THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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WHILE the bells are ringing on the outer plane, calling men to a recognition of the New Time, the soft, silvery tones of the compassionate Heart of Life are sounding forth their sweet music to the souls of men, calling them away from the paths of darkness, unrighteousness, and despair, to the ever-abiding Glory of a Truer and Better Life, and the Hope and Peace of a New Day.

Katherine Tingley

THE NEW YEAR: by Charles Maxon

HOREAU pointed out that there are artists in life, persons who can change the color of a day and make it beautiful to those with whom they come in contact. We claim that there are masters in life who make it divine, as in all other arts. Is it not the greatest art of all, this which affects the very atmosphere in which we live? That it is the most important is seen at once, when we remember that every person who draws the breath of life affects the mental and moral atmosphere of the world, and helps to color the day for those about him. Those who do not help to elevate the thoughts and lives of others must of necessity either paralyse them by indifference, or actively drag them down. When this point is reached, then the art of life is converted into the science of death. And no one can be quite inactive. . . . Every one lives, thinks and speaks. . . . The Theosophist who is at all in earnest, sees his responsibility and endeavors to find knowledge, living, in the meantime, up to the highest standard of which he is aware. . . . Man's life is in his own hands, his fate is ordered by himself. Why then should not the coming year be a year of greater spiritual development than any we have lived through? It depends on ourselves to make it so. This is an actual fact, not a religious sentiment. In a garden of sunflowers every flower turns toward the light. Why not so with us?

And let no one imagine that it is a mere fancy, the attaching of importance to the birth of the year. The earth passes through its definite phases and man with it; and as a day can be colored so can a year. — From Editorial by H. P. Blavatsky, *Lucifer,* I, 337.

The Past; what is it? . . . You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you as you now exist, lies *all* the past. . . . I care not what I *was,* or what any one *was.* I only look for what I am each moment. For as each moment is and at once is

not, it must follow that if we think of the past we forget the present, and while we forget, the moments fly by us, making more past. — *William Q. Judge*

The old year is gone and we stand on the threshold of the new. Once again we are face to face with one of the mysteries of our existence — the mystery of Time: the Past, the Present, the Future. Yet how few seek to understand it; how few seek to understand themselves; how few know that the key to the understanding of the Universe is within themselves!

And how few realize that the present moment is ours. Each moment we stand between the past and the future. All the mighty past is focused in the present, and only through the gateway of the present moment can we enter into the future.

Nor can we halt on the threshold, there is that within which forbids our stay. We may be never so loath to let the present go, yet even while we seek to detain it, it is gone into the irrevocable past. So day follows day, year follows year, and still we will not recognize nor apply the great secret of cyclic law, which the succession of moments and the mighty procession of the years so persistently force upon our attention.

Truly it is in the commonest facts of life that lie our greatest opportunities, and it is in the most commonplace occurrences that are hidden some of the profoundest mysteries.

Oh, that I could live my life over again! How many have thought this! But we know it may not be. Yet there is better than that. There is a new day not yet lived, a new year not yet run its course, awaiting us all with its infinite possibility. To live life over again? It may not be; but life before us, with the experience and lessons of the past — that is ours. For, after all, the wish is not to live the same life over again if we could. Were that possible, we should live it again as before and with the same unsatisfying result; but underlying the wish is the prayer, nay the hope, for a new life in which we may build upon the lessons and experiences of the past. Yet we make a grave mistake if we seek to live in the future before it is ours, for it is as impossible to live in the future as in the past.

In the truest sense, neither the past nor the future is ours, but only the present. Our weakness and folly lie in neglecting the present with its opportunities, as we do when with vain regrets we live the past over again in memory, or in imagination picture for ourselves life as

we would have it in the future. In either case we miss the opportunity of the only time which is ours, the present moment, the Now.

And yet, while every moment is ours to use for good or ill, there are certain recurring moments which are to those which follow as the keynote is to the musical composition. Such a moment is the moment of dawn, the moment just before the sunrise that heralds the birth of a new day; and such a moment, of still vaster import, is the birth of the New Year.

Whence comes the custom of making New Year resolutions? So universal is it that it cannot have arisen by chance. There is no chance in the Divine Order that governs all things from the simplest to the greatest. There is still a "destiny that shapes our ends," however rough-hewn, turbulent, chaotic, our human life in this iron age. The custom of making New Year resolutions is in itself neither meaningless nor futile, however we may laugh at it, or joke that the road to hell is paved with them. For the road to heaven is similarly paved; it rests with us as to which of these two shall be our goal — whether our resolutions shall be cemented together by action consistent therewith into the mosaic of a noble life, or be left as stumbling-blocks for new defeats.

One of the greatest secrets of life is locked up in this custom, so old that no one can trace its origin, born out of the very night of time, coming down from the birth of the human race. It is a key to one of the inner doorways that lead to the understanding and the conquest of ourselves, and to the meaning of our life here. It is because of man's indifference to his real nature, his indifference to spiritual things, that he fails to make use of it. Yet its meaning is so plain that he who runs may read. "The fruit lies in the seed"; "As is the seed, so will be the harvest"; "Well begun is half done"; "A good beginning is half the battle"; and many another trite saying testify to the power and opportunity given into our hands at the birth of every New Year and the dawn of every new day. It is for each of us to strike what keynote we will for the coming year; to strike it true and clear and wholeheartedly, or false and jangled and insincere. Let us strike it true, and in tune with the highest that is in us, and so make music for the world!

A New Day, a New Year, lie before us; all the past irrevocably gone, all the future beckoning with its golden promise!

Forever, Time's daughters sit threading their beads, neither hurrying, nor

delaying. Day after day, year after year, is strung upon their endless thread. Here and there a rare jewel, a flashing diamond, an iridescent opal, a delicate pearl, shines among the lusterless, jagged beads that by far outnumber all the rest.

Now and again, sweet melody breaks forth from the Time-Maidens' lips, echoing the songs of happy days that have blessed the children of Earth; but the songs are rare, seldom do they break the monotony of the moaning sorrow and anguished cries that are wrung from their hearts by the world's woe.

Yet, could we but look into the eyes of the Time-Maidens, behind the sadness, we might see not only the record of the days that now are swiftly passing, not only the memory of the Earth as it has been for ages; but the light of a far-away gaze into the Future that is still to be born. There is the brightness of Hope and the radiance of Joy in that gaze; for the cycles in their turning shall bring again a Golden Age, a new day of Brotherhood and Peace.

O toiling, sorrowing Brothers, Sisters, your yearning hopes and prayers are not in vain!

O Warrior Brothers, Sisters, whose hearts beat true, fight on!

The first flush of the Dawn is in the sky!

The Night is far-spent; the Day is at hand!

WORK REGARDED AS A PRIVILEGE:

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

HE writer of a certain book on technical chemistry expresses the view, shared by many, that science should be studied for its own sake rather than from any motive of gain; and points out that in actual life the desire for gain is not our principal motive for working, but that we work in fulfilment of a law of our nature, whose satisfaction brings content. We all feel that the notion of recompense has become too closely attached to the idea of work in these days, and there is a desire to return to the idea of work as being a privilege and a joy. But the conditions under which we live bind us fast in a network of circumstances that renders well-nigh impossible the realization of this desirable ideal; and these conditions are the accumulated growth of selfish and materialistic principles of conduct. The question, therefore, that concerns us is how to overcome these conditions and bring about the ones we desire.

In the world today there are many people who are obliged to toil for subsistence in such a way that their thoughts are continually centered on the question of remuneration. For such people work can be a pleasure only in a minor degree. Other people go on working for gain long after their needs are supplied, and for them the desire of accumulating swallows up the pleasure of working. Others again seek

their happiness in the false notion that work is a thing to be avoided, and try to be happy without working.

But work is really a fulfilling of the laws of our nature, and such fulfilling ought to bring a satisfaction that would be an answer to the problem of life. The animals all fulfil the laws of their nature and find thereby the end and aim of their existence. The bird that seems to spend the whole day in the collection of insects or seeds is actually enjoying the use of its limbs and senses; nor is the lizard that basks in the sun and raises himself up and down on his little newly-evolved arms occupied exclusively in meditating on the subject of flies. As to man, we may quote Pope to the effect that:

> To be, contents his natural desire,
> He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire.

But this applies to the "poor Indian," who, in the poet's vision, lacks those introspective and questioning faculties that trouble the denizen of western civilization. The "untutored mind" has fewer faculties to exercise; but the more complex mind may find its more difficult labor crowned by a richer achievement if it can succeed in profitably exercising its ampler endowments.

The idea of work as a privilege, however far from realization, can at least be held before the mind as an ideal; and this will bring nearer the realization. But to what extent is this the ideal of work that is held up by our politicians and social reformers? Do they scheme out ways by which all men may be allowed the privilege of working, or plan to punish the erring by depriving them of work? It is admitted that, with the facilities of modern invention, ample sustenance for all could be insured at the expense of a trifling contribution of labor from each. But suppose that, instead of trying to arrange a compulsory schedule of working hours, we were engaged in a polite scramble for the privilege of contributing to the general maintenance!

Visitors to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Lomaland often wonder how the people there can be content to work without remuneration, yet the lack of remuneration is itself one of the principal attractions. All will admit that anxiety about remuneration spoils the joy of work, and that relief therefrom is often found in the indulgence of some hobby. The essence of the hobby is that it consists of some labor that *need not* be performed; it is a *labor of love.* There are many people, in all branches of occupation, who would be glad of the opportunity to work from sheer love of work; but they are pre-

vented either by inexorable circumstances or by the hypnotic force of strongly ingrained ideas and fashions. The ability to work in such desirable conditions is esteemed by the workers of Lomaland as a privilege for which they ought to be thankful, seeing how difficult it is to be obtained elsewhere and how many people are unable to share it. And this last consideration should also make them anxious to extend the privilege to as many as possible and to point the way by which it may be secured on a larger scale.

It would be easy to go through the list of occupations in which people are engaged, and to point out in the case of each one how desirable it would be if love instead of gain were the inspiring force. But such an enumeration is not necessary, since it can be supplied by each one for himself. The teaching profession is one that might be mentioned specially as being hampered by the question of remuneration; for there is no profession wherein it is more desirable that the worker should be free and unembarrassed. How much better it would be if all teachers could be relieved from anxiety as to sustenance and left free to express to the full the energy with which their noble profession inspires them! Artists, too, in every field — graphic, musical, literary — are sadly encumbered by the obtrusion of "filthy lucre"; and it is quite needless to expatiate on the advantages of being free from that incubus in their case. And so with all the crafts, constructive, agricultural. Modern conditions turn men into pieces of machinery, executing some simple set of mechanical motions over and over again all day; and the farmer is burdened by anxiety about profit and loss.

But, without enlarging on this part of the theme, so familiar to all, let us pass to a consideration of the means of achieving the desired end. And here, leaving aside all devious bypaths of discussion, we may go straight to the only possible answer, an answer whose truth will scarcely be denied. There is one requisite with which all things are possible, without which nothing is possible. *There must be more heart-life in the community.* Our commonwealth is all on a selfish basis, and that is precisely what is the matter with it, as we are all realizing more clearly every day. This is the one solution to all the vexed social problems of today — we must have more *heart-life.*

Many modern theories regarding man are contrary to his best instincts, for these instincts are chiefly social and give evidence of his possessing a heart all the time. His economic theories are largely based on the assumption that man is an inveterately selfish creature, who will

always gratify himself at the expense of his fellows whenever possible. His biological theories are based on more than one curious assumption — that man is an animal, that the animals are selfish. The theory that society is a complicated chemical reaction may be very interesting but it will not solve our problems. What we need is a philosophy that will interpret man's instincts, motives and aspirations as we find them.

Many writers are declaring that modern civilization needs religion. So in truth it does, but what religion? The only satisfactory answer is, Religion itself — the one eternal and universal Religion that underlies all religions. The name of this Religion is the Heart-Doctrine. Seek in yourself for the motives that are broad, impersonal, compassionate, and give them scope; so shall you find your Spiritual nature grow, and light will come. We need more faith in our own Divinity. It is this that Theosophy seeks to implant by its luminous teachings as to the nature of man. Theosophy is the Doctrine of the Heart.

THE HILLS OF CAERSALEM: (Welsh Air: *Crugybar*)

By Kenneth Morris

OH Hills of Caersalem the Immortal,
Where wonder, a daffodil, flowers,
Oh City with sunset for portal,
And the opals of eve for your towers,
Though we wander the deserts of sadness,
Though our glory be dimmed and o'ercast,
We shall put forth in barks of sun-gladness
And come by your marvels at last!

When the pageant and pomp, and the riot
Of sunset in mystery wane,
And the calm feet of evening and quiet
Steal gleaming afar o'er the main;
When the silent wave glittereth, dreaming
In citron and silver and blue,
Our vision goes yearning and streaming,
Oh Hills of the Deathless, to you!

Not meekness shall win to your splendor;
Not death guides the bark to your shore,
But the strong man shall force your surrender,
Go in, and have joy evermore.
Swing wide, O ye gates of compassion!
Swing wide, for man's madness shall cease,
And, purged of all prayer and all passion,
He shall roam on the Mountains of Peace.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
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THE LOUVRE: by Laura Bonn

EVER so slight an acquaintance with Paris, a few months or weeks or even days, leaves an unfading impression of exhilarating life, sparkling lights, green parks and fresh gardens; of graceful bridges spanning its river; of wide avenues of trees radiating from a center and ending in spacious squares; of majestic columns, arches, palaces and cathedrals. For many days one is satisfied to enjoy the charming out-of-door life of Paris, to drive through its avenues and wooded parks, to mingle with the crowd thronging its boulevards, conscious of its gaiety and friendliness — in a word, to appreciate the city's lovely exterior before entering its many public palaces to see what Paris is like on the inside.

One of the noblest of the monuments of Paris, and the one above all others that belongs to the race as well as to France, is the Palace of the Louvre. Historically it is one of the most interesting buildings of Europe, aside from its importance as the depository of the priceless and unsurpassed, if not unrivaled, museum of art. The present palace of the Louvre was begun by Francis I on the site of the ancient Louvre which was the home of the kings of France since the thirteenth century. The palace was extended and beautified by generations of kings, its imposing east front with its superb Corinthian colonnade of coupled columns, being added by Louis XIV. The west façade is an excellent example of early French Renaissance architecture. The interior of the palace has been decorated and redecorated from time to time by successive governments and only a few of its apartments retain their original appearance. One such is the great Galerie d'Apollon which in itself is a museum in which one could spend hours. Its walls and ceiling, so rich in painting and tapestry, form a gorgeous setting for such relics as the swords of Charlemagne and Napoleon which its glass cases contain.

Dumas, that endless and delightful story-teller, has peopled the palace of the Louvre most vividly for us with those who really lived there in generations past, and to his readers it has become a background to Catherine de Medici, the Cardinal and the Duke of Guise, to Mary Queen of Scots in her youth, when she was the wife of the French King Francis II, and to many other famous characters of history, until the royal residence was moved to the palace of the Tuileries.

