

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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THE dayspring from on high hath visited us, . . . to guide our feet into the way of peace. — *Luke i. 78. 79*

CHRISTMAS: by Kenneth Morris



THIS is the time when we decorate our habitations with holly and mistletoe, and our hearts with unwonted good feeling, commemorating the dawning of a great light. There are certain stations in the journey of the year, where we may see the legend writ large on the sign-boards: "Change here for a better way of life; change here for happiness." We read, and come out on the platform; make festivity a little in the waiting (and refreshment) rooms, and then bundle back into the old train, having never changed at all. The Christmas-New Year time, and the Easter-time of the flowers, are two such important junctions; and it is worth while to note that these feasts were kept long before the advent of Christianity. For Christmas is in the very nature of things, and not merely historically, the birthday of the Christ. It is the end of the winter solstice, when the sun is, as it were, born anew after his months of decline, and begins to flow towards the high tide mark of his power.

That there is a certain reality in the significance of the season, is proven by the bright good will that greets us when we rise on a Christmas morning, and that it is so hard to escape. Marley's ghost and the three spirits will be apt to haunt the veriest Scrooge among us, forcing issues, compelling us to see that benevolence and kindness are part of the essential business of life. Though we starve our souls on a thin diet of self-interest during the rest of the year, now our fare shall be less meager, and the whole world demands of us that we share in the common joy. There lies the heart and crux of it all

—*share*. It is a great thing that there should be the habit of present-giving; it is so easy, when one is considering the giving of a gift, to escape from self, and take thought in some degree for the one to whom the gift is destined. Just a little such thought is cleansing; for even the least trickle of it, Augean selfhood is the sweeter and more habitable. And here it is flowing at Christmas time, a full current of which all the world may partake. The force of age-long custom has dedicated the day, and the habit has been formed of making an effort at brotherly feeling. We think of the children, of absentees, of many we give no thought to at other times. No doubt but for this, many a soul still flickers on, that would else have dwindled long since into pin-point insignificance, or waned altogether out of minds anchored at all other times to dreary and sordid self-interest. No doubt our civilization would be nearer to the rocks even than it is, or quite battered and broken on them, were it not that we do put some strain on the rudders, and turn, if falteringly and without clear design, to the free open waters on this one day of the year.

It is the proof of brotherhood, and that we are all filled with a common life, this generality of Christmas good will. We share in thought and feeling, as much as we do in the very air we breathe; mental infection is as real, and perilous, as the physical infection of disease. One man's thinking, though unuttered, shall pass through a thousand minds, sowing wheat or tares, good or evil, light or darkness, health or disease, in every one of them. What a new light this sheds on the question of reform! New laws are only efficient as old modes of thought are sweetened and uplifted. Will you move heaven and earth over the mote that is in your brother's eye, forgetting the beam that is in your own? Then do you stand accused, not merely of hypocrisy, but of being a worthless, profitless laborer, a twister of sand-ropes, a plower of the barren shore.

But what might not Christmas be for us, were we to treat it really reasonably! Happiness lies not in the region of sanctimonious ecstasies; but then, it is also incompatible with an overloaded stomach. We begin well enough with the wishes for a "Merry Christmas"; excellently well with the geniality and present-giving. What a promise there is for all sorts and conditions of men, or nearly all, on a Christmas morning: what a general sun of Austerlitz is it that rises! But how of its setting? What heavy physical clouds there are apt to be; what a sinking low, a simple vanishing, of ideals — what mere brute,

material indigestion! Heigho! here's a come-down — from PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN, to these well-known, brain-deadening results!

It all comes of our erratic, freakish extremism. We pride ourselves on the practical trend of our lives: Gad, there's no nonsense here; it is a businesslike and commonsense generation, with the whole trade of the world on its hands; and what would you have, sir? Why, some evidence of that same so-much-bragged-of commonsense, if there be any. Our notion of carrying on the work of the world is, on the whole and for the most part, a fever; a wearing out of manhood, a furious, unseemly jostling round the trough wherein providence, like a swineherd, pours the wash of money, position, fame, power, etc.; and while we are so fighting and swilling, the work of the world is left undone; it may take care of itself, it may go hang, we will have none of it. Does anyone doubt that? Let him look around and see the abuses that remain and fester, heaven knows, till the world is rank with the corruption of them. Let him think of the reformatories that don't reform; of the horror that walketh by night in the cities. When he has taken note of *all* the work left undone within the limits of his own nation, let him consider, but with more charity — for the conditions will be less easy for him to understand — the work that other nations are leaving undone; the work that humanity as a whole whistles past unheeding. And meanwhile we sweat and drudge and strain, strain and drudge and sweat after the things we desire, money and so forth; we give health for it, culture for it, leisure for it, honor for it, virtue for it, manhood for it; and call that business; call that doing the work of the world. ●h how this aching earth must be desiring a humanity that can put in some claim to be human!

We cannot go on so always; we must of course have safety-valves somewhere; and so we arrange these holidays and festivals, when we shall react and revolt against the things of common day, and be wildly different, for those few annual hours at least. Now we will have pleasure, rest, recreation. So —

Oh, we know the sweet fair picture! We know how it is done, only too often, this recreation business. Come now, who is it that is recreated? Which element, which party, which guild or stratum of society in that curious pathocratical republic, that kingless, impolitic, mob-swayed kingdom called the human personality, rises like a giant refreshed from the somnolent, torpid nebulosity wherewith the liver,

poor drudge on strike, has its revenge on its tyrant? How much of Christmas good will, Christmas merriment and cheer, will be carried forward? What new light will shine on our workaday activities?

You pass through a treasure-house, from which you may take what you will, and the more you take, the better. But you "take no thought for the morrow" — with a vengeance! you pay no heed to the rich and beautiful things; you allow yourself to be beguiled, from entrance to exit of it, by that most wily esurient companion Appetite, that should be slave and porter but has tricked himself into the position of master and guide. We do go in there, indeed; we do see the treasures; it is proven for us that they exist, and undoubtedly we are the better for that. But we might go forth enriched for the whole year; and — we don't. Christmas, that might be perennial, hardly lasts for a whole day.

Why should not such a birthday be kept in a fitting manner? Is there nothing within ourselves that corresponds to the Hero of the day — no sunbright redeeming principle? Indeed there is; and it is the service of that that pays (to put it vulgarly); for that is the soul, whose mere garments are brain and body and appetites; indeed, whose mere hobbles and handcuffs they are. No joy is acceptable, or without its sickening foul aftertaste, unless countersigned by It; that feast is poisonous of which It does not partake. To carry through the day the jolly atmosphere of good will and good service, of stepping outside selfhood; to keep one's insolent servant, appetite, cowed and right down in its place, finding pleasure in the things that belong to ourselves, not to it — that would be to celebrate Christmas rationally. When we do so, we do not find that the Christmas spirit wanes with the waning of the holidays.

I wish the whole world could have just a glimpse of the Lomaland Christmas, which is such a rational one, permeated with sunlight "both within and without." Then it would be more generally understood, how that the day may be, and ought to be, the feast-day of Human Brotherhood, the annual reconsecration of the celebrants to all things bright and beautiful, and cheerful and excellent, and happy and thoroughly practical and of good report. By heaven, the influence of these Theosophical Christmases will make its mark on the world yet!

PEACE ON EARTH: GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN:

by R. Machell



PEACE to all beings! is an Eastern benediction. Peace on earth: good will toward men! is the Christian expression of the same heart-felt emotion. But what is peace? Is it merely the suspension of war, or the prevention of war, or its postponement? Is a long period of peace merely *in itself* productive of "good will toward men"? Does prosperity necessarily produce generosity, love, nobility, dignity, purity, or happiness? Can we possibly answer in the affirmative with the statistics of want and crime, corruption and suicide before our eyes constantly? Is peace the absence of war? If so we must stretch the meaning of the word war very considerably, stretch it indeed until it includes all unbrotherly acts; but then it will include a great part of our commercial system as well as of our social life. What then? Is peace a mockery? If so why is it so generally recognized as a desirable state, a blessed state, a state of beauty and joy? The cessation of international wars, so greatly to be desired, is peace of one kind only. "The peace of God that passeth all understanding," is another.

It has been found that the greatest stability can be attained by maintaining rapid motion in a heavy body, as in the gyrostat, the power of which has made the monorail train and other strange things a possibility. Thus stability in mechanics is found to be increased by rapid motion; rest is produced by action. Even in the arts of peace, and indeed more particularly in these, prosperity depends upon intense activity; when the works are at rest there is not usually an extra amount of peace and good will in evidence. Prosperity is not the result of idleness, and peace is not attained by the prevention of war; an idle man may grow fat, and a nation that does not fight may grow rich; but the fat man is not the healthy man, not the ideal human being, and the rich nation is not the happy nation; neither the fat man nor the rich nation are types of true progress in the eyes of any but the grossest of materialists.

I venture to think that peace is not at all a question of war or its prevention, but entirely a matter of *self-discipline*: self-discipline in the individual, in the family, the community, the nation, and the entire human race. It is the result of ceaseless activity. If this activity of self-discipline (*not* self-torture or abuse of the body) ceases there is an end of the state of peace as surely as the top or gyrostat falls when

its rotation ceases. The essence of this rotation is the recognition of the center or axis of rotation by all the particles of the revolving body, from which an important analogy may be drawn. Self-discipline begins at home, as surely as the circle can only be described around a center. A circle without a center is unthinkable, and so is self-control without a self; but as the center of any visible object is itself an abstract point (having no magnitude) but subsisting on the plane of the immaterial, so the self is not material, but in its spiritual reality bears a similar mysterious relation to the material body that the abstraction called the center bears to a mass. A homeless man may be self-disciplined, but a nation is not composed of homeless men; national life depends upon the family and the family depends upon the home. The home is the spiritual center of the nation. It is everywhere and depends upon the ceaseless activity of its parts. This is the great binding-force that holds a nation in balance, and when this home-life weakens, the whole nation, like a top whose rotation slows down, begins to wobble; then, like the top, it is likely to fall over and rush off violently in any direction, and it becomes a dead body.

So if we would have peace in ourselves we must keep up a ceaseless fight against the inertia of the lower nature and replace the false peace of inertia by the stability, which, as in the gyrostat, results from rapid motion round its own center—that is to say, constant attention to duty. If we would have peace in the nation we must have it in our homes, and the home must have its invisible center of attraction, and the constant attention to duty of its parts or members.

If this is established there will be no great need to think about the sorrows of international wars or the means of preventing them.



UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD has no creeds or dogmas; it is built on the basis of common sense. It teaches that man is divine, that the soul of man is imperishable, and that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and consequently takes in all humanity.

Men must rid themselves of fear, and reach a point where they realize that they are souls, and where they will strive to live as souls, with a sense of their duty to their fellows.—*Katherine Tingley*

PSYCHISM: A Study in Hidden Connexions:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



THE wave of psychism which is sweeping over us grows more pronounced as time goes on. If we do not master it, it will master us and bring our civilization to an untimely end.

Theosophy did not bring on this tide of psychism. Theosophy was introduced (in part) for the purpose of coping with it. When H. P. Blavatsky entered upon her work she foresaw what was approaching. An era of materialism was about to be succeeded by a reaction towards psychism. The first beginnings were already manifest in the rise of phenomenalism. One of the objects of founding the Theosophical Society was to prevent the disasters that would arise if this wave of psychism should come in the midst of an atmosphere of selfishness and ignorance. Some people still wrongly suppose that H. P. Blavatsky initiated the interest in psychism; but what she really did was to prepare the way for a successful fight against the abuse of psychism; to prepare the way by introducing to the world a knowledge of OCCULTISM — a very different thing. She did work among the Spiritists because that movement was there ready to hand; among them she found many awaiting the teachings of Theosophy. She sought to turn the prevalent craze for phenomena into channels of true knowledge. Her writings all show how strongly she emphasized the dangers of dabbling in phenomenalism and the distinction between Occultism and the occult arts, between Spiritual powers and psychic powers.

Some may think the warnings of Theosophists against psychism are exaggerated, but the record of facts tells a different story. Every day brings new justification of these warnings. In a newspaper published by the American-Examiner Company there lately appeared an article entitled "The Soul-Destroying Poison of the East." Let it be said at the outset that the phrase thus unqualified would constitute a libel upon the East, and that it is not the East in general, but merely a particular phase of orientalism, that is intended. The title goes on: "The Tragic Flood of Broken Homes and Hearts, Disgrace and Suicide, that follows the broadening stream of Morbidly Alluring Oriental 'Philosophies' into Our Country."

The article begins as follows:

It is startling to realize that in many a commonplace flat . . . occult rites

are being celebrated as shocking as the ancient worship of Moloch and Baal. A long series of recent occurrences has proved that Oriental occultism in various forms has many followers in the United States. . . . Hindu occultism is leprous.

This kind certainly is; but should it not be the ambition of Hindûs to clear their name from such an aspersion? The article then recounts several cases of the breaking up of homes, suicides, and other calamities, of a kind with which we are daily becoming more familiar through the columns of the newspapers; and it traces all these to the subtle influence of the said poison. It goes on to speak of "Tantrikism," a cult which is said to have 100,000 followers in the United States and to have been introduced by the "Swamis," many of whom came over ostensibly to attend the Congress of Religions in 1893. We know of a certain class of Swâmis, sanctimonious and plausible individuals, who reap a harvest from a credulous and admiring public.

According to my interpretation of the following quotations, the basis of this cult is a deification of passion and sensuality. Indeed that seems to be the whole tenor of it. It exalts weakness and vice into an appearance of virtue and makes a religion of depravity. The fundamental principle is thus expressed:

Our emotional longings are not to be crushed, but we must lend brain, heart and muscle to secure their eternal gratification.

To quote again:

Some of the American Tantriks would persuade American parents that it is an honor to have their daughters chosen as nautch-girls, *and it is sad to say that they sometimes succeed.*

Oh, parents! Fond and foolish, but how ignorant!

