THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. VII DECEMBER, 1914 NO. 6

. . . As regards the change in the rising and the setting of the sun and of the other heavenly bodies; for at that time they rose at the very place where they now set, and contrariwise. . . . During one cycle the god rules, informs, and rotates the globe; but when its revolutions shall have run their full course thus, the god changes its motion by freeing it, and it then, being a living being and having a share of intelligence from the god, by necessity revolves backwards.

Statesman, Plato, 269

THE LAW OF CYCLES: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

. . . distinctive tendencies of civilization at work, putting forward new claims, indicating new paths, and entirely reversing the whole trend of life.

THESE words, met with in a magazine article, will serve as a text or starting-point for subsequent remarks, just as they served to suggest and inspire the subject. The fact is now palpable that humanity is rounding one of the great corners in its history. Only a few years ago we might still have been in doubt as to this fact, but we can hardly be so any longer, so great and rapid are the changes now going on. And when a course which for a long while has been nearly straight approaches the corner which is to lead it in a new direction, the rate of curvature becomes accelerated; more changes take place in each succeeding year than in the year before it. Every department of speculation and activity shares in the movement. New discoveries are made, inventions multiply themselves and transform our habits, the religious world is upheaved, great movements are inaugurated, ideas on every subject change. Old landmarks disappear, and we begin to question the very foundations of ancient faiths and to seek new principles whereon to build a nobler superstructure. Nor is the movement merely local or national; it is world-wide. And this last constitutes one of the greatest features of the transformation; for never in the *known* history of mankind was the human race so woven together as now. The consequences will be tremendous.

To find another such transformation we must go far back in history. We can trace various movements at different epochs, but it is difficult to decide their relative importance or to what extent they are comparable to the present movement. Some 1500 years ago the western Roman Empire broke up. At an intervening time there was the Renaissance; and so one might go on speculating.

The "law of cycles" is a most important item of the Theosophical teachings. Number and numbers underlie the whole plan of the universe; and cycles result from the application of numerical laws to time. We are all familiar with certain common natural cycles, but a study of Theosophy greatly extends the range of this subject. The two most familiar cycles are those of the day and the year. They are determined by celestial movements and they influence all nature, including our own. These two cycles alone may serve to acquaint us with not a few fundamental principles which we may afterwards apply on a larger scale. The course of a single day of twenty-four hours is like a circle; and as we trace its curve, we recede from the starting-point and then return towards it. But the succession of days also builds up the year, and this has the effect of turning our circle into a spiral curve (or helix), which does not return to the *same* point but only to a *similar* point. Each new dawn brings us back to the beginning of a day, but also carries us a little way along the greater circle of the year. The two curves together combine into a vortex, which is the shape that is formed when one takes a spiral wire spring and bends it round into a circle: each little circle represents a day, and the whole large circle represents the year. This vortical curve gives us the key to the general plan of cyclic evolution. It seems unlikely that the process thus traced in two of its degrees should either begin with the day or end with the year; one would expect rather that the day itself should be similarly compounded of a smaller cycle, and that the year should similarly generate a larger cycle; and so on, both ways, indefinitely. And the ancient teachings declare this to be the fact. Yet we use an artificial hour, made by dividing the day exactly into twenty-four parts, instead of a natural hour contained unevenly in the day just as the day is contained unevenly in the year. We do not know what the natural hour is, or even whether there is one; but it may be remarked that the moon traverses its own diameter (in its revolutionary motion) in about an hour. Similarly we have no larger natural cycles than the year, unless in-

deed we take into account the revolutions of the major planets, or their mutual conjunctions, or the revolutions of the moon's nodes and apsis, and some other movements. Yet there is good reason to believe that antiquity recognized such larger cycles and connected them with astronomical events, in accordance with a principle not now known or recognized.

One very important cycle of antiquity was that determined by the revolution of the sun's equinoctial point (or of the earth's node), a period estimated by modern astronomers at 25,868 years. As is well known, the place which the sun occupies in the heavens at the vernal equinox is different every year, being about fifty seconds of arc further back each year than at the year before. Thus the equinoctial point takes about the aforesaid period to make a complete circle of the heavens. We do not know this exact period, as we can only infer it by observing the rate of motion, assuming that this rate is constant throughout the whole period, and dividing 360 degrees by the annual variation observed. Consequently we may be to some extent in error as to its real value. Nor do we now attach any importance to this astronomical event, unlikely though it is that any event would be without significance, and still more unlikely that some would be significant and others not. The ancients, however, attached much importance thereto. The cycle was divided into twelve parts, each part marked by the entrance of the equinoctial point into a new zodiacal sign. This gives periods of 2155 years more or less.

This period was said to mark great changes in history — new dispensations, so to say, if we may use the word in a non-theological sense. The old order passed away and a new one was initiated. There was a new keynote sounded, a new pattern of life and ideas set. The character of the period was denoted by the zodiacal symbol appropriate thereto. At the beginning of each cycle a great Teacher appeared and sounded the spiritual keynote for that cycle, conveying in a manner suited to the particular cycle the eternal message of truth and right-living. Whether or not we are at the junction of two such cycles has been much debated and seems extremely probable. But it is difficult to fix the date, partly because the exact length of the cycle is not generally known, and partly because of the uncertainty of the point of origin. The zodiacal constellations (which should be distinguished from the ecliptical zodiacal signs) are indefinite in form and extent, and we cannot find any convenient degree

marks graven upon the sky. It is said that the origin of the celestial zodiac was fixed by the position of the star Revatî (a Hindû name); but unfortunately this information is neutralized by the further statement that this star has *disappeared*. From *The Secret Doctrine* we understand that the knowledge of this and other exact numerical facts forms part of knowledge that is carefully guarded. The revelation of one fact would lead to the discovery of others, and a line must be drawn somewhere. Nevertheless it is interesting to go over the map of history and try to trace such cycle changes and fit them into the signs of the Zodiac. There must have been, for instance, an Aries age, a Taurus age, and so forth. We know that the Bull was the sacred emblem at one time, and the Ram at another; and other such symbols will at once occur to the student. Whether or not the period of 2155 years (more or less) should be subdivided in accordance with the degrees, minutes, and seconds of the circle, is another interesting question. If so, the degree would *correspond* to a human lifetime.

There are many other cycles, also marked out by astronomical events, such as rare planetary conjunctions, eclipses, and luni-solar cycles. All of these were regarded as having significance in the affairs of men. If two or more important cycles intersect, or fall due at about the same time, the significance is increased; and it is stated that such an intersection occurred at about the beginning of the present century.

Another accompaniment of cyclic changes is terrestrial changes and cataclysms. Geologists have been divided in opinion as to whether the vast movements traceable in the crust of the earth were accomplished by sudden or by slow processes. The truth is probably that both kinds of processes have played their part in the result. Contemporaneous denudation and upheaval are accomplished in both ways. A flood will affect more in a few hours than the ordinary denudation will accomplish in as many years. The land is slowly rising and falling all the time; yet now and again violent movements occur. The larger cycles are marked by differences in the configuration of the land and water surface of the earth, and also by the flourishing of different successive great Races of mankind. This will remind the student of the lost Atlantis and the great Atlantean race; also perhaps of the Antarctic continent and the Lemurians.

This is a stirring and spacious view of history; it will commend itself to the judgment by its reasonableness and its symmetry, and

the intuition will recognize it as true even if ignorance does not. Conventional ideas of human history seem small beside it. Surely it should inspire us, to entertain so grand an idea of our own ancestry and heritage.

The progress of evolution is, as said, spiral; civilization succeeds civilization, and humanity rises and falls; yet every time it reaches a higher point, in some sense, than ever before. Much of our progress consists in a recovery of forgotten knowledge, or a return to cyclic points similar to what humanity has reached before. We have records of the powers of past great races in those megalithic monuments of profound antiquity which bestrew the world; these were not the work of primitive races.

There are cycles in our individual lives, and it would be strange if these cycles were not related to various natural cycles. Herein we touch the mystery of astrology, that ancient and revered science of which so few fragments have come down to us. Astrology, as practised today, is more likely to mislead and enslave the mind than to help it on; it is mostly mere fortune-telling.

One can scarcely speak of the law of cycles without being reminded of the law of Karma: what a man sows, that shall he also reap. But the time of reaping may be far removed from the time of sowing — especially if we were to sow the seed on a passing comet (!) And this is really what we often do, in a sense. A man may commit a crime in one country, and escape punishment as long as he keeps out of that country; he may injure another man, and avoid retribution until he meets that man again. Often we commit acts at a time not seasonable for reaping the consequence; we may commit an act at a certain period of life, and not be ripe to receive the consequence until that particular point is reached in another life. For in a lifetime there are many phases which occur but once.

We all know that thoughts, moods, and habits will recur at various unknown periods; they have their cycles, long or short. It is as though we sent them off on orbits which carry them afar and lead them back to us again; or as if we ourselves traveled a circular course that brought us back to the same regions we were in before. Much in the way of self-help can be done by studying these cyclic recurrences in ourselves. The evil effect of old cycles can be counteracted by starting fresh cycles of an opposite tendency. We can always sow seeds of betterment with confidence in the inevitable results.

A lifetime is a day in the Soul's life; and there are times when we almost seem to grasp this fact, so short does life seem. It is this deeper consciousness of a greater life that makes our lesser life seem so strange and inexplicable; we are unconsciously *contrasting* the lesser life with the greater. Let us strive to live more in the greater life.

THE TALKING HABIT: by Percy Leonard

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar;
Men, plugless wordspouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

. . . . . .

Storms, thunders, waves
Howl, crash and bellow till ye get your fill,
Ye sometimes rest; men never can be still
But in their graves. — *O. W. Holmes*

ONE who had good opportunity for observation has called Mr. Judge a " strong, silent man "; and well the title suited him, and what high praise such words become when used of any man. The strength comes from the silence, for a still tongue implies neither a feeble intellect nor a barren mind; but is often associated with unusual mental power, and richness and profundity of thought. Restraint of speech in strong and silent persons frequently results from an embarrassing flow of ideas and such a sense of intellectual vigor that they hesitate to break into the chatter of ordinary society for the same reason that prevents the owner of a steam-hammer from using it for cracking nuts. It is well known to the ordinary practitioner that excessive talking is frequently the cause of severe nervous prostration, and all the deeper students of Theosophy are familiar with the idea that the organs of speech possess creative power which it is a kind of desecration to misuse. We are told that when the Deity at the dawn of a new cosmic day said " Let there be light " there was light; but among ourselves how few there are whose remarks throw any illumination on the matter in hand.

A victim of this habit often talks not because he has something to say, but to stop the embarrassing habit of the mind to think: a

process which gives rise at times to strange conclusions, highly subversive of one's settled opinions and not infrequently forcing us out of our comfortable stagnation, into lives of strenuous toil.

One who abandons himself to the talking habit has really little need to think. The river of verbosity which ripples off the tip of his tongue is more of the nature of an offscouring or an excretion, than the product of mental activity. That the mind has little to do with such fatal fluency is easily perceived by one who has ever been in the company of a person who has the habit of talking aloud to himself. Such utterances are only useful as giving an object lesson of the workings of the brain-mind unregulated by the reasoning faculty or Higher Mind. These overheard soliloquies are little more than a confused medley of the current contents of the mind loosely connected by the laws of association and strongly tinctured with the personality. The ceaseless talker seems to think that if he only strings sufficient words together, he must in course of time strike such a combination as will contain a gem of wisdom. But in the tedious process such tremendous floods of the nonsense which bores and of the gossip which disrupts society are let loose, as surely more than counterbalance the extremely slender chance of such a possibility.

By practising restraint of speech we need not fear the getting-out of practice. Solomon has told us that there is time to keep silence and a time to speak, and when the time for speech arrives the silent person's words fall with all the greater weight because of their impressive rarity. George Eliot, it is said, was usually a listener in mixed company; but when she did break silence it was to such good purpose that she was always sure of a respectful hearing. Most people, we imagine, can remember their first meeting with an allusion to William the Silent and the hopeful expectations which started into life in reference to a man whose habits earned for him this *soubriquet*. Here among crowds of empty babblers was one man who had achieved self-mastery to the extent of preserving silence when he had nothing particular to say, and thus conserving his energy for higher use. A truly rare accomplishment!

How many splendid enterprises have succumbed to inanition simply because the force which should have energized them into vigorous life has all been squandered in profuse discussion. Is it not true that when a man is first confronted by some arduous, unaccustomed duty that it drives him inward to those central solitudes where in

the stillness of his heart he forms his great resolve and whence he issues forth clothed with resistless power from his association with his higher self to carry out the duty which the Law assigned him to perform?

One of the surest ways to court disaster is to infect the atmosphere with arrogant predictions of success.

Loudness of talk is often taken by the vulgar as a sign of power. On the contrary it is a sure symptom of energy running to waste. True force of character is not displayed by verbal fluency nor even by intense activity of mind; but by the strength of secret will which holds back speech, and even stills the mind's machinery, and like some monarch sitting on a throne concealed from vulgar gaze, enforces its commands in regions far remote with no external show of sovereignty, but solely by the exercise of overwhelming power.

Silence appears to be a positive terror to some of these habitual talkers. Sometimes you see a full-grown man hurry along the road to overtake a friend and thus escape the horror of a silent walk and the unwonted company of his own thoughts. Out of the silence were these people born and to the silence will they go when their vain lives are spent; and yet it never comes into their minds to fit themselves by practice for their wordless destiny.

Silence must have preceded the universe of sound, just as the light broke from the bosom of primeval darkness; silence therefore is no empty void, but the exhaustless treasury from which all sound has issued forth, and back to which it must return to its remotest echo, when the great cosmic clock tolls out the hour of universal rest.

"Silence is the Mother of all, out of which all proceeds. As we rise into the silence, so can we reach out to that place where all things are possible for us." Is there not great joy in this wider hope?

EASTER ISLAND is perhaps the last place where war-fever would be expected to manifest. Yet a small scientific expedition has just had a narrow escape. The natives rebelled, broke into the stores, stole the cattle, and finally presented an ultimatum! At the critical moment a Chilian warship, which calls only once in two or three years, appeared; and before night the ringleaders were in custody. J.

THE TREND OF THOUGHT TOWARDS THEOSOPHY: by a Student

THE Pioneer of Theosophy in our time, H. P. Blavatsky, advanced many of its teachings by means of just and able criticisms of the scientific theories of that day. In the same manner she sketched a broad outline of the path that advanced thinkers would have to take towards Theosophy during the present century—compelled thereto by the pressure of discovery. The century, though yet young, is giving plenty of evidence of the truth of her prevision. A few of the more interesting developments in this direction will now be traced.

Though our attention must be mainly confined to scientific and practical questions, we cannot entirely overlook the remarkable advance towards Theosophy to be seen in religious and philosophic quarters. The revolt on materialistic lines against the medievalism of the churches has lost its vitality; new methods based on broader principles are leading in reforms. While it would be foolish to ignore the existence of a strong body of materialistic thinkers still holding points of vantage, the men of greatest influence today are more or less impregnated with Theosophical ideas. The principle of Reincarnation, too, is gradually winning its way in unexpected quarters, and a host of newly-discovered facts in psychology, as yet unrelated by their discoverers, are demanding a solution which can only come on Theosophical lines.

One of the most significant facts of the time is the great attention the most intelligent minds are giving to the problem of the origin of man. Every new discovery of primitive bones is discussed in the daily press, the illustrated papers give much space to diagrams and photographs of them. However, investigators are looking for the origin of the *human body* alone, not for that of the real Man, which is the true object of religio-philosophic search. Yet, though the problem becomes more and more involved, complex, and beset with difficulties, the ground, the fundamental, is visibly clearing for a better understanding of the Theosophical interpretation.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the break-up of the medieval dogmas of theology and the wide repudiation of the literal accuracy of the narratives in the Book of Genesis, left progressive and intelligent persons with no explanation of the origin of the human race but the materialistic theories of Natural Selection, the Survival of the Fittest, and the Descent of Man from an ape-like ancestor.

The real man, the reincarnating soul, was entirely ignored, and it fell to H. P. Blavatsky to bring forward the ancient wisdom of Theosophy again in a new form so as to counteract the teachings which threatened to lead men downward toward the " Blond Beast " ideal.

The real origin of the human race is a very complex subject and cannot be more than hinted at here for want of space. According to Theosophy man is a combination or blend of spiritual, semi-spiritual, and material principles whose origin takes us back to early periods when the forms of life and even physical conditions were greatly different from those of more recent ages. Theosophy recognizes, of course, that there is a connexion between man and the anthropoid apes, but it denies that man is the descendant of any kind of ape.