This palace, begun by Catherine de Medici, was joined to the

Louvre by great wings, the two buildings becoming thus one immense palace, around which centered many of the most vital events occurring in the French capital for some centuries. The Tuileries was the scene of many a memorable disaster at the time of the overthrow of the ancient French monarchy. Mobs invaded and stormed it. It was taken and retaken by the people and finally burned by the Commune in 1871. The Louvre narrowly escaped a like fate, as it too was undermined and charged with explosives and its roof watered with petroleum; but something, generally called Chance, intervened to save it while its sister palace perished in flames, and all that is left of it other than its historical associations, are the pavilions which adorned its extremities and which, now restored, form the architectural termination of the wings of the Louvre. These wings formerly connected the two palaces. The gardens of the Tuileries which were laid out by Louis XIV's famous gardener, Le Nôtre, now cover the site of the demolished palace and are open to the public. Little children play there on its lawns and around its fountains; women sit and sew there in its shade, and it is the place for loitering and promenading when the band plays on afternoons in summer.

Amid such happy, peaceful surrounding it is difficult to realize the thrilling scenes enacted here during the stormy period of the Revolution and of the Empire. Two scenes that occur to the mind are the unfortunate and humiliating flight from the palace of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in disguise and under cover of darkness, in sharp contrast to the pomp and circumstance with which the Imperial party assembled here to proceed to Notre Dame Cathedral for the Coronation of Napoleon. A still more recent scene was the unhappy flight of Empress Eugénie after the Emperor's defeat at Sedan. Just as the third Republic was proclaimed the prefect of police rushed into her apartment at the Tuileries shouting, "The Empire has fallen, save yourself Madame." And the last royal resident of the palace was forced to save herself by flight through the long gallery of the Louvre, down into the street and away in a hired cab.

For more than a century a great part of the interior of the Louvre has been occupied by the famous art collection now so extensive in its scope that, were there only this museum left in the world, one could still trace the history of ancient and medieval art by means of the magnificent specimens to be found in its halls of antiquities, of sculpture and of painting. Even the uninstructed in art can to a great extent

appreciate the collection provided he makes up in zeal what he lacks in knowledge. The museum itself will educate him who brings to it an enthusiastic interest, for surely one can value objects of art as much for the thoughts they give rise to as for any approach to perfection the canvas or marble may possess. Here before the eyes in splendid array is spread a page, nay a volume, of the history of man as expressed in art.

In Egypt, Chaldaea, Assyria, Babylonia, and other ancient lands, man expressed himself by recording on stone or tile, for the decoration of temple and palace, symbols of his gods, his religious rites and beliefs, his triumphs and pleasures. Wonderful examples of these records of the past are found in the Louvre and one can in imagination rebuild the palaces of Nineveh or Babylon with their massive walls of sun-dried brick, covered without by enamel tiles and within by slabs of alabaster on which were carved the triumphs of war and the pleasures of the chase. The imposing entrances of these palaces were guarded by winged human-headed bulls or lions or other mythological conceptions.

Both Egyptian and Mesopotamian art doubtless exerted an influence upon early Greek art and hence upon succeeding art for all time. The conventional conception of the human form of these ancient peoples culminated in the freedom and perfection of form in the art of Greece. In the Louvre one can see the beginning of art in the sculptures from Nineveh, Babylon and Thebes and its culmination in the Venus of Milos and in the Winged Victory of Samothrace which in its mutilated majesty, with great outspread wings, stands now at the foot of the grand stairway. As a single figure it is perhaps the most inspiring bit of Greek art extant.

The Greeks attained to a perfection of form which we can never hope to surpass and although Browning claims, in his *Old Pictures in Florence,* that the special task begun by the early Renaissance artists was to portray, not the form alone, but man himself ," to bring the invisible full into play," we are not warranted in saying that this was not equally the aim of the best art of the Greeks as also of those older races of Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria. It should be remembered, however, that a significant feature of much of Egyptian art, as also of other ancient lands, was its symbolism, portraying the powers and attributes of the soul, and that this is not found in later Greek art, nor in the art of the Renaissance.

With the great ancients, before the days of their decadence, their aim in sculpture and painting and architecture was not mere outer beauty, such as would delight the eye, but to appeal to and awaken the soul, by the portrayal through symbols of the inner nature and powers of man. Their civilization was different; all their surroundings, their mental and spiritual evolution were different; and doubtless also their ideas of the beautiful and the fitting, and therefore their art was different; hence it is not just that we should attempt to judge them or their art by the same standard as we do the art of today or the art of the Renaissance. To express not only beauty of form which Browning calls the " film that's furled about a star," but as far as possible to let the star itself shine through the film — this surely is the aim of true art of whatever age or clime. Who can say whether, in spite of the difference between the art of the Renaissance and that of Greece and the still more marked difference between these and the art of Egypt and Assyria, this aim was not equally that of the latter as of the former?

The galleries of the Louvre afford one of the greatest opportunities in the world for the comparison of ancient art with that of the Middle Ages in Europe. Here too we see how the art wave beginning with Medieval conceptions, stiff and wooden of form, but striving dimly to express the indwelling spirit that informs the body of flesh, swept on and, gathering force with the revival of learning and the reawakening of men's minds, reached its height with such Renaissance masters as Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo.

Art evolves and changes just as does man, and as man descends into materialism or attains to spiritual heights so does art faithfully record it. And as there are heights now undreamed of to be reached by man, so art awaits the new impulse. " The proper study of mankind is man," and where can we study his history more fully than in his expression of himself in the art of all ages?

If one has the understanding one can keep the laws — laws which Theosophy teaches are inherent in every atom of the universe, by which man evolves symmetrically towards perfection. One working conscientiously with these laws finds himself in harmony with nature, recognizes the reality of the soul life and begins to taste true happiness. — *Katherine Tingley*

HENRI POINCARÉ ON SPACE AND TIME:

by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

A SCIENTIFIC man of unusual skill and penetration in the domains of mathematics, physics, and astronomy, has recently left us. An article from his pen in *Scientia* (xxv) on the subject of space and time, and another in *La Revue Scientifique* (July 13) on the connexion between matter and ether, suggest a *résumé* of some of his conclusions, which typify the advanced school of scientific thought; and a few comments, from the standpoint of Theosophical teaching. M. Henri Poincaré possessed the faculty of communicating the results of his brilliant researches in simple guise unencumbered with technicalities, and his writings on current questions in the world of science have commanded the widest interest and respect. Free from dogmatism, he maintained to the last an open mind on every question, never hesitating to admit or to review the slender foundations on which many hypotheses really rest. In what follows it may be noted that by "space," M. Poincaré means physical extension, which, metaphysically, is a restricted definition.

. . . . . .

Introducing the subject of space and time, he inquires whether the principle of relativity, such as conceived by Lorentz, compels us to abandon previous conclusions. He suggests that geometry has been constructed by the mind on the basis of experience, and adds that we are not forced on that account to regard it as shielded from further assaults from experience.

He discards at the outset the idea of a pretended (or innate) sense of space which, anterior to experience, would have all the properties of "geometrical space." For he says that, apart from our movements, we should have no sense of space; that the space-sense reduces to a constant association between certain sensations and certain movements, or to the representation of these; that is, to the representation of the sensations. For instance, we should remain unaware of our transportation, along with our environment, to other spatial regions — which is what actually happens, through the movements of the Earth.

Again, if all objects were enlarged or reduced, or underwent deformation according to a certain law, and our measuring instruments changed in the same ratio and manner, we should be unable to perceive any change. The absolute position, size, or distance of an object has

no meaning, because these are only relative. Under these circumstances, he asks whether space possesses geometric properties, independently of measuring instruments. In reality, he concludes, space is formless, and has no properties of itself. The function of geometry is the study of the properties of our instruments; that is, of solid bodies.

But then, he adds, as our instruments are imperfect, ought geometry to be modified every time they are improved? Should instrument-makers advertise: "I furnish a better kind of space than my contemporaries, simpler and more convenient"? We know this is not so. We are obliged to say that geometry is the study of the properties our instruments would have, were they perfect. And then we should have to know what a perfect instrument is — a vicious circle!

But we might say: geometry is the study of a group of laws little different from those our instruments follow, but much simpler — laws which really govern nothing in Nature, but which are conceivable by the mind. In this sense geometry would be a convention — a sort of compromise between our love of simplicity and our wish to avoid ignoring what our instruments indicate. This convention would define at once space and the perfect instrument.

What we have said of space, he continues, applies also to time. But not to Bergsonian time, which, far from being a pure quantity exempt from quality, is, so to say, quality itself, of which the interpenetrating portions are qualitatively distinct. That kind of duration could be no instrument for the man of science, for what is beyond measurement, says M. Poincaré, could be no object of science.

Were all phenomena, including the speed of our clocks, subject to a similar retardation, we should not perceive it, whatever the law of retardation, provided it were the same for the clocks. The properties of time are but those of clocks, as the properties of space are but those of measuring instruments.

For the sake of clearness he distinguishes two kinds of relativity: physical relativity, in which the "axes of reference" are either fixed, or move uniformly; and psychological relativity, in which the time-origin of the axes is subject to change. Psychological time would be unable to connect phenomena occurring in two different consciousnesses. An event happens on Earth; another on Sirius; how can we tell whether the former is anterior to, simultaneous with, or posterior to the latter? Only by some convention.

Physical relativity is seen to be more restricted than psychological. If the co-ordinates, in the differential equations representing the laws which the physical world obeys, were multiplied by the same constant, the equations would be altered, were the system referred to revolving axes, owing to dynamical considerations. This circumstance, as exemplified by the well-known Foucault experiment, gives rather a shock to our ideas of the physical relativity of space — ideas founded on psychological relativity — and this disagreement has proved a source of embarrassment to many philosophers.

He says the principle of physical relativity applies to the differential equations of motion rather than to the finite equations, and after a short discussion of the assumptions involved in these, goes on to point out that if the equations contain co-ordinates, it is by a convenient fiction. We do not observe the co-ordinates, for example, of celestial objects, but rather estimate their mutual distances. We seek to form equations which obey these estimated distances, by a process of eliminating variables inaccessible to observation.

This would be our principle of physical relativity, and it has no other meaning. It is experimental in character, necessarily so, and is therefore, as already said, much more restricted than psychological relativity. He proposes a new definition of space in terms of solid bodies considered as mechanical systems, which would include a way of defining time as well. Then he adds that the principle of physical relativity, being experimental, is subject to continual revision; that geometry ought to escape such revision; and that, therefore, the principle of *relativity* should be regarded as a convention. In its experimental sense, it means that the mutual action of two widely separated systems tends to zero when the distance is indefinitely augmented. He says there is nothing even to prevent the apparent absurdity of the mutual action, after diminishing with increase of distance, beginning again to increase! — or on still further augmenting the distance, again tending to zero.

Thus the principle of physical relativity is more clearly seen to be but a convention, deduced from attempts at experiment.

Everything, he goes on to say, occurs as if time were a fourth dimension of space, and as if four-dimensional space, resulting from the combination of space and time, turned not only upon an axis of "ordinary space," but round any axis whatever. He suggests, in order that the comparison should be mathematically tenable, that it

would be necessary to attribute purely imaginary values to this fourth ordinate of space, so that the four ordinates would be x, y, z, and $t\sqrt{-1}$; but he does not insist on this, the essential thing being to note that *Space and Time are not distinct entities,* which could be regarded separately — but two aspects of the same whole, so interblended that they cannot easily be separated.

M. Poincaré adds that of two events, A may be neither cause nor consequence of B, if the distance be such as to preclude the possibility of light reaching A from B, or B from A, in the needed time — for the maximum speed of transmission, according to the New Mechanics, is that of light.

Shall we then change our attitude, he asks, in view of these new ideas? He answers in the negative. Certain physicists wish to adopt a new convention; not that they are obliged to do so; they consider the idea more convenient — that is all! And those not of this opinion may legitimately refrain from altering their habits of thought.

II

M. Poincaré states that space is formless. Geometry, we should say, has to do with conceptual form, but this by no means identifies it with space; nor does it endow geometry with the power of defining space. Hence it would be mere confusion of thought to speak of "curved space," as some are apt to do in referring, for instance, to the geometry of Riemann. And here one is tempted to remark that we ought perhaps to become a little more familiar with the geometry we have, before taking up the study of other conceptual geometries. Some principle of relativity enters even into conceptual geometry, which is Euclid's undoubtedly, in contra-distinction to what is called "practical" geometry. How otherwise could a circle be described? We should have no means of knowing whether the radius was constant; nor, being constant, whether the center occupied the same position while endeavoring to trace the circle ideally. It was for this reason that in the profound symbolism of ancient metaphysics, the point and circle were regarded as incognizable.

Moreover, the principle of coincident planes, and of relative rotation of one or more of them round common points — necessary in order to describe a circle, in *really* plane geometry, and necessary to prove the fourth proposition in Euclid's first book — seems to have been overlooked in the text-books. The result has been that while

imagining ourselves followers of Euclid, we have introduced ideas of compasses, etc. (objects possessing physical extension), and then asserted that the circle cannot be squared, nor an angle trisected, by Euclidean methods; whereas had we studied the true meaning of his circle postulate, his proof of proposition four, and his method of limits, we should have seen that the only satisfactory and easy *geometrical* way of solving these problems is purely Euclidean in method; is conceptual, and independent of physical instruments. These remarks appear to be germane to those of M. Poincaré on geometry, because our principle of relativity can be carried into the region of the better-known geometrical concepts, without invoking either "elliptic" or "hyperbolic" space-concepts, so-called.

Many would be inclined to question the idea that geometric theorems are *based* on observed facts in the physical world. It is true that, for most of us, they may be so based. On the other hand, was it not an elementary principle of ancient teaching, that Thought precedes Manifestation, in all regions? That the noumenal precedes the phenomenal? Pure Geometry, like Number, is an *aspect* of the noumenal, surely?

When M. Poincaré says, with true insight, that Space is formless, and that Space and Time are two interblended aspects of one whole, we naturally ask: What, then, is the result of this inevitable combination? *Ceaseless Motion?*

Keeping in view that the whole truth of the matter is paradoxically within, and yet beyond our grasp, we may inquire how far Theosophical teaching can illumine, for us, this subject. Its very foundations are outlined in the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine,* a work by H. P. Blavatsky, which takes as its text an archaic work entitled, *The Book of Dzyan.* "The Divine Thought, the ONE LIFE, is eternal, invisible, yet Omnipresent, without beginning or end, yet periodical in its regular manifestations."

> Its one absolute attribute, which is ITSELF, eternal ceaseless Motion, is called in esoteric parlance "The Great Breath," which is the perpetual motion of the universe, in the sense of limitless, ever-present SPACE. That which is motionless cannot be Divine. . . . Intra-Cosmic motion is eternal and ceaseless; Cosmic motion (the visible, or that which is subject to perception) is finite and periodical. (*Op. cit.,* I, 2, 3.)