All this fully justifies Theosophists in asserting that there is a cancer lurking at the roots of our racial vitality. How futile and frivolous, in face of this terrible fact, seem our puny efforts at reform by legislation and philanthropy, a mere tinkering at the symptoms. The sexual passion has obtained a fearful hold on us, as is manifested in numerous ways, in secret and open depravity, in the form of new religions and philosophies. Here we have a cult which exalts it into a worship and which is well calculated to ensnare the morbidly excited imaginations, debilitated nervous systems, and untrained minds of our ill-guided youth of either sex.

No doubt the above account will come as a revelation to many,

and it may serve to enlighten them on some matters which before were dark, particularly as to the underground connexions between certain things which on the surface seem unconnected. One of these is *the connexion between psychism and crank religions on the one hand and sexual depravity on the other*. From the beginning Theosophists have insisted on this fact and issued warnings against the danger. It is a commonplace of the history of religions and cults that, when the devotees fail in following the path of light and duty, they lapse into sensual perversions. As far as we can trace back, we find instances of pure worship and sacred symbolism being perverted into gross license and corrupt teachings. In our times we have witnessed many eruptions of vice associated with crank religions. The connexion is not accidental; it simply means that when anyone dares to try and make the higher nature serve the lower he ends in a complete breakdown.

How well is illustrated the truth that psychic practices merely stimulate the animal centers, send up a foul current to the brain, and produce an emotional and erotic intoxication, which is often mistaken by the ignorant dabbler for divine inspiration!

And here we call attention to the circumstance that innumerable people today are *ignorantly and heedlessly dabbling in psychism*. Many of them are perfectly innocent of any leanings to depravity. Yet observe the connexion. Theosophists have never failed to warn them; and for their pains have been laughed at; yet see the confirmation of their warnings. We merely take this occasion to point out to the heedless and innocent experimenters the dangers that lie ahead of them in the path they are treading. There are only two paths in Occultism — the right and the wrong; the right path is the path of duty, service, and righteous living; any other path is the wrong path.

In an age when nothing is immune against perversion, it is no slur upon the Theosophical Society to say that even that body, pure and lofty as its teachings and work are, has not been free from attempts made to divert it into some wrong direction. From time to time ambitious and misguided adherents have deserted its ranks that they might pursue outside the courses which they were prevented from pursuing within.

In this way a number of so-called "Theosophical" cults have originated, which in varying degrees carry on a propaganda that

misrepresents Theosophy and thereby wrongs the public. The reason for alluding to this here is that some members of these cults are preaching the very psychism which, as has just been shown, is so intimately related to these grave abuses. In books and on the lecture platform we may find their leaders reproducing some form of the original Theosophical teachings and even professing lofty principles of morality; but a closer examination of the teachings prevailing among them reveals only too often the same unsavory atmosphere of psychism. If these "teachers" really followed the lofty teachings they profess there could be no reason why they should not be working in harmony with real Theosophists; but it is because they have cut themselves from the pure teachings of H. P. Blavatsky and the original Theosophical program that Theosophists are obliged to repudiate them.

It behooves all people who have a reputation to preserve to search out carefully these hidden connexions and make sure of the nature of everything they may endorse; for a man is judged by his associations.

Again, all kinds of "new" social doctrines are being preached, usually in the name of liberty, honesty, and purity; and those who protest against them are dubbed "slaves of Mrs. Grundy." But in view of the above newspaper revelations it would seem as though the protestors had some justification for their warnings. In much of this talk about liberty we detect not liberty but license. We are told, on high authority, apparently, that it is better to give vent to one's "youthful vitality" than to let it smoulder; but what becomes of this argument in view of the Tāntrik program mentioned above, or other similar cults?

There is a class of popular writers who, having won the public ear by novels, brilliant criticism, or some such way, are now using the opportunity to vent their crude speculations and unripe imaginings, which pass current as "daring and original views." The morbidity, acidity, or angularity of their minds—seemingly unsuspected by themselves—is revealed in a way that dismisses them from the consideration of the more thoughtful readers; but they serve as ringleaders to a host of readers who share their temperament if not their literary gifts. They analyse in their peculiar fashion the institutions of human life as though they were people sent from another planet to inspect this world. Ignorant of the existence or possibility of points of view other than their own, they discuss marriage as if it were a physiological

problem, and men as if they were but draughts on a checkerboard.

We have had novels based on the theory that human life is a physiological question, whose heroines are soulless over-cerebrated women of the most intolerable type; and a continuous torrent of smart writing whose aim seems to be to turn everything upside down and take the perverse view on every possible occasion. All this literary rubbish, whatever its moving spirit may be, must be regarded as a part of the general disintegrative force that is at work among us; its effect is to unsettle inexperienced minds at a time when they need guidance; and thus to pave the way for the implanting of the noxious seeds described above.

Time and space will not suffice for a full list of the movements and cults and fads which are all heading, consciously or unconsciously, in this dangerous direction — fads scientific, religious, social, what not. Sometimes one can detect the same element at the root of them — the morbid craving, the pruriency of thought, the subtle suggestion of the lower nature seeking new recognition for itself by assuming an attractive disguise.

The difficulties of a Theosophist may be realized when we bear in mind that he has to warn people against dangers which, though real to him, by reason of his knowledge of human nature, are by them unsuspected. So many of the fads seem quite harmless. Yet the Theosophist may be aware of the direction in which they are tending, or of some ugly facts beneath the surface. His warnings are uttered with the voice of genuine compassion. He sees every one of his warnings justified as time goes on and the latent seeds of evil develop and come into view. His one aim in life is to spread a knowledge of the noble and helpful teachings of Theosophy, for these alone can cope with such a subtle and powerful foe. His pity is aroused for those who are innocently lending themselves to such a propaganda, and for those earnest truth-seekers who are deceived by the misrepresentation.

So great is the menace of evils like the above, and so rapidly are they spreading, that every attempted reform sinks into insignificance beside the importance of dealing with this. We fret about the evils of our educational system, the increase of insanity and suicide, child-degeneracy, consumption and cancer, drug-taking, the white slave traffic, unemployment and labor troubles, all kinds of problems; when down in the very marrow of our twentieth century life lurks this frightful decay. Under the most plausible and specious forms it in-

sinuates itself. Many "teachers" are insinuating the same poison into us under the guise of fine high-sounding doctrines, and sometimes *even by using Theosophical terms*. Sometimes from beneath the surface of their public teachings some "inner doctrine" pops up as though the teachers were experimenting with the public tolerance; and we hear whispers of a "new morality," strange sexual doctrines, etc. Then, if we are wise, we suspect what lies at the root.

The consequences to our children and youth are a thing that should surely move our hearts. Parents and teachers alike are by their own confession unable to cope with the evils becoming so rampant among the young. Noted headmasters have given up in despair the attempt to stop unnatural vice among the boys entrusted by loving parents to their care. Most mothers are sublimely ignorant of what goes on in the inner life of their boys and girls, who in secret and in ignorance are all the time sowing in their constitution the soil of debility in which the poison seeds so ruthlessly sown can sprout.

In fact there is no visible power competent to deal with this evil. It lies beyond the reach of any criminal or judicial procedure. Religion is powerless before it; science can find no cure. So the conclusion remains that unless something is done, the evil will continue to grow and spread unchecked, involving in its decay the very powers that should check it, until the fabric of society is altogether loosened and our civilization comes to a premature end.

In the past whole nations probably have been swept away by this cause. Our own race has reached a point in its development where the same fate threatens it. Unless we are to experience a general outburst of libertinism, a welter of disease and insanity, a universal strife, we must find some means of restoring a knowledge of the immutable laws of life and an adherence thereto, such as taught by Theosophy. Passion can never be overcome by being indulged; it has to be subdued by self-knowledge.

Those unfortunately afflicted with unlawful desires should not seek to make society their victim in the hope of thus saving their miserable selves. Let them patiently and loyally bear their burden until unremitting effort at last brings the meed of success. Such infirmities must perish at last if they are not fed by the mind; but as they took a long time in the acquiring, they may take a long time in the undoing. Disease is thrown off by building surely, if slowly, a healthy foundation. We conclude with a few quotations from H. P. Blavatsky:

Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Mâra [delusion]. It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart.—*The Voice of the Silence*

Occultism is not Magic. It is comparatively easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is Black Magic—Sorcery. . . . The powers and forces of animal nature can be used by the selfish and revengeful, as much as by the unselfish and the all-forgiving; the powers and forces of Spirit lend themselves only to the perfectly pure in heart—and this is DIVINE MAGIC.—*Practical Occultism*

There are not in the West half-a-dozen among the fervent hundreds who call themselves "Occultists," who have even an approximately correct idea of the nature of the Science they seek to master. With a few exceptions, they are all on the highway to Sorcery. Let them restore some order in the chaos that reigns in their minds, before they protest against this statement. Let them first learn the true relation in which the Occult Sciences stand to Occultism, and the difference between the two, and then feel wrathful if they still think themselves right. Meanwhile, let them learn that Occultism differs from Magic and other secret Sciences as the glorious sun does from a rush-light, as the immutable and immortal Spirit of Man—the reflection of the absolute, causeless, and unknowable ALL—differs from the mortal clay, the human body.—*Occultism versus the Occult Arts*

A MAGIC BOAT: by D. F.

IN the Scandinavian saga the vessel *Ellida* one day quietly sailed into harbor and dropped anchor, without a living creature on board. This performance seems at first to be surpassed by that of an electric launch on Lake Wann, Berlin, which though carrying no human freight effected the following feats at the behest of a distant but controlling intelligence: steering; starting, stopping, or reversing of engines; firing of signal guns, fireworks, mines, or torpedoes; ringing of bells; lighting or extinction of electric lamps; and other operations. Of course the agency is an ingenious extension and adaptation of wireless telegraphic methods, said to be applicable also to airplanes, railroad trains, life-boats, etc. But the *Ellida* had some excellent qualities, too, for work in all weather on the high seas.

IRISH SCENES: by Fred J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E., M. Inst. C. E. I.



TO the archaeologist, the geologist, the folk-lorist, and the lover of nature in all her aspects, perhaps no area of similar extent is more replete with interest than that of Ireland. As to fairies, the county Sligo folk will tell you they have more of them to the square yard than can be found in a square mile of the county Kerry. Folk-lorists will doubtless pass upon this claim intelligently, when they wear the right sort of spectacles. Fairies aside, however, hardly a square mile of the country lacks some ruin of great antiquity.

Nearly two thousand years have elapsed since Baile Atha Cliath Duibhlinne (the town of the hurdle-ford on the black river), now Dublin, began to share with Tara the honor of being chief city. Dublin, therefore, has no known history that could be called really ancient; for in the light of the Theosophical teachings and records, two thousand years is merely modern. Tara, on the other hand, was a center of national life and government so ancient as to be probably coeval with Brugh na Boinne. Which means they were there "before the flood," or in other words, long before Poseidon went down, some eleven or twelve thousand years ago.

The fact that the city of Tara was set on a hill, suggests the idea that there may have been a time, oncc, when cities having certain high functions to fulfil, were usually set on hills.

In correspondence with the withdrawal of the higher influences of the Tuatha de Danaans from visible participation in Irish life, and the reign of the Formorians and their heirs, leading Ireland in common with other places to descent through dark ages, it was fitting that regal and poetic Tara should fade, and Dublin rise with its distilleries, breweries, and vivisection halls, and with many of its folk within hospitals, poor-houses, and insane asylums — in accentuation of the modern spirit. That such conditions are, in point of fact, unnecessary, can easily be deduced from the study of certain small races who have not wholly forgotten some essential principles in the art of living.

Nevertheless, Dublin, equally with other parts of Ireland, has its bright side. Much of its social life is vivacious, artistic, and literary in high degree, surpassing many cities in these respects. This city began to assume its present appearance in the eighteenth century, when Sackville street, as then named, was built. It is one of the finest streets in Europe. The munificent grants of the Irish parliament

enabled many handsome public buildings to be constructed, as well as hospitals, harbors, canals, etc. Among the finest of the public edifices is that of the old houses of parliament, now occupied as a bank.

The first meeting of the Irish parliament within the part of this structure then completed, took place in 1731; but entire legislative independence was only reached in 1782. Eighteen years later, owing to some rather meretricious influences, the parliament voted away its rights; and the Union occurred in 1800. The building, which took many years to complete, possesses majesty in design combined with simplicity in arrangement, and has few rivals. Constructed of Portland stone, the style is chastely classic, owing nothing to extraneous embellishment — the mere outline producing a harmonious effect. The principal front is formed by an Ionic colonnade, raised on a flight of steps, and ranged round three sides of a spacious quadrangle. In the central part a portico projects, formed of four Ionic columns, sustaining a tympanum with the royal arms, while the apex is adorned with a colossal statue — Hibernia — with others representing Fidelity and Commerce on the western and eastern points. From the outer ends of these colonnades the building sweeps eastward and westward in circular form, the walls, unpierced by openings, standing behind rows of Corinthian columns, and having the interspaces tastefully indented by niches. Over the eastern portico are statues of Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty. The original designer of this noble edifice is unknown. The House of Lords has been left practically untouched to this day, save that the Speaker's chair is now in the Royal Irish Academy.

On the opposite side of College Green is the extensive Corinthian façade of Trinity College; and passing a short way towards Sackville (now O'Connell) street, one reaches the Carlisle Bridge, from which can be seen another magnificent building called the Custom House (though so immense as to accommodate many government offices), as well as the Four Courts and other massive structures, so numerous as to give the impression of a people possessing energy, taste, and industry. Since the early years of the nineteenth century, however, there have been no fine buildings added, if we except the splendid pile of the Science and Art Museums and Library in Kildare street.

The environs of Dublin, within a dozen miles or so, possess singular charm and variety; and on Sundays the good folk keep the jaunting-cars busy throughout the regions from Delgany, Powerscourt and the Dublin mountains, to Leixlip, Howth and Malahide. Not many

know that Malahide Castle contains an altar-piece from the oratory of Mary Queen of Scots, at Holyrood, for which Charles II gave two thousand pounds sterling. Among the valuable paintings in this Castle is a portrait of Charles I by Vandyke.

