyer, the initiator and redeemer, the devourer and transformer, who swallows all these creatures of the mud, and from their mere bodies absorbs the life essence, transmuting it to higher purposes. An allegory of evolution, that may be less simple than a first reading of the story might lead one to suppose.

NOTE. Students of the Secret Doctrine will recognize in the crude allegory of the frogs and king Log the symbolism of esoteric cosmogony, as well as its application to the history of human evolution on this earth. The log thrown into the pool will be seen to represent the appearance of differentiation in space, expressed by the symbol of a circle (the pool of water) and its diameter (the log), which, as the axis of a sphere, represents spirit emerging or fecundating primordial matter, the virgin mother of the Universe. The eel is of course the serpent, that, as Śesha, churns with his gyrations the waters of the great deep (chaos), preparing vortices for the birth of new universes at the reawakening of cosmic activity. In Scandinavian mythology it is the serpent that encircles the earth at the bottom of the sea: it comes into being in the early stages of evolution. In the Hebrew Bible we have it as the brazen serpent of Moses on the Tau; the symbol of creative energy in the form of an S, linking the divine triad to the earthly tetrad, amphibious because sharing the nature of both. Finally the stork (or heron) appears, who, as the divine man, walks with his feet in the mud (material existence) wading through the waters of the lower astral light, or flying in the upper air (the divine astral), lit by the Sun (spiritual Life), and fishing in the water for the creatures, whose bodies he devours; a symbol of evolution. In another form of allegory the stork appears as the herald of birth, bringing to earth new-born babes, thus showing the dual action of evolution in destruction and recreation. The frog appears in ancient Chinese symbology, along with the tortoise, the sea-serpent, and the flying dragon; and there is little doubt that many folk-tales and fables are descended from the esoteric allegories or parables that were given in all ages to the people, who were not yet able to appreciate the mysteries of "the kingdom of Heaven." R. M.



No Theosophist ought to be contented with an idle or frivolous life.

H. P. Blavatsky

THE immutable rule is that harmony must be restored if violated.

William Q. Judge

WE have a great responsibility in righting the sin and shame of the world.

Katherine Tingley

HONOLULU: by Barbara McClung



NE bright morning in early February, 1913, the Hamburg-American Steamer *Cleveland* sailed from San Francisco for a trip around the world. She was to visit the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, the Philippines, Java, Singapore, Burmah, India, and Egypt before reaching Europe, and the very names of those far-off countries thrilled the hearts of her passengers with magic suggestions. Six days brought us to our first stop, the city of Honolulu.

As we steamed slowly into the harbor, boatloads of Hawaiian women came out to greet us, and boarding the vessel, went up and down the decks, bearing baskets of flower garlands, which they hung around the necks of every passenger. These garlands, called *leis* (pronounced *lays*), are very characteristic of Honolulu. The most common, perhaps, are formed of red carnations, strung so closely together as to make a continuous scarlet chain; others, of a brilliant yellow flower, something like an aster, are great favorites. In the city, at every street corner, stand venders of leis, and in the flower markets, men and women are busy stringing the fragrant blossoms. It is certainly a charming custom to greet the incoming visitor with this gracious ceremony, and sets the key-note of the friendliness and hospitality that one meets here on every hand.

Looking over the side of the vessel, as the big steamer started again, we saw dozens of bronze native swimmers swarming around us in the translucent water, looking up invitingly for pennies and scrambling and diving to reach them till their mouths were stuffed full. They were a beautiful sight, so graceful and athletic, and are considered to be the best swimmers in the world. As we landed, the band was playing "Aloha Oe," the national song, and a great throng was collected on the dock; there was a long passageway made for the *Clevelanders* between them, and we ran the gauntlet of a thousand friendly eyes and smiling faces between the gang-plank and the street.

The first impression of Honolulu was interesting. It is hardly like a city, when the strictly business section is passed, but more like a succession of country estates, bordering palm-shaded avenues, with brilliant yellow bignonia vines spilling over the walls, and huge bougainvillea *trees*, like giant magenta rhododendrons, leaning over the gates. One gets glimpses of sloping green lawns, intersected by meandering rills, dotted with clumps of papaia and guava trees, and bordered by

hedges of the glowing red hibiscus flower. The climate of Honolulu seems to be ideal; it maintains a soft even temperature the year round, never hot and never cold, not varying more than fifteen degrees winter and summer. It is swept constantly by delicious breezes of the trade winds, and rains fall almost every day, but they are generally slight showers that refresh without causing satiety.

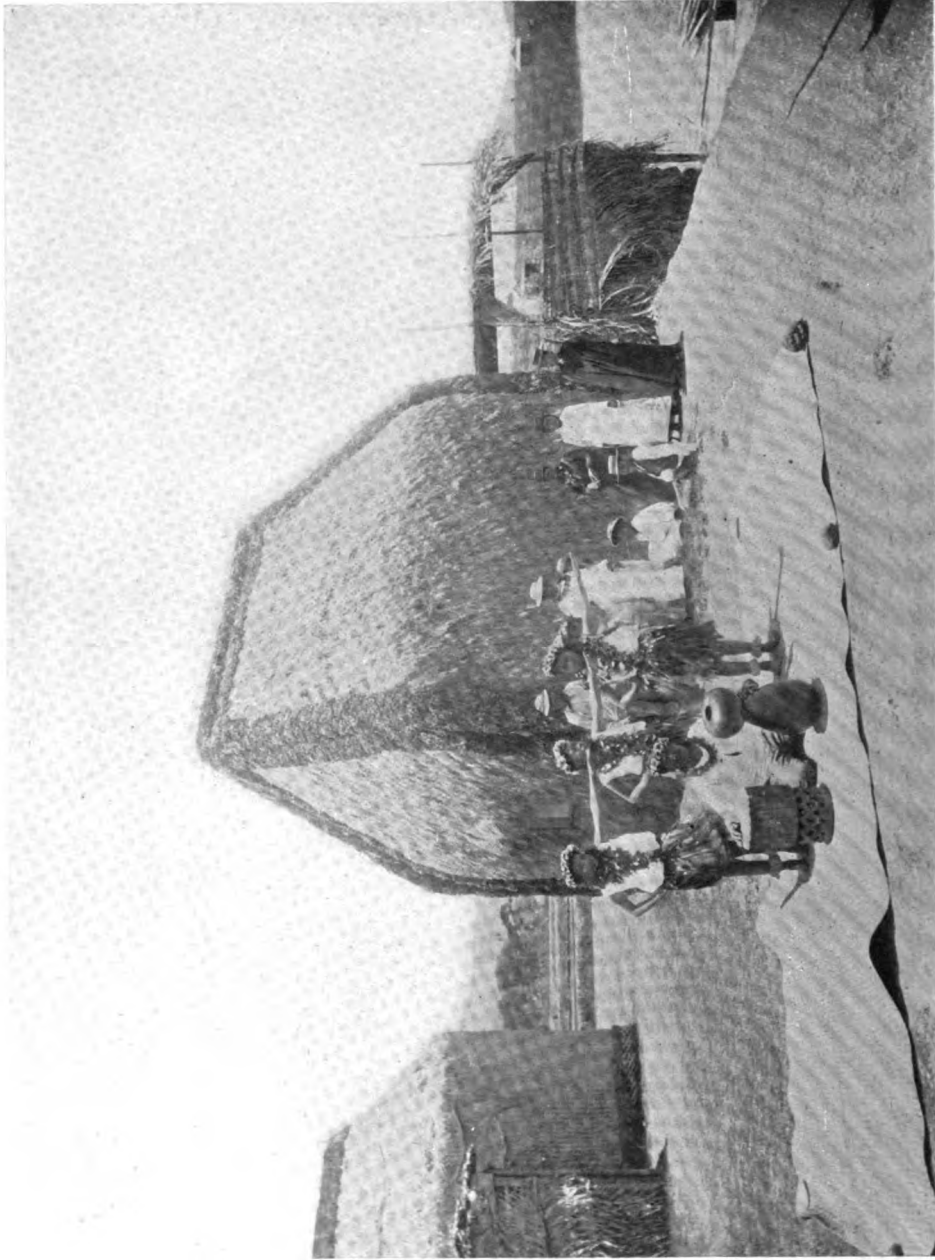
During our two days' stay we were entertained every moment of the time, and the spontaneous unaffected hospitality reminded one of plantation days in the old South. Our hostess was a charming lady and told us many interesting tales. She was descended from one of the early families, which now constitute the aristocracy of the place, and she had, so she told us, in illustration of the large patriarchal families, fifty-four first-cousins in and around Honolulu. She told us a good deal about the natives, and especially the chiefs, who seem to be of different breed entirely from the commons, and have never inter-married with them; the commons could not formerly even touch a chief, on pain of death. The chiefs are fed with special food, reminding one of a queen in a hive, and are bigger, stronger, and more intelligent than the others. She told us she believed the islands to be the topmost peaks of a sunken continent.

Later we met a Hawaiian lady of the pure old chieftain blood, who is one of the most respected persons in Honolulu. She is said to know more of the old native customs and laws than any one else in the islands, and is the last authority on all questions relating to the complicated system of Hawaiian land tenure. She was a massive person, like most of the older Hawaiian women that we saw, but full of a fine graciousness that made us involuntarily admire and respect her.

The Hawaiians, as before mentioned, are wonderful swimmers, and we spent an interesting hour at Waikiki Beach, watching their water-sports. The board-swimming required great skill; each fellow lies on a board, face downward, and swims out beyond the surf-line, when he stands upright on the board and rides the breakers back to land. Some would stand on their heads on the boards, some dived from them and cut many antics; it takes months of practice and skill to be able to ride the boards at all. It is an old Hawaiian custom that had almost died out and was rescued just in time. Some of the young white men are as proficient as their dark companions. The surf-boats too are famous here; they are specially constructed outriggered canoes, with long balancing poles extending from one side, that enable them



KAMEHAMEHA I, KING OF HAWAII



THE HAWAIIAN, THEN AND NOW
NOTE THE LEIS AROUND THE NECKS AND ON THE HEADS OF THE FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND



Lomalind Photo. & Engraving Dept.

PALI BLUFF, HAWAII



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HONOLULU

to ride the surf, which comes in with great sweep and force upon these island beaches.

The Hawaiians are fond of music, and we went one night to a concert specially prepared for the benefit of our passengers. It consisted of native songs (varied with a few Scotch ones, which sounded quite absurd in a South-Sea setting), instrumental selections played on guitars, mandolins, and other stringed instruments somewhat between the two, and at the end, the hula dance, performed entirely by women. The songs were monotonous and plaintive, a characteristic of their music. There are no tenor voices among the Hawaiians, but most of them are a strange humming bass. The language, being almost entirely vowels, sounds very melodious and soft in song; one does not seem to be listening to words at all, but rather to formless sounds like the sighing of the wind and sea. The hula dance was hideous to the untrained eye, though the ethnologist may have found it interesting; the girls were dressed in red jackets, grass skirts, and queer ruchings (apparently of grass) above the bare ankles; they wore leis of yellow flowers around their necks and on their heads. The leader was a large old woman, who stood at one end of the stage and called out the different figures in a loud monotonous voice. It was accompanied by a peculiar instrument, which we saw then for the first time, but have seen several times since in other islands of the Pacific, and in museums. It was a large hollow churn-shaped object, apparently made of two gourds placed on top of each other, worked by an old man squatting in the background. He would raise it and let it thump on the ground, thus accentuating the whole notes, while he beat in the half notes by slapping on it with the palm of his right hand.

The city of Honolulu is situated on the island of Oahu, one of eight islands, comprising the Hawaiian group. We made a tour of this island by automobile the second day of our stay. We rode first up through the celebrated "Pali," or Pass — the only pass between the steep volcanic mountains that divide the island lengthwise in two parts. All the islands are thus divided by steep ridges, and the eastern and western slopes are very different in character; the former are windy, rainy, and heavily wooded; the latter warm, dry, and with more scanty vegetation. The view from Pali was indescribable; jagged peaks towered around us, while below sank precipitous steeps, with the road winding on shelves down to the flat smiling plain, bordered by distant sea and surf. It was up this path that Kamehameha I and his army

drove their enemies and forced them over the Pali, headlong down the cliffs, where bones are found scattered to this day. We passed acres of magnificent pineapples, rice-fields flooded with water, taro plants resembling calla lilies, from whose roots the national dish of "*Poi*" is made, and great tracts of sugar-cane, growing in clumps like grasses, looking so different from our cane stalks in Louisiana. We had lunch on the verandah of a pleasant road house, shaded by cocoanut palms, and were serenaded, as we ate, by three native musicians. Then we completed the circuit of the island, riding through Mr. Damon's wonderful park-like estate, and stopping for all too short a time at the museum. Here are displayed wonderful feather helmets and cloaks, which were the greatest treasures of the old chieftains; they are made of delicate bird plumage, generally scarlet or yellow, so cunningly attached and overlapped as to make a perfectly smooth velvet-like surface. The yellow feathers are the choicest and were reserved for royalty alone. It is said that King Kamehameha's feather mantle occupied nine generations of kings in its construction. There was also an interesting exhibit of kahilis, or feathered staffs, from ten to thirty feet high, which were carried on state occasions in front of the great chiefs. Then there were samples of fabric, made of pounded mulberry-fiber and stenciled in elaborate designs, the only cloth known to the Hawaiians before the advent of the white man. Groups of life-sized figures at work, illustrated the steps in the making of this fabric, also other household occupations, such as the pounding of poi. Models of temples, canoes, grass huts, sacred dances, and images, enabled the thoughtful observer to reconstruct much of the old barbaric life that went on when Captain Cook first sailed to these shores a century and a half ago.

Queen Liliuokalani, the last queen and chieftainess, still lives in Honolulu, near the royal palace, which is now the United States Government House, but she is only an American citizen, like the rest of her one-time subjects. On the streets and in the fields, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, and Koreans, live and work side by side with the Hawaiians, and one wonders how much longer the islander himself will maintain his own individuality and traditions. Time was when these islands were the most remote from civilization of any in the world, but the great westward track now lies through them and their destiny is marvelously changed.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS: by the Busy Bee

EPICURUS AND VERGIL ON COMETARY MATTER



OUR rapidly changing views in physics and cosmography are teaching us a sounder attitude of mind in regard to the problems concerned. And we should be prepared to make whatever acknowledgments may be due to ancient philosophers whose theories we may too hastily have scorned, but who, in the light of revised opinion and more recent discoveries, may seem to be after all worthy of credence.

In the *Aeneid* of Vergil there is a passage where Aeneas, in vowing eternal gratitude to Dido, makes use of the expression —

Polus dum sidera pascet (*Aeneid*, I. 608)

As long as the heavens feed the stars —

which, says the commentary, refers to the teaching of the Epicureans, that the stars were lit up and fed by the fire which surrounded the atmosphere.

Now, although the commentator has seen fit to express it that the Epicureans “imagined” that such a fire surrounded the atmosphere, we shall show that this imagination is shared by some moderns who would probably object to the use of the word “imagination.” It is by no means unorthodox nowadays to imagine that interplanetary regions are occupied by a finer grade of matter, and that this finer grade of matter is that which subsequently condenses so as to form visible celestial bodies, such as comets and perhaps some of the nebulae; and that later still a further condensation may result in the formation of planets. Also, in view of the recent discoveries in electrons and invisible radiations of various kinds, we shall hardly be stretching a point if we submit that the Epicurean word “fire” is as applicable as any word could be to this form of matter.

In a paragraph from a scientific journal we read the following about the “globular light from the sky.” This is said to be superior to the sum of all the quantities of light sent us by the stars, and to have its origin in the terrestrial atmosphere. It is the light of the earth, attributable partly to a permanent aurora borealis, but also probably to something else — namely, a continual bombardment of the upper atmosphere by meteoric swarms and cosmic dust. This certainly bears out Epicurus’ idea of a fiery atmosphere surrounding the other atmosphere.

Some years ago the approach of Halley’s comet aroused great in-

terest in these questions, and the various views of theorists were described in the press. One astronomer held that comets are planets in process of formation, while another said they were parts of the original nebula from which the solar system was formed, and whose inner parts had been used in making up the sun and planets. Readers learned in current astronomical ideas can supply the proper names and other details respecting such ideas, which are daily winning more support.

These ideas of Epicurus and the modern professors are also in line with what is stated by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* (published 1888). She quotes from what is probably the oldest book in the world — the Rig-Veda — to the effect that “Mother-Space” is the womb from which are born all the heavenly bodies of our system. Mother-Space has eight sons — the sun and seven planets — an interesting point which we must pass by for the present. In enumerating the various differentiations from this Mother-Space, we come to a World-Stuff or Cometary Matter, as to which we read that its characteristics are totally different from those of any matter with which modern science (1888 A. D.) is acquainted. Beyond the solar systems, this World-Stuff exists in a primitive and homogeneous form; but when it crosses the boundaries of our Earth’s region, which is vitiated by the atmospheres of the planets and by the already compound matter of the interplanetary stuff, it differentiates (II. 99-101, 142). An ancient Commentary is quoted to the effect that:

Being scattered in Space, without order or system, the world-germs come into frequent collision until their final aggregation, after which they become wanderers (Comets). Then the battles and struggles begin. The older (bodies) attract the younger, while others repel them. Many perish, devoured by their stronger companions. Those that escape become worlds. (I. 201)

Again, we are told that it is an ancient teaching that —

All the worlds (Stars, planets, etc.) — as soon as a nucleus of primordial substance in the laya (undifferentiated) state is informed by the freed principles of a just *deceased* sidereal body — become first comets, and then Suns, to cool down to inhabitable worlds. (I. 203)

The above, we believe, is enough to show that Epicurus, and after him Vergil, in speaking of the heavens feeding the stars from their fire, were not so far out from the most recent scientific ideas. As for H. P. Blavatsky, it was part of her purpose, in writing *The Secret Doctrine*, to show that the best efforts of the best minds in all ages have tended to uniform conclusions respecting important questions.