Again: "Space is composed, from its undifferentiated to its differentiated surface, of seven layers."

A sentence in *The Book of Dzyan,* which has reference to the period *between* two manifested Universes, says:

Time was not, for it lay asleep in the infinite bosom of duration.

Commenting on this, H. P. Blavatsky writes the following, which would surely have delighted M. Poincaré:

Time is only an illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness as we travel through eternal duration, and it does not exist where no consciousness exists in which the illusion can be produced; but "lies asleep." The present is only a mathematical line which divides that part of eternal duration which we call the future, from that part which we call the past. Nothing on earth has real duration, for nothing remains without change — or the same — for the billionth part of a second; and the sensation we have of the actuality of the division of "time" known as the present, comes from the blurring of that momentary glimpse, or succession of glimpses, of things that our senses give us, as those things pass from the region of ideals which we call the future, to the region of memories that we name the past. In the same way we experience a sensation of duration in the case of the instantaneous electric spark, by reason of the blurred and continuing impression on the retina. The real person or thing does not consist solely of what is seen at any particular moment, but is composed of the sum of all its various and changing conditions from its appearance in the material form to its disappearance from the earth. It is these "sum-totals" that exist from eternity in the "future," and pass by degrees through matter, to exist for eternity in the "past." No one could say that a bar of metal dropped into the sea came into existence as it left the air, and ceased to exist as it entered the water, and that the bar itself consisted only of that cross-section thereof which at any given moment coincided with the mathematical plane that separates, and, at the same time, joins, the atmosphere and the ocean. Even so of persons and things, which, dropping out of the to-be into the has-been, out of the future into the past — present momentarily to our senses a cross-section, as it were, of their total selves, as they pass through time and space (as matter) on their way from one eternity to another; and these constitute that "duration" in which alone anything has true existence, were our senses but able to cognize it there. (*Op. cit.,* I, 37.)

Again we read:

Our ideas, in short, on duration and time are all derived from our sensations, according to the law of Association.

Which parallels what M. Poincaré says regarding space, considered as physical extension — an inadequate idea, however, of space.

The "Breath" of the One Existence is used in its application only to the spiritual aspect of Cosmogony by Archaic esotericism; otherwise, it is replaced by its equivalent in the material plane — Motion. The One Eternal Element, or

element-containing Vehicle, is *Space,* dimensionless in every sense; co-existent with which are — endless *duration,* primordial (hence indestructible) *matter,* and *motion* — absolute "perpetual motion" which is the "breath" of the "One" Element. (I, 55.)

As to the "fourth dimension" H. P. Blavatsky wrote:

The superficial absurdity of assuming that Space itself is measurable in any direction is of little consequence. The familiar phrase can only be an abbreviation of the fuller form — "the *Fourth dimension of* MATTER *in Space.*" . . . But it is an unhappy phrase, even when thus expanded. . . . The . . . characteristics of matter must clearly bear a direct relation always to the senses of man. Matter has extension, color, molecular motion, taste, and smell, and by the time that it fully develops the next characteristic — let us call it for the moment PERMEABILITY — this will correspond to the next sense of man — let us call it "NORMAL CLAIRVOYANCE"; thus, when some bold thinkers have been searching for a fourth dimension . . . what they really were in want of was a *sixth characteristic of matter.* The three dimensions belong really to but one attribute or characteristic of matter — extension; and popular common sense justly rebels against the idea that under any condition of things there can be more than three of such dimensions as length, breadth, and thickness. These terms, and the term "dimension" itself, all belong to one plane of thought, to one stage of evolution, to one characteristic of matter. So long as there are foot-rules within the resources of Kosmos, to apply to matter, so long will they be able to measure it in three ways and no more. . . . But these considerations do not militate in any way against the certainty that in the progress of time — as the faculties of humanity are multiplied — so will the characteristics of matter be multiplied also. Meanwhile, the expression is far more incorrect than even the familiar one of the "sun rising or setting." (I, 251)

In *New Aspects of Life,* Dr. H. Pratt said: "Space is a substantial, though (apparently) an absolutely unknowable living Entity." And H. P. Blavatsky, in comment, declares such to be the teaching of Archaic philosophy. "Space is the real world, while our world is an artificial one. It is the One Unity throughout its infinitude: in its boundless depths as on its illusive surface; a surface studded with countless phenomenal Universes, systems, and mirage-like worlds." (I, 615)

III

Intimately related to the profound views on Space and Time outlined, is the connexion between Matter and Ether; and here again M. Poincaré furnishes us with some luminous thoughts in the remarkable essay published by *La Revue Scientifique.*

After discussing the singular agreement between some recent atomic theories, when applied to such dissimilar phenomena as gaseous actions, electrons, Brownian movements, and radio-activity, M. Poincaré goes on to say that the chemical "atom" is now a reality. But this is not to say we are near to the ultimate elements of things, for it is no true element; *it is not exempt from mystery; this atom is a world!*

Every new discovery in physics reveals a new complication of the atom. What we sometimes call the "transmutation of an element" is no longer correct, seeing that an "Element" does not disintegrate into another, but into several others.

But this is not all; in the atom we find many other things. At first, the electrons. Every atom thus seems a kind of solar system, where minute negative electrons play the part of planets, gravitating round a larger positive, or sun-electron. The mutual attraction of the contrary electricities welds the system into a whole, and governs the planetary periods, thus fixing the wave-length of the light emitted by the atom. To the convection-currents produced by the electron-movements is due its apparent inertia, which we name its mass. But outside the captive electrons are the free ones, obeying the kinetic laws of gases, and rendering metals conductors. These are comparable to the comets that circulate from one stellar system to another, effecting as it were an exchange of energy between remote systems.

But we have not reached the end. After the electrons, next come the magnetons, deduced, on the one hand, from the study of magnetic bodies, and on the other, from the study of the spectra of simple bodies — revealing, as M. Weiss showed, remarkable numeric laws, which appear to govern the peculiar distribution of the lines in the spectrum. A first thought would be to reconcile these laws with those of harmonics. Just as a vibrating string has an infinite degree of freedom with which to multiply the fundamental frequency, or a Hertz resonator an infinity of different periods, may not the atom, for identical reasons, emit an infinity of different lights? Experiment, however, and certain laws of frequency compel us, so far, at least to modify this idea. He regards the idea of M. Ritz, of revolving electrons with magnetons placed end to end, as somewhat artificial, but adds that we may accept it provisionally for want of a better.

Why do hydrogen atoms give several different spectrum lines? Following up the hypothesis M. Poincaré says it is because there are

several kinds of hydrogen atoms, differing among themselves in the number of magnetons, or in their alinement, each kind producing a different line in the spectrum. Then one would like to know whether these could transform into one another. And in what way may an atom lose magnetons? Does the magneton leave the atom, or merely take up a different arrangement? What is a magneton? With certain hypotheses in mind it would seem to be a vortex of electrons, and our atom grows more and more complex.

But what gives a better idea than anything else of the complexity of the atom is the study of radio-active transformations. The law of these appears at first simple, being exponential; but on reflecting upon its form, one recognizes that this is nothing else than *statistical,* and the element of apparent chance would enter. But here there can be no chance due to fortuitous encounters with other atoms, or with external agencies. For it is in *the interior of the atom itself* that are found the causes of its transformations, whether the cause be ephemeral or profound. Otherwise we should have surrounding circumstances, such as temperature, for example, exerting an influence on the coefficient of time in the exponent; but this coefficient is remarkably constant, so much so that Curie proposes to use it in the measurement of absolute time.

The " chance," then, presiding in these transformations, is an internal one; that is, the atom of a radio-active body is a world, under some law of " chance "; but note well, that who says " chance " says large numbers; a world formed of few elements may obey laws more or less complicated, but they will not be merely statistical laws! It follows that the atom is a complex world; true, a sealed up world, or nearly so, protected from any exterior perturbations we may provoke. Were there a statistical and therefore a thermodynamic interior of the atom, we should be able to speak of its internal temperature. Well! it has no tendency to place itself in equilibrium with external temperature; as if enclosed in an envelope perfectly adiathermous! He continues: "And it is precisely because it is closed in; and *because its functions are distinctly traced, and guarded by stern sentinels, that the atom is an individual.*"

. . . . . .

It is nearly a generation since *The Secret Doctrine* was written; and now modern Science, through one of its intellectual giants, begins

to find out that what H. P. Blavatsky wrote is true. "The waves and undulations of Science are all produced by atoms propelling their molecules into activity *from within.*" (I, 633). We postpone summarizing the rest of M. Poincaré's article, in order to afford a brief but general view of the topic in the light of Theosophical teaching. It has been expounded repeatedly in these pages, but M. Poincaré's remarkable conclusion gives new point to the following extracts from *The Secret Doctrine;* which, however, will be easier to comprehend, if the Three Fundamental Propositions of Theosophical Teaching are first studied, as in the Proem to that work. They will be found also in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for February, 1912.

One thing is clear. If every atom possesses "individuality," it must not only be alive, but be likewise endowed with some variety of consciousness. There never was an Azoic age. An archaic Commentary on *The Book of Dzyan* says:

> *Spirit is the first differentiation of (and in) SPACE; and Matter is the first differentiation of Spirit. That, which is neither Spirit nor matter — that is IT — the Causeless CAUSE of Spirit and Matter, which are the Cause of Kosmos. And THAT we call the ONE LIFE* or the *Intra-Cosmic Breath.* (I, 258)

"*Like must produce like.* Absolute Life cannot produce an inorganic atom, whether simple or complex," says H. P. Blavatsky. Ordinary common sense, with the aid of a little intuition, assents. And M. Poincaré, who recognizes individuality in the atom, may be taken as concurring.

If we shake off some of the brain-mind fetters we have forged by a too close preoccupation with the illusive phenomena of merely objective Nature, we shall easily perceive that Man must be included in any consideration of the Atom, for it is Man who imagines and reasons about it.

There is but one indivisible and absolute Omniscience and Intelligence in the Universe, and this thrills through every atom and infinitesimal point of the whole finite Kosmos which hath no bounds, and which people call SPACE, considered independently of anything contained in it. But the first differentiation of its *reflection* in the manifested World is purely Spiritual, and the Beings generated in it are not endowed with a consciousness that has any relation to the one we conceive of. They can have no human consciousness or Intelligence before they have acquired such, personally and individually. This may be a mystery, yet it is a fact, in Esoteric philosophy, and a very apparent one too.

The whole order of nature evinces a progressive march towards *a higher life.* There is design in the action of the seemingly blindest forces. The whole process

of evolution with its endless adaptations is a proof of this. The immutable laws that weed out the weak and feeble species, to make room for the strong, and which ensure the "survival of the fittest," though so cruel in their immediate action — all are working toward the grand end. The very *fact* that adaptations *do* occur, that the fittest *do* survive in the struggle for existence, shows that what is called "unconscious Nature" is in reality an aggregate of forces manipulated by semi-intelligent beings (Elementals) guided by High Planetary Spirits, whose collective aggregate forms the manifested *verbum* of the unmanifested LOGOS, and constitutes at one and the same time the MIND of the Universe and its immutable LAW. (I, 278)

Those who are aroused by the words of M. Poincaré to deeper study of the subject, ought to turn to the sections entitled "Primordial Substance and Divine Thought," and "Gods, Monads, and Atoms," in Vol. I of *The Secret Doctrine;* and then read the Stanzas, with their Commentaries, in both volumes.

By then, they will be able to peruse the absolutely magnificent Proem — unparalleled by anything in known literature — with a keener perception of its meaning and grandeur; and to realize — along with our genial, fearless, and sincere comrade, Henri Poincaré — that, verily, "the Atom is not exempt from mystery."

THE only true Science must also be a Religion, and that is the Wisdom-Religion. A religion which ignores patent facts and laws that govern our lives, our deaths, and our sad or happy hereafter, is no religion. The True Religion is one which will find the basic ideas common to all philosophies and religions.

William Q. Judge

. . . . . .

IN these matters there is no child's play nor the usual English and American method of mere book-learning — we must absorb and work into the practice and the theory laid down, for they are not written merely for the *intellect,* but for the whole spiritual nature. There must be within the man something which he already knows, that leaps up and out when he scans the books of wisdom; a thing already existing, which only takes an added life or confirmation from books. True Theosophy has all that is practical, but many forget this; there is no greater system of practice than that required by it. — *William Q. Judge*

RODIN: by R. Machell

AFTER reading many opinions on the work of the great sculptor Auguste Rodin one reads with a sense of relief what that celebrated artist has to say about his own views of art.

As usual, when the great man himself speaks, one is at once struck with his simplicity and sincerity. The mystery and the profound mysticism, the far-fetched idealism, and high-flown theories, all vanish, and we find ourselves in presence of a devout lover of Nature, simple as a child, and absolutely sincere. His love of form and color are all-absorbing characteristics of a temperament in which love of nature is a religion in the highest sense of the word. He himself explains that it is not merely the form and color, the action and rhythm of life that interest him, but also the spirit that animates the outer form and which is interpreted by action.

To render this faithfully, without any interference, addition, or attempted improvement, is, in his eyes, the mission of art. He says:

> Art is the sublimest mission of man, because it is the exercise of the thought that seeks to understand the world and to make it understood.
>
> Art is contemplation; it is the pleasure of the mind which searches into nature and there divines the spirit that animates nature. It is the joy of the intellect that sees clearly into the universe and that recreates it with conscientious vision.

Accepting this as a fair translation (not having access to the original) of the French sculptor's words, one seems to see the perfectly simple mind that would shrink from any attempt to improve upon nature as from a sacrilege. But in viewing his work one sees also the extreme activity of the selective and discriminative faculty which discards and disregards so much that most minds look upon as necessary and essential to a figure. Rodin's intense concentration upon the essential qualities in a form or in a movement, as he sees them, and his total disregard of all that appears to him unnecessary make his work quite unintelligible to a great mass of the public as well as to many very intelligent critics. If it is to them not quite unintelligible it is certainly very seriously hampered with what they mistake for a deliberate affectation of manner.

After listening to the master's own words one feels that his marked peculiarities of style are due to his childlike sincerity and to his simple ignorance of the possibility of his being himself affected. This is but one of the common paradoxes of life, yet it is a fruitful source of misunderstanding and misrepresentation.

Rodin's example may inspire a few to live as sincerely as he has done, but it will also induce a host of imitators to affect with full self-conscious insincerity his peculiarities of manner and of method, and will so reveal the futility of style or method when it is affected or deliberately adopted.

True style is the method natural to the individual, and is the outcome of his personal limitations as well as of his individual evolution.

One could wish that the worshipers of great men would seek to follow the sincerity of their efforts rather than the peculiarities of their manner. In this connexion it is interesting to note the unbounded admiration expressed by Rodin for the work of older men whose style shows none of the peculiarities that are so pronounced in his own work. The fact being that the great artist looks so far beyond the mere technical qualities of a work that he may feel a perfect sympathy for another artist whose personal peculiarities might seem to put him into another category altogether.

