

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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NOTHING in this world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.—*Shelley*

THEOSOPHY, MYSTICISM, AND REACTIONISM:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



“THE Maze of Modern Mysticism” is the title of an article by O. W. Kinne in the *San Diego Union*, and it would seem to be inspired by a fear that the people are getting off the beaten tracks. They are “dissatisfied with the old, established, scriptural order of things,” he says, and they are “trying to assimilate something additional, something more plastic and pleasing; something that can be more easily adjusted to time and place and circumstance.” But this seems to us quite a reasonable attitude on the part of these people; and we would like to know just what is the “old scriptural order of things” and what is the matter with it, if (as he says) it fails to satisfy the needs of the people. Perhaps it is not sufficiently plastic and adapted to circumstances. If so, the people may well be seeking for something more adaptable to the life which they are called on to lead. But we feel sure that the writer has misused the word “scriptural.”

Then he goes on to speak of “mysticism,” under which head he includes both Theosophy and its imitations, while he mixes up mysticism itself with every kind of charlatanism that trades under that abused name; thus showing his incapacity to deal with the subject on which he is writing. This, too, when he more than once makes a particular point of the need for logic!

Now we are quite at one with him, as our intelligent readers must well know, in decrying psychism, blind fortune-telling, sham theosophy, and other such foolishness; but we cannot consent to a depre-

ciation of the whole subject of spiritual powers in man and their corresponding subtle forces in nature. Nor can we allow that, because there are many people who run after fads and delusions, therefore there are no subtle forces in nature and no higher powers in man. The writer says: "One would think that spiritual realms and kindred worlds were waiting just beyond our reach, ready to be recognized and appropriated the moment we come in contact with one who has become illuminated with universal truth. Is there any foundation in fact for all these claims — for all these assumptions of superior insight into the hidden recesses of nature? Is there any substantial basis for all these supposed powers, properties, and influences? Is there a spiritual domain into which certain adepts, masters, and mediums may roam at will? Is there a spiritual side to the universe — an impalpable part to all known existence?"

These rhetorical questions, which are intended to suggest the answer, "No," outline what is generally understood to be the position of materialism and scepticism and what is miscalled rationalism. How then does this philosophy come to be associated with "the old, established, scriptural order of things"? the intelligent reader will be tempted to ask. Does that old order deny the existence of a spiritual side to the universe and an "impalpable" part of all known existence? Does the old established "scriptural" order deny the existence of higher powers in man? We too can ask rhetorical questions and leave them to be answered by our readers according to their notions of what "scripture" does teach.

Is it not the fact that people feel and know that they have higher powers, and that they are seeking for knowledge concerning them? If the old established order does not provide them with this knowledge, but, instead, leaves them to run after psychics and quacks, there must be something the matter with the old established order. Evidently the only right thing to do for the people is to give them something that will steer them clear both of the "old established order" and of the psychic quacks; since neither of these two latter alternatives seems to satisfy them. And this is just what Theosophy does.

If our writer had been content to break a lance with the psychic quacks and wonder-mongers and pseudo-theosophists, he would have done some good; but he has quite ruined his own case by running a tilt at all things spiritual and mystical in general. He is the kind of man who would keep us in leading-strings and feed us on pap all

our lives for fear we might get our feet wet or eat something unwholesome. But what we need is to learn to walk and choose our food.

Then he says that, if there really were any of these higher and subtler realms in nature, science would have discovered them. "But science recognizes none of them." This is not our idea of science, for which we have too much respect. All scientific men worthy of the name admit that their studies are purposely confined to the outer world and that they do not presume to argue about what may lie beyond. That is not their domain, they say. Any scientific man who goes beyond this and presumes authoritatively to deny the existence of things about which he himself professes to know nothing, is not a true scientist but a bigot; and bigots are to be found in every walk of life. Thus it will be seen that we make a sharp distinction between real Science and pseudo-science; and such a distinction is necessary if we are to argue logically, as the writer bids us do.

At this point the reader will perhaps find himself somewhat in doubt as to the writer's precise attitude — whether he is arguing as a religious man or as a scientific man; also whether science (as he understands it) belongs to the "old established order of things"—"the old, established, *scriptural* order of things"—or not. There seems a sort of league to keep people back in this old established order of the writer's, and he is ready to cite religion or science indifferently in support of his case.

After this, the writer's views on things spiritual and mystical might not seem worth quoting except by way of enforcing the contrast. But here is one of the things he says: "Spiritual affairs are so far beyond our conception and mystic matters so foreign to our comprehension that the normal mind will be unable to frame a system with them from which to draw sane conclusions."

Now the writer has spoken of this old order as being "scriptural." But what about Paul and his epistles? Was Paul, or was he not, a mystic? To the best of our recollection, in those epistles, he analyses the nature of man elaborately, discriminating finely between the heavenly, divine, or spiritual man and the earthly man. His whole system is based on the idea of the development of a finer and spiritual nature, whereby we become endued with grace and faith and other spiritual powers and are able to escape the bondage of flesh — or, to put it another way, though still in language familiar to Paul —

to escape from the *old order*. We are to put off the old man and put on the new. And what too of the Galilean Master? Does he not again and again speak of the acquisition of spiritual powers by faith in the Divine Spirit and by devolution to the higher law of compassion? Does he not speak of a second birth, of the fire and of spirit, superceding the natural fleshly birth? It seems that our scriptural apologist has temporarily overlooked these matters, but it is by no means the first time we have found scriptural apologists deficient in a comprehensive knowledge of their own scriptures. The "scriptures" are a dangerous weapon for any but a strong hand to wield. Nor do we, as Theosophists, require to be instructed by such a writer as to the teachings in those scriptures which a study of Theosophy has taught us better to understand than ever before.