SCIENCE AND DOGMATISM

It is reported that certain people eager for information, having heard of the successful experiments and researches into the workings of the divining-rod, carried out in France and Germany, wrote to a constituted scientific bureau for an expression of opinion; and that they received the answer that though magnetic needles might locate magnetic ores, the divining-rod was a fake. In view of the fact that the divining-rod has been tested in Germany, France, South Africa, and other places, and a favorable opinion passed thereon by qualified men of science, this pronouncement has somewhat the flavor of a doctrinal *decree*.

But a further question arises; to what extent does the issuance of this opinion or decree carry with it the presumption that those who issued it have so thoroughly investigated the question as to be competent to speak with real authority? Or to what extent are the inquirers justified in changing their own belief in deference to this pronouncement? These are important questions, as they involve the very issues regarding dogmatism and belief which have caused so much controversy in matters other than scientific.

To pass to another point — appeal is often made to logic, which is however a two-edged weapon. How many authoritative pronouncements are made on the following argumentative basis: that because there are certain evils, and because these evils can be mitigated by certain methods, therefore such methods ought to be adopted? You *can* pare a pear with a pair of scissors, in spite of a dogmatic decree of the spelling-book to the contrary effect; but there are other and better ways. The same applies to the method of picking one's teeth with a hay-fork or curing a headache by decapitation. So what is the use of defending a proposed policy or treatment by merely pointing out the urgency of the evils against which it is directed? In addition to this logical absurdity, however, it often happens that the proposed method does not mitigate the evil but may even enhance it; while perhaps the alleged evil does not exist at all. So the confusion is piled up. Do certain objectionable methods of research and treatment really alleviate the evils against which they are directed; and, if so, do they do it better than any other available method? To establish a logical argument for capital punishment, we must be able to argue thus: murder exists; it is necessary to prevent murder; but capital punishment is the best way of doing this; also there exists no prepondera-

ting reason against capital punishment; therefore we must adopt it. If it can be shown that capital punishment does not prevent murder, or that there are better methods of preventing it, the argument breaks down. Thus fallacious reasoning leads readily to dogmatism, in which the dogmatizer and his clients play an equal rôle, the latter by opening their mouths wide, the former by filling them.

H. P. BLAVATSKY CONFIRMED: REBIRTH OF WORLDS

THE following is one more instance of the way in which the discoveries and conclusions of modern science confirm the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky; and often have her students found occasion to chronicle such instances. There can be but one truth, so science is bound to confirm Theosophy, so long as men of science adhere to their program of searching for the truth and are successful in their efforts. To begin with a quotation from *The Secret Doctrine*, followed by some from *Miracles of Science*, by Henry Smith Williams, Harper, 1913:

The assertion that all the worlds (Stars, planets, etc.) — as soon as a nucleus of primordial substance in the *laya* (undifferentiated) state is informed by the freed principles of a just *deceased* sidereal body — become first comets, and then Suns, to cool down to inhabitable worlds, is a teaching as old as the Rishis. — *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 203

H. P. Blavatsky here says that in the time of the Rishis it was taught that there is a primordial substance occupying interplanetary space. In this primordial substance there were nuclei. These nuclei became vivified by certain elements or influences coming from a just deceased sidereal body. This caused the nuclei to become comets, then Suns, and finally habitable worlds.

Now compare the above with the following from a recent summary of current science.

The new theory assumes that the typical spiral nebula is in point of fact the parent structure of a solar system such as ours. Stated otherwise, it assumes that our solar system was once a spiral nebula differing only in size from any one of the hundreds of thousands of such bodies that still tenant the universe. It further assumes that the clustered masses to be seen here and there are nuclei out of which will ultimately develop a group of planets more or less similar to those that constitute the sun's family.

Further on, the writer asks whether there may not be invisible nebulae, and under what conditions such non-luminous nebulae might become luminous and visible. He recounts the appearance of a new

star in Perseus in February 1901. This star flashed out suddenly and in a few months faded away to a star invisible to all but large telescopes. *But*, as the star diminished in brilliancy, there was observed to form about it a nebulous haze which spread rapidly out in all directions until a large nebula was made. The explanation given is that a dark star —

in plunging through the body of a pre-existing nebula had been rendered incandescent at its surface only and hence quickly lost brilliancy after passing through the nebula; and that the seeming growth of the nebula month by month as viewed from the earth marked the spread of light which thus illuminated the pre-existing but hitherto dark nebula.

Here, then, we have a rejuvenation of the teaching of those ancient Rishis. Our ideas had hitherto existed in a dark nebulous condition, but the impact of some celestial body has rendered them luminous. To quote again:

There would seem to be no reason why any given star might not undergo the process of collision, nebula formation, slow cooling, and extinction, over and over. During each time of brilliancy it would lose some of its substance and its energy through radiation; but on the other hand new matter must come to it constantly in the form of cosmical dust. So the cyclic process might go on for ever.

The evolution of worlds may be claimed as an idea that has been much studied by men of science since H. P. Blavatsky's volume on "Cosmogogenesis." But they have only the mechanical aspect of the question; though recently the discoveries in radio-physics have added a new weapon to their armory. Yet how unsatisfying is such a purely phenomenal view of the universe, without its corresponding noumenal explanation. The more facts we find out, the more the marvel increases. It is absolutely indispensable that we should regard the whole process as a manifestation of intelligence and purpose, just as is our own evolution. Nor can we even explain the physics of the question unless we take into account the noumenal aspect. For we cannot explain *actio in distans* until we have analysed our mental concepts of space, etc. Imagination, if fed only upon images derived from sensory experience, cannot get beyond the notion of particled matter; and therefore *actio in distans* becomes both indispensable and inexplicable. How did the Rishis arrive at this teaching? Did they have telescopes and spectroscopes or had they a clue to the principles of cosmogenesis? It will be noticed that there is a reincarnation, as

it were, of worlds; and thus death and rebirth are seen to be indeed the world's eternal way.

“SEX-HYGIENE”

PEOPLE seem to be realizing that the proposals to teach “sex hygiene” to children was partly a scare and partly a particular manifestation of a general morbid preoccupation with sex matters that swept over us. Such fads and scares are periodic, and short-lived in proportion to their intensity while they last. The following remarks by Agnes Repplier in the March *Atlantic Monthly* are in point.

Why this relentless determination to make us intimately acquainted with matters of which a casual knowledge would suffice?

The lack of restraint, the lack of balance, the lack of soberness and common sense, were never more apparent than in the obsession of sex which has set us all a-babbling about matters once excluded from the amenities of conversation.

We hear too much about the thirst for knowledge from people keen to quench it. Dr. Edward L. Keyes, president of the Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, advocates the teaching of sex hygiene to children, because he thinks it is the kind of information that children are eagerly seeking. “What is this topic,” he asks, “that all these little ones are questioning over, mulling over, fidgeting over, imagining over, worrying over? Ask your own memories.”

I do ask my memory in vain for the answer Dr. Keyes anticipates. A child's life is so full, and everything that enters into it seems of supreme importance. But vital facts, the great laws of propagation, were matters of but casual concern, crowded out of my life. How could we fidget over obstetrics when we were learning to skate? How could we worry over “natural laws” in the face of a tyrannical interdict which lessened our chances of breaking our necks by forbidding us to coast down a hill covered with trees? The children to be pitied, the children whose minds become infected with unwholesome curiosity, are those who lack cheerful recreation, and the fine corrective of work. A playground or a swimming-pool will do more to keep them mentally and morally sound than scores of lectures on sex hygiene.

It is assumed that youth will abstain from wrong-doing, if only the physical consequences of wrong-doing are made sufficiently clear. There are those who believe that a regard for future generations is a powerful deterrent from immorality, that boys and girls can be so interested in the quality of the baby to be born in 1990 that they will master their wayward impulses for its sake. What does not seem to occur to us is that this deep sense of obligation to ourselves and to our fellow-creatures is the fruit of self-control. A course of lectures will not instil self-control into the human heart. It is born of childish virtues acquired in childhood, youthful virtues acquired in youth, and a wholesome pre-occupation with the activities of life which gives young people something to think about besides the sexual relations which are pressed so relentlessly upon their attention.

Thus we have in the faddists another instance of false logic leading to absurd conclusions. First there is the erroneous assumption that children's minds are morbidly preoccupied in the way described; next there is the erroneous assumption that the proposed method will cure the alleged disease. It will make the disease worse, if the disease is already there; and create it, if it is not there. Even on the assumption that children's minds are so morbidly preoccupied, we can base an argument against "sex hygiene"; for the remedy is to remove the unwholesome condition, and "sex hygiene" proposes to aggravate it. No one denies the prevalence of vice and weakness, but the proper remedy is right training and discipline in early years and due protection during youth. The child's own higher nature is its best guardian; so the child must be shown how to invoke its own higher nature. It is perfectly absurd to suppose that a normally healthy and well-balanced child or young person has any serious trouble of this kind, or anything which cannot be set right by a little advice and medical help. It is clear, from many other indications, that there has been an obsession of morbid preoccupation with unwholesome subjects, reflected in all the mirror of publicity, the novel, the drama, the pulpit, the professorial chair, and so forth. The problem of vice has obtruded itself everywhere. This particular evil grows by attention; hence the difficulty of dealing with it. The remedy is diversion of the attention to something else. Not that such evils should be ignored and suffered to grow unchecked; but there are right as well as wrong ways of dealing with them.

CASANOVA AND SAINT-GERMAIN — VI: by P. A. M.



BEFORE entering upon the next chapter of Saint-Germain's career we must note an adventure of the famous Casanova which has a distinct bearing upon the events which took place in Holland a year or two later. The Venetian conceived the grand idea of negotiating a loan with the Dutch on behalf of the French Government. He had the support of the Controller-General, of the banker Corneman, Cardinal de Bernis, Choiseul, and the Court. The plan was to induce the Government of the States-General or a private company to accept the royal bills for twenty millions, and to buy in exchange the bills of some other power of better credit in Europe than France enjoyed, and therefore more easily nego-

tiated. Peace was expected, and it was thought that such a loan might be made by a clever negotiator.

Casanova was preceded by recommendations to d'Affry, the French Ambassador at the Hague, from Choiseul, the minister, and was to receive his assistance in the undertaking. The Venetian never hesitated to use his fascination over women for business purposes and in this case gained the favor of a rich merchant, M. d'O, by making love to his daughter Esther, apparently also availing himself of the aid of his cabalistic arts or wiles, whichever they may have been.

A Jew, Boaz, offered 180,000,000 worth of stock in the Swedish Indies Company. M. d'O advanced 18,200,000 francs, 10,000,000 of the amount being in cash. No commission was offered to the negotiator, who wrote that he expected Choiseul and the Court to see that he is recompensed on his return to Paris. He returned from his successful mission on February 10, 1758.

But the Controller-General laughed at his idea of compensation. The supposition that Casanova had not taken toll before leaving Holland was amusing to the Court and they were not prepared to give him more.

He considered himself cheated, but at the same time he had not failed to make hay while the sun shone, and the advice of his friend M. d'O had made his private ventures so highly profitable that he could call himself rich.

A similar project brought him again to Holland on December 1, 1759, as we are given to understand. The war continued and the French credit was still at a low point. Casanova says that this time it was a case of a loan of 1,000,000,000 of florins, but it is difficult to know exactly what his position was in this case, whether official or private. Whether or not he was accredited as the negotiator, he brought a letter of recommendation to d'Affry, which seems to give a possible hint of a commercial enterprise, but says nothing definite.

This lack of definiteness may have been lack of fact or merely diplomatic caution. But Casanova seemed less eager at this time for official transactions, and devoted himself rather more to the lovely Esther. In view of what follows we will permit ourselves to assume the probability of a counter-move to a secret mission of the King, who loved at times to escape from the thralldom of the court routine and to act on his own account through those he could trust more than his ministers.

As far as our information goes, Casanova had not been imprisoned in Venice for any crime, but simply because he had outraged the "Holy Faith." But he certainly was imprudent in his present conduct, and d'Affry writes to Choiseul much that is very damaging, such as his careless boasting of his amours, or his mission, or his gambling, instead of concealing them.

In view of this report of d'Affry to Choiseul on these matters and the very favorable letter of recommendation from the latter, we can see that d'Affry was in some doubt between his distrust of Casanova and his desire to please Choiseul. D'Affry seems to suspect some hidden motive in Casanova's arrival, although he declares that Casanova told him he had come to realize some Swedish paper. His manner impresses the ambassador as very frivolous; perhaps it was assumed on purpose to mislead. Choiseul's reply is that it was the Vicomte de Choiseul, a relative, who had recommended Casanova to him; that he did not personally know him; and that the ambassador had better shut the door against the adventurer.

Immediately on his arrival at the Hague, Casanova had taken a room at a hotel and found that Saint-Germain was at the same house and was to be his table companion. Before leaving the Ambassador, the Venetian says that d'Affry asked him about the latter. Casanova relates the words of the Ambassador, as regards Saint-Germain.

"I have never seen that man at my house, although he says he is charged by the King to raise a loan of a hundred millions. When they ask me information about him I am obliged to reply that I do not know him, *for I am afraid of compromising myself*. You perceive that such an answer from me can only injure his negotiations; but that is his fault, not mine. *Why has he not brought me a letter from the Duc de Choiseul or Madame de Pompadour?* I think that that man is an impostor; but in ten days I shall know something."

Did Casanova know of Saint-Germain's mission or not?

Is his surprise at finding himself forestalled genuine, or is it mere play-acting?

If he had decided to try to raise another loan, although d'Affry had advised him not to do so, in view of the unwise transactions of the Controller-General, Silhouette, and the consequent discredit into which the French finances had fallen, Saint-Germain would have been a very strong rival, and Casanova took the opportunity to discredit him to the Ambassador.

If Choiseul had employed Saint-Germain behind his back, or equally if that Minister knew nothing of him, Saint-Germain had to be checked if Casanova was to succeed.

Immediately on returning to the hotel, he called on Saint-Germain, who characteristically opened the conversation.

“ You have anticipated me,” said the latter, seeing him enter. “ I was just going to call on you. I imagine, my dear Monsieur Casanova, that you called here in order to do something in favor of our Court; but that will be difficult for you, for the Bourse is scandalized by the recent transactions of that lunatic Silhouette. *However, I hope that this mischance will not prevent me from finding a hundred millions.* I have given my word to Louis XV, whom I can call my friend, and I will not deceive him; in three or four weeks my business will be done.”

Casanova expressed astonishment that Saint-Germain had not seen d’Affry.

“ I have no need of him,” replied the other. “ Probably I shall not even see him.”

Saint-Germain declared that he would not come to court but would leave at once for Amsterdam, where his credit would permit him to find the money he had promised to the King.

Casanova followed him to Amsterdam, but did not seek him. He pursued his friendship with M. d’O and the lovely Esther.

One evening, M. d’O, accustomed to consulting him and his astrology on all matters, asked Casanova “ if the individual who wants me and my company to treat of a business of great importance is truly the friend of the King of France? ”

Casanova had little difficulty in guessing who this man was, and made his magic letters give an unfavorable reply: “ the business must not be entered upon.” M. d’O then gave more information about the business; it was a question of disbursing a hundred millions against the diamonds of the Crown of France as security.

“ It is an affair *which the King of France wished to bring about without the ministers mixing themselves in it, and without their getting to know anything about it.*”

Apparently Saint-Germain is checked by Casanova in his plans — if those plans were not a red herring drawn across the track to lead Casanova and also the others off the scent. Saint-Germain’s carelessnesses were not always unpremeditated. In his long life he had not only learned caution, but had a right to teach it to others.

The details of d'Affry's persecution of Saint-Germain and the flight of the latter to England are given by Maynial in a few lines. He says that Saint-Germain left one of the Crown diamonds as a pledge in the hands of M. d'O, and that it was afterwards found to be false. Perhaps there is no connexion, but the genial cynic Casanova, had a way of seeing to it that the diamonds given him by *his* clients to make "constellations" for divination were genuine enough!

Maynial classes all this financial negotiation as sheer jugglery and says that d'Affry, Casanova, and d'O, were none of them taken in by the "bluster of the illustrious braggart." He thinks that the real undertaking was not difficult to discover and gives a version of the peace negotiations of Saint-Germain.

We have a vast correspondence in the Foreign Office, now transferred to the Record Office in Chancery Lane, London, and in other places, which gives us dates and details which Maynial does not seem to have troubled about, and he seems to theorize where we have ample records of fact, although perhaps not of motive. Put shortly, he classes the whole thing as an intrigue of Marshal de Belle Isle and Madame de Pompadour to negotiate a treaty of peace with Prussia, and break the alliance between Austria and France over the head of Choiseul, who was interested in preserving the latter connexion and was influenced by the Empress, Maria Theresa of Austria, the mother of Marie Antoinette. Substantially this was the case, and the King, who knew Saint-Germain, was behind him, but not officially. Maynial seems rather inclined to accept the notoriously careless Andrew Lang as an authority, and adding a little of his own, presents Saint-Germain quite arbitrarily, as a diplomatic agent of Charles Stuart, on the flimsy basis of what there seems little reason to doubt was simply a love affair of the notorious Prince of Wales who died in 1753.