As to technique, it is also interesting to find Rodin saying that the highest technical knowledge and skill are essential to the equipment of an artist. This is a fact so obvious to true artists, that they sometimes fail to insist upon it as they should for the benefit of the young, who think to imitate the freedom of the master before they have learned their alphabet.

Whistler said: " Industry is not a virtue in art; it is a necessity." Diaz, the French landscape painter, whose style was what some people call " slap-dash," set his pupils to study details of foliage and rock, of earth, water and sky, with the most minute exactitude, assuring them that it was only so that he himself had learned to express forms in nature by a flick of the brush that seemed to be accomplished by a mere trick of the hand.

There may be many other ways of interpreting nature; there may be many other aspects of nature to be loved and studied, than those that reveal themselves to Rodin's devout contemplation. And it may be that there are higher aims in art than those that seem to him most worthy; but all who love nature in any way must honor the sincerity of this true worshiper at the shrine of the Universal Mother.

WITH THE ZUNIS IN NEW MEXICO:

by George Wharton James *

II. THE RELIGIOUS AND CEREMONIAL LIFE OF THE ZUNIS

THE Zunis, the Hopis, and all the pueblo Indians of our Southwest are extremely conservative in their religious beliefs. Though the Roman Catholics, through bands of devoted Franciscans, built a large church in Zuni late in the seventeenth century, the ruins of which are shown in the accompanying engraving, and though even today the priest occasionally visits Zuni and conducts masses and other ceremonies of the church, the Zunis have never for one single moment been any other than firm believers in the religion and ceremonies of the past.

To attempt to describe this religion with any degree of fulness would require at least five hundred pages of this magazine. Their mythological lore is vast; their pantheon of greater and lesser divinities more comprehensive by far than that of ancient Greece or Rome; their ceremonial ritual so complex, so varied, so all-embracing as to make the most rigid ritualist of the Roman or English Churches of the twentieth century appear like a feeble-bodied child groping for his first steps in the presence of a Marathon champion.

Mrs. Matilda Stevenson, who spent several years with the Zunis, thus states the way in which the aboriginal mind conceives of the universe:

> Civilized man lives in a world of reality; primitive man in a world of mysticism and symbolism; he is deeply impressed by his natural environment; every object for him possesses a spiritual life, so that celestial bodies, mountains, rocks, the flora of the earth, and the earth itself are to him quite different from what they are to civilized man. The sturdy pine, the delicate sapling, the fragrant blossom, the giant rock, and the tiny pebble play alike their part in the mystic world of the aboriginal man. Many things which tend to nourish life are symbolized by the Zunis as mother. When a Zuni speaks of the Earth Mother the earth is symbolized as the source, not only of all vegetal matter which nourishes man, but also of the game which gives him animal food. The earth is mother, the great one to whom all are indebted for sustenance.

Living in an arid land it is not surprising to find much of their religious thought and ceremony devoted to rain-making. A careful observer will soon note that a good Zuni — man, woman, or child —

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seldom looks upward without moving his lips in prayer. He is invoking the blessing of the rain-makers. Every month, at the full moon, each Zunian offers his group of breath or prayer-plumes, and scarcely any religious ceremony is complete without much and continuous smoking. Few would think that these plumes and the smoking have anything to do with prayer and rain, yet that is all they mean. Here is the explanation. When a Zuni dies he, she, becomes a rain-maker, controlled by the Council of the Gods, who sends the rain-maker wherever the supplications of the people require. The rain is gathered in vases and gourd jugs from the springs of the six regions of the world. The clouds are made by the breath of the gods and the smoke of the Zunis, and yet the latter do not believe that the rain comes from the clouds. The clouds are "masks" through which the rain is poured by the rain-makers.

The clouds have their special language to the observant Zuni. The rain-makers are taking their pleasure when the clouds are cirrus. When the clouds are cumulus and nimbus they are going to water the earth. Naturally they have rain-priests (A'shiwanni), whose lives must be exceptionally pure and good, or they drive away the cloud masks, and the rain-makers cannot pour rain without the masks. To see them would be dangerous. There are also wonderful rain-ceremonies, one of which I will describe later.

The lightning naturally is personified. The Ku'pishtaya are great warriors who are the lightning-makers and they have deputies and couriers. When the flashes are seen they are the couriers taking messages from one of the Ku'pishtaya to another. The Zunis are never afraid of the lightning, though the displays in that arid and mountainous country sometimes partake of an auroral brilliancy. The Ku'pishtaya can look right into the heart of a person and they never slay the pure in heart. Only the vile and wicked are ever injured, and it is sure evidence of hidden evil if one is slain by lightning, no matter how perfect his past life may seem to have been.

Thunder is caused by the rain-makers rolling stones for fun in their games, while the lightning-makers are shooting their missiles. The thunder is made in no other way.

At the present time there are fourteen rain-priests at Zuni and so important is their function regarded they are not allowed to do any secular work. They simply pray and fast for rain. The priest of the North region is the most important, hence is always regarded as the

superior priest. The Zunis believe there are seven cardinal points. And these must never be named except in their correct order, which is North, West, South, East, Zenith, and Nadir. The center or below is generally understood without being named.

Each rain-priest is possessed of a most wonderful fetish which is supposed to have come, clasped to the breast of the ancestral rain-priest, from the undermost to the outer world. This fetish is in two parts, one consisting of four hollow reeds, containing water, in the largest one of which is a diminutive toad, *alive.* The ends of the reeds are closed with clay which came from the underworld, and native cotton. The reeds are fully wrapped with native cotton cords, the end of which is left free to symbolize the tail of the toad, clearly showing the evolution of the toad from the tadpole. Beautiful beads adorn the cotton wrapping, and one of these fetishes could scarcely be purchased for its weight in gold. The sanctity of the fetish is shown by the care exercised in protecting it. Mrs. Stevenson, though most intimate with the leading rain-priest, had to secure a glimpse by stealth of the sealed room in which the fetish is kept in a sealed vase, and the lives of those who permitted her to do this were in danger. One of the women was prostrated with fear and it was some time before she recovered.

The rain-priests have their women assistants whose duty it is to grind the sacred meal to be used in the rain-prayers and ceremonies. This is coarse corn-meal mixed with crushed turquoise and white clam shell and abalone shell. By the way, there is one especial fetish which is said to have been gained from a conquered people, who were great rain-makers, and this is regarded with so great veneration that the rain-priest who possesses it has no woman associates. The Zunis give as their reason that " no woman has ever been found possessing a sufficiently good heart for this position."

The Zuni male evidently is still in the belief of a redeemed masculinity in which the women of his race have not yet shared.

It is scarcely possible for the flippant white man, filled with the sense of his own self-sufficiency, to realize the intensity of the Zunis' feeling in regard to the purity of heart of its rain-priesthood. No matter how many prayers are offered only those from the pure are effective, and as rain is essential to life their very existence seems to them to depend upon the purity of heart of their A'shiwanni. They have elaborate ceremonies of impeachment and trial of those who are deemed unworthy, and often a vacancy is unfilled for months while

they test the character of the candidates for the position. When a priest or an associate is to be installed the ceremony lasts several hours and for fully four hours the novice sits in one position without the slightest movement. Each person present must be barefooted and the *banda* is removed from the head. A large blanket is spread upon the floor, and upon this is placed a deer-skin, with the head towards the East. The celebrant receives from one of the senior priests a small buckskin sack, from which he sprinkles sacred corn-pollen from one extremity of the deer-skin to the other, being exceedingly careful to keep the line straight and see that it ends in the mouth of the skin. This signifies the road of life and truth which the novitiate must follow to win the favor of the higher gods.

In some cases when the associate is to be connected with the Sun priest, a sun symbol is introduced in the middle of this line. The disk is colored blue-green, with three dots of black representing eyes and mouth. The disk is encircled by a block of black and white, symbolizing the house of the clouds, and four lines of pollen extend from four points of the periphery to the center of the deerskin. The novice stands on the deerskin and the celebrant priests in turn stand upon the cross lines. The former is then exhorted "to do his duty as becomes the deputy of the Sun Father; to follow the straight road of the Sun Father, which will insure the good of the people. Should he find evil or discontent in his heart, to take it out and throw it behind him; and to keep straight in the path of truth and virtue." The Sun priest then prays that the blessing of the Supreme life-giving power of the Zu'nis (who is bisexual, and referred to as He-She, the symbol and initiator of life, and life itself, pervading all space), may continue, and that the Sun Father may not send his son, the rainbow, to call the rain-makers to send them to some other region away from Zu'niland. He asks that all people of all lands may be bountifully provided with food and clothing, that they may have no sickness among them, and that they may be preserved from death.

Later the celebrant takes the hand of the novice who now stands in the center of the skin facing East, with one foot on each side of the line of pollen. Facing the novice, arms about his waist, and the novice in the same position, prayers are offered, the celebrant lifting the novice's hands now and again to his own lips and breathing on them, and as he raises them to the novice's chin asking questions to which the novice gives affirmative replies. Then follows a peculiar hand-

clasping ceremony in which all the rain-priests and their associates take part. Each clasps hands in turn, but the one holding the novice's hands is exceedingly careful not to relinquish his hold until his successor has full grasp. During this ceremony each person offers prayers with the novice, and when, later, he is seated, and the deerskin is being dismantled of its " fixings," more prayers are offered, all having a similar tenor, viz., that the new priest may be pure in heart and live the straight life as indicated by the pollen line, that the people be blessed with much rain so that all seeds may develop and that they may all have long life, and grow to that old age when one sleeps to awaken young in the abiding place of the gods.

At another of the ceremonies prayer plumes are made and deposited with songs and prayers at sacred shrines. Few white people have ever seen these mystic rites, Lieut. Frank H. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, D. D. Graham and one or two others, including myself, being among those so highly favored. The Zunis make these plumes both as individuals and as members of their various fraternities and organizations, and the gifts of the former, while numbered by thousands, are insignificant when compared with the latter. The rain-making society makes offerings each month at the appropriate points of the compass. At each place a hole is dug to the length of the arm of the digger. Then meal ground from toasted sweet corn, and prayer-meal are sprinkled in the hole, and prayer-plumes are deposited for the sun, the moon, deceased predecessors and others. Then members of the priesthood come and offer plumes for the lightning-makers of the six regions. An earnest prayer next follows calling upon the Earth Mother to invoke the Sun Father's embrace to warm her children, (the fruits of the Earth) into being. Other prayers then follow to the deceased predecessors of the celebrants.

The plume stick indicates to whom the prayer-plume is offered, and the plumes attached convey the breath prayers to the gods. The breath of the prayer combines with the breath of the gods to whom it is offered to form clouds, behind which, as I have explained, the rain-makers work. After the prayers the excavation is covered so that no trace of it remains.

Even in the making of these prayer-plumes a ritual is followed that is most ceremonious and elaborate. The length of the stick must be carefully measured according to the size of the hand of the maker. Each stick as made becomes sacred and is placed in a basket in a cer-

tain way with becoming reverence. The feathers used are mainly eagle-plumes, from the under wing of captive eagles, kept expressly for this purpose, and certain feathers of birds from the six regions. To these are added butterflies, dragon-flies and artificial flowers of a supposed mythical medicine-plant. The sticks are colored with certain paints, and these paint-pots when not in use are covered with buck-skin, securely tied with cotton cord, to which bits of turquoise, white shell and abalone shell are attached as symbolic of their sacred character. The proper paints must be used for the set seasons or certain injuries will come: for instance, if black or red paint is used in the month of May — these being for cold rain and snows — the cold winds would come and destroy the fruit.

When the plumes are attached to the sticks it is with cotton cords, and sometimes additional plumes are attached to the ends of the plumes, tied by long cotton-strings. These strings are dotted four times in black to signify or symbolize rain-clouds.

A fascinating ceremony is the winter retreat of the Chief Rain-priest of the Nadir. One day is spent in prayers for rain, and at night, the priest, with every member of his family and his associates and their families, to new-born babies even, are expected to be present in the large chamber where the sacred rain-fetish is kept. The sealed chamber is opened and these objects brought forth and the priest then makes a pollen and meal-painting in which rain-clouds, sun symbols etc., are used. Then a number of concretion fetishes are used, which, on account of their appearance, are supposed to have great power in fertilization. These, with many other stone objects connected with " mystery medicine " are placed along the meal lines, and a reed flute is laid on one side. Then a number of fetishes are arranged about the cloud-symbol, including exquisitely made obsidian knives and arrow points. More lines and crosses of meal are formed, symbolic of the four regions and these are encircled with meal, symbolizing the whole world. Medicine bowls and sacred vases are placed in proper position; the chief priest washes his hands in the sacred meal and then opens the most sacred fetishes of all and places them on the cloud symbol with a solemn dignity and earnest prayerfulness that radiates and makes even an ignorant observer feel that this is one of the most important moments in the life of a religious Zuni.

More meal washing of hands, more prayers, in which his associates are called upon to join, then six gourds full of water are brought

and emptied into the medicine bowl to the west, and six into the one on the east. Sacred meal is then sprinked into each bowl, and the concrete fetishes which symbolize fructification, each one having a special prayer offered over it before it is dropped into the water.

More prayers, consecrating the water in the bowl, just before which powdered amole or soap-root is sprinkled on the altar and in the bowl. Then an associate whips the soap-root and water until suds appear, symbols of the clouds. During this time the chief priest whirls a rhombus, or bull-roarer, which makes a noise as the wind of an approaching storm, and one of his associates plays on the flute, the burden of all being invocations, prayers, petitions for rain. Now the eagle plumes of the chief priest are dipped into the cloud-water and all the altar offerings are sprinkled six times, one for each world-region. Perfect quiet now reigns for a little while, after which the rhombus is whirled, the flute played and more prayers offered, while the priest last initiated now comes forward and shakes a rattle of shells suspended from a crooked stick to which prayer plumes are attached.

While these ceremonies are going on another assistant sprinkles the sacred meal up and down the lines of meal and pollen, while a singing invocation is begun. This is kept up all night. The invocation is as follows:

I

Come you, ascend the ladder; all come in, all sit down.
We were poor, poor, poor, poor, poor, poor,
When we came to this world through the poor place,
Where the body of water dried for our passing.
Banked up clouds (cumuli) cover the earth.
All come four times with your showers,
Descend to the base of the ladder and stand still;
Bring your showers and great rains.
All, all come, all ascend, all come in, all sit down.
(The above stanza is repeated four times.)

II

I throw out to you my sacred meal that you may all come.
Hold your gaming-stick; throw it forward; all come.
Hold your gaming-ring; throw it forward; all come.
All come out and give us your showers and great rains; all come,
That the seeds may be strong and come up, that all seed plants may come up and be strong.
Come you that all trees and seeds may come up and be strong.
Come you hither; all come.