The writer says that people should have more lessons in logic, as logic is the lever by which the stumbling-stones of error are removed. Yet he tries to prove logically that mysticism is delusion because its claims cannot be proven by the methods of modern science, which are avowedly the antithesis of those of mysticism! Mysticism demands a faculty above reason, as the writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* tells us; and mysticism relies for its evidence upon perceptions beyond those of the physical faculties. The argument therefore amounts to a statement that mysticism is a delusion because it is not science. Put in another way, the writer's argument amounts to an assumption of his position; for he first assumes that the scientific method is the only criterion of truth, and then proceeds to argue on this basis that all other methods are nonsensical — an argument which was totally needless, seeing that its conclusion had already been assumed!

We beg to suggest that the utility of logic depends altogether on the reliability of one's premisses; and that, in order to have reliable premisses, one must have a good deal more information than the writer seems to have. To begin with, one should have some notion of philosophy, so as to be able to know what mysticism *is* before arguing about it. Also the man who undertakes to argue on these subjects should have thought deeply enough to know that the great bulk of our knowledge comes to us through channels other than the physical senses, and that therefore a science built solely upon the evidence of those physical senses cannot (and does not even profess to) dictate to us upon things in general. The writer himself seems to admit the existence of something which he calls "scriptural," and if this is not

identical with science, it must be different. One may be permitted to ask, Upon what data is this scriptural knowledge based, and can it be proved by science? The above is enough to show, without going further into the question, that his ideas are hopelessly confused.

The world cannot get along without mysticism — always understanding that that word is used in its proper sense, for mysticism does not mean mystification. It means the science of mysteries, and mysteries are truths that lie deeper than the ordinary ken of humanity. Man knows perfectly well that all his knowledge is based on something else that he does *not* know; and it would be difficult to imagine a logical system of philosophy built upon any other hypothesis. Nor can man help inquiring and aspiring after this hidden knowledge; for so is he constructed. Unlike the animals, who can rest content with what they have, man must ever be striving after higher attainments; for he has to fulfil the law of his being, whether he will or not. He simply cannot remain in a state of ignorance and indifference; this may be possible for some of the people all the time, or for all the people some of the time, but not for all the people all the time. This being so, it remains for religion or science or whatever else undertakes the task of teaching and helping man, to satisfy the longings of his nature. Today all the creeds and sciences and philosophies are on their trial, and man is the judge.

H. P. Blavatsky saw that humanity was floundering in a bog of confusion and false philosophy, that the age was materialistic and sordid, just as Carlyle and Ruskin and so many other great Victorians had tried to tell us; and she saw terrible dangers ahead from a new tendency towards psychism that was springing up, amid an atmosphere of personalism and materialism. Her crusade was to endeavor to give humanity a new hope, to lift it out of the thralldom of creeds and -isms and -ologies, and to remind it once again of man's Divine origin and spiritual nature. Her work, carried on with all-efficient power, was a menace to all influences that batten on man's mental slavery; and she was persecuted. But she sowed the seed entrusted to her and founded an uplifting movement whose momentum has continually increased and which has leavened the thought of the entire world.

She said that mere good intentions and commonplace ideals of goodness were not enough alone to lift humanity; and that, though the loftiest morality must ever be the foundation of all our efforts,

there was also needed a real sense of our Divine and spiritual nature, and a real knowledge in the reality of higher powers in man and higher forces in nature. She proclaimed Occultism, most carefully distinguishing it from the occult arts and psychism. The former she compared to the glorious noonday sun, the latter to a feeble rushlight. And now we see the difference; for all around us flourish flickering rushlights of psychism and astralism, while the true Theosophy of H. P. Blavatsky alone claims the attention of serious and earnest people, alone exhibits the bountiful harvest of a crop well and wisely sown.

Mysticism unfolds for man the glorious secrets of his own better nature. Science, as we now see, has not been able to guard its attainments from the extreme limit of profanation; for all its resources are at this moment being strained to the utmost in the work of destruction. It is therefore clear that science alone — if indeed *this* be science — will not suffice. As to Christianity — it has either been tried and has failed, or else (as some say) it has never yet been really tried. In the latter case, we must try it — not go back to the old beaten track that led us so far astray, but find the new track, whether Christian or not, that is to lead us on.

What will teach us how to rule our lives? Only Mysticism, Occultism (in the real sense); only Theosophy, as taught by its founder, H. P. Blavatsky, and by her successors, and by the Ancient Teachers. Only that which can and does give man confidence in his own Divinity and thus enables him to master the infirmities of his complex lower nature. And as for “proof” — there is abundant proof of the reality of Divine and spiritual powers for all who will stop blinking and simply look. The world itself, with all its marvelous harmony, order, and intelligence, is proof enough that every atom is teeming with Divine and Spiritual powers. The world is not limited by what we can put under a microscope or into a test-tube. If we were limited to what modern science concerns itself with, we should lose practically the whole of our life. Science cannot analyse a mother’s love or a friend’s unselfish devotion; yet these things exist, and are mighty powers.

We need a greater Science — one that shall explain to us the nature of our passions and how they may be ruled, and the nature of that Spiritual Will that is in all men, as well as the origin, course, and destiny of the Universe and of man. If we do not have this Science, but are left to the mercy of that “old order of things” that

has shown itself so inadequate, nothing will prevent our civilization from continuing with headlong speed down the descent on which it seems to have started. For the race is decaying from subtle disease engendered by youthful ignorance and indiscretion, usually unknown and usually disregarded by the parents and teachers, called by the doctors "consumption," and treated with serums; nor does there seem to be any way known to the "scripturo-scientific old established order of things," of stopping the momentum of this dreadful decay. The present chaos in Europe, also shows the inadequacy of our past foundations and the need of surer ones.

The manifested world cannot rule itself, but is ruled by the Un-manifest, just as man's complex outer nature is ruled by his invisible inner nature; and neither materialistic sciences nor materialistic creeds can teach us the laws of that invisible higher nature. Therefore we must have a Spiritual philosophy — Occultism and Mysticism in the true sense of these words.