Maynial is writing about Casanova and for that reason perhaps we may expect from him a somewhat superficial account of Saint-Germain. But he calls attention to one or two very interesting facts and some practically new matter. For instance, he says:

"According to documents and oral traditions obligingly communicated to us by M. Tage, E. Bull, and Dr. Bobé, we learn that Saint-Germain's memory was long kept green in Schleswig and Eckernförde. The populace were absolutely convinced of his immortality, and he was believed to have been seen at Schleswig, dressed as usual, in the funeral procession of his friend and patron, the old Landgrave of

Hesse, who died in 1836. M. L. Bobé had the following from a still living witness, His Highness Prince Hans of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glueckenburg, grandson of the Landgrave and brother of the late King of Denmark, Christian IX. Prince Hans, born in 1825, and then aged 11 years, was present at the obsequies of his father. He saw the personage in question, and believes there was some confusion with the Count de Rochambeau, a French émigré, whose origin is as obscure as Saint-Germain's."

It is a little sweeping at this late day to make the statement, as does Maynial, that "nobody has ever known, for example, where, when, and of whom Saint-Germain was born, and nobody ever seems likely to know."

Maynial says that Casanova's reminiscences are dominated by one note of unconcealed malevolence, having a sort of rancor against "the . . . impostor." He suggests that it may have been trade jealousy, rivalry, or distrust, but that whatever it was Casanova set himself to destroy Saint-Germain's prestige, point by point, or what amounts to that. In other words, Casanova was an enemy.

Andrew Lang makes a thoughtless remark about the senna being his (Saint-Germain's) recipe for health, but has the grace to say "as far as is known." The same author shows strange ignorance of dates when he says that "all this" (the political peace negotiations) must have been before the date of the death of the Marshal de Belle Isle, in 1761.

Maynial says that Casanova explained Saint-Germain's expulsion from England in a way which can be only accepted with the greatest reserve. According to him, Saint-Germain was in London as a spy of Choiseul's: "let us translate this as counter-spy of the King's spies, as an agent charged with the counterbalancing of Louis XV's secret diplomacy."

The Dutch adventure, the demand for extradition made by d'Affry at the Hague, were merely (still according to Casanova) an ingenious comedy arranged by the ministry to deceive England, by openly disqualifying a man whom it was intended to use afterwards on a delicate and mysterious mission. But the English ministers were not taken in; they expelled Saint-Germain, and he came back to Paris, where Casanova and Madame d'Urfé met him one afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne.

Maynial thinks it very probable that Choiseul had a system of coun-

ter-spies against the King and the Favorite. But he doubts that Saint-Germain, who is "obviously in the pay of Madame de Pompadour and the Marshal de Belle Isle," could have been so used.

One hardly expects to find one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic men of the time in the pay of any one! Maynial takes the view that Choiseul detested Saint-Germain, noting the public scene with the Duchess when he forbade her following Saint-Germain's prescriptions. He concludes that the London scene is a natural consequence of the Dutch one, that he was unmasked and given his marching orders from England also.

Perhaps.

Perhaps not.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES: by Archaeologist

THE HITTITES



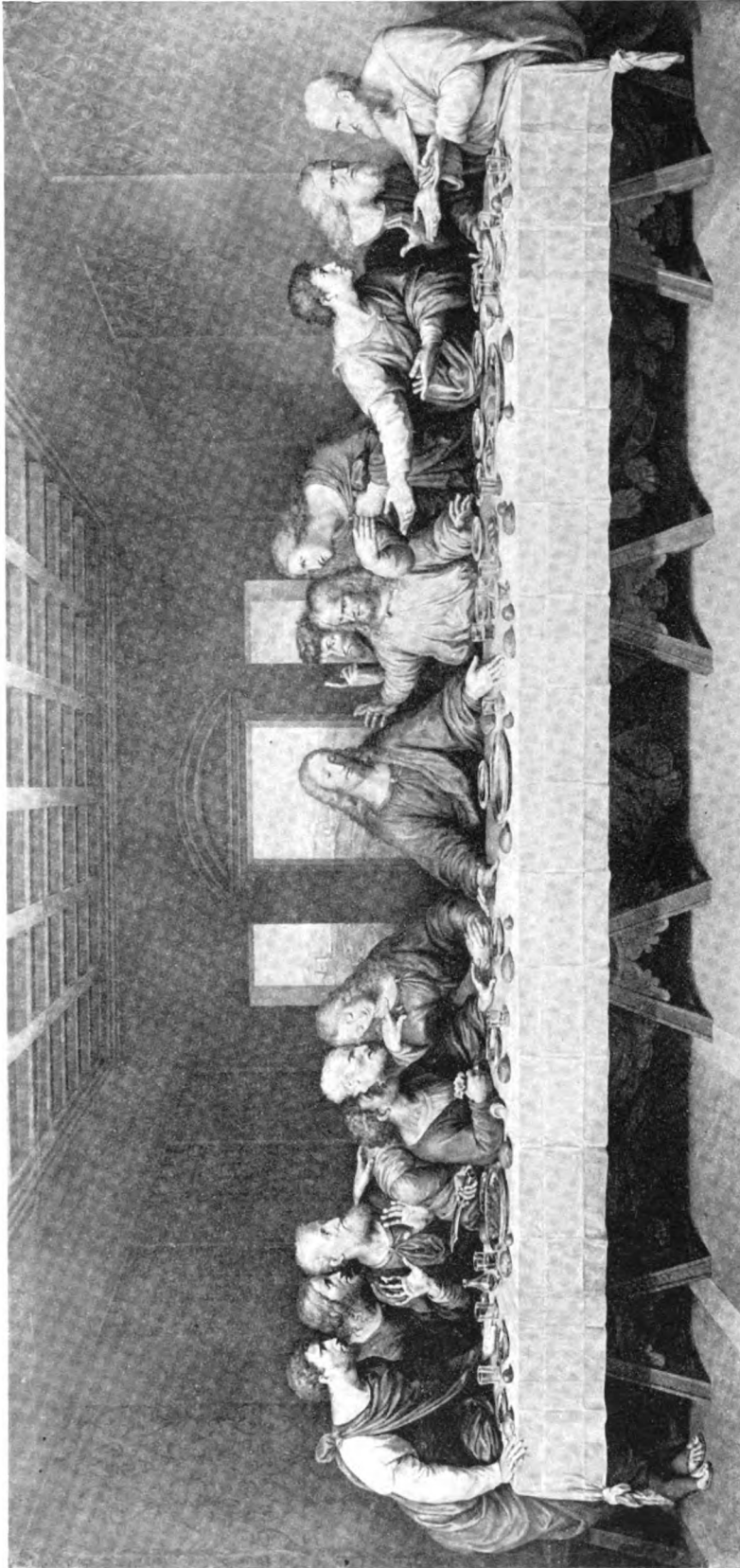
IN the *Illustrated London News* (Jan. 24) is an article on the British Museum excavations at Jerablus, which is believed to be the site of the ancient Hittite capital, Carchemish. It is by one of the excavators and is illustrated with photographs of some of the finds. The writer says that there is now no reasonable doubt as to the identity of the site. It consists of what is called a royal city; a strongly fortified enclosure containing palaces, with a citadel, and an unfortified area occupied by the commons. Its ring-wall, which enclosed about half a square mile on the banks of the Euphrates, has been stripped away to build a later town; but the huge mound on which the walls stood still remains. Here, under Hellenistic and Roman structures, were found the remains of Hittite buildings, consisting of flanking towers and successive lion-guarded portals. Speaking of the reliefs on the walls, the writer says:

The style and execution of these reliefs upset all our previous ideas about the quality of the Hittite art; as do also the sculptures which line the opposite side of the portal—royal ministers and servants in whose delineation has been used a grace which is almost Greek. Of the soldiers who follow them—note their "Carian" helmets, as the Greeks would have thought . . . we can only give two or three specimen views.

Many inscriptions were found, the key to which is not yet to hand; but any day the discovery of a bilingual inscription may furnish it. Then a new chapter in history will be opened. One of the sculptures

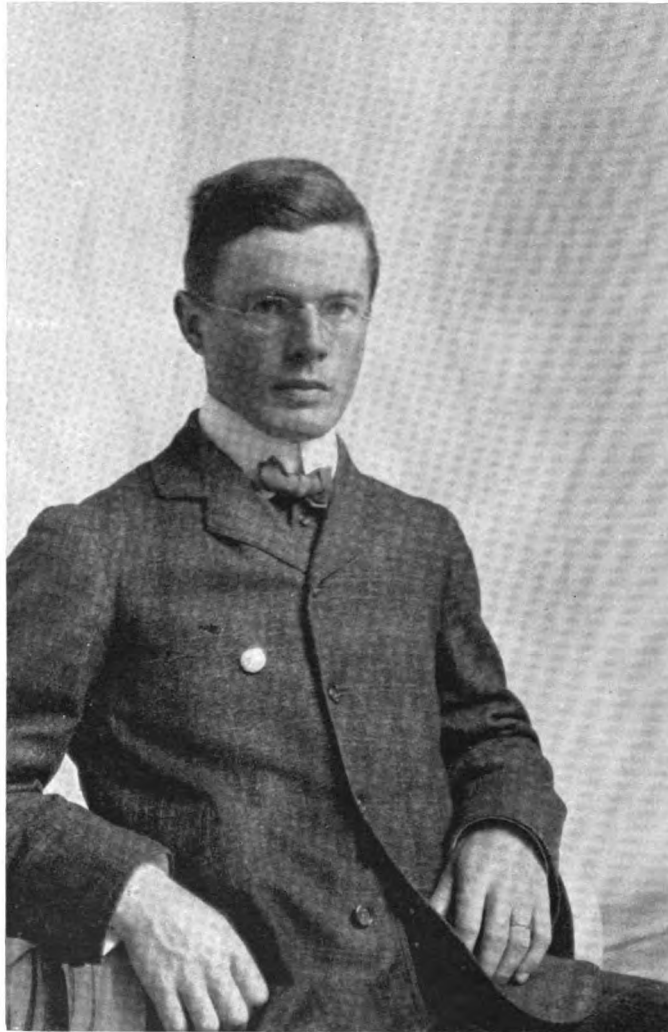
is a "sphinx," consisting of a lion with a human head and neck and also a lion's head below the human head, a pair of wings, and a tail ending in a bird's head. These sphinxes, so frequent in ancient mystic symbology, denote the composite human nature, made up of many beasts but always surmounted by the kingly human head and face. One form is a combination of Bull, Eagle, Lion, and Man, denoting strength, aspiration, courage, and the human will and intelligence. In another huge sculpture there is a kingly man with two lions crouching below him, while an eagle-headed man holds the lions in check. The lion was the king of beasts, the most powerful of them all; yet he had to be mastered, and then he became a guardian and as such is seen on all the portals. We see many representations of that initiation by which the man learns to master the strongest forces in his own nature. A familiar one is the picture of a king (said to be Darius — but who cares whether it was he or not?) holding a rearing bull by the horn, while he plunges a dagger into its vitals.

Hitherto we have known of the Hittites through the Bible, the Egyptian inscriptions, and Assyrian and Babylonian records; but there is such a discrepancy between their characteristics as represented in the Biblical narratives and those depicted by the other sources, that archaeologists have doubted whether the Bible Hittites were the same people or whether they existed at all. The Egyptians called them Khita; they were a powerful, warlike, and civilized people, whose center was between the Euphrates and the Orontes. Seti I defeated them about 1400 B. C. Rameses II defeated them, but, failing to destroy their power, afterwards entered into an alliance with them. The Assyrians called them Khatti, and their monarchs fought and had dealings with these powerful neighbors. They form one of the links in ancient history, which, when better traced out, will go to confirm the statements of H. P. Blavatsky regarding the antiquity of culture. We shall have to reconcile ourselves to the view that mankind has in many important respects *declined* progressively since a certain time in the far past when the present Fifth Root-Race was young. The culture of the Periclean Greeks seems to have been but a brief afterglow of glories that had been before. But what boots a blow to our vanity if thereby we gain in true self-respect? It is surely no disparagement that a man should be born of noble sires instead of *Pithecanthropi erecti* or Cro-Magnon skulls.



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "CENACOLO," OR "LAST SUPPER"



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

OSWALD SIRÉN, PH. D.

DR. OSWALD SIRÉN: by R.

PROFESSOR OSWALD SIRÉN, PH. D., Professor of Art History at the University of Stockholm, is now lecturing in various cities in the United States. He came to America on the invitation of Yale University, where he has given a course of lectures on Leonardo da Vinci, of whose life and works he is a profound student. Dr. Sirén lately published a very thorough and learned work on Leonardo, the result of many years' study of everything that is available on the subject. The success of this work has induced the author to have it translated into English.

During his stay in the East, Dr. Sirén has given lectures by invitation at Harvard and Princeton Universities, the Boston Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum, New York. His subject at the Metropolitan was "The Influence of Antique Art in the Works of Donatello," and he claimed that Donatello derived his artistic inspiration rather from the study of the Antique than from the living model. Dr. Sirén made striking comparisons between the great Italian's group of Judith and Holofernes, his David, and his Gattamelata in Padua, and their antique prototypes.

On April 24, Dr. Sirén lectured before the American Scandinavian Society on "Swedish Buildings of the 16th and 17th centuries, with special consideration of Old Stockholm," and he then visited Minneapolis to give another lecture before the Swedish Art Institute.

Dr. Sirén is one of the most enthusiastic and devoted members of The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. During the visit of Katherine Tingley to the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö, Sweden, last summer, he rendered her valuable services in many ways.

Dr. and Mme. Sirén will spend several months at the Point Loma Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and Katherine Tingley has arranged for him to give a lecture on Art in connexion with the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, at the Isis Theater, San Diego, during his stay.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

RAJA-YOGA FOR THE WORLD TODAY: by a Teacher

THE following, from an article in the *Japan Mail*, by Dr. Jikei Hojo, President of the Tokyo Imperial University, seems worthy of attention and to afford matter for useful comment.

With the weakening of the old moral fibre one is not surprised to find that most of the young men of modern Japan are educating themselves for anything rather than for the use of the State. The old patriotic ambition has gradually lost its hold upon the student mind. Each man is now ambitious only for himself and his own interests. The main thing is to get a profession and make a living. They want an education directed to the end of enabling a man to get money.

Our youths study what they think will enable them to succeed quickest. No old classics, no arts, no metaphysics, no religion; and even science is pursued not to *know* but to *get*. Education is not sought to make *men* but to make *money*. No one is concerned with eternal things. All that interests youth is immediate gratification. . . . If all education means to a man is that he gets a diploma, he had better not have wasted his time. If education does no more than promote selfishness there is something radically wrong somewhere.

We should not ignore the good points, however; and there are many to be admired. One is the greater respect of the modern student for his own individuality. We approve the movement toward development of individuality and firmness of character, but we fear the motive and are solicitous for the moral spirit of the average young man of today. He forgets that society is made up of interdependent units, no one of which can live unto itself. The altruistic ideal is as necessary to the strength of the nation as it is to the solidarity of society.

Education must be regarded as seriously defective if it encourages only individual interests, without any regard to national destiny. We cannot expect too much of youth, but we can instil into the developing mind a wholesome respect for society, its useful and moral customs, and all that tends to promote the strength and progress of the nation.

The young man should be taught to aim at more than personal independence; he should be encouraged to look forward to adding something of moral and spiritual worth to the State.

I am quite aware that the same insidious tendency to selfish ideals in education is prevailing in many other countries, but that is all the more reason why we must labor to combat its taking hold on Japan. If this is the only way we can imitate foreign nations, it were better that we had never known them. Japan has much, in manners, in customs, in spirit and character, that is worth preserving and handing on to posterity. We must never lose the spirit that has made us a miracle in history.

In a sketch of the mother of the Wesleys, who brought up fifteen children in exemplary manner on old-fashioned methods, it is stated that she laid great stress on the necessity of conquering the will at

as early an age as possible. A writer, commenting on this, says that the expression will probably offend some modern educational theorists, who uphold absolute freedom of action, but that there is really nothing harsh or tyrannical about it. For —

A moment comes in every tiny child's life when it must be made to understand that there is a power outside its own will — a power that directs and must be followed. It is a very real thing — the contest of will between a baby and a grown-up. Baby does not give in at the first, second, or third round. Yet, if it is allowed victory, the influence lost is never recovered, and you have that terror of terrors — the spoilt child. Mrs. Wesley says that heaven or hell depends on the conquering of the child's will alone. I fear we of weaker days and weaker faith do not take our duties so seriously — other times, other manners. Still one can hardly imagine the most enthusiastic educationist advocating the rearing and teaching of fifteen children in a small house on go-as-you-please lines. — "Frances" in *T. P's Weekly*.

This is common sense, founded on experience. It is evident that, in considering what policy to pursue in the upbringing of children, we have to encounter two opposite extremes. One extreme is in the direction of undue severity and interference; the other is in the direction of undue laxity. The existence of these extreme views gives either side ample opportunity for impugning the views of the other side. Such is the rationale of most controversies, both sides being equally right and equally wrong; while the question can only be settled at the expense of much disentangling and careful explanation of what one means and what one does not mean.

We cannot crush out a child's individuality, nor can we suffer its personal will to run riot to the undoing of its own happiness.

The clue to the problem lies of course in the axiom that the wayward personal will must be made subject — not to another personal will nor to an arbitrary authority — but to the child's own better intelligence and power of self-control.

The arraignment of modern Western education which we print above is so well recognized for truth by the Westerners themselves that we quote it without the least fear of raising a national issue. It might just as well have been taken from almost any American paper. We read such every day in our own press; but it is rarely so aptly and so tersely expressed. What wonder there is something serious the matter with our education; and it is easy to see what it is that is the matter. What parent, sending a son to college, ever thinks of the welfare of the nation rather than of the worldly pros-

pects of the boy? Is it too much to expect of a parent, may be asked, that he should do so? We answer: Very well, be it so, but then you must take what you will get and cease your complaints about the ineffectiveness of education. You cannot have it both ways. How can a nation prosper if each individual is looking exclusively to his own interests? It would seem, then, that if our complaints are to be taken seriously, we must be prepared to recognize the simple truth that a man lives mainly, not for himself, but for the humankind of which he forms a part.

