

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Nature has evolved but one nation. Its name is Humanity.—*William Q. Judge*

THEOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS FROM THE NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISTS: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D.

In each century you will invariably find that an out-pouring or upheaval of spirituality — or call it Mysticism, if you prefer — has taken place. Some one or more persons have appeared in the world . . . and a greater or less amount of occult knowledge and teaching has been given out. If you care to do so you can trace these movements back, century by century, as far as our detailed historical records extend. — *H. P. Blavatsky*¹



IT is the purpose of this article to call attention to some of the teachings of a remarkable group of American thinkers who immediately preceded the foundation of the modern Theosophical Society. In the writings of the New England Transcendentalists and of members of the Free Religious Association of New England, many proofs can be gleaned in substantiation of that clause in the Theosophical Constitution which declares that “this Society is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.”

Doubtless, it is generally realized that among the most important of these teachings in regard to man’s soul is that of the complete immortality or eternity of the Higher Self — “without beginning and without an end see the great circle’s even span.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson declared in 1833:

I recognize the distinction of the outer and the inner Self; the double consciousness that, within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts;

1. *The Key to Theosophy*, Conclusion. Point Loma Ed. p. 294.

I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings. It seems to me the face which the Creator uncovers to his child. It is the perception of this depth in human nature, this infinitude belonging to every man that has been born, which has given a new value to the habits of reflection and solitude. In this doctrine, as deeply felt by him, is the key by which the words that fell from Christ upon the character of God can alone be well and truly explained: "The Father is in me; I am in the Father, yet the Father is greater than I."²

The New England thinkers, as pioneers in clearing a path through the tangled underbrush of scepticism and modern materialism, were of course familiar with the terms Theosophy and Theosophist, although the modern Theosophical *Society* was not founded until 1875.

Thus we read in a letter written to Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, in 1868, seven years before Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge organized the Theosophical Society in New York city:

For Theosophy to have its true efficiency in the world, there must not only be an intellectual acquaintance with all nature, . . . but there must be the actual realization of the . . . principles of man's being, in their original and correlative positions and this in high confirmed reality.³

Had Mr. Alcott lived to see the practical application of the Theosophical principles in the Râja Yoga education, as founded and directed by Katherine Tingley, I believe that he would have been the first to recognize that these prophetic words of his written in 1836 were now being realized:

The end (of education) is a perfect man. Its aim, through every stage of influence and discipline is self renewal.⁴

Light is sprung up and the dayspring from on high is again visiting us. . . . Say not that this era is distant. Verily it is near. Even at this moment, the heralds of the time are announcing its approach. Omens of Good hover over us. A deeper and holier faith is quickening the genius of our time. Humanity awaits the hour of its renewal. The renovating fiat has gone forth, to revive our institutions, and remould our men. Faith is lifting her voice and like Jesus near the tomb of Lazarus is uttering the living words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, and he that believeth, though in doubts and sins, shall be reassured of his immortality and shall flourish in unfading youth! I will mould nature and man according to my will. I will transfigure all things into the image of my Ideal."⁵

To appreciate the philosophical viewpoint of these New England

2. J. E. Cabot: *A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, Boston, 1888: I, p. 213. 3. A. B. Alcott: *Concord Days*, 1872, p. 241. 4. *Conversations with Children on the Gospels*, 1836-7, I, p. xxx. 5. *Idem*, I, pp. li-iii.

thinkers, the viewpoint that has caused them to be known as Transcendentalists, the following definitions are instructive.

The late Dr. William T. Harris, former Commissioner of Education for the United States, declares:

Transcendentalism means at bottom the emancipation of the soul from prosaic bondage to the present here and now. There shall be a perspective to our vision both in time and place. We inherit all ages and all countries; let us enter into our heritage.⁶

George Ripley, himself one of the New England reformers, wrote in 1840:

There is a class of persons who desire a reform in the prevailing philosophy of the day. These are called Transcendentalists, because they believe in an order of truths which transcends the sphere of the external senses. Their leading idea is the supremacy of mind over matter. Hence they maintain that the truth of religion does not depend on tradition, nor historical facts, but has an unerring witness in the soul. There is a light, they believe, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world; there is a faculty in all — the most degraded, the most ignorant, the most obscure — to perceive spiritual truth when distinctly presented; and the ultimate appeal on all moral questions is not to a jury of scholars, a hierarchy of divines or the prescriptions of a creed, but to the common sense of the human race.⁷

The exposition of Theosophy's "twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation" occupies a prominent place in the teaching of the New England Transcendentalists. In fact their statements in regard to the origin and destiny of the soul are so extended and numerous that it is possible to select only a few quotations from the large amount of material.

The interest of these thinkers in the subject of the pre-existence and rebirth of the human soul, and their endeavor to popularize these beliefs, is shown by many of their favorite quotations, such as those from Synesius, Spenser, and Wordsworth.

The motto of Alcott's chapter on Metamorphoses in his *Tablets* is taken from the writings of Hermes Trismegistus:

Generation is not a creation of life but a production of things to sense, and making them manifest. Neither is change death but a hiding of that which was.

Both Emerson and Alcott never tire of repeating the glorious lines from Spenser's *Hymn in Honour of Beautie*:

6. F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris: *A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy*, 1893, II, p. 596. 7. O. B. Frothingham: *George Ripley*, 5th ed., 1886, pp. 84-85.

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Of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make.

Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" is even a greater favorite. Emerson indeed went so far as to declare in his last Discourse on Immortality that this Ode was "the best modern essay on the subject"; and Alcott not only quoted it habitually in his writings and lectures but even based the entire system of his practical pedagogy upon the two following stanzas:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God who is our home.

Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet doth keep
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind —
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
(In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave),
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height.⁸

To glance for a moment at the words of three of the less prominent members of the group, we find Thomas T. Stone affirming in *The Dial*⁹:

Man is man, despite of all the lies which would convince him he is not, despite of all the thoughts which would strive to unman him. There is a spirit in man.

8. Emerson's Works, Riverside ed., 1893, VIII, p. 328, *Letters and Social Aims*; Sanborn and Harris: *A. Bronson Alcott*, I, p. 199. 9. The "Official Organ of the New England Transcendental Movement," edited by Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, and Ralph Waldo Emerson during the four years between 1840 and 1844; cf. O. B. Frothingham: *Transcendentalism in New England*, 1886.

. . . What is, is. The Eternal is eternal; the temporary must pass it by, leaving it to stand evermore. There is now, there has been always, power among men to subdue the ages, to dethrone them, to make them mere outgoings and servitors of man. It is needed only that we assert our prerogative — that man shall with heavenly faith affirm: “I am, in me being is. Ages, ye come and go; appear and disappear; products, not life; vapors from the surface of the soul, not living fountains. Ye are of me, for me, not I of you or for you. Not with you my affinity but with the Eternal. I am! I live, spirit I have not; spirit am I!”

Professor Frederic Hedge of Harvard University, another of the New England Transcendentalists, writes of the human soul:

Our being is deeper than we know; it undergrounds all conscious experience. . . . All conscious being springs from a root unknown. . . . Our experience is not co-extensive with our being, our memory does not comprehend it. We bear not the root but the root us. What is that root? We call it soul. . . . It is larger than we are and older than we are — that is than our conscious self. . . . The supposition of pre-existence . . . seems best to match the supposed continued existence of the soul hereafter. Whatever had a beginning in time . . . must end in time. The eternal destination which faith ascribes to the soul presupposes an eternal origin. . . . This was the theory of the most learned and acute of the Christian Fathers (i. e. Origen). Of all the theories respecting the origin of the soul it seems to me the most plausible and therefore the one most likely to throw light on the question of the life to come. . . . A new and bodily organism I hold to be an essential part of the soul’s destination . . . (but) the soul is the same.¹⁰

From the Poems of David A. Wasson we quote the following verses:

Of old was in the household of the One
 A troupe of babes immortal. . . .
 . . . In us the mystery
 Of the beginning and the end will roll
 Its perfect circle evermore. For this,
 This is the secret of the All, — in each
 Perfected life the whole is new created.
 In every moment is create anew
 Perpetual, myriad-fold; creation runs,
 Renews, and multiplies itself for aye.

Life his dwelling leaveth
 But as a bird, its nest;
 But as a bird, that, soaring
 Flees from the winter’s cold. . . .
 Our souls, so pressed with sense, deluded are,

10. *Ways of the Spirit*, (1877), 1901, pp. 357-367.

And doubtingly their home, their right, recall,
 Sweet in the bosom memories will teem
 Of birth and bliss empyreal, but we smile
 We smile despair, then say, "'Tis but a dream:
 Clay, clay is real, nor doth our thought beguile."
 Courage, my soul! Thy dream renew, renew!
 The worlds are shadows; spirit's dream is true.¹¹

Of the members of the Free Religious Association, more or less directly connected with the Transcendentalists, we shall quote only from three, James Freeman Clarke, Cyrus Augustus Bartol, and William J. Potter.

In Dr. Clarke's *Ten Great Religions* he states that

The modern doctrine of the evolution of bodily organisms is not complete, unless we unite it with the idea of a corresponding evolution of the spiritual monad, from which every organic form derives its unity. Evolution has a satisfactory meaning only when we admit that *the soul is developed and educated by passing through many bodies*.¹²

Dr. Bartol reiterates:

Human individuality (13) is not limited in time more than in space. Doubtless the almanac or family register will tell us when we were born. But the soul is older than our organism. It precedes its clothing. It is the cause, not the consequence of its material elements; else as materialists understand, it does not properly exist. Jesus asserted the truth of all men when he said: "Before Abraham was I am." . . .

The least attempt at acquaintance with myself shows me the door out of all finite particulars and compels me to say — I was loved of God before the foundation of the world. . . . "'Tis a spirit"; and that is what no almanac can measure and no cradle contain. It is absurd to suppose any mortal beginning of it or end in death. . . . In some sense, I was born and must die. In some sense, my dwelling holds me; your babe is in the crib, and your sires are in the tomb. But there is an I, by which all these contents and consignments are disallowed. *Before Abraham was I am; I have power to lay down my life and power to take it up again*. I am conscious of Eternal Generation, that I am what never lay in the cradle and no coffin can hold but that which sits behind smiling at what was brought forth and expires.¹⁴

William J. Potter, for many years the President of the Free

11. *Poems*, 1888, pp. 21, 27, 94, 153. 12. *Ten Great Religions*, 1883; Part II, preface, p. ix. 13. In this quotation, the word individuality has been intentionally substituted for that of personality because otherwise the subsequent technical use of these two terms in modern Theosophy would almost certainly cause confusion and a misunderstanding of the author's real meaning. 14. *Radical Problems*, 1874, p. 93; *Rising Faith*, 1874, pp. 187-188, 241.

Religious Association, not only lectured on pre-existence before the Radical Club, of which all the prominent Transcendentalists were members, but in the periodical entitled *The Radical*, for April, 1868, published a very excellent article on "The Doctrine of Pre-Existence and the Fourth Gospel," from which the following quotation is taken.

After defining the doctrine of pre-existence as that of the soul's eternity, he says:

It is plain that there are two factors which enter into the composition of human nature: an infinite and a finite, a spiritual and a material, an eternal and a temporal. The finite and temporal factor is manifest in those limitations and necessities which are imposed upon us by our earthly and material existence. . . . It is possible, perhaps probable that the soul will always have some form of body and some material limitation, . . . now taking this form, now that — yet always ascending in form as giving larger freedom of nature . . . as the scale of being ascends.

But over and above all change, independent of all limitations of time and matter, beyond the reach of the accidental and perishing relations of individual existence, there enters into human nature another factor by which it lays hold of a substance that is infinite and everlasting and draws its being therefrom. There is somewhat of the Absolute and Eternal in every human soul . . . something that transcends time and space and organic form and makes eternity for the soul to be the continuous unfolding of a perpetual and indestructible principle of life rather than the infinite multiplication of days and years. . . .