The grounds upon which certain people so bitterly oppose and dread the work of Theosophy are hard to discover; but it may be suggested that the old order of things has gripped them hard and will not let them go, so that they become its unfortunate advocates. The work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is to establish the foundations of a new, strong, noble, healthful type of humanity — men and women — and to create an order of life based on a peerless philosophy, that shall match the matchless climate of California, the chosen headquarters of this noble work.



THE TOUCH OF MUSIC

ONE night a few weeks ago the Leinsters (who had recently had sheep-skin coats served out to them) had a sing-song in the trenches to the accompaniment of their pipers. The concert began with "A nation once again." The Germans, however, must have been good Orangemen, as they greeted this opening song with a terrific fusillade of rifle fire. The next item on the program — suggested probably by the new winter kit — was "Brian O'Lynn."

At the first "hurrup" in the first verse came another volley from the Germans; but, caught by the lilt of the tune, when the second verse came on they joined in the "hurrup" and with the skirl of the pipes, and swelled the chorus of every verse to the end of the song. Then they applauded the performance so vigorously that an encore had to be given, when both sides cheered the pipers and one another again and again,— *Irish Times*, Dec. 11, 1914.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT ABYDOS, EGYPT

The following descriptions of these illustrations are taken from the
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, May 30, 1914

For a fuller narrative, see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for October 1914

PLATE A. The great pool with porches and the "Tomb of Osiris" are behind the western wall of the Temple of Seti I, at Abydos. The building consists of a rectangle, the inside of which is about a hundred feet long and sixty wide. "The two long sides are north and south. . . . The enclosure wall is twenty feet thick. . . . The middle nave ends on the east side, the side of the Temple of Seti, with a high wall on which are religious sculptures. . . . They represent offerings made by Merephtah to Osiris and other gods; and the two important amulets which were generally worn or are found on the mummies. This showed that there was behind the wall something of a funerary character, the tomb of Osiris. Osiris, although he was a god, was supposed to have been torn to pieces by his enemy, Set or Typhon, and his limbs had been scattered among the chief cities of Egypt. Abydos being the residence of the god, its share had been the head, which was buried in his tomb."

PLATE D. On another page it is written: "The whole structure has decidedly the character of the primitive constructions which in Greece are called cyclopean. . . . When the work reached the lowest layers of the enclosed wall, a very extraordinary discovery was made. In this wall, all round the structure, are cells about six feet high and wide, all exactly alike, without any ornament or decoration. They had doors, probably made of wood, with a single leaf; one can see the holes where they turned. Such cells are not seen in any other Egyptian construction. . . . They open on a narrow ledge. . . . Under the ledge . . . the beautiful masonry goes on, and at a depth of twelve feet water was reached. . . . There is no doubt that it is what is called Strabo's Well, which he describes as being below the temple, and like the labyrinth at Hawara, but on smaller proportions, and with passages covered by big monoliths. Was there a canal coming from the Nile, as the Greek geographer says, or was the pool filled by the subterranean sheet of water which flows under the desert, the so-called underground Nile . . . ?"

PLATES E and F. To quote from a special article in this issue: "The excavations made during this winter at Abydos . . . have given quite unexpected results. They have led to the discovery of a building which at present is unique of its kind, and which probably is one of the most ancient constructions preserved in Egypt; a great pool with porches and the tomb of Osiris. It is situated behind the western wall of the temple built by Seti I, which is the chief attraction of Abydos for travelers. It was entirely subterranean, at a depth of more than thirty feet below the temple, and nothing revealed its existence. . . . The whole structure has decidedly the character of the primitive constructions which in Greece are called cyclopean, and an Egyptian example of which is at Ghizeh, the so-called Temple of the Sphinx. . . . When the work reached the lower layers of the enclosure wall, a very extraordinary discovery was made. In this wall, all round the structure, are cells about six feet high and wide . . . they open

on a narrow ledge which ran on both sides of the nave. There was no floor in those aisles; under the ledge, which is slightly projecting, the beautiful masonry goes on, and at a depth of twelve feet water was reached. . . . The Tomb of Osiris is of a later date than the pool with its cells. . . . As for the pool, it is probably one of the most ancient constructions which have been preserved in Egypt. . . . Was the pool in connexion with the worship of Osiris? Did the sacred boat of the god float on the water? Since the boats of the gods are always towed with ropes, the ledge on both sides would be a very appropriate path for the priests who did it. What were the cells made for? Were they reproductions of those which the Book of the Dead describes as being in the celestial house of Osiris? Was the water supposed to have a curative effect; was it an Egyptian Pool of Bethesda? . . . There is no doubt that it is what is called Strabo's Well. . . ."

FROM WAR TO PEACE: by the Rev. S. J. Neill

From age to age
Prevails the universal lust of death
And vulgar slaughter: war of all bad things
Worst, and man's crowning crime, save when for faith
Or freedom urged. . . .



THE world must prepare for Peace. If half the thought and energy which have been expended on war had been given towards preparing the way for peace, there would be no war. The hope for a great and perhaps lasting peace is now greater than ever before, and for this reason: All former wars have been local, and most of the world has been but little affected; now, nearly all the world suffers, and will suffer much more, consequently the lessons which war will impress on mankind will be well nigh universal. Men will be compelled to think and feel as never before. The unity of the human race will be recognized as a prominent fact, and not a mere theory. Men will think for themselves as to what war is; what are the causes of war; and how these causes can best be removed. It is an accepted axiom — "Remove the cause and the effect will cease." The well-known scripture Jas. iv. 1. sums up the cause of war in a few words.

Whence come wars and whence come fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your pleasures that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and covet, and cannot obtain: ye fight and war; ye have not, because ye ask

not, ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may spend it on your pleasures.