There is a territory within almost equally easy reach of Dublin, whose loveliness excels anything of the kind in Ireland except possibly the Blackwater in county Waterford. It is the Boyne valley between Slane and Beauparc. Everyone in Dublin admits it lovely — but no one has seen it!

In the north and west of Ireland the scenery is frequently wild and stern. Of this character is Fairhead on the Antrim Coast, the *Robogdium Promontorium* of Ptolemy the geographer, where on one's northward journey is obtained the first glimpse of the remarkable columnar basalt formation met with in profusion in the Giant's Causeway region. One of the basaltic pillars forming the stupendous natural colonnade over six hundred feet high at Fairhead, is a rectangular prism 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and 319 feet in height, and is the largest basaltic pillar known.

Further along this coast is the rope-bridge at Carrick-a-Rede, which sways in the wind as you walk over it, while the Atlantic waves boil in the appalling chasm beneath; and woe to you, if overcome by terror you attempt to lean on the thin hand-line.

The coast scenery in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway is grandly impressive, as seen from a boat. The promontory called the Pleaskein, consisting of terrace upon terrace of columnar basalt, and the succession of extraordinary rock groups such as the Sea Gulls, the King and his Nobles, the Nursing Child, the Priest and his Flock, the Chimney Rock, the Giant's Organ, and finally the Causeway itself, form astonishing instances of nature's sportfulness.

The pillars in the Causeway number about forty thousand, and are composed mainly of irregular hexagonal prisms varying from fifteen to twenty-six inches in diameter, but all fitting together compactly. Among other features of the place is the Giant's Amphitheatre, which is exactly semi-circular, with the slopes at the same angle all round; while around the uppermost part runs a row of columns eighty feet high. As a German writer, Kahl, continues:

Then comes a broad rounded projection, like an immense bench, for the accommodation of the giant guests of Finn MacCumhal; then again a row of columns sixty feet high, and then again a gigantic bench, and so down to the

bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder stones, like the limits of the arena.

We should have to go back to the era when the Bamian statues were carved out of the living rock (see *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 388) to find giants tall enough to occupy this amphitheater gracefully.

The convulsion which lowered the Giants' Causeway, with its substratum of ocher, below the upper tier level of the Pleaskin, produced the landslide at the Giants' Organ, and submerged the continuous land connexion with Staffa, must have belonged to far pre-Atlantean times (the Atlantean continental system proper having ended nearly a million years ago), and be referable to the Secondary Age, when there really were giants somewhat approaching the size suggested. It must have been far back in Lemurian times, for the sinking and transformation of the Lemurian continental systems began in the vicinity of Norway, and ended at Atlantean Lankâ, of which Ceylon was the northern highland.

There are traditions of enormous giants in many parts of Ireland. Thus the rope-bridge chasm above mentioned, is said to have been cut by a stroke of Finn MacCumhal's sword, a feat that would have been difficult for even a Lemurian giant. The legends in Kerry express, by similar exaggeration, the size and strength of a former giant race.

This reminds us that the Raphaim (phantoms), Nephilim (fallen ones), and Gibborim (mighty ones) of the Bible refer to the First and Second semi-ethereal Races, the Third (Lemurian), and the Fourth (Atlantean) respectively.

But in order to grasp this subject intelligently, the reader may be referred to those volumes which it will be more and more the principal business of the scholars, archaeologists, and scientific men of the twentieth century to study, interpret and vindicate (vindication is already in full stride), namely, *The Secret Doctrine*, written by H. P. Blavatsky.



TRUE glory consists in doing that which deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier for our living in it. — *Pliny*

THE BLUEBELLS OF WERNOLEU: a Welsh Legend by Kenneth Morris

OUT of the bluebell bloom of the night
 When the east's agloom and the west's agleam.
 Over the wern at Alder-Light
 And the dark stile and the stream,
 There's dew comes dropping of dream-delight
 To the deeps where the bluebells dream.

It's then there's brooding on wizard stories
 All too secret for speech or song,
 And rapture of rose and daffodil glories
 Where the lone stream wandereth long;
 And I think the whole of the Druids' lore is
 Known to the bluebell throng.

For they say that a sky-bee wandered of old
 From her island hive in the Pleiades,
 Winging o'er star-strewn realms untold,
 And the brink of star-foamed seas —
 Thighs beladen with dust of gold,
 As is the wont of bees.

She left the hives of magical pearl,
 Of dark-heart sapphire and pearl and dreams,
 Where the flowers of the noon and the night unfurl
 Their rose-rimmed blooms and beams —
 Fain of the wandering foam awhirl
 On the wild Dimetian streams,

Of the rhododendron bloom on the hills —
 (There's dear, red bloom in the pine-dark dell) —
 Of rhododendron and daffodils,
 And the blue campanula bell,
 And the cuckoo-pint by the tiny rills
 That rise in Tybie's Well.

(And where's the wonder, if all were known?
 There's many in Michael's hosts that ride
 Would lay down scepter and crown and throne,
 And their aureoled pomp and pride,
 So they might wander and muse alone
 An hour by the Teifi side.

And if anything lovely is under the sky,
 That the eye beholds, or the proud heart dreams,

When the pomp of the world goes triumphing by,
 When the sea with the sunlight gleams —
 It's show you a lovelier thing could I,
 'Twixt Tywi and Teifi streams.

Let be! whatever of praise be sung,
 Here's one could never make straight the kuce,
 Nor stay the soul from its pacans flung
 Where the winds might flaunt them free,
 For a thousand o' mountains, cloud-fleece hung,
 'Twixt Hafren Hen and the sea.)

Musing, down through the firmament vales,
 Here and there in a thousand flowers,
 Even till at last she was wandering Wales,
 Lured by the pure June hours,
 Lured by the glamor of ancient tales,
 And the glory of age-old towers.

Peony splendor of eve and dawn,
 Tulips abloom on the border of day,
 West on fire with the sun withdrawn,
 Night and the Milky Way —
 Ah, it was midnight's bluebell lawn
 Most in her heart held sway.

O'er Bettws Mountain she came down slowly,
 Drowsy winged through the tangled wern;
 Where in the sky was there hill so holy,
 With so much glamor to burn,
 As the hyacinth wilds beyond Wernoleu,
 With their white bells 'mid the fern?

Musing, round by the wern she wandered
 From bell to bell with her wings acroon,
 There where they laughed and nodded and pondered
 Through the beautiful hours of June;
 Bluebell-dark were the dreams she squandered
 On the gold and green of noon.

And the wild white hyacinths, wondering, heard her,
 Suddenly caught by her starry song;
 Gave no more ear to the woodland bird, or
 Heeded the wild bee throng,
 Or laughed with delight of the sunbright verdure
 Of fern they had loved so long.

Marvelous thought took hold of them wholly,
 Azure of mingled darkness and light,

And they deepened to dark-heart sapphire slowly
 With brooding on the splendor of night;
 And the first of the bluebells of white Wernolcu
 Bloomed, night-blueness light.

And that's why the wern at Alder-Light
 Is sweet with silence and deep in dream,
 In that wizard region of dream-delight
 Beyond the stile and the stream,
 When the dews have fallen from the bloom of night
 On the glooms where the bluebells gleam.

International Theosophical Headquarters
 Point Loma, California

THE SOUL AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION:

by Henry Travers



THE majority of people are not very original and independent in their thinking, and consequently prefer to await the sanction of some recognized authority before accepting a doctrine. For this reason it is scarcely just to lay *all* the blame on the institutions, ecclesiastical and otherwise, which supply this demand. For this reason, too, it will be a matter of considerable moment that a professor at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science should have brought forward arguments which, according to the report of his address, "help the belief that man has a soul."

The arguments brought forward are as old as man himself, it is true; but doctrines are judged largely according to their immediate source. Thus a new color, an additional weight, is given to the idea that the eye has been made by "some external agency cognizant of all the properties of light," and to the idea that the brain is an instrument played upon by some power that is not material. We have heard this from the pulpit, perhaps; now we hear it from the lecture table; so we can believe it a little more strongly than we did before.

The lecturer's cautious remarks, as gathered from a brief report, seem to indicate a belief on his part that there may be a soul after all. The report is headed, "Eye and Brain Show a Soul Possibly Independent of Life." His view is said to be regarded by physiologists as offering a great stimulus to research, and "it provides for the general

public a new exposition of the theory of belief in a divinity." The eye and the brain are such wonderful instruments that they surely must have been made by some intelligent power. That is the argument, and it surely must have occurred to many people before. "The brain's workings and the will-power suggested," he said, "that the brain was mysteriously affected by invisible and untraceable harmonies." The following is of interest to Darwinists:

It was natural to suppose, he declared, the existence of some external agent over and above natural selection, which [latter] would have done no more than assist in the process.

Natural selection is in fact no more than a phrase descriptive of the process itself; it can neither help nor hinder, any more than the theory of the law of gravitation can pull down a stone or the calculus of probabilities affect the destiny of a soul.

One feels as if the ancient faiths of humanity, after being confirmed and appealed against times without number, had been laid before a final court of appeal, which, after many painstaking and protracted labors, had at last begun to hand down opinions, slowly and carefully. The existence of the soul has at last been established beyond all possible cavil. It has passed all the courts, there is no further appeal, it is law. The most irrational rationalist, the most credulous sceptic, the most visionary materialist, may now believe in the soul. There really is one. At least "there was some loophole for the view that mind was not directly associated with life or living matter, but only indirectly with certain dispositions of dynamic state that were sometimes present within certain parts of it." (*Times* report.) At present, then, we may believe in a soul — cautiously. One wonders if the British Association will ever get so far as to say that we *must* believe in a soul.

But why should there be only one soul? Why not separate souls for the eye, the brain, the heart, the liver — all equally wonderful? The fact is that such problems as this have been debated from time immemorial, and one can but refer the curious to the world's literature. While our learned men are cautiously speculating about "a soul," the literature of Hindûstân (to take a single instance), thousands of years old, summarizes the tenets of many different schools of philosophy on the subject of the various *souls* in man, the faculties of these souls, the nature of the mind, its numerous powers and functions, the inner senses and their external organs, and so forth. And

back of all lies the inscrutable Self of man, the Master and possessor of all these powers. Verily we have much yet to learn — the road we are going. It looks like a snail verifying the tracks of a bird. It looks as if these physiologists had just arrived at the edge of the sea, near enough to get their feet wet so as to know there is a sea. And now they are talking about a promising field of investigation.

Of course these physiologists are souls, the same as the rest of us, and they have minds and other faculties which they use all the time. But what they are doing is to bring a little of this actual practical knowledge down to the plane of formal theory. An extraordinary duality of the mind, truly! To be a soul, to act as a soul, and yet to live half in and half out of a mental state wherein conditions are entirely different! One sometimes wonders what bearing these speculations have upon actual life at all. The achievements of science lie mainly in the region of applied mechanics and chemistry. Physiology brings us closer into contact with vital questions that cannot be ignored and that yet lie without the prescribed domain.

The zoological professor also indulged in a little flight of the imagination; for in lecturing on "The Greater Problems of Biology," he made "Wonderment" a part of his theme. He pointed out that the problems of consciousness and the mystery of the reasoning soul were not for the biologist but the psychologist.

Beyond and remote from physical causation lay the End, the Final Cause of the philosopher, the reason why, in the which were hidden the problems of organic harmony and autonomy and the mysteries of apparent purpose, adaptation, fitness, and design. Here, in the region of teleology, the plain rationalism that guided them through the physical facts and causes began to disappoint them, and Intuition, which was of close kin to Faith [capitals not ours], began to make herself heard.

This is enough to make Tyndall turn in his grave, thereby causing an earthquake in Scotland. He was so very satisfied with the plain rationalism, and died before it began to disappoint. What would he have said of Intuition, if not that it is a secretion of one of our glands? It seems to have taken a long time to realize that purpose, design, etc., are qualities of mind and not of matter. It is absolutely essential that physiologists should study mind and soul, even though their immediate object be the body. What geologist could adequately study the earth if he ignored the existence of the air and the sea?

WARWICK CASTLE: by C. J. Ryan

WARWICK CASTLE, one of the most magnificent and well-preserved of the baronial palaces of the middle ages, is among the first of the historic monuments that American travelers visit in England, for it is in the immediate neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace, to which most Americans pay their respects early in their tour. Warwickshire is a typically English county. It is not only central in situation but, as Henry James writes, "It is the core and center of the English world, midmost England." He rightly considers there is no better way for a stranger who wishes to know something of typical English life and scenery than to spend some time in Warwickshire, with its richly-wooded and densely-grassed undulating landscape, its famous historical relics, and its literary associations. Not only is the county sacred to the memory of Shakespeare, but it is also the scene of many of George Eliot's finest stories. The backgrounds of *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede* are here.

The castle stands on a commanding eminence, overlooking the river Avon, and from every point of view it presents an imposing and highly picturesque appearance. It is little touched by time, though some of it dates from Saxon times, and it passed through a great siege in Cromwellian times. The oldest portion which is conspicuous is Caesar's Tower, a solid building 150 feet high, built soon after the Norman conquest. The greater part of the castle was built in the 14th and 15th centuries, and, with the exception of the great Keep, which has disappeared, it has been very little injured. The roof of the great Hall and some parts of the other buildings were destroyed by fire in 1871, but they have been carefully restored. The dungeons below Caesar's Tower are painfully interesting, and the view from Guy's Tower is famous for its beauty. Guy, Earl of Warwick in the tenth century, is a notable hero of chivalric legend, though it is probable that the stories about him have been greatly exaggerated. Tradition relates that he defeated in single combat a doughty champion of the Danes in the time of Athelstan. If the Dane had won the English would have lost their independence, says the legend. Guy, who was disguised as a simple pilgrim when chosen — through a vision — for the defender of his country, immediately afterwards retired for life to a hermitage in a cave near Warwick, at Guy's Cliff, a romantic spot where the river Avon winds through picturesque rocks, woods, and meadows.