Nor is it easy to see how with any other view [than that of pre-existence] we can maintain the doctrine of immortality. If the soul absolutely begins to exist with the body . . . then how shall we escape the conclusion that, when this physical organism is dissolved and these conditions cease to be, the soul also must come to cessation with them, just as the flower, even though it be but half blown, must die with the plant that has produced it? And this question is being put by thinking persons more generally and more effectively than theologians of the old sects and creeds seem to be aware of. I see no way to meet it other than by asserting the eternal nature of the soul itself. This is the final argument for immortality that cannot be answered. As we cannot conceive how matter, though it be constantly changing its form, can yet ever absolutely begin to exist or go out of existence, so it is equally impossible to conceive that soul, though now organized in this form of life, now that, can in itself ever begin or cease to be.¹⁵

Although the quotations already given are sufficient to impart some idea of the importance of the belief in pre-existence and reincarnation of the New England Transcendentalists in general, nevertheless this belief will be found to be especially emphasized by those

15. *The Doctrine of Pre-Existence and the Fourth Gospel*, in *The Radical* for April, 1868; III, No. 8, pp. 518-9, 521.

belonging to Emerson's intimate circle of friends, such as his brother Charles, Henry D. Thoreau, and Amos Bronson Alcott.

Thus in Thoreau we read:

We have settled down on earth and forgotten heaven. . . . That Eternity which I see in nature I predict for myself also. . . . Like last year's vegetation our human life but dies down to its root and still puts forth its green blade into eternity. . . . Methinks the hawk that soars so loftily and circles so steadily and apparently without effort, has *earned this power by faithfully creeping on the ground as a reptile in a former state of existence.*¹⁶

And he wrote to Emerson in 1843:

Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered in old heroic times along the banks of the Scamander and amid the ruins of chariots and heroes.¹⁷

A similar expression occurs in the notes from Charles Chauncy Emerson's Journal published by his brother Ralph Waldo some years after Charles' death:

The reason why Homer is to me like a dewy morning is because I too lived while Troy was, and sailed in the hollow ships of the Grecians to sack the devoted town. The rosy-fingered dawn as it crimsoned the tops of Ida, the broad seashore covered with tents, the Trojan hosts in their painted armor, and the rushing chariots of Diomedes and Idomeneus — all these I too saw; my soul animated the frame of some nameless Argive. . . . We forget *that we have been drugged by the sleepy bowl of the present.*

But when a lively chord in the soul is struck, when the windows for a moment are unbarred, the long and varied past is recovered. We recognize it all; we are no mere brief, ignoble creatures, we seize our immortality and bind together the related parts of our secular being. . . . Something there is in the spirit which changes not, neither is weary, but ever returns into itself, and partakes of the eternity of God.¹⁸

Ralph Waldo Emerson's own belief is thus stated by his friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Emerson was an idealist in the Platonic sense of the word, a spiritualist as opposed to a materialist. He believes, he says, "as the wise Spenser teaches," that the soul makes its own body. This, of course, involves the doctrine of pre-existence; a doctrine older than Spenser, older than Plato or Pythagoras, having its cradle in India, fighting its way down through Greek philosophers and Christian fathers and German professors, to our own time.¹⁹

16. Thoreau's Works, Riverside ed., II, *Walden*, p. 61; IX, *Excursions*, p. 331; VI, *Autumn*, pp. 187, 225. 17. *Idem*, XI, *Letters*, p. 110. 18. Posthumous publication entitled, *Notes from the Journal of a Scholar*, published in *The Dial*; cf. Frothingham, *Transcendentalism in New England*. 19. *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1895, p. 391.

From Emerson's references to his belief in pre-existence we select the following:

I am of the oldest religion. Leaving aside the question which was prior, egg or bird, I believe the mind is the creator of the world and is ever creating: that at last matter is dead mind; that mind makes the senses it sees with; that the genius of man is a continuation of the power that made him and that has not done making him.²⁰

In his poem *Woodnotes* he hears the "pine-tree" sing:

Hearken once more!
 I will tell thee the mundane lore.
 Older am I than thy numbers wot,
 Change I may, but pass I not.
 Hitherto all things fast abide,
 And anchored in the tempest ride.
 Trenchant time behoves to hurry
 All to yean and all to bury:
 All the forms are fugitive,
 But the substances survive.
 Ever fresh the broad creation,
 A divine improvisation,
 From the heart of God proceeds,
 A single will, a million deeds.
 Once slept the world, an egg of stone,
 And pulse, and sound, and light was none;
 And God said, "Throb!" and there was motion
 And the vast mass became vast ocean.
 Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
 Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
 Halteth never in one shape,
 But forever doth escape,
 Like wave or flame, into new forms.

.
 As the bee through the garden ranges,
 From world to world the godhead changes;
 As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
 From form to form He maketh haste;
 This vault which glows immense with light
 Is the inn where he lodges for a night.²¹

We wake and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight. . . . It is the secret of the world that all things subsist and

20. Works, Riverside ed. 1893; XII, *Natural History of the Intellect*, pp. 15-16.
 21. *Idem*, IV, *Poems*, pp. 55-57.

do not die, but only retire a little from sight and afterwards return again. . . . Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure much funeral and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well, in some new and strange disguise. . . . We must infer our destiny from the preparation. We are driven by instinct to hibe innumerable experiences which are of no visible value, and we may revolve through many lives before we shall assimilate or exhaust them. . . . The soul is not born; it does not die; it was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain; subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great.²²

The soul having been often born, or, as the Hindūs say, "traveling the path of existence through thousands of births," having beheld the things which are here, those which are in heaven and those which are beneath, there is nothing of which she has not gained the knowledge; no wonder that she is able to recollect, in regard to any one thing, what formerly she knew. For, all things in nature being linked and related, and the soul having heretofore known all, nothing hinders but that any man who has recalled to mind, or according to the common phrase has learned, one thing only, should of himself recover all his ancient knowledge, and find out again all the rest, if he have but courage and faint not in the midst of his researches. For inquiry and learning is reminiscence all.²³

The soul is an emanation of the Divinity, a part of the soul of the world, a ray from the source of light. It comes from without into the human body, as into a temporary abode, it goes out of it anew; it wanders in ethereal regions, it returns to visit it — it passes into other habitations, for the soul is immortal.²⁴

It is interesting to note that at the end of Emerson's Essay on "Nature," finished August, 1836, he reproduces Mr. Alcott's philosophical beliefs as

some traditions of man and nature, which a certain poet sang to me; and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps reappear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy.

The foundations of man are not in matter but in spirit. But the element of the spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies are young and recent. . . . All history is but the epoch of one degradation. . . .

A man is a god in ruins. . . . Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise. Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. . . . Thus my Orphic poet sang.²⁵

22. *Idem*, III, *Essays*, Second Series, Essay II, *Experience*, p. 33; Essay VIII, *Nominalist and Realist*, pp. 179-180; VIII, *Letters and Social Aims, Immortality*, pp. 319, 333. 23. *Idem*, IV, *Representative Men*, p. 94; based on Sydenham's translation of Plato's *Meno*, 81 c-d, Thomas Taylor: *The Works of Plato*, London, 1804, V, 61. 24. E. W. Emerson, *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1901: Vol. II, p. 341, 1830. 25. *Works*, Riverside ed., 1893; I, *Nature Add. and Lect.*, pp. 74-75; cf. Sanborn and Harris: *Alcott*, II, 567-568.

Few men of any age in ancient or modern times have been more earnest or more persistent in their advocacy of pre-existence than Amos Bronson Alcott, all of whose beliefs in fact clustered about this concept of the soul's eternity. Emerson wrote of him in 1836-7:

Mr. Alcott is a world-builder. Evermore he tries to solve the problem, whence is the world. . . . Mr. Alcott is the great man — the most extraordinary man and the highest genius of the time. . . . He has more of the godlike than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises . . . wonderful is his vision.

And in 1852 he adds:

It were too much to say that the Platonic world I might have learned to treat as a cloudland, had I not known Alcott, who is a native of that country; yet I will say that he makes it solid as Massachusetts to me.²⁶

Mr. Alcott began to spread abroad early in life his gospel as to the origin and destiny of the soul. He clung to his belief in pre-existence through thick and thin and went to his grave believing in it even more firmly than ever before, were that possible. In the words of his friend Dr. William T. Harris: "The pre-existence of the soul was as certain to him as the present existence."²⁷ If pressed by a persistent sceptic for a testimony as to the faith that was in him, his final reply invariably was: "I never can believe that I originated in that matter out there!"²⁸ Dr. Bartol, in paying tribute to the memory of the Concord philosopher, said:

He was a true Transcendentalist, teaching that the soul is no ephemeral thing but that it lives beyond the momentary impression, in the past, the distant, the future, and in that eternity where time disappears or all times are alike.²⁹

And when the long-dreamed-of School of Philosophy was established at Concord in 1879, we find Mr. Alcott's efforts ably seconded by the Platonist Dr. Hiram K. Jones of Jacksonville, Illinois, who in a lecture delivered at the school during its second session, declared:

A being always born is the soul. It never was not and it never had any other form; nor can it ever have any other form than it now is . . . and it now is eternal; it now is in eternity.³⁰

So, too, Louisa M. Alcott, echoing her father's philosophy, wrote to one of her friends:

I think immortality is the passing of a soul through many lives or experiences;

26. Sanborn and Harris: *A. Bronson Alcott*, II, pp. 564-566. 27. *Idem*, p. 630.
28. *Idem*, p. 632. 29. *Radical Problems*, 1874, p. 89. 30. *The Platonist*, 1881, p. 68.

and such as are truly lived, used, and learned, help on to the next, each growing richer, happier and higher, carrying with it only the real memories of what has gone before. . . . I seem to remember former states and feel that in them I have learned some of the lessons that have never since been mine here and in my next step I hope to leave behind many of the trials I have struggled to bear here and begin to find lightened as I go on. This accounts for the genius and great virtue some show here. They have done well in many phases of this great school and bring into our class the virtue or the gifts that make them great or good. We don't remember the lesser things. They slip away as childish trifles, and we carry on only the real experiences.

The following quotations are all from Mr. Alcott:

Thou child; . . . older than thought, and more prescient, thou eludest my search and I lose myself in thee, the while time stretches backward into the periods whence it issued and forward to its return. It dates not thy genesis, advent, nor departure; thou still art, wast ever and shalt remain, the horologe of time's transit. Thy history the hours fail to chronicle. Thou art timeless, dateless. Before time was and by reason of thy eternal existence thou preservest celestial memories.³¹

To conceive a child's acquirements as originating in nature, dating from his birth into his body, seems an atheism that only a shallow metaphysical theology could entertain. "I shall never persuade myself," said Synesius, "to believe my soul to be of like age with my body." And yet we are wont to date our birth, as that of the babes we christen, from the body's advent . . . as if time and space could chronicle the periods of the immortal mind.³²

Life is a current of spiritual forces. In perpetual tides, the stream traverses its vessels to vary its pulsations and perspective of things. . . . Vast systems of sympathies, antedating and extending beyond our mundane experiences, absorb us within their sphere, relating us to other worlds of life and light. . . . Memory sometimes dispels the oblivious slumber and recovers for the mind recollections of its descent and destiny. Some relics of the ancient consciousness survive, recalling our previous history and experiences. . . . Birth is not the beginning of the spirit; life is the remembrance, or a waking up of the spirit. All the life of knowledge is the waking up of what is already within. . . .

The rising of life's star, that had elsewhere its setting. . . .

Spirits like acorns drop off from God to plant themselves in time. . . . The spirit makes the body just as the rose throws out the rose leaves. . . . The body is the outside of the spirit—the spirit made visible. . . .

Without perspective the soul tells its history imperfectly. As conception precedes birth, life quickens life, in like manner souls precede their assumption of the human forms. I am before I find myself bodily and antedate my sensations life long. I find my past in my present and from these forecast my future.

I recollect and remember myself. . . .

31. Sanborn and Harris: *A. Bronson Alcott*, I, pp. 258-259.

32. *Concord Days*, 1872, p. 83.

Ancient of days, we hardly are persuaded to believe that our souls are no older than our bodies and date our nativity from our family registers as if time and space could chronicle the periods of the immortal mind by its advent into the flesh and deacease out of it. . . .

Our hope is as eternal as ourselves . . . a never ending, still beginning quest of our divinity. The insatiableness of her desires is an augury of the soul's eternity. . . . A never ending still beginning quest of the Godhead in her bosom; a perpetual effort to actualize her divinity in time . . . her quarry is above the stars; her arrows are snatched from the armory of heaven. . . . All life is eternal, there is none other; and all unrest is but the struggle of the soul to reassure herself of her inborn immortality, to recover her lost intuition of the same by reason of her descent — her discomfort reveals her lapse from innocence, her loss of the divine presence and favor. Fidelity alone shall instaurate the Godhead in her bosom.