It may be regarded as certain that causes which have become deep-seated in the human race cannot be removed at once in their entirety. Selfishness, in some of its many forms, is the cause of strife, and we cannot expect all men to become unselfish in a day. But everything which makes men think rightly: everything which shows clearly the folly, and loss, the sin and suffering of war, and therefore of selfishness, helps towards peace. Selfishness has its root in the lower nature, not in the intellect, though, as man is so strangely constituted, the intellect is made the tool of the lower selfish nature. The beasts fight with their natural physical weapons for physical gains, but man, at the behest of his selfish nature, employs the powers of his intellect to further the ends of his lower nature. Man, intended to rule over the powers of nature for good, often uses these powers, as far as he is able, for evil. This is the great sin of man, that he prostitutes his intellect to gain selfish ends. He not only plans and contrives to use the forces of nature for selfish purposes, he also, on the principle that "the wish is father to the thought," persuades himself that he is right.

In former times wars resulted not only from the desire of obtaining lands or valuables in the possession of some one else, but also from many other causes. It might be a question of honor, or of something personal—the chief, or some member of the tribe had been injured or insulted, and to avenge this the two tribes went to war. In modern times war is generally the result of selfishness manifesting in the domain of "commercialism." The same spirit which animates a single dealer, when he tries to gain advantage over his fellows, causes nations to strive for possessing more lands and markets to the injury of some one else. Sooner or later interests clash, and war is the result. Nothing could be more foolish, or wrong or costly. It is opposed to the eternal nature of things; for unity, harmony, unselfishness, brotherhood are the foundation of the universe, and when man runs counter to the Divine Law he brings suffering upon himself. If it is true, as we know it is, that we are members one of another, and if one member suffers the other members suffer with it, then we hurt ourselves when we hurt another. We are all parts of the "Grand Man," and if the hand injures the head each part of the whole body suffers. It would seem that cruelty or wrong

done to members of a lower race carries with it in the end a punishment especially severe. In spite of our foolishness and selfishness, Nature impresses upon us, even though with much scourging, that "we are our brother's keeper." It is also the law that those who are in front should help those not so much advanced—that is one cause why we are born.

The present war has already taught many lessons; and it is exceedingly important that men should learn from it all the lessons it is intended to teach. In that way good will come out of evil, and a step be taken towards the kingdom of righteousness and peace on earth. Strife is the result of broken law. Peace is the result of harmony. An orderly progress, in harmony with nature's laws, would not produce war, though it might be more or less strenuous at times. If man had progressed naturally his whole being would have retained proper balance, and the lower nature would have become absorbed in the higher, without strife, even as the night is absorbed in the dawn, and the dawn is noiselessly merged in the full light of sunrise. We cannot imagine what a sinless world would have been like. If the lower feelings, the desire for food, and all the other natural instincts, right enough in their places, had always been fully under the guidance of the reason, and of the better soul within, what a state of harmony and peace there would have been — "as in heaven even so on earth!" It is useless to lament that this is not so; and our duty now is to restore the broken harmony, to recreate the lost paradise. Poets, prophets, seers assure us of a Golden Age that we yet shall reach. Even science and philosophy hold out hopes of our outgrowing our present pettiness, and of our attaining to the measure of the stature of the perfect man — as far ahead of what we now are, as we are ahead of a beetle.

What the Sacred Scriptures of all ages and nations promise is not a vain hope. Not hate but love, not selfishness but a delight in doing good — even a divine joy in giving ourselves up for the welfare of others — this is possible. We are capable of this. Stray gleams of this divine light even now do sometimes pierce through the murky atmosphere of our selfishness. Then the common life is irradiated with heaven, and "stands appareled in celestial light."

The birds of the air and the beasts of the field have their highest pleasure in caring for their young, even though they themselves suffer. The dog will face death to save his master. Many men at

present are facing death for the sake of their country. Heaven is not so distant as we in our materialistic moments sometimes think. We teach the young child to freely give to others what is pleasant or desirable, and the lesson is not so hard. But the teaching is not kept up; and very soon the selfish example of adults sets aside the early lessons of unselfishness.

The grown man laughs at the writings which say that it is "more blessed to give than to receive"; that "love is the fulfilling of the law;" that "hatred does not cease by hatred, hatred ceases by love — this is an old law"; "overcome evil with good"; all such sacred teachings are foolishness to some men of the world. They scoff at pity, and compassion, and self-sacrifice: these are childish and must be outgrown, they think. "Get all you can for yourself no matter how many you have to trample underfoot to reach your goal." That is the worldly gospel. Nor is it in actual warfare alone that this gospel is put into practice. A war goes on in the midst of society everyday which is more cruel, and more deadly than that of shot and shell.

This great war, perhaps the greatest war the human race has ever known, *may be the last, if men so will it*. A great lesson pointing out the results of selfishness is surely being written large enough and red enough for all to read and lay to heart. If men do not learn wisdom there will be other wars, perhaps even more terrible, when still greater forces of nature will be discovered and used for destroying life. It is a disgraceful thing that man, who is a temple of God, should think of deciding the right or wrong of things by physical force. It is disgraceful that men should, for the sake of self interest, mislead their fellow men and bring about war, which produces such waste of life, and of the results of human labor. Everybody suffers, everybody loses, some immediately, but even those who are growing rich on the results of war will pay a heavy price in the end, for Karma is sure, though it tarry long.