The interior of Warwick Castle contains many priceless relics of antiquity, such as the mace of the great Earl of Warwick, the "King-

maker" (died 1471), relics of the legendary Guy, the helmet of Oliver Cromwell, the well-known Warwick vase found in Hadrian's villa, Tivoli, and many celebrated portraits by Vandyck and Rubens.

Warwick Park is noted for its magnificent ancient cedars. Nathaniel Hawthorne has written about Warwick Castle and the surrounding scenery in a way that cannot be bettered. He says, in one passage:

"We can scarcely think the scene real, so completely do those machicolated towers, the long line of battlements, the high windowed walls, the massive buttresses, shape out our indistinct ideas of the antique time."

MAN AND NATURE: by R. Machell



O sooner is the right man in the right place than order begins to take the place of confusion in any department of human activity; for order is natural and disorder is the result of an interference with the law of nature. There are some who seem to think that natural law can operate without agents and instruments, which is absurd; and there are some who seem to think that the agents and instruments of natural law are gods and angels and spirits, but not men; or that they are microbes and bacteria, and "forces," whatever that may be, and anything invisible and intangible, but not man. And why not man? Is man outside the field of nature, while he is still subject to her laws? That is hardly reasonable.

The divine, the human, and the natural, are but different aspects of the Universal, which is called Nature. The right man was not in power when these separations and limitations took the place of the true teaching. The right man is Theosophy. When Theosophy comes in then knowledge of the unity underlying all multiplicity of manifestations takes the place of ignorance which breeds confusion and causes discord. It is so easy to get hold of one part of the truth, and to make it false by separating it from the other parts of the great whole. This is what men have done and still are doing. And the Teachers, while trying to proclaim the greater Truth, have been forced at times to limit their teachings to that which will serve the immediate need of

the hour by correcting some evil that has sprung from making a dogma out of a partial aspect of truth. Yet in the old mythology preserved in the Scandinavian book of the Wisdom of Brunhilda there is the teaching of man's duty to nature as the instrument of the Higher Law plainly stated in the lines from William Morris' version:

Know thou, most mighty of men, that the Norns shall order all;
And yet without thine helping shall no whit of their will befall.

The Norns are the emblems of Natural Law; they are above mankind and above the gods. All-Father Odin, who seems to correspond to the Greek Zeus, was forced to pay dearly for but a glimpse of their knowledge. They are above all the hierarchies of spiritual beings, a primordial trinity, prototype of all lesser trinities; and yet without man's help, their will remains unaccomplished among men.

It seems as if the Universal Law is supreme, but that in the world of man its action may be blocked by man, creating confusion in that world, and in those dependent upon it, which lies within the sphere of illusion we call Time. This great illusion "produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we pass through eternal duration" (*The Secret Doctrine*), is the field of man's operation, when he blocks the action of the supreme Law by the interposing of his personal will; in it he dreams, and the dream becomes a nightmare, which beneficent nature ends by periodic cataclysms of fire or flood, while the deluded souls returning to their waking soul-state know that it was a dream.

It seems as if this state of illusion, in which we think of ourselves and our world as separate from the divine or from nature, were produced by the refusal of the personal will to carry out the will of the Supreme; for when this opposition ceases and the personal will becomes the direct agent of the spiritual will, order reigns and the world of disorder disappears. This amounts to saying that the illuminated man is no longer in darkness, when the inner light is allowed to shine through his lower mind. But as such men are no longer subject to the darkness, or the illusion of the world, they are lost to those who are still blind and in the dark unless they hold themselves down to that condition in order to help others to get free from the darkness which obscures the true life.

So in the old mythologies we find the Gods, doing on a higher plane what man does in his world, interposing their personal will in

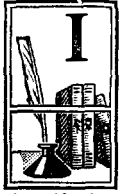
interference with the will of the Supreme, and thereby throwing a veil of illusion over the lower worlds which is the cause of a cycle of strife and discord; for the personal will has shut out the light and suspended the action of the higher Law through the failure of its agent, and produced the illusion of that series of states of consciousness we call Time. The Eternal, being beyond time, is not affected; but that is a mystery to man in his lower consciousness, in which he cannot get away from the reality of time. The lower consciousness is bound up in time, and to it time is reality; but man is not bound up in his lower consciousness, nor is he limited to its field of operation. The eternal is in him and at any moment he may get a ray of that light which we call inspiration or intuition, and by that illumination he may see the solution of the problem and feel his divinity, while utterly unable to put that knowledge so obtained into any satisfactory form of words; he may even be unable to put it into a form of thought, and may find himself with a knowledge that must remain secret.

As natural Law is Universal, so it must operate in an appropriate manner on all planes; "as above so below" (Hermetic maxim); "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven" (a Christian prayer); but as the action of a law is conditioned by the mind and matter on which and through which it acts, it may not be easy to recognize the One Law in its various manifestations. So we find the application of the highest philosophy in the most ordinary circumstances of daily life. for the law is universal; and when we have reached up to some high thought and got some new light, we must find means to see its application to some practical detail of life, or we have again blocked the course of the higher Law, which is seeking to penetrate to the lowest depths of matter through us.

We are thus agents of the higher Law of Nature and it is our duty to get into line as quickly as may be, and to let the light shine through.



COURAGE consists not in hazarding without fear but being resolutely minded in a just cause. . . . The Deity is the brave man's hope and not the coward's excuse. — *Plutarch*

THE WILL AS A CHEMICAL PRODUCT: by Investigator

IN a current review appears an article entitled "The Will as a Chemical Product," accompanied by the portrait of a professor, beneath which is written, "Who holds that what we call 'will' in the lower animals is a mere chemical or physical phenomenon, like the sunflower's turning toward the light." This statement might just as well be turned around so as to run, "What we call chemical action is nothing but a manifestation of the mere will." However, this professor appears to be haunted with the desire to represent the whole universe as a mechanism; for, by a daring use of the "scientific imagination," which vaults scornfully over all gaps in the chain of reasoning, he applies his theory to man — including presumably himself, the author of the theory, since he does not make any mention of himself as an exception.

To begin with the sunflower, which is where the professor begins — the idea is that the solar rays cause chemical actions in the plant, the chemical actions in their turn causing movements which switch the flower around into a position where the balance of forces results in stability. Next we go to the small fresh-water crustacean. This animal, when experimented upon, did not show any heliotropism; but the professor was nothing daunted. He just poured some acid into the water, and the result was that the pollywogs all flocked to the light and stayed there. It was the same when carbonic acid gas or alcohol was put into the water. Our explanation is that the pollywogs were upset by the poisoned water and crowded into that part where the light rendered the water less poisonous or gave them greater strength to resist the ill effects. But the professor has a theory to prop; so his conclusion is that the chemical poured into the water "sensitized" the creature, rendering them heliotropic. It is wonderful what a great theory a little fact can be made to prove!

Passing to ethics — rather a large jump — the professor suggests that persons who exhibit the highest manifestation of ethics — that is, persons who are willing to sacrifice their lives for an idea — are victims of a "tropism." In other words, these unfortunate people have become slaves to the chemical reactions produced in them by the stimuli of ideas.

Well, it may suit this professor to define self-sacrifice as an obsession, but we could give other instances of the obsession of ideas which would fit the definition better. Ethics may be a chemical phenomenon,

but in that case it does not much matter after all, since every other thing in the universe is also a chemical process. The professor himself is a chemical process — so, a fig for his theory! say we; who cares for a theory made by a chemical process? Frankly, we do not believe this theory. But, if the theory is false, it follows that it was *not* made by a chemical process after all; hence it is perhaps *not* false. And so the logic goes round and round.

People who weave theories of this fantastic kind are people whose ideas have no relation to life; they live in a world of imagination. People who can define their own mind as a chemical process — the very mind which they are using all the time — must surely have something the matter with their thinking machinery. And we recognize in the sneer at ethics the shadow of a certain destructive “stimulus” which is certainly not of the sun but which acts on people’s brains a good deal in these days.

Under the influence of a stimulus which has acted on *our* chemical cells, and which we feel powerless to resist, we state without apology that all chemical, physical, and electrical processes are manifestations of will. The action of the sunflower in turning to the sun is a manifestation of will. Without will, no atom could approach or recede from its neighbor. Physical notation cannot get any further than corpuscles separated by empty space; and what short of a will can bridge such a gap? Shall we define the whole universe as chemical processes, or shall we define it as mind and will? Take your choice. In the one case you have a chemical process defining itself as a chemical process; for your mind, which defines, is a chemical process; in the other case you have mind recognizing mind in other beings. Analysis of the universe must begin with consciousness; we must define matter in terms of mind; to attempt to define mind in terms of matter, while at the same time using a mind to do it with, is to make a fundamental mistake in logic that can only lead to a piling up of absurdities.

In speculating as to the cause of motion, try to imagine any other cause for it than volition. You have, let us say, two atoms; they approach one another; here is motion; what causes it? You can only answer “Attraction,” which is only defining it by an equivalent word; for attraction is nothing more than a name for the very thing we are seeking to explain. If we study our own organism we find that volition is the cause of motion, and we infer that it is the same in other people. We are not conscious of any volition that moves our own vital

organs, or the muscles of other people or animals, or the sunflower, or the chemical mixture. But if we do not put these actions under the same category as the ones of which we are conscious, we have to find a new and special explanation for them. It is better to accept, provisionally at least, volition as being one of the fundamental facts of the universe, and to use it as a basis of inference; for volition is a thing of which we have actual experience, while the atoms and blind forces of materialistic speculation are mere suppositions.

But delusions, however erroneous, do actually exist as such in the minds of those obsessed by them; and are capable of giving rise to mischievous actions. We have at present a regular epidemic of awful sociological theories, threatening to develop into action, and based on these mechanical and chemical ideas of the universe. Such proposals as that criminals shall be vivisected, that private or co-operative self-abuse shall be officially taught as a means of keeping down the population, and many other such notions, are the fruit of a perverted and materialistic philosophy. They give a faint idea of the reign of terror that might supervene if the destructive forces now at work should gain the upper hand. A section of the world of thought seems to be going mad and the sooner the people find it out the better.

OPEN-AIR DRAMA: by Per Fernholm, M. E., Royal Institute of Technology (Stockholm)



ALL know that to act with knowledge at the critical moment is like throwing out a kindling spark that sets minds aflame and makes possible things which long have loomed in unattainable horizons. But the spreading of this fire proceeds on inner planes and can not be followed by those ignorant of the source. Seldom does it leave obvious traces in so short a time as is the case in the recent development of the drama.

Not more than twelve years have passed since the hills of Lomaland resounded with the soul-stirring stanzas of the *Eumenides*, the open-air drama being directed and supervised in all its detail by Katherine Tingley, and played by her students. She then declared that a new awakening in this art was at hand and that the drama would be restored once more to its true dignity as a most potent means of expressing the life of the Soul. The seed at that moment planted knowingly by her fell into a rich soil — today there is hardly a coun-

try where an attempt has not been made to present ancient life by representations in the open air.

This year, in Lomaland, another note has been struck, a new impulse given by the presentation of *The Aroma of Athens* in the open-air Greek Theater. More plays are to follow, of different lands and times, opening up limitless opportunities for all who are in earnest and have the welfare of the nations at heart. Ancient life is here given in unstained purity, suffused with the inspiring splendor of soul-life. Here all the rays come from within, from above; the false glamor from below has no place.

Elsewhere efforts have not always been successful, and we need not wonder at that. Where do we find knowledge of ancient times except in regard to scattered details of superficial life? Modern plays are few which can withstand the silent environment of nature, for there the conflict of human passions are out of place, as also much of the modern way of acting, dissecting emotions and sensations. Nature demands sincerity, and requires that a rôle should not only be *acted*, but actually *lived*, supported by a worthy life. Then only will nature help in many a hidden way; then only shall we have before our eyes the drama of all ages: Man learning to use his own powers wisely and to work in harmony with Nature.

One of the happier attempts outside Lomaland seems to have been that made in Sweden this summer by a band of young and enthusiastic actors. Their success may be due to the fact that they started out with the sincere wish to give the people out in the country who never had seen a play, and especially the young, an opportunity to obtain a glimpse of their ancient life. Refreshing simplicity and heart-feeling characterized their whole work, going around, as they did, from place to place where the young usually meet in summertime, selecting a fit place on a mountain, at a lake, in a grove, or whatever they could find, the audience having to resort to the flower-sprinkled grassy slope of a hill. Over one hundred representations were given in this way, most of them far away from cities.

Even as a string vibrates when its note is sounded from a distance, so the deeper heart-strings vibrate when their note is struck; and it seems as if a new means of reaching the people has been found in such representations.

If only the highest and purest notes be sounded, as was the case in Lomaland, new and helpful forces are called into play in human life.

INTRA-ATOMIC ENERGY: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

WILL the turn of Keeley (of motor fame) come for vindication? The turn of the Keeley *principle*, the disintegration of atoms by sound, and the consequent liberation of their stored energy, undoubtedly will.

In his recent address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science Sir William Ramsay dealt with the *self*-disintegration of atoms, especially radium atoms, and then went on:

This leads to the speculation whether, if elements are capable of disintegration, the world may not have at its disposal a hitherto unsuspected source of energy. If radium were to evolve its stored-up energy at the same rate that gun-cotton does, we should have an undreamed of explosive; could we control the rate we should have a useful and potent source of energy. . . . If some form of catalyser [promotor of atomic change] could be discovered which would usefully increase their [such elements as radium] almost inconceivably slow rate of change, then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered.

A *Scientific American* writer follows on naturally :

Iodide of nitrogen, a black powder, is one of the most dangerous of all explosives. When dry, the slightest touch will often cause it to explode with great violence. There appears to be a certain rate of vibration which this compound cannot resist. Some of it in the damp state was rubbed on the strings of a bass viol. It is known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument, having an equal tension, are played upon. In the present case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another bass viol was brought near and its strings sounded. At a certain note the iodide exploded. It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty per second was communicated to the prepared strings. The note G caused an explosion while E had no effect.