III

Cover my earth mother four times with many flowers.
Let the heavens be covered with banked-up clouds.
Let the earth be covered with fog; cover the earth with rains.
Great waters, rains, cover the earth. Lightning cover the earth.
Let thunder be heard over the earth; let thunder be heard;
Let thunder be heard over the six regions of the earth.

IV

Rain-makers, come out from all roads that great rivers may cover the earth;
That stones may be moved by the torrents.
That trees may be uprooted and moved by the torrents.
Great rain-makers, come out from all roads, carry the sands of our earth mother of the place.
Cover the earth mother with her heart, that all seeds may develop,
That my children may have all things to eat and be happy;
That the people of the outlying villages may all laugh and be happy;
That the growing children may have all things to eat and be happy.
This way our great father kia'ettone wishes you to come.
This way our great mother chu'ettone wishes you to come;
That we may have all kinds of seeds and all things good;
That we may inhale the sacred breath of life;
That our fathers kia'ettone and our mothers chu'ettone may bring us happy days.
Let our children live and be happy.
Send us the good south winds.
Send us your breath over the lakes that our great world may be made beautiful and our people may live.

V

There, far off, my Sun Father arises, ascends the ladder, comes forth from his place.
May all complete the road of life, may all grow old.
May the children inhale more of the sacred breath of life.
May all my children have corn that they may complete the road of life.
Here sit down; here remain; we give you our best thoughts.
Hasten over the meal road; we are jealous of you.
We inhale the sacred breath through our prayer plumes.

An entirely different ceremony is performed at the summer retreat, the thunder-stones being introduced, for this is the time of thunder. When the morning star arises a group of prayer-plumes tied together at the base is carried to the home of the chief priest by the first associate rain-maker. The rhombus is whirled, meal sprinkled, prayer plumes deposited, prayers repeated, songs sung, water poured, meal paintings made somewhat as before described.

But in this ceremony a Song of Thanksgiving to the gods for the good things received is introduced, in which all take part. All the various objects of the altar, together with the baskets — some of which are highly colored — are moved up and down in perfect time to the rhythm of the song. The moving of these is the rhythm of perfect motion, the beautiful arms of the women being exposed adding to the charm, even though they are bronze instead of rosy white. This Song of Thanksgiving lasts for fifty minutes, after which the chief rain-priest offers more prayers.

The cloud suds are then made and the women each take a handful and rub it first upon their breasts, then their arms and legs, and all present are given a drink of the consecrated water out of a sacred shell by one of the associate priests.

The fetishes are then solemnly removed from the altar, replaced in their sacred vases, deposited in their room, where they are sealed up to await the next occasion for their use.

Every fourth year, in August, a dramatic ceremony is performed, when the growing corn is a foot high, that is wonderful in its elaborate complexity. Eight days prior to its occurrence there is a meeting of the chief rain-priests at the home of the chief priestess of fecundity to determine who shall be participants. There are eighty-eight in all, forty-one of whom represent the powers of fecundity and forty-seven the god of music, flowers and butterflies. The choirs, or singers, being organized, begin to practise as soon as they are notified. Certain virgins must abstain from animal food and salt for eight days. If one of these should be immoral, even in thought, the green corn would be destroyed by worms. In some cases a youth may impersonate the virgin but he must be " virgin in mind."

The women prepare a special kind of prayer plume, made from the tail and wing feathers of the mountain blue-bird, so joined at the quill end as to form a V. They are wrapped with cotton cord. The plumes to be used by the men are made from the feathers of the male bird; while those for the women are of the female. When these are given to the participants the associate priest who offers them says: " May your heart be good; may you have good thoughts; may you speak with one tongue, that the rains may come."

These plumes are tied to the left side of the head by the cotton cord from which the feathers are suspended, and the day after the drama is ended these are planted in the corn fields. For seven days

sacred rehearsals, as they might be termed, of certain parts of the open air ceremony, are performed indoors. Then the dance-plaza is prepared, the spectators assemble on the housetops, and the real ceremony begins. Yellow corn is used, in the ear, to represent the mythical yellow corn-maidens, and blue corn the blue corn-maidens. These, and the water to be used, are consecrated with due and prolonged ceremonial, each of the six cardinal points being remembered. Offerings of prayer plumes are made to the rain-makers to induce them to intercede with the Sun Father that he may embrace the rains of the Earth, that the corn may grow to be beautiful to look upon and good to eat. The ears of corn that the dancers use are covered with a small blanket of rabbit skin, and then short dark eagle feathers, plumes from the birds of the six regions, and white sage blossoms are arranged upright about the ear of corn, wrapped in a small piece of cotton blanket and heavily tied with cotton cord. A diminutive crook is then tied to each ear of corn thus prepared. This crook is the symbol of longevity. While these are being prepared one of the choirs sings, as follows, a song addressed to the Great Mother:

> See, I dress your children [referring to the corn] in beautiful feathers and sacred embroidered blankets. I pray that you will send to us many of your children another year.

The first morning of the ceremony, after prayer-plume offerings to the chief god of the council of the gods, Pau'tiwa, two youths and two maidens appear, one couple attended by a man of the Dogwood clan, and the other by one of the Corn clan. The youths carry a perfect ear of corn secreted in the front of their ceremonial sashes, and the girls the same in the rear. Each virgin is given a sacred cloud vessel, a pottery vase with serrated rim, decorated in cloud and rain symbols and tadpoles, and the youths have each a long-necked gourd jug, the bulb of which is covered with cotton-netting to which fluffy eagle plumes are tied. A reed is placed in each jug to be used as a sprinkler. One couple now goes to one sacred spring several miles away, prays, deposits certain plumes and brings water for the ceremony, whilst the others go to another spring in another direction and do likewise.

While these couples are gone, the singers and dancers sing and dance until midnight, the burden of the songs being prayers that the couples may perform their duties aright with pure hearts that rain and fructification of their crops may be assured. Shortly before mid-

night the couples return with the sacred water and young cornstalks with the roots which play an important part in the later ceremonials.

A priest of the Frog clan receives the water and puffs smoke from a native cigarette over the vases and the jugs of water and the green corn, and the choirs sing that the Earth may be abundantly watered.

To attempt to describe the whole ceremony and its complex and varied symbolism would require many pages, such for instance as the fact that in one portion the director of one of the choirs appears with a line of corn pollen under the right eye. This signifies that he is to fast and pray throughout the whole of that particular night. In the dance the maidens wear a beautiful embroidered costume with fine white moccasins, a profusion of necklaces, and bunches of blue yarn hanging in tassels from the wrist and tied with red yarn. The hair hangs loosely down the back, and bangs cover the face, while a head-dress, with a long wooden tablet rising from the crown fully a foot and a half long, is worn, adorned with symbols of rain clouds, the stars, sun and moon, and to the top of which prayer-plumes are attached.

Even the making of these head dresses is a sacred function, and is performed in prescribed manner by eight men especially designated for the purpose, and when completed, they must be carried to the place of using only at the exact moment when the morning star appears above the horizon.

Equally elaborate and important is the ceremonial of Thanksgiving for the crops received, but in this a good deal of rough horseplay is introduced in the evening ceremonies. It seems as if the young people were given a great deal of license to be jolly and frolicsome because of their joy at the abundance of the crops.

Another ceremony often follows the Thanksgiving Ceremony and that is a rabbit hunt. The chief members of the Great Father and Hunter fraternities have charge of this hunt. Each participant must ceremonially cleanse himself by washing his hair in suds made from the powdered amole root. The women remain at home and prepare a feast for the hunters. Each man starts out on horseback and with one, generally two rabbit sticks shaped something like the boomerangs of the Australians. All are gaily dressed and oftentimes there will be from five to six or even seven hundred in the party. Laughing and chatting they ride on a walk until a certain knoll is reached where, surrounded by a reverent circle of the hunters, the representative of

the Great Father and his associate clasp hands and pray a long and impressive prayer. At its close the chief lifts the clasped hands to the mouth of the associate and then draws them to his own, deeply inhaling a "breath of all that is good." The associate now does the same. The prayers are similar in character to those already referred to. Then all ceremonially smoke in solemn silence. Three priests now go to where a fire is kindled in a low and symmetrical cedar tree, and here they stand, offering intercessions to the dead and begging the prayers of their ancestors before the Council of the Gods that the rain-makers will water the Earth. Bread is thrown into the flames, with a call to the fire to eat and convey the spiritual essence of the food to the dead.

The hunters now dismount in couples and make the same fire offerings, at the same time passing their throwing-sticks through the flames, each praying that the gods would crown their hunting with success. The hunt next begins, the party dividing into squads and going in different directions. When a rabbit appears it is surrounded and thus trying to escape is bewildered and soon becomes a victim to the throwing-sticks. The Zunis are wonderfully expert in the use of these sticks and seldom fail in hitting that at which they aim. As soon as the first rabbit is killed the Great Father priest dips his hunting fetish in its blood. When a sufficient number are caught the hunters return home.

One would think the hunt over — that was all there was to the matter. This shows how little our type of mind understands the religious and ritualistic Zuni. His wife or some one of the household takes the rabbits and places them abreast on their sides, their heads to the east and facing south. An ear of corn is placed between the forepaws of each rabbit, the upper end of the corn being even with the mouth, and each member of the household sprinkles sacred meal and prays that the "beings" of the rabbit may return home and send many more rabbits. The game is afterwards flayed in a set and peculiar manner. Food is now placed under the left foreleg, and the rabbits placed on the hot coals to be broiled. They are laid on their breasts, with their heads to the east and remain until the first crackling sound, when they are removed, for then the spiritual essence of the bread has left the body and gone to feed the rabbits. If this is not done more rabbits will not appear. The one who dresses the rabbits must wash the blood from his hands over the fire. He takes water in his mouth and pours it over his hands, holding them over the fire. This is essential to securing success at the next rabbit hunt.

In these necessarily brief and cursory sketches of the Zunis' ceremonials I have said nothing of their vast pantheon of divinities and half-divinities, their legendary lore of myths and history stories, and their wonderful ideas connected with their hunting-fetishes. I may write of these later. But I cannot conclude without telling of my discovery of a very sacred shrine on the summit of *Tai-yo-al-lan-ne,* or Corn Mountain, two of the images from which I now have at my home in Pasadena, and of a Deluge story which accounts for a remarkable stone figure that presents a bold outline to the clear New Mexico sky from the summit of this great Zuni table-land.

I had long desired to visit again a certain shrine on the summit of Corn Mountain, and on the occasion to which I refer, I secured the services of my Zuni host, Tsnahey, Zuni Dick, who with his son and a young friend agreed to get us safely to the top of the mountain by the ancient trail that had not been used for many many years. That we had some difficulty the accompanying engraving proves, for it shows my photographer in the throes of being hoisted and boosted up one of the steep places. At one spot I had to tie the riata around myself and the three Indians hauled me up a sheer cliff fully thirty feet, around which they had climbed by some unknown trail while I made pictures and notes.

Arrived on the summit we found the shrine I wished pictured, and then, suddenly, it occurred to me that I had heard the warrior priest refer to a shrine, one night when he thought me asleep, which I was assured was somewhere on the summit of this very mountain. I questioned Dick about it, but he solemnly declared that he knew nothing of it, and that none but the chief priest of the Warrior Clan or Fraternity knew where it was. I cannot expain the impulse that impelled me to assert my conviction that this shrine was not far from where we then stood. I positively refused to leave the mountain until we had found it. In vain Dick pleaded his ignorance. I was inexorable. An hour, more, was spent in argument. Finally, after several long talks in Zuni to his son, Dick turned to me and said: "I tell you I no know shline (shrine) Unaikah. I talk one way all a time. I no lie. My boy he tell me he catch 'em shline. He go. You go. You pay him."

And so it came to pass. It appeared after some questioning, that Dick's son had been for several years to the white man's school, where he had learned the white man's superior knowledge and contempt for

the "heathen superstitions of his people." Being of an inquisitive turn of mind he had watched the chief priest of the shrine we were about to visit, on the rare occasion that he paid an official call upon the gods, and though the lad was not supposed to know where the secret and sacred place was, he had plucked up the necessary courage and temerity secretly to visit it, and now, *for a consideration,* he was willing to "brave the anger of the gods," and the far more real anger of the superstitious Zunis and take us to see the sacred place. A long time was spent in determining the amount and style of the "consideration," and I know it included three big barrels of shells from the Pacific Coast, for the making of shell-beads, or wampum, in which Dick and his son are adepts, and all the cash my slim purse could stand.

Then, with some trepidation on Dick's part, but none, apparently, in the heart of the sophisticated youth, we walked away to the very edge of the mountain cliff. The shrine was here, I was told. Looking about I could see no trace of anything that looked like a shrine, though the view from the summit was inspiring. While I was looking around the lad disappeared. Then I heard a voice: "You come." I could neither see where he had gone, nor detect where the voice came from. Standing on the verge I looked down and again heard the voice bidding me come, and there, standing on a jutting point on the face of the cliff, the young man was bidding me descend. A misstep, a slip, and one would fall a thousand, fifteen hundred feet. I drew back. Calling for the *riata* I tied it securely around my body, got the four men above to hold it and then descended to the point. There, a piece of the cliff's face had fallen forward in such a manner as to form a recess behind it, and in that recess were the wooden figures of Unaikah, which I had so longed to see. There were fourteen complete figures, and the decaying remnants of several others. It was clear that they were made with the rude flint knives of the Zunis, for the hacking marks of the tool were distinctly visible. We secured the accompanying photograph and then I was filled with a resolute covetousness that would be satisfied with nothing less than one or more of these "gods."

So I tried to get Dick to go ahead and I would follow. "No!" he exclaimed. "You go! I come."

"I no go!" was my reply, "You go!"

"Why you no go?" he asked.

"I catch 'em Unaikah," was my vouchsafed reason. Dick was

smart enough to know that this was in my heart, and he reasoned, he begged, he expostulated. He assured me that "Unaikah heap sabe, and you take 'em one god he heap mad. He pletty quick make me dly up and blow away. I no like 'em you take 'em."

But I was obdurate. I refused to recognize Dick's claim to be a protecting power over the shrine of a god of whom he knew so little. I took all the responsibility and explained that I was friendly with all gods, Zuni as well as white, and was not afraid of any evil consequences. Possibly, however, I should have yielded to Dick's entreaties that I go away and leave the figures untouched if he had not suggested, after a parley with his son, that a gift to them both might make it safe for him to risk it.

Then I knew I should get the gods. But it took skilful bargaining, and time, in which more barrels of shells figured, and the conditions that I should wrap up securely whatever I took, not return to Zuni until it was quite dark, that we should pack up instanter and leave before daylight, taking extra precaution to pack the figures in a box which Dick would bring with nails sufficient, and a hammer, to put on the lid and nail it down securely.

All the conditions were fulfilled, though I had to denude myself to my undershirt to find adequate covering for the two "gods" I finally decided to make mine. They are the one to the extreme left, and the long slim fifth figure, counting from the left.