Mere talk is not enough; everything just and possible should be used to stop wars, and bring about a true and lasting peace. Like most other great evils the problem should be attacked on every side. If we could eradicate selfishness by a proper training in youth, that would bring about peace. Everything should be done to keep ever before the minds of all, young and old, the folly and sin of war—unless of course it be war in the defence of our homes. The terrible waste

of war should ever be kept in mind. Men spend years and years in building homes and making bridges, in building ships and many other things, but the war of a few weeks destroys the labor of many years. Even in time of peace the preparation for war diverts a vast amount of labor from useful purposes. Then the terrible loss of life, and the vast numbers who are injured for years, perhaps forever! And when the war is over, what is the prospect? Most nations had quite enough to do before to live and avoid poverty. When this war is over all the combatants will be crushed with a weight of debt such as the world has never known. There will be fewer to pay the war debt; and besides that, all the waste of war will have to be repaired. The warring nations, as a rule, were good customers of each other, but after the war they will not be able to buy much from any one, a fact which will come home to the neutral nations. Again, many of the strongest and best men will have been killed, and several generations probably must pass before the lost vitality of the race has been made good. These and many other things should be kept in mind so that men might become thoroughly convinced of the crime and folly of war. The reason should be enlisted, and also the feelings, and the imagination, against war, and in favor of peace. We should remember that Life is One, and that we are all brothers. The fact should be kept in mind that things tend to reproduce themselves: a blow begets a blow, hate begets hate, suspicion begets suspicion, armament begets armament; while, on the other hand, trust tends to beget trust; a kind act tends to produce a kind act in return. At bottom it becomes a question of the divine government of all things. If divine justice, truth, righteousness, and love, are throned above the stars, then how puny and foolish are the attempts of mortals to fight against omnipotence with physical force.

Before beginning, and without end
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

Men should become impressed with a clear and fixed conviction that to be in the right is the chief thing, and this cannot be decided by blows, *but by reason*. When this terrible war is over all nations should agree to settle disputes by reason, by arbitration, and by readiness to act fairly to all, and even to suffer wrong rather than to inflict injury. It is here that we come to a critical point. Arbitration

has been talked of for a long time, but what power has an arbitration court to enforce its decrees? This matter should be one of the chief things for decision when the war is over. There will be many other things awaiting a wise decision, but none will be important than this. The nations will have to draw more closely together. Not only will they have to resolve to abolish war; they will have to remove the cause of friction as much as possible. They must resolve to keep the peace, as citizens do in a city or in a state, and the things which tend to provoke a breach of the peace must be removed as much as possible. Nevertheless, when all is done that can be done in our present stage of development, there will still be need for *force*. But this force should not be in the hands of any man, or any one state or nation. When a state becomes "civilized" it takes care of its citizens. It says to each person, Do not take the law into your own hands. If you have a grievance, bring it before the magistrates. They will try to judge fairly, and their judgment will be carried out by the officer of the law. This is much the wiser way, even though the magistrate may not always give the wisest decision.

Now, common sense teaches us that the nations should act in a similar manner. The wonder is they have not done so before. The weak point has been in the lack of the court of arbitration to find officers to enforce its decision. Arbitration awards have been accepted by some nations without much trouble, but the court has been powerless to cause the nations to bring their disputes before it, if they did not wish to; and powerless to enforce its decisions if they should be rejected by either disputant.

When this war is over it may be reasonably hoped that all nations will lay to heart as never before that war is a terrible thing, and that *any* decision of a court of arbitration will be much better than the ruin of war. They then should solemnly agree to refer ALL disputes to the court of arbitration, and to abide by its decision; and as *a guarantee that they mean to keep their promise they should clothe that court with power, if need be, to keep the peace, and to enforce its decision*. What a load this would lift from the shoulders of all nations; and the nations will need something to help them to bear up under the load caused by this war.

There would be no longer need for national fleets or armies. There would instead be an *international police, supported, pro rata, by all nations, and under the control of the supreme court of inter-*

national arbitration. There might be on the part of each nation some additional guarantee that it would keep its solemn promise, and obey the officers of the international court; a sum of money might be deposited, several millions say, which the court would have power to forfeit if the nation refused to abide by the law. There would, of course, be many matters of detail, but these could easily be worked out when the general principle was accepted. The trouble would be to know what to do with the numbers of ships of war, and the gun factories, and all the forts and armaments, but it would be cheaper to destroy them than to keep them, and there would be some chance for getting "swords made into plough-shares, and spears into pruning hooks," when men would learn the art of war no more.

Along with this there should come a closer and more brotherly relationship of the nations. Causes of friction would, no doubt, crop up now and then, just as is now the case in any state or city; but a feeling of greater oneness, of mutual helpfulness, and the impossibility of going to war would reduce all such things to small dimensions. A little brotherly love would make all occasional difficulties seem small. The vast mass of the people in any nation would be kindly disposed to people of other nations if they were not stirred up by a few who, acting through the newspapers, rouse a warlike spirit among the masses. It may be safely said that if the great bulk of the people in any of the countries now at war, had been left to themselves, there would have been no war. Many of them even now do not know what the war is about. On Christmas day they were ready to meet and shake hands, and exchange little presents, and join in concerts. The pity of it was that next day they had to fire upon one another.

There are some, perhaps many, who have thought along these lines, and one of these is no less a person than the Secretary for the U. S. Navy. The Secretary of State, as is well known, is a friend of arbitration, though he does not seem to have given out any opinion about the international police, which is a vital point in carrying out the decrees of an international court of arbitration. It would be a great step forward, and it would not be so difficult as some think. A bold, grand step forward would really be much easier and more likely to succeed than a timid, halting half-measure. If all the nations had the courage to act in this spirit for six months, or even less, there would be a new world not only as regards war, but as regards commerce, and all the many social relationships of man with man.

In truth we need a new reformation, a reformation that will permeate every phase of life. It will have to be grounded in the heart of the individual, in the family, in the city and country, and in all international relationships. As long as people act in an unbrotherly way to each other there will be *danger* of war. That danger now exists in nearly every community, but the unbrotherly acts are kept in some restraint by the force of general consent as embodied in law, and enforced by the officers of the law. We must pursue a similar course as to nations. We did not wait until all men were honest in the hope that highway robbery, and many other such things, should cease. No; men decided to keep down robbery by law, and by the power of law. The nations should meet together and act in a similar way as regards war, and some other things. It is a matter that concerns everyone, and everyone should live with all his might for the termination of all war, and for the beginning of the reign of peace. If we wait until all are saints, the end of war will be a long way off! But if we rouse ourselves into real earnestness, and put into practice half the religion we profess, we shall succeed beyond belief; beyond our hopes and imaginings. It does not require much clear-sightedness to see that humanity is now at a very critical time. A mighty step upward, or backward, may be taken. It is one of the characteristics of Kali-Yuga, or the iron age, that the rate of movement is very rapid. Advantage of this should be taken, and the whole world lifted to a higher plane. It can be done, and done far more easily than most people imagine. Not only would it be the wisest course to pursue, but even from the commercial point of view of the present age, it would be the best, even if all who are now engaged in the manufacture of war material were pensioned for life.