The writer goes on to state that damage to stone and brick walls has been traced to long continued violin playing.

It follows, of course, that there must have been continuous playing for years to cause the loosening of masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do so in time.

The point of interest is *the special rate of vibration* required to set free the energy locked up in the iodide of nitrogen. It was *intra-molecular* energy. Sir William Ramsay was referring to the far greater stores of *intra-atomic* energy, energy *within* the atoms, holding each one together. The other ties them one to another within the molecule, i. e., holds the molecule together.

But may not the atom too respond to some special rate of vibration

producibile by sound, lying far among the upper harmonics of any audible tone? This at any rate was Keeley's statement and claim. The causes of his equally unquestionable successes and failure may be worth looking into once more now that a certain high temperature surrounding the subject has died down. *Sound* may be Sir William Ramsay's "catalyser."

A JAPANESE WRITER'S VIEWS ON MODERN CIVILIZATION: Contributed by E. S. (Tokyo, Japan)

IN an essay on the future of civilization in Japan, quoted in the *Japan Chronicle*, Dr. Otsuki says:

There can be little doubt that Western civilization and Japanese civilization will eventually be united. . . . The harmonizing of the two can be brought about only by mutual concessions; but it seems to me it would be a calamity if we were to concede too much. There are times when one feels as Dr. Nitobe felt when he wrote his *Soul of Japan*, and as Lafcadio Hearn felt when he described the moral beauty of old Japan; one fears that in their conflict with European civilization our Japanese ideals will be gradually wiped out, that the good and the beautiful as we have known it and loved it, will be sacrificed to the coarser forms of modern utilitarianism. . . .

The blending of the two civilizations

leads us to inquire what is likely to be the future of Western civilization. On this subject there is a great variety of opinion in the West; but of one thing deep thinkers seem sure: the present system of material civilization can only escape from ending in a terrible cataclysm by the addition to it of spiritual and moral elements that will guide, control, and conserve its energy. . . . Is it not possible that Japan may be able to take a prominent part in this work? Can she not save Europe and America from the dangers that now beset them? If by blending her civilization with theirs she can supply the elements of strength and permanence which are now lacking, then her future as well as that of Western nations will be one of increasing prosperity. But if, while receiving from Europe and America much that is good, she takes also much that is distinctly bad, and in addition to this, she allows her own fine old system of civilization to be blotted out of existence — then her future destiny cannot be contemplated by any patriotic Japanese with anything but grave misgiving and profound grief.

COPAN, AND ITS POSITION IN AMERICAN HISTORY: by William E. Gates



NO place among all the sites of ancient ruins on the continent of America, arouses a livelier interest in both the observer and the student, than does Copan. Other remains, in Peru, and even in Mexico, are of vaster bulk; but the ensemble of Copan produces upon the mind an effect comparable in Egypt only by that of Thebes. And this evidence grows and is supported at every step by the evidence of such researches and excavations as it has been so far possible to carry on.

All would seem to indicate a gradual addition of new features accompanied by abandonment of older parts. It can readily be seen how a process of this kind carried on for centuries, without any well designed plan to adhere to or any definite idea to carry out, would result in a great complex mass of structures like that of Copan to puzzle and perplex the explorer.

There are other evidences that point to several successive periods of occupation. The river front presents what looks like *at least three great strata*, divided by floors or pavements of mortar cement. If these floors mark the various levels corresponding to different epochs in the history of the city, the question of the age of the ruins becomes still more complicated; for between each successive period of occupancy *there is the period of silence*, the length of which can only be inferred from the thickness of the superimposed stratum.—Dr. Geo. B. Gordon, *Exploration of Copan*, (in Peabody Museum *Memoirs*).

The ruins of Copan lie on the level plain of a beautiful valley, a mile and a half wide by seven or eight miles long, in Honduras, some twelve miles east of the Guatemala boundary. The site thus marks the eastern limit of the region covered by the ancient Maya remains and inscriptions, as Palenque about marks its western edge, a short distance beyond the Guatemala line, in the Mexican state of Chiapas. The valley of Copan is watered by a swift river which enters and leaves by a gorge, washing the eastern side of the ruins. The force of the annual freshets each year carries away more of this river wall, and by its washings has shown that the entire elevation of 120 feet is of historical or artificial growth, showing the stratification of occupancy mentioned by Dr. Gordon, and yielding fragments of pottery and obsidian down to the water level.

As can be seen by the plan, the ruins form a composite whole, some 2300 by 1400 feet, and the historical development of the site is shown by three independent pieces of evidence. Of these the most striking at first sight is the very apparent growth of the ground plan, pointing to

successive additions and enlargements of an original nucleus, just as we see at Thebes. The second evidence is that of excavation, which proves beyond all question, even by the little so far done, that new structures and temples were built upon or into the old. And this evidence is corroborated by the dates on some of the monuments.

The striking unity of the whole group of structures at Copan is therefore a composite unity, the result of long-continued occupation. Structures and temples were built and used; life flowed on around them, and after lapses of time whose length we have no means whatever (save in one case) of even estimating, other buildings were added, and the earlier ones built over, or even covered up by the new. People do not build temples and tear them down to build new ones the next year; nor on the other hand do alien peoples and civilizations expand by a harmonious enlargement the works of those they supersede, but rather change, destroy, or build their own.

The first thing then to be realized about the entire group of structures at Copan is their composite unity; then that this is not the result of a single construction, but of growth and successive additions; then that these periods of enlargement are separated by other, more or less long, periods of continued use and occupation, during which the civilization of the people maintained itself, somewhat modified by time, but not broken or interrupted. And finally, this evidence, together with that of the monumental dates, to which we will come, has so far only to do with the ground plan and the structures we can discover by a few feet of digging on the surface of the plain of Copan; for we have not the slightest means as yet of relating anything we can see at Copan to the various strata of occupation, with intervening silence, marked on the 120 feet of the disintegrating river wall. Those periods of silence may indeed, for everything we can yet tell, be the silence of non-occupation, of civilizations destroyed and forgotten, only to be followed by others. One Copan after another may have been built upon the obliterated site of its predecessor. Whatever evidence there is, read in comparison with similar evidence elsewhere, points to that; a few years ago we disbelieved in a historical Troy, only to find successive Troys, and many like places elsewhere, built one above the other. To *deny* the like or its probability at Copan, would be foolish.

But to return to the Copan whose remains we can see, one great question is forced upon us at the very outset. That is this: what must have been the state of the *American continent*, as regards civil-

ization, during the ages into which we are trying to look? And that they were long ages, even for the Copan we have before us, we shall presently see. While all this was going on there, what was the rest of the continent like? Our preconceived notions of savagery or nomadic tribal communities must be thrown entirely to the winds, together with the statement of the historian Robertson, made in 1777, that in all New Spain there is not "any monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the Conquest."

As a first step towards an appreciation of the place of Copan in American history, we must consider the actual state of New Spain (that is, the region from the Rio Grande to Panama, approximately) at the time of the Discovery. The Aztecs were in possession of the valley of Mexico, with an elaborate civilization, fairly comparable if not superior to that of Europe at the same time; but their history only goes back a few hundred years, for they were merely a warlike nation who had come in, probably from the north, and were about comparable to the Manchus in China, or the Goths in Rome. They settled upon and appropriated *some* (a very small part) of the civilization before them. Around them were various semi-independent peoples whom they had neither destroyed nor entirely subdued, and among whom they had only a primacy of force. To the southwest of Mexico the ancient Zapotec kingdom still existed, a link with the past, towards its end, but still owing nothing to the Aztecs. In Yucatan and Central America were the fragments of the Mayan peoples, broken up into half a dozen main language stocks, and a score of separate dialects. Between the Mayas and those of Mexico there was some intercourse and a little borrowing, with some very ancient traditions probably in common. In culture and mythology, as to which we have limited material for comparison, and in language, as to which we have ample material, they were about as much alike, or as closely related, as the ancient Germans to the ancient Romans. Both were Americans, as the others were Aryans, with a common inheritance of tradition, mythology, and language type; no more.

Beyond all possible dispute, the Mayas were indefinitely the older people. The Aztecs had but a picture or rebus writing, and there is no evidence they ever had more than this. There are slight traces of writing akin to the Maya, among the Zapotecs. But the Mayas had a complete system of genuine hieroglyphic writing, certainly not derived from the Aztec picture-writing, but dissimilar from this in every way,

with monuments antedating the period of Aztec history, on which the hieroglyphic forms are fully developed and perfect. The civilization, monuments, and hieroglyphs of Copan, Palenque, and of Tikal in southern Yucatan, are Mayan; but they are not the Mayan of the time of the Discovery.

The period immediately preceding the entry of the Spaniards is a historical period. We have various chronicles written by native hands, princes, priests or recorders, giving us some of the early cosmic traditions, brought down into contemporary times. We have these in Maya for Yucatan, and in Quiché-Cakchiquel for Guatemala. In each case the period of definable history goes back several centuries, but throws no light on the earlier period. In 1500 the triple Quiché kingdom was still a powerful and civilized nation; and if we know less of it than we do of the Aztec it is only because it was more quickly wiped out, because Lake Tezcoco and not Lake Atitlán became the seat of the Spanish capital, and because no efforts were made at the time to preserve the Mayan knowledge and traditions, as was done by a few in Mexico.

In northern Yucatan the capital of the last Mayan confederacy, Mayapán, had been destroyed in the middle of the 15th century; Chichén Itzá lasted as a city practically up to that time; and on the island of Tayasal in Lake Petén, southern Yucatan, there was a powerful and flourishing Itzá nation down to 1697. Of the architecture, manner of life, house furnishings, etc. of the different living Maya centers we have reasonably full descriptions left by different Spanish writers of the time. And they do not correspond in the smallest degree, to the monuments and buildings we have left at Copan and other ancient, abandoned sites. We are only able to trace a continuation of the type, and to know that the same hieroglyphic writing we find on the carved monuments of the older places, continued to be used until the Conquest. So that after sifting the various descriptions, we find that even the powerful cities of Tayasal and Uxatlán, the Quiché capital, were but villages in comparison. The nearest link is Chichén Itzá, which seems to have been the last really great Maya city. Its architectural remains are indeed in size and extent comparable with the older sites; but in style and in the life of the people displayed by the carved and painted scenes, it is like comparing the Egypt of the Ptolemies with that of Ramessu and Hatshepsu. But Chichén Itzá itself was abandoned as the capital at least a century

before the coming of the Spaniards. And to quote from the description of Mr. A. P. Maudslay, from whose great work most of our illustrations are taken, after saying: "I fear that this slight description of Chichén must wholly fail to convey to my readers the sensation of a ghostly grandeur and magnificence which becomes almost oppressive to one who wanders day after day amongst the ruined buildings"; and then after noting various differences between the ruins of Chichén and those of Copan and Quiriguá, he adds:

the absence of sculptured stelae, the scarcity of hieroglyphic inscriptions, and, most important of all, the fact that every man is shown as a warrior with atlatl and spears in his hand; the only representation of a woman depicts her watching a battle from the roof of a house in a beleaguered town, whereas at Copan and Quirigua there are no representations of weapons of war, and at Copan a woman was deemed worthy of a fine statue in the Great Plaza [see illustration, Stela P]. I am inclined to think that it must have been the stress of war that drove the peaceable inhabitants of the fertile valleys of the Motagua and Usumacinta and the highlands of the Vera Cruz [Copan], to the less hospitable plains of Yucatan, where, having learnt the arts of war, they re-established their power. Then again they passed through evil times: intertribal feuds and Nalua invasions may account for the destruction and abandonment of their great cities, such as Chichén Itzá and Mayapán, . . .

So much for the Maya civilization in the 15th century, and its then centers and capitals. But of Copan, Palenque, Tikal, and Quiriguá, we have not the slightest trace as living cities. Cortes visited Tayasal on his way to Honduras; Alvarado overran and conquered the Quiché kingdoms; but no one even mentioned the existence of any of these older places. Not a tradition about any of them has ever been discovered among the living natives at any time; for all we can see they were *then* buried, in ruins, in the forests, and forgotten.

In 1576 Diego García de Palacio, Judge of the Royal Audiencia, made a report to King Philip II of his travels, by royal order, in what is now eastern Guatemala and western Honduras. He reached Copan, and describes "ruins and vestiges of a great civilization and of superb edifices, of such skill and splendor that it appears that they could never have been built by the natives of that province." He sought, but could find no tradition of their history, save that a great lord had come there in time past, built the monuments and gone away, leaving them deserted. This, in the face of what we see on the site, means exactly nothing. Palacio's original manuscript, which is still in existence, was forgotten, only to be later discovered, and

printed first in 1860. For 259 years Copan was again forgotten, until visited in 1835 by John L. Stephens. Palenque for its part remained entirely unknown until about the middle of the 18th century. For what we know of real value concerning these ruins we are indebted to the works of Stephens, to the archaeological survey and excavations carried on by Mr. A. P. Maudslay, by the Peabody Museum of Cambridge, and to a few less extended visits by other explorers. In 1891, by the enlightened zeal of President Bográn of Honduras, the Peabody Museum acquired the official care of the Copan ruins for a period of years.

As seen upon the plan, Copan consists of a group of pyramids, on the summit of each of which probably once stood a small temple; of terraces and walls; and finally of sculptured pillars or stelae, each of which has or had before it a low, so-called altar. Nearly all of these stelae bear on one face a human figure surrounded by most elaborate symbolism of dress, ornament, and other figures. The faces are dignified and for the most part not grotesque. Above the head is usually a triple overshadowing. The main symbolism is worked out in bird and serpent motifs, and into the dress at different parts of the body, notably the chest, are worked medallions of faces, as if to symbolize different human centers of consciousness in the body. The sides and back of all are covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions, whose general characteristic it is to begin with a date, which is followed by the indication of intervals which reach to other dates throughout the whole inscription. This statement holds good for practically all Mayan monumental inscriptions, on stelae or otherwise. And these dates, or most of them, are all we can yet read of these writings. We can, that is, read them in their own terms, but without being definitely able to translate them into our chronology.