Let us see what Professor H. von Buttel-Reepen, one of the leading German biologists, says about the ape-ancestry:

> Man is not descended from the ape as has been so generally misunderstood to be the teaching of evolutionary science, nor is man the descendant of ape-like ancestors, as many scientists believe him to be. The latest discoveries in evolutionary science have given rise to a far more acceptable theory, advanced by the distinguished Professor Klaatsch, of Berlin, and others. It is that man is the *ascending* descendant, and the ape the *descending* and degenerate offspring of the same prehistoric stock.

Professor Buttel-Reepen says also that the unknown and mysterious progenitor of modern man appeared on a lost continent in the South Pacific sometimes called Lemuria. He makes a special point of assuring us that the feet of this ancestor were *true feet,* and not gripping organs or hands, like those of the anthropoid apes (which are a sign of specialization and degeneration from type), and that the famous *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java, claimed by some to be the " missing link," is nothing of the kind; it is merely an abortive offshoot. He says:

> It is only a little twig on the tree of evolution. It degenerated into the gibbon type of ape and there ended. Apes, we must see from what has been said, are really abortive efforts at humanity. They are descendants of our common ancestor who have been forced by less favorable conditions to sacrifice some of their human character in the struggle for existence.

No biologists claim to know what the original "common ancestor" really was, though they expect, of course, to find it on the vertebrate, mammalian line. Laying aside for the moment the general problem of *man's* descent, the great significance of the new biology is its

frank agreement with the Theosophical teaching that the anthropoid apes are degenerates from a more advanced ancestor. In support of this Professor Buttel-Reepen revives an irrefutable argument, lately neglected, but long ago discussed and approved by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. He says:

As man and the anthropoid apes are descendants of the same ancestor, we should find that the young ape bears a closer resemblance to man than the mature ape. It is a well-established biological law that the degenerate descendant is closer in youth to the original normal type than in old age. This is exactly what we find in the apes. They show their specialties of degeneration as they mature. Take the pictures of a young gorilla, a man and an adult gorilla. The young gorilla closely resembles a man, but the older he grows the more marked becomes the divergence.

Adult Gorilla Man Young Gorilla

The frequency of the assertion that our supposed ancestors were primitive ape-like creatures living in trees has hypnotized the public mind; in fact the term "arboreal ancestor" has become almost a household word. Dreams of falling from heights, and agrophobia, the abnormal fear of open spaces, have been learnedly traced to ancestral life in forests. Now we find, however, that science is abandoning this in face of insuperable difficulties. Professor Pocock, for instance, a leading British authority on evolution, assures us that the mysterious unknown "ancestor" could never have lived in trees, for his structure must have been adapted for walking on the ground. The hands that terminate the lower limbs of the ape are not the original type of feet, but are a specialization adopted for tree-climbing, and show that the anthropoid apes are offshoots from the main stock. As this subject is of great importance in getting a true view of some of the evolutionary processes, H. P. Blavatsky goes very

fully into it in *The Secret Doctrine*. (See Vol. II, pp. 676-677, etc.) A study of her criticisms of the materialistic attitude of biology at the latter end of the nineteenth century will show how remarkably she anticipated the trend of more modern advanced thought.

The recent discovery of the Piltdown skull in England, a relic of enormous antiquity, aroused great controversy, especially when the suggestion was made that the owner belonged to a more or less ape-like race, not possessing the power of speech. Though the brain-case was fairly large and undoubtedly human, the shape of the jaw was responsible for the theory of dumbness, and we were treated to many statements enforcing the suggestion that here at last was a real missing link, a speechless man. This theory has been seriously weakened, perhaps we should say destroyed, by the claim that the markings inside the skull show that the speech center of the brain was well developed. Commenting upon this, Professor A. Keith, who has made an exhaustive study of the skull, said before the Royal Dublin Society on March 13, 1914, that the discovery of this positively human skull of such enormous age reveals a vista of the past history of mankind "beyond the wildest guess or dream of the most speculative philosophers!" This statement is worth remembering when we are told that the Theosophical teaching about the origin of complete man is too far-fetched for general acceptance. As a matter of fact, if the public had not been hypnotized by the dogmatic assertions of materialism in the name of science that all the wonderful mental and spiritual qualities of man were mere extensions of the qualities found in the beasts, there would not be any difficulty in seeing the reasonableness of the simple and natural teaching of Theosophy that man is a spiritual being who has descended into materiality, and has passed through many strange vicissitudes in the millions of years he has been on earth.

Dr. Leon Williams, a member of the Royal Anthropological Society of England, but now living in America, has also been saying revolutionary things about prehistoric man. As the result of his observations he claims that:

> Mendel and De Vries had the right theory of the origin of man, and I expect to prove them right by my forthcoming series of lectures with my skulls as exhibits. They discarded the evolution idea and conceived of man as springing from some source in practically full development, much as a genius now appears in a family of otherwise mediocre minds. There is no slow develop-

ment in the case of a genius; he and his brothers and sisters come from the same stock and are different. So with men and the monkey.

Dr. Williams uses a word which expresses more than he possibly realizes. The *genius* in man is the main difference between man and the lower animals, and it is to support the claim that the mental-spiritual nature is the mark of man — a consideration so strangely overlooked by popular science — that H. P. Blavatsky so strenuously fought the materialistic assertion that man is nothing but an improved ape. Her whole aim was to prove that we have the godlike principle in more or less active manifestation, and that we can make it paramount if we will, while in the animals it is, and will be for ages, latent.

At the 1914 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Bateson, the President, brought an unexpected, and by him unintentional reinforcement to the wave of Theosophical ideas that is now mounting to greater heights than ever before in modern times. Though the distinguished botanist would, no doubt, to judge by the general tenor of his remarks when speaking of mysticism, be the last to admit it, yet his Address really contains the seeds of something entirely destructive of materialistic interpretations of natural phenomena. Professor Bateson, in expressing his dissatisfaction with the accepted basis of Darwinian Evolution, makes a definite approach to one of the fundamental principles of Theosophy.

According to Theosophy Evolution is the unfolding of what already exists in some form, though not visibly on the material plane. In *Isis Unveiled* H. P. Blavatsky says:

> All things had their origin in spirit — evolution having originally begun from above and proceeded downward, instead of the reverse, as taught in the Darwinian theory. In other words there has been a gradual materialization of forms until a fixed ultimate of debasement is reached.

And again, "Evolution is an eternal cycle of Becoming."

Evolution implies Involution or the withdrawing into the spiritual condition, in which all is contained in seed, so to speak. Then again the unfolding takes place, but on a higher scale.

Furthermore, H. P. Blavatsky, in tackling the difficult problem of the rudimentary organs in man, such as the unused ear-muscles, the fish-like gill-clefts sometimes seen in the newly-born, the appendix vermiformis, and the rest, gives the unique solution that man is the store-house, so to speak, of all possible seeds of life, of all the forms which will manifest in this terrestrial evolution or Round. She says:

The fact is, as previously stated, the human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate. In this postulate we find a true "evolution" or "unfolding" — in a sense which cannot be said to belong to the mechanical theory of Natural Selection.

Natural Selection by blind forces was shown by H. P. Blavatsky, and is now generally admitted, to be totally inadequate to explain the origin and organization of variations. The potentiality of an eye was present always, and when the necessity for one arose the physical eye appeared; conversely when the need for an eye disappeared, as in the case of the fishes in the dark Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, or in those that live buried in the sandy mud on the shores of Point Loma, the eye disappeared too, and, at least in the case of the cave-fishes, some other perceptive power seems to have become active to enable them to live and search for food. What H. P. Blavatsky calls "Man," the larger humanity, has shed innumerable forms throughout the ages, both during periods when he was of an ethereal nature and later, and of these forms those that survived the clash of interests and were allowed by the conditions to exist are now visible in the living world around us. Later on, we are taught, other forms will appear from the rich storehouse of Nature.

Now, having touched, though very lightly, upon the immensely important contribution to knowledge brought by H. P. Blavatsky that all forms of life are the unfolding of what was originally there though latent until the time for its manifestation arrived, it is interesting to see what Professor Bateson has been saying, as the outcome of his own researches, particularly in the study of variations in plants.

He first of all asks his audience to *reverse their habitual modes of thought on the subject of Evolution,* a very serious and startling demand, as he admits. Instead of looking upon the great varieties in living beings as the result of innumerable small differences added from the outside by the crossing of species, and imagining that the earlier forms possessed fewer possibilities than the later ones, so that the earliest protoplasm had practically nothing of importance to distinguish it, he reverses all this and arrives at something which is a considerable part of the very core of the Theosophical teachings on Evolution, and is of immense importance in daily life, as we shall see. In his own words:

We must begin seriously to consider whether the course of evolution can

at all reasonably be represented as an *unpacking* of an original complex which contained within itself the whole range of diversity which living things represent.

There are only two methods, he declares, by which variations can come; one is the *addition* of something, some factor, from the outside; this is the Darwinian method which he thinks is played out; the other is the removal of some factor which has hindered the hidden properties, or some of them, from displaying themselves. The latter he thinks to be the real method. Working on this line he gives his reasons for believing that every speck of life contains countless possibilities, but that in each living being there are factors which prevent all but a few being manifested, the differences in the inhibiting factors producing the differences in qualities that we see around us, and in ourselves. He does not suggest what these factors are, nor how they are controlled to lead the sentient life of the world to higher states; perhaps we shall soon see another scientific thinker of prominence explaining this on the Theosophical basis! But as far as he goes, his revolutionary utterance is an enormous step in the direction of the truth. That Evolution should be, as he claims, an unwrapping or unfolding of powers already present and only waiting release, is, as he says, a total reversal of the popular Darwinian concept, which moves from the simple to the complex by addition. Professor Bateson illustrates his argument with many illustrations, one of which is particularly interesting to us. He says:

> I have confidence that the artistic gifts of mankind will prove to be due, not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which, in the normal persons, inhibit the development of these gifts. They are almost beyond doubt to be looked upon as releases of powers normally suppressed. The instrument is there, but it is stopped down.

The importance of Professor Bateson's British Association Address can hardly be overestimated in view of the developments that are bound to follow. His words will start many on a line of thought which leads to higher knowledge; they will do more than he dreams or perhaps wishes.

The strength of Theosophy and the foundation of its doctrine of Universal Brotherhood lie in the teaching that the personal self is but the merest fraction of the real Self; the real Self is waiting to be realized and to lead the purified lower self into the larger life. The passions and desires are the factors which cramp the expansion

of the nature of the ordinary man. To use Professor Bateson's illustration, it is like an instrument which is stopped down to such a degree that very little music can be heard. Theosophy shows us how to break down the limitations so that the grander harmonies can be heard.

Theosophy has always claimed that man has existed on earth for a longer period than even modern science has ever dared to conceive, and lately many discoveries in support of this have been made. From Southern California we learn that a human skeleton has just been found in the bitumen deposits at Los Angeles, in company with extinct animal bones, probably including those of the mastodons, mammoths, and the terrible saber-toothed tiger. His presence in such an age and environment proves that he must have been highly intelligent to have survived! If Professor Daggett of the Research Department of the California Museum is right, the skeleton must be at least two hundred thousand years old, fifty thousand years older than the famous California "Calaveras" skull, and higher in type. He says, also:

> The skeleton will also set aside the long accepted theory that this country was peopled by a race that came to North American soil from Asia. To sum up briefly, it will put science at sea relative to the peopling of the earth.

Before drawing final deductions from this discovery, we must await further investigation into the details of the type and the conditions under which it was found.

Another prehistoric skeleton has recently been found in East Africa, undoubtedly of enormous antiquity. It is not of low type, but well formed, with a large brain case. It was associated with the bones of *extinct* apes, a significant fact in support of the Theosophical teaching that man has been true to type for long ages while the apes have been greatly modified.

Passing on to another discovery in support of the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky, it is well known that there has been much doubt expressed in scientific circles as to the former existence of a great continent in the Pacific Ocean, some astronomers even claiming that the Pacific depression is the scar left when the moon was flung away from the plastic mass of the earth. Though this lunar theory has been repudiated by many advanced students of celestial mechanics and is losing its former popularity, a strong feeling lingers that the Pacific Ocean has always been much in its present condition; this,

however, is rapidly being modified under the pressure of new discoveries. It has been admitted for some time that great land bridges reached across the South *Atlantic,* but lately serious consideration has been given to much botanical evidence in favor of a lost *Pacific* continent. The latest discoveries have been made by Mr. D. G. Lillie, biologist on board the *Terra Nova,* of the Scott South Polar expedition. While the land party was exploring the Antarctic regions, he collected numerous fossil plants from the Jurassic and Triassic beds in New Zealand. These have been carefully examined by Dr. Newell Arber, an expert in Paleobotany, and are found to be closely related to plants of the same period in South America; they show little relationship with the plants from Southern Atlantis. The former existence of a great land area connecting New Zealand and South America is, by means of the above and other strong evidence, rapidly becoming an established fact of science. According to Theosophy, mankind developed into its present form upon the continent whose main portions were in the Pacific region, long before the appearance of paleolithic man in Europe.

Recent study of aviation has brought forth an unexpected corroboration of the references in *The Secret Doctrine* to the greater density of the atmosphere in former geological periods. Some of the soaring Plesiosauri of the Cretaceous period were thirty feet across the wings, and the wings of the great dragon-flies of the Carboniferous, which used the vibratory method of flight, were often about three feet from tip to tip. We are now told, as the result of modern research, that those giant creatures could not have flown in an atmosphere that offered so little resistance as ours today. The density of the atmosphere in early times may have been partly due to the great quantity of carbon, now precipitated in the form of solid beds of coal and lignite.

Coming down to more recent times, we have lately received striking testimony that H. P. Blavatsky's claim that the civilization of Egypt had been in existence for an enormous length of time is not at all improbable from a scientific standpoint. Explorations lately made of the geological formations round Lake Victoria Nyanza in Africa prove that the lake has been there ever since the Miocene period; this means at least a million years of existence. The lake drains into the Nile, and as it has always done so geologists assure us that the Nile valley must have been habitable under practically

the conditions of today since the lake was first formed. Now the original planisphere in the temple of Denderah is said to have recorded three Precessional Cycles of about 25,900 years each, and H. P. Blavatsky speaks of a civilized people inhabiting Egypt 400,000 years ago. (Astronomical deductions confirm these statements; see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for July, 1914.) The most learned Egyptologists of the day tell us that no one can determine the origin of Egyptian civilization; Professor Flinders Petrie says that the latest explorations prove that the prehistoric inhabitants of Egypt who lived thousands of years before the great Temple-Builders, had actually more comforts than the fellaheen of the twentieth century! The importance of the Victoria Nyanza geological discovery in view of H. P. Blavatsky's statements about the age of Egypt, becomes very clear. Furthermore, corroboration is forthcoming from certain prehistoric objects of human manufacture collected in Egypt and recently exhibited at the Ehrich Galleries, New York City. These included flint implements of excellent make estimated to be *two million* years old. This is the greatest claim of human antiquity yet made by science, and it is based upon the condition of the surface of the articles. It has been calculated that in about a hundred thousand years such flints develop a superficial patina of the depth of a finger-nail. The patina on these flint objects is nearly *half an inch* in thickness!

Another little-known piece of evidence pointing to the great antiquity of highly intelligent human beings, a fundamental tenet in Theosophy, comes from the Arabians, who have a tradition, handed down to us by the Persian astronomer Al-Sûfî, of the tenth century A. D., that the brilliant star Sirius was once on the opposite side of the Milky Way, and that its name, Al-shira-al-abur, is derived from the fact that it has crossed the Milky Way to the southern region. The Arabians also said that Procyon, a neighboring brilliant star, was the sister of Sirius but did not pass across. Delicate measurements with modern instruments have confirmed these statements. As Sirius is supposed to have taken 60,000 years to cross from one side of the Milky Way to the other, there can be no doubt that intelligent watchers noted and recorded its position 60,000 years ago at least.

According to H. P. Blavatsky, the influence of the Moon upon terrestrial affairs is greater than we recognize today, and she gives numerous valuable hints, as well as some plain teachings upon the matter. In some respects the lunar influence is maleficent, in others

beneficial. We all know that in tropical countries there is a strong conviction that it is dangerous to health to sleep in the direct light of the Moon. Certain plants are affected in harmony with the lunar periods, and there is a persistent "superstition" that meat and fish rapidly decompose under strong moonlight. Such things have been denied by theorizers who have not properly studied the evidence, but strange facts have come to light lately which show that it will not be possible much longer to ridicule the influence of the Moon. In order to test the assertions confidently made by those who favor the theory of putrefaction under the Moon's rays, experiments have recently been made and reported in the *Chemical News*. Of two slices of fish, one hung in ordinary light and one in polarized light, the latter invariably decomposed first, though the temperature of the polarized beam was the lower. It is suggested that as the light of the Moon, being reflected light, is more or less polarized, the explanation of the injurious effects of strong moonlight is to be found in a hitherto unknown chemical action of polarized light. Careful study of the faint illumination seen during total lunar eclipses and for a few days before and after New Moon have convinced some observers that the Moon, like other decaying bodies, emits a visible phosphorescence or light of its own, not directly reflected from the Sun.