“No old classics, no arts, no metaphysics, no religion; and even science is pursued not to *know* but to *get*.” Now we understand, then, why so much scientific teaching is below expectations. It is taught and learned, not to *know*, but to *get*. The very meaning of the word “education” has been forgotten; it is now supposed by many to mean the art of qualifying a man to get on in the rush of life. It is confounded with special technical training. It used to mean the broadening and enriching of his mind, the softening and mellowing of his sympathies and sentiments, the toning and tempering of his character. The word “school,” in its Greek origin, means leisure.

“No one is concerned with eternal things.” Yet surely these are the things that matter. If we are to consider mankind *as* mankind, which (to judge from our utterances) is what we claim to do, we must take into account the things that concern mankind, not the things that concern the (supposed) interest of one man as opposed to that of another. At least, our failure to take account of eternal things in our educational policy is all-sufficient reason for the shortcomings of which we complain in that policy. Does education promote selfishness? If so, there is indeed, as the writer says, something radically wrong somewhere. We can scarcely expect to attain our ends by pursuing a course that tends to frustrate them, and selfishness is the great disintegrating power of mankind.

In some of this writer's remarks, as also elsewhere frequently, we see confusion of mind due to inability to define what should be encouraged and what restrained in the pupil. Often enough we have only one word for the two contrary ideas. The word “will” is a case in point. Mrs. Wesley says, “Conquer the child's will,” and we rebel and call her tyrannical because we think of the word “will” in a different sense. But she did not mean that we must crush out the child's individuality. The life and character of her great son, John

Wesley, is illustration of that. It is *self-will* she meant, the headstrong, wayward, irrational, passionate will, that is a source of affliction to its victim and to other people.

It is but kindness and justice to show the child that its own personal will cannot be made the law of its life; but we need not seek to impose our own personal will instead or appeal to any arbitrary authority. It is our duty to show the child, entrusted to our care, how the Spiritual Will may be invoked to its aid, so as to control the passional lower nature. But, to do this successfully, must we not ourselves be qualified by our own conduct to teach the lesson? If not, the child would find out our weakness quickly and instinctively, and the lesson would fail to impress.

Briefly, it takes an adept to know how to bring up a child in the ideal way, to be able to discriminate on every nice point that may arise, and to know what plan to pursue in every case. But no one expects that improvement will come all in a jump, and the first step towards treading the right path is to have one's face set in the right direction. We can do a great deal by simply realizing what there is to be done. We can do a great deal by setting aside the many mistaken and mutually conflicting theories and adopting right ones in their place. Then we shall be ready to start.

Parents may have a great deal to learn before they are fit to bring up their children ideally, but they can begin to take their duties more seriously, correct many mistakes, and adopt many better methods. In particular it is necessary to cultivate a truer love — a love that looks to a child's real interests, not to his fictitious interests — a love that is ready to sacrifice a few pleasures and endearments, if the true welfare of the child demands that. Many parents are anxious to send their children to the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma, even though they cannot come there themselves. Personal feelings would lead them to keep those children away, so that the parents might enjoy the pleasure of their constant presence. Yet the parents feel that it would be selfish to deprive their children of such a boon for such a reason, and so they make the sacrifice and are more than repaid by the joy that comes from the fulfilment of a deeper love. The link that joins hearts is not weakened but immeasurably strengthened thereby.

Neither education nor any other institution can recover from the ills that beset it, except in proportion to our progress in the realization of a higher ideal of life. High purpose and unity are what is needed.

H. P. Blavatsky started the work by gathering around her a nucleus of individuals who had made the practical realization of Theosophy their ideal. Her work, thus begun, eventually made possible the founding of the Râja-Yoga system of education, so that the rising generation could be protected and guided in paths of wisdom. It is to this nucleus that we must look for help; it will act as a leaven in the mass of human society, for people will see that there lies the only way of escape from ever-increasing difficulties. Besides this Râja-Yoga work with the young, Katherine Tingley's work with women claims attention. It is universally admitted that human welfare depends supremely on the conduct of woman; but who can tell how to set this potent agency in motion? Katherine Tingley, by the practical application of Theosophical principles, has formed the nucleus of a woman's work that is destined to regenerate society. We see in the world today that women can be one of the greatest disintegrating forces if the blind emotional nature should chance to gain control of reason.

INDICATIONS: by Winifred Davidson

THE prospector who is looking for gold has good use for as much patience as he can store away in his restricted outfit; and he must knot up his bundle with a double twisted cord of hope. He ought not to be a quick relinquisher; and he should be one able to take his losses and gains not as the futile or successful end of his work, but as the beginning of new kinds of endeavor. Above all, he must be able to detect, wherever he runs across them, the indications of gold. A great teacher is in some respects not unlike such a prospector. As to hope and patience; as to equal-mindedness; as to perseverance; as to keen observation; in these qualities, which are certainly lifted up and glorified in such a being as is a great teacher, he has something in common with the enthusiastic gold-seeker.

When the toiling man, washing the sand and gravel in the mountain brook, finds a few tiny specks of gold remaining in his pan, he knows that somewhere along the stream's course there exists a ledge of the precious metal. Their journey may have begun far back; and there may be many months, and even years, of fruitless labor awaiting the lucky finder in his search for the mother lode. It may just happen,

too, that he will not have to go far to discover an outcropping ledge that for ages had been lying plainly visible to any seeing eye. Perhaps he will need to dig deeply into the hillsides and uncover deposits of centuries of time. He may be led on to disappointment at last, for the treasure may be buried so far within the heart of the mountain, or it may be so covered with volcanic rock, that, although he is convinced of its exact place, so far as he is concerned, it must remain forever inaccessible. Indeed he may never succeed to the extent of even locating the mine; but the knowledge that experience has given him of one of the invariable laws of nature assures him of a store of gold somewhere, whence came these minute shining evidences which he has washed out and holds in the palm of his hand.

If it should be a fact that there is another kind of prospector, that there are spiritual leaders of men who seek to find in us solid particles of soul-stuff, to many such a fact would not be surprising. Why should there not be experienced and seasoned teachers who are able to recognize the traces of something of good and eternal worth in human character, though it lie there all covered over and mixed with base matter? We have had at least a few such courageous leaders who, however discouraging were the surroundings in which they found the golden streaks in our natures, yet dared to set out upon the quest of a treasure in the revealing of which they hoped to be able to enrich the world.

Madame H. P. Blavatsky was a gold-seeker of the latter type. She sought long and waited patiently for the indications that she expected to find among the people. Here in America she found the first signs; and today, into those goldfields that she opened here, there have come many enthusiastic delvers. The mines that she located, the Theosophical points of view that she discovered in the hearts of a few, daily prove to those who work in them that they are indebted to that brave first prospector in an incalculable degree.

Imagine an ordinary uninformed gold-digger; and then compare him with what you find in the ordinary teacher of the people. Both wish quick results, quick riches, do they not? Do not both expect these to follow soon after a very small amount of work? How easily, too, both are deceived with false showings! "Fools' gold" continues to this day, now and then, to be sent across the seas; and spurious qualities of the mind and heart are sought after and circulated with even more noise of excitement. It is true that men of seasoning and some

judgment will suspect mica before they will believe gold; but in the rich regions of the mind and heart, of thought and feeling, there seem to be but few who discriminate. Precious and base metal look alike to the many.

It must be an intense moment when the man *who knows gold* at last makes his lucky strike. When not long ago he looked at his watch he was not different from the other rough miners scattered about the vicinity. Within the hour he has made his fortune. In his mind he has already paid his debts, dressed himself handsomely, remembered many of the refinements of life, and bestowed liberal gifts upon all to whom he is in any way beholden. A little man lately, he has become a big-hearted success in the world. Hopeful man that he had to be always, he is now certain, sure of himself: a power, one able to do a great amount of good among his fellows.

Now, the real teacher has always his moments of success; for with him even failures are a kind of victory. The comparison is not complete between such a teacher, who has the interests of humanity at heart, and a successful gold-pro prospector; but, considering the materials with which they work, there are thoughts concerning both which may at least start from the same place. The discoveries that the teacher makes among his followers, and the revelations of the heights and depths of human character that he meets, make him sure, not only of the possibilities of those under his tuition, but also of himself; and more, of the source of his own knowledge. He has trusted, been hopeful, persevered, and he has correctly read the indications. There he was waiting through many years, and now here has come the reward to the world!

Very different, of course, is that kind of teacher from the one who is looking for anything that has a glittering appearance, that may be displayed and passed off for something of value, which it is not. The real teacher is looking for nothing but good gold. He has seen yellow ore and is too close an observer not to recognize its trace. By patience he is sure of reaching the mine that is hidden back of even mountainous heaps of worthlessness in his pupil's nature; he believes that he will be one to help push away the heavy mass and bring out that which is everlasting and incorruptible. Anything less precious than that will never satisfy him.

There were indications revealed to H. P. Blavatsky on all sides; and so, like the man looking for gold in the sand and gravel, she sought

out souls. That the Râja-Yoga School is here, and that the world has been enriched by the great wealth of Theosophical optimism, which has been bequeathed to it from her and from her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, are facts to be observed, like two priceless nuggets on exhibition, as proofs of that early prospector's experienced knowledge and of her understanding of the indications that she found.

PSEUDO-THEOSOPHY: by H.



WHAT Theosophy is, and who Theosophists are, are sufficiently well defined by the published writings of H. P. Blavatsky, the principal Founder of the Theosophical Society. The original teachings of Theosophy are promulgated today by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, whose International Headquarters are at Point Loma, California, and whose Leader and Official Head is Katherine Tingley. The fact that the teachings of this Society are actually the genuine and original teachings can be proved by comparing them with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky and with her exposition of the objects of the Theosophical Society and of the nature of Theosophy.

Theosophy has been largely exploited by people who do not belong to the Society. The great interest aroused by the work of H. P. Blavatsky and her students has enabled others to avail themselves of the credit and reputation of Theosophy in order to promote doctrines and purposes of their own. In this way have grown up a number of cults, which promulgate many and various speculations under the name of Theosophy, but have no connexion at all with the Theosophical Society.

Many thoughtful people are deterred by the foolishness of these speculations from giving any further attention to Theosophy, thus missing their opportunity of hearing that which would so greatly interest and benefit them. But this is not the worst. Many of the speculations put forward in the name of Theosophy are of the very kind that Theosophy itself most expressly condemns as being harmful and detrimental to the interests of mankind. Thus Theosophists find themselves called upon to protest against the giving out in the name of Theosophy of teachings which it has always been the special province of Theosophy to counteract.

Theosophy is the most serious and vital movement of this age. It was promulgated for the express and only purpose of helping civilization in a very grave crisis of its career. It addresses itself to earnest and thoughtful people, to people who take a broad and intelligent interest in human problems and who have at heart the welfare of their race. Its whole spirit and atmosphere is one of the purest morality, integrity of principle, and refinement. It combats everything that can in any way serve to undermine the stamina of the race, physically, mentally, or morally; and it upholds those eternal principles of rectitude which are immovably founded on the laws of nature and of man. H. P. Blavatsky, who undertook the mission of proclaiming to the modern West the ancient truths of Theosophy, was a teacher inspired by whole-hearted devotion to her duty; and she has left an indelible record of the nobility of her cause both in her writings and in the worldwide organization which now represents her.

We ask intelligent readers to bear this in mind, and then to take as an example: "How to Become a Practical Psychic." Let them then ask themselves whether they think that this is likely to help on the progress of humanity or to shield it from the dangers that menace it. Psychism is one of the most serious menaces of the day. There is no need to recapitulate here the many grave evils from which civilization is suffering, or to point to the rapid increase in insanity, crime, disease, drink and drug habits, open and secret vice, social disorder, poverty, etc. They are all the result of forces which have long been gradually coming to a head in our civilization, and which, if suffered to continue unchecked, must inevitably bring that civilization to a premature and inglorious close. It was to counteract these tendencies, and to obviate the threatened disaster, that Theosophy was promulgated. And the principal danger foreseen by its Founder was this very danger of psychism. She foresaw that a cycle of renewed interest in the occult side of nature was due, as a reaction against materialism. She foresaw that this new growth was likely to occur in the midst of an atmosphere teeming with selfishness and ignorance as to the Spiritual truths of life. And she prepared for the future by founding a movement that should grow until it could stand as a bulwark against the threatened inundation.

In the condition of affairs today we witness the fulfilment of these anticipations. Psychism has indeed grown to threatening dimensions,

and the only power capable of dealing with the problems it raises is Theosophy. And yet we find that psychism has borrowed the very name of Theosophy as a cloak for its own propaganda. What wonder that there is need for Theosophists to protest!

“Life as Seen by the Dead.” It is obvious that any speculations given under the above title must rest solely on the *ipse dixit* of the writer or speaker. Theosophy was not promulgated to feed perfervid imaginations, nor yet to make unseemly mockery of a sacred subject. It has its consolation for the bereaved and its message of hope and peace for the disappointed in life; and what these are can be found in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky or her pupils.

Civilization is suffering from a lack of self-discipline and of the power of self-control. Men have lost faith in their own essential Divinity and so have lost grip on their own lives. We do not know how to bring up our children, what to do with our criminals and insane, how to stop the drink and drug habits, how to stamp out the ravages of insidious vice and decay, or how to stop social disorder and solve the problem of poverty. The only way to obviate all this is to go straight to the root of the disease and to re-establish in man the confidence in his own inner Divinity. This is the program of Theosophy, which has never ceased to proclaim the efficacy of the *Spiritual* powers in man.

In the past history of Theosophy there have been instances of people who, having mistaken their motives or lost their way, have surrendered to impatience and personal ambition, and thus have found themselves unable to continue really disinterested work. Some of these have started cults. The doctrine most favored by such cults is the *doctrine of short-cuts* — surely a familiar chapter in the history of mankind. To develop psychic powers without having to undergo the preliminary training — this is a gospel that pleases alike the self-appointed teacher and his followers. Well, it is a very natural human weakness; for there is scarcely a man of us but thinks in his secret heart that, whatever may be the case with other people, he at least is competent and safe! But still, it is a weakness; especially when there are so many people afflicted with it. We might believe one or two; but so many!

Under the name of Theosophy, there are today being promulgated doctrines that should shock the better nature and judgment of all

right-thinking and clean-minded people; doctrines that tend to undermine the very foundations of purity, health, and sanity; strange views of morality that lead us to the confines of a region where there are no paths and leave us shuddering at the brink of an abyss from which the imagination recoils. In a word — under this same sacred name of Theosophy there is being promulgated — *insanity* — *mental and moral insanity* — the words are not too strong; and of this those who have not already the proof will surely have it ere long. Yet these things did not begin thus; not suddenly were these depths plunged into. It was by gradual stages. The beginning of the way was a petulant revolt against the sane and healthy discipline of Theosophy. This was found to be a restraint; it proved irksome. The protection was thrown off. Restless ambition and self-love would fain find a short cut to Olympus. And now behold the result.

It is against this abyss that the innocent inquirer is forewarned. For however smooth a path may look at its beginning, it is well to know, before entering on it, whither it will lead.

Let all those who value health, sanity, conscience, and peace of mind, pause ere they enter a path that leads directly away from these. And if they are genuinely interested in the latent powers of human nature, let them study the subject under conditions that can bring them nothing but true happiness. Ah! what is true happiness? And how can there be any happiness where there is an uneasy conscience? What of our life? is it not a sacred mystery? And shall we regard that life as a trifle to be fooled away in running after trivialities? It is only a very short time that we can amuse and beguile ourselves with such things; life will speak to us again sooner or later with its deeper meaning; and then how futile will these things seem! There is no peace of mind apart from duty. Unselfish service is, after all, the supreme law of human life; and in obedience thereto the only true happiness is found.



No man is made happy by the mere possession of objects. — *Katherine Tingley*

THEOSOPHY is the most serious movement of this age. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

THEOSOPHY is not hostile to any religion. — *William Q. Judge*



THE SCREEN OF TIME

Veterans of the G. A. R. Entertained by Katherine Tingley

ON Tuesday evening, May 6, on the occasion of the assembling in San Diego of the 47th annual encampment of the veterans of the Civil War of the departments of California and Nevada, Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, entertained the veterans at the Isis Theater, San Diego, as hostess. The theater was packed, and was grandly decorated with flowers and flags. Among the speakers were the Hon. Charles F. O'Neill, mayor of San Diego; Mr. G. M. Stormont, Department Commander of California and Nevada, G. A. R.; Maj. H. R. Fay; Judge George Puterbaugh; Judge W. R. Andrews; Katherine Tingley; and Mr. Eugene Daney, one of the prominent attorneys of San Diego, who made well-chosen remarks as representing the hostess, and the city, and residents and students of the International Theosophical Headquarters, and who also introduced the Theosophical Leader to the veterans. The following clipping from the San Diego *Union* gives extracts from the speeches made at this memorable gathering:

At the Isis Theater Katherine Tingley was hostess to the veterans, the crowd in attendance making necessary opening of the top gallery, while many were disappointed in gaining admittance.

When Madame Tingley appeared on the stage the old soldiers arose to their feet as one man and applauded loudly. Eugene Daney, in introducing Katherine Tingley, paid her a glowing tribute for her work for universal peace. "Let us stand by this woman in her efforts in this great cause and help her to accomplish this much desired result," he said.

The theater was beautifully decorated with American flags and greens. A small bouquet was given each person present. Music was furnished by students of the Rāja-Yoga International Orchestra and Chorus. Mayor O'Neill presented the key to the city and Professor Iverson L. Harris presented the veterans with the key to the little city of Lomaland.