I was nigh frozen when we reached our Zuni quarters at midnight, but the vigor of our packing and the hot coffee Dick brought to stimulate us ere we harnessed our ponies, loaded our plunder upon the rude buckboard and started out into the night, together with the sense of proud possession of two ancient warrior gods, sent a glow of satisfaction through me. Years after, shortly before Lieut. Cushing's death, I asked him if he had ever visited this shrine, and he listened with amazement and astonishment to my story. He declared that I was the first white man ever to see or know of it, for he had never heard of it, though he was admitted to the most intimate religious and ceremonial secrets of the tribe. But I see from the photographs of Mrs. Stevenson's marvellously comprehensive work that she must have visited it, or else the gods were removed elsewhere, for one of her photographs shows less than half of the figures of the shrine, but they are undoubtedly the same.

It was on an earlier visit that I made the photographs of the col-

umnar figures of rock on Corn Mountain that are such objects of reverence to the Zunis of today. Looking down upon the level plain beneath, the village of Zuni in the middle, appearing a mere doll's house in the distance, and the encircling hills uniting with the blue sky to form the horizon line, these are imposing and impressive objects. But they have an added fascination and attraction if you have sat, as I have, looking at them at the time of the setting sun, while an earnest, believing old priest squatted near by and told the following tale.

"In the long, long ago, the Zunis, though they knew the way of goodness, chose to follow the way of evil. Those Above, the gods who watch the hearts of men and women, saw that the Zunis were no longer pure in heart. They thought evil, and they dreamed evil, they desired evil, and their works were evil. All of them, even the watchers for the gods, the priests, were being swallowed up in the desire for evil. It was not good. The gods were angry, and in their anger they sent windstorms, sandstorms, and fiercely hot weather. The rain clouds dried up, and the rain-makers were bidden cease from their labors, so that the springs dried up, and the corn withered and died, and the food animals fled to far-away pastures where the Zunis could not secure them. But storms and hunger did not bring cessation from evil. So the gods decided to drown the people in all their sin and wickedness. The rain-makers were made to work as they had never worked before, and the secret springs of the Earth were opened, so that quickly the whole country was plunged in deep water. The Zunis escaped from their drowned village to the summit of Tai-yo-al'-la-ne, but even here the water came higher and higher, until all the wickedness in them was scared and they said they wanted to be good and live. The caciques [these are the religious men and penitents for the whole tribe] prayed to the gods daily, hourly, but still the waters came higher and higher. Then all the people humbled themselves and prayed, and begged for forgiveness for all the wrong things they had done. Then Those Above said only by the gift of the most promising, handsome, and worthy youth of the tribe, and the fairest, sweetest and most lovable maiden, could their anger be appeased.

"Who should be the victims? Who were the parents that would offer their children to save the nation from destruction? At last the old cacique came forth and said he would give his son, the treasure of his heart, the sun of all his days; and his associate offered his daughter, the joy of his eyes and the creator of his happiness. With solemn

dancing, much smoking, many prayers and propitiatory ceremonies, the people assembled for the sacrifice. The youth and maiden were ceremonially purified by washings with the yucca root, and the breathing upon them of the sacred smoke; then they were dressed in their best — the youth in his most elaborate buckskin costume, with all the accompaniments of beads, feathers, wristlets, bracelets and turtle shells for his legs; the maiden in her ceremonial *jotsitz,* or robe, her legs swathed in the finest buckskin, her neck wrapped around and around with strings of wampum, glistening with pieces of turquoise and abalone shell, and her head crowned by prayer-symbols. Then, in the presence of the assembled people, chanting, praying, dancing and interceding, they were cast into the raging, swirling, roaring waters, and disappeared while the prayers of the people changed into the wail of the dead, made ten times more sorrowful and mournful in that these young people were going to their death not naturally, not even by accident, but because of the wickedness of the people. All through the night and the next day and the next night the caciques prayed, and the people danced or lay prostrate on their faces. And then the gods heard their prayers. The rain-makers were told to rest, and the clouds were banished from the sky, and the people knew they were saved. Little by little the flood subsided, and many many weeks later they were able to return to the valley and rebuild their homes.

" But one day they looked up toward Corn Mountain and there stood two figures clearly outlined against the pure blue of the morning sky. They were not divided into several parts as they are now; there were only two. And the cacique explained that they were the figures of the youth and the maiden, who had been sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods. Daily, after that, whenever the pious Zuni arose and made his offering of the sacred meal to the He-She All-Father-Mother of The Above, and prayed the usual morning prayer, he also turned his eyes in the direction of Corn Mountain and then added another prayer that his heart might be made more and more pure, and his steps kept upon the straight path of life.

" For long, long years the two figures remained alone as the gods had placed them, until at last they became lonesome, and they asked the gods to give them children. So, one by one, the children came, and now, see," said my simple-hearted informant, " the cacique's boy and girl they each catch 'em two big chillen, one pletty big boy and one heap little ge'l."

STUDIES IN ORPHISM: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

VI. THE LIFE-HISTORY OF THE SOUL

THE Orphic conception of the origin and history of the human soul has had a very important and vital influence not only upon ancient Greek thought but also upon all subsequent religious belief in the West, for from it was derived the psychology of Pythagoras and of Plato as well as of all their myriad followers throughout the ages. This psychology is based upon the intrinsic connexion of the Macrocosm or Universe with the Microcosm or man. The connexion is especially discernible in the Orphic teachings in regard to the Seven Principles of man and the Planetary Chain.

Since man sprang into being from the ashes of the Titans, who were blasted by the lightning of Zeus, Orphism taught that human nature is dual or composite, partly base (Titanic), and partly divine (Dionysiac). For, it will be remembered that the Titans feasted upon the dismembered limbs of Zagreus, thereby assimilating some of the Divine nature of the Mystic Savior.[1] This fundamental dualism gives rise to the struggle of life. It was therefore the constant endeavor of the true follower of Orpheus to purify himself from the Titanic element, hoping thereby eventually, in life after life by the help of Dionysos Eleuthereus, the Redeemer, to win back union with the Deity, a living particle of which was enshrined within every man. Dion Chrysostom thus refers to the struggle between the two natures:

> I will tell you something which is neither pleasant nor agreeable. We men are of the blood of the Titans, and since they are hostile to the Gods, we are not friends with the latter but are ever being punished by them.[2]

The other standpoint is thus given by Iamblichus:

> There is a faculty of the human mind which is superior to all which is born or begotten. Through it we are enabled to attain union with the superior Intelligences by being transported beyond the scenes of this world and by partaking of the higher life and peculiar functions of the Heavenly Powers.[3]

The composite, known as man, is therefore linked on the one hand to eternity by participation in Divinity but on the other hand is joined to the material world by generation or incarnation. As this latter bond constitutes a kind of death or oblivion to the higher forms of

1. Vide, *Studies in Orphism*, IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, Sept. 1912, pp. 164-166.
2. *Or.* XXX, 550. 3. Quoted by H. P. Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 435.

life the encasement of the soul in the physical body is comparable to an incarceration in a living grave. Thus Plato says:

According to some (namely the followers of Orpheus, Pythagoras and others) the body is the sepulcher of the soul, which they consider to be buried in our present life: or again the body is regarded as the sign of the soul because the soul signifies (its wishes) through the body, and indeed the followers of Orpheus appear to me to have established the Greek name for body (to wit, σῶμα), principally because the soul suffers in the body punishment for its (former) guilt and the body is an enclosure which may be compared to a prison in which the soul is incarcerated as the (Greek) word body implies,[4] until the penalty is paid.[5]

Elsewhere Plato adds:

I should not wonder if Euripides spoke truly in saying — "Who knows whether to live is not to die and to die, is not to live?" And we, perhaps are in reality dead (while living). For, I have heard from one of the wise that we are indeed now dead; and that the body is our sepulcher and that the part of the soul which is the seat of the Passions and Desires can be persuaded and influenced upwards or downwards.[6]

In the *Iphigeneia at Aulis,* Euripides represents his heroine, as thus referring to death while speaking her last farewell to life:

Hail, Light-divine!
Hail, Day in whose hands doth the World's Torch shine!
In a strange new *life* must I dwell,
And a strange new lot must be mine.[7]

And Cicero in a fragment says, evidently thinking of the Orphic teachings:

The ancients whether they were seers or interpreters of the Divine Mind in the tradition of the Sacred Initiations seem to have known the truth when they affirmed that we were born into the body to pay the penalty for sins committed (in former lives).[8]

A similar statement is likewise made by the Christian writer, Clement of Alexandria:

The ancient Theologists and prophets also testify that the soul is yoked to the body by way of punishment and is buried in the body as in a sepulcher.[9]

It is thus evident that according to the Orphic teachings the soul

4. The English word body seems to be derived from the same root as the word bind. Therefore apparently it signifies as Plato suggests in the case of the Greek word (σῶμα), the enclosure of the soul. 5. *Cratylus,* 400 c. 6. *Gorgias,* 492, e-f. 7. vv. 1505-1508 (Way's translation). 8. *Hortensius,* Frag. p. 601. 9. *Stromata,* III, 3.

is confined in the body as in prison. Consequently the Orphics not infrequently identified Hades with the physical universe, and denominated the imprisonment of incarnation, genesis or generation. It was therefore to escape from this thraldom by kartharsis or purification that Dionysos, through his prophet Orpheus, taught men the Mysteries. The Orphic doctrines of the pre-existence, the penance, the reincarnation and the final purification of the soul seem to have been amplified with considerable detail in the lost Orphic Manual entitled *The Descent into the Realm of Hades,* in which were described the vicissitudes endured by the immortal soul, preparatory to its final freedom by penance from the Cycle of Birth.

These teachings in regard to birth and death are well exemplified in the following fragments from the Orphic poet-prophet Empedocles:

> More will I tell thee, too; there is no birth
> Of all things mortal, no end in ruinous death;
> But a mingling only and interchange of the mixed
> There is, and birth is but its name with men. . . .
> Foolish they
> Who trust that what-is-not can e'er become,
> Or aught that-is can wholly die away.
> From what-is-not what-is can ne'er become:
> So that what-is should e'er be all destroyed,
> No force could compass and no ear hath heard.
> For there 'twill be forever where 'tis set,—
> No wise man dreams such folly in his heart,
> That only whilst we live what men call life
> We have our being and take our good and ill,
> And ere as mortals we compacted be,
> And when as mortals we be loosed apart,
> We are as nothing. . . .
> I will report a twofold truth. Now grows
> The One from many into being. Now
> Even from the One disparting come the Many.
> Twofold the birth, twofold the death of things:
> For, now, the meeting of the Many brings
> To birth and death: and, now, whatever grew
> From out this sundering flies apart and dies,
> And this long interchange shall never end.[10]

Orphism did not sunder " the twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation " but enthroned Dike, the Goddess of Justice upon the right hand of Zeus, teaching that " Justice revealed of old sits with Zeus in

10. Leonard's translation.

the might of eternal laws." [11] Thus, two of the manifold epithets of Dionysos have an obvious connexion with the doctrine of Karma, namely Aisymnetes, " The Appointer of Destiny " and Isodaites " The Equal Divider." [12]

The relation of the doctrine to Orphic teaching is thus given by Demosthenes:

Justice, holy and unswerving, she whom Orpheus, the Institutor of our Most Revered Mysteries, declares to be seated by the throne of Zeus.[13]

And in the great Orphic Mystery Play of Euripides, *The Bacchae,* the Maenads thus call upon the Goddess:

Thou Immaculate on high:
Thou Recording Purity:
Thou that stoopest, Goldenwing,
Earthward, manward, pitying.[14]

Finally the poet declares in one of the Orphic Hymns:

I sing the all-seeing eye of Dike of fair-form,
Who sits upon the holy throne of Zeus,
The king and on the life of mortals doth look down,
And heavy broods her justice on the unjust.[15]

First and foremost it is necessary to keep in mind that Orphism proclaims in clarion tones the heavenly and divine origin of the soul. It is a particle of the Divine Breath, imprisoned in human form. It is " rooted in the celestial element." [16] Before its fall into generation, before its first incarnation in the physical universe, it lived blessed and serene in company with the Gods and was in fact itself a God. Thus Empedocles sings:

It stands decreed by fate, an ancient ordinance of the immortal Gods, established from everlasting, ratified by ample oaths that, when a Spirit of that Race, which hath inherited the length of years divine, sinfully stains his limbs with blood, he must go forth to wander thrice ten thousand years from heaven, passing from birth to birth through every form of mortal change: shifting the toilsome paths of life without repose, even as I now roam, exiled from God, an outcast in this world, the bondsman of insensate strife.[17]

11. Sophocles, *Oedipus at Colonus,* vv. 1381-1382. 12. Vide, *Studies in Orphism,* IV, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, 3, Sept. 1912, pp. 172-174. 13. *c. Aristogeit. Or.* I, XXV. 14. vv. 370-372 (Murray's translation). 15. *Hymn* LXII. 16. Orphic Frag. quoted by O. Gruppe in *Griechische Mythologie,* München, 1906, II, p. 1035.
17. Symond's translation.