One of the most revolutionary teachings of *The Secret Doctrine* is that the Sun is not an intensely heated body, but that the heat we feel is largely produced by the transformation of its radiant energy on reaching our atmosphere. The first suggestion from a recognized scientific source that such a thing may even be possible, has been made by Bachelet, the French inventor of the frictionless electro-magnetic train which created so much interest in Europe a few months ago. After showing that the electro-magnetic force he employs can be passed through the hand or a block of ice without effect, and yet when applied in a certain way can raise water to a boiling point, he says his experiments have brought him to the apparently paradoxical conclusion that the Sun may possibly be quite cold, in spite of all appearances to the contrary!

H. P. Blavatsky often spoke with great respect of the attainments in science of the ancients and suggested that we are re-discovering rather than inventing *de novo* many appliances known of old. Modern writers are beginning to shake off the delusion that we are the only people who ever knew anything worth speaking of in science.

Many excellent surgical instruments have been found from time to time in Egypt, Etruria, Pompeii, etc., and we know that the ancient Hindûs and Egyptians had very considerable knowledge of medicine. A series of surgical instruments recently discovered at Kolophon in Greece, now in Johns Hopkins University, are said to show a type of workmanship superior to anything known hitherto in antique specimens. They prove a great and unexpected mechanical and surgical knowledge possessed by the Greeks. As nearly all of them are of bronze they have lasted well; in some the blades are of steel, and many of them are of the most modern pattern. Special interest has been aroused by the finding of an elevator for raising a depressed bone and an instrument for rotating a drill for use in treating serious wounds in the skull. We have known for a long while of fine gold and enamel fillings found in the teeth of Egyptian mummies, more than five thousand years old, and of the beautiful gold plates for artificial teeth found in the tombs of the mysterious Etruscans, but in recent years it has been discovered that the ancient inhabitants of parts of Central and South America had skilful dentists who could crown teeth with gold and inlay them with fillings of gold, turquoise, rock-crystal, and obsidian. Many skulls, bearing evidences of great refinement in dentistry, have been found which date from hundreds if not thousands of years before the Spanish Conquest.

In astronomy and physics discoveries are continually being made which approach more and more nearly to the basic principles of Theosophy. Geological research is revolutionizing former ideas in the direction of Theosophy. It is difficult to believe that only a few years before the close of the nineteenth century certain leaders had the temerity to claim that the general outline of the main principles upon which the universe was built was in our possession, and that only the details remained for the future to fill in! With increasing knowledge has come increasing humility. Speaking of the various solutions offered today to explain the origin of worlds, the *rationale* of gravitation, the "immaterial" nature of matter, etc., a scientic writer says:

> Such strange hypotheses would have been ridiculed a few years ago, but modern investigations in science have taught us that we are only touching the fringe of the unexplored possibilities of nature, and that we live in a universe wonderful beyond our dreams.

Theosophy has always said this, but with the addition that the

future possibilities of perception and understanding that lie open to the purified and illuminated spirit of man are limitless and glorious beyond all present imagination.

Before closing this very incomplete *résumé* of some corroborations of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings, a brief reference must be made to one of her most earnest warnings and its recent confirmations. Speaking from the standpoint of knowledge she never tired of pointing out the possibilities of delusion in connexion with psychic phenomena. Striking confirmations of many of her teachings have lately been published by original observers in various countries, especially by Professor von Schrenck-Notzing, Corresponding Secretary of the University of Munich, and a leading authority on criminal psychology, and by Italian professors. Mr. Raupert, a well-known British investigator into abnormal psychology, in discussing these investigations, points out that scientists, who have repudiated the very existence of such a thing for several generations, are now in danger of committing serious mistakes in *the hasty interpretation* of phenomena until lately ignored and put outside the pale of consideration. One of these mistakes, he believes rightly, is likely to be the non-recognition of the moral unlawfulness of wholesale dabbling in practices which produce disastrous results upon their victims. All through the ages the wisest men have warned those who are not absolutely pure and spiritually developed in a very high sense, and who have not the guidance of an Adept Teacher, to avoid opening the psychic door, which is very difficult for the ignoramus to close. Theosophy has always repeated this with the greatest earnestness, and it gives good reasons for its warnings.

Theosophy gives the key to wisdom and knowledge while telling us that those invaluable possessions *cannot* be gained by the personal and selfish. The pure desire to serve humanity has to be proved in the fire of discipline before the two-edged sword can be entrusted to the candidate for enlistment in the army of Light, even though it may take lifetimes. Until modern thinkers recognize the truth of Reincarnation and all that it implies, they will find it impossible to understand how a man can afford the time for the long training and solemn preparation required before the higher intuitive faculties can unfold. Reincarnation is the key to great mysteries, and many in the West are beginning to realize that in never losing sight of it the Orient has shown great intelligence and sound philosophic sense.

THE OXEN AND THE WAGON: by R. Machell

(An Old Fable)

THE day was hot, the wagon was heavily laden, and the roads were bad; but the oxen kept steadily to their work. Then, as the long stretch of open road revealed no serious obstacles, the wagoner, reflecting that over-exertion in the heat of the day was detrimental to health, and that health was a gift of the gods not to be scorned or neglected, added his own weight to that of the load already piled on the wagon, made himself comfortable, and fell asleep: but the oxen toiled on.

It is said that there is a providence divine that watches over fools and drunkards; it may be so, but no divine providence can keep pace with the negligence of improvident man, and no god can protect from misfortune one who neglects opportunities. The wagoner had a great faith in the gods, and trusted to them on all occasions to make good his faults of omission. Sometimes he feared that they too had their moments of relapse, and perhaps this was one. The man had neglected to renew the supply of grease in the wheels of his wagon before setting out on his long day's journey, and the heat of the day combined with the weight of the load caused the axles to heat and the lubricant to dry up while the lazy fellow slept. Thereupon the axle-trees began to groan piteously. The oxen heard the groans and agreed among themselves that the wagon must be getting old, for it had not been used to complain however hot the day or long the journey. They also agreed that if any one had a right to cry out it was they who pulled the whole concern and carried their own weight as well. The groans increased till they became cries of anguish that were really heart-rending; and at last even the hearts of the oxen were touched with pity, though their pity was deeply tinged with scorn. It was their pride to work in silence, and to

endure suffering without complaint; the dignity of an ox is as dear to him as his appetite, it may interfere with speed but not with endurance. It is a part of his moral code which also contains the old maxim: "As you are strong be merciful." And amongst the more cultured there is a saying to the effect that "a merciful ox is merciful to his wagon." So the team stood still and the loud groaning ceased.

The wagoner slept on: so the oxen lay down in the road and meditated on the weaknesses of wagons and the scarcity of hay. The latter topic became one of such poignant interest to them that at last they decided to continue the journey whether the wagon liked it or no. This they did so suddenly as to wake the man, who was much angered to see the sun setting beyond the mountain while he was still far from home. He chided his team and applied the goad, so that the pace soon began to tell upon the axle-trees, which grew hot for want of grease and cried aloud in their pain. This made the man more angry than ever, for he was an improvident fellow, who carried neither grease for the wheels, fodder for his beasts, nor supper for himself. Conscious of his neglect, he blamed his team, cursed the wagon, and thought himself ill treated by the gods, or pretended to think so. Soon he saw he would not get home till night, and began to fear the mountain lions that infested the region; also he feared the pangs of hunger that began to chide him in a most persuasive manner for his negligence. Obviously the occasion was one that made demands upon his piety; and, having enhausted his stock of profanity with little effect, he now betook himself to prayer, invoking the assistance of various deities, with promises of offerings, couched in somewhat vague and non-committal terms. The gods perhaps saw through these pious frauds, or it may be they were otherwise occupied, but certain it is the prayers produced no immediate result, except a further delay.

Driven to despair the man began to think for himself, and then he remembered that in his load was a box of tallow-candles consigned to the priest who had charge of the village temple. This box of candles he felt sure had been placed in his charge by the gods themselves for his use in this emergency, so he gave thanks most devoutly, first to one and then to another of the local deities, as he broke open the box and stole a bunch of "dips" for lubricating the groaning axle-trees. The grease was good enough for the purpose,

though not an economical substitute for palm oil, and the journey was renewed without the accompaniment of cries and lamentations from the wagon. But now it was the oxen who suffered, for the wagoner gave them no rest, and showed no respect either for their dignity, their traditions, or their feelings: the goad did its work, and the poor beasts pondered slowly on the strange ways of wagons and of men, but they made no cry. They merely muttered to themselves "Those that work the hardest say the least."

When it came to delivering the goods that made up the delayed load, the necessity for accounting for the shortage in the consignment of candles made serious demands upon the imagination of the wagoner. His mentality was not much better than that of his beasts, but he was devout, and it is observable that the truly devout are seldom abandoned by the gods. He betook himself to prayer once more and felt that the resulting stimulation of his imagination was an answer to his supplication. He was not one to expect the gods to come in person when he called; indeed he was better pleased that they should not do so; their presence might prove embarrassing to one whose general character was no better than it should be.

He carried the package of candles on his shoulder to the temple at an hour when he thought he could count on the absence of the priest, and explained to the old woman who was left in charge, that he had brought it himself at this unusual hour for fear the good priest might have urgent need of the supply. The old woman thanked him and asked if he would be so good as to carry it in and place it in the store room, which was down a winding stairway, as the man well knew. This was his opportunity. He let fall the box already opened though covered with a flimsy piece of sacking, and the candles went rolling and sliding down the stairs with the man on the top of them. Many were damaged and some were missing, but the old woman's dismay at the loss was modified by her pity for the sufferings of the man who lay and groaned as if he were badly hurt. He bore his suffering however so good-naturedly, that, when the priest returned and heard the story, he only blamed the old woman for not giving the poor fellow a flagon of wine. His generosity excited the admiration of the old woman, who was too much dazed by the occurrence to reflect that the good priest kept the wine that was used in the temple ceremonies under lock and key well beyond her reach.

So the wagon wheels were greased, and the wagoner was thanked

and the priest was able to display his generosity without cost, and the old woman blamed herself for lack of hospitality in not offering wine to a wounded man; and the oxen resting from their toil pondered on the ways of wagons, gods, and men. Truly those that work the hardest complain least.

THE BELLS OF ABERDYFI

Welsh Air — *Clychau Aberdyfi*
By Kenneth Morris

THERE where now the sea is deep
And seagulls o'er the foam go winging,
From the Lowland Cantref's sleep
The fairy bells are ringing.
From an ancient Hall of Kings
That's down beneath white waves and wings,
Far and faint the music swings
O'er the tides of Aberdyfi:
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Keep you heisht and hark to Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.)
There the Druid Chiefs and Lords
Their triumph time are biding;
Starry eyes and Gwyddon swords,
And dragon steeds for riding —
Through the gold and purple noon,
Or when the sea runs wan with the moon,
There's news of them on the slow wave-croon
From the Bells of Aberdyfi:
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
There, the world is full of Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.)

Dear delight of twilight time,
And hills in purple mystery dreaming;
On the sea-wind runs the chime
O'er the waters turquoise gleaming:
In the hills and 'neath the sea,
And where the winds blow mountain-free,
Sure you, wondrous things there be,
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi —
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Dear knows where you'll drop on Heaven,
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.)

Who'd have guessed the Gods of old
Beneath the waves were waiting,
To bring back the Age of Gold
And woe's and war's abating?
In my deed now, 'tis the truth:
There they dwell in endless youth;
And thence they'll come again, in sooth,
To the shores of Aberdyfi —
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
'Tisn't much to Wales from Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.)

Who'd have dreamed the hills and seas
Were all so filled and drenched with glories?
Who'd have guessed the mountain breeze
Could tell such wonder-stories?
There you now, 'tis truth, heaven knows:
Whereso'er the heather grows,
And whereso'er the sea-wind blows
On the Hills of Aberdyfi: —
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Keep you heisht and hark to Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.
Where the fleece on furze and thorn
Is torn in the upland valleys,
There the Fairy Kings were born
In many a glamorous palace.
Where there's gorse and broom for gold,
There they held their courts of old;
And there, e'en now, their courts they hold
On the Hills of Aberdyfi.
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Dear knows where you'll drop on Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.)

And how could all this beauty be,
And ne'er a Fairy Host to mind it —
All this jewel land and sea,
And no dear Gods behind it?
Don't tell me! There's stars do burn,
Dancing nightly midst the fern,
And fairyland's where'er you turn
On the Hills of Aberdyfi.
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Keep you heisht and hark to Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.)

Don't tell me! The foxglove bells
Are ringing, ringing, ringing!
And the olden Druid-magic swells
The thrush's throat for singing;
And if you'll listen, silent, lone,
On any wind from Mwnt to Mon,
You'll hear afar the fairy tone
Of the Bells of Aberdyfi —
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
'Tisn't much from Wales to Heaven!
Say the Bells of Aberdyfi.

International Theosophical Headquarters,
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THUNDERSTORMS: by Student

THE *Monthly Weather Review* maintains a high standard of scientific interest, and recent issues afford not only some excellent examples of applied science, but also of the right way to point out the gaps in our knowledge and to indicate further lines of research. A valuable and extended article on thunderstorms contains some points of general interest which may be briefly summarized.

Rain and snow are more often charged with positive, than with negative electricity. Experiments show that when drops of distilled water are broken up by a vertical air-blast, thrice as many positive ions as negative are released. A strong updraft of moist air (causing the cumulus cloud) is a distinctive feature of the thunderstorm, and the velocity of this updraft must often reach eight meters per second. This breaks up the drops, causing electrical separation; they coalesce and again break, and so the charge increases. Large drops spill over at places of less updraft. Thus the first heavy rain is positively charged, while the later light rain, from a greater height, carries a negative charge. As the cloud approaches, the wind feeding the updraft becomes stilled. Then there is a gust from the approaching cloud direction, caused by the descending colder current brought down with the rain, and which underruns the other ascending current.

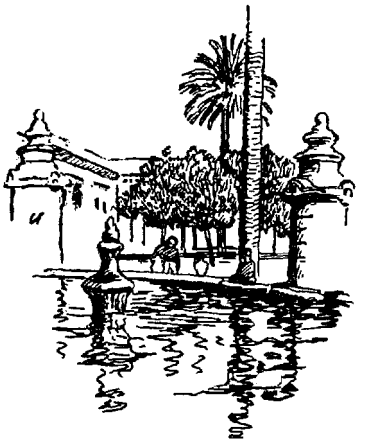
The various kinds of lightning are described and analysed, and all are shown to be direct and not alternating currents. Normal atmospheric electricity is distinct from and practically independent of thunderstorm phenomena. The Earth is a negatively charged sphere, estimated to emanate a thousand ampères of current. But where the supply of negative electricity comes from which keeps the Earth on the whole negatively charged, "no one knows."

CÓRDOVA, THE BRIDE OF ANDALUSIA: by C. J. Ryan

"To Córdova," says an ancient Arabian scribe, "belong all the beauty and the ornaments that delight the eye and dazzle the sight. Her long line of Sultâns form her crown of glory; her necklace is strung with the pearls which her poets have gathered from the ocean of language; her dress is of the banners of learning, well knit together by her men of science; and the masters of every art and industry are the hem of her garments."

IN the time of the great Khâlif 'Abd-er-Rahmân III, Córdova was a city of magnificence, the capital of the united Moorish Empire in Spain, the center of a densely inhabited province, irrigated by a scientific system, and teeming with riches of every kind. To-day it is a comparatively insignificant provincial town whose chief interest lies in its relics of a glorious past. The story of Córdova, like that of the whole Hispano-Moorish Empire, is one of splendor and wonder ending in such downfall and tragedy as one can hardly bear to think of.