That which is visible is dead; the apparent is the corpse of the real, and undergoes successive sepultures and resurrections. The soul dies out of organs; the tombs cannot confine her; she eludes the grasp of decay; she builds and unseals the sepulchres. Her bodies are fleeting, historical. . . . The individual is one in all the manifold phases of the many through which we journey and we find ourselves perpetually because we cannot lose ourselves individually in the images of the many. 'Tis the one soul in manifold shapes, even the old friend of the mirror in the other face, old and new, yet one in endless evolution and metamorphosis. . . . The time may come, in the endless career of the soul, when the facts of incarnation, birth, death, descent into matter and ascension from it, shall comprise no part of her history; when she herself shall survey this human life with emotions akin to those of the naturalist, on examining the relics of extinct races of beings; when mounds, sepulchres, monuments, epitaphs, shall serve but as memories of a past state of existence; a reminiscence of one metempsychosis of her life in time. . . .

Before the heavens thou art and thou shalt survive their decay. . . . Whatever had a beginning comes of necessity to its end, since it has not the principle of perpetuity in itself. There is that in man which cannot think annihilation but thinks continuance.

All life is eternal; there is no other. . . .

One's foes are of his own household. If his house is haunted it is by himself only. Our choices are our Saviours or Satans, our destiny for time and eternity. Nothing is ours that our choices have not made ours. Our wills are creators. As we will we come into possession of ourselves. The soul's world is not created for its occupant but by him. One must be, not by another's but by his own determination.

Choice is the Creator. . . . Our sole inheritance is our deeds. . . . Every sin provokes its punishment. Fortunate if it enables one to fathom the depth of his lapse and save him from himself. The soul that sinneth forfeits its freedom. Evil is retributive; every trespass slips fetters on the will, holds the soul in durance till contrition and repentance restore it to liberty, not even in Pandemonium

may sinners run at large nor in Paradise without their tether. The eternal laws prevail and must be obeyed throughout the universe.³³

Few poems are more pathetically beautiful than Mr. Alcott's *Ion*, written in his eighty-third year in commemoration of Emerson's death, and read before the Concord School of Philosophy, July 22, 1882. It is noteworthy that in this, his last literary work, he sings his belief in the soul's pre-existence with no uncertain emphasis:

Come, then, Mnemosyne!³⁴ and on me wait,
As if for Ion's³⁵ harp thou gav'st thine own;
Recall the memories of man's ancient state,
Ere to this low orb had his form dropt down,
Clothed in the cerements of his chosen fate;
Oblivious here of heavenly glories flown,
Lapsed from the high, the fair, the blest estate,
Unknowing these, and by himself unknown;
Lo! Ion, unfallen from his lordly prime,
Paused in his passing flight, and giving ear
To heedless sojourners in weary time,
Sang his full song of hope and lofty cheer;
Aroused them from dull sleep, from grisly fear,
And towards the stars their faces did uprear.
Now pillowed near loved Hylas'³⁶ lowly bed,
Beneath our aged oaks and sighing pines,
Pale Ion rests awhile his laureled head;
(How sweet his slumber as he there reclines!)
Why weep for Ion here? He is not dead,
Nought of him Personal that mound confines;
The hues ethereal of the morning red
This clod embraces never, nor enshrines.
Away the mourning multitude hath sped,
And round us closes fast the gathering night,
As from the drowsy dell the sun declines,
Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight,—
But on the morrow, with the budding May,
A-field goes Ion, at first flush of day,
Across the pastures of his dewy way.³⁷

33. *Tablets*, 1868, pp. 201-202; Elizabeth P. Peabody: *Record of Mr. Alcott's School*, 3d ed., 1874, p. 148; *Conversations*, 1836, I, pp. 15, 233; *Table Talk*, 1877, p. 175; *Tablets*, 1868, pp. 203, 205; *Orphic Sayings*, published in *The Dial*, quoted in Sanborn and Harris: *Alcott*, II, pp. 591-2, 583-4, 586-7; *Concord Days*, 1872, pp. 156, 192, 202-3; *Table Talk*, pp. 177, 157, 166. 34. The Goddess of Memory. 35. Emerson's. 36. Thoreau's.

37. *Ion: A Monody*, published in Alcott's *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1888, pp. 64-67.

THEOSOPHY AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE:

by Kenneth Morris



WE have heard a million voices, in these latter years, crying towards Peace; the heart of humanity, evidently, is sound enough, and recognizes clearly the greatest need of the age. But where shall it find satisfaction? We have established the principle of arbitration; we have our Hague conferences, our international law, our peace societies; all these are good, and we feel that we are coming to something. Then such and such a Power, perhaps, finds that its army is strong and its neighbor's is weak; that it wants a slice of that neighbor's territory, and — Hague Conference to the winds; opportunity makes the thief. We are deluged with arguments as to the economic evils of war. We are told that it is disastrous, materially and financially, to the victor as much as, or more than, to the conquered. It may be true, but such arguments do not touch the heart. Some politician or newspaper will proclaim that the national honor is touched; the people become inflamed with a mock patriotism; sentiment is always nearer to the heart of a nation than are economics. Stir up the deeps of national feeling with some real or imaginary wrong, and you may argue about finance till doomsday, you will not stop the lust for revenge, the enthusiasm to see the national honor vindicated. To bring about Peace, we must get a new conception of peace; we must find some lever that will work. You cannot lift the world without a place to rest your fulcrum: a point outside the world. Financiers may foster a war for the sake of finance; but finance will not inflame the passions of a nation. War has its basis, its *raison d'être*, in what may be called a department of the spiritual world; and that basis is not shaken by any material appeal. The bad enthusiasm for war is at least better, because more human, than merely economic arguments for peace. There is a dash of unselfishness, a flavor of the human soul, in the first; in the second there is not. To bring about peace we must find a spiritual reason for it, stronger and deeper than the spiritual reason for war — and such reasons exist in quantity; we must foster a more vital enthusiasm than the war-enthusiasm; we must build on the human heart. Religion cannot do this, so long as some of us are orthodox and some pagans. Science, with her doctrine of the survival of the fittest, her mere biological arguments for this and that, is as impotent as religion. A new urge is needed, and this urge Theosophy alone can supply.

The International Theosophical Peace Congress, to be held on the island of Visingsö in Sweden, June 22 to 29, 1913, will mark the emergence of the Theosophical Movement *publicly* into the arena of the world as the spiritual champion of peace; it will be an endeavor to show where lies the factor, so long missing, that is potent to bring about a real and stable peace. But as a matter of fact, since its inception in 1875, this Movement has been the most effective instrument in the world for peace: its three Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, have done more — we make the claim soberly — than any other human beings to bring about the end of war. How? Because they have based their leading towards peace on a knowledge of the nature of man; they have laid the foundations of brotherhood, deep foundations, in the spiritual nature of man; they have not built up gaudy structures upon the sand of sentimentalism or selfish interests. The laying of foundations may not strike, offhand, the worlds' imagination; but it is the first step towards building a stable palace that human beings can live in; it is more useful work, more beneficial, than conjuring up phantasmal magnificences in some Cloud-cuckoo-town that the actual foot of man can never tread.

But first we must explain a little the nature and origin of the Organization that is promoting this congress. The word *Theosophy* has been so misapplied by persons who do not in any way truly represent Theosophy or the Theosophical Movement, but who desire to claim credit for doing so, that serious misconceptions have arisen in the minds of the public. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, under whose auspices this Congress is being held, is the society which was founded by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875 under the name of the Theosophical Society; the modification of the title was adopted by an almost unanimous decision of the members at a Convention held in Chicago in February, 1898. On the death of the Founder, William Q. Judge succeeded her as Leader of the society, and he in turn was succeeded, in 1896, by Katherine Tingley, the present *Leader and Official Head*. The organization which is promoting this congress is thus the original society founded by Madame Blavatsky, and its principles and practice are identical with those promulgated by her. This is a matter which rests on an unassailable legal basis, with the official details of which it will not be necessary to trouble the reader here; suffice it to say that the teachings and activities of the organization fully vindicate its claim to be the representative of Theosophy.

But why should such a statement be necessary? For the very good reason that there exist certain associations, formed by persons who by the action of the Society have been removed from its membership and are therefore no longer identified with the original Society. Although these people may use some of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, there are other teachings put forward by them which are not endorsed by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and are repudiated by that Society. Their principles and practices are in many respects foreign, and even opposed, to those of Theosophy, as can easily be seen by comparison. Owing to their activities, the public has been misled into associating with the name of Theosophy, various forms of "psychism," "astralism," and other faddisms, etc.: things abhorrent to it; for the teachings of Theosophy are entirely spiritual, moral, and practical. It is necessary to lose no opportunity of correcting false impressions; since Theosophy is a serious movement, and claims the attention of all earnest and thoughtful people.

Now let us see how Theosophy has worked for peace, and what are its special claims as an effective — *the* effective — worker for peace. War is only the outward manifestation of a condition in the minds and hearts of men. To stop war, you must direct your efforts against human selfishness and arrogance, transmuting the force of these into something else and better. More blood has been shed, perhaps, in the name of religion than for any other cause; and we have seen that that cause is potent in our own day. Where is the help for it? "I am right, and you are wrong," say the religions; "I am the only right thing; you others are inferior, pernicious; you shall not inherit heaven." From that last, as we have seen too often, it is but a step to: "Neither shall you inherit earth." Such an attitude fosters arrogance; war loses its moral evil for us, when we are putting down the unbeliever or subduing the barbarian; it is even for their own good, it is claimed, that they should be put down and subdued. Now H. P. Blavatsky brought a new idea into the world — new to the age — though now, owing to the efforts of her and her society, almost commonplace. It is that all religions are in essentials divine, all founded on divine truth. You do not need to convert any man to your own faith; the divine soul is within him, the divine light is somewhere behind his own creed; do but urge and help him to be a good Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, and divest yourself of foolish ideas of your own superiority; and you have done something towards erasing from

the world of causes, the causes that lead to wars. H. P. Blavatsky had traveled over the whole world; even a small acquaintance with her chief works, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and *The Secret Doctrine*, will convince one that she knew intimately and wonderfully the religions of the world; knew their deeper and inner parts; and that she was right in proclaiming their spiritual harmony and common origin. And with what force she proclaimed it!

With what force she proclaimed the Divinity at the heart of things! Men, nations, religions — do but get to the root and heart of them, and you shall find them splendid and shining things; you shall find that the evil in them is external, temporary, conquerable by will and effort; but that the good is the inmost truth of them, and shall endure. And it is to bring out, to uncover, to make active that good, to make the divine in us play and bear upon the outward world of things and circumstances, that we are here in the world; and perfection is the goal before us. Counsels of perfection, easy to give! you say? Yes, but it is precisely Theosophy that furnishes the link between the counsel and its carrying out in action. The thing is a potent and living force; the whole agitation towards Peace has sprung up since the grand and fathomless ideals of peace were proclaimed by Theosophy. You can obtain peace, of a kind, by conquering your neighbor, and loading him with chains, or so weakening and incapacitating him that nothing need be feared from him — for fifty years or so. You can obtain peace, of a kind, by piling up the armaments, you and your neighbor, till the world is afraid of war. You could obtain peace, again of a kind, if it were possible to iron out the principles of nationality, to reduce humanity to one dead and uninteresting level. But it is not possible to do that last; and as for the other kinds of peace, they are worse than war; they are unstable, unnatural, fraught with hatred and envy, arrogance, and lust for revenge.

But Peace, radiant and flaming, how shall that be obtained? How shall we come at the Peace that can rouse the enthusiasm, the chivalry, the heroic delight of men, as war can rouse them — more than war can rouse them? Ah, but Theosophy does show the way. Ever since man was man, perhaps, the passion of patriotism has been one of the surest sources and inspirations of noble actions and thoughts. Why? Because in the *patria*, human intuition is able to perceive a certain shining of divine light; a star gleams down to us out of that, which incites and exalts every noble element in our being. A mere sentimental

unreality? No, but just a glimpse of reality, says Theosophy. The soul of the nation is divine, and divinely beautiful as is the soul of the individual man; reach but your own soul; find but the reality within yourself, and you shall no longer be an affliction, through your greed or selfishness, to your brother. Flush and cleanse your daily consciousness with that bright and larger consciousness which is the deepest part of you, and you shall see then a kindred radiance shining out of the depths of the men whom before you hated or despised. And so with nations. Theosophy aims at abolishing the divisions, not the differences. Find the heart, find the divine center of your nation; be patriot to some purpose, as we say; to the high purpose of seeking and serving the divine soul in your nation, or working to lift the nation to the consciousness of that — and it shall have dawned in upon you that the others too are divine; different, but equally glorious; unlike, but in perfect harmony. Here is a chord of music; strike the several notes truly and fully, and the new note that is not any one of them, but something else and more glorious, is the result; but let one finger limp or go too lightly, or press overhard and violently when you strike the chord — and the new creation is not brought into being. We can learn, through this Theosophical knowledge of the divinity of man, to love the nations of the earth as an artist loves his colors — the souls of his colors, that he sees flaming in his imagination, and can only approximate with the pigments on his palette.