The first and greatest work done by the Peabody Museum was in the excavation and partial restoration of the Hieroglyphic Stairway. This stairway is on the west side of mound 26, almost in the center of the plan. It is 26 feet wide, with a three foot carved balustrade on each side. The risers of the steps are carved with a hieroglyphic inscription; at the base is an altar, and the ascent is, or was, broken by seated figures. But fifteen steps are left in place, although an approximate restoration was made by Dr. Gordon of the position of what were probably the upper rows. Originally they must have numbered about ninety, to the top of a pyramid as many feet high; but

a landslip at some time, probably since Palacio's time, carried the upper rows down and on over the lower ones, which remained buried until Maudslay's first visit. Palacio mentioned a great flight of steps descending to the river, which the river may have destroyed.

In front of the Stairway stands Stelae M, of which Dr. Gordon closes by saying: "It would seem to have stood in front of the older edifice, that served at last as a foundation for the Hieroglyphic Stairway with its temple, for centuries before the latter was built." And what now is the chronological evidence on these monuments?

Without going into what would be long details to set forth even what is known of the very elaborate Maya methods of time reckoning, it is enough to say that these sculptured dates regularly specify a certain day (indicated by the combination of twenty names with thirteen numbers), and hence recurring only once in 260 days, falling on a certain day of a certain month, in a certain year expressed by *four numbers in vigesimal* (instead of decimal) *progression*, so that the successive figures stand for 1, 20, 400, and 8000 years, instead of as with us, 1, 10, 100, 1000. It is a moot point whether the dates include the next stage, of 160,000 years, in the reckoning, or not. And it may be stated by the way, that though the Mayas knew and used the ordinary solar year, their long chronological count was kept in terms of 360 days, the same as we find in co-ordinate use in ancient India, and perhaps significantly identical with the perfect circle of 360 degrees. Whatever the fact, however, as to these higher periods, it is established that nearly all the Maya inscription dates occur within the ninth 400 of the current 8000-year cycle; that is, they are dated between about 3200 and 3600 years after the initial date of that particular period. It is not possible for us to consider these dates other than as the contemporary dates of the monuments themselves; and the great number of them, all over the Maya territory, slightly varying for different sites, points most clearly to a special "building" period of about that extent.

A very few monumental dates go much back of this period. The initial dates of the Temples of the Sun and of the Foliated Cross at Palenque both fall in the 765th year of the same current 8000-year cycle, and that of the Temple of the Cross about five years before that great cycle began. But as these inscriptions then go on to cover long successions of years, *these* earlier dates are probably historical, but not contemporary. On the other hand, a very few dates come on into

the tenth 400; and the only large stela bearing so late a date is at Chichén Itzá, the last great Maya city, so far as our history goes. An analysis of the groupings of these dates on the various monuments of the different sites, and their mutual comparison, gives a good deal of basis to check future historical researches, and at Copan it gives us one definite confirmation, already referred to, of the evidence which the structures themselves afford of successive separated "building" periods, with continued intervening use. Of four consecutive and deciphered dates on the fifteen lower steps of the Stairway, still in position, at Copan, the second and third are respectively 48 and 74 years, and the last, at the lower right hand of our illustration, is 937 years, 44 days *later than the first*. We can hardly regard this date as a future or prophetic one; it must be, like similar final dates of long inscriptions at Palenque, the contemporary date of the structure. All the other dates at Copan, those as initial dates on stelae, fall within the "building" era of the ninth 400, which we have mentioned as common to nearly all the inscriptions — except one, Stela C, in the middle of the north part of the Great Plaza, whose date is apparently almost contemporary with this final date of the stairway. And these two dates are 730 years later than any other stela date at Copan. Of Stela C, Dr. Gordon says:

The two monuments [the Stela and the Stairway] have certain technical affinities in the carving, as though they might have been the work of the same master.

In short, while we are still far from the end, the story of the monuments and their dates alike so far is that there was a great building period among the most ancient known Maya cities, in what we know as the ninth period, about date 3400 of the current cycle; that Copan shared in this; that then such building ceased, so far as dated monuments go, at Copan for some 730 years. That then the Stairway was rebuilt over a former pyramid, and Stela C erected; that this latter period was a few hundred years later than one Stela we find at Chichén Itzá; that after that silence fell, oblivion for all the southern sites, and internal strife, warfare, and disintegration for the last great Itzá city; then its abandonment; and then finally, on new sites, local dynastic histories, *each silent as to these earlier places*, yet embracing several hundred years of history, and carrying on even into Spanish times what were still then powerful and, as things went, civilized kingdoms. But they were not Copan.

SCIENTIFIC BREVITIES: by the Busy Bee

EGYPTIAN mummies have been put to a use for which they were probably never intended — the manufacture of a particular fine brown pigment. The body, being preserved in the finest bitumen, has assumed an appearance like leather; and it has been found that this mixture of bitumen and leather, when ground down, makes a brown pigment prized by portrait painters for the representation of brown hair.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is responsible for the statement that the power which drives the mechanism of a watch is equivalent to only four times that used in a flea's jump; or, in mathematical language, a watch is a four-flea-power motor. One horse-power would suffice to drive 270,000,000 watches, whence we infer that one horse is equivalent to more than a billion fleas! We suggest the dividing of the horse-power unit into convenient sub-multiples, such as the dog-power or the mouse-power, instead of using the names of people, like Watt and Joule.

MEDIEVAL churches took whole reigns to build, and some of the monuments left to us from antiquity may have taken centuries. Structures designed for more immediate and less enduring purposes can be rushed up in a very business-like way. In fact the stately pile can be reared by gasoline jacks. Reference is had to the description and pictures of a church which was built in this way. It is of concrete; the molds are laid horizontally upon the jacks, and the walls cast each in one solid piece. Then the motors are started and the structure rears itself into place.

EVIDENCE as to the persistency of life is afforded by some experiments in which fish were frozen up in their water, and the block of ice then cooled down to 20° C. below the freezing point; after thawing, the fish came to life and swam about as usual. Yet, if the frozen block were broken, the fish would break up into little pieces along with the ice. Frogs can be frozen down to 28° C. below the freezing point and still revive; while snails will resist 120° C. From this it may be inferred that life can be preserved throughout long periods of glaciation.

It is reported that the farmers in the province of Skåne, Sweden, have organized to build a central station to furnish their farms with electric current, which will be used both for mechanical power and for lighting; and that in another part of the country the farmers have

formed a company to purchase power from a power station and distribute it to the farms.

At a meeting of the Selborne Society (for Natural History) England, it was suggested that a sanctuary for wild birds should be provided and a tract of wild country acquired and set aside for the preservation of birds likely to become exterminated, such as the chough, the raven, the buzzard, the peregrine, and the kite. If the Government did not see its way to undertake the work, it might give a grant as the nucleus for an appeal for subscriptions. The United States, Switzerland, and Austria already provide such sanctuaries.

By looking at one object too hard we may so bedazzle ourselves that we can see nothing else. This remark is suggested by the views of a botanist who appears to regard the colors and scents of flowers as being designed entirely and solely for the benefit of insects, in order that the insects may pollinize the flowers. We dare say that object forms part of the plan; but we surmise it does not form the whole plan. Birds carry seeds, but that is not the sole object and purpose of a bird's existence. Besides, the idea that insects and flowers were created for each other reminds one of the old story of the posts that held up the wires and the wires that held up the posts.

THE Swiss correspondent of the London *Morning Post* said recently that the glaciers in the Rhône district of Switzerland are in retreat, some of them to an extent "which may almost be described as alarming." The Arolla glacier has receded 85ft. in the past twelve months; the Aletsch, the longest in the Alps, 65ft.; the Gorner, 58; the Zinal, 51; while the Turtmann, in the Zermatt range, and the Zanfleurén or Sanctsch have retreated nearly 46ft. each. Within the last ten years the Zigiornuovo glacier has shrunk by 904ft., the Zanfleurén by 718, the Aletsch by 459, the Zinal by 378, and the Gorner by nearly 190. Other glaciers were observed, and all showed more or less shrinkage; but, as for the small Mont Bouvin glacier, in the space of four years it has entirely "disappeared from sight"—a cautious expression. These changes may of course be part of a periodic variation.

THE encroachment of the sea on the east coast of England is such that at Pakefield, near Lowestoft, a row of cottages has been brought to the edge of the cliff. In one of these cottages live an old couple, who own the house, but are now forced to move, as the cliff edge is only a few feet from the front door. The woman was born in the cottage and

remembers when it was a good walk to reach the cliff. Old fishermen in Pakefield are now catching fish where as boys they gathered blackberries.

Such rapid encroachments of the sea on some shores, accompanied by recession of the sea on others, alone suffice to account for great changes in the course of ages. These changes include tilting of the strata and change of the configuration of the shores. Judging by general analogy, one would infer that geological changes are of various speeds, some very gradual, others more rapid, just like the work of running water, which goes on all the time and yet may accomplish more during a single flood than during several ordinary years. There is room for both the "catastrophists" and the advocates of slow and gradual movement.

THAT the presence of comets causes or indicates hot weather is an item of ancient belief, and theorists may choose between rejecting or explaining it. There is a well-known story of a philosopher, who, desirous of proving that his philosophy could, if need be, be turned to material profit, bought up some vineyards in view of a prospective comet, thus reaping the harvest of a good season. The phrase "comet vintage", as applying to wine, is also well known. A recent theory, as announced in the papers, attributes the great heat of the summer of 1911 to the presence of a comet in the solar system, the head of the comet being supposed to act like a lens and to concentrate the solar power. Whether or not this lens plays any tricks with optics, we are not told. As science progresses, more attention is paid to the influence of electric and magnetic conditions upon the weather; while recent discoveries provide us with an ample machinery of rays and emanations to act as go-betweens from celestial bodies to the earth.

This is the Dog that worried the Cat
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

So says an ancient poem, and it reminds us of the "balance of nature" which people are always upsetting. If we kill the Dog there will be too many cats and they will have to supplement their rat-diet with birds. If we kill the Cat, the Rat will eat all the Malt; and if we kill the Rat, we starve the Cat. So with agriculture; one scarcely knows what to kill or what to spare. We are told now that we must avoid deep plowing, or we shall kill the Spider which worries the Grub

which eats the Crop that Jack sowed. This spider is the aerial spider, a small but very numerous creature who — doesn't fly, but uses a filament of web as an aeroplane. A writer in *The Technical World Magazine* has studied their habits. Their webs are seen during the warm autumn days floating in countless numbers through the air; but even these are but a small fraction of the real number; for what we see are merely the ones who have made failures and got their aeroplanes caught on something. It is estimated that on cultivated grass-land there are enormous numbers of these spiders per square foot.

As to the "old style" and "new style" calendars, people are often in doubt as to the number of days by which these differ from each other, and whether to add or subtract the days. If we remember that when the new style is adopted anywhere, days are omitted from the calendar, and the date thereby set forward, we shall see that the old style dates are always behind those of the new style, and we must add or subtract as required. The astronomer Clavius, whose work has lent immortality to the name of Pope Gregory XIII, put the calendar date ten days forward, to make up for the error which had been accumulating for centuries. This was in the 16th century. To prevent the calendar from getting wrong again, he suppressed the intercalary days (Feb. 29) three times in every 400 years, namely, in 1700, 1800, 1900, but not in 1600 or 2000, the intercalary days being thus allowed to remain in every century year whose first two digits are divisible by 4. By the time England made the change it was necessary to put the date forward 11 days, as this was in the 18th century, and the year 1700 had intervened. Those countries which have not yet adopted the change were 12 days behind in the 19th century, and are now 13 days behind. The correct way to write a date so as to represent it in both styles is, for instance, July 31 / Aug. 13, 1911; or July 31 / Aug. 12, 1831. The calendars, unless the old style is given up, will continue to differ by 13 days until March 1st, 2100.

A WRITER on heredity says that if a person has not inherited the music disposition, he will never become a musician, although he may acquire a knowledge of music; and that a person not born with the potentiality of the poetical disposition will never be a poet, although he may gain a knowledge of prosody. This is a dogmatic statement, but it does not amount to much after all; for it can be turned around by saying that if a person does not become a musician or a poet, the in-

ference is that he has not inherited the faculties. Thus it is mainly a question of words and phrases.

At all events let the aspirant to the Muses put the matter to a practical test. Let him strive to become a poet or a musician; and if he succeeds, he can say: "See, I must have inherited the power." If he fails, why then he can foist the blame upon heredity.

But surely it would be difficult, in many cases of musical genius, to trace the effect to heredity. Still harder would it be, reversing the process, to predict such hereditament. So the above-quoted theory is only tantamount to an acknowledgment of the facts and the provision of a plausible formulation of them.

Characteristics come partly from the parental and ancestral soil wherein the human seed grows; partly from the mental atmosphere of the race and community; partly from one's education; and partly from qualities which the Individual himself has brought over from his own past. All of these concomitants have to be taken into account in considering the question of heredity. Needless to say, nobody should permit his efforts and aspirations to be relaxed in consequence of any dogma or theory which may tend to cast discouragement thereon.

To BE conscious of one's ignorance is to have taken the first step from folly towards wisdom; and doubtless the tremendous overhauling that is now taking place in the stock of our ideas should be taken as a hopeful sign rather than an omen of woe. Hence the fact that chaos, as it seems, reigns in our ideas about the science of agriculture may be regarded as the sign that something is about to hatch out.

According to quotations made by *The Literary Digest*, a university professor of agricultural science takes to task the Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture. These opponents take diametrically opposite views with regard to the care of the soil. The Bureau is credited, on the strength of quotations from its circulars, with maintaining that the soil contains an inexhaustible fund of plant food which is continually replaced by natural processes. Its opponents declare that this teaching is wrong and disastrous. The professor in question claims to have taken the opinions of most of the land-grant experiment stations, and maintains that the opinions of the Bureau are derided by these and by most other authorities in this country and in Europe. The soil needs to be taken care of, or else it will become barren. History is quoted in support.