Situated on the right bank of the Guadalquivir — the Arabic Wady-el-Kebîr or "Great River" — in the southern declivity of the Sierra Morena, Córdova is supposed to be of Carthaginian origin. It was occupied by Marcus Marcellus in 152 B. C., and became the first Roman colony in the Peninsula. It gained the name of Patricia from the number of persons of noble rank among the colonists, and Córdovans are said to this day to pride themselves upon the antiquity and purity of their descent. During the wars of the sons of Pompey against Cæsar the colony took the losing side, and when it fell into the hands of the conqueror it was harshly treated, twenty thousand of the inhabitants being massacred. All through the first Christian occupation of Córdova by the Visigoths it maintained its importance. When the Berbers in 714 A. D. invaded Spain under Tarîk — from whose name we get the word Gibraltar, Jebel-el-Tarîk, as the name of the spot where he landed — Córdova was one of the prizes they desired to capture. One of Tarîk's captains, Mughith, approached the city under cover of a storm of hail, and it fell without making much resistance. Leaving

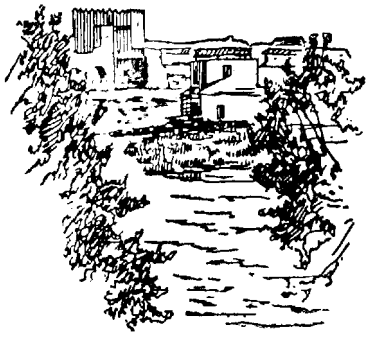


A fountain in Cordova

it in the hands of the Jews, who were trusted and generally well treated by the Moslems, Tarîk advanced to the easy conquest of nearly the whole of Spain, which became a province of the Empire of the Arabian Khâlif Ommeya whose seat was at Damascus.

In 755 Andalusia shook off the overlordship of the Abbaside Khâlif of Baghdad who had deposed the Ommeyads. 'Abd-er-Rahmân, the last of the Ommeyad princes, escaped to Spain where he was received with enthusiasm and was ultimately placed on the throne of Córdova, on which his dynasty sat for nearly three centuries. Under his rule and that of his immediate successors Andalusia continued to prosper, though there were some vicissitudes. An outbreak of fanaticism on the part of bigoted doctors of theology caused a revolution in the reign of Sultân Hâkem, which was not subdued without trouble, and a little later a strange craze for martyrdom broke out among some extremists among the Christians. It is impossible to call the sufferers "martyrs" in the true sense of the word, for they flung away their lives wantonly and without any good object in view. Their conduct seems to have been inspired by a kind of collective insanity, examples of which have cropped up in various nations and ages. They were not persecuted or hindered in the exercise of their religion; the Moslems were imbued with genuine principles of tolerance, and they never spoke the name of Jesus without reverence as that of a great Prophet. The Moslems were well acquainted with the tenets of Christianity but they preferred their own simpler faith. There was no possible reason for the Christians to offer themselves for martyrdom, for they were not "despitefully used and persecuted." So fierce, however, was their fury against the Mohammedan religion that they went out of their way to blaspheme it and to curse its founder; as this was a capital offense their voluntary defiance of the law was really the courting of suicide not martyrdom, the cause hysteria. For a long while kindly Mohammedan Qâdîs, when the fanatics were brought before them, tried to save them from rushing into the jaws of death. Dismayed at the probable outcome of their indiscreet zeal, the quiet and sensible Christians did their best to restrain the extremists, but all was unavailing. The result of the outbreak of fanaticism was disastrous to the Christians, for severe measures were finally taken by the Moors; churches were demolished and many executions carried out before the madness of the ill-directed devotion of the wild fanatics was quelled.

For the twenty-five years preceding the year 912 a state of anarchy prevailed in Andalusia, and it looked as if the Sultân 'Abdullâh, who died in that year, would be the last of the Ommeyads. But, suddenly, the strong man arose in 'Abd-er-Rahmân III. He was only twenty-one when he took the reins of government, but in a few years he had worked wonders. He reduced the rebellious cities to submission, united the realm and raised it to heights of power and glory. His "benevolent despotism" brought internal peace and prosperity to the whole of Mohammedan Spain. After his triumphs over the Christians of the extreme northern parts of the Peninsula he assumed the spiritual title of Khâlif and "Defender of the Faith in God," En-Nâtsir li-dîni-llâh. 'Abd-er-Rahmân III reigned for nearly fifty years and left Spain in a condition of unity and prosperity that seemed impossible when he ascended the throne; he had rescued the people both from themselves and from the danger of foreign aggression, whether Christian or African Mohammedan. It is strange and pathetic to read the words of this enlightened and kindly sovereign, whose well-earned renown penetrated to the ends of the known earth, that only fourteen days in his long reign had been free from sorrow. "O man of understanding, observe and wonder how small a portion of unclouded happiness the world can give even to the most fortunate!"



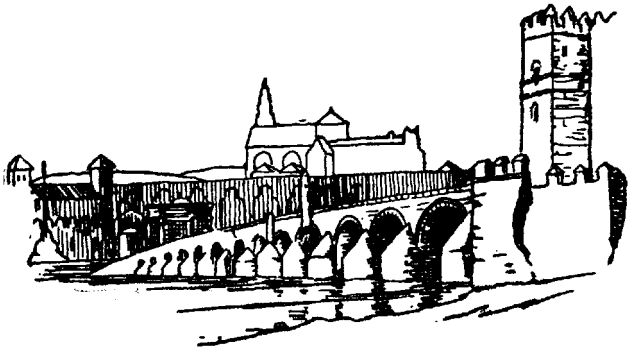
Ancient Moorish mills on the banks of the Guadalquivir

During the reign of the great Khâlif and for some time afterwards, Córdova was the center of the highest culture. The contrast between the condition of Moorish Spain and that of the rest of Europe, excepting a few spots such as Byzantium in which the traces of Greek and Roman civilization were still lingering, and perhaps some parts of the Celtic and Scandinavian countries, is amazing, and it would be almost incredible, but there is abundance of evidence of it, both historical and architectural. While nearly the whole of Europe was wallowing in practical barbarism, the masses of the people as badly off as in the Stone Age, ignorant, ferocious, and disunited, steeped in superstition of all kinds, without real art or literature or the rudiments of science, the Moors were studying Plato and Aristotle, performing the delicate operations of tracheotomy and lithotomy, us-

ing anaesthetics, determining the eccentricity of the sun's orbit and the progressive diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic, analysing the chemical properties of plants and minerals, establishing hospitals, colleges, and botanical gardens, collecting vast libraries, cultivating the arts to the highest degree, and so forth. All this, nearly six hundred years before Galileo was condemned for teaching the few things he had established anew but many of which were known even in Europe ages before his time.

An Arab writer says that

Córdova is a fortified town, surrounded by massive and lofty stone walls, and has very fine streets. . . . The inhabitants are famous for their courteous and polished manners, their superior intelligence, their exquisite taste, and magnificence in their meals, dress, and horses. There thou wouldst see doctors shining with all sorts of learning, lords distinguished by their virtues and generosity, warriors renowned for their expeditions into the country of the infidels, and officers experienced in all kinds of warfare. To Córdova come from all parts of the world students eager to cultivate poetry, to study the sciences, or to be instructed in divinity or law; so that it became the meeting-place of the eminent in all matters, the abode of the learned, and the place of resort for the studious; its interior was always filled with the eminent and noble of all countries, its literary men and soldiers were continually vying with each other to gain renown, and its precincts never ceased to be the arena of the distinguished, the race-course of readers, the halting-place of the noble, and the repository of the true and virtuous.



An ancient bridge in Córdova

This praise is not considered to be exaggerated in the least. Such names as Averroes, (Abu-l-Wâlid Ibn Roshd) the great Aristotelian, Albucasis (Abu-l-Kasim Khalaf) and Avenzoar (Ibn Zôar), the great physicians and surgeons, Ibn Beytar, the botanist, and numbers of other famous Andalusians testify to the heights of intellectual brilliancy attained by the Moors in Spain.

Moorish Spain was pre-eminent in the arts; in the city of Córdova alone 130,000 silk-weavers were kept fully employed; and pottery-making, metal-work (including wonderful silversmithing from Damascus), ivory-carving, glass-blowing, and jewelry-designing, were

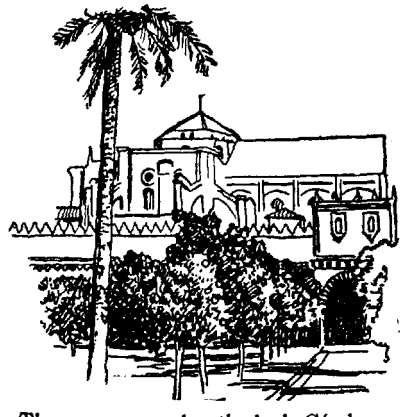
carried to the highest perfection of workmanship and beauty. The leather work of Córdova was so famous that the name of the city was used in England and France as the basis of the word signifying leather-worker — "Cordwainer" and "Cordouannier."

Not only was Córdova supreme in intellectual culture, refinement, and scientific and artistic attainment, but in material form it was equally splendid. At a time when architecture was at its lowest ebb in Europe as a whole, the Moors were building the fairy palaces and stately mosques of which we have a few remains — enough to prove the truth of the accounts of the Arab historians. In Córdova we read of the Palaces "of Flowers," "of Lovers," "of Contentment," "of the Diadem," and the best of all "of Damascus," all now destroyed, but which from the accounts must have been surpassingly beautiful with their marble columns, mosaic floors, gardens, and fish-ponds. The great bridge of seventeen arches over the Guadalquivir still remains to prove the engineering abilities of the Moors. The city contained about 200,000 houses, seven hundred mosques, and numerous public libraries. On the banks of the Guadalquivir there were eight cities, 300 large towns and 12,000 populous villages. It is not surprising that the population of Moorish Spain at one period is reckoned at fifty millions! Córdova possessed *nine hundred public baths*. In great contrast to the dirty habits of the Christian peoples in the Middle Ages, the Arabs were careful in the most minute details of cleanliness. Soap is one of their innumerable inventions which has become moderately popular in Christendom only in modern times. "Cleanliness" was *not* considered "next to Godliness" by orthodox Christians in former days. Philip II, the husband of the English Queen Mary, ordered the destruction of all public baths, on the ground that they were relics of infidelity!

One of 'Abd-er-Rahmân's wives, Ez-Zahrâ, "The Blooming," or "the Fairest," persuaded him to build a city close to Córdova to be called after her. The great palace, in Ez-Zahrâ, which took forty years to build, was, according to the accounts of the historians, of such splendor and perfection of beauty that if we could but have it now, the charms of the Alhambra with all its magnificence and splendor, would be quite eclipsed. The supporting columns, numbering 4300, were of the most precious marbles; the halls were paved with the richest marbles in a thousand different patterns, the cedar roofs were richly colored and decorated, fifteen thousand doors were

coated with iron and burnished brass, and in the great hall were eight doors at each side, adorned with precious stones and inlaid with ivory and ebony. The center of the hall contained a pool of quicksilver which when it was set in motion reflected the rays of the sun in dazzling flashes. Seventeen thousand servants of all ranks were employed in the palace. Ambassadors and travelers from foreign lands were overwhelmed with amazement and awe when they were ushered into the great hall to be received with the stately and magnificent ceremony the Sultâns and Khâlifs knew so well how to direct.

The great mosque of Córdova is, from the standpoint of architectural history, the most interesting building in Spain, for it contains specimens of every style of Moorish architecture from the earliest times till the latest stage, the period of the Alhambra. It is also renowned for its exquisite beauty, though unfortunately a late Gothic cathedral has been built in the middle of one of the courts. Charles V, though he gave permission for the church to be erected, repented when he saw the vandalism, saying to the authorities, "You have built here what could have been built anywhere else; and you have destroyed what was unique in the world." The covered part of the mosque is a forest of pillars, originally there were 1293 but now there are not more than 800. Made of porphyry and jasper, and vari-colored marbles, they are spoils of the ancient Roman and Carthaginian temples and palaces. They divide the building into thirty-three aisles from north to south and nineteen from east to west; each row supports a tier of open Moorish arches upon which rests another tier with its pillars resting on the keystones of the tier beneath, a most curious and bizarre effect which would be less pleasing but for the richness and beauty of the detail. The height of the mosque is only about thirty-five feet, but its superficial area is more than 150,000 square feet. Though the splendid marbles and rare stones are still largely in place, the glass mosaics still sparkle on the walls, the fanciful interlaced arches of the sanctuary are yet as firm as ever, and the courtyard is still brilliant with orange trees and palms, it is impossible for us to



The mosque and cathedral, Córdova

realize what the magnificence of the building was when the hundreds of brass lanterns, made out of Christian bells, burning scented oil, illuminated the aisles, and when three hundred attendants burnt fragrant incenses in the censers while thousands of worshipers prayed to Allâh or listened to the reading of the Qur'ân from the paneled and be-jeweled pulpit.

Outer walls of the great mosque of Córdova

There is little left in Côrdova, besides the Mosque, that is of any special interest. The immense Moorish Alcázar has entirely disappeared, and only a wing of the New Alcázar of Alfonso XI of Castile (1328) remains in good repair; it is now used as a prison. The streets in the center of the town are narrow and winding, and the houses, both old and new, are carefully whitewashed. Though the commercial activity of the town is small in comparison with what it was in the Moorish days, there are a good many busy factories in the outskirts, and the town is surrounded by extensive orange, lemon and olive groves. The manufacture of woolen, linen, and silken goods, and the distilling of spirits, are the most important industries, but the designing and making of silver filigree ornaments — a relic of the ancient Damascus art — occupies many workers. The population in 1900 was 58,000. Among the most famous men who were born in Córdova the names of the following occur to the mind: Seneca (B. C. 3), Lucan (A. D. 39), Maimonides (1135), Averroes, the writers Sepúlveda, Luis de Góngora, Juan de Mena, the painters Céspedes and Valdes, and the Captain Gonzalo Fernández, conqueror of Naples.

The Gate of the Bridge, Córdova

PEACE AND KARMA: by R. Machell

An Address read at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, in continuation of the work of The Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, inaugurated by Katherine Tingley, September 28, 1914.

AT a time when the horror of War is beginning to make itself felt, even by people in this land of sunshine and prosperity, when the glamor of war is being stripped off by the brutality of scientifically conducted slaughter; and when the nations, that hold themselves as the specially appointed guardians of human culture and civilization, are so deeply involved, a feeling of despair comes over the heart of the most hopeful, and the door of the mind is open to the great enemy pessimism.

There is a form of optimism which is in fact the worst kind of pessimism. It consists in an attitude of mind which aims at concealing its inherent weakness and selfishness under a guise of faith in the power of nature to readjust all disturbances of the natural order and to right all wrongs, without the aid of man, who is in fact the cause of these disturbances.

We hear people deprecate the efforts of the peace advocates as an unnecessary interference with the laws of nature. We are told that if the warring nations are left to themselves, they will reach a state of exhaustion, and that peace will follow of its own accord.

This is very much like saying that, if a fever-patient be left uncared for, the fever will burn itself out and health will result. Will it? Is it not more probable that the result will be death? And we may go further, and ask if the death of the patient will be the end of the disease. We know how epidemics in former days were left to destroy the populations of cities and indeed of whole countries; and we now know that the seeds of those pests and plagues are lying latent in those lands ready to break out again if the plague-pits are re-opened, and ready to destroy the population again, if not checked by man's intelligent control.

The science of sanitation, which has made Cuba a healthy country, and which made the Panama Canal a possibility, which has almost made us forget our fear of small-pox, and which promises to free us from the scourge of tuberculosis, has not come to us in response to prayer, nor by the beneficent action of Mother Nature, but by man's effort, by the use of man's will, and by the power of organized action undertaken in the interest of the whole community. We see

great results achieved by co-operation in this field of beneficent public activity, and yet we listen tolerantly to such mischievous theories as that alluded to above, the theory that war will bring peace if we just leave things alone and do not interfere with the laws of nature.

This is the worst kind of cant. The laws of nature can only act through nature's agents, the chief of which is the human race. If man does his duty in co-operation with nature, then life goes well for all; but if man neglects his part, or is ignorant of the laws of nature, and does not know his own place in nature, and has no sense of his own responsibility, then disorder follows, with suffering for men, destruction for civilization, and retrogression for humanity.

Nature is constantly calling to man to take his proper place as the intelligent director of her vast energies, and man too often finds it more comfortable to let things slide to ruin, rather than to make the effort necessary to attain his true position of authority in the hierarchy of nature. Inertia is certainly a fact in nature, and selfishness in human nature is its direct expression: but man is intellectual and is conscious of a moral law which calls him to a position of responsibility that his selfishness urges him to avoid. So he uses his intellect to provide him with a high-sounding excuse for neglect of his duty, and clothes his laziness with some *im*moral platitude about leaving nature to work out the remedy in her own way.