Mme. Tingley told how, when a little child, she was lifted to the window to see the soldiers pass by; how she stole out one night to carry food to the soldiers and was later found binding up their wounds. This was in Alexandria, Va., where her family was, so as to be near their father in camp in Fairfax County, Va. Then afterward, after the second battle of Bull Run, when the soldiers were brought in wounded, and later when she saw the men of the South prisoners of war, "something new touched me," she said, "that has never left me. My mind was too young to understand, but as I grew older I began to realize through my heart and my sympathy and the knowledge that I had of the bravery of both the North and the South—both defending what they thought was right—that this great human family was marching on to something greater than war.

TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

"Possibly this experience had to be gone through by our country that it might learn a lesson, both the North and the South—and ever ringing in my ears since that time has been peace, peace, like a refrain; peace, universal peace among the members of God's great family. (Applause) And so we are here to greet you, to express our admiration for your noble work, your belief in principle, your courage and your valor."

Mme. Tingley then paid a beautiful tribute

to the women at home, the mothers, wives and sisters.

"They, too, did a heroic work, brave and splendid they were, and somewhere in the pages of history we shall find that these women will stand out as having been wonderful workers in sustaining the home and protecting the children, and ever keeping up the inspiration that every man needs who loves his country and loves his family.

"In this twentieth century we are challenged for something greater than war, we are challenged to defend our country and the countries of the world by the character of our manhood and our womanhood. (Applause)

UNIVERSAL PEACE PREDICTED

"The time is coming when you, even before you close your eyes, will see the beginning of a great and united effort in this country and all countries for a larger liberty, a royal freedom, a spirit of brotherhood so accentuated that war shall cease. . . . We shall close the door on the past and begin a new era, so royally splendid that war shall close. . . .

"And I tell you, noble veterans, before you pass to another condition of life you will feel this urge, this inspiration, and a new hope will be born in your hearts, and a new light into your lives, and you will realize that to truly live, to evoke all the noblest in his nature, man must live in the knowledge of his immortality, of his divinity. . . . and then we shall have a peace, grand and superb—something that will place a veil between us and the old memories of all that is sad and pathetic, of the loss of life . . . but we shall still have the inspiration of having defended our flag and our country and the principles of liberty laid down in that royal Constitution of our forefathers. We shall have a new conception of life, a new conception of a larger duty, and a grand expression of brotherly love."

HOSTESS WARMLY PRAISED

Other speakers were Department Commander Stormont, Judge Puterbaugh, Judge W. R. Andrews and Major Fay.

Commander Stormont briefly stated his pleasure to be entertained by Katherine Tingley and thanked her and the members of the Theosophical Society of Point Loma

on the part of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

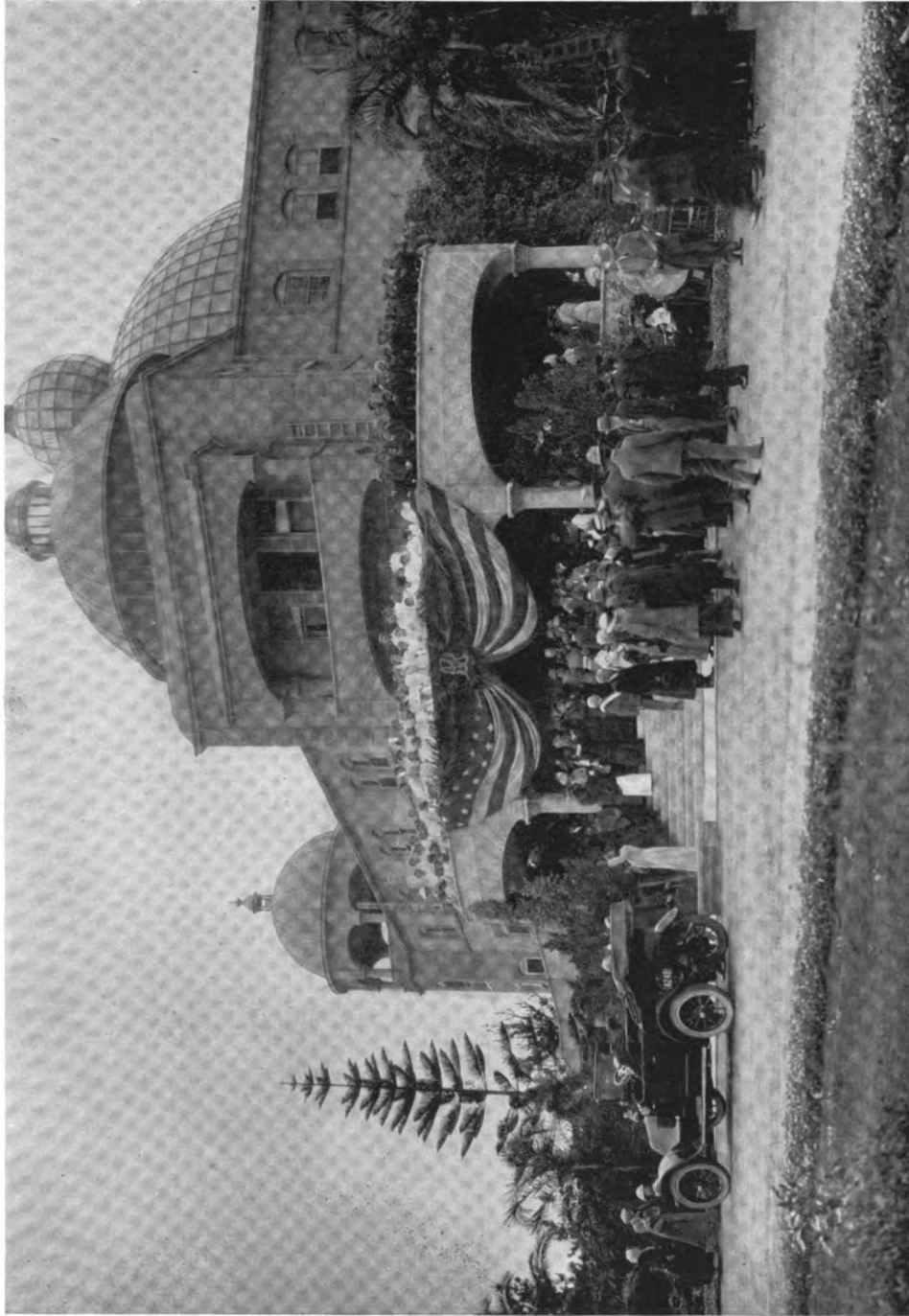
Judge Puterbaugh said: "We are told in the New Testament that we must know people by their acts; that by their acts shall ye know them; and I know that every observing man who lives in the city of San Diego, who has kept his eyes upon Katherine Tingley, the hostess of this evening, the owner of this magnificent building, knows that her acts have spoken louder than words. I want to say that no one in all this world in my opinion is doing more for the good of humanity than Katherine Tingley."

Major Fay said: "I believe that Madame Tingley, who is at the head of this society, has the right idea; teach the children not to fight, teach the children to grow up and love brotherhood and comradeship, and when you have taught enough children in enough countries this, you will no longer need veterans of the Grand Army or of the National Guard." (Applause)

JUDGE ANDREWS SPEAKS

Judge W. R. Andrews: "You took the part of the Union cause; you rallied under the flag that was spread about you, and said: 'This is my flag; I owe it to this country and this people, and to the traditions which my fathers have brought to me, to give my life if necessary to keep it in its integrity.' And you responded to the call, not as a mere matter of sentiment, not a remaining at home to encourage, but you wrote your name down upon the enlistment roll, you old men—boys then—and you said: 'By all the strength there is in me, by all the power I have to serve, I consecrate this body, and with it the soul which has been given me, to the service and perpetuation of my country intact.' But what a service it was! How will we ever find language, veterans, with which to tell you who have survived, of the gratitude we feel towards you for that splendid service. I hope sometime I will have the privilege of saying to you veterans who fought in that war of 1865, that the people of this country never will forget the splendor of your service."—San Diego *Union*

As the program rendered at the Isis Theater will doubtless interest all, it is here reproduced in full, excepting the five illustrations.



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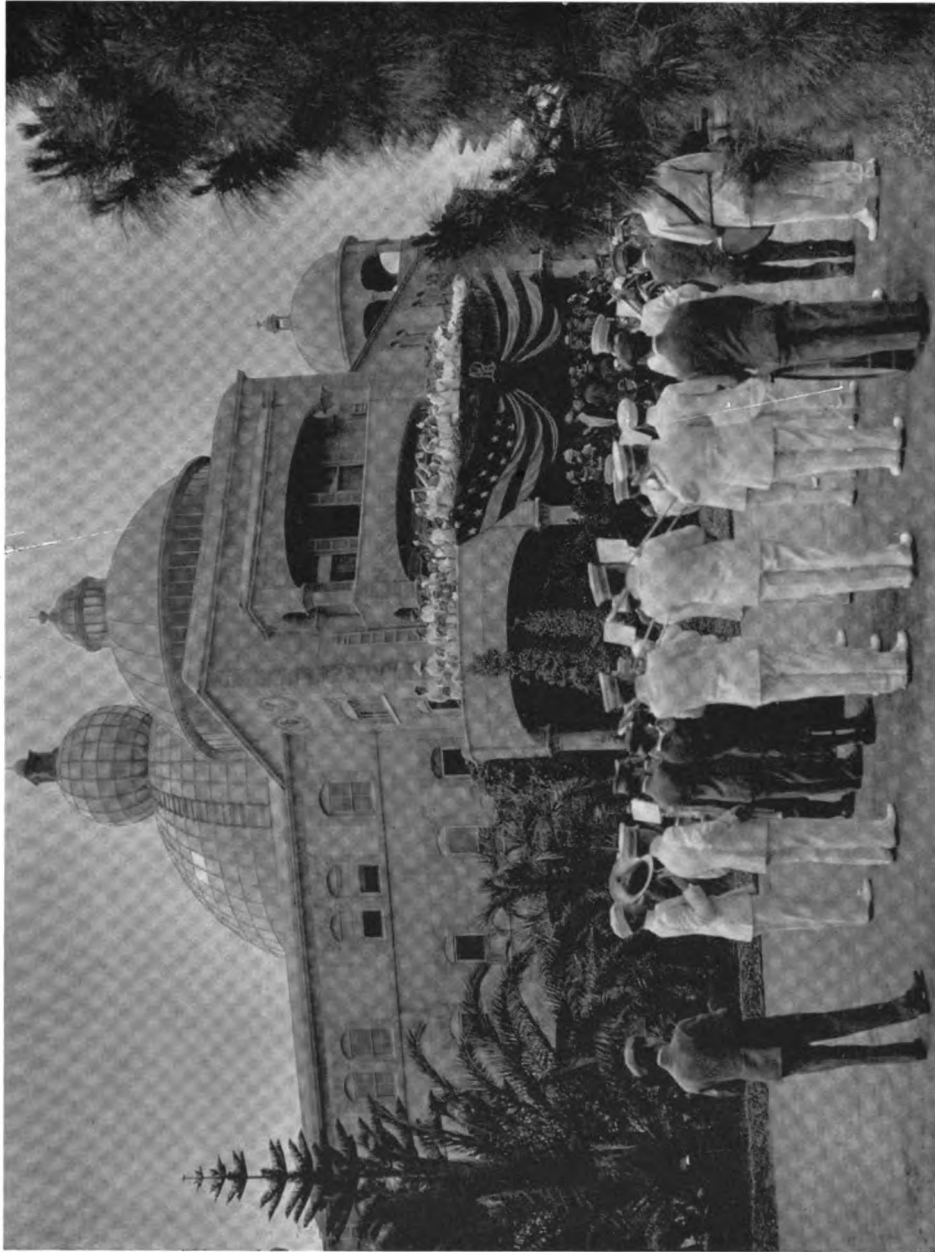
RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. 47TH ENCAMPMENT, DEPARTMENTS OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA
AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, MAY 7, 1914

WELCOME TO THE GUESTS ON THEIR ARRIVAL BY PUPILS OF THE RĀJA-YOGA ACADEMY



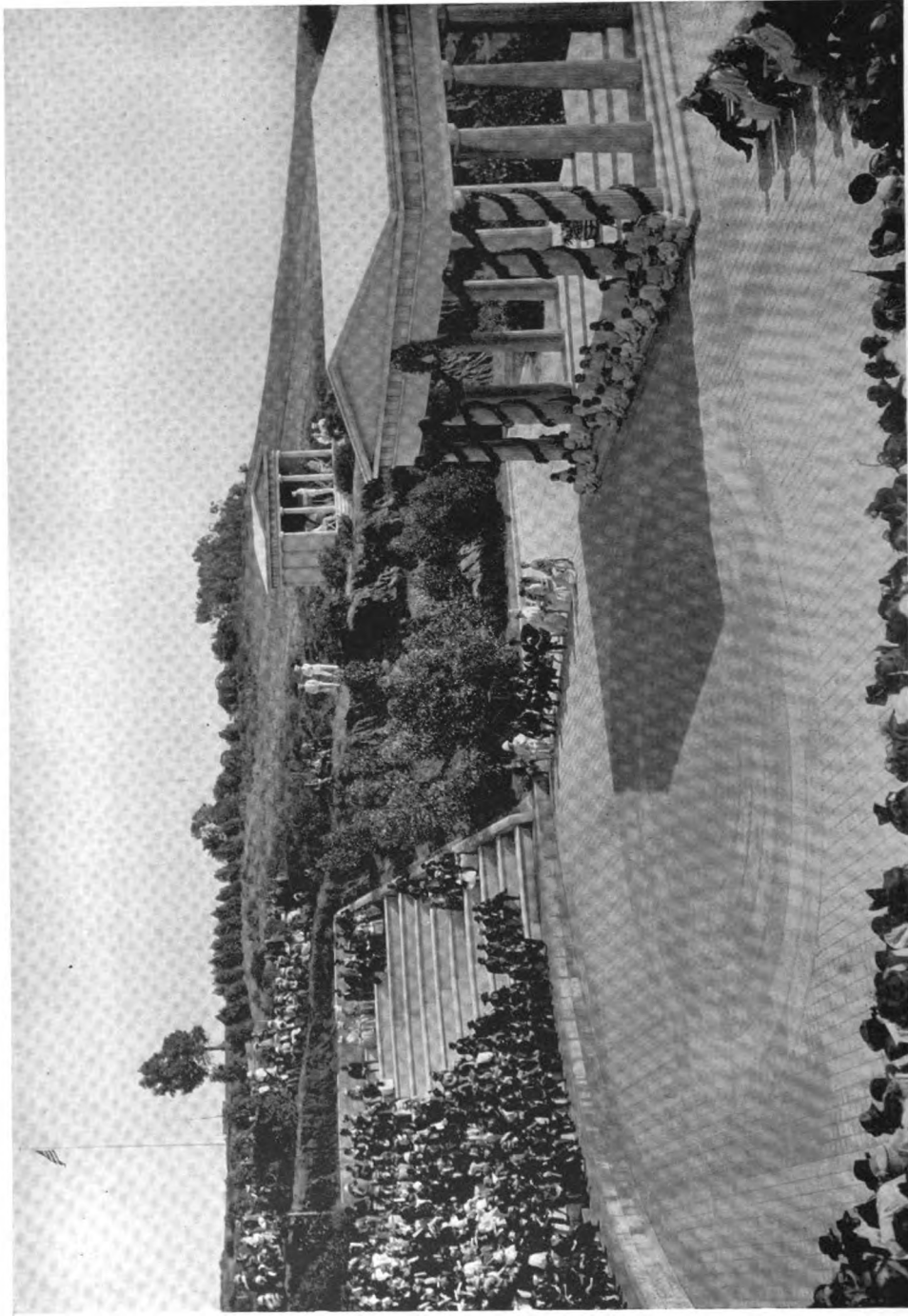
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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS



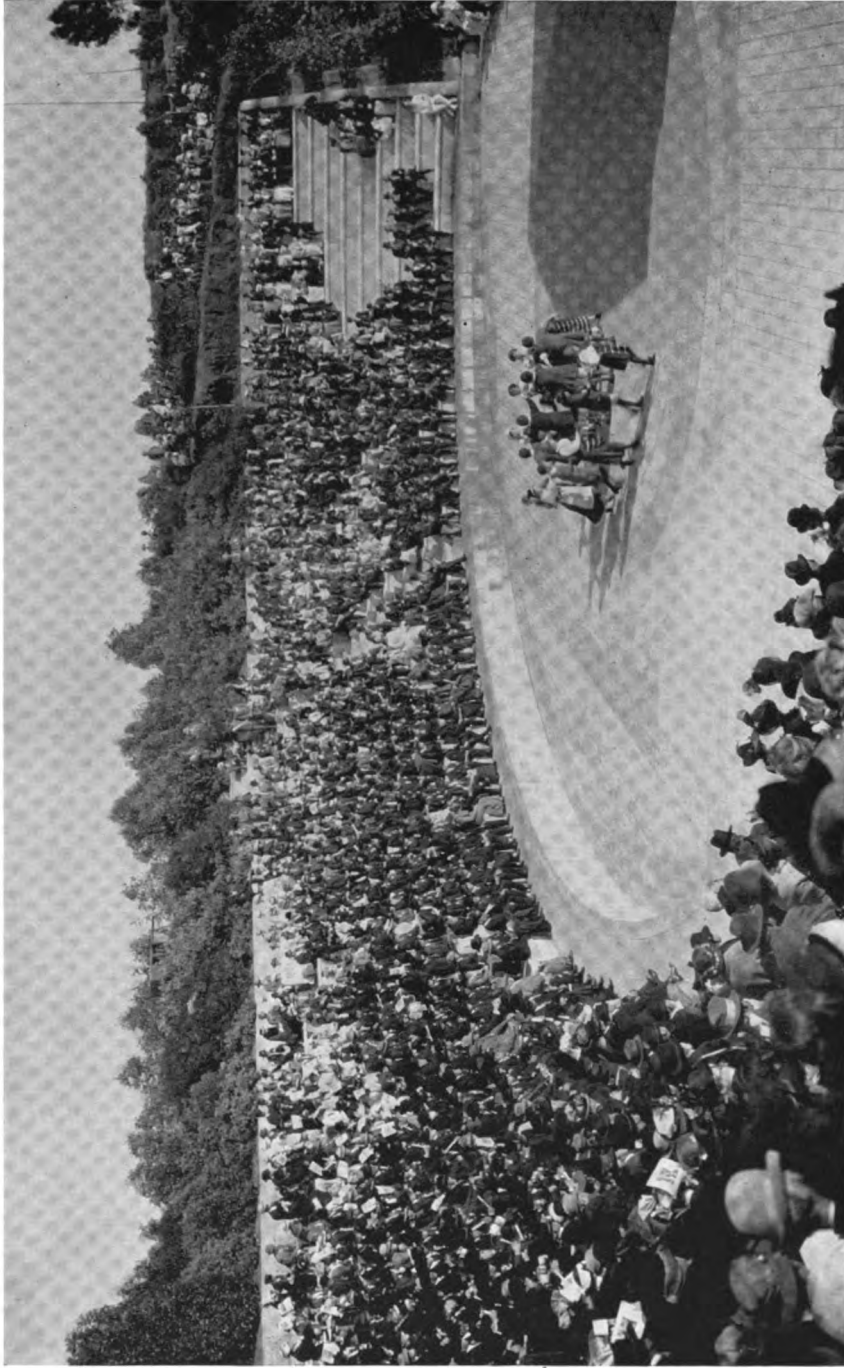
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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
THE RĀJA-YOGA MILITARY BAND WELCOMING THE GUESTS IN FRONT OF THE RĀJA-YOGA COLLEGE