Peace is the end of all things — tearless peace;
 Who by the immovable basis of God's throne
 Takes her perpetual stand; and, of herself
 Prophetic, lengthens age by age her scepter.
 The world shall yet be subjugate to love,
 The final form religion must assume.— *Bailey*

ART IN CHINA AND JAPAN*: by C. J. Ryan

III



IN following Mr. Fenollosa in his analysis of Chinese, Japanese, and Corean art, we have to adjust the focus of our mental eye, so to speak, to the conditions existing in those Far Eastern countries. At first the untrained student looks upon their art, from whatever period and by whatever artist, as if stamped by a general uniformity of style. The racial characters of the persons represented in the pictures or carvings, and certain conventionalities and general principles adopted by the artists being different from ours, tend to this misapprehension. By degrees, however, the individualities of the different cycles and of the artists themselves are found to be as well marked as those of the Italian, the Dutch, or any other schools of Western art, or of Rembrandt, Velázquez, or Michelangelo. Mr. Fenollosa has done his best to make the distinctions clear between the great schools of Chinese and Japanese painting and sculpture, and between the individuals in their glorious roll of great men. Not having lived long enough to complete the collection of illustrations which he desired, there are a few gaps in places, but, on the whole, the reproductions are illuminating. Students and lovers of art who live near our great cities have the opportunity of seeing originals in the public galleries; others must do the best they can with reproductions, some of which are practically as good as the originals.

The Feudal System, inaugurated in Japan in the twelfth century and not broken up till 1868, had a strong effect at first upon art. During the eleventh century the principle of loyalty to the heads of a few great clans increased; the Fujiwara oligarchical dominance was destroyed after tremendous fighting in which innumerable palaces, temples, and art treasures were ruined. Owing to the conditions of living in perpetual unrest and warfare, a change in ideals came about, and a demand for the realistic in art and the practical in religion was created; for something suitable to the needs of a rough-and-ready age which had lost most of the protection of the laws and conventionalities of quieter times. This period marked the beginning of secular art; individuality became the keynote; picture-painting became a kind of illustration; great battle scenes were produced, vivid with realism and passion. The towns became fortified, capacious citadels surrounded

* *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art*; by Earnest F. Fenollosa (London, W. Heinemann)

by large enclosures were rapidly erected for protection against the enemies in civil strife. Owing to the disturbed conditions, the pictures of the feudal period — mainly historical and military — were not very numerous and only had a limited audience. They are, however, strong and full of life and movement, very different from those of all preceding ages in Japan. There was still a small demand for religious paintings for altar-pieces, and a revival of sculpture began towards the fourteenth century. On the whole, few great works were produced, and the Feudal Period, at least in its earlier centuries, cannot be said to be specially distinguished for its art. Among the few, the Military Procession picture by Keion, herewith reproduced from his great series of battle pieces, is a masterpiece. Mr. Fenollosa says of it:

The front of this fine procession tapers off like a cadence in music. A general holds a prancing white horse with taut rein; then come two staccato notes of foot-soldiers walking abreast; then an isolated captain far in advance, upon a fine black charger which rears in fright, as if he sensed an enemy in the grass beyond, then one last short note of a single archer ahead, who peers into space with arrow set on his half-drawn string. The pawing action of the white horse is fine enough, but what shall we say of the sudden leap of the black, which centers the whole van to the eye? If this one makimono had been destroyed, our conception of the range of Asiatic art — and even of the world's art — would have suffered capital loss. It is undoubtedly the greatest treasure of the thousand or more pictorial masterpieces which, under the name of the "Fenollosa Collection," I contributed, through Dr. Weld, to the Boston Art Museum in 1886.

The year 1368 was a momentous one for China and Japan. In that year the proclamation of the Ming dynasty in China coincided with the advent of the third Ashikaga, Yoshimitsu, as Shōgun in Japan, and the reopening of intercourse, after a long interval, between the two eastern Asiatic powers. Japan, tired of the generations of internal quarrels with their accompanying destruction of much of the splendid social life produced by long centuries of comparative peace, was looking for a new organizing principle at the very moment when China was able and ready to give its best, derived from the peaceful Sung culture and inspired by the exalted Zen Buddhism with its intuitive perception of the harmony and unity of man and nature. The age of Yoshimitsu (1368-1428) saw the inauguration of the Tea Ceremonies with their deep esoteric meaning, and the invention of the dramatic form called "Nō," as well as a brilliant development of poetry, architecture, and painting. Yoshimitsu pre-

sided over learned committees of art experts upon whose decision Mr. Fenollosa says we have to depend for our knowledge of the authorship and age of most of the best examples of Chinese art extant today. A little later than the Ashikaga Yoshimitsu came the Ashikaga Yoshimasa, "the Lorenzo di Medici of Japan," the ruling mind of the country for forty-one years down to 1490. As a matter of fact Yoshimitsu and Yoshimasa were contemporaries of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici. During the latter part of the fifteenth century the great painter Sesshu flourished. Of this wonderful genius our author speaks with enthusiasm:

The style of Sesshu is central in the whole range of Asiatic art, yet unique. Its primary vigor lies in its line. . . . Sesshu is the greatest master of *straight line and angle* in the whole range of the world's art. . . . The nearest actual touch to it in Western work is the roughest split quill drawing of Rembrandt. . . . But though Sesshu's line dominates mass and color, his *nōtan** taken as a whole — that is *nōtan* of line as well as *nōtan* of filled space — is the richest of anybody's except Kakei's. . . . One other greatest quality Sesshu possesses in large measure, and that is "spirit." By this first of the Chinese categories is meant the degree in which a pictured thing impresses you as really present and permeated with a living aura or essence. . . . This is the kind of force with which Sesshu presents his figures, his portraits, even his birds and his landscapes. They seize upon the impressionable side of the soul, and thus become far more real than could a world of photographs . . . the rocks and trees of Sesshu strike you with a sort of unearthly force, as if more real than reality. His range led him through every variety of Chinese subject . . . but it was in landscape — meet for the great Zen seer — that he realized supreme heights. Here no mood escaped him.