War is not merely the harvest of bad seed sown in the past. It is that certainly: but it is also bad seed sown for the harvest of the future. When the thistles ripen in the fields, man may cut them before they seed, or he may leave them to mature. The wind is a force of nature, and gravitation is a natural law, and thistledown grows by nature's aid. Shall man then dare to interfere and cut short the process by burning up the plants with their seed before the wind has borne them far over the fields of the neighbors? If you had a farm and your neighbor let thistles grow to maturity on his land, would you listen with such easy tolerance to his talk of not interfering with the laws of nature, while you saw the thistledown from his neglected land floating over the rich acres you had so carefully cleaned and sown with good wheat?

In the case of epidemics and the work of sanitation, we see how bitterly the pioneers in this work have been opposed until the public has been educated to the point of understanding the true value of their work. It is true that this science has to be perfected by experience as

well as being revealed by intuition. Man must learn, and mistakes may be made in the process, but the results make these mistakes appear so trivial that we may ignore them.

So it is with the peace advocates, who are not all wise, nor experienced, who have not all thought carefully of the true nature of peace, and who may be in some cases quite ignorant of those laws that govern the life of humanity in relation to the world, and which must be to some extent understood before intelligent and effective action is possible. The law of Karma must be recognized as a fact. Men must realize the truth of the old saying, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap." They must feel in their hearts the fact of human brotherhood, and the divine nature of man, which makes him the elder brother of the creatures of the earth, their leader and guide in evolution: for the soul of man has a light of reason that is higher than mere formal logic and which enables him to know truth in his own heart, before he can demonstrate its certainty by any brain-mind process. Therefore it is to the hearts of the best of humanity that the appeal must be made that shall awaken them to the recognition of the higher Law and of their own responsibility. Too much reliance has been placed in appeals to fear; you cannot stir men to generous conduct by fear, though you may call out hypocrisy by that means. Nor is self-interest the best note to sound, for it is from self-interest coupled with ignorance that all wars arise.

Peace is no negative condition of mere cessation of hostilities. That is but an armistice at best: nor is it a state of preparation for war, though that condition has too often been called peace. We must recognize the fact that all words have at least two meanings, an inner and an outer, a true and a false. The true Peace is something that can only be known in its perfection by the heart of one who is fearless and compassionate, wise and strong: the false peace is the coward's pact with an enemy that he fears.

True Peace springs from a knowledge of the brotherhood of man and a perception of the divine origin of the human race. These things are latent in the hearts of all and may be awakened. They must be invoked if any progress is to be made in the permanent abolition of War.

When we contemplate the picture of the world today, with every nation not actually involved in the present war contemplating with more or less anxiety the possibility of being dragged into the vortex,

we can not wonder that men should feel hopeless as to the establishment of permanent or universal peace. It is indeed hard to find a foothold for peace propaganda in the shifting sands of despair.

But it is possible right there to raise a barrier to the tide of desolation that menaces our civilization. There are in certain countries large districts that are constantly devastated by sand-storms, when gales carry the sand over the fields and blot out the crops that were so diligently raised by human toil for human sustenance. In one such district that I have seen the sand-dunes were looked upon as the enemies of the farmers who tried to cultivate the land thereabouts. Sometimes there would be no westerly gales for some years and then the fields were full of every kind of crop; then would come the dreaded storm, and in a few days, or perhaps a few hours, the farms for miles were converted into mere wastes of sand as fruitless as the sea-shore itself.

Then came a man with courage and determination, and he sowed broadcast the seed of the larch fir over some miles of these sand-dunes and the people sneered at his attempts to grow trees on the sea-shore sand. But there was plenty of rain there and the seed sprouted, the trees grew and the hills were green for a while, but a storm came and the shifting sand soon hid the young shoots that had been so green. The sand made a desert of the land once more, and the people shrugged their shoulders and said, "I told you so." But the man said, "Wait and see!"

Soon the trees pushed their way up where the sand was not too thickly spread over them, and little clumps appeared here and there and survived until next year. These clumps soon showed that the scheme was good, for they served to check the sweep of the sand in spots, and the man went to work again with more seed, and kept up his sowing every year, until there was a line of pine woods along the coast, and behind them the farmers found shelter for their crops. At first the sand-storms swept over the low trees, but in less volume than formerly; and when the success of the operation was proved experimentally, then the government took it up, supplied seed, and offered bonuses to those who would plant it. Then the woods spread and the sand was held down, but the larch woods were easily destroyed by fire, and it became necessary to create forest guards to protect the guardian trees. The trees had need of man to plant them, and then they needed man to guard them, and man thus worked with nature to protect mankind against nature. Nature's call to man to guide her in her

work was answered, and the land flourished, bearing rich crops where but a few years before there was nothing but sand.

So it is when the war-wind blows over the earth and war spreads a devastating layer of brutality and ignorance over the fair fields of culture and civilization. The peace-seeds must be sown broadcast on the sands of human pessimism; the grains will not all be lost even at the first sowing, nor will the fruits of the first year be a permanent triumph for the cause, but a start will be made; a shelter will be provided for new seed that must be sown where the desolation has triumphed, and before long the young trees will begin to do their work.

Nature works slowly; but man can call upon the Soul of Nature and invoke the Higher Law. Man can rise superior to Time, as the world dreams of Time; man can set the pace, for man is the prime agent of the law of evolution, and the march of human progress is dependent for its speed upon the heart of man.

Time is the great deluder of mankind; but man can evoke his own soul and accomplish in a moment that which nature unaided might wait for in vain, through aeons of ages, spent in ceaseless repetition of the weary round of what men call destiny. Man is the maker of human destiny; and as he sows so shall he reap.

The seed for the sowing is here. It has never left the earth, though forgotten and neglected; it is Theosophy, the seed of truth, from which all ancient forests of guardian trees, that sheltered the culture of past ages, have sprung.

Madame Blavatsky brought the seed to the western world, because she saw that unless it was once more sown in the spreading wastes of pessimism, the sands of despair would again be swept over the face of Europe, and might obliterate the culture and civilization of the whole world. She foresaw this peril and specifically warned her followers that "the next reign of terror would not be limited to one country but would involve all Europe."

We, who must see the fulfilment of this prophecy looming so darkly before us, must continue to sow the seed, even in the very sand-hills of destruction themselves, confident that the seed has not lost its vitality, that the onsweep of desolation may be checked, and that the peace now so apparently unattainable may be restored on its ancient true basis, the only basis, that of Universal Brotherhood. The great ideal may be realized even now, though the storms shall not cease, nor the forces of destruction be transmuted. Peace is a balance of forces

in nature, in super-nature, and in man; and it will be established by man, when man becomes conscious of his own divine origin, and realizes his true place in nature, as the guide and guardian of the evolution of the race to which he belongs. That evolution can be accomplished by Peace alone. War is retrogression. By war all progress is wiped out. Constructive work is only possible in time of peace. But it must be true Peace, the peace of a world peopled by men and women, who know their own great possibilities as well as their own weaknesses, who are masters of their lower natures, and who live in the light of their own souls, self-reliant, seeking the good of all, finding their happiness in the joy of all, and striving for the evolution of the whole human family.

This is no mad dream, but a declaration of the destiny of man, "and it shall come to pass at the end of the present age."

THE INCONSISTENCY OF WAR: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

An Address read at the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, in continuation of the work of The Sacred Peace Day for the Nations, inaugurated by Katherine Tingley, September 28, 1914.

THE barbarism of human slaughter is inconsistent with true civilization. Theosophy teaches that thought has a dynamic force which impels the thinker to express himself in corresponding action. Hence, the outbreak of war is proof of active inner conflict. It may be asked, "What bearing can an individual's private character have on military matters; or, how are social, industrial, educational, civic, and national institutions related to bloody conflicts: and, are not the great gains of art, literture and science common ties of unity and mutual understanding and neutral ground of international interest?" The answer concerns the real character of our civilization, which has culminated in a tragic drama, with the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth for a stage-setting, and the war-demon as stage-manager.

There is something in the sudden and violent outbreak of the campaign which is strangely in keeping with the general quality of the world's restless, ambitious, materialistic life, the dominant desire for

sensation, and the brutal side of human nature. The primal cause of the conflict, as Katherine Tingley has said, cannot be traced to any one country, nor does the blame belong to any one leader or to any nation. It is a world-war, and the world and all humanity must answer for it.

Justly to view the situation, one must choose a perspective broad enough to comprehend the international character of the issues involved. Not a national but a universal rule must be applied to find a common multiple for the sum of human nature in action.

Only one thing is worse than the slaughter and destruction whose bitter cry for relief cannot be smothered between the lines of a censored press. More appalling than the horrors of the battlefield is the confessed helplessness of humanity to call a halt! Are we nothing more than pitiable, helpless victims of a Frankenstein invention of brute force? Upon what is the claim of civilization based if not upon principles of right and justice and humanity, and the acquisition of the finer forces of mind and heart?

The international ties relating Americans to all the involved nations, lend a keen interest to the situation abroad: while this country is most favorably placed, geographically and politically, for a just and sane perspective. Our accredited leaders of thought and action — ever ready to analyse conditions and to advise — are weighing their words in discussing the critical situation, trying to practise the neutrality they advocate. Even the most resourceful, however, offer nothing better than a well-armed neutrality for the present, and the establishing of a strong international police in the future — perhaps when the exhaustion of the prostrate nations shall end the war.

The benevolent and humanitarian workers are drawing freely upon their funds and upon their wide experience, in organizing relief for the sick, the wounded, and the destitute. But the generous, untiring efforts of this well-meaning army do not keep pace with the increasing ranks of sufferers, as is well known. These helpers are too absorbed, caring for the victims, to realize that they but follow in the wake of the war-demon, and never consciously face it in the firing-line at the front. What civilized era would assign a subordinate position in the rear to the humanities? Cannot the most obtuse mind see that something is lacking in the training of men and women today, so that they do not go far enough to push beyond the deplorable effects and reach the real causes? In numbers, in organization and in funds, the present army of social workers has never been equaled. But as ignor-

ance, poverty, insanity, vice, and crime have outrun the best civic efforts to control them, so the sacrifice and wreckage of war are equally beyond the endeavors of the humanitarians. Their helpfulness to relieve suffering and their helplessness to prevent it, are as marked in war as they are evident in so-called peace.

The European nations are crying out against the horrors of the conflict. How shall they prove that they are reaping something they have not sown, and to whom shall they turn for an example of just and righteous living? What nation would willingly challenge a world-test by turning the searchlight on the personal and social relations of its own citizens? Are the wrongs from the enemies in foreign countries less consistent with the humanities than many home conditions that are tolerated, if not legally adopted, in so-called times of peace? A nation's levy upon its workers to support great standing armies and to furnish live flesh and blood for cannon-food is no claim on justice. It also would be hard to prove that womanhood had been held sacred in any of the old-world capitals where sensuality has been developed into a fine art. Nor can the United States claim to have added nothing to the impulses of selfish ambition and passion of the war abroad, while there is continued conflict in its own social and industrial forces, and the Congressional investigations of vice in the large cities reported that some of the conditions found were unprintable.

To the degree that individuals and nations are not for peace and purity, they are against it. By virtue of the underlying brotherhood which unites men, a common current of social thought and feeling flows from mind to mind, and from nerve to nerve. Katherine Tingley has said: "The currents of thought at work throughout the whole organism of humanity are registered on the minds of all as on a sensitive plate." The seeds of war and militarism would fall harmlessly by the wayside if the ground were not prepared for them. Extremists have taken advantage of the supposedly neutral realms of art, literature, and science, to add strength and impulse for the war-demon to harvest. Even a certain section of the press has emphasized the shadows and the unwholesome details in picturing daily life to the public. "Truth is stranger than fiction," they say; but this dwelling upon morbid and sensational details of news is not impressing the public with the story of true life. Moreover, there has been much in the realms of musical and dramatic art of a restless, questionable character, which has been a psychology of appeal to the lower nature.

Many of the seemingly innocent novelties and fantastic productions are especially popular with the type of mind, found in all classes, whose faulty taste and unbalanced judgment attract them to the abnormal. The faulty educational system has left the undisciplined and precocious youth to develop into a maturity, eager for excitement, with no dignified philosophy of life, and swayed by the impulses of the hour. Such minds are caught by confused and bizarre forms, which are counterfeit presentments of the insane nightmares now being dramatized upon the battlefields. As a man thinketh, so is he; and sane action does not spring from unsound and fantastic thought and feeling.

Even scientific resources have been enlisted to perfect military equipment to an extent which has come with a sort of shock to the public. No less shocking is the part that pseudo-science plays in augmenting the lower psychology which is expressed internationally by war. In the name of healing, medical science drafts into service the alien and unwilling animals, to restore to man the health he has forfeited by broken laws of living. The extent of human disease has kept pace with the healing art. While sanitation has lessened the contagions, the perversions, insanity, and malignity, have grown more numerous and uncurable. The vivisectors turn from nature's wholesome remedies, to sacrifice countless animals, in the endeavor to wrest from their tortured bodies the secret of life, and to drain from their blood the vital force which disease and desire have sapped from the human body. The sick and the well, the soldier and the civilian, are offered "protection" by serums and antitoxins, which carry the potent quality of some diseased stranger and of the animal in whose blood-stream his virus was diluted.

There is but little unity between man and man, at best, despite Nature's fundamental law of kinship and brotherhood. But when both sick and well, already restless with desire for sensation and possessions, are inoculated with an invading horde of abnormal human and animal impulses and passions, there is continual conflict going on in the bodies of untold thousands. The conflicting currents of the body politic are fertile culture-mediums for the thought of armaments to develop a virulent fever.

In civic life, there is the like resort to violence in dealing with the moral disease of crime. From the penal institutions there has come a miasma of hatred, bitterness, and hopelessness, that has helped to poison the common thought-atmosphere. Neither the criminal nor

his keeper has had the clew of the higher psychology by which to invoke the divine side of the nature to come forth and regenerate the disordered life. The state that sanctions capital punishment, and legally, murders, in cold blood, the men it cannot understand, is upholding military slaughter as the civilized way to settle international misunderstandings.

It is said that at the moment of death the whole panorama of the past life flashes upon the soul's vision. As the souls, violently released in the prisons, or on the battlefield, look back through life's experiences to the conditions of birth, will not even the love and peace of their incoming be marred by some elements of conflict or selfishness? We are not quite civilized enough to claim a conception of parentage so lofty and sacred that there is no relation between the beginning in the home and the end on the battlefield. One generation of souls evoked out of the other side in the spirit of purity and peace, would rarify the very air with a sense of the sacredness and purpose of life. Selfish ambition would shrink to its true value, and armaments would be unthinkable. The foundation-rock upon which all society and all nations are built is the hearthstone. The fireside is the place where we begin to prepare for war or for peace. It is education that we need, more of it, not less: education of heart and mind. It is civilization that we need, more of it, not less.

EARTH'S ROTATION UTILIZED FOR STEERING

THE Sperry gyroscopic compass has now approached ideal conditions as illustrating rotational mechanics. Several years have been occupied in perfecting details; and the compass is so sensitive that each accepted by the government has to pass a series of tests while swung continuously for six weeks under severe conditions of rolling, pitching, and yawing of an artificial vessel, during which the maximum error in azimuth must not exceed half a degree. All course readings, in vessels thus equipped, are made on the true meridian, and courses are now straighter than formerly, owing to the accurate indications of this compass, resulting in increased speed and fuel economy. Its sensitiveness at unit radius to force couples is equal to one-four-millionth part of its own weight.

Regarding gyroscopic action, did Plato, Herodotus, and others, when writing of the Sun having formerly risen where it then set, realize that this could only have happened when the gyroscope (the Earth) had first turned completely over? F.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XI

(Baron Gleichen and Saint-Germain)

BARON GLEICHEN was one of those who had the opportunity of meeting and understanding Count Saint-Germain, but he does not appear to have gone very far. Count Saint-Germain was a humanitarian, a philanthropist, seeking to make the world better and happier by every possible means, chiefly that of finding individuals of great possibilities to see that there was a way of making one's efforts tell to the last ounce, if the work were unselfishly undertaken. If they saw the way, he was ready to lead them as far as they could go; until one has tried, it is impossible to say how difficult it is to do this simple thing, and we need not criticise those who failed in the early stages of their training for want of altruism or stamina.

Baron Gleichen took the first step and ranged himself under the Count's banner as a disciple. But he complains that in six months he learned nothing. This at once declares the situation. He was expecting to be given teaching for which he was not ready. Disappointed, he naturally blames his teacher. It is astonishing how easy it is for a pupil, who does not learn, to take the position that it is the teacher's fault. There are few parents who are unacquainted with the child above the age of three who is ready to teach, blame, and criticise those who are grown-up. And grown-ups in certain circumstances are only big children. Saint-Germain was waiting for Baron Gleichen to learn character, and the latter was probably waiting for the Count to pump curious knowledge into him, with a resulting deadlock all to the disadvantage of the Baron. For Saint-Germain had plenty of other work to do.