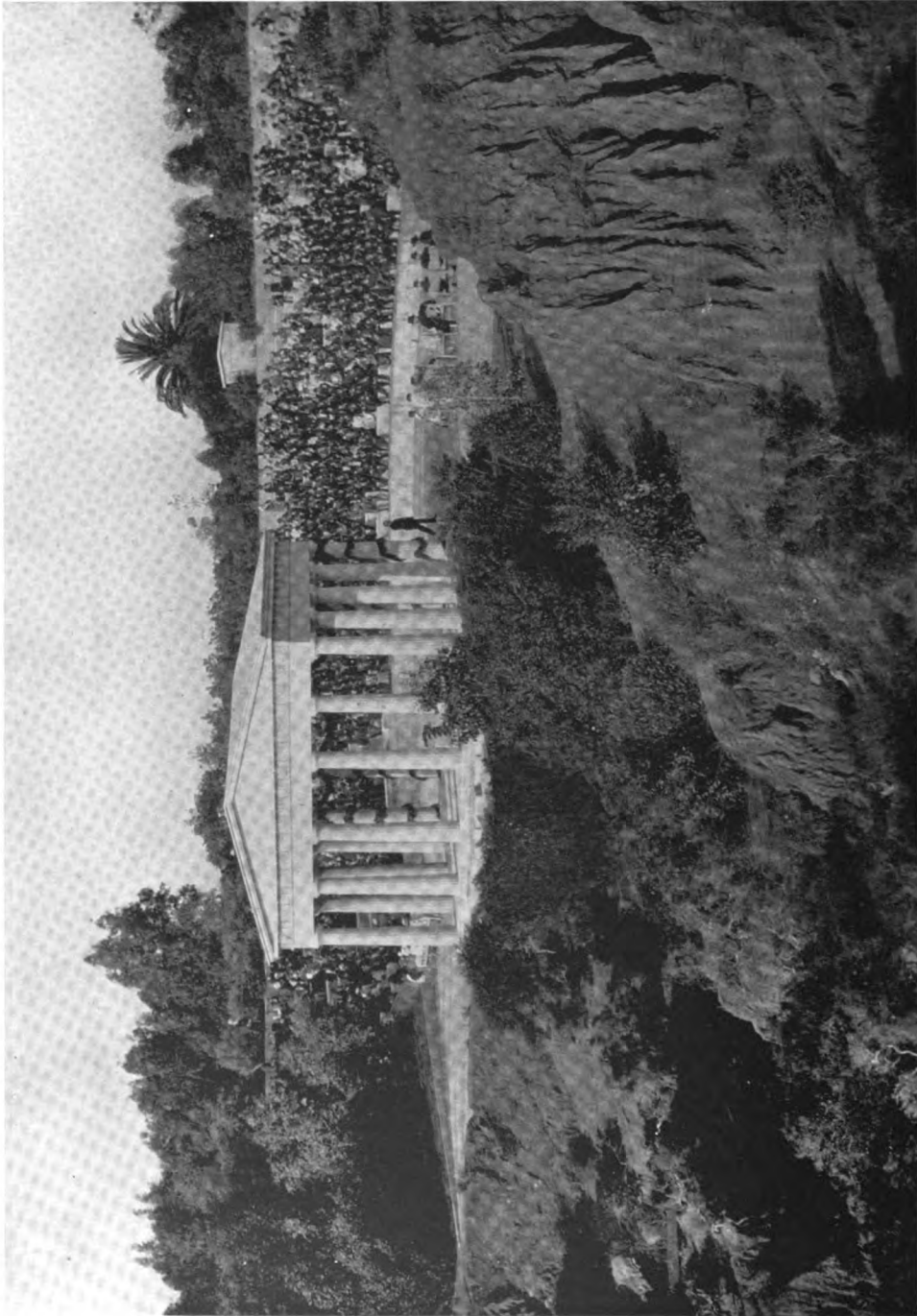
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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
"THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHERS"



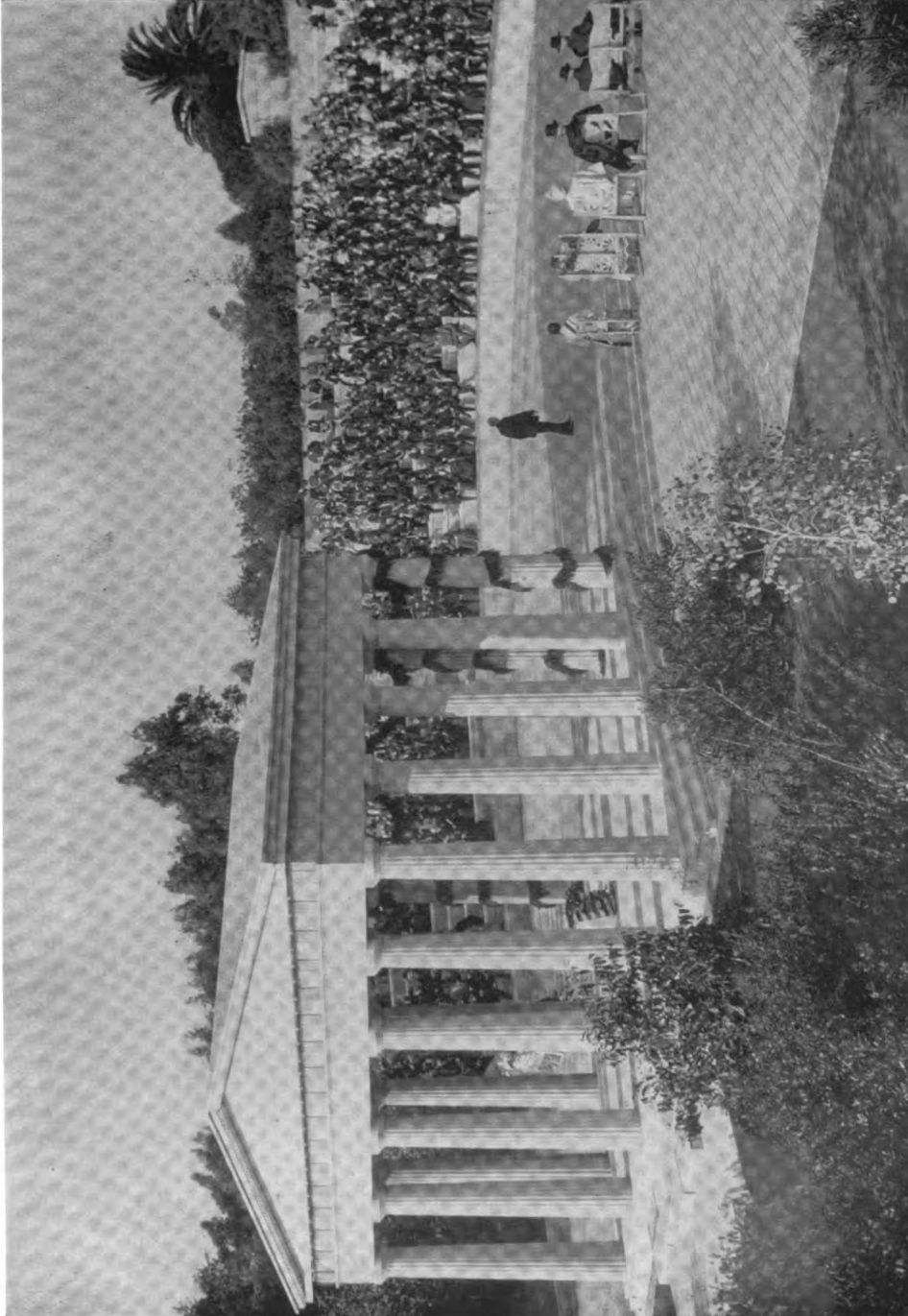
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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE C. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
SWEDISH DANCES IN COSTUME



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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
JOHN H. ROBERTS OF SAN FRANCISCO RESPONDING ON BEHALF OF THE GUESTS



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RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
H. P. THOMPSON, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE G. A. R., SAN DIEGO, RESPONDING ON BEHALF OF THE GUESTS



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

RECEPTION TO THE VETERANS OF THE G. A. R. AT THE INTERNATIONAL
THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUESTS; WAITING FOR AUTOS

RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

TO THE VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR
47TH ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENTS OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
KATHERINE TINGLEY, HOSTESS

Isis Theater, San Diego, California
Tuesday Evening, May 5th, 1914
at 8.15 o'clock

PROGRAM

- 1 Overture *Raymond* A. Thomas
Râja-Yoga International Orchestra
- 2 Introductory remarks by Eugene Daney
(Representing the Hostess, Katherine
Tingley, the Citizens of San Diego, and
the Residents and Students of the In-
ternational Theosophical Headquarters
and Râja-Yoga College of Point Loma,
California.)
- 3 Presentation of Key to the City of San
Diego to the visiting Veterans, by
Hon. Charles F. O'Neill, Mayor
- 4 Presentation of Key to the Little City of
Lomaland (Headquarters of the Uni-
versal Brotherhood and Theosophical
Society) by Prof. Iverson L. Harris
- 5 Acceptance of keys and response by G. M.
Stormont, Department Commander of
California and Nevada, G. A. R.
- 6 Address by Judge George Puterbaugh,
Representing the G. A. R. Posts in
San Diego
- 7 Address by Major H. R. Fay, represent-
ing the G. A. R. in San Diego

INTERMISSION

With music by the
Râja-Yoga International Orchestra

- 8 Address by Judge W. R. Andrews
- 9 Address by Katherine Tingley, Hostess
- 10 Cantata *The Peace-Pipe*
From Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha"
Chorus and Orchestra (Piano Arrange-
ment) Rex Dunn (Râja-Yoga Student)
(Composed especially for the International
Theosophical Peace Congress, Convoked and
Directed by Katherine Tingley, Visingsö,
Sweden, June 22-29, 1913.)

Râja-Yoga International Chorus
(Conducted by the Composer)

FINALE

The Râja-Yoga International Chorus invite

all present to join in singing *The Star
Spangled Banner*

In addition to the meeting at the Isis Theater on the evening of May 5, Katherine Tingley and the members of the Theosophical Society resident at the International Headquarters at Point Loma, including the Men's and Women's Theosophical Leagues and the Râja-Yoga College students, entertained the veterans and guests at the Headquarters on Thursday, May 7, where a program had been prepared for their entertainment which was as interesting as it was instructive. The San Diego *Union* reported the same as follows, to which the program is subjoined.

Yesterday afternoon the men and women of the G. A. R. were taken in automobiles to the beautiful site of the International Theosophical Headquarters, where they were guests of honor at a reception given by Katherine Tingley.

LOMALAND VISITED

The veterans had the time of their lives as Madame Tingley's guests. The afternoon was ideal for an entertainment in the beautiful Greek Theater. When the guests were assembled in the Greek Theater there must have been at least 2000 present, all of whom were astounded at the beauty and novelty of the program that had been prepared for their delight.

A feature that aroused the most intense enthusiasm of the guests was the presentation by the youngest pupils of the school—tiny mites of from four to six years—of the symposium, "The Little Philosophers." Not a hitch, not a slip, not a verbal error marred their delivery. The dignity and self-command you would expect from philosophers such as might have gathered in such a building, on such a site, on the shores, not of the Pacific, but of the Aegean; from the pupils of Plato in the groves of the Academe, or from Zeno and his pupils in the Porch were theirs; infancy in the arena, old age in the audience! Little wonder that from the latter there should have been a continual ripple of applause, culminating at the close of the play with a call for three rousing cheers and a tiger for the tiny tots by one of the old soldiers, a call to which his com-

radès responded with all the strength of their lungs—the first of many times that the members of the G. A. R. were to cheer that afternoon.

VETERANS WELCOMED

The meeting, which was in all its features an exemplification of the training and methods of the Râja-Yoga College, was conducted by Iverson L. Harris, Jr., a member of the senior class of the college.

The last speech before the replies by the guests was made by Mme. Tingley. On Mme. Tingley's coming forward the audience rose and cheered. Responses on behalf of the guests were made by Department Commander G. M. Stormont, Veteran John Roberts of San Francisco and Veteran H. P. Thompson, chairman of the executive committee.

The guests on arrival were welcomed at the main entrance to the Râja-Yoga college by Mme. Tingley as hostess, assisted by the ladies of the Woman's International Theosophical League of Humanity and the members of the Men's League, while above the entrance on the upper verandah was a crowd of children waving flags.

Before proceeding to the Greek Theater, where the main program was given, the guests were invited, in groups of about 200 at a time, into the rotunda of the college, where musical programs were rendered by the young ladies' orchestra, thus giving time for the great body of the guests to assemble. A line of march was then formed with the Veteran Fife and Drum Corps at the head, next the veterans, followed by the ladies' auxiliaries and other guests.

MME. TINGLEY SPEAKS

Even on leaving the Greek Theater the entertainment was not at an end, for while the guests were finding their autos and taking leave, the Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang many charming old songs of different lands.

"I am speaking to veterans of the Civil War," said Mme. Tingley, "to their wives and families and also to the guests assembled here, and I feel that no words really can describe the feelings that I have at this moment. There is something more than any words I can speak can tell; something more than you could tell; there is something

in the very atmosphere of your presence, of this charming and inspiring comradeship that you have brought, that tells a story of its own; a something that will surely be remembered by you and by ourselves, the members of this large family of Universal Brotherhood.

"I often wonder when I meet people why it is that they have so many strange questions to ask about this institution, and I find that those who are the most anxious have often in the past been very much misled by not understanding the nature of the work. And it is important that you should know something about this institution, you having met its representatives; so that when you go back you may carry with you the impression, the memory, more knowledge in reference to the work of an organization whose principles are based on the lines of Universal Brotherhood—which means unity, harmony and peace."

Mme. Tingley then paid a tribute to the work of her predecessors, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and told of the founding of the Theosophical Society and how she came to establish the International Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma. As a child she used to tell what she called her fairy stories and made pictures of a city she would one day build in a land of gold. Several years later, when she entertained General Fremont at her home, she told him of her childhood dream.

DREAM RELATED

"I told him," she said, "this story, this fairy story; That in the golden land, far away, by the blue Pacific, I thought as a child that I should fashion a city and bring the people of all countries together and have the youth taught how to live, and how to become true and strong and noble and forceful royal warriors for humanity. 'But,' I said, 'all that has passed; it is a closed book, and I question if it ever will be realized.' He said: 'There are some parts of your story that attract me very much. It is your description of this place where you are going to build your city. Have you ever been in California?' 'No,' I answered. 'Well,' he said, 'the city you have described is a place that I know exists.' And he then told of Point Loma. He was the first one to name the place to me. He said:

'The canyons are there,' and, rising, he said, 'may I live to see the institution built there — it is the most glorious place in God's country.'

"And so when I found myself, after Mr. Judge's death, the head of this organization, I realized that what the world needed was the knowledge that humanity might learn to help itself; that there were certain basic ideas in the Theosophical teachings that must be brought home to every human heart, simplified, and made practical; and so you can see how very easy it was for me to try to realize some of the dreams, or fairy stories, of my childhood. I could not, and would not, surely, have found this beautiful spot here at Point Loma, if there had not been a band of splendid workers, all over the world and in America, who had stood by Madame Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and who were determined to stand by their successor. And so this land here was found, and less than fourteen years ago, the cornerstone was laid and our beautiful flag was raised on the hill just yonder.

SPIRIT BROAD

"The spirit of our work is international. This institution is in America, but it is unsectarian; it is for the upbuilding of the character; it is for evoking the warrior spirit in our youth and in our men and women, that we may pass on to posterity something more than we have had ourselves; a grander system, a broader compassion, a greater knowledge of what life means; what the responsibilities are, and of the importance of accentuating and making a living force in our lives the spirit of true brotherhood.