This controversy indicates that our theories are in a state of chaos.

The more we learn about agriculture, the more there is to learn; for each new discovery opens up a new field. Plants need mineral food; they need nitrogen; they need bacteria to help them get the nitrogen. The chemist, the physicist, and the biologist all have a say in agriculture. Some of the great nations of the past seem to have known a good deal about agriculture; and probably there is a good deal of their knowledge that has not yet been transmitted or revived.

THE statement that the emu is almost extinct is misleading, says an Australian correspondent to a scientific paper. The birds exist in large numbers in north and northwest New South Wales and practically all over Queensland, and South and Western Australia. And he adds that he does not think they will become extinct yet, "because they are practically valueless." Can this be an instance of the survival of the fittest? The naïve assumption that man destroys that which he values can but lead to the scientific inference that the world will become stocked with things which man does not value. Hence, whatever may be supposed to be the case in nature, the influence of man is to promote the survival of the unfit. True, this works out all right for nature, but man becomes reduced to a mere destructive agency whose influence nature eliminates. Eventually, on this theory, man will find himself the denizen of a world stocked with things which are to him "practically valueless"; and then, presumably, he will leave off destroying, for want of anything to destroy.

Still it must not be forgotten that man, even in such a destructive civilization as the present, is a creator. He is potent on the invisible planes where thoughts are things; and according to hints given in the ancient teachings, mankind is concerned in the processes by which the animated forms of nature are evolved.

WITH regard to instinct in animals, people are sometimes prone to take too extreme views. Experience teaches us that instinct which is so reliable in beaten tracks of habit proves a failure in unfamiliar circumstances. A bird in a room cannot find the way out, even when door and windows are open, but flies back and forth just above the level of the openings. But even here we must be cautious; for animals can adapt themselves to new circumstances. The timid wild-bird learns to feed from the hand. In this respect we notice degrees among different animals, some having more plastic minds than others; this marks different upward stages in the perfection of the animal monad.

Because instinct, the accumulation of age-long experience, is so infallible in ordinary cases, we must not assume that it cannot err. On the contrary we often meet with cases of dunderhead stupidity and of a blind addiction to custom that savors almost of automatism. Thus a correspondent of an English paper writes about a blackbird which had been brought up as a nestling in the house. When grown up and given her liberty, she insisted on coming back to build, and made her nest in a bookshelf. But the family was a failure, because the hen had no mate and nature failed to depart from her rule; there were no young; fertile eggs had to be procured for her to hatch.

Another story in the same paper tells of a mare which lost her foal and was given a calf dressed in the skin of the departed. The giving of stuffed calves to cows, while being milked, is a familiar practice. In animals we see minds in course of development, capable of considerable growth, but within limits. The self-conscious ego, characteristic of man, is not there. We must bear in mind that the animal is an animal soul (or monad) within a form; that it is the monad which undergoes the evolution; and that though an animal does not become a man, that which ensouls the animal will in some future cycle of evolution enter into the making of man. It is by the gift of the self-conscious Mind, which links the Spiritual to the terrestrial, that the animal consciousness was made to subserve the purposes of the human kingdom.

WHILE the acknowledged scientific method of inquiry consists in logical inferences from observations, it is well known that a very limited amount of observation is frequently made to support an unlimited amount of inference. The "scientific use of the imagination" (Tyndall) is highly recommended, but may o'erleap itself and "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name," unless checked by some sedater quality.

We see that a biologist has gone back in imaginative speculation beyond "protoplasm" as the origin of life; for, just as the physicists have subdivided their atom into electrons, so this theorist has subdivided his protoplasm into something still more elementary and primordial, which he calls "mycoplasm." The first part of the word means "fungus," so now we can speak of our ancestor as the primordial fungus; and indeed fungoid traits do seem to survive in some people. Science, we are told, knows a whole world of minute corpuscles which do not need oxygen for their existence and cannot be killed

by boiling water. They do not make the amoeboid movements characteristic of protoplasm and are immune to the strongest poisons. This kind of creature, therefore, could exist on earth long before protoplasm could, as it is so very hardy; and from it, as soon as the crust had cooled and oxygen been formed, the protoplasm sprang. Such is the theory, but it may be wrong. What we want to know, however, is what the mycoplasmas sprang from; because either they must have sprung from something else, or else they are the great "I Am," eternal and uncreate.

It is a curious method, this, which traces the great back to the small, thus making the small greater than the great. The man in a silk hat proceeded from the man without a silk hat, and he from the ape, and the ape from the duck-billed platypus, and so on back to Haeckel's "moneron," and back again to this primordial mushroom.

So we may trace the scale of numbers back to prime factors and to unity; but between the unit and the zero, infinitude stretches. Is not unity, though in one sense the smallest of numbers, in all other senses the greatest? From whatever source we derive life, that source must be greater than life itself. So let us set up an image of the Mycoplasma and worship it. Jehovah himself could not have done more than it has done.

Is it not clear that material evolution is but one aspect, and that a small one, of the process? Growth and evolution mean nothing if not a coming into visibility from invisibility, into actuality from potentiality. A seed grows; and, seen from the material point of view, it seems to grow from nothing. But all the time the material plant is unfolding, something unseen is expanding into it. Evolution is a two-fold process. A mycoplasma would lie forever wrapped in its complacent hardihood in the primordial fiery atmosphere, unless some Impulse gave it the word to unfold and turn itself into protoplasm. The view of the world as a great machine without any motive power, and running by the power of its own motion, may be interesting, but it is not convincing.

If ever our globe were in such a primitive condition as that imagined, it is equally certain that the life-impulse which it received came from somewhere; and all analogy would lead us to surmise that that life-impulse came from another globe. But obviously the matter is too vast for little theories. The important point is that some theorists, in spite of good intentions, appear to have got things wrong way up.

CONFLICT OF THE AGES: by S. F.

THE bugle calls! while far and near
 The gathering hosts are marching by;
 Their clanging arms, their tread I hear,
 The sounds which tell the strife is nigh.

To arms! to arms! each loyal heart
 Responsive trembles at the call!
 Each valorous soul will do his part
 To win the victory for all.

'Tis not for selfish worldly gain,
 For cross or crescent, king or crown,
 They marshal on the battle plain
 To strike the bold usurper down.

It is no mortal foe they seek —
 No Brother's blood they wish to spill,
 Nor strong that triumph o'er the weak —
 Their good to gain through other's ill.

Ah no! the world has never yet
 Been called to arm for such a fray,
 Nor e'er such countless hosts have met
 As those that bear the sword today.

'Tis hidden Forces they oppose —
 A subtle Power that rules the earth —
 While Nature shudders in her throes
 To bring the Savior, Truth, to birth.

And 'tis not only men's weak hands
 Which bear aloft the spear and lance —
 Lo! o'er the plains the Master's bands
 With swift and noiseless feet advance.

The Helpers of mankind are They —
 Great Elder Brothers of the Race!
 At dawning of the grand New Day
 Each Warrior stands within his place.

The Order of the Ages New
 Has come at last in dawning Light —
 Its soldiers neither weak nor few —
 And they are armed with God's own might.

In vain the hosts of Darkness rise
 And shriek aloud their battle cry!
 The dawn of Truth lights all the skies
 And crime and wrong and fraud shall die.

WOMEN WHO HAVE INFLUENCED THE WORLD:

by the Rev. S. J. Neill



AS gravitation existed before Newton made his discovery, so, also, has the influence of woman exerted a powerful sway among many nations long before the modern movement towards woman's emancipation.

That the modern movement is a powerful one cannot be denied by anyone who knows what is going on in the world. The wise study the action of the winds and waves and use them for beneficent purposes. We smile at the picture of the English ruler ordering back the tide; and at the Persian ruler who commanded the waters of the Bosphorus to be castigated. The woman's emancipation of the present day calls for careful study and wise direction on the part of all lovers of human welfare. Everything which gives a clearer understanding of woman in her own nature, and in her relation to man must be of service. What women have done in the past may throw some light on what woman may achieve in the future. As "lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime," even so the lives of great and noble women are a beacon light and a prophecy.

Though a truism, it must never be forgotten that woman's nature and her function in the world differ from man's. Many mistakes have been made, and are still made, through forgetting that woman and man are two aspects of the One Life in manifestation; therefore they are not opposed to each other, but are complementary of each other — "like perfect music unto noble words." Milton has tried to express this in the well-known lines:

For contemplation he and valor formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

Harmony in nature consists in each part of the whole working according to its proper use or function. While this general law may seem to preclude the possibility of women being in their proper sphere and yet acting as great generals, great statesmen, or great rulers, we find that women have again and again become illustrious in these respects. In doing so it is possible that the woman parts with some of that "softness and sweet attractive grace," of which Milton speaks. It is possible that she may "lose the childlike in the larger mind," which Tennyson says the perfect woman should not lose; yet she remains a woman essentially while doing work supposed to be appropriate to man. Joan of Arc retained her girlish heart to the last, and

after she had led the armies of France to victory, wished for nothing better than to return to her native village and live in peace. Even Queen Elizabeth of England, generally regarded as one of the most masculine of her sex, retained to the end some of those qualities which distinctly belong to woman. Queen Isabella of Spain, though weighted down with domestic sorrows and engrossed with cares of state, was moved with deep compassion for the condition of the Indians, and in her last moments exacted from her husband a promise for their protection. A biographer says that she was possessed of all the "personal grace, gentleness, and feminine accomplishments of Mary Stuart, without her weakness." Great queen as she was, the name bestowed on her by her people, and ratified by history, was: "Isabella of peace and good will."

From the dawn of history we find great women in many countries of the world. Passing by Biblical women, as too well known to need mention, we find in Egypt, according to Meyer in his *Oldest Books of the World*, that "the position of woman both in religion and government was very elevated." He says:

Woman appears to have met with more consideration among the old Egyptians than with any other people of Oriental antiquity. It is to the glory of ancient Egyptian wisdom, that it has been the first to express the dignity and high position of the wife and woman.

Near the Great Pyramid a tomb has been opened which gives us a few facts concerning the first Queen of Egypt of whom we have any knowledge. Her name was Mer-ti-tef-s, which means "the beloved of her father." She was also described as "the wife of the king whom she loved." Another great ruler of Egypt, about 1516 B. C., was Hatshepsut. Dr. Wallis Budge of the British Museum tells us that this queen dressed herself as a man. Some of the other great queens of Egypt are: Nitocris; Aah-hotep; Mutemva, mother of Amen-hotep III; Ti, wife of Amen-hotep, whose tomb was found not long ago, and whose remains were found wrapped in sheets of gold, with the exquisitely worked crown of gold at her head. These two with Nefert-i-tain, are said to have "worked harmoniously together for the establishment of ancient truth in Egypt." Besides these we have Batria, wife of Rameses III; the well-known Cleopatra; and last but not least, Dido of Carthage, whom, had Aeneas married, the whole course of history would have been different.

Crossing over to Greece, we may mention Sappho, the sweet singer,

who has suffered much misrepresentation, and of whom Professor Palgrave says:

There is no need for me to panegyrisé the poetess whom the whole world has been long since contented to hold without a parallel.

There is also Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. From Greek statuary we see how noble woman must have been in Greece.

In Italy we have Cornelia, who has been called "the ideal mother," and Volumnia, mother of Coriolanus; and Portia, wife of Brutus; nor must we forget Beatrice, the heroine of *The Divina Commedia*.

In Japan, in China, and in India, we find many names of great women whose influence has endured through the ages. The Taj Mahal is sufficient to remind us of what a woman has been in the Moslem world. J. S. Mill says that

if a Hindû principality is strong, vigilantly and energetically governed; if order is preserved without oppression, in three cases out of four that principality is under the regency of a woman.

Coming to Western lands we find the valiant British queen Boadicea. In ancient Germany there was Queen Radigünde, who founded a school for women. In Sweden Birgitta was famous as a patron of learning; her schools numbered eighty, and there still exist six schools of her order on the Continent and one in England, the only one that can boast of an unbroken existence from pre-Reformation times. Ireland too had a Saint Brigit, some of whose wonderful works were evidently transferred to her from the Celtic goddess Ceridwen.

Who has not seen the beautiful picture of Queen Louise of Prussia, of whom such a great historian as Mommsen speaks so enthusiastically? She is said to have been by no means a genius, nor in any way abnormal, but she was so beautiful, so winning, so optimistic, and combined such dignity and charm, such cheerfulness, faith and fortitude, that she gained Silesia for her husband from Napoleon. Then we have such great women as Madam Guyon, the mystic; Caroline Herschel; Frances Power Cobbe; Florence Nightingale; Queen Olga of Greece; Queen Victoria; Madame Curie, and many others whom time does not permit to mention. There is no need here to speak of H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley, the heralds of a new age, except to say that the world in that new age will render them that justice which is so tardily given now.

While the greatness to which women have attained proves to us

what woman is capable of doing, yet, in a sense, it may be a little depressing, for all cannot be queens or rulers. But true greatness consists in doing well what has to be done. Besides, who can say what is great and what is small in the Divine Economy? "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is an old saying. And for the great majority of women the making of the home to be a *real home* is the highest service that can be done to help the world; for the home is the foundation of the nation. And as Ruskin says:

Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

THE TURKISH WOMAN: by Grace Knoche



THE Sultan of Turkey recently received a deputation of representative Ottoman women and in the course of his conference with them pledged them his support in their efforts to bring about a reform of certain conditions. Press dispatches state that the members of this deputation were heavily veiled.

The veil has always been, to the European mind, the point of departure for Turkish feministic reform, and the wearing of it by those who stand for such reform, when many Turkish women have discarded the impenetrable *yashmak* entirely and a still larger number wear only veils of gauze, seems an anomaly. To realize that it is not, one must get below current misunderstandings and baseless reports and know the high-caste Turkish woman as she really is — for with her Turkish feministic reform begins and by her it is being safeguarded.