No man likes to confess weakness; so Gleichen naturally speaks of Saint-Germain in a slightly patronizing tone, as if he were not a man of particular importance, although interesting enough. And though he tells us the ridiculous story of the young society idiot who existed then as now, he is not above telling us other things as being seriously meant which are founded upon no more important basis; in fact some of them are not society gossip, but the deliberate inventions or distortions of enemies who believe in "always preserving appearances" and damning an enemy with an indulgent friendly smile.

The remark about Saint-Germain at Triesdorf we are told elsewhere is sheer nonsense. And yet Saint-Germain was an entertaining

companion who in a family circle might allow himself and be allowed a certain playfulness free of all ill manners; enemies would seize on such a detail and make a mountain out of it; they not only would do so; they did do so. And they took in many who ought to have known better. We know how in another case poor Carlyle was completely hoodwinked by a bogus " biography " into taking away a great man's character for the best part of a century.

Oddly enough, it is the famous Madame de Genlis who protests against this false gossip (she calls the author Gleinhau), and yet she is caught in the very same way, calls Saint-Germain a charlatan, and repeats a ridiculous story of Saint-Germain's death which she knew nothing at all about. In kindness to his friend Prince Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, Saint-Germain left a message to say that he was not opposed to the (true) Christian religion, and this was seized upon by his enemies and built up into a deathbed scene filled with the horrors of the church of the Middle Ages, and similar imaginary nonsense.

Well his enemies knew the value of an indirect seemingly disinterested suggestion — if possible, sown at third hand!

It is to be noted that Gleichen was a prominent Mason and knew more than he cared to say about many things. He was one of the delegates at the great Paris Convention that sent a humble petition to Cagliostro to " give them light." One or two accounts say definitely that Count Saint-Germain was at that Convention. If so, his name does not appear among the names of the official delegates, and it may be an error to suppose he attended. Possibly he attended under another name in quite a private capacity. The key to the Convention was Cagliostro — Saint-Germain's follower, and in the sense that Saint-Germain prepared the way for Cagliostro it may be said that he took a prominent part in that very remarkable Convention of 1785.

FROM THE SOUVENIRS OF BARON GLEICHEN

The inclination towards the marvelous which is inborn in mankind, my own particular attraction towards impossibilities, the unrest of my habitual scepticism, my contempt for all that we know and my respect for all that we do not — such are the motives which have impelled me to travel for a great part of my life in the realms of imagination. None of my journeys have given me so much pleasure as these; and I am now discontented with having to stay at home.

As I am convinced that one can only be constantly happy in the pursuit of a happiness which forever eludes one's grasp, without ever allowing itself to be attained, I am less dissatisfied at not having found anything of that which I

have been seeking, than I am at not knowing any longer where to go nor having a guide or companion on the way. I am alone, sitting in my castles in Spain which I build and then destroy like a little child who builds his houses of cards and then overturns them.

But in order to vary my pleasures and to refresh my imagination I am going to retrace the memories of some of the principal personages whom I have met during my travels, who have guided me, lodged, fed me, and have procured me enjoyments no less real than many another which has passed and exists no more.

I will commence with the celebrated Saint-Germain, not only because he has been for me the first of all in point of time, but because he was the first of his kind.

Returning to Paris in 1759, I paid a visit to the widow of the chevalier Lambert whom I had known before, and there I saw entering after me a man of medium height, very robust, clothed with a magnificent simplicity and very elegant. He threw his hat and his sword on the bed of the mistress of the apartment, sat down on a fauteuil near the fire and interrupted the conversation by saying to the man who was speaking at the time:

"You don't know what you are talking about; I alone can speak about that matter which I have exhausted, like music which I have abandoned because it is impossible to go any farther."

I asked with astonishment of my neighbor who that man was and he told me it was the famous M. de Saint-Germain who possessed the rarest secrets, and to whom the King had given an apartment in the Château of Chambord, who passed entire evenings at Versailles with his Majesty and Madame de Pompadour, and who was run after by everybody whenever he came to Paris. Madame Lambert engaged me to dine with her the next day, adding with a radiant face that I should dine with M. de Saint-Germain, who, I may say parenthetically, was paying his attentions to one of the daughters and lodged in the house.

The impertinence of the personage long kept me in a respectful silence at that dinner; finally I hazarded some observations on the subject of paintings, and I enlarged upon the various masterpieces I had seen in Italy. I had the honor to find grace in the eyes of M. de Saint-Germain. He said to me: "I am pleased with you, and you deserve that I should show you presently a dozen pictures of which you have not seen the like in Italy."

And he practically kept his word, for the pictures which he showed me were all of exceptional singularity or perfection, which made them more interesting than many choice bits of the first rank, especially a Holy Family of Murillo, which is equal in beauty to that of Raphael at Versailles; but he showed me a good deal more; there were a number of precious stones, and above all colored diamonds, of a size and perfection which were surprising. I thought I was contemplating the treasures of Aladdin. There were among other things an opal of an enormous size, and a white sapphire of the size of an egg which outshone all the other stones I put beside it for purposes of comparison. I boast of a knowledge of jewels and I can assert that the eye could not discover any reason to doubt the fineness of the stones, even though they were unmounted.

I stayed with him until midnight and when I left him I was a very faithful

partisan of his. I followed him for six months with the most submissive assiduity, and he taught me nothing except the knowledge of the progress and singularity of charlatanry. Never has a man of his sort had such a talent for exciting the curiosity and of working upon the credulity of those who listened to him.

He knew how big a dose of the marvelous to inject into his stories according to the respectability of his auditor. When he was telling a fool an incident of the time of Charles V he told him quite bluntly that he had been present, and when he spoke to some one less credulous he contented himself with describing the most minute details, the faces and gestures of the speakers, even including the room and the place which they occupied, with a wealth of detail and a vivacity which gave one the impression of listening to a man who had really been present. Sometimes in relating a conversation of Francis I or of Henry VIII he shammed absence of mind, and said: "The King turned towards me" . . . than he prompty swallowed the "me," and continued with the haste of a man who has forgotten himself for a moment, "towards the Duke of So-and-so."

In a general way he knew history most minutely, and he made pictures and scenes so naturally represented that no eyewitness has ever described a recent adventure so well as he did those of past centuries.

"These silly Parisians," he said to me one day, "believe that I am five hundred years old, and I confirm them in that idea since I see that it gives them so much pleasure. Not that I am not infinitely older than I appear" — for he wanted me to be his dupe up to a certain point. But the credulity of Paris did not stop at giving him an age of merely a few centuries: they went so far as to make him a contemporary of Jesus Christ, and here is the circumstance that gave rise to that tale.

There was at Paris a certain joker, whom they called Milord Gower because he imitated the English to perfection. After having been employed in the Seven Years' War by the Court in the capacity of spy upon the English army, the courtiers got him to play the part of all sorts of folk, in order to mystify more serious people. So it was this Milord Gower that these practical jokers brought to the Marais under the name of M. de Saint-Germain to satisfy the curiosity of the ladies and the novelty-seekers of that part of Paris, who were more easily deceived than the people of the Palais Royal; it was on this stage that the false adept was permitted to play his part, at first moderately enough, but seeing that they received all he said with such admiration, he went back from century to century to Jesus Christ, of whom he spoke with as great familiarity as if he had been his friend.

"I knew him intimately," he said, "he was the best man in the world, but fantastic and thoughtless; I often predicted to him that he would finish badly."

Then our actor enlarged upon the services he had sought to render him by the intercession of Madame Pilate, whose house he visited daily. He said he had known the Virgin Mary very well, Saint Elizabeth, and even Saint Anne, her old mother.

"As for the latter," he said, "I did her a very good turn after her death.

Without me she would never have been canonized. Fortunately for her I happened to be at the Council of Nice and as I was acquainted with a good many of the bishops who composed it I begged them so hard and I repeated to them so often that she was such a good woman, that it would cost them so little to make a saint of her, that she was given her title."

It is this facetiousness that is so absurd and was repeated so seriously in Paris that gave M. de Saint-Germain the fame of possessing a medicine which restored youth and conferred immortality; it is this that was at the bottom of the farcical story of the old lady attendant of a lady who had hidden a phial full of this divine potion; the old soubrette unearthed it and swallowed so much of it that from drinking and becoming younger she became a little child again.

Although all these fables, and several anecdotes as to the age of Saint-Germain, deserved neither the credence nor the attention of sensible people, it is nevertheless true that there is something marvelous in the comparison of the details that people worthy of confidence have testified to me in regard to the long duration and the almost incredible preservation of his features. I have heard Rameau and an old relative of an ambassador of France at Venice assert that they had known M. de Saint-Germain there in 1710, but looking like a man of fifty years. In 1759 he appeared to be sixty years old, and then M. Morin, afterwards my secretary at the embassy, upon whose veracity I can rely, renewing at my house his acquaintance made in 1735 in a journey to Holland, was prodigiously astonished not to find him aged by a single year. All who have known him since until his death which happened in Schleswig in 1780, if I am not mistaken, and whom I have questioned as to the appearance of his age, have always replied that he seemed to be a well-preserved sexagenarian.

There, then, you have a man of fifty years old who has only aged ten years in seventy, and an item which appears to me to be the most extraordinary and the most remarkable in his history.

He possessed several chemical secrets, especially in regard to making colors, dyes, and a kind of imitation gold of rare beauty. Perhaps even it was he who composed those stones which I have mentioned and whose fineness cannot be called in question by any other test than the file. But I never heard him speak of a universal medicine.

He lived on a very strict diet, never drank while he ate, and purged himself with senna leaves which he made up himself; there you have all the advice he gave his friends who questioned him about the means that were necessary to live a long life. In general he never announced, like other charlatans, supernatural knowledge.

His philosophy was that of Lucretius; he spoke with a mysterious emphasis of the profundities of nature, and opened to the imagination a career, vague, obscure and immense as to the nature of science, its treasures, and the nobility of its origin.

He amused himself telling details of his childhood, and depicted himself then surrounded by a numerous suite, and promenading on magnificent terraces in a delicious climate, as if he had been the hereditary prince of the king of Granada

at the time of the Moors. What is very true is that no one, no police, have ever been able to discover who he was, nor even his nationality.

He spoke German and English very well, and French with a Piedmontese accent; but above all he spoke Spanish and Portugese without the least accent.

I have heard it said that among several German, Italian and Russian names under which he has appeared with brilliance in different countries, he also used that of the Marquis of Montferrat. I remember that the old Baron de Stosch told me that he had known at Florence during the reign of the Regent, a Marquis of Montferrat who passed for a natural son of the widow of Charles II who had retired to Bayonne, and of a Madrid banker.

M. de Saint-Germain used to frequent the house of M. de Choiseul, and was very well received there. We were very much astonished therefore at a violent attack the minister made on his wife on the subject of our hero.

He asked her bluntly why she did not drink? and she replied to him, that she was practising like myself the diet of M. de Saint-Germain with good success. M. de Choiseul told her, "As regards the Baron, in whom I have recognized a peculiar attraction towards adventurers, he is the master of his own dieting arrangements; but you, madame, whose health is precious to me, I forbid you to follow the crazes of so questionable a man."

In order to cut short the conversation, which was becoming a little embarrassing, the Bailly de Solar asked M. de Choiseul if it was really true that the government did not know the name of a man who lived in France upon such distinguished footing?

"Without doubt we know," replied M. de Choiseul (and this minister was not telling the truth); "he is the son of a Portuguese Jew, who deceives the credulity of the city and the Court. It is strange," added he, becoming more heated, "that they permit the King to be so often almost alone with such a man, whilst he only goes out surrounded by guards, as if there were assassins everywhere."

This outburst of anger came from his jealousy of the Marshal de Belle Isle, of whom Saint-Germain was the prompting genius, and to whom he had given the plan and the model of the famous flat-boats which were to serve for a descent upon England.

The consequences of this enmity and the suspicions of M. de Choiseul developed a few months afterwards. The Marshal constantly intrigued to make himself the sponsor of a private treaty with Prussia and to break the system of the alliance between Austria and France, upon which was founded the credit of the Duc de Choiseul. Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour desired this private peace. Saint-Germain persuaded them to send him to The Hague to the Duke of Brunswick, whose intimate friend he said he was, and promised to succeed through this channel in a negotiation of which his eloquence presented the advantages under their most seductive aspect.

The Marshal prepared the instructions, and the King gave them himself with a cipher to M. de Saint-Germain, who, after his arrival at The Hague, thought himself sufficiently authorized to act without the minister.

His indiscretion caused M. d'Affry, then Ambassador in Holland, to pene-

trate the secret of this mission, and by means of a courier he sent to M. de Choiseul, he made bitter complaints of his exposing an old friend of his father, and the dignity of the office of ambassador, to the indignity of having a peace negotiated under his own eyes by an obscure stranger without giving him any information on the matter.

M. de Choiseul immediately sent the courier back with orders to M. d'Affry to demand with all possible energy of the States-General that M. de Saint-Germain should be delivered to him, and that done, to send him, bound hand and foot, to the Bastille. The next day, M. de Choiseul produced in the council the despatch of M. d'Affry; then he read the reply he had made to it, and haughtily glancing round on his assembled colleagues and alternatively fixing his eye on the King and M. de Belle Isle, he added: "If I have not taken the time to receive the orders of the King, it is because I am persuaded that no one here would have been bold enough to desire to negotiate a peace without the knowledge of the minister of foreign affairs of your Majesty!" He knew that this prince had established and always supported the principle that the minister of one department ought not to interfere in the affairs of another.

The result was as he had foreseen: the King hung his head like a guilty person, the Marshal dared not say a word, and the action of M. de Choiseul was approved; but M. de Saint-Germain escaped him. The High Powers of the States-General, after having made much of their condescension, sent a large guard to arrest M. de Saint-Germain, who had been secretly warned and had taken flight to England.

I have good reason to think that he soon left that country to go to Petersburg. Then he appeared in Dresden, in Venice, and in Milan, negotiating with the governments of those countries to sell them secrets and dyes and to establish factories. He had then the appearance of a man who was seeking his fortune, and was arrested in a little town of Piedmont on account of a protested bill of exchange; but — he displayed negotiable securities of 100,000 crowns' value, paid on the spot, treated the governor of that town like a nigger, and was released with the most respectful excuses. In 1770 he left for Leghorn, with a Russian name, and wearing a general's uniform, and was treated by Count Alexis Orloff with a consideration that that proud and insolent man showed to no other, and which appeared to me to have much to do with a conversation his brother Prince Gregor had with the Margrave of Anspach.

Saint-Germain took up his quarters some years afterwards at the house of the Margrave, and having invited him to accompany him to see this famous favorite of Catherine II, who was passing through Nürnberg, the latter said in a low tone to the Margrave, speaking of Saint-Germain, whom he had received with a cordial welcome, "There is a man who played a great part in our revolution."

He was living at Triesdorf and he lived there as he liked, with an imperious insolence which fitted him to a marvel, treating the Margrave like a little boy. When the latter humbly asked him questions about his science, the reply was "You are too young to understand those things."

In order to obtain more respect in that little Court, he showed from time

to time letters he had received from Frederick the Great: "Do you know that handwriting and that seal?" he said to the Margrave, showing him the letter in its envelope. "Yes, that is the little seal of the King." "Well, you shall not know what is inside it!" and then he put the letter back in his pocket.

This prince asserts that the precious stones of M. de Saint-Germain were false, having found means to have one tested with a file by a jeweler who was brought to see the diamond while it was being taken to the Margrave to show him, as he was in bed, because Saint-Germain took great care not to let his stones go out of his sight.

Finally this extraordinary man died near Schleswig, at the house of Prince Charles of Hesse, whom he had entirely subjugated, and had drawn into speculations that had turned out badly. During the last year of his life he was attended only by women who looked after him and coddled him like another Solomon, and after having gradually lost his strength, he passed away in their arms.

All the efforts of his friends, the servants, and even his brothers to drag from this prince the secret of the origin of M. de Saint-Germain have been without avail; but having inherited all his papers and received the letters that arrived after his decease, the prince ought to be better informed on this point than we, who likely enough will never learn any more; and an obscurity so singular is worthy of the man himself.

JEWISH ARTS AND CRAFTS IN JERUSALEM: by C.