"And so I sensed here with these veterans and their families that charming sense of co-operation, of good will. All the veterans seem to me to be broad-minded, living in the universal life in spirit and in purpose, so I greet you and I thank you and I hope that this is not the last time that you will come here for the gates will always be opened for you."

The young chairman in concluding his opening address, said:

"Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, I have welcomed you as a student of Lomaland. It is now my privilege to

welcome you as a younger citizen of the great republic you so nobly fought to save. Though my grandfather was a colonel in the ranks of the brave men of the South whom you fought, yet today, in the words of our Quaker poet:

"'No partial interest draws its alien line,
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and
the pine.'

WEBSTER QUOTED

"And so, in conclusion, I think I can do no better than to quote the inspiring words of America's greatest orator, Daniel Webster, when he uttered those words that shall reverberate in the halls of fame, so long as the spirit of patriotism hovers over our American people. Listen!

"'When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, beligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor these other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart, liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

VETERANS RESPOND

"On behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic of the Department of California and Nevada I thank you for this splendid entertainment in Lomaland. It is a lovely place that we have seen today, and we are congratulating ourselves on being allowed to visit this beautiful spot," said Commander G. M. Stormont in response.

"I am almost persuaded to say that I am glad I was a soldier from '61 to '65, for

having the opportunity of hearing so many splendid compliments to the old soldier."

John H. Roberts said:

"Mrs. Tingley, Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Visiting Friends: Our hearts overflow with gratitude to the generous hospitality of which we are the recipients at the present time. As our commander said, 'It was good to be a member of the Grand Army in order to receive favors by the millions that have followed them.'

"When you stop for a moment to think that in 1861 two million, five hundred thousand men stood under the war banners of the republic to save the Union! One million of that number were enlisted at 18 years of age, and a hundred thousand of them not more than 15. They were not dragged there; they were not ordered there by any arbitrary power; but they volunteered to save the Union. Abraham Lincoln issued the call, and these men and boys responded. They sought the altar fires of Liberty; and never, nowhere in the history of the world, has that gathering of men been paralleled. There never was an army like the army of the Union of '61. They possessed the strength, they knew what they were there for, and they did their duty faithfully; they put their minds and their strength to the work. There never was, I say it again, a body of men organized into an army so utterly devoid of military experience, so unfamiliar with the duties of a soldier, as that army. Never in this wide world! And yet they spurred to that service; they slept in tents, they ate hard-tack, they did their duty on the field of battle, and fought great battles with willingness and heroism; and they are entitled, and I am almost confident of the fact that they have received, the support and the esteem and the regard of all this nation.

GRATITUDE EXPRESSED

"I want to say, and I know that I am taking your time—I cannot talk because I feel oppressed with the fact that I am occupying too much time—but I want to say in conclusion, I am sure that we are indebted for this great, grand entertainment to our friend, Hi Thompson, who is the chairman of the committee of arrangements. We shall feel under grateful obligations to him for having allowed us, and having induced others

to permit us, to enjoy and to witness this great, grand scene, and to realize what these people are doing for humanity, and for the present, for the NOW.

"I was impressed with their speaking, I was impressed with their language, with their philosophy; and it brought to my mind something on the same line. It may possibly be a part of their philosophy, and it is this: I leave with God the where and the how, I do concern myself but with the NOW—that little word, though half the future's length, well used, holds twice its meaning and its strength. As one blindfolded, groping in the dark, groping out the way, I hope to try to make the next step right. And since the future is concealed from sight, I do but try to take the next step right; that done, the next, and so until I find, perchance sometime, I am no longer blind, and looking up behold a Radiant Friend, Who says, 'Rest now, you have reached the end.'"

MME. TINGLEY EULOGIZED

H. P. Thompson said:

"Friends, I salute you, and I will take your time but a moment. Comrade Roberts of San Francisco incidentally said that to Hi Thompson you were indebted for this magnificent entertainment. The honor is due to Madame Katherine Tingley, who is at the head of this institution. It would have been an utter impossibility for me, either here or elsewhere in the city of San Diego, to have entertained you as you have been entertained; and as I am glad that you were so; but we are indebted for this to Madame Tingley, who is doing so much for humanity, not only here, but throughout the length and breadth of this country.

"I have given my time for the last three months to have you entertained, and I have been materially assisted by that good, broad-minded woman. And just one word in conclusion: What she does is not done in the expectation of notoriety. She is above and beyond all that my feeble tongue might say for or against. In her work for the good of humanity she seeks peace and teaches peace, and whether it is international questions, or any other questions involved, whether it is between nations, states, or otherwise, she teaches that they should be settled by legislation and arbitration."

SAN DIEGO PRAISED

This morning there will be a business session at headquarters at 10 a. m., and a closing session held at 2 p. m. This evening the Ladies of the G. A. R. have planned a minstrel show, which will be given in the auditorium of the U. S. Grant Hotel.

All the delegates are high in their praise of the treatment accorded them in San Diego. They all seem to give voice to the sentiment in the same words: "We have had the time of our lives."

That the encampment will be held again in San Diego was generally admitted. "We have received fine treatment here and we hope to come soon again," was the way one of the delegates expressed it.

RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
TO THE
VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR

47TH ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENTS OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
KATHERINE TINGLEY, HOSTESS
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEAD-
QUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 7, 1914

PROGRAM

- 1 Minuetto and Gavotta from *Pagliacci* Orchestra
- 2 Announcement and Welcome of Guests on Behalf of the Râja-Yoga College by Mr. Iverson L. Harris, Jr., Chairman (Râja-Yoga Student, Senior Class)
- 3 Symposium *The Little Philosophers*; and Action Songs, by some of the Youngest Pupils
- 4 Scottish and Swedish Dances in Costume by some of the Junior Students of the Râja-Yoga College
- 5 Welcome to Guests on Behalf of the Râja-Yoga Academy, Miss Kate Hanson (Râja-Yoga Student, Senior Class)
- 6 Recitation *What is Time?* Marsdon Mr. Sidney Hamilton (Râja-Yoga Student, Senior Class)
- 7 Address, Mr. A. G. Spalding
- 8 Welcome to Guests on Behalf of the Woman's International Theosophical League (unsectarian-humanitarian) Headquarters, Point Loma, California

by Mrs. A. G. Spalding, President of the League.

- 9 Welcome to Guests on behalf of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, Headquarters, Point Loma, California, by Mr. Clark Thurston, President of the League
- 10 Musical Selection, Orchestra
- 11 Welcome by the Hostess, Katherine Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society
- 12 Responses by Guests
- 13 Finale: All join in singing *America*

It was worth seeing—these veterans of one of the bitterest wars of history, Federal and Confederate veterans, sitting together in loyal comradeship and goodwill in the magnificent Greek Theater, with their wives and children in many instances with them. And no longer do they want war!

It needs only to be added that the address by Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader, held all that gifted speaker's usual fire and tenderness, for this was evident by the entranced audience, when she had finished, the huge body of men, and women too, rose en masse, and soldier-fashion, with waving hats, cheered till the canyons re-echoed the sound.

Thoughtful and entertaining though short addresses were made by Mrs. E. Spalding, Mr. A. G. Spalding, Mr. C. Thurston, Mr. A. del Castillo, Miss Kate Hanson, and others. The spectacular part of the day, such as the charming dances presented by the younger members of the Academy and College, was the signal for reiterated expressions of pleasure. G.



**Resolutions Adopted by the
G. A. R. Veterans**

(From *The Evening Tribune*, San Diego, California, May 8, 1914.)

The G. A. R. veterans today adopted a set of resolutions expressing appreciation of their entertainment in San Diego during the 47th annual encampment of the department of California and Nevada as follows:

"Whereas, That in cordial appreciation of the many evidences of generous welcome

shown in the decorations of the public streets and public and private buildings and the reception and attention given by the city and county officials and the open hearted hospitality extended by the citizens of San Diego to the delegates of the 47th annual encampment of the G. A. R.

"Therefore be it resolved by the delegates of this encampment in convention assembled that we tender to all of them our grateful appreciation for the courtesies shown us and assure them that we shall take to our homes the most pleasant memories of the patriotism of San Diego's loyal people."

TRIBUTE TO MME. TINGLEY

"Resolved, By the comrades of the 47th annual encampment of the department of California and Nevada, G. A. R., in convention assembled, that we fully appreciate the great hospitality extended to the delegates of this convention by Mme. Katherine Tingley, leader and official head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world. The generous consideration she has shown the veterans of 1861-65, in contributing to their happiness while guests of the city of San Diego, has evoked our deepest gratitude.

"Indeed our hearts go out in love toward this loyal American woman and friend of humanity, who opened her beautiful and spacious Isis Theater for us, and presented an unusual and inspiring program on the evening of May 5, 1914. And again we were entertained through her thought of us at beautiful Lomaland, the International Theosophical Headquarters, in her magnificent Greek Theater, with a charming program by the residents of Lomaland, and the students of the Râja-Yoga college there, on the afternoon of May 7.

"And now this labor of love and all of these gracious acts in addition to a liberal and timely subscription of this noble woman and her colleagues, forces an expression of gratitude from each and all of us, that will forever place us her debtor. In bidding good-bye to this friend and her workers, we shall carry away with us a tender memory of a veteran's daughter."

OTHER RESOLUTIONS

Resolutions also were adopted thanking Manager James H. Holmes, of the U. S.

Grant hotel, for his intense loyalty to the veterans of the civil war in furnishing headquarters and convention halls for the delegates; and expressing gratitude to Major H. F. Fay and M. M. Moulton, sons of veterans and soldiers of the Spanish American war, for their assistance in making the encampment a success; and to the San Diego newspapers for their assistance.



News Items

A RECENT number of the *Craftsman* contains an interesting article on the architecture of a house at La Jolla, near San Diego, California, in which it is said that the "problem of making the building fit into the scenery has been completely solved in this case." One of the architects, Mr. Mead, is quoted as saying with great truth: "A house should be an absolute expression of the soil. It should be an intrinsic part of the landscape, a harmonious note in the whole geographical song. It should look as if it had grown where it is—like a mushroom in a field, it should introduce itself without intrusion." The house is simple enough in design, varied without being strained, and it is a pleasure instead of a grief to see it. If there were more like this the lover of nature would not lament every time the speculative builder sets up his scaffolding in a new field. All the tourists who visit the Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma are struck by the harmony between the architecture and the natural surroundings. Great discussion is still going on in England about the style of the government buildings for the new capital of India, Delhi. A great effort is being made to induce the authorities to employ Indian craftsmen who will build in the spirit of antiquity, which has produced a style eminently suited to the country. The fear is that gothic or classic style will be adopted for the convenience of officialdom, which is more used to such, and to emphasize the British domination.

A NEWS item from Egypt is a striking commentary upon the revolution of the cycles. It says Vedrines flew in his aeroplane from the Pyramids to Heliopolis; then rode and won a horse race, got into the aeroplane again and flew back to the Pyramids. An-

cient books of India speak of flying machines in prehistoric days, but there are no records of such in ancient Egypt, though the Egyptians were capable of such marvelous deeds and possessed such profound knowledge that we should hardly be surprised if it turned out that they at least knew the principles of flight.

THE Pellagra Commission of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital has brought in a preliminary report of investigations. The Commission has not discovered the specific cause of the disease, but has obtained convincing evidence that it is transmitted by the stable fly. The Commission agrees with Professor Louis Sambon of the British School of Tropical Medicine that spoiled maize is not the essential cause. Careful investigation in Spartanburg County, S. C., proved that typically severe cases of the disease were observed in persons who had not partaken of corn for a long time, and that no difference could be discovered in the consumption of corn between those suffering from pellagra and those who were free from it. The commission decided that the disease was almost certainly infectious. At least 50,000 persons in the Southern States are suffering from this distressing complaint.

EXTREME Sabbatarianism is on the decline in Scotland. The Scottish society of Antiquaries has just decided to open its Edinburgh Museum on Sunday afternoons, notwithstanding great opposition. Sunday is beginning to lose its gloom even in the country towns of Scotland.

IN a new book on Indian architecture Havell criticises Fergusson's opinion that the best features of Mogul architecture were imported from Western Asia into India and that there is no trace of Hinduism in the buildings of Jehangir and Sheh Jehan. This is a very important matter and it seems that Fergusson did not give proper value to the great architectural skill of the native Indian pre-Mogul builders. Mr. Havell says:

"Nothing is more clear to the student of Indian architecture, who can read the language of the Indian craftsmen, that it was the willingness of the Mussulman rulers to adopt the art and culture of Hindūstan—

their genius for learning rather than teaching—which made the Indo-Mohammedan architecture great. The willingness to learn may be regarded in itself as a proof of high intelligence and an innate artistic instinct, and undoubtedly many of the Mohammedan sovereigns had great artistic gifts, like many exalted patrons of art in medieval Europe, but the great architects of India were Indians by birth and instinct."

Long before the Moguls Indian craftsmen had reached a high degree of artistic skill in building and in the difficult art of cutting and polishing the hardest granite blocks. Nearly two thousand years ago Chinese pilgrims who visited India fancied the wonderful palaces they were shown must be the work of genii, for they seemed beyond the possibilities of human hands. C. J. R.



A New Book on Gettysburg

(*The Battle of Gettysburg; the Crest Wave of the American Civil War*, by Francis Marshal. New York, The Neale Publishing Company.)

This book, by a Union participant, is an important addition to the literature of the American Civil War. It details with considerable minuteness the events and movements of troops on the three memorable and terrible days, July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1863, of Gettysburg, the critical battle of the war, and, according to Mr. Marshal, "the sixteenth decisive battle of the world." By reason of its accurate and careful detailing of the facts, it is a book that will be essential for students of American history. Interesting too, is the summary of the causes, near and remote, that led to the tension between North and South; and President Lincoln's own account of the secret factor that precipitated the war, an account not generally known, we think, but given on pages 25-26 of this work, is of supreme importance.

The book is dedicated to the American Spirit, and pleads for the wiping out of all old bitterness left by the war. Highly commendable as coming from one who fought for the Federal cause is the generous tribute constantly paid to the high personal qualities and soldiery of the Confederate leaders and men. M.

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 G. de Purucker, 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
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The Legend of Whitestone Rock

In eastern Washington, a few miles south of where the Spokane River empties into the Columbia, there is a huge rock, called the Whitestone, standing some 500 feet above the water on the east bank of the river. The Indians have a legend concerning this rock, of which the skunk is the hero.

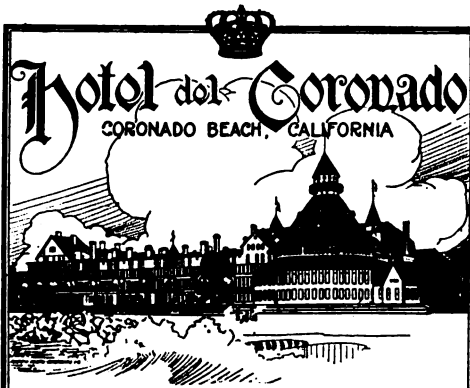
It would seem that in the long ago a skunk, a coyote, and a rattlesnake each had a farm on the top of the Whitestone. These were the days before the skunk was as odorous as he is now, but was esteemed a good fellow and pleasant companion by other animals. As in some other small communities, jealousies, dissensions and intrigues arose in this one. The result was that the coyote and the rattlesnake took a mean advantage of the skunk one night when he was asleep, and threw him off the rock, into the river far below. He was not drowned, however, but floated on and on, far away to the south and west, until he came to the mouth of the river, where lived a great medicine-man and magician. To him the skunk applied and was endowed with a gift warranted to give immunity from and conquest over all his enemies. Back he journeyed along the river to his old home, where he arrived much to the surprise of the coyote and the rattlesnake, and commenced to make it so pleasant for them with his pungent perfumery endowment, the gift of the magician, that they soon left him in undisputed possession of his rocky home, which he has maintained ever since.

✽

“Would you mind telling me what ‘K. C. M. G.’ means at the end of your name, sir? It has puzzled one or two of us.” “Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, of course!” said the pompous one, as he inflated his chest. “Oh,” said the innocent, “I thought it meant ‘Kindly call me Governor.’”