So the Theosophical Movement has been from the first a thoroughly and whole-heartedly international body. It does not believe in race superiority as a basic principle (although of course, at any given period some race or races will be superior; some will be having their noon-tide and activity, others their calm evening, their first dawn, or their midnight and deep sleep). At Point Loma, California, which has been the International Center of the Theosophical Movement since 1900, a large body of students has been gathered, men and women of all nationalities; and in the world-famed Râja Yoga College there, there are also children and young people of all nationalities; and in the wonderful harmony and vigor of the life there, the high intellectual and artistic activity, one sees the proof of the claim that in Theosophy is actually to be found a harmonizer of national divergences. For the students do not lose their nationality. You find patriots who are aware that their patriotism is divinely founded; and *therefore*, that the patriotism of other nations is equally divinely founded. The enthu-

siasm of the Theosophist for Peace is as the enthusiasm of a Beethoven after some *Ninth Symphony* that he is pursuing through the fields of consciousness, and that he will yet write down, and that shall be sound-broadcast for the ears of men. It is as the enthusiasm of some sixteenth-century navigator after glamorous El Dorados in the west; it is a positive, nay, a warrior-like and chivalrous ideal; it is that new undreamed-of sources of inspiration may be uncovered; that all humanity may drink at the unpolluted fountain whence have flowed the waters of patriotism; waters that, though well-nigh always turbid and muddy a little when they have flowed down so far as into the range of our perceptions; always, well-nigh, mingled with baser matters — narrowness of vision, hatred of some other people, and so forth — have yet been the most potent inspiration of heroism and devotion. What will it be when all humanity may drink them pure? Waters? — Nay, they will be for us the nectar of the Gods, nourishing in us spiritual glory and immortality.

This is the spirit that Theosophy is potent to induce — a heroic enthusiasm for humanity nation by nation; a knowledge and foretaste of the sublime harmony that Peace means. It is the spirit that Theosophy has actually brought into life at Point Loma and other Theosophical centers. As the influence of Theosophy grows, when it has become world-wide, so this spirit will become world-wide; and we shall pile up armaments of peace and good will as we now pile up the armaments of war. Instead of hedging ourselves round with fortresses and dreadnoughts, we shall spend ourselves in letting the light of our nation-heart shine out on the world. In place of distrust and suspicion against our neighbors, we shall call upon them for the light that they have.

But when all this is said, one has barely begun to state the reasons why Theosophy is the grand protochampion of World-Peace. All conditions of the world are founded upon conditions in individual men. War is but the red flower whose roots are individual hatred and greed, ambition and selfishness. You must establish peace within the kingdom of yourself, if you are to be a worker for the peace of the world. We begin, in this age, with a false system of education; a system which educates, not for peace, but for war. What ideals are instilled into the minds of our children and youth? They must get on in the world, we tell them; they must win a way for themselves; we foster fierce ambition, the desire for money, position, and selfish fame, in

them. Is it any wonder then that the nations show the marks of what we have instilled into the individuals?

Katherine Tingley would have the right to be called the greatest of the world's Peace-workers, if she had done nothing more than establish the Râja Yoga system of education, which is in vogue at the College at Point Loma, and which will be in vogue at the college she is shortly to establish at Visingsö. The name *Râja Yoga* gives the keynote of this system: it means *Kingly Union*, union of all the faculties, spiritual, mental, moral, and physical; the aim of the system is to unite and harmonize the whole nature of the child so that the result shall be a harmonious and perfect development. The wonderful success that has been attained does not need dwelling upon here; it is this success that has made the renown of the system and of the College at Point Loma. Suffice it to say that this kingly union is Peace; this, on the plane of the individual, is what Peace means on the plane of the nations of the world.

While perfect care is given to physical and mental development, the body and brain are looked upon as the instruments of the divine soul within; and the child is taught so to look upon them, and to stand as master to them. It is in the body and lower mind, not dominated by the divine part, that the seeds of war find their soil; it is there that greed, selfishness, and enmity are to be found. But when, from the earliest years, the whole teaching has been directed to making the child realize that body and brain-mind are his instruments, to keep clean and in perfect repair for the use of the soul — and that is as much as to say, for the use of humanity — these fields so generally overrun with the war-weeds have been sown instead with the seeds of peace. The individual has become at peace with himself. Before peace can be established throughout the world, the nations themselves must be healed of internal unrest and unpeace. Before that can be done the individuals that compose the nations must be at peace within themselves. The enemy is human passion, human selfishness. The Râja Yoga system, Theosophy applied to education, goes straight for the root of the matter. It eradicates, shows the child how to eradicate, the selfishness within his own nature. Let this system grow; let it spread over the earth, and war will die a natural death, and we shall find that Peace is altogether more interesting than war; calls for better courage, reaps a grander, more splendid glory; is nobler and more chivalrous; demands a more vigorous and more alert manhood.

A STUDY OF "THE SECRET DOCTRINE":

by H. T. Edge, M. A.

I. INTRODUCTORY



TO give within a short compass an adequate idea of the contents of *The Secret Doctrine* is difficult for the following reasons. The work consists of some 1500 large pages, with innumerable small-type footnotes; every one of these pages is full of information, hints, and the starting-points of side-topics not followed up, so that each page would in itself afford material for a book. The scope of the subject treated is the largest possible. Under these circumstances it may truthfully be said that the volumes themselves, large as they are, constitute no more than a digest or brief summary of the subject with which they deal; and that this summary is of so masterly a character that any attempt at further consideration must inevitably result in leaving out a great deal of important matter. And in order that this statement may not rest on mere assertion, inquirers may be referred to the book itself, when they will find that the statement is fully warranted.

Nevertheless, as this book and its subject are of so great interest and importance to all earnest minds today, the attempt at a review shall be made. Let us begin with its title.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TITLE

The book treats of the "Secret Doctrine," a system also called by other names, such as "Wisdom-Religion," "Occult Science," "Occultism," and "Esoteric Philosophy." Of this a definition is found in the Introduction to Volume I (page xxxiv) as follows:

The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world.

In other words, there was once a single religion for the whole world. The word "religion," however, must here be taken in a broader sense than usual; it really stands for a group of words, whose repeated use would have been too cumbrous; or perhaps we should say it stands for a word lacking in our vocabulary, a word whose meaning would comprise philosophy, science, religion, and all such words denoting departments of thought. The Secret Doctrine, then, was the universally diffused *gnosis* or religion-science of the ancient world.

It is obvious, therefore, that a book which aims to outline a synthesis of all religion, philosophy, and science, has a large scope. But

in reference to this point, let it here be said that this synthesis is not of the invented or speculative kind. The author does not offer any new system devised by herself. On the contrary she proposes to reintroduce an ancient and actually existing system — the system which she describes as the "Secret Doctrine." And here it will be well to recall some facts in the author's life.

H. P. BLAVATSKY'S PURPOSE IN LIFE

The life of this ardent and heroic soul was a search for knowledge in the interests of humanity. Knowing the disillusionments of life, she did not stop short at resignation or compromise, but traveled over the entire globe in search of the knowledge which she felt must exist somewhere. Her unusual courage, sincerity, and breadth of sympathy enabled her to penetrate where others could not go, and unsealed for her the lips of teachers whose existence is unknown to the ordinary traveler and scholar. Her unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity qualified her to become a pupil in schools wherein such devotion is an indispensable condition. It was thus that H. P. Blavatsky discovered the existence of the Secret Doctrine; it was thus that she undertook the mission of introducing it to the modern world. Her great work, now being reviewed, is part of the fulfilment of that mission; and candid minds, to whom this present writing is addressed, will find in that book itself confirmation of the genuineness of H. P. Blavatsky's mission.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE OF ANTIQUITY

Proofs of the existence of the Secret Doctrine in antiquity are furnished in abundance throughout the book, whose purpose it is to adduce them. Man being of Divine, as well as of animal, ancestry, has at no time been without knowledge; but the history of his evolution comprises dark ages and ages of light. It is during the dark ages that this knowledge disappears from the general ken; yet even then it is known to the few, who preserve it and hand it down. It was to these guardians of the sacred knowledge that H. P. Blavatsky found access, and from them that she received the contents of her mission. She belongs to the class of Teachers who appear from time to time among men during the dark ages, causing revivals of enlightenment and preventing an entire lapse into ignorance and barbarism. As will be seen in the course of this review, our present dark age was preceded by ages of enlightenment, when the Knowledge now guarded in secret was

widely diffused; this is matter of universal tradition, whereof abundant proofs are furnished by the author.

The disappearance of the Secret Doctrine from general knowledge was due to the oncoming of the dark cycle — Kali-Yuga in the Hindû terminology — with its materialism and strife. But, as the law of evolution prescribes a reascent after the descent into materialism, so the Knowledge is destined to become diffused once more among men. Meanwhile, and during the times known as historical, the world has had to be content with mutifarious creeds and an alternation between scepticism and dogmatism. The dawn of a resurrection is seen in the present universal dissatisfaction with existing systems, whether scientific or religious, and the present attempts to arrive at some working synthesis of knowledge. *The Secret Doctrine* was written to meet the demands of the present and the immediate future.

All the greater religions are offshoots of the One Universal Religion; and their common parentage is revealed to the student of their inner meaning. The science of comparative religion has been treated before, yet no writer has been so well equipped for the task as H. P. Blavatsky, or has achieved such remarkable results in undertaking it. This can easily be seen by reference to her work; the erudition displayed is phenomenal, and she seems to have had access to any required source, however rare, as shown by the quotations and references; while the order and arrangement of all this material evinces a masterly comprehensiveness of mind and intellectual power. More, there is on every page evidence of an inexhaustible reserve fund, and the author is clearly embarrassed by want of space, not want of material.

The thesis of the author is to outline the Secret Doctrine, to adduce the evidences for its existence, to trace it among the religions and mythologies of all time, and to show its applicability to the solution of all problems. In pursuance of this plan, she considers religion, mythology, symbology, ethnology, science, and every other collateral branch of thought that can be enumerated. Before proceeding to sketch the plan of the work, we must say a few words on the spirit in which the book was offered to the public.

THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THE BOOK IS OFFERED

The spirit in which *The Secret Doctrine* is offered to the public is one with which they can find no fault; and though of course the forces of inertia always resist that which attempts to change their direction, time soon mends the case. The dynamic effect of the fewer minds

which use their own judgment is always greater than that of the larger number who prefer to derive their opinions at second-hand; so that a knowledge of the actual state of affairs with regard to H. P. Blavatsky and her writings must sooner or later prevail over mere rumor and gossip. We quote from the title-pages and preface as follows:

THE SECRET DOCTRINE: The Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy. "There is No Religion Higher than Truth."

This work I dedicate to all true Theosophists, in every country and of every race; for they called it forth, and for them it was recorded.

These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.

In short her attitude is that of a teacher anxious to teach; and proposing to teach by demonstration and by appealing to the judgment. And there is no doubt that she has already accomplished a considerable part of this purpose. The whole world of thought has been leavened by Theosophy. There are many prominent writers whose views are, unknown to themselves, indebted to this source; and probably also some whose indebtedness to *The Secret Doctrine*, though not always acknowledged, is of a more direct character.

PLAN OF THE WORK

The book is divided into two volumes, the first of which treats of Cosmogogenesis, or the evolution of worlds, while the second deals with Anthropogenesis or the evolution of man. Each volume is divided into three parts, as described below. The whole work is given a definite structure by being based on certain "Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan," which are taken as a text and amplified by commentaries. The first part of each volume is devoted to these commentaries; the second part to a study of the evolution of symbolism; and the third part to a contrast and comparison between Occult Science and modern science.