AN exhibition of art handiwork recently held in New York City has attracted public attention to a remarkable effort being successfully made in Jerusalem to equip poor and discouraged Jews to earn a good living and to elevate their ideals by making useful and beautiful articles, such as carpets, pottery, furniture, and metal-work. Professor Boris Schatz is the good genius whose imagination and ability have already lifted hundreds of his race from misery and poverty to happiness and content and to a realization of powers hidden within themselves. In 1903 he opened the "Betsalel" School of Handicrafts in a single small room in a back street in Jerusalem, and, after seven years of labor, the school is housed magnificently in one of the largest buildings in the city. Last year the value of the artistic products was $75,000. Betsalel trains the workers and then provides remunerative and dignified employment for them. Professor Schatz says: "The new generation of Jewish artists has brought modern technic to the aid of the ancient Jewish spirit; it has introduced a new note into the artistic world, and opened up a new epoch in Jewish history. All this has been accomplished by the school

founded in Palestine, in which work and amity are united. Among the workmen there are a number of great artists. Our workman in Palestine has become an ideal for his comrade in civilized Europe. He knows nothing of barrack-like dwellings, without light or air, in which the European workmen with their families pine away. He has his bright cottage in a green garden, and he secures employment in the co-operative society to which he belongs." The social life of the workers is well organized and includes music, drama, and sports.

THE WEST AFRICANS: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

HAT the learned and cultured of twentieth century Western civilization should turn with attention to West African savages, for the purpose of receiving from them information and instruction in the mysteries of religion and cosmogony, the origin of cults, the conscious powers of nature, and the fundamental principles of morality — not to mention other things — is surely a remarkable change of attitude since a time so recent as that of our fathers. Yet that the above statement is not exaggerated is shown by a recent article in the *Edinburgh Review,* on "Some Aspects of West African Religions," by P. Amaury Talbot.

This article proves that people can learn just as much as they want to learn, that they will find what they look for, and that there are none so deaf as those who will not hear. It proves that the West African native can be to us anything from a mere ignorant barbarian to a mine of traditional wisdom and lore, according to whether we look at him through the big end of a smoked telescope or with the naked eye. It proves, too, that even in stating a simple fact, a totally wrong impression may be conveyed by the words used, and the right impression given by simply altering the phraseology. For instance, we are familiar with the disparaging way in which it is said that "natives" everywhere "imagine everything in nature to be the home of a spirit or a god" — poor superstitious childish people; but this is how Mr. Talbot expresses the same fact:

> To such men the commonplace does not exist. Each object is tinged with wonder and mystery; while forces, beneficent or malignant, are to be felt on every hand. Everything, from the smallest stone or humblest plant to the mightiest rock, river or tree, has an indwelling soul or "Mana," which is capable of projecting itself in a multitude of ways in order to influence the lives of those with whom it comes in contact.

This phraseology seems to indicate that it is the "commonplace" which is superstitious, and that the natural view of nature is the correct one. And of course it is inevitable that we shall gradually arrive at the view that all nature is animate and moved by intelligent powers; for the only alternative to this view is to create phantoms, such as chance, necessity, and automatism. A tree or a rock can be used as so much brute material; but so can a human body; only it is not very intelligent to do so. It is better to enter into closer communion with nature when possible. But even the writer's expression that every natural object "*has* an indwelling soul," is not adequate, because it makes of the tree and its soul two separate things, thus favoring the materialistic doctrine that a body is a reality and that the soul is merely something which is inserted in it. It would be better to say that the tree *is* a soul, and that the wood, bark, etc., are but particular manifestations of this soul, or particular modes by which we perceive it. The doctrine of an animate nature has been dubbed "animism," in accordance with a familiar policy of killing things by labeling them; so anyone who objects to the doctrine can console himself by saying that it is of no consequence, as it is merely a case of "animism."

The writer classes the study of "aboriginal" tribes as one of the two main branches of archaeology, and is inclined to regard it as the more important — the other branch being the exploration of antiquities. It sounds curious that we should study "primitive" races in order to explore the past; it would have seemed more reasonable to study ancient races for that purpose. It is, in fact, tantamount to acknowledging that these "primitive" races *are* ancient races, with the great bulk of their experience behind them and not before. Do such races represent one of the early stages of human evolution, through which we have passed? Is it that these particular races have not yet passed beyond that early stage, but will do so later on? Or have they for some reason stuck fast and failed to evolve at all? The obvious fact is that most of the "aboriginal" races are old races, which have been on a descending arc of their racial evolution. By studying them, we can actually learn a great deal about the past history of civilization, for they preserve memories of their own civilization. Western Africa is mentioned by Mr. Talbot as perhaps the richest field for such study:

> In this part of the world peoples of varying degrees of culture may yet be met, ascending and descending the ladder of civilization.

What could be more evident than that evolution includes both rises and falls, and that it is far more complex than some of the crude elementary schemes suggested by experimenters in this study? Africa has well been described as the home of a most numerous and variegated assortment of human races, differing from one another widely and in every possible way. There are gigantic tribes where the men reach seven feet and over, and there are pigmies. Almost every shade of color is met, and the habits and temperaments are as divergent as the physiognomies. How can inadequate and conventional theories in anthropology deal with such a vast and complicated problem as this? Once accept the real explanation, however, and the facts fit in harmoniously. Africa has, for countless ages, been the retreat of a huge number of different peoples, who settled there in very remote ages, and became isolated from the rest of the world and partly from each other, so that each people had plenty of time to develop its own peculiar traits, and thus the divergence of types became still more accentuated. There are in Africa the remnants of a *whole humanity* of races, as multiform as the races which are comprised in our present-day humanity. The Dark Continent is like a past volume of human history. To quote from *The Secret Doctrine:*

> Nowhere does a more extraordinary variability of types exist, from black to almost white, from gigantic men to dwarfish races; and this only because of their forced isolation. The Africans have never left their continent for several hundred thousands of years. (II, 425)

With regard to the question of monotheism and polytheism, the writer says that belief in a supreme god, either with a feminine counterpart, or uniting in himself both male and female attributes, would seem once to have been practically universal, though now in many cases almost forgotten. Such deities were not regarded as having much to do with human affairs. The principle deities of the Ekoi are the Earth-God (anciently regarded as a goddess) and the Sky-God; which, with a change of sex, correspond to the Egyptian Heaven-Goddess *Nūt* and Earth-God *Seb*. But there is no reason to force analogies with the Egyptians, for such deities are simply universal. As to the variations in gender, this also is frequent, and is explained by the fact that a principle may be masculine in some of its relationships and feminine in others; for which characteristic of change it is easy to find analogies in mathematics, chemistry, and elsewhere. In the case of the Sun and Moon, it is well known that the genders vary,

even linguistically. When we find these native tribes using the same cosmic symbology as the ancient Egyptians, the ancient Aryan Hindûs, the numerous native tribes of the Americas, etc., etc., we are left to choose between the hypotheses that this identity indicates a common source (not necessarily ethnic, for the source might be a common *knowledge* accessible to initiates in any race), or that "humanity, owing to the uniformity of its mind, always constructs exactly the same myths everywhere." The latter hypothesis is but an excuse, and a very lame one, for avoiding the plain issue. The universality of the Wisdom-Religion is clearly indicated by these coincidences; and the survival of the symbols points back to the time of the earliest sub-races of the present Root-Race, or even to Atlantean days, when the Wisdom-Religion was universally diffused.

By way of commentary on the fact that sympathetic inquirers can find out more than those who hold themselves aloof, the following may be quoted:

> For months after the present writer had begun to study the religion of the Nigerian Ibibios, he was informed by all classes, and on every hand, that Obumo was the head of their pantheon. Later, however, accident brought to light the fact that behind and above this deity looms the dread figure of Eka Abassi (Mother of God), at once mother and spouse of Obumo, the Great First Cause and Creatrix of all, from the Thunder-God himself to the least of living things. To quote the Ibibio expression, spoken with hushed reverence, as was every mention of her: "She is not as the others. She it is who dwells alone, on the other side of the wall."

Thus this World-Mother was like Isis of the Egyptians and Ilmatar of the Finnish Kalevala. Like Isis, she is connected with the Moon. The writer mentions the supreme Maori deity, Io, whose name was deemed so sacred that it was never uttered, and who was alluded to as "The Beyond" or "The High One." It is evident that in speaking of the Supreme, the attribute of sex is out of question; and whether we speak of the All-Father or the All-Mother, it is only a matter of the particular phase of divine power of which we happen at the time to be thinking. But the memory of Eka Abassi has nearly passed away and her fame has been eclipsed by that of her son.

The All-Mother dwells in everything, but manifests herself most nearly of all in sacred waters, or under the guise of unhewn stones in the vicinity of sacred grove or pool. The writer quotes from an article on "A Common Basis of Religion," in the *Journal of the*

African Society (April, 1913), by R. E. Dennet, who gives a list of the objects found by him in the sacred groves he has examined. These include mats, pots of water, seeds, shells, snake skins, parts of animals, sacred stones, a python set to guard the waters, a leopard to guard the land, and a fish eagle to guard the air. These objects, says the writer, are all parts of a complicated symbolism. Nor is the symbolism fanciful and superstitious; it agrees with the symbolism of other peoples, both great and small; it is a "masonic" symbolism, a symbolism pertaining to the Mysteries. It has been inherited from a past; and while now there is superstition mingled with it, this was not originally the case. And even now these people whom we call "savages" understand far more about it than we think; for the mere absence of our particular kind of civilization does not imply ignorance in everything. In fact, these people have probably cultivated one side of their nature to a higher degree than we have; and they are likely to be far more perceptive of the finer forces of nature than we are.

Obumo, the Thunderer, spouse and son of Eka Abassi, is too remote to be much concerned with the affairs of men; and he leaves these in the hands of lesser deities. Here we come upon the question of the relation between monotheism and polytheism; they are not alternative or mutually exclusive theories, but complementary to each other. Our own monotheism is not found adequate, and so we have other gods, the chief of which is that which we somewhat vaguely call "Nature" and designate by the feminine pronoun. Such conceptions as "chance," "natural selection," "natural law" and the like, also take the place of minor gods with us; but we are less philosophical than the "heathen," for we make them abstractions while at the same time assigning to them deific powers, whereas the heathen frankly recognize their minor gods as conscious powers.

Water, earth, and stone are the three great Mothers; how far more excellent a conception than that which regards them as inert forms of matter! Some minds may call this superstition or idolatry, and it is to be feared that such minds can only be left alone to dree their own weird. Why not call it poetry? But that again is a name that has been traduced, so that with many it is only a synonym for superstition. Still, in idle moments at least, we might pleasurably and profitably indulge the fancy of living in a world where the earth was our Mother, the stones our Mother, and the soothing waters our Mother. Such a consolation, at any rate, may be necessary for poor

savages, who have neither sweating-dens to work in nor automobiles to speed them away from such unpleasant sights.

Naturally, among a people which has degenerated to a primitive mode of life, the lower aspects of their religion claim most attention; and in those minor nature-spirits which may mostly be classed under the name of Juju we find their principal interest. The cult of Juju, together with ancestor-worship, is the dominant influence in their lives; and this is connected with a number of secret societies that exist all along the coast. In all but one of these societies membership is confined to men; but the writer mentions the following important fact:

> A fortunate accident brought to my knowledge the fact — hitherto, I believe, carefully kept from European ears — that nearly all were once exclusively feminine institutions, as are the Bundu and the great Ekoi cult of Nimm at the present day.

The men, it seems, grew weary of the dominance of the women, elicited the secrets, slew the leaders, and henceforth closed the societies to women. How did such a revolt arise, and why was it successful, are questions that might be asked.

Of the Society of Egbo there are seven grades. Under native rule it usurped practically all the functions of government and made trade almost impossible for non-members. It is difficult to discover more than the merest fragments of the secrets of Egbo, as any known informant would meet with speedy death. Some of the powers of nature are known to and used by initiates in a way unknown to their white rulers. The totem of this cult is the leopard.

Considerable detail is used by the author in describing the ceremonies of these cults; but we must pass these over. With regard to the "soul" — a word which in the language of western civilization, stands for anything and everything except the physical body — we are told that — "West Africans in general believe in a minimum of three souls inhabiting the physical body — (1) The astral, which roughly resembles the Egyptian Ka, and is called Kra on the Gold Coast; (2) the shadow soul, corresponding to the Egyptian Ba; and (3) the one which most nearly approaches our idea of the true Ego, and corresponds to the Egyptian Khu. Of these the last named is the only immortal one."

But what *is* "our idea of the true Ego"? And also what does

"astral" mean? However, the Egyptian names furnish us with landmarks; so, turning to the enumeration of them, we find the following:

1. Kha, body.
2. Ba, the soul of breath.
3. Khaba, the shade.
4. Akhu, intelligence or perception.
5. Seb, ancestral soul.
6. Putah, the first intellectual father.
7. Atmu, a divine or eternal soul.

These are quoted in *The Secret Doctrine,* where their respective correspondences to the seven principles of man recognized in Theosophy are given. From this we find that Ba is the breath of life and corresponds to Prâna. Kha is body, so that Khaba is the breath-body and answers to the Linga-Śarîra. This last is called in *The Secret Doctrine* "astral body," but this phrase has been so misused by quasi-theosophists and others that it is now misleading. It is evidently the one which the author calls Ka. His Khu is evidently the one called Akhu in the list — intelligence or perception, answering to the Theosophical Manas. But the fact that it is immortal shows it to be the higher Manas and not the lower. Thus we have among these natives the life-breath, the fluidic body (linga-śarîra), and the incarnating Ego. But the writer says that *at least* three souls were recognized; so probably they recognize the other principles as well, though this knowledge may be part of their mysteries.

In connexion with this recognition of the Ka, we find sepulchral customs reminding us of those of Egypt and also of those observed by many other peoples. It is evidently recognized that the death of the body does not complete the dissolution of the earthly man but has to be followed by a second death. The lower principles of man hold together for a while after release from the physical body; and the period of their survival is apt to be unduly protracted in the case of those bound to earth by desires or anxiety. Hence the universal custom of observing rites designed to "lay" the shade; the placing of food and implements in the grave, with a view to preventing it from returning and harassing the living. This, of course, has nothing to do with the immortal Soul of the deceased, unless indeed the very ignorant should be unable to distinguish between the Soul and the shade.

We may conclude this notice with the following quotation:

Love of children and reverence for the aged are almost universal. Among the Ekoi all quarreling is forbidden in a house where there are little ones, on the plea that the latter love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices; and should these not be found in the family into which they have reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth till a chance offers to return amid less quarrelsome surroundings. Almost everywhere the "maxim of Ani" is obeyed as strictly today as once in Egypt: "Sit not down when another is standing up, if he be older than thee, even if thy rank in life be higher than his."

Evidently love and tenderness to children is not confounded by these people with weakness. Children would much rather be kept in their rightful position with regard to their elders, than allowed to assert themselves unduly, as is so much done in this country. And though the lower nature may rebel against just reproof, nevertheless the parent who is dutiful enough to administer it wins the respect of his child. A subversion of the natural order means a loss of respect all around. It is noteworthy, too, that Reincarnation is accepted by these people, and the author says the belief is common with most West African peoples.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER I

DOING AS OTHERS DO

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." — *Shakespeare*

"BUT, my dear Hylma, I cannot understand why you should be so dissatisfied. After struggling all these years I have at last reached a position which warrants marrying at any time we choose. Why, I thought you were as much pleased at my success as I have been myself."

"I have been, Edgar," replied the girl. "It is not a question of success; but of how that success has been won. That has forced me to think."

"Now listen to me, Hylma. You are a woman and you cannot possibly look at things from a man's standpoint. Now wait; hear me through; yes, I know you have been four years in college — a girl's college, mind you — and you have studied political economy,

social science, and heaven only knows what not besides. Well, that's only book learning, which must always be on the surface, and is all that women ever know. Men, who are mixing in the fight, see the inside and the underside of the real thing. That's how I know."

"Well, Edgar, women are getting to the inside too; and there is good reason why they should. Women are expected to be patriotic and love their country and race. Why should they not know and try to remedy the many wrongs and evils?"

"Pardon me, my dear, but there is every reason why they should not. It is man's province and the woman should not intrude. I know all about the woman's movement and all that, I also know what they are running into, but they do not; at least the majority of them do not."

"That is your opinion, as it is of many other men. Yet women are rapidly awaking to the fact that they are human souls and have duties and responsibilities as well as men."

"No one has ever denied that; but they are quite different from those of men."

"Of course in many ways they are. But it is the duty of a woman as well as of a man to devote her best efforts to the progress and welfare of the human race."

"Well, Hylma, women have always been free to work in all charitable and philanthropic enterprises."

"Yes, they have been permitted to try to heal or slightly mitigate the wrongs and evils for which the laws and political machines are responsible. They have created, fostered and maintained them."