The Divine Spirit in its process of descent suffers a sort of intoxication. Forgetful of its natal country, the world from which it comes, its only hope of regaining its lost knowledge is by the practice of virtue.[18] The Spirit remained at peace above in the Inerratic Sphere until like Narcissus it viewed its reflection in the Mirror of Dionysos,[19] that is in the physical world of flux, into which it madly plunged, mistaking the image for the reality, in its intoxication drinking a draft of Forgetfulness of Eternal Truth from the bowl or Crater of Dionysos whence, plunged in the ever-flowing stream of sensation and generation, it is born upon this earth "The Cave of Lethe or Forgetfulness"; being clothed "in a strange garment of flesh."[20] But in some cases the oblivion to the Heavenly Homeland is more complete than in others, for "the Dry Souls," that is unintoxicated, the truly wise retain many memories of the Ideal.[21]

In regard to the Fall of the Spirit, Macrobius in his Commentary upon Cicero's Dream of Scipio states:

> As soon, therefore, as the soul gravitates towards body in this production of herself, she begins to experience a material tumult, that is, matter flowing into her essence. And this is what Plato remarks in the *Phaedo,* that the soul is drawn into the body staggering with recent intoxication: signifying by this, the new drink of matter's impetuous flood, through which the soul becoming defiled and heavy is drawn into an earthly abode. . . . But the Starry Bowl (the Crater of Dionysos), placed between Cancer and Leo, is a symbol of this mystic truth, signifying that descending souls first experience intoxication in that part of the heavens through the influx of matter. Hence, oblivion, the companion of intoxication, there begins silently to creep into the recesses of the soul. For if souls retained in their descent to bodies the memory of Divine Concerns, of which they were conscious in the Heavens, there would be no dissension among men about Divinity. But all indeed, in descending drink of oblivion, though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all exercise their opinions about it; because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion. But those discover most who have drunk least of oblivion (Lethe) because they easily remember what they had known before in the Heavens.[22]

The following statements of Olympiodoros are filled with meaning in this connexion:

> The soul descends after the manner of Persephone into generation but is dis-

18. Cf. Macrobius, *Som. Scip.,* I, 8, 3. 19. Plotinus, *Ennead,* iv, 3, 12. 20. Empedocles, fr. 126, Diels, *Fragmente der Vorsokratiker,* 2te. Aufl. erster Band, Berlin, 1906. 21. Bywater, *Heraclti Rel.,* p. 30. 22. Macrobius, *Som. Scip.,* I, 12.

tributed by generation (or incarnation in the material universe), after the manner of Zagreus: and she is bound to the body after the manner of Prometheus and the Titans; she frees herself therefore from its bonds by exercising the strength of Heracles but she is collected into one through the assistance of Apollo and the savior Athena by philosophizing in such a way as truly to purify herself.[23]

As according to this conception the original cause of the soul's descent was sin, its imprisonment in the body has a penitentiary purpose. The earth is a "cave roofed over by the heavens." [24]

The soul upon first beholding its unfamiliar prison-house wept and lamented loudly,[25] but it soon discovered that it could regain its heavenly freedom only by yoking itself to the Cycle of generation or the wheel of rebirth. This cyclic evolution is thus described by Empedocles, who says the exile

wanders from the home of the Blessed, being born into all kinds of mortal forms, passing from one laborious path of life to another. For the mighty air chases him into the sea, and the sea spits him forth upon the dry land, and the earth casts him into the light of the blazing sun and the sun hurls him into the eddies of the air. She takes him from the others and he is hated of them all.[26]

In the course of this Pilgrimage the soul leaves no realm of nature unvisited but "she drees her weird on earth and sky and sea." [27]

The divine spirit in man, his Higher Self, a fallen angel doing penance for its sins can recover its lost inheritance only by becoming pure or holy, "a Saint." [28] Mere ceremonial purity is unavailing, for in the words of the Orphic poet the soul "must fast from sin." [29] Therefore, as Miss Harrison well says: "Consecration, perfect purity issuing in divinity is the keynote of Orphic faith, the goal of Orphic ritual." [30] Consequently Empedocles thus rebukes the heedless and the unbrotherly: "Do you not see that in the thoughtlessness of your hearts ye are devouring one another?" [31]

Orphism taught that the soul, upon leaving the body, entered upon an intermediate state of rewards and punishments. Thus, in a Dirge of Pindar, the poet declares, as a believer in the teachings of Orpheus:

23. *On the Phaedo of Plato,* quoted by Thomas Taylor, *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries,* 2d ed. *Pamphleteer,* London, 1816, p. 57. 24. Empedocles, Frag. 120, Diels, 2te. Aufl. 25. *Ibid.,* Frag. 118, 121. 26. *Ibid.,* Frag. 115, 116. 27. *Ibid.,* Frag. 117. 28 Καθαρὸς καὶ ὅσιος. 29. Empedocles, Frag. 144, Diels. 2te. Aufl. cf. the Second of the Logia of Jesus discovered in 1897: "Except ye fast from the world." 30. J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena to the study of Greek Religion,* 2d ed., 1908, p. 487. 31. Empedocles, Frag. 136-137, Deils, 2te. Aufl.

Though the body yield to death,
Yet the shape of vital breath
Still in life continueth:
It alone is heaven's conferring.[32]

Plato and Virgil both give the duration of this intermediate state as approximately one thousand years, which seems to have been the customary Orphic teaching, and an Orphic fragment declares:

They who are pious in their life beneath the rays of the sun enjoy a gentler lot when they have died, in the beautiful meadow around deep-flowing Acheron.[33]

Purgatory was symbolized as an ever-flowing sea of mud. Of this Plato represents Socrates as saying:

I conceive that the founders of the Mysteries had a real meaning and were not mere triflers when they intimated in a figure long ago, that he who passed unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will live in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the Gods.[34]

Genuinely Orphic is the Third Olympian Ode of Pindar:

Throughout the happy fields of light
When Phoebus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night
And gilds the cloudless day
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ. . . .
And in their joyous calm abodes
The recompense of Justice they receive:
And in the fellowship of Gods
Without a tear uncounted ages live.[35]
Shines for them the sun's warm glow
When 'tis darkness here below:
And the ground before their towers,
Meadow-land with purple flowers,
Teems with incense-bearing treen,
Teems with fruit of golden sheen, . . .
O 'er that country of desire,
Ever as rich gifts are thrown
Freely on the far-seen fire,
Blazing from the altar-stone. . . .
But the souls of the profane,
Far from heaven removed below,

32. Conington's translation. 33. Frag. 152, Abel. 34. *Phaedo,* 69 a; cf. *Republic,* II, 363 d. 35. Gilbert West's translation slightly altered.

Flit on earth in murderous pain
'Neath the unyielding yoke of woe:
While the pious spirits tenanting the sky
Chant praises to the mighty one on high.[36]

At the expiration of the intermediate state, the character of the lot of the soul during each new stage of its career upon earth is determined by the degree of "purity" or "holiness" which it possesses at the moment of reincarnation. So Empedocles states that the nobler souls become

prophets and sacred bards, physicians and leaders among men upon the earth: whence they arise Gods, supreme in honor, sharing the same hearth and tables with the other Immortals exempt from dour and hurt.[37]

They from whom Persephone
Due atonement shall receive
For the things that made to grieve,
To the upper sunlight she
Sendeth back their souls once more,
Soon as winters eight are o'er.
From those blessed spirits spring
Many a great and goodly king,
Many a man of glowing might,
Many a wise and learned wight:
And while after-days endure,
Men esteem them heroes pure.[38]

The expression "soon as winters eight are o'er" (in the Greek the numeral is nine), may receive some explanation from the following suggestive interpretation of Plutarch, who in interpreting the Greek myth, which declared that Apollo because of his slaughter of the earth-born serpent, the Python, was forced to go into exile in Thessaly for *nine* years, says:

The slayer of the Python was neither banished for nine years nor yet to Tempe. Rather, we should declare that he came as a fugitive into another world (kosmos) and returned thence again at the expiration of nine great years or cycles, pure and truly Phoebus-like (that is, filled with light).[39]

It is therefore not necessary to accept the poet's expression as referring to eight solar years of 365 days, each of 24 hours duration.

Finally at the end of the cycle of rebirth, Orphism taught that

36. Conington's translation. 37. Frag. 146-147. 38. Pindar (Conington's translation).
39. *De defect, Orac.*, XXI, p. 723 (ed. Wyttenbach).

the righteous soul regained its lost inheritance. Therefore, there are two kinds of death, for Proclus states:

After death the soul continueth to linger in the aerial body (or astral form) till it is entirely purified from all angry and voluptuous passions . . . then doth it put off by a *Second* death the aerial body, as it did the earthly one (by the first death). Whereupon the men of olden time say that there is a celestial body always joined to the soul, which is immortal, luminous and star-like (the Augoeides).[40]

The second death is thus referred to, more at length, by Porphyry:

That which nature binds, nature also dissolves; and that which the soul binds, the soul likewise dissolves. Nature, indeed, bound the body to the soul; but the soul binds herself to the body. Nature, therefore, liberates the body from the soul; but the soul liberates herself from the body. . . . Hence there is a twofold death; the one, indeed universally known, in which the body is liberated from the soul; but the other peculiar to philosophers, in which the soul is liberated from the body. Nor does the one entirely follow the other.[41]

In the elucidation of this last passage Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, adds:

The meaning of this twofold death is as follows. Though the body, by the death which is universally known may be loosened from the soul, yet while material passions and affections reside in the soul, the soul will continually verge to another body, and as long as this inclination continues, remain connected with body. But when, from the predominance of an intellectual nature, the soul is separated from material affections, it is truly liberated from the body; though the body at the same time verges and clings to the soul, as to the immediate cause of its support.[42]

In speaking of the soul's Pilgrimage, Maximus Tyrius says:

The end of this journey is not heaven, nor what it contains, but it is necessary to pass even beyond this, until we attain to the Supercelestial Place, the Plain of Truth,[43] and the serenity which is there,

To the fair Elysian plains,
  Where the time fleets gladly, swiftly,
Where bright Rhadamanthus reigns.
  Snow is not, nor rain, nor winter,

40. Quoted by H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled,* I, p. 432. 41. *Auxiliaries to the Perception of Intelligibles,* quoted by Thomas Taylor as noted in the following footnote. 42. Thomas Taylor, *The Mystical Hymns of Orpheus,* note 117, p. 162. 43. The Greek word for Truth (ἀλήθεια), etymologically considered, means not to forget, and may well have been coined under the inspiration of the Orphic teachings in regard to the Soul's Lethe or Forgetfulness while incarcerated in generation.

But clear zephyrs from the west,
Singing round the streams of Ocean
Round the Islands of the Blest,[44]

where no corporeal passion disturbs the vision such as here disturbs man's unhappy soul and hurls her from contemplation by its uproar and tumult.[45]

This ultimate goal in the Inerratic Sphere, the Supercelestial Place or the Plain of Truth (Unforgetfulness) seems also to have been called the Tower of Kronos, of which Pindar sings:

All whose stedfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood,
Still unseduced, unstained with vice,—
They by Zeus' mysterious road
Pass to Kronos' realm of rest.
Happy Isle that holds the Blest.
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And from the bosom of each verdant plain,
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears,
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Arrayed in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams,
These by the Blest in solemn triumph worn
Their unpolluted heads and clustering locks adorn.[46]

Although those who are completely purged at the end of a given Life-cycle pass to the Supercelestial Place, the Plain of Truth, above and beyond the Cycle of Necessity, the Wheel of Rebirth, and abide there in the impregnable Tower of Kronos on the Isle of the Blessed, it does not appear that Orphism taught that this return of the Prodigal to the Heavenly Homeland was final but rather seems to have connected it with the Greek Doctrine of the Restoration of all Things (ἡ ἀποκατάστασις πάντων). In which case the return must have been conceived as followed by a new Day at the commencement of which the Great Breath is again to outbreathe a manifested universe. Such, at least, is the Pythagorean and Stoic teaching and such doubtless was also the Orphic.

44. Quoted by Maximus Tyrius from Homer, *Odyssey*, IV, vv. 561-568. 45. *Dissertation on what God is According to Plato.* 46. *Third Olympian Ode*, West's translation except the first six lines.

Of great importance for a correct appreciation of the Orphic teachings in regard to the origin and destiny of the human soul are the Orphic Tablets, which consist of eight inscribed gold plates discovered about 1875, six in South Italian tombs near the site of ancient Sybaris, one near Rome, and the eighth upon the island of Crete. The inscriptions upon these tablets, which date from the third or fourth century B. C., consist of instructions given the soul for its guidance in its journey through the afterworld, and confessions of faith which remind us of the Egyptian Book of the Dead. Fragmentary and short though the Orphic Tablets are, they nevertheless give an epitome of the Theosophical teachings in regard to the Divine and the Animal in Man, the pre-existence, rebirth, and final freedom of the soul from earthly chains under the action of the Karmic law.

The instructions on the tablets are addressed to the soul and the speakers are the Divine Guide, who addresses the soul, the soul itself, the holy Spring of Memory, and Persephone, and the Guardians "who strike down those who have not the password," [47] — the Guardians of whom Plutarch speaks in his treatise on the Face in the Moon: "Certain Daemons (divine Beings) . . . are present and celebrate the most sublime Mysteries and are punishers of evil deeds and watchers or Guardians over such." [48]

Combining the fragmentary inscriptions of the various tablets, so far as they differ and adding the indication of the speakers, the tablets read as follows:

INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO THE SOUL BY THE DIVINE GUIDE

But as soon as thy Spirit hath left the light of the sun,
Thou shalt find on the left of the house of Hades a well-spring.
And by the side thereof standing a white cypress.
To this well-spring approach not near (for it is the well-spring of Lethe),
But thou shalt find (on the right) another by the Lake of Memory (the well-spring of Ennoia)
Cold water flowing forth, and there are guardians before it.
Say (to the Guardians): "I am a child of earth and of starry Heaven:
But my race is of Heaven (alone). This ye know yourselves
And lo, I am parched with thirst and I perish. Give me quickly
The cold water flowing forth from the Lake of Memory."
And of themselves they will give thee to drink of the holy well-spring,
And thereafter among the other Heroes, thou shalt have lordship.

47. From the Interpretation of the mystical picture entitled *The Path*, by Mr. R. Machell, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Point Loma. 48. XXX.

COLLOQUY IN THE AFTERWORLD BETWEEN THE SOUL, THE SPRING, THE GUARDIANS, AND PERSEPHONE

(Soul) I am parched with thirst and I perish.
(Well-spring of Memory) Nay, drink of me, the Well-spring flowing forever on the right.
(Guardians) Who art thou? Whence art thou?
(Soul) I am a child of earth and of starry Heaven. But my race is of Heaven (alone). . . .
(Persephone) Hail, hail to thee journeying on the right . . . (through the) Holy meadows and groves of Phersephoneia (Persephone-Kora, the Queen of the Underworld).
(Soul addresses Persephone) Out of the Pure I come, Pure Queen of the Pure below,
Eukles and Eubouleus and the other Gods Immortal. . . .
For I also, I avow me, am of your blessed race.
I have paid the penalty for deeds unrighteous
And Fate laid me low and the other Gods Immortal,
. . . (with) star-flung thunderbolt.
I have passed with eager feet to the Circle Desired.
I have entered into the bosom of Despoina (or Persephone, Queen of the Underworld),
And now I come a suppliant to Holy Phersephoneia
That of her grace she receive me to the seats of the Hallowed.
(Persephone) Hail, thou who hast suffered the Suffering. This thou hast never suffered before
Thou art become God from Man. A kid thou art fallen into milk.
Happy and Blessed One, thou shalt be God instead of Mortal.
(Soul) A kid I have fallen into milk.[49]

Much might be written by way of comment and interpretation in regard to these tablets. The word Hades thereon evidently means the intermediate state of the soul in the afterworld. There is an interesting parallel in Egyptian mythology to the Orphic sacred well-spring of Memory, for Osiris has a "cold well of water" of which he gives the thirsty soul to drink as is shown by the ancient formula: "May Osiris give thee cold water."[50] The true followers of Orpheus are to avoid the fountain on the left with the white cypress growing near because it is the fountain of Lethe and after a life or rather after many lives spent in purification they must not forget if they are to be successful in reaching the Plain of Truth. Therefore in one of the Orphic Hymns the poet prays:

49. J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, 2d ed., Critical Appendix, pp. 659-673 (Murray's translation). 50. *Ibid.*, p. 575.

And in thy mystics waken *Memory*
O' the Holy Rite and Lethe drive afar.[51]

The key-sentence of the soul: "I am a child of Earth and of Starry Heaven but my race is of Heaven alone," of course refers to the Orphic teachings as to the dual nature of man and is an avowal of the Divine Origin of the Higher Self. It is noteworthy that this avowal itself constitutes the right of the soul to receive a drink from the fountain of Remembrance — a right which is immediately recognized by the Guardians. To drink of the Holy well-spring is to partake of the sacrament, the reality symbolized by the Eucharist of Orphic ritual.