The Book of Dzyan is an ancient treatise on Cosmogogenesis and

Anthropogenesis, inaccessible in its original form to modern libraries, but constituting the basis of innumerable religious commentaries of Chinese and Tibetan Buddhism, etc. The opinion of scholars on the passages which the author cites from this ancient work would be valued, since internal evidence derived from an intelligent study of the material is more important in such a case than any authoritative statement as to the origin of the work.

The history of cosmic evolution, as traced in these Stanzas, is, we are told, the abstract algebraical formula (so to say) of that evolution. They represent the seven terms of an abstract formula which can be applied to all evolution. Stanza I describes the state of the ONE ALL during Pralaya (that is, during the state of abeyance), before the first flutter of reawakening manifestation. This state can only be suggested by the negatives of the most abstract attributes we can think of. Stanza II describes a state which is so nearly the same as the first that it is very difficult to convey the difference. Stanza III describes the reawakening of the Universe to life after Pralaya. It depicts the emergence of the Monads from their state of absorption within the ONE. Stanza IV shows

The differentiation of the "Germ" of the Universe into the septenary hierarchy of conscious Divine Powers, who are the active manifestations of the One Supreme Energy. They are the framers, shapers, and ultimately the creators of all the manifested Universe, in the only sense in which the name "Creator" is intelligible; they inform and guide it; they are the intelligent Beings who adjust and control evolution, embodying in themselves those manifestations of the ONE LAW, which we know as "The Laws of Nature." Generically, they are known as the Dhyân Chohans, though each of the various groups has its own designation in the Secret Doctrine. This stage of evolution is spoken of in Hindü mythology as the "Creation" of the Gods.

In Stanza V the process of world-formation is described: First, diffused Cosmic Matter, then the fiery "whirlwind," the first stage in the formation of a nebula, that nebula condenses, and after passing through various transformations, forms a Solar Universe, a planetary chain, or a single planet, as the case may be.

The subsequent stages in the formation of a "World" are indicated in Stanza VI, which brings the evolution of such a world down to its fourth great period, corresponding to the period in which we are now living.

Stanza VII continues the history, tracing the descent of life down to the appearance of Man; and thus closes the first Book of the Secret Doctrine.

The development of "Man" from his first appearance on this earth in this Round to the state in which we now find him will form the subject of Book II.

EVOLUTION

In view of the above, a few remarks may be made on the subject of evolution, since that is the right name to be given to the whole cosmic process, whether applied to stellar universes, to our globe, or to the sentient beings thereon.

Modern science has rediscovered the idea of evolution and has applied it within a certain very limited sphere and subject to many rooted preconceptions. After it had been applied to biology, it was applied by Spencer to sociology, and since then it has been applied to many other things from religion to hats. But in the Secret Doctrine we shall find that it has a very much more extended meaning. For one thing, the fact is there fully recognized that evolution is essentially a dual process, implying the outward manifestation of something that has previously existed in latency. Modern science has considered mainly but one side of this process — the coming into manifestation of that which was concealed; but has little to say about the nature of that which evolves or causes the evolution. The facts cannot be satisfactorily interpreted by a method so restricted, as more philosophical minds are fully aware; and therefore the help afforded by the Secret Doctrine will be appreciated by all who feel its need. The evolution of matter implies the involution of spirit. We may trace the changes that have taken place in forms, but we require to know something about the intelligent vital processes that are at work behind the scenes.

According to the Secret Doctrine, everything is subject to evolution — even so-called brute matter. With regard to the evolution of plants and animals, we shall find certain radical differences of view from modern science; and herein we shall find the clue to many difficulties in the scientific theories. Theosophy welcomes facts, and logical inferences from correct observation; but it questions the theories and challenges the *alleged* facts. And with regard to evolution, it is amply proved in these volumes that modern thought has provided many and conflicting theories; that it is continually changing and shifting its ground, and that it is full of unsolved problems. This leaves the field open for the author of *The Secret Doctrine*, for offering views which solve these problems and are consistent with the facts of nature.

The difficulty with present-day theory has always been to catch the plants and animals in the act, so to say. It is evident they have evolved but we do not see them at it. The Secret Doctrine explains how this is. With regard to human evolution, the principal point of difference

is a denial of the doctrine that man has descended from an ape-ancestor, or that man and the anthropoids are *only* descendants of a common brute ancestor. It is shown that the anthropoids are degenerate offshoots of an early race of humanity which morally fell. Further, it is not man's physical evolution alone that is considered, but his evolution along several other lines as well; in short, man is the product of several convergent lines of evolution. These few remarks on evolution are merely introductory, and their amplification must be left to a subsequent occasion.

(To be continued)

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

THE AKROPOLIS, Athens, Greece: To the left, on the summit, are the entrance and the Propylaia; also other buildings. Then the top of the Erechtheion, and then the Parthenon, stately in its ruin. At the foot, at the left, are the arches of the Odeium of Herodes Atticus; then at the right, the few remains of the superb theater of Dionysus.

THE PROPYLAI, the Akropolis, Athens, Greece: These ruins, imposing and strikingly beautiful even in their present state, were accounted, with the Parthenon also on the Akropolis, as the loftiest expression of Attic art. The Propylaia were designed by the architect Mnesikles, commenced in the archonship of Euthymenes, 437 before the present era, and were completed 432-431. The cost is said to have been upwards of 2000 talents, or nearly \$2,300,000. The famed Pentelic marble was used exclusively. Vandal hands, and an explosion of gunpowder in 1656, reduced the Propylaia to their actual condition.

RUINS OF THE THEATER OF DIONYSUS, Athens: The ruins of this great and splendid work strike the imagination with poignant regret. In this theater were enacted the great works of the Athenian poets—those immortal masterpieces of Greek genius which even today stand without peers, at least so far as we have them, and have them complete. Thousands upon thousands of spectators could find place in this theater, which the ancients pronounced the most beautiful in the world. The scenery spread out to one sitting thus under the walls of the Akropolis, and facing the sea and the hills of Salamis, is inspiring.

THE PROSCENIUM FRIEZE IN THE THEATER OF DIONYSUS, Athens: A careful study of this most elegant work will leave one overcome with admiration. The art is so faithful that each separate figure is seen evidently to be a separate study. The effect is perfect, and the sharp contrast between the kneeling titan and the human or human-divine, groups, is not only very striking, but typical.

THE IDEA OF JUSTICE IN THE EAST AND IN THE WEST: by the Rev. S. J. Neill



IT is a common saying that the West does not understand the East. Men who have lived long in India, or Egypt, or some other eastern country, are unanimous in their testimony that after all one can do to better the condition of our eastern brethren, there still remains an undefined barrier between West and East. Many reasons have been put forth to account for this, and, while each one may contain a portion of the truth, none explains the situation fully. Difference of race counts for something. The long centuries during which East and West were little known to each other form an important factor in the case not always borne in mind. The haughty spirit which a dominant people often show to a subject people; these and some other things partly account for the barrier existing between the East and the West. Anything which serves to throw more light on the subject is deserving of earnest consideration, and especially so at the hands of all who seek harmony and peace — universal brotherhood among all peoples.

In a recent issue of the *Hibbert Journal*, Mr. A. Mitchell Innes, Councillor of the British Embassy, Washington, writes a very interesting and illuminating article under the title, "Love and Law: a Study of Oriental Justice." In this article a comparison is made between East and West, and it is shown that in their idea of justice the two are fundamentally distinct, the former being "based on the ethic of forgiveness, the latter on the idea of retribution." This at first sight may sound strange, for students of Eastern teachings are familiar with the doctrine of Karma as preached by Buddha and presented by Sir Edwin Arnold in *The Light of Asia* — "It knows not wrath nor pardon" — and most people know the words of Jesus Christ where he contrasts the Mosaic teachings with his own: "Ye have heard that it was said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you resist not evil," etc. At first sight, therefore, it would seem that the East rather than the West has held to the idea of retaliation, and that Mr. Innes ignores these facts. There is, however, another side of the Oriental character, which does form a basis for the view put forward by the learned writer. The Oriental has retained the personal element more than the peoples of the West. Western nations have in a great measure embodied their notions of justice in legal enactments — "the law of the land" — to which men of all ranks are supposed to be subject. In the East, the king or ruler is the supreme authority, whose

word is law. And in addition to this, it would appear from what Mr. Innes says that in the East more attention is paid to the "individual," while with us "the system" is everything. "Our western criminal administration is thoroughly mechanical." With us a certain offense is punished with a certain penalty; we do not take into account all the influences, or as many of them as we may possibly know, which have acted on the criminal. What advantages, what chances had he? How much was he tempted; or how much did he resist the temptation? May "Society," in many cases, not be itself the great criminal? In the East there is a tendency to bring the transgressor and the person transgressed against face to face as *human beings*, and, as far as possible, they are expected to settle matters in such a way that benefit will result to the persons intimately concerned, and to the community in which they live. That is not so with us. With all our civilization we are in some respects strangely foolish and uncivilized. But lately, and very timidly, some western peoples have tried a "first offenders act," and the wisdom of it has been manifest. Why not have a system of pacification — a system of conciliation? Instead of that we have our opposing lawyers, and our courts with mechanical notions of justice. Why not have a noble order of Pacificators, Peacemakers, Sons of God — for "blessed are the peacemakers," etc. Long ago Tennyson wrote in a somewhat boastful and prophetic way, "The individual withers and the world is more and more." That may be true of much of life in the west today, but is it a desirable thing? Is it working in harmony with the purposes of nature? If the individual cells wither in an organism does not the whole mass soon become lifeless? For countless ages the aim of nature has been to develop and preserve certain individual features of life. No doubt there is another law at work also by which these individual traits are hindered from becoming abnormal. But no human system which tends to reduce men to mere machines, or to beat them together to a putty-like mass, can be in harmony with the divine aim of life.

When a later civilization overturns an earlier one, as is the case in the contact of West with East, there is great danger in too hastily sweeping away old customs, and in too rudely supplanting them with a form of law not in harmony with Oriental history and Oriental thought. According to Mr. Innes this has been done in a large measure in the European administration of eastern countries. He likens the change to what it would be in Britain if the Habeas Corpus Act,

and trial by jury, and the British Constitution were swept away, and the old Russian autocracy set up in their stead. Instead of the old system of village units which was very "popular, democratic, constitutional, and decentralized," we have introduced a system which is "purely bureaucratic, despotic, centralized."

Our notions of law sprang out of the "struggles of the restless, fierce peoples of Europe against each other, each striving for the mastery, ruled by the exigencies of a military organization. Crime tended to produce division in the ranks; it was an offense against the State to be punished by the military Chief summarily, cruelly, without regard to the feelings or wishes of individuals." "Our stern sense of justice, meted out with equal hand, never wavering, never forgiving, paying little heed to the complex questions of temperament, environment, temptation, etc., strikes the Eastern as simply barbarous."

The notion of law, and the method of its administration in the East have sprung up from life in the family, life in the village, and from tribal life. In the West it is the State that is sinned against, and the injured person has no right of forgiveness; to forgive would be in our language to "compound a felony." In the East, while the injured person may claim compensation, he rarely does so, says Mr. Innes, and "the man who having just cause for anger, yet refuses to punish, and forgives time after time, that is the man who is most respected." "God is El [Er] Rahman, El [Er] Rahim, the Compassionate."

In order to give readers in the West as true an idea as possible of village life in the East, and its attitude towards a wrongdoer, Mr. Innes paints a picture out of incidents and scenes in great measure known to himself during his sojourn in the East. The picture is graphic beyond description. It is a masterpiece, and no mere sketch of it can do it justice.

"A man has robbed an orchard. It is his seventh offense. He has been forgiven and admonished again and again. Now he is led by two watchmen to the courtyard of the headman of the village, before a council of sheiks. He is raving and pouring out 'curses, accusations, bits of the Koran, anything.' Again, he would become repentant and confess. His features are swollen with crying. The veins of his neck stand out like hard cords. His face is bleeding where he has dashed himself against the wall. The owner of the orchard is invited to sit down with the sheiks, who ask him to prosecute, for the man seems

incorrigible, and an example must be made. He hesitates. He looks at the athletic form of the young culprit, strong as an ox, with perfectly rounded neck and deep chest. He thinks of the punishment — the loss of his right hand, and he hesitates still more. Is it not his duty to forgive? But this man has transgressed so often, should not an example be made? The culprit notices his hesitation and throws himself at the feet of the man he has wronged. He kisses the hem of his robe. He kisses his feet and literally bathes them in tears. The father stands by his son, his lips mute but moving, the palms of his hands turned in supplication to the sheiks. The women-folk stand waiting in the courtyard, and the owner of the orchard can see them scatter dust on their heads. What is to be done? The other sheiks expect him to be firm, but ‘his right hand, his right hand!’ Suddenly he remembers that there is a certain Mufti (and Dervish) who has come to a neighboring village. This Mufti is very learned in the law, and many regard him as inspired. Why not go to him and ask him to decide; so the owner of the orchard rises and says to the headman, ‘bear with me my lord, I am thy servant, and I cannot decide. I will abide by the Fetwa (decision) of the Mufti.’