Throughout his criticisms Mr. Fenollosa shows a high appreciation of the real meaning of art, i. e., the rendering of the spirit or mood of nature as felt by a sensitive observer. Of all the schools of Buddhism he holds that the Zen doctrine of the Chinese Sung period was the most aesthetic, as it declares man and nature to be two parallel sets of characteristic forms between which perfect sympathy prevails. The Zen teachers went to the Book of Nature direct and asked their disciples to define what they saw for themselves, so as to develop their own individuality. The Zen philosophy saw Nature as the mirror of man; it keenly felt the "correspondences." Landscape, which had previously been used only sporadically, became of primary importance. As the Chinese Kakki (eleventh century A. D.) says in his

* *Nōtan*: the skilful arrangement of light and dark, beauty of line, harmony of color, and rhythmic spacing of the masses of color and form.

famous essay on Painting, "Why do men love landscape? Because it is the place where *life* is perpetually springing!" The Zen idealism strongly influenced Japanese life and art; in later years it was the foundation of the great Samurai school of honor. The Chinese Zen influence to a considerable degree suppressed the growing native Japanese characteristic style in art; the great Japanese painters of the Ashikaga period were more Chinese than Japanese in feeling. During subsequent centuries a more eclectic spirit prevailed, and, although certain very important "plebeian" schools of art became completely national towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Japan managed to keep the traditions of the Chinese Tang and Sung alive till our times.

In 1542, two very significant events happened; the first contact between Japan and Europe brought about by the landing of the Portuguese, and the birth of the Tokugawa Iyeyasu, the founder of the last and greatest dynasty of the Shōguns. According to Mr. Fenollosa a great danger threatened Japan when Europe stretched out its arm towards the farthest East, and he believes that some providential protection was exerted to save Japan from ruin. The importance of the policy of exclusion adopted by Japan in view of present-day conditions and future possibilities will be understood by a few extracts:

The problems of the coming age are to be complicated with the romance of Christian intrigue. It is all a part of Jesuit expansion in Asia. In 1549 St. Francis Xavier, one of the original incorporators of the Society of Jesus, lands in Japan as a missionary. By 1573 a great Catholic Cathedral is being built in Kiōto. Many of the daimiōs would like to import the new spiritual savor from Europe, as Yoshimitsu had imported the Zen from China. Powerful Buddhist monasteries, especially the old Tendai sect on Hiyeizan, take a hand at once in the dynastic disputes and against the new religion. In short, the nation is falling into anarchy.

Finally Hideyoshi, who had come to the top in the general scramble, decided to expel the missionaries on the ground that they were disturbing the national peace and loyalty.

It is a decisive moment for the history of the whole East and for the world. For had those arrogant and corrupt European Courts then succeeded in subverting Japan to their nominally religious exploitation, the great past of both China and Japan would probably have been crushed out of sight, the art certainly; the contact of East and West would have come before the East was ripe for self-consciousness or the West capable of sympathetic understanding. It would have been Cortés and the Aztecs over again. The great Japan that we know today, heading a peaceful reconstruction of Asiatic culture, would have been impos-

sible. In all reverence, I would see the hand of Providence in the raising of the great barrier between Europe and Japan which enabled the Tokugawa Samurai to concentrate forces of culture and self-government which have guaranteed Japan equal competition, equal exchange, equal world-building with the West in 1853, 1868, 1898, and 1905. . . .

Commerce with the Protestant English and Dutch had grown up in the reign of Iyeyasu, for it was the disintegrating power of Rome that the Japanese chiefly feared. . . . In 1637 came the Christian revolt of Shimabara which convinced the authorities that Europe, through religious intrigue, might yet subvert native loyalty. Thus in 1639 came the policy of exclusion. . . . During the next hundred years, when the Jesuits were so triumphant in their policy with the Manchus, and Louis XIV of France could exchange letters of amity with the great Kanghi . . . Japan stood like a solid fortress frowning out of the past, defying the world. . . . Was it a blessing or a misfortune? I have already expressed my belief that it was the former, and providential. For how could the common people of Japan have come to study and understand the peculiar powers of their own minds and characters, how could the wonderful Samurai stoicism and honor have penetrated to the national consciousness, if the problem of absorbing European ideas and customs had been prematurely forced? This very long peace and isolation and self-study were necessary for Japan to rise into that state of self-consciousness and self-control which could stand the world-shock without crumbling under it.

If the feudal system had fallen too soon, under European influence, the study of the great periods of Chinese art would have undoubtedly ceased and the practical knowledge of the Eastern Asiatic art would have been lost to the world. The long, peaceful isolation of Japan saved this disaster.

It is impossible in the space at our disposal, to follow Mr. Fenolosa in his profoundly interesting analysis of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century schools of art — the Tosa, the Kanō, the Korin, etc. In his general consideration of the art of the period of the Tokugawa Shōguns we find it divided into two categories, the aristocratic and the plebeian. In earlier times the recognized systems of art were chiefly practised by priests and the lords and gentlemen of the Courts, though the mass of the Japanese people did not entirely lack culture at any time. But in the seventeenth century, great schools of art arose among the artisan and manufacturing classes in Kiōto and Yedo; the country farmers also had a share in these. Rising from the masses of the people we hear of the great realistic painter Ōkio, the animal painters, Sōsen and Ganku, and their schools, and many others who have carried the traditions of Ōkio's novel technique down to the present day.