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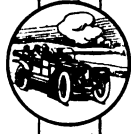
VII



American Plan



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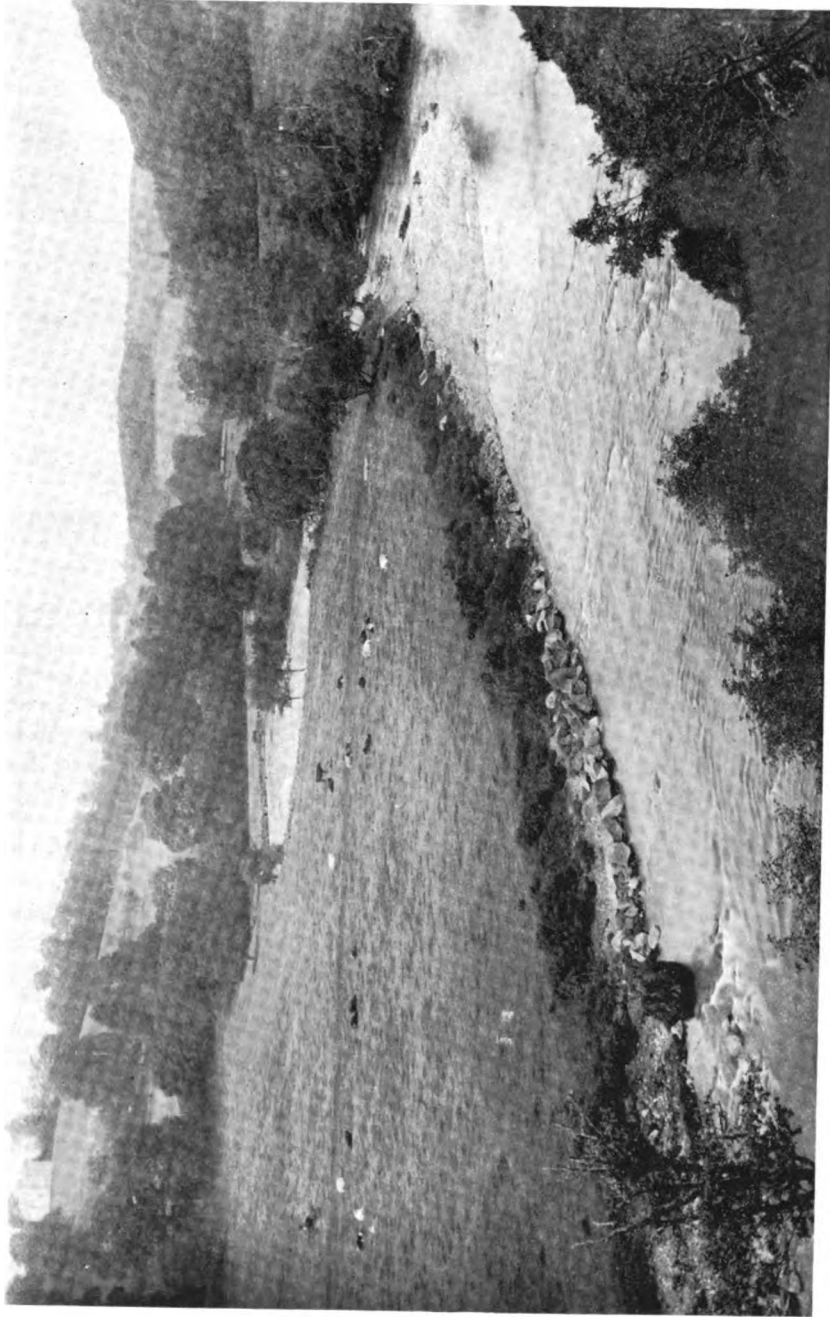
J. E. FISHBURN

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Interest Paid on Time Accounts

Only a Rose

One day a certain good lady, walking down a squalid street with a fresh-blown rose in her hand, passed a tattered woman noted for her drunken and dissolute habits. She was known as "Old Mag." The woman's eye followed the rose hungrily, and the visitor stopped and handed it to her. Old Mag shrank back saying: "You wouldn't give it to me would you?" "Why, certainly, I will," was the answer. And she passed down the street, leaving the old woman with the rose in her hand. "Three months after this," the visitor said in telling the story, "I was called to the bedside of a woman who was dying in a dingy garret. I saw immediately that it was the same woman. She drew from under her pillow a dried and faded rose, and said: 'It is the rose you gave me. I often look at it, and it makes me think of home.'" It is the story of a rose, but it tells of hungry hearts that may be turned to better things by kindly deeds.—*Ex.*



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The Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, California, in 1915

Construction upon the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, to open in San Francisco in 1915 has broken all records in rapid exposition building. The main exhibit section is now under way and millions of feet of lumber have been raised into place. An army of workmen is employed at the grounds. According to a recent statement of Director of Works Harris D. H. Connick, the exposition is eleven per cent. ahead of the definite schedule adopted more than one year ago. All the exposition palaces will be completed months before the opening of the exposition, on February 20, 1915.

The Irish section of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has been allotted fifteen thousand square feet and it is intended to have a representative exhibition of Irish linens, woolens, laces, silks, poplins, tapestries, and textiles generally. The section will have the fancy title "Shamrock Isle," and the wonderful products of the Irish handicrafts will be elaborately displayed. A serious and earnest attempt to show what Ireland produces and makes for sale will be made. Specimens of the wonderful old bog-oak furniture will be shown.

An imitation of the famous Travertine marble, from which the palaces of the Roman emperors were built, is being used to make the statuary and the covering of the exhibit palaces. The composition is a gypsum, rain-proof and of unfading color; in tint it is a faint ivory yellow and is as smooth and hard as marble. The exposition sculptors and their assistants have formed a social club called the "Travertine Club" since they are the first sculptors to use the material for this purpose.

Marseilles plans to spend more than \$6,000,000 to demolish its ancient slums and replace them with modern highways.

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The Calf Path

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should,
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do;
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way,
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path.
But still they followed — do not laugh —
The first migrations of that calf.

And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again,
This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun
And traveled some three miles in one,
And thus a century and a half,
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about,

And o'er his crooked journey went
 The traffic of a continent.
 A hundred thousand men were led
 By one calf near three centuries dead.
 They followed still his crooked way,
 And lost one hundred years a day;
 For thus such reverence is lent
 To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
 Were I ordained and called to preach;
 For men are prone to go it blind
 Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun
 To do what other men have done.
 They follow in the beaten track
 And out and in and forth and back,
 And still their devious course pursue,
 To keep the path that others do.
 They keep the path a sacred groove,
 Along which all their lives they move;
 But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
 Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—
 But I am not ordained to preach.

Selected.

Historic Characters

First Coster (outside picture dealer's window)—Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill? Wasn't he a chap that was always cold?

Second Coster—No; that was Zero, annuver bloke altogether.

Mistress (getting ready for reception)—“How does my new gown look in the back, Norah?” Maid—“Beautiful, mum. Sure, they'll all be delighted whin you lave the room.”

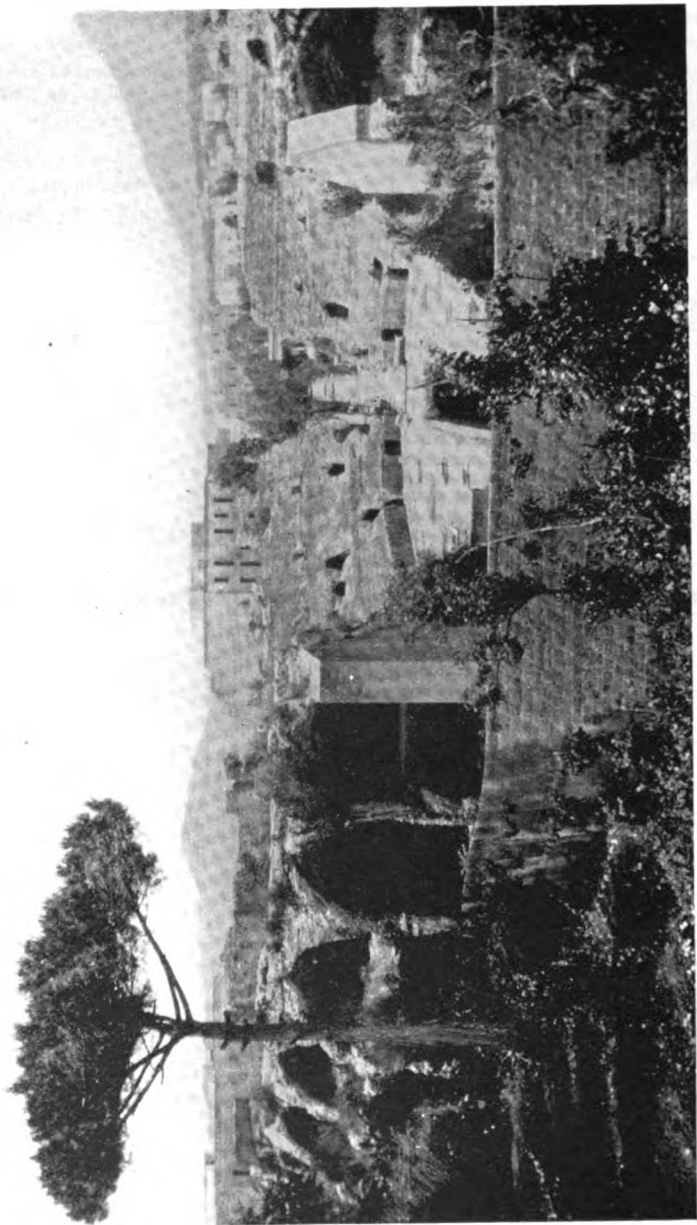
Râja Yoga College Meteorological Station, Point Loma, California Summary for December, 1913

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	59.90	Number hours actual sunshine	200.70
Mean lowest	47.52	Number hours possible	310.00
Mean	53.71	Percentage of possible	65.00
Highest	69.00	Average number hours per day	6.47
Lowest	44.00		
Greatest daily range	17.00	WIND	
		Movement in miles	4277.00
PRECIPITATION		Average hourly velocity	5.75
Inches	0.87	Maximum velocity	16.00
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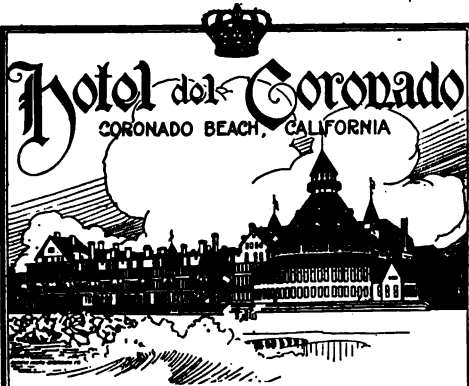
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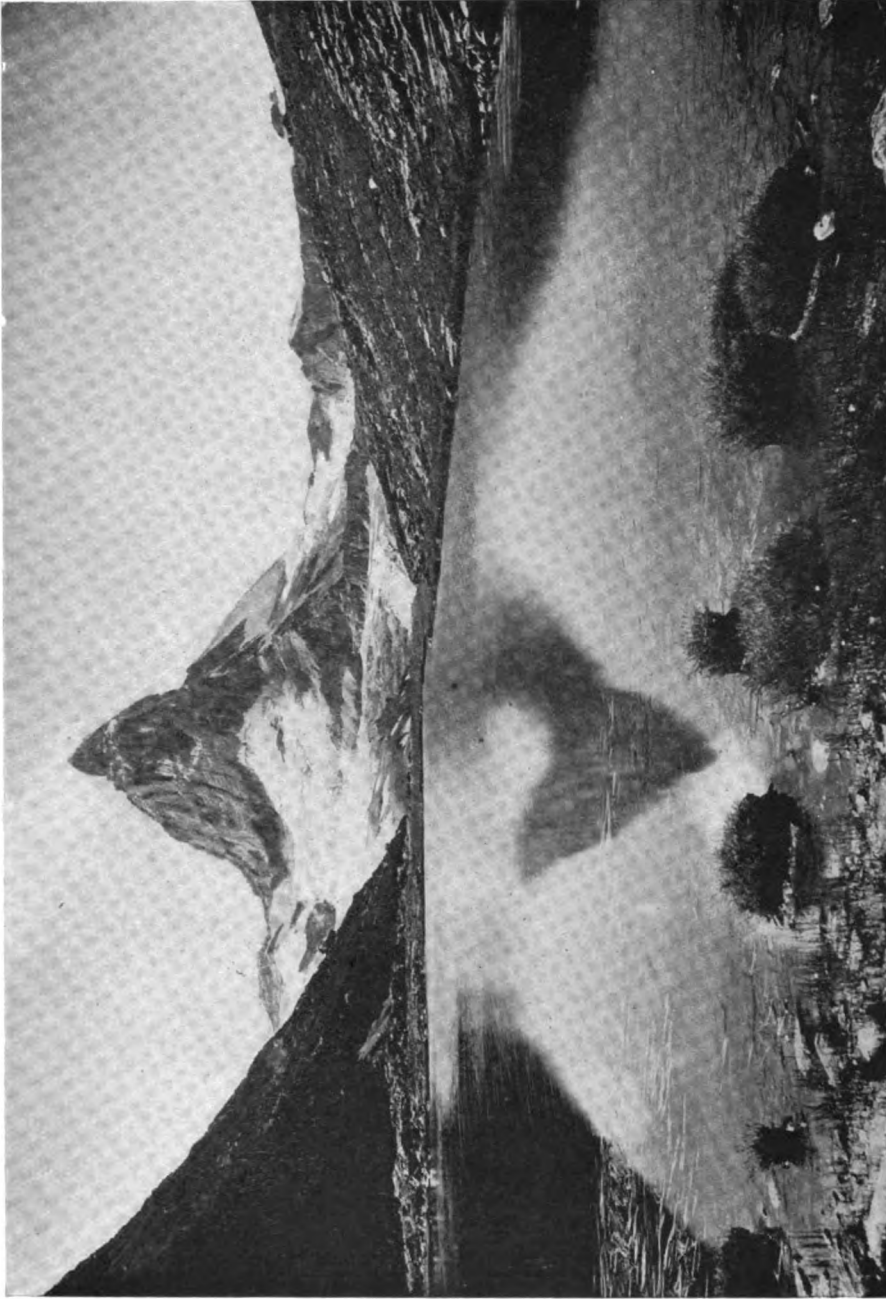
The Jerusalem Art-School Exhibition

For eight years an art-school in Jerusalem has had for its object the encouragement of the special arts of Palestine. It was founded by Boris Schatz, a sculptor and has been supported by the sovereigns of Europe. An exhibition of samples of the work done in the school has been held recently in New York and has now begun a tour of the other large cities. There are carved wood and metal, filagree work, brass and silver articles and beaten copper work besides tapestries and damasks. This exhibition is naturally receiving the patronage of eminent Hebrews, but it is of interest to any persons who care about the arts and crafts of other countries.

Squelched

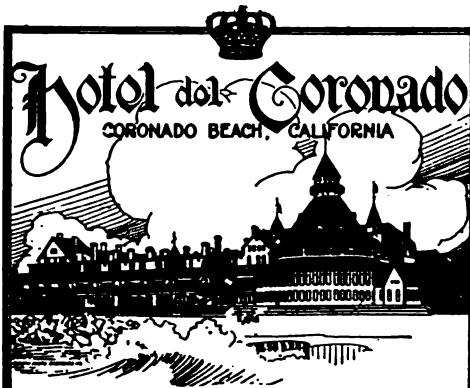
“Your hair’s getting thin, sir, let me sell you—” “That’s all right. I put something on it every morning.” “May I ask what you put on it, sir?” “My hat!”

(Operation finished in silence.)



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H. Coryn, M. D., Editor

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1862	41,720	2,336,773	CLEARING	432,140	127
1863	46,000	3,692,772	HOUSE	710,123	267
1864	64,362	5,729,222	ORGANIZED	614,967	406
1865	64,190	6,366,516	IN	1,193,170	716
1866	74,350	6,948,972	1866	2,761,296	836
1867	86,776	7,028,322		2,297,916	1061
1868	103,670	7,161,376	37,771,149	2,363,540	1239
1869	119,632	9,566,536	62,094,521	2,632,100	1839
1870	140,208	11,016,000	66,708,874	4,006,200	1996
1871	161,808	15,608,764	66,724,333	6,703,606	2399
1872	226,058	19,612,916	121,884,087	10,021,418	4559

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Summary for April, 1914

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	66.53	Number hours, actual sunshine	249.00
Mean lowest	54.80	Number hours possible	390.00
Mean	60.66	Percentage possible	64.00
Highest	80.00	Average number hours per day	8.30
Lowest	47.00		
Greatest daily range	24.00		
PRECIPITATION		WIND	
Inches	0.80	Movement in miles	4921.00
Total from July 1, 1913	11.57	Average hourly velocity	6.84
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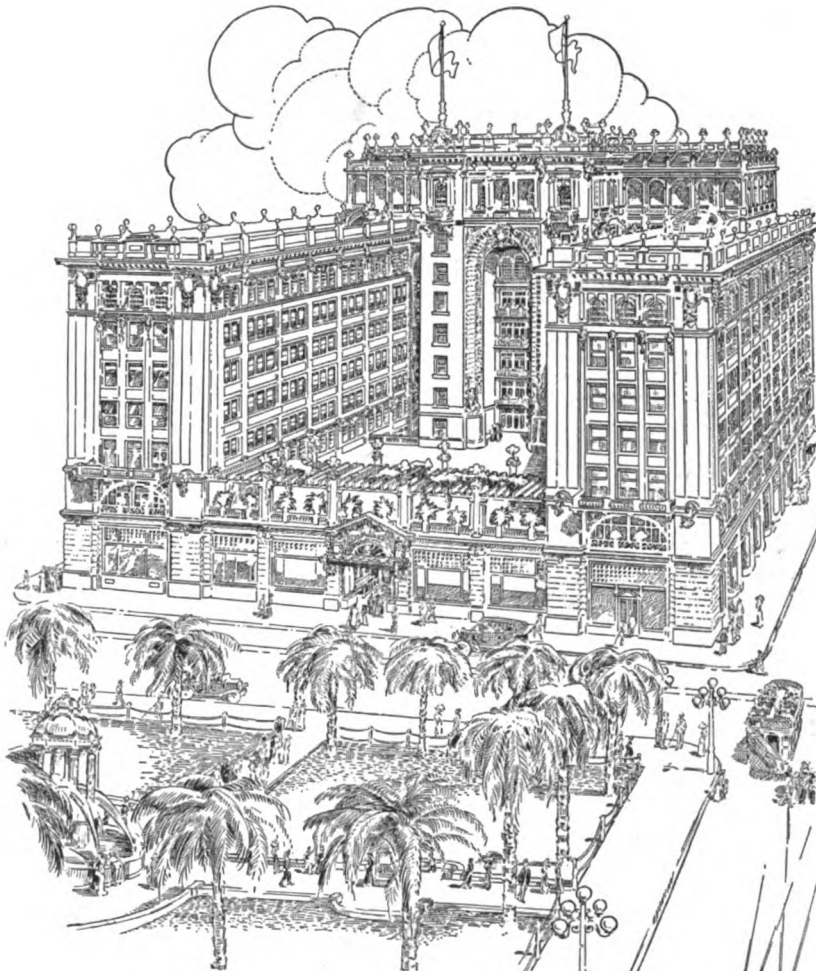
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