“The headman consents, and the sheiks mount their camels and go to the Mufti. There is some hesitation as to who shall put the question, and what form shall it take so as not to bring suspicion on the good name of the village; at last it is decided to ask one of the disciples of the Mufti to put the question to his teacher and to make it as non-committal as possible. The question is, ‘How often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times?’ The question is put and the Fetwa given: ‘I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven.’ The completeness of the Fetwa staggered them all, they expected that seven times would have marked the limit of forgiveness, but this ‘till seventy times seven!’ Why, there is no limit to it! However, the sheiks return home and announce the result of their quest. The headman is silent; the owner of the orchard is also silent for a time, but at last he decides that he will be satisfied if the headman orders that the culprit work for the good of the village so many days each year for so many years; and also that he join in the Zikr, a wild, fatiguing religious exercise every feast-day. The headman is satisfied and declares there is to be no prosecution, but that the transgressor must comply with the above conditions, and begin at once by repairing the foot-bridge and making so many bricks to

repair the mosque; also that he must attend all the Zikrs. Father and son burst out in a torrent of thanks. They will both work together and do double the work required. They will begin at dawn tomorrow if the headman will give them wood and nails, and work till an hour after sunset. So the matter is settled and there is general rejoicing among the villagers."

This is but a bald outline of the vivid oriental picture which Mr. Innes puts before us for the sake of showing the difference between the ideas of East and West in the matter of justice. He remarks that while there is no doctrine in the New Testament laid down more categorically than the one about forgiveness, it does not seem to have taken root in the West. Not so with the Mohammedans. "More real Christians than we, they believe in the doctrine of divine reciprocity with fervent conviction, and follow it with superstitious reverence."

As the West comes more and more into close contact with the East there should be a development of mutual understanding and a kindly sympathy. There has been a too great readiness to condemn what is imperfectly understood, or to condemn what is strange and unfamiliar. Many years ago Professor Max Müller wrote a rather notable book, *What India Can Teach Us*. A similar book might be written on "What Egypt can teach us," or "What Japan, or China, can teach us." All nations and all peoples have some message, some lesson which they have learned, and which they can contribute to the common store for the good of the race. All pride, haughtiness, self-sufficiency, should be cast aside as foreign to the true spirit of unity and common brotherhood. We have all as nations and as individuals something to learn from one another, and also much to *unlearn*. Self-worship is the worst form of idolatry. The human race is like a great family, the various members of which, some older and some younger brothers and sisters, scattered to various lands where they lived very much apart for long ages. This was necessary to develop individuality. But the time has now come, as is very evident from the multiform means of rapid and easy communication, for the various brothers and sisters to come together again and thus build up a new humanity out of the united experiences of all races and peoples during the long past. Let no one look askance at, or undervalue the contribution which any brother or sister has to make to the common enrichment. All is needed. All is in the general plan laid "before the foundation of the world." Even "Our brothers of the air," as Francis d'Assisi calls the birds,

and the humble creatures of the field, have their share to contribute. It may seem to us small as the widow's mite cast into the treasury of God, but experience should have taught us not to judge rashly what is great or what is small in the great order of the universe.

The East has many things to learn from the West, but there are also many things which the East can teach us. We are all brethren; let us give freely and accept gladly, and with no spirit of bargaining. The West is in great danger of forgetting the great law of love, and he who loses that becomes poor indeed; for it is the Heart of the Universe, as Sir Edwin Arnold well says in *The Light of Asia*. It is "the fulfilling of the law," as we read in the New Testament.

According to Mr. Innes, religion and custom are dying out in the West, and we are trying to make good the loss by piling up masses of statutes every year. In the East "Religion and custom are slowly being driven out of the relations between man and man, and law reigns alone." This is not a very bright prospect. And the pity of it is that it is only too true. And much else is sadly true that Mr. Innes does not touch upon. The one hopeful thing is that we are becoming aware that all is not right. We are conscious of our feverish condition. We have headache and heartache now and then, and perhaps seek relief at the orthodox pill-box. A new mode of life is required. Life in the fresh air and sunshine of Divine Compassion, manifested in human brotherhood and kindness. To be truly human is the first step to fulfil our destiny of being truly divine.

PRIMITIVE MAN: by H. Alexander Fussell



WHAT was formerly called *history* did not take us so very far back into the past. There was a time, not so very long ago either, when it was believed that the world itself was not more than 6000 years old. But the Natural Sciences, with Anthropology and Archaeology which have to do especially with man and his works, are steadily extending the age of our globe and of humanity. Nowadays, what may be called history proper dates as far back as the written word of man, that is, to the beginning of the "Bronze Age," when names of countries and nations first make their appearance. Before this period, however, the records that our ancestors have left must be sought for, not in words, but in stone and metal objects, mostly weapons and ornaments and vases, and in pic-

tures on rocks or in caves, and in those mighty erections of stone like the Dolmens of Brittany and Stonehenge in England.

The comparative study of languages has also taught us much about our ancestors and even helps us to understand what man was like before he left any written records of his thoughts and deeds, because there must have been a very considerable mental development before he thought of leaving any written record to hand down his doings to posterity. The Indo-European languages, for example, which were spoken in Europe 2000 B. C., could not have been the speech of wandering and widely scattered tribes, but must have been spoken by some highly developed centralized nation, from which those conquering peoples sprang who went forth from the ancestral home carrying with them beliefs and a language that were already formed. The original habitat of this primeval language is still a matter of uncertainty among scientists; some place it in Central Asia, others more recently have been led to believe that it was in Europe, near the shores of the Baltic.

This is the opinion of M. Camille Jullian, an eminent French scientist and Member of the Institute. In an interesting lecture, the first of a course on National History and Antiquities, for the year 1912-13, now being given in the College of France, the lecturer sums up the conclusions he had reached in last year's course on the same subject.*

According to the lecturer, long before they had become separate nations, Ancient Gaul, the western part of Germany, the British Isles, and the two peninsulas of Spain and Italy, were inhabited by one people who spoke a common language, called by linguists the language of "*the Italo-Celtic unity.*"

And the nation which spoke this language was the nation of which the last traces, the last remnants, were known to the Greeks and Romans as the *Ligurians*. Just as the Middle Ages applied for a long time the epithet "Roman" to the débris of the Imperial Unity and Empire of the Caesars, so in the same way, some 600 or 700 years before the Christian era, the Mediterranean peoples perpetuated by the name "Ligurian" the great Italo-Celtic nations, the western daughter of the Indo-European.

These, then, are the names by which we must designate the three stages of national development in Europe before the rise of the Roman Empire: Indo-Europeans, Ligurians, Gauls. Here the lecturer remarks that his hearers will be saying that if he takes them back far enough in this manner, he will end "by affirming the primordial unity

* *La Revue Bleue*, 18 Janvier 1913: Collège de France; cours d'histoire et d'antiquités nationales. Leçon d'ouverture de l'année 1912-13; mercredi, 4 décembre 1912.

of the human race.” Theosophists know that if the lecturer had continued his researches into the past history of our race with the aid of *The Secret Doctrine*, that great storehouse of ancient learning and wisdom which Madame Blavatsky has given out to the world, he would have been led inevitably to this conclusion. M. Camille Jullian, however, declares that he is not here treating of the history of the human race, but that he is simply tracing the destinies of the different peoples who have lived on French soil.

It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that some day M. Camille Jullian may be led to study this wider question of the Brotherhood of Humanity in the light of its common origin, for, as we shall see, he comes very near admitting some of the basic truths of Theosophy. Let us see what he has to tell us about the earliest type of man as known to science, and revealed to us in the cave-men of the palaeolithic age — the Neanderthal man. He would not have us form any premature conclusions, and so he says:

Wait before pronouncing definitely as to the existence, character, and empire of these races, by which I mean physical types, absolutely defined, distinct and primitive. Wait: first, because we have only rare specimens of these types, skulls and fragments of skeletons; then, because the science of these problems, retrospective anatomy, has as yet scarcely fixed its methods; and lastly, because even at the period of the Neanderthal man, *man was already a very old thing* (une très vieille chose),* and because for hundreds and thousands of centuries before, there had been millions of men traversing the earth and mingling with other millions of men.

For it is a phrase that we must repeat unceasingly when we speak of anything that concerns man, his races, his customs, his language, and his national life, namely, that *man is a very old thing*. I heard this remark made by a palaeontologist, M. Boule, when he was examining the most ancient remains of the human anatomy; by an archaeologist, M. Salomon Reinach, when he saw on the bas-reliefs of Laussel, 20,000 years old, attitudes which reminded him of Greek sculptures; by a linguist, M. Meillet, when he suspected in the earlier history of the Indo-European languages that there was a time when the mother-nation was in contact with the Ouralo-Finnish languages.

The Ouralo-Finnish nations, allied as they were with the Mongolian and speaking an agglutinative language, belong in all probability to the Fourth Race, better known to the modern world under the name Atlantean. Speech, according to *The Secret Doctrine*, developed in the following order: “*First*, monosyllabic speech; that of approximately fully developed human beings . . . after the full awakening

* Italics henceforth are mine, H. A. F.

of their minds. . . . Language could not be well developed before the full acquisition and development of their reasoning faculties." *Second*, the agglutinative languages, "spoken by some of the Atlantean Races . . . and referred to as 'Râkshasî-Bhâshâ,' in old Sanskrit works." This in its turn was superseded by, *third*, a highly developed inflectional speech left by the most advanced "of the Fourth Race as an heirloom to the nascent Fifth (the Aryan) Race," and which was the root of Sanskrit. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 198-200.)

Now, bearing in mind that *The Secret Doctrine* says that language did not make its appearance until after man had reached a comparatively high degree of intelligence, let us consider the following remarks by M. Camille Jullian as to the mentality of the primitive man:

When studying the remains of the Mid-Palaeolithic period, so distant for us that it seems a point of departure, we must remember that it is *only the end of a prodigious and incalculable past*; and we must always keep before us the idea of the great age of man when we consider the mind and the soul. Have I not told you many times already that *intelligence and imagination are as old, and older, than skulls and bones?* Paintings of Fout-de-Gaume, bas-reliefs of Laussel, lance-heads of Volgu, symbols of Mas-d'Azil, and a thousand other productions of human hands, have demanded from the men of their time *efforts of reflection and attention similar to those which our mind and soul make use of today.*

What a contrast is here between the large views of this eminent French scientist and those of a generation ago, when primitive man was regarded as but a step higher than the gorilla and the anthropoid ape. The doctrine of evolution, to become truly scientific, must be supplemented by that of involution — the *descent* of spirit into matter. These are but two aspects of one and the same truth, which, when grasped, will solve the riddle of existence and all the supplementary problems that arise out of it. As thought is prior to language, so the spirit of man is prior to its vehicle, the body, with its brain-mind, and the universe exists but "for the sake of the soul."

If scientists would but study *The Secret Doctrine* they would find the clue to many a seemingly hopeless problem. They would see, for example, that during what science calls the "Stone Age," there were in other regions of our globe powerful and highly civilized nations; just as today within the confines of the British Empire there exist the degenerate descendants of erstwhile splendid civilizations, whose representatives may be seen in the Hottentots of South Africa or the Bushmen of Asutralia. Civilization and savagery exist side by side.

SOME SCOTTISH SCENES: by Walter Forbes

OUR striking pictures of Scotland are reproduced in this issue; striking, because what these pictures represent makes a fairly complete story of the various aspects of the national life of a country which, though small in area and with only a few millions of inhabitants, has taken a unique position among the nations.