Many who are familiar with the diplomatic and social life of our European capitals have stated that the high-caste Turkish woman of today is *as a class* more highly educated, and also more feminine, in the tenderest and most refined meaning of the term, than any other woman in the world. She not only knows the history, geography, and literature of her own and foreign nations, but in addition knows two, three, and often four languages besides her own — always French and German, usually English, and often Italian or Russian — lan-

guages which she does not speak haltingly but with fluency and perfection, for in the wealthier Turkish families of today French, German, and English governesses are a recognized institution. She is very beautiful, always refined, unobtrusively thoughtful of others, and supremely loyal to her ideals of character and duty — and her ideals always center about the home.

Yet her life is virtually an imprisoned one, bounded as it is, day and night, year in and year out, by the four walls of the women's apartment or *harem*. She cannot go out unattended in the daytime, nor in the evening at all; she may not attend theaters nor even a concert; she may not attend social or other gatherings where men are present.

This state of things was not so unendurable to the women of the preceding generation, for they had not been permitted to embrace European ideas through an education on European lines, but to the high-caste woman of today, who has been given a glimpse into a larger world than her own, and a world very wonderful and alluring, the old *harem* existence is almost intolerable. Yet she must continue in it for a time, and here is the wonderful thing — she does this, in the deeper sense, willingly.

Those who know her best tell us that out of the silence and seclusion of her life, the Turkish woman has evolved a philosophy of her own, and one that is not limited to the orthodox Muslim view of woman; those who know life and humanity best know also that this could never have come to her past the impenetrable barriers of caste and orthodox religious doctrine, had she not attuned her life to some, at least, of the higher notes of Life Universal. And it is the teaching of Theosophy that this can only be done by those with whom duty is the highest ideal — duty, for ever and ever, *duty*. In a heroic determination to do her whole duty to husband and family, to nation and to home, the Turkish woman may well be commended to that ultra-modern type who leaves husband and children to their own devices while she is away, chasing some will-**o**-the-wisp or fad. Of this type Turkey is yet as destitute as certain strata of European and American life are prolific.

The Turkish woman is wise enough to wait in trust the day of her complete emancipation, and she feels it is approaching — but she also knows that to push or hurry it forward would invoke a reaction that might ruin her country and defeat her hopes. She knows

that methods even approaching those of the modern "suffragette" would only blot the golden dawn and put back until a later cycle the glorious day. We see now why the members of this deputation wore the orthodox veil, or partly why, for no Turkish woman of the educated class is unaware that to needlessly offend the conservative element is to fetter the Young Turk movement, that evolving drama of national life in which woman played so heroic a part. Says a current writer:

Everybody agrees that the most remarkable change in social conditions caused by the revolution in Turkey has occurred among the feminine portion of the population, and it is conceded that the wives and mothers of the Young Turk party had a powerful influence in bringing it about. During the anxious months of conspiracy and preparation many high-born Turkish ladies worked with courage, enthusiasm and intelligence for the cause of liberty. Some of them acted as messengers, carrying concealed about their persons papers which, if discovered, would have been their death; others afforded the revolutionary committees opportunities for holding their meetings, and furnished those who were in danger means of escape. Twelve thousand spies in the employ of Abdul Hamid were unable to outwit the women of Turkey in this work, and the leaders of the Young Turk party concede that they owe their success largely to the assistance of their wives and sisters and mothers.

In that intimate blending of heroic self-abnegation and of wisdom which characterizes the efforts and the daily life of the typical high-caste Turkish woman, the world has offered for its reading a great lesson. The Ottoman woman possibly has found her intuition, which is the soul's own voice, and her will, which is "the soul at work." Pain, misunderstanding, oppression, and heartache, have opened many doors in the chambers of her being, and in wrestling with the angel of untoward circumstance she has found the inner power that enables one to turn the leaden fetters about one's feet into the golden sandals of Hermes himself. If this has come about, and those who know the Ottoman woman best declare that it has, then we know that it is because she has striven to attune her life to that which must be the keynote of all lasting feministic reform — womanliness — true womanliness, with its overtones of tenderness, compassion and aspiration, and its deepening undertones of solid attainment, of patriotism, of courage, of loyalty to one's ideal, and of faithfulness to duty.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S LETTER: by F. D. Udall (London)

PEVENSEY CASTLE is one of the most interesting of all the ancient and historic castles of old England. It was seized by William the Conqueror immediately he landed in the bay close by, and he left a garrison to hold it while he pushed on to Hastings and subsequently to the country round about the "hoar apple tree" mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, where the decisive engagement with Harold and his army took place. This spot, ever since commemorated in the name of the village — Battle — is some seven miles inland. Harold had taken care to leave a garrison, too, at Pevensey, while he went north, but according to Freeman, William found the place wholly undefended or else with a force totally inadequate to resist the Normans. At all events there appears to have been no resistance offered to the invaders, on that fateful Michael's Eve. The castle and land for miles around eventually became the property of the Conqueror's half-brother.

How old the castle is nobody knows. British coins have been discovered at Pevensey, and it is thought that the place was an ancient British settlement. As to the castle itself, the general opinion is that it was built by the Romans, and the many Roman coins found in its precincts, chiefly of the Constantine family, give support to the theory. In the days of the venerable Bede there was a great forest in these parts, the forest of Anderida, roamed by herds of deer and swine. Pevensey is first mentioned in historical documents in the year 792, when its owner — generous man! — gave it away, together with Hastings, to the Abbey of St. Denis at Paris. Sir John Pelham was appointed Constable of the Castle in the reign of Edward III, and his courageous wife held it during a siege in her husband's absence, in the following reign, in 1399. This lady gives the old ruins an interest of quite another character from their warlike associations by reason of a letter she dispatched to her husband during that siege. He was up in Yorkshire at the time. The letter has come down through the centuries — a brave, sweet, womanly, wifely relic of those early days in "our rough island story." It enjoys the honor of being enshrined in Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, and well it deserves the distinction. Here is what the lady wrote while the enemy was at the gate.

MY DEAR LORD:

I recommend me to your high lordship with heart and body and all my poor might, and with all this I thank you as my dear lord, dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords, I say for me, and thank you, my dear lord, with all this that

I say before of your comfortable letter that ye sent me from Pontefract, that come to me on Mary magdalene day (July 22); for by my troth I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough with the grace of God for to keep you from the malice of your enemies. And, dear lord, if it like to your high lordship that as soon as ye might that I might hear of your gracious speed; which God Almighty continue and increase. And, my dear lord, if it like you for to know of my fare, I am here by laid in manner of a siege with the county of Sussex, Surrey, and a great parcel of Kent, so that I may nought out, nor none victuals get me but with much hard. Wherefore, my dear, if it like you by the advice of your wise counsel for to set remedy of the salvation of your castle, and withstand the malice of the shires aforesaid. And also that ye be fully informed of their great malice workers in these shires, which that haves so despitefully wrought to you, and to your castle, to your men, and to your tenants for this country, have yai (sic) wasted for a great while. Farewell, my dear lord; the Holy Trinity you keep from your enemies, and soon send me good tidings of you.

Written at Pevensey in the Castle on St. Jacob day (St. James, July 25) last past,

By your own poor,
J. Pelham.

To my true lord.

A MAGIC PLACE: A Forest Idyll for Young Folks: by M. Ginevra Munson



WHO has not felt the inspiring and soothing influence of certain quiet spots? as though the jarring and restless forces of nature were there rendered impotent and the soul could commune freely with the great heart-life of all. The conflicting vibrations of human thought are annulled and nature speaks in whatever language you choose: in song or verse, art or science. How it draws one up to the heights of infinitude to sit in solitude, with eye on the expanse of ocean in which is mirrored all the gorgeous tints and cloud-forms in the sky at sunset; or on mountain heights where no sounds or sights except the blue dome overhead and the distant landscape beneath, can distract the mind from the sense of the invisible Presence that fills all space; or in the depths of a noble forest where the foot of man seldom comes.

It was in such a place as this, surrounded by the elves and fairies of the wood, that Helena, in the company of her father and a few other artist spirits, pitched their tents for summer work in the stillness of

the forest; sculptors, painters, poets, musical composers, and writers on various themes, each lived in the quiet and privacy of his own domicile, out of sight or hearing of any other.

Helena was the daughter of a poet and inherited that keen sense of communion with and understanding of nature's moods and voices, but had never before been in such a place as this, having been born near a thriving city. She was devoted to her father, and though only yet in her early teens, showed such appreciation of her father's work that he brought her along with him as a sort of mentor when reading his poems over. Then too, her mother was dead, and he felt it his duty to keep Helena under his own care as much as possible, as she was an only child. Nothing could have made her happier or have been better for her than this forest air and odor of fragrant wood, and her spirits and health responded to it gratefully. While her father was busy she wandered about, making companions of the birds, trees, and other forest-life. The inspiration and magic of the place was so great that she was seized with the desire to express the joy and budding knowledge that stirred within her soul; so without saying anything to her father, she would take out tablet and pencil and sit on a fallen log near the singing brook that ran close by, and write down the daily dialog she heard going on around her. Overhead the trees said to the birds: "Are you happy my pretty ones, fluttering and hopping from twig to branch, pluming your feathers as I sway and swing you about?" "Oh yes, dear trees," twittered the birds, "and we will be diligent in destroying the worms that prey on your beautiful leaves, while we sing to you our thanks for the lacy bowers and secret hiding-places for our nests of young birdlings, who take their first lessons in song from the music of the breeze through your branches"; and then they poured forth a chorus in greater glee than ever.

Up in a high fork of the great spreading top of an oak was a huge nest of dead leaves, from one edge of which peered a pair of bright eyes in a furry gray head, over which curled a bushy gray and white tail. A chattering voice chimed in with the birds: "Dear trees, I too love you, for with your leaves for my nest you provide me a home out of reach of all harm, and you feed me with lovely acorns in such abundance that I can store up enough for the whole round year; but I'm sorry I can return so little back to you, save a grateful heart."

"Oh, thanks, I am safe home," said a bounding cotton-tail rabbit, as he shot into the protecting walls of a hollow log. "What would I

do if it were not for the deserted trunk of a tree; and even the live ones sometimes give me a home in a hole in their bodies, quite low enough down for me to jump into, yet too small and deep for intruders to poke their noses in very far."

"Yes, yes, I too," chirped a striped ground squirrel, "owe all my comforts to the trees, and no one can find my cosy nest of pine needles, so fragrant and clean."

An old sly fox ran swiftly by, saying: "O shelter me in your depths, dark forest, for I hear the bay of a hound on the scent of my track," then he jumped the purling stream to cut off the lead of the dog, and sped away.

As Helena glanced down the stream she saw a beaver working away on a pile of logs and heard him murmur: "What would I do if the trees did not furnish me logs for my dam? Nothing else would serve me so well, I am sure, and I only cut down young saplings where they are too crowded to thrive. In turn for the favor I will make the stream deeper so the water will not dry away in hot weather, but will give drink to the tree roots all the year through."

Away in the distance Helena spied the red-brown coat of a deer and heard its call to the fawn. Out from a tangled mass of vines and low swaying branches bounded the spotted young beauty, and answered back: "Here mother-deer, the forest has safely sheltered me, and fed me too on sweet young sassafras shoots. May I now take a run with you?"

Then Helena gazed in the stream at the fishes, who answered her thought: "Yes, we too would perish were it not for the shady pools that reflect the lacy network of the trees that draw down the rain from heaven to fill the stream and keep the water fresh."

Filled with wonder at these voices of the woods, Helena realized that though it seemed so silent it was full of song and happy life, but that the love and harmony of these beings made the magic of the place and filled it with peace and soul-inspiring influences. While she meditated and watched the bees gathering sweets from the fragrant wood-violets and wild-plum blossoms, she heard a voice so startlingly loud that she jumped with surprise. It said "Who? Who? Who—o?" and seemed to come from the very tree tops. While looking up in wonder, Helena saw a great, fluffy cream-colored bird with brownish bars on its wings and a big round head with two enormous yellow eyes, float noiselessly away through the forest. Could that voice have

come from the bird? "What did he say 'Who? Who? Who——?' It seemed to question me, asking to whom were all these creatures, as well as myself, beholden? Why, yes, every voice spoke of love for and indebtedness to the trees. They stand here so silently and majestically through ages, affording food, shelter, shade, and protection, for all these other beings whose very lives depend upon them. The dear trees are monarchs over all, yet serve all, standing here with their roots fast in the soil and their heads touching the sun-bright heavens. To us people too, though we may live in cities and never know or think of the forest trees, we could scarcely live without them. Our houses, our furniture, and almost everything that is of use or convenience to us have some wood about them; and then we enjoy the nuts, the fruit, and other kinds of food produced by the trees as much as the squirrels and birds, no doubt. Perhaps these trees bring down from higher regions other forces that feed our souls also — Who? Who Who——o knows?"

"Yes, now I understand," thought Helena, "why the great Initiates, Masters and Saviors of the world, were called '*Trees.*' Jesus was called 'the Tree of Life,' and the Initiates spoken of in the Bible, 'the Cedars of Lebanon.' They stand and serve and protect."

Then Helena remembered that she had read in her Scandinavian Mythology that trees were formed from the hair of the giant Ymir, in the creation of the world. "His blood formed the oceans and rivers; his bones the mountains; his teeth the rocks and cliffs; and his hair, the trees." Also that "the universe springs from beneath the branches of the world-tree Yggdrasil, the tree with three roots."

Helena must certainly have been sitting on a branch or root of the tree of wisdom when getting into such a deep strain of thought. The spirit of the forest had awakened her soul to the realization of the fact of Brotherhood in Nature too, the give and take, the unity and inseparable life of the denizens of the wood that made it such a magic place. She also saw why the tree was made a symbol of universal life, for all other life in the world is really somewhat dependable upon the trees.

"No wonder," Helena thought, as she walked back to her father's bungalow, "no wonder there is such magic in the depth of the forest, and that father comes here to get in touch with the *soul of things.* That is why 'tis said that '*Poetry is the true language of the soul.*'"