"Oh that's what women say because they don't understand things at all. Women are bright and beautiful and all that's lovely; but they are not practical."

"Some of them are not," said Hylma quietly. "It seems the majority of men are not either, else they would soon find a way out of some of the evils that are spreading every day, and, like a canker sore, eating out the life of our country."

"My dear girl, it is much easier to talk of these things than to do them. Every man has his own way to make and it keeps him busy to look after his own interests. One man can't do much any way; the long-established laws and customs, social and political power, are too strong to be overlooked or opposed by any one who has any wish to succeed in his life and profession. It is best to leave things

as we find them and use them for our own advantage. That's what we have all got to do if we expect to get on."

"Well it's not what I should do," said the girl with calm decision.

"Then you would be a failure," replied the man.

"I should rather be a failure than an upholder of wrong and injustice."

"And you think that is what I am, I suppose."

"I think you have won cases on the wrong side, haven't you, Edgar?"

"An attorney has his professional honor to maintain. No matter what his private opinion is of his client he is bound to win his case for him if he can."

"Even when he knows it is unjust?"

"Well, he doesn't have to look at it in that way; he simply does the work he is paid to do."

"But he can refuse to take a case he knows is unjust and which he has to try to make others believe is exactly what it is not."

"Then he would soon be out of business altogether. No, a successful lawyer has to take the cases that pay best."

"That was why you were so eager to become the legal adviser of this company?"

"Of course; there is money in it and not only that, it is a sure means to political preferment."

"But you have to win their cases, right or wrong?"

"It is my business to protect their interests."

"No matter who is wronged, or who suffers?"

"Hylma, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Edgar. I was just thinking of that poor widow whose only son was killed. After months of weary waiting she was not given enough to pay the doctor's bills and funeral expenses. She is now ill in the city hospital, destitute, friendless and homeless. A few thousands would have made her comfortable for life; though millions could not have compensated for the loss of her son."

"How did you hear of all this?"

"From a good many people; and they all agree that it was cruelly unjust."

"Well I never knew the party who lost a case think it was just and right."

Hylma Desmond turned away and looked out of the window.

She and Edgar Swann had been playmates in childhood and it had been understood for several years that they would marry as soon as he was well established in his profession. She was the daughter of a physician whose income sufficed to maintain his family in good style with little left over. He had always cared more for study and scientific research than for the amassing of a fortune and his kindly nature caused him to treat numerous patients from whom he could expect only small fees or none at all.

Though Hylma was his favorite child she was more or less a stranger to him now, as since she was seventeen she had been away from home with only occasional visits. Four years had been spent in college and her old and invalid grandmother claimed most of her vacations. After graduation she had remained with her a year at the end of which period her death occurred. Then an aunt had claimed her companionship for a year's travel in Europe, from which she had only recently returned.

During all this time a correspondence had been regularly maintained between herself and Edgar, and he had paid her brief visits whenever possible. Giving him her love and trust and feeling certain of his devotion she had looked forward to their future union with perfect, though calm and quiet, content. That there could ever be any difference of feeling or opinion between them had never occurred to her. But since her return it had been slowly and painfully dawning upon her mind that they really knew little of each other; and that their ideals and moral standards were in many cases almost diametrically opposed.

Feeling all this now, rather than clearly thinking it, a sudden sense of dreary pain was pressing upon her heart as she stood at the window without seeing that upon which she gazed.

After a rather long silence Edgar Swann spoke:

"Come, Hylma, let us drop these things on which we do not agree. You could never understand a corporation, and there is no reason why you should. You must leave that to me; it is my business."

"But you are District Attorney also, Edgar."

"Well, that ought to please you, little girl."

"Why did you want the office?"

"Why; why, because it is an upward step."

"And you have to prosecute all criminals?"

"Of course; that is what a District Attorney is for."

"And you have to use every effort to secure a conviction whether the accused is innocent or guilty?"

"Now you come back to the same old question. That is always the way a woman argues; and why she can never be convinced. No matter how clearly anything is explained to her she just travels round in a circle and comes back to the starting-place again. Isn't that true?"

"I am open to conviction, Edgar, but I cannot be convinced against justice and humanity. Do you believe Jimmy Hewit is really guilty of murder?"

"It makes no difference what I believe. The judge and jury believed he was. There were half a dozen witnesses to prove it and none for him."

"Edgar, there were many witnesses against Jesus, and not one for him. It is said these men are of the very worst type, whom in ordinary matters few or none would trust. Why should they be believed in this matter — a case of life or death?"

"Well, my dear girl, the jury did believe them."

"But the papers say that it was only your eloquence and skill in presenting the case that made them believe it."

"Well, Hylma, when a lawyer gets the reputation of always winning, he must keep it up if he wishes to reach the highest round in his profession."

"But, Edgar, think of the sacrifice of a human life; think of his poor old mother, and that young girl he was to marry. They had grown up together as we have. And he is so young — not twenty."

"Well, Hylma, I admit it is a hard case. I was sorry for him — for all of them. But the law must be upheld. I only did what any other would do."

"Can't anything be done yet?"

"Well, there's a petition circulating — I'll sign it; and I'll speak to the Governor if I can."

At this point Dr. Desmond entered the room and Edgar Swann took his departure.

A few days after, while Hylma was assisting him in his office, she paused suddenly and said:

"Dad, I don't think I shall ever marry Edgar."

"My dear," replied the Doctor, "I never supposed you would."

CHAPTER II

The Cell of the Condemned

Jimmy Hewit sat on the narrow cot with his mother and Anne, one on each side. The nerves of the boy were evidently strung to the highest tension. The light brown curls were tossed back from his pale face and his blue eyes were unnaturally wide and brilliant. With a strained look he gazed at the stone walls, iron door, and the heavy bars over the small window.

"Mother," he cried, moving restlessly, clasping and unclasping his hands; "Mother, I didn't kill nobody — leastways I didn't mean to an' didn't know it if I did. I hadn't a pistol anyhow, you know I hadn't; an' what right had anybody shovin' one on me when I didn't want it, an' didn't even know how to shoot?"

The mother, a tall, spare woman from the mountain region, sat upright and rigid, staring with tearless, stony eyes at the wall before her. The slender form of the young girl shook with the sobs she was striving to repress. Jimmy rambled on;

"You know, mother, I'd never do sich a thing; an' I told the jedge so, an' all of 'em but they paid no attention to any word I said. An' all these fellers, that done it theirselves, come an' swore to lies agin' me. They said I *could* shoot a pistol, an' that I bragged about it an' said 'at I *never* missed the mark. An' you know they lied, mother, they shore did — every one of 'em. Some of 'em shot Pete — an' they all wanted to git out of it — an' so they put it on me. That's what they done, mother — said *I* killed Pete; an' I didn't — nor wouldn't a done it. You b'lieve me, mother, stid o' them, don't you?"

"Yes, Jimmy," said Mrs. Hewit clinching her hands more tightly under her coarse shawl and still staring blindly at the wall. "Yes, son, mother knows you never done it."

"Why 'ent you come sooner, mother, an' tell 'em so? They wasn't any one to speak up for me."

"I didn't know, Jimmy boy, I didn't know. An' 'twouldn't a done no good anyway. They wouldn't b'lieve me any more'n you; an' now — O Jimmy!" — her voice failed and suddenly bending forward she buried her face in her hands.

"An' now, mother," continued Jimmy feverishly, "they are goin' to hang me — hang me, mother. How can they hang me when I didn't do it? An' I told 'em an' told 'em I never done it. Anne,"

turning suddenly to the girl, "you know I never done it, don't you, honey?"

"O Jimmy," sobbed the girl, leaning her tear-stained face against his shoulder; "course I know you never done it. You *couldn't* a done sich a thing."

A low moan from his mother caused him to turn his pallid face toward her with the frightened eyes of a child.

"Mother!" he whispered hoarsely, "I never thought they'd do it; but they say now they shore will. An' I'm *feared,* mother! I'm *feared to be hung.* You know I wasn't no coward, mother, never was scairt like some to be out in the woods dark nights — nor of seein' hants round the graveyard. But, mother, I'm scairt now; I'm feard o' this hangin' — I'm — I'm," and his voice died away in a half-sob.

Mrs. Hewit rose and stood with clasped hands before him. Her eyes felt hot as if scarred by a passing flame; her throat was parched and her dry lips could scarcely frame the words; but she said slowly:

"What *can* be done, Jimmy? You know I'd go down into hell to save you. I'd take your place in a minit if I could. But what *can* I do?"

"They say the Gov'nor can pardon people if he wants to," said the boy slowly.

"Yes, Jimmy, I hearn that too; but they say he never did pardon nobody — jist won't do it."

"But if he knew Jimmy didn't do it," cried Anne eagerly.

"Yes, you tell him so," added Jimmy.

"I'll tell him so if I can see him; but they say these high-up folks are mighty hard to get at. But I'll try — I'll try, Jimmy. An' God help my boy," she added in a whisper as she turned away.

"You'll see him, mother; I know you will," cried Jimmy, the gleam of hope lighting up his boyish face.

"Yes, auntie," said Anne, "I feel that way too. He will shore do right by Jimmy. An' Jimmy, when you're free you go right home with us."

"You bet I will; an' I'll stay there too. I had a dream only t'other night about us bein' in the woods among the big pines an' hemlocks, where there's lots o' room atween the trees an' the ground is all covered soft with the brown needles. It was jist like bein' there, it was all so plain. We looked out through the openin's that run

way off like straight roads made by somebody a' purpose to make it look so pretty; an' the sun come through in spots an' made the dry pine needles shine like gold. An' we could see little bits o' sky just as blue; an' everything was so still — no noise at all, only a kind o' solemn, whispery sound among the tops o' the highest trees. Then we walked on to the big rock where the cold spring runs out over the white sand. While we was considerin' where to put our house when we're married it jist turned dark all of a sudden an' the rain come pourin' down. Then I waked here. Anne, what'll you an' mother do if I never go back?"

"O Jimmy, don't!" cried the girl, the tears again running down her cheeks. "You got to come back. We jist can't live without you."

"Mother," said Jimmy, "you'll go first off in the mornin' to see the Gov'nor, won't you?"

"Shore, son, shore," replied Mrs. Hewit. "You know, honey, mother'll do anything on earth that she can do for her boy."

"I know, mother, I know; an' you'll come back to me jist as soon as you can, won't you?"

"Yes, son, yes Jimmy boy," the mother replied, and then the women who loved the boy reluctantly left the cell.

The turnkey looked after them pityingly as they crept, shrinking and despairing, down the long corridor where grim stone walls and iron doors seemed to mock their grief and forbid all feeling of hope.

Once outside they were met by Dave Warnock, the kind neighbor who had brought them down to the city. In silence they all returned to the little room he had procured for them in a humble quarter.

Dave went out and returned with food, of which Anne with difficulty persuaded Mrs. Hewit to partake. In silence she and Dave ate their supper and then he left them with the promise of returning early in the morning.

Quietly the girl tidied the room and made preparations for the night. With the hopefulness of youth and inexperience she believed that the Governor must yield to their asseverations of Jimmy's innocence. But with the mother it was different. She was glad that the hope, even though groundless, would make the night more endurable for Jimmy. And in truth the boy was even then slumbering peacefully in the death cell, borne up on dreams of happiness and home.

After a night of sleepless anguish Mrs. Hewit insisted on going

forth on her errand long before it would be possible to see any public official. For a time the strange-looking trio wandered aimlessly about the streets, too wretched and distraught to observe the unaccustomed sights around them and being constantly shouldered and jostled by the throng intent only on its own affairs.

At length they entered a small park which commanded a view of the Capitol building, and finding a seat screened by trees and shrubs, they rested there for a time. But the mother could not remain long quiet; goaded by her terror and anxiety she soon rose and began walking around again, Anne and Dave walking silently on either side. Presently Mrs. Hewit accosted a passer-by and asked when the Governor could be seen.

"Why," said the man, looking dubiously from face to face; "I suppose he is in his office now; I just saw him going up the steps. But you do not expect to see him, do you?" he added.

"I must," said the woman. "How'll I find him?"

"Go up the steps on this side into the hall and anybody in the building will tell you where to go."

Without a word the strange party hurried on, and their informant stood for a moment looking after them. Then shaking his head he murmured: "And they expect to see Milton and get something out of him. They might as well try to walk through a stone wall."

When they had gained the inside of the great building the simple backwoods people were awed and confused by the great length of the halls and what appeared to them immense spaces all about them. Everyone seemed in a hurry, and crowds were hastening to and fro in every direction. It seemed almost impossible to stop any one long enough to ask a question. Several answered Dave curtly: "I don't know." One said briefly: "Upstairs, 36, north corridor."

He might as well have said at the north pole. However they found their way upstairs, bewildered, miserable, in everybody's way apparently, as it seemed to them; they were shoved and jostled by every person in the place until at last a kindly old man leaning on a cane limped before them to the door of the outer office.

"He's in there back of this first room; but I reckon you'll find it hard to get at him. Anyway just go in here and wait for a chance. Ask, and don't let 'em bluff you off; if your business is important stay till you tire 'em all out."

They followed the old man's advice, meeting one rebuff after

another, waiting, waiting, hour after hour in heart-breaking suspense, only to be informed at last that the Governor had gone out to lunch and would not return until three o'clock.

By this time the party had attracted much attention and had also awakened considerable sympathy, as the nature of their errand had been whispered from one to another. A clerk had brought chairs and placed a pitcher of water near them. Dave would have been a noticeable figure anywhere with his stalwart strength and open candid face. The beauty of the girl was undeniable, though now dimmed by weariness and sorrow.

There was something to command respect in the erect bearing of the old woman, in her clear-cut aquiline features and expression of sternly repressed suffering.

"We'll come back," she said rising and groping her way toward the door. Dave was quickly at her side and taking her arm led her out into the street.

"My God!" she whispered suddenly, stopping and facing him, "My God, Dave! what'll we do?"

"We'll go and get something to eat," he responded; "You want a cup of good strong coffee to keep you up, an' so does Anne. Then we'll go back agin — we jist got to keep on tryin'."

Nothing but Mrs. Hewit's determination to keep up her strength for Jimmy's sake could have induced her to swallow food and drink. After they had eaten they went back and sat awhile in the little park. Here in the autumn sunshine and lulled by the soft plashing of a fountain the weary woman dozed for a few minutes leaning on Dave's broad shoulder. But suddenly she started up in a frenzy of alarm lest they should be too late to see the man on whose will hung the last and only chance of saving the life of her son. So back they went and the weary waiting began again. It lasted until the dusk was falling and the building was growing silent and lonely and one of the two remaining clerks told Mrs. Hewit that the Governor had departed by another entrance and would return no more that day.

"An' he knew I was waitin' all this time an' bein' kep' away from Jimmy, an' this his last day?" said the old woman, searching his face with burning eyes.

"Yes," replied the young man gently, "he knew."

"Where does he live?" asked Dave suddenly; "could we go to his house tonight?"

"Why, I don't know," began the clerk hesitatingly.

"Yes, let them go," interrupted the other.

"But they'd never find the place."

"Yes they will; I'll write it down for them." He wrote the address and handed the card to Dave. He took it and the three silently departed.

"What's the good of that?" asked the other. "If they find the place they'll not get in; or if they do he'll not see them."

"No, I don't suppose he will; but anyway it will give'm something to do, and they will feel better to be sure they didn't miss any chance."

"Well, that's a poor chance; but perhaps you're right."

"It's really no chance at all. The old man wouldn't turn over his hand to save that poor fellow's life. God! but it's hard to be hung. And he's only a boy — not twenty yet."

"Well, I don't believe in hanging. The most dangerous people can be safely shut away and that's enough. Now this isn't real murder at all. If this chap did kill the man it was an unpremeditated act, and he didn't even know he'd done it. He ought not to be punished with death for it."

"But they'd say he should not have been drunk."

"Well, who was the most to blame for that? The law that allows whiskey-selling and profits by it; or the raw, ignorant backwoods boy who knew no better than to be taken in by that crowd of roughs? I say the law ought to protect such people instead of being accessory to the crime of misleading them, and then hanging them for it."

"You're right, Bob; I'm with you there. And it's not at all sure that this fellow did the shooting."

"I don't believe he did. I believe he told the truth about it. I saw him at the trial and he's got the face and bearing of a simple, honest boy. And look at that mother!"

"That gang down there is a bad lot, too. They'd swear to anything. I'd take the boy's word against a hundred of them."

"Hanging is a punishment that belongs to savages and the dark ages anyway. I'm sorry for that poor chap."

"I'm sorry for that poor old mother, and the girl he was going to marry."

(To be continued)