The energy and ability of Scotsmen displayed in commercial pursuits has given them a prominent place in various countries — in engineering, for instance, they stand pre-eminent. The thought of engineering suggests Glasgow and the river Clyde, the banks of which are alive with vast engineering works from which so many of the world's ships have been launched. Glasgow also shows forth Scotsmen as good citizens; the enterprise displayed in its municipal undertakings giving it a place as a "model city" from which ideas are borrowed by large cities of other countries. The magnificent Municipal Buildings — Italian Renaissance in style, with one of the most artistic interiors in the world, the corridors, staircases, and galleries, with their marble and fine decorations being exceptionally beautiful — occupy the whole of the eastern side of George Square and give evidence of the civic spirit in the city.

The reputation Scotland has as a place of scenic grandeur is well justified, and this attracts tourists from all parts of the earth. Princes Street, Edinburgh, is proclaimed by many the finest street in the world, its beauty being much enhanced by the position, at its western end, of the historic castle crowning the famous rock. This street extends for nearly a mile; and looking towards the castle from the Scott Monument, with the classic building of the National Gallery in the foreground, the title of "Modern Athens" seems applicable.

The literature of her sons, from the time of Michael Scot and Thomas of Ercildoune (Thomas the Rimer) to the present day, has held its place in the world, and the name of Burns will go down the ages amongst those of the best of poets. Surely a man who could so plainly see that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!" and have the optimism to declare:

*It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that,*

has deserved to be remembered by a fitting monument.

Then great is the mysticism of the Scotch. When the scientists read the riddle of the Standing Stones of Callernish and other relics of a bygone age found in the Outer Hebrides, then, possibly, the mystical characteristics of the Scotch may be explained. The beautiful town of Stornoway with its fine harbor is the nearest landing-place to Callernish.

POETRY AND SYMBOLISM OF INDIAN BASKETRY:

by George Wharton James *

(Illustrated with Photographs by the Author and also of Baskets in his Historic Collection.)



THE art of basket-weaving is one of the most primitive of all arts. The weaving of baskets undoubtedly ante-dated that of textiles. Holmes, Cushing, Fewkes, and other experts of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, have clearly shown that the basket is the mother of the pot. In other words, that the first pieces of pottery were undoubtedly the accidental discovery of aboriginal women who had lined their baskets with clay to prevent burning while parching corn and other seeds.

There is little doubt but that basket-weaving was simultaneously discovered and developed in many different lands, but in no country has it reached so high a state of development as on the Western Coast of North America. The finest baskets of the world have been made by the Pomas, the Gualalas, the Tulares, the Monos, the Shoshones, the Indians of the Kern River, and the Aleuts of Alaska.

Much of aboriginal life is revealed in a study of the uses of Indian Baskets, for to these primitive people, unacquainted with vessels made of wood, glass, iron, brass, or of any of the metals, the basket was called upon to serve practically every purpose. It was used at weddings, dances, "medicine," and other ceremonies. The baby's cradle, the mother's treasure-basket, the family mush-bowl, the jars for storing and carrying water, the basket seed-winnowers, the basket drums, the fans for striking seed into the carrying-baskets, the gambling-plaques, are but a few of the thousand and one uses to which the basket is placed.

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Equally interesting would it be to watch the Indian woman as she travels on foot or horseback far afield for the gathering of her material. She knows the name, the habitat, and the life-history of every piece of material within a radius of one to two hundred miles that can be used for basketry purposes. She can give you a vast amount of Indian lore in regard to the properties of all the plants as well as those used for basketry. She will show you where the sumach, willow, red-bud, martynia, tule-root, maiden-hair fern, broom-corn, yucca, palm, and a score of other materials grow, and she knows the proper time to gather and prepare them.

Watch her as she takes this varied material and with her simple and primitive instruments, prepares it for use in her art. She scrapes, peels, and trims so that it will be of correct width, fineness, and length. And she soaks it in cold water, boils it, or buries it in mud, according to her knowledge of the treatment it requires.

By the basket student or expert almost every type of North American basket is immediately recognized either by its material, weave, or peculiarity of design, although it must be confessed that since basket-making has become commercialized the Indians are beginning, at the white man's suggestion, to imitate both the forms and designs of tribes other than their own. But even with this element of confusion introduced, the careful student need seldom make any mistake in determining to what tribe any basket presented to him belongs.

The Indian Basket is almost entirely the work of the Indian woman. This is an art in which the Indian man has practically never interfered. Hence to understand it aright is to enter largely into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Indian woman's life, for it is her one chief art expression, the one in which is enshrined her love of beauty, her joy in the observation of Nature, her symbolism, mythology, history, tradition, prayers, emotions, and aspirations. To know the basket aright is to know more of the Indian woman's life than can be revealed in almost any other way. Yet, in this, as in all other unfamiliar fields, one can walk more surely and firmly with a guide. Neither should it be forgotten that it is even essential to the right and full understanding of unfamiliar things that we look at them through the eye of another. Hence in taking such a basket as the one to the right shown in Figure 6 let me ask the reader to consider this basket for a short time as seen through my eyes rather than his own.

1. FORM. I would ask: Whence gained the weaver her idea of the form of this basket? It is well known that when a white woman wishes to make a basket she picks up some book containing a number of pictures and chooses from these the one that she desires to imitate. But the Indian woman has no books; she knows nothing of art-training in form; and yet she produces baskets that from this standpoint are as perfect as it is possible for them to be made. I venture the assertion that you may take any basket made by any Indian uncontaminated by the influence of the white race and there will not be one single basket that is not practically perfect in form.

Why is this? The answer is clear. The Indian is a close student and observer of Nature and when she forms a basket she models it after that which "Those Above" have revealed to her in their works upon the earth — hence its perfection of form. You cannot criticise the square; the circle cannot be improved by man; the spiral needs no adjustment to make it complete. These are perfect expressions of God's perfect thought, hence cannot be amended or criticised. So it is with the Indian woman's basket — she utilizes an infinitude of forms that are all complete, all perfect, all beyond criticism. Therefore, from the standpoint of form, the weaver of this basket can be regarded as a consummate artist.

2. MATERIAL. Whence does the Indian weaver gain her material? Were she a white woman she would go or send to a store and purchase a certain amount of willow splints or of raffia, of this, that, or the other color, and then, without in the least knowing or caring anything of the life-history of that which she is about to weave into her basket, she proceeds with the mechanical process. But, as I have already shown, the Indian weaver must possess a personal and intimate knowledge not only of the habitat but the life-history of every plant that she uses in her art. She must know when is the correct time to gather the willow so that it will neither crack nor split; she must know when the redbud is at its best in color and when the black of the *martynia* is permanent. If she gathers the stem of the maiden-hair fern (*adiantum*) too soon, it has not yet developed its full richness of glossy black; if she gathers it too late, it becomes rusty in color and brittle in working. She is not only the pioneer in discovering what plant-material is best adapted in her locality for basketry purposes, but so thoroughly has she studied the field that her dictum is confessed by our highest botanical experts to be the last word upon

the subject of materials suitable for the making of basketry in that locality.

After she has gathered her material, observation and experience have taught her how to prepare it, and it is very seldom indeed that one finds the material an Indian weaver has incorporated into her basket to show signs of poor selection or ill judgment. Hence, though our science of botany and plant nomenclature is totally unknown to her, the Indian basket-weaver is *in fact* an expert botanist, and as such, deserving of our esteem and appreciation.

3. WEAVE. Whence gained the Indian woman her knowledge of the variety of weaves she incorporates into her basketry? She had no book, no teacher, to tell her what kind of stitch to use, yet the Pomas alone have developed and perfected some thirteen different styles of weave, each of them perfect and complete and eminently adapted for the purposes for which they are used.

Then think, too, of the marvelous digital dexterity manifested in the manipulation of these various weaves. The fingers must be trained to a high degree to accomplish such perfect work. Here is no machine-made or instrument-measured stitch. Everything is determined by the eye, the hand, and the finger. The Pomas, and now the Pimas, are making baskets with so small and fine a stitch that it seems incredible that they could be made by human hands. Some of the finer work of the Aleuts is as perfect and closely woven as machine-made grosgrain silk. Hence from the standpoint of hand-weaving the Indian basket-maker must be regarded as an artist and an adept.

4. MATHEMATICAL ACCURACY. In many of these baskets the mathematical skill displayed is remarkable. It must be understood that before the weaver makes the first stitch in the bottom of her basket, she has carefully figured out how many coils of weaving, and, practically, how many stitches it will require to make the bottom of the basket before she begins to flare it for the bowl. She had to know absolutely and accurately where to place the first stitch of each figure of the design so that each occupies its own proper place. Then, another wonderful piece of mathematical calculation is revealed in the fact that as the bowl continues to flare, the size of each figure of the design must be correspondingly increased. This must be done so evenly and perfectly that by the time the top of the basket is reached each figure of the design must hold exactly the same relative position that it did at the beginning.

It will be noticed that while in the diamonds of the basket on the left of Figure 6, the first and second rows from the bottom are reasonably accurate, those at the top of the third row were not so carefully calculated that at the joining-place they were of the same size and equal distance apart. Here, then, is displayed the difference between an expert and careful worker and one who is less careful. Not all weavers are artists, though many are, but in the work of those who are adepts the mathematical skill displayed cannot be surpassed by any mathematician with his calipers and other instruments of measurement. Even where the most complicated designs are introduced the weaver seems to have figured it all out in her busy little brain, and the workmanship beautifully agrees with the perfection of her design. Hence as a mathematician the well-made basket reveals the weaver as an artist.

5. COLOR. Whence gained the aboriginal savage her perfect knowledge of color? Her gamut is limited to the whites, blacks, browns, and reds. Yet with these she produces baskets that are harmonious masterpieces in color. On one occasion I showed two baskets to one of the greatest modern colorists of the world of artists and tears sprang into his eyes as he gazed upon them and remarked: "Such coloring as this is at once my admiration and my despair. What could I do with three colors alone as this weaver has done? Such work as this is beyond me." Here, then, is the dictum of a great artist, that the Indian weaver is a master and adept in the production of color harmonies and as such, therefore, she demands our appreciative homage.

6. DESIGN. Where did this aboriginal savage secure her strikingly artistic and appropriate designs? You may pick up a thousand or ten thousand baskets — those that are made by conscientious workers — and the variety of designs is simply amazing and astounding; yet there is not one that can be called inartistic or inappropriate. They all seem to fit the needs of the basket both as to shape and use. Whence came this diversity of design, and, indeed, the ability to produce any design? When I look at the monstrosities offered to the modern public in the way of designs on wall-paper, carpets, calicos, and other printed goods, I can only conceive of many of them as being made under the influence of delirium tremens. The one idea seems to be to produce something "different." Designs that originally meant something have been conventionalized, de-conventionalized, re-conven-

tionalized, added to, diminished from, turned inside out, twisted first this way and then that, until the original parents would be horror-stricken at the charge of paternity. But in Indian weaving there is nothing of this kind. It is all simple and individualistic, but effective.

Please note that word "individualistic." Every weaver, as a rule, makes her own design. It may have elements similar to those of other weavers but they are combined according to the present weaver's own state of mind or the idea she wishes to embody in her symbols.

This commercial age has either corrupted or totally destroyed the taste of the majority of its people so that they are incapable of judging upon that which is artistic. Should they wish to decorate a sofa pillow, they hie themselves to a department store and buy "pattern 91" or "design 23 B"; purchase the material they require, and then go home, pin the design to the material and iron it on, afterwards working out the mechanical design with whatever material the pattern calls for. And this is called Art Work! Let it not be forgotten that William Morris's definition can never be dodged: "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work." How can there be any art in the product of a machine? The true art-work is personal, individualistic, and the Indian weaver centuries ago learned this lesson. She gains her designs from the suggestions of the Milky Way, the stars, and other objects that remind her of happy passages in her own life. She watched the flying of the ducks and birds and the floating of the water-fowl upon the lakes. She copied the graceful movements of the gliding snake and the dancing glint of the sunbeams upon the waters. The lightning, the rain-clouds, the falling rain, the rainbow, and a thousand and one things in nature suggested designs for her baskets. She wove her symbolism and her religion into these baskets and therefore, as a rule, they are unique, striking, perfect, and fill the soul of the appreciative with the keenest joy.

If, therefore, these points I have mentioned are well taken, it must be confessed that the Indian weaver is an artist. If in form her basket is beyond criticism; if in material it has utilized the best; if in weave it is symmetrical; if in measurement it is perfect; if in color it is harmonious, and if in design it is individualistic and artistic, who shall deny that as a complete whole it must be a masterpiece?