The address of the soul to Persephone, the Queen of the Underworld, "Out of the Pure, I come, Pure Queen of the Pure Below," also has an interesting Egyptian parallel, for in the long negative confession of the soul to Osiris in the Egyptian Book of the Dead occurs the declaration: "I am pure — I am pure — I am pure." [52] It means of course I have been initiated into the true Mysteries of life and death.

The titles Eukles and Eubouleus meaning The Glorious One and the Wise Counsellor are two of the myriad titles of Zagreus-Dionysos, the Reborn Savior, Lord of both Death and Life. The soul's avowal, "I have paid the penalty for deeds unrighteous and Fate laid me low and the other Gods Immortal — (with) star-flung thunderbolt," refers to the soul's suffering under the Karmic law for former sins, the taint or "ancient woe" inherited from the earth-born Titans. The meaning is, Karma sank me into the material world. There is also a reference to the Zagreus myth, especially to the punishment of the Titans by the star-flung thunderbolt hurled by Zeus.

"The sorrowful weary wheel," is the treadmill Cycle of Rebirth without knowledge and the avowal signifies I have learned the necessity of soul-purification and I remember. It is well to compare these verses with the following statement from the *Phaedo* of Plato:

It is an ancient doctrine that the souls of men come Here from There and go There again and come back Here from the Dead.[53]

The expression "I have passed with eager feet to the Circle Desired. I have entered into the bosom of Despoina," seems to be an avowal signifying that the soul having passed beyond the Wheel of Rebirth, the Cycle of Necessity, has attained to the Plain of Truth,

51. *Hymn* LXXVII (Harrison's translation). 52. J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena*, 2d ed., p 588. 53. *Phaedo*, p. 70 c.

and thereby has mastered the meaning of both Life and Death. The expression reminds us of the teachings of the Celtic Bards in regard to Cylch y Gwynfyd, the Circle of Bliss.[54] "The Seats of the Hallowed" are presumably the Elysian Fields where is the "Impregnable Tower of Kronos."

The phrase "Thou who hast suffered the suffering" seems to mean thou who hast incarnated or incarcerated in the prison-house of the body. "Thou art become God from man," that is, thou hast attained to the Supercelestial Place. The words, "A Kid, thou art *fallen* into milk," may be paralleled by the expression "a Lamb of God" and appears to refer to the Orphic Eucharist or perhaps to the Orphic Baptism as seems rather to be suggested by the word "fallen." The symbology of milk used as one of the elements in the Orphic Eucharist has been previously discussed.[55]

. . . IN order that one should fully comprehend individual life with its physiological, psychic and spiritual mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervor of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of Humanity," as the old philosophy teaches; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

. . . Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this Theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the spirit in many a man — we say this boldly, challenging contradiction — shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL WAVE? — From "The Tidal Wave," by H. P. Blavatsky, *Lucifer,* V, 173.

54. *The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings,* Script 11, p. 33, Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, Cal. 55. Vide *Studies in Orphism,* III, THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, III, July 1912, pp. 50-54.

GENOA: by Kenneth Morris

IT is to the exigencies of European history that the cities of Europe owe their beauty and individuality. You may read in them the tale of the old struggles, aspirations and sorrows of their people. You lay out a town on the rectangular or some other plan; and though you adorn it with splendid buildings, wide roads, and fine parks and gardens, it will not compare with the place whose growth has been the irregular work of centuries. Where will be the life, the character, the idiosyncracies? There may be palaces, beautiful avenues, a wealth of statuary; but you will lack the enchantment that belongs to certain cities of the Old World; you will miss the narrow and crooked alleys, the queer stairways that do duty for thoroughfares in the towns of Italy.

And when one has called them picturesque, beautiful, historic, one still has not explained their charm. The truth is that they are alive, they have grown into individual identities; they are as much living beings as we are ourselves. They were never the creation of an architect, of any one human mind; but were born naturally, grew through childhood, youth, manhood, into a fascinating old age — one by no means bereft of vigor, in many cases. Many generations instilled into their very stones, life, hopes and aspirations. Many of their sons achieved renown for them in art and song; they sent forth mighty soldiers, skilful sailors, to make their prowess felt throughout all Europe; the deeds of their citizens changed the course of history. The memory, or rather the essence of these things went into the fabric of the cities themselves, and became an ever-increasing consciousness, molding the lives of all that should be born and brought up within the circle of the walls. Their inward atmosphere is the resultant of all the desires, aspirations, passions and achievements of generations upon generations of their inhabitants. New York and Chicago are agglomerations of humanity; Venice and Genoa are souls incarnate; not in flesh and blood, but in stones and mortar.

In times long forgotten some tribe, perhaps, felt the need of building for itself a city. The site must be on the coast, with a port for commerce and for the sending out of navies; and the bay must be surrounded with hills, that defense may be easier. We must build a wall against the assaults of possible enemies; within its limits we will found our city.

A hundred years pass, and we find ourselves cramped within our boundaries; the narrow strip of level ground along the sea-shore is

not enough for us; we must take to the hillsides. Here the steep slopes compel us to build the houses high, if we desire light; and very close together. No matter if the streets are narrow; there are no tramways to be thought of; not even vehicular traffic of any kind. They are for human feet, and may as well be stairs as graded slopes — better indeed. We have to build, too, with the lay of the fortifications in mind; which follow the line of the hills, and take advantage of natural situations; all of which puts straight lines and dull right angles out of the question. So it comes that the tall, white houses rise one above the other irregularly on the hillside; a splendid irregularity prevails everywhere, and our city looks out proudly over the sea.

Another hundred years pass. Our ships have voyaged to far countries, and returned laden with wondrous wealth. We supply the whole province with the things it cannot grow for itself, obtaining them from lands beyond the sea. We have sent forth navies against the pirates, against the Saracens, against our rival and neighboring cities. We have planted colonies in Spain, along the Barbary Coast, even in the Levant and on the shores of the Black Sea. In alliance with Pisa, we have driven the Arab from Sardinia; and now we are fighting with the Pisan for the dominion of the conquered island. We have carried on many wars; already we are a power in Italy, and even in Europe. How are we to go on dwelling within the narrow limits of our first wall? We must build a new and more ample circumvallation; we must inclose more land, to give room for our growing population.

Within these new boundaries there are gardens and open spaces, which we shall fill, by and by, with buildings; always with the same irregularity as of old; and, since we are Italians, always with the same eye to the beautiful. For, during our great periods of prosperity, we have been governed by illustrious doges, benefactors of our city, who have enriched it with the commerce of the Mediterranean. Our houses shall all be palaces; our city shall be *Genoa the Superb*.

And indeed, superb it is, this city of white palaces looking out over the azure sea; this fair imperishable monument to the boundless genius, political, artistic and commercial, of the Latin Race.

It has been said that Genoa was a bank before she was a city; she was so, at least, long before she achieved her high place among the nations. The enterprise of her merchants quickly made her the rival

of Venice and Barcelona in the trade of the Mediterranean; and later, in the heyday of the glory of Spain, she became banker and, as one might say, general caterer and purveyor to the Spanish Empire.

It was when Genoa, under Andrea Doria, was beginning to recover her old time high position after a long period of French and Milanese domination, that the most illustrious of her sons came to her, suppliant for ships and men for such an expedition as until then had hardly been dreamed in Europe. In vain, O Columbus! You must go to Doña Isabel of Castile; your native city either cannot or will not aid you. The Indies are not to be Genoese, but Spanish: not the Tuscan, but the Castilian, is to be the tongue of a quarter of the globe. But it was a son of Genoa that dreamed the dream. And it was another son of Genoa, Giuseppe Mazzini, who dreamed, centuries later, that other magnificent dream; the dream called *Italy* — the Soul of Italy — the Italy of the Soul.

Three times has Genoa been compelled to overflow her boundaries, and make new ones for herself; in the twelfth, fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. Since the middle of the sixteenth century, broad, fine thoroughfares have been taking the place of the old network of crabbed alleys. Today Genoa is both modern and antique; a magnificent city of today, awake and alert; and at the same time, in the best sense, medieval. Her beauty lies both in the broad avenues and in the old stairways and alleys. Still and always, she is *Genoa the Superb*.

THE SOUL

. . . Frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for herself.

. . . . . .

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form and doth the body make. — *Spenser*

THE SOLEMN ENTHUSIASM OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: by Winifred Davidson

HE name of Christopher Columbus is associated so closely with the American schoolboy's one important date that we sometimes lose sight of the surprising qualities of mind and spirit of the man who gave the date its importance. How became this particular man the leader of that venture over the dread Sea of Darkness? The chief quality in the character of Columbus, that which made him fit for the work he did has been called by his foremost biographer, Washington Irving, a *solemn enthusiasm.*

Christopher Columbus was fifty-six years of age when he set sail from Palos on August 2, 1492. For eighteen years he had waked and slept with one fixed idea: that if he could get ships and men and the right to sail the seas he would find beyond the West the rich East.

Picture this man during those eighteen years. Follow him and his little boy Diego over the hills and valley-paths of Portugal into Spain, and hither and thither behind the militant Ferdinand and Isabella, ever with the hope of gaining a hearing and ever with hope deferred.

Then picture him before the council of Salamanca, "poor applicant" that he was. By that time he was a worn, white-haired man of more than fifty, and in appearance older than his years. He was shabbily attired, they say, and presented altogether not an imposing figure before the august body there; yet, with kindling gray eye and with astonishingly eloquent tongue he held them listening. There he stood for hours and, with that solemn enthusiasm of his, laid his convictions before as narrowly bigoted a group of scholars as ever tried to catch eagle-winged genius and clap it into a canary-sized cage. They confronted him with ridicule and with scientific arguments and he swept them aside with his earnestness and his unanswerable logic. They charged him with heterodoxy and he met them upon their own ground with text upon text from Holy Writ, and thus all but convinced them that the way around a globular and largely-watery planet towards an East in the West had been revealed from of old.

One man of the council was convinced, Friar Diego de Deza, and they two, with argument plentifully strengthened by Scripture, pulled over the whole inert mass of the learned body at Salamanca to the admission that the world might be round in shape and that beyond the sea might be India.

But, as the youngest boy in the history class knows, not yet could Columbus have his ships and his men and the right to sail to India. More waitings and wanderings and disappointments brought him one night to the convent of La Rabida, begging food for hungry little Diego. He was on his way out of Spain, directing his footsteps and his unquenchable hope towards France, more worn and wearied than he had been six years before when he had left Portugal, but certainly not less determined.

It seems that Columbus must have been a man who, had he not got in Spain what he wanted of it and its rulers, would have begged his own and his little son's way throughout the world, until he found ears to hear what he had to say, eyes to see with his eyes, and hands to open purses and send him on his mission.

At last, as that youngest boy will glibly tell you, Isabella was aroused and Columbus had his word with royalty. And such a word! This interview alone is enough to give him a high place among remarkable men. His terms were pronounced inadmissible. He who was in reality a beggar, who had been an adventurer, subjected to ridicule and contumely, assuming now an arrogant manner, claimed for himself and his heirs and successors forever the office of admiral in all the lands and continents that he might discover, demanded that he be made viceroy and governor-general over all such lands and continents, and asked for the allowance of one-tenth of all the wealth that might there be found.

His requirements were all denied. Of course Isabella refused his preposterous terms; but he would not relinquish one claim and left the chamber no nearer having his hopes realized than he had been many years before, he must have thought. After he had been gone a few hours he had the satisfaction, however, of being recalled and of receiving Isabella's promise of help.

It was reluctantly and only after being urged by a powerful adviser that Isabella came to pledge her jewels; and that adviser never would have had the temerity to make the suggestion to the great queen that Isabella was, had there not been a man great as Columbus behind the project. This man, this moving-power, this Columbus, was a man of tremendous genius, of an unwearying constancy; he was one who knew how to effect great purposes with small means (with no means at all in one sense), a man whose dignity of manner, whole-hearted sincerity, elevated ideals, ardent temperament, persua-

sive eloquence, and whose air of authority and calm simplicity set him apart from all the other famous navigators of the year 1492, and sent him begging "his way from court to court, to offer to princes the discovery of a world."

But the spirit of Columbus was greater even than is shown by his long years of waiting. Once his three tiny ships were out at sea, manned by a crew of sobbing, heart-broken sailors, men terrified of the dark sea and of "its mighty fishes and haughty winds," Columbus developed the faculties that necessity demanded, during the weeks of westward sailing towards the light that, answering the steady burning flame of his own purpose, was to flash out of the darkness from the shores of a new world on the night of October 12.

With crazy boats and with half-crazed men he stood directing his course due west during those weeks. The men, in order that they might turn the ships back, were ready at any time to strike him down, but they simply dared not. That kindling gray eye dominated them. Columbus and not another one of them was commander of that fleet of three ships.

Then, on the morning of the day when they waded out from the *Pinta,* the *Niña,* and the *Santa María,* to pray upon the holy ground of a tiny isle among the Bahamas, these same men kissed the feet and the garments of the one who had held his own in spite of them, and of their menacing cowadice.

To follow Columbus among the Indians during the ensuing weeks and then to go back and forth with him between the Old World and the New, from this time until he died, is to understand the helplessness of a victim of relentless persecution.

Columbus treated the Indians with a gentle courtesy that led them to think that he and his men had stepped down from the skies, gods; yet, the moment he left for Spain, they who had been mistaken for divine beings turned devils. They committed atrocities there that were perhaps natural to men who had seen the Holy Inquisition in operation, but the effects of their acts will long continue a heavy debt for the white man to cancel.

Forsaken by Pinzon, his sailing companion, his own ship (through the disobedience of one of his crew) left a wreck, Columbus started in a small and leaky boat on his return to Spain. Miracle and wonder attended him on this voyage, strengthening the fervor and devotion of his religionist's nature, and confirmed him in an old belief that

he was a man set apart to do this particular work of uniting the ends of the earth, and that all the powers of darkness could not prevent him from doing it. He encountered on his return a storm that lasted fourteen days and nights. Reading the journal that Columbus wrote during that fearful experience one meets face to face the soul of the most intrepid man of his time.

We acknowledge, as all must now acknowledge, that Columbus never got his rights in any particular, from the world's standpoint. He died in sorrow and disappointment and great pain; and except for the actual navigation from Spain to the New World he was defeated in every undertaking. None the less the ardor of his rare genius grew brighter with every new effort that hope led him to make, and one reads with growing astonishment the will that this broken old man dictated on his death-bed, so full of the spirit of beginning-it-all-over it is.

Washington Irving seems to have caught the reflection of the enthusiasm of Columbus when he writes:

> With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the whole Old World in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity.

THAT which has grown from the earth to the earth,
But that which has sprung from heavenly seed
Back to heavenly realms returns. — *Euripides*