Artistic masterpieces, no matter of what character, demand the instinctive reverence and homage of the well-informed of mankind. If I gaze upon a picture by Velásquez, Rembrandt, Titian, Tintoretto,

or Reynolds, I do not ask if the artist dressed in the height of fashion, spoke in grammatical sentences, or was familiar with the usages of good society at the table. My heart is filled with gratitude to him for his artistic gift to the world, and I take off my hat to him in reverent homage. So with the sculptor, the musician, the architect, the dramatist, the poet! I ask no other questions about them but that they have produced these masterpieces that will live so long as men love and reverence beauty.

Shall I be any the less honest and worshipful, therefore, if the creator of my artistic masterpiece of basketry be an ignorant, dirty, brutal savage? What matters it what the conception man may have of this Indian weaver? All I ask is: "Did she produce this glorious piece of work?" And if the answer be in the affirmative, just as I raise my hat in reverent homage to the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician, and the poet, so I raise it to the Indian weaver in thankfulness for her gift of beauty to the world.

Yet, hitherto, it will be noted that I have discussed the basket merely from the standpoint of its physical appearance. As yet the main subject has remained entirely untouched. Is there any poetry, is there any symbolism in the designs? If so, a study of this phase of the basket-weaver's art necessarily must materially enhance the joys of the student.

It is nearly thirty years ago since my attention was first directed to this phase of the subject. I was then a missionary in Nevada, and though my work had practically nothing to do with the Indians I was much attracted to the Paiutes who at that time were fairly numerous in the State. Several of them I invited to my home. Some of them were educated in the "white man's way," and all were more or less interesting. One of those I used to invite to my home and table was the remarkable daughter of the last great chief of the Paiutes, Winnemucca. She rejoiced in a high-sounding and mellifluous name of many syllables, but most people called her "Sally" for short. On one occasion she was dining at my table and we were talking about her people when, suddenly, she burst out with the remark: "You white people think that we Indians are very ignorant; that we have no poetry, no mythology, no religion, no tradition, no legendary lore, no history, but you were never more mistaken. We have all these things, but unfortunately my people have not learned to write and print books as yours have. Yet we keep all these things in our hearts and if you only knew

it even that basket that you bought from me yesterday contains much of what the Paiutes believe."

In a moment I sprang from the table and fetched the basket from the kitchen. Handing it to Sally I begged her without delay to tell me all she could about it. Taking the basket and pointing to the design (see basket on the right in Figure 5), she said in effect:

"We Paiutes believe in an underworld as well as an upper world. In the upper world there are mountains and valleys (represented in the design) and there are corresponding mountains and valleys in the underworld (pointing to the design). The red earth separates the upper from the underworld and the place of communication between the two is the opening represented in the design. (The Pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico term this opening from the under to the upper world "Shipapu or Shipapulima.") We believe that the souls of all children that are to be born live in this underworld and that when the mother gives birth to the body of her child, its soul is sent from the underworld through this opening to become henceforth the living power of the body. We also believe that when the person dies, his or her soul returns to this region of spirits in the underworld."

Sally commented quite a good deal upon this spirit-world of her people and was much interested in explaining to me its philosophy and inherent truthfulness. Naturally many white people will immediately stamp this idea as superstition and consequently a foolish belief. But, let me ask in all sincerity, How much does the white race know about the spirit-world, and from whence come the souls of the children that are born into the world? When does a baby become a living soul? When does the soul of the child unite with its body, if it does so unite? Thousands of pages have been written by great legal minds in all ages in an endeavor to settle this question and it is not settled yet. Is it when the unborn child is two months old, three months, or six? When does the crime of abortion become infanticide and murder? The fact of the matter is that with all our advancement, our science, and our culture, we know no more than does the aboriginal Paiute basket-weaver. Our highest knowledge upon the subject is found in the simple little nursery rhyme sung by George MacDonald:

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

In the course of years I was to learn several interesting things in regard to the opening in the basket showing the relationship between the upper and under-worlds. By a peculiar process of reasoning the Indian has come to believe that the symbol affects the thing symbolized and that as the basket is the work of her creation, if she interferes with the Shipapu opening and she should have a child born to her, this interference will prevent the soul of her child from uniting with its body. This would be an awful catastrophe, a clear circumventing of the will of the gods which would produce nothing but evil and distress to both her child and herself. As soon as I got this idea into my head I determined at the first possible opportunity to test it with one of my basket-weaving friends. Accordingly I took with me to the Reservation three hundred bright, new silver dollars which I secured expressly for that purpose. In those days these baskets were current in the Reservation and equivalent to \$4.00. Going to the weaver, I asked her if she would make one of these baskets for me, but without the opening. At the same time I offered her \$8.00 if she would do this. She

looked at the silver dollars regretfully, but instantly exclaimed: "I am sorry but I cannot make the basket." I then put down \$16.00 and repeated the request. The same answer was given with the query why could she not make the basket in the regulation style. I replied that I did not want the opening and must have the basket without it and if she would oblige me I would double the amount in payment. Suiting the action to the word I spread out another \$16.00, making \$32.00 in all. The answer was still a regretful refusal. I continued to make the request until the whole of my three hundred silver dollars was spread out in tempting array upon the table, but even with that dazzling temptation before her the good woman, aboriginal savage though she was and though this mass of silver was more than her wildest dreams had ever suggested might belong to her, she still shook her head regretfully and positively refused my request. I am afraid there are many white women to whom such a temptation to set aside their religion would have been accepted as quickly as offered, but here was a so-called degraded savage proving her inherent nobility of character and adherence to her religious belief because she was convinced that to yield to the temptation would be a circumvention of the will of the gods and would bring irreparable injury to herself and her possible offspring.

At another time in talking with a Navaho weaver about this very basket, she called my attention to the fact that it possessed a border stitch which I have since called the "Herring Bone" border, totally unlike the finishing stitch of any other tribe. In explanation of this border stitch she said it was a proof that the gods heard the prayers of faithful and true-hearted Navahos. In the long ago ages when the world was young and "the sun cast little shadows," one of the ancestral mothers of the tribe was seated under a juniper-tree praying. The burden of her prayer was to the effect that in the Navaho country it was difficult to secure good basketry material. The baskets were hard to make. Consequently when the top row of stitches was worn through and the basket began to fall to pieces it was a great hardship on the poor weaver whose time was already more than occupied in providing for the needs of her family. Therefore, would not the gods above in compassion teach her how to make a border stitch which should prevent the rapid wearing away of the top of the basket and thus materially prolong its usefulness. As she prayed there fell into her basket a twig of juniper. This she immediately took as the answer

to her petition. Noticing that the twigs followed along the stem in the oblique herring-bone style, she picked up a splint and immediately began to work it upon the upper row of her basket in like fashion. The result was the discovery of this border stitch which henceforth became the valued possession of the Navahos. Later, when they taught the Paiutes how to make this basket this tribe became familiar with the "Herring Bone" border stitch, and still later as the Navahos came into close contact with the Havasupais in friendly relationship, the latter people also learned how to make this border stitch. But with these exceptions this stitch is elsewhere unknown.

One day while looking at this border stitch an old Navaho Shaman or medicine man, called my attention to the fact that the finishing-off point on this border stitch, which he called the *athatlo*, came directly opposite the Shipapu opening. He explained to me that this was a matter of tremendous importance to the Navaho. These baskets are prescribed for use in certain religious ceremonies that require from nine to fifteen days in their performance. Such ritualists are these people and so strictly conservative that they believe that the slightest deviation from the required ritual, at any point, is liable to be fraught with great disaster. In certain parts of the ceremony which occur in the darkest hours of midnight the basket must be raised by the Shaman and the Shipapu opening turned towards the East. How shall this be done in the dark? The making of an artificial light is forbidden, yet the Shaman must be absolutely sure, and he himself believes that he must know that the Shipapu opening is properly oriented. Gently running his fingers around the border stitch until they come to the *athatlo*, he lifts the basket with confidence and turns the opening towards the East, for the *athatlo* assures him of the correct location of the opening.

Again, the Navaho maiden would scarcely regard herself as properly married if this basket were not used in the ceremonial. Three or four times have I seen a marriage in which this basket played an important part. After many preliminaries some feminine relative of the bride fills the basket up to the top of the brown earth line with cornmeal mush. It is then handed to the Shaman who sprinkles a line of the pollen of the blue larkspur from one side of the basket to the other and another line at right angles, thus describing a simple cross on the surface of the mush. The Navahos believe that there are five world points each controlled by two sets of powers, the good and

the evil, all of whom must be propitiated — the good, that they may remain good, and the evil that they may become good.

Raising the basket with the *athatlo* turned towards the East, the medicine-man takes a small pinch of the mush from the division of the basket nearest the East. He breathes upon it. This is “placing his spirit upon it” and attesting his sincerity, and he sprinkles the mush to the powers of the East. In turn he does this to the powers of the North, the West, the South, and the Here. The basket is then given into the hands of the bride and groom who likewise propitiate the powers of the five world points.

The next part of the ceremony needs the explanation that the Navahos sexualize everything. The lightning is both male and female. So are the earth, the sea, the winds, the rocks, and the rivers. The cold, harsh winds come from the North, hence the North is the masculine part of the earth; the South winds are warmer and softer, hence the South is the feminine part of the earth. Therefore when the bridegroom begins his symbolical journey around the mush bowl, he works to the North, while his bride works to the South. This symbolic journey is taken as follows: The bridegroom takes a pinch of the mush and eats it, the next pinch he gives to his bride. She takes a pinch and eats it and then gives one to her groom. Thus, alternating, the one circling to the North and the other to the South they proceed until their fingers meet on the further side of the bowl when, having thus journeyed their own way and met they are regarded as duly married and the ceremony is complete. Yet, scarcely complete, for one more piece of pleasant ritual must be observed. Just as the white bride cuts her wedding-cake and gives a piece to each of the guests, the romantic of whom carry it home and place it under their pillows that they may dream of their own future prince or princess, so does the Navaho bride hand around the basket of mush, each one of the guests taking a pinch with exactly the same pleasant superstition in mind.

This same basket is used in a number of ceremonies by the Navahos. By the Apaches, too, it is regarded with reverence, and as the Navahos and Apaches are racial cousins, the fact that the basket is held in high esteem by the one has led the medicine-men of the other tribe to attach special significance to this basket in certain ceremonies that are supposed to be very efficacious in the healing of the sick. To describe these ceremonies would take many pages. Indeed I might fill a number of pages in recounting the laws pertaining to “Butts and

Tips" all of which have the purpose of requiring the careful and "religious" handling of the splints of which these baskets are made, so that, even in their very construction, nothing evil, improper, or unworthy may enter into them, but that everything may be done decently and in order.

Hence, it will be seen that when I look upon a basket of this weave and design it is no longer to me a mere piece of aboriginal weaving to be regarded solely from its physical appearance, but it becomes an object full of association, crowded with suggestions that bring before me a host of ideas, thoughts, and emotions connected with the intimate and inner life of a little known and much misunderstood people.

Having thus gained a clue to what seemed to be a great ethnological possibility, I never lost sight of it and determined at the first possible opportunity I would follow it up and see if other Indian peoples wove into the designs of their baskets any of these ideas that had been suggested to me as the result of my study of this Paiute-Navaho-Apache basket.

It was not until about twelve or fifteen years ago that a good opportunity arose to further my investigations. I then found it possible to visit the Saboba Indian Reservation, near to San Jacinto, California. I expected to have with me a former teacher of the Indian school at this place who had made a comprehensive study of the people, was familiar with their language and naturally seemed to be in a position to be the best informed person in the country as to their social, religious, and ceremonial life. I informed her of the object of my visit and asked if the Saboba Indians attached any special significance to the designs of their baskets. She replied that they did not; she was familiar with their habits, their work, and their most intimate thoughts, and the only ideas they had in weaving designs into their baskets was to increase their beauty, enhance their desirability, and thus, if they were to be sold, increase their commercial value.

Fortunately for me on the morning when we were to go together to test this matter, some friends of hers, calling in their own conveyance took her on ahead with the understanding that we were to meet later on. At the same time the physician of the Agency, Dr. C. C. Wainwright, expressed a desire to go with me, and, as he spoke Spanish, which most of the Indians understood, I gladly accepted his offices as interpreter.

(To be concluded)