Ōkio's brush-work, his quality of ink and pigment, the character of his chosen paper, the actual shapes of his strokes and washes, all these are absolutely new affairs, a special technique in which pupils would have to be trained. . . . In snow landscapes he reaches great heights. Snow takes utterly new forms under his precise brush.

The final chapter of Mr. Fenollosa's inspiring book deals with the popular Ukiyo-ye School of the last three centuries; it is the one that American and European students know most about because its work has been widely disseminated by prints and reproductions of prints. It was the revelation of Japanese art that the Ukiyo-ye phase brought to the West in the fifties, immediately after the opening of Japan to the world, that aroused the enthusiasm of Whistler, J. F. Millet, and other painters who were beginning to move on similar lines. Ukiyo-ye is specially important to us because it is so easily accessible for study, specimens being numerous.

But, if we take it in relation to its historical antecedents, we have to admit that, with all its merits, it is only one of several leading plebeian Tokugawa schools, which, with the aristocratic Tokugawa schools, compose only a fifth, and that probably the aesthetic lowest, of Japanese periods.

The Ukiyo-ye plebeian school is the foremost of those which in modern times have taken pure Japanese life as their motive. It is also the style which experimented and developed the art of color-printing to the highest pitch. It began its separate existence in the first half of the seventeenth century with Matahei, a master of graceful realism in figure painting. Japanese book-illustration began about 1608, but it was not till the middle of the century that it became fully Ukiyo-ye, and became characterized by drawings of rather tall young girls in home life. Further development in painting and color-printing rapidly followed. The separated life of the lower classes of the people, with their gayety, their instinct for freedom, and the growing interest in science, provided innumerable subjects for the new school, which became strongly contrasted with the Kanō school of the nobility, now entirely devoted to Chinese classical ideals. Towards the beginning of the nineteenth century a decline set in, and a curious affectation arose in figure drawing. A queer distorted proportion became popular, the figures became abnormally tall and thin, the clothes hung in shapeless folds, the eyes were elongated and drawn up in the corners and the mouth became a slit. Innumerable prints of these strange types were produced and sent abroad. It is necessary

for students to avoid attaching too much importance to this development of the Ukiyo-ye, which is not truly representative of Japanese ideals but is only impressive from its multiplicity of specimens. Utamaro started these extravagances, and his scholars went farther on the downward path.

Two great names stand forth amid the general decline of Japanese art in the first half of the nineteenth century, Hōkusai and Hiroshige. Of all the Japanese painters these two are the best known to the general public in the West. Hōkusai's enormous production of prints and his great originality have given him a tremendous reputation, yet Mr. Fenollosa warns us against over-admiration for his work.

Hōkusai's is the only school of Japanese drawing that never looks like anything in nature. We are so accustomed to his books from youth, that we suppose Japan to be a queer corner of the world that looks like him; but it does not. It was his own fancy, a world translated into Hōkusai-isms. And yet they are often fine as line, mass and color. Hōkusai is a great designer . . . though not even the greatest of the Ukiyo-ye artists . . . in matchless fecundity he is one of the world's most notable masters.

Of Hiroshige Mr. Fenollosa has a far greater admiration. He was pre-eminent in landscape, and as a painter of night effects he was unrivaled.

It is well known that Whistler built his nocturnal impressions upon Hiroshige's suggestions. In special atmospheric effects, such as moonlight, snow, mist and rain, he achieved variety of effects such as neither Greek nor modern European art had ever known. His impressions are so true that, even after the changes of sixty years, one can recognize much of the topography of individual scenes.

With his critical analysis of the work of Hōkusai and Hiroshige Mr. Fenollosa closes his two fascinating volumes.

Last spring a fine exhibition of Ukiyo-ye art was held at Boston, Mass., in the Museum of Fine Arts. It consisted principally of prints taken from the magnificent collection of Orientalia in possession of the Museum. A writer in the *Boston Evening Transcript* says:

With the spread of appreciation of Japanese art, to which the Museum is contributing in such an important way, individuals are beginning to loom up, as it were, and undoubtedly the time will come when the gallery trotter will as easily recognize the distinguishing characteristics of Kiyonaga, Shunsho, Kiyomitsu, Kiyonobu, etc., as he now does those of Hiroshige, Hōkusai and Utamaro. Diligent study of the styles of these artists will add immeasurably to the pleasure with which one looks over a collection of prints.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER II — THE LIFE CYCLES OF NATIONS



YOU cannot study history sensibly without discovering the Law of Cycles. It really does repeat itself, as the proverb says; but spirally, ascending or descending; the repetitions are with differences. There are also tides in the affairs of nations. They journey through birth, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, death, and rebirth; have their days and nights, summers and winters. At every stage there is a tide which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.

It is the nations, indeed, that are the units of history. The Mighty Mother, unconcerned with the fate of individuals, devotes herself to the education of these, with something we may almost call love. She plans for coming ages; calls her strongest sons into incarnation, and inspires them with the spirit of prophecy and the thoughts of her own creative mind. So some Columbus dreams a dream, and thereafter may have no rest for a lure from beyond the waters. Presently lands that have lain fallow for ages, feel the plowshare of the pioneers.

Some urge of the spirit brings together men from one or many races; passing by the tame and quiet of soul, it leads forth the restless to seek freedom or fortune in the new land. This is the time of seed-sowing; infinite is the need for leaders far-sighted now! The smallest action or influence shall bear effects a hundredfold in after time. You crossed the seas for the sake of religious freedom; take care lest the very intensity of your convictions make you prototypes of intolerance yourselves! Or you others followed a star of chivalrous romance and adventure, seeking in the Hesperides the light that never was on land or sea. Take care! Take care! You are the seed of nations to be, which your courage and nobility shall go to glorify perpetually, your cruel greed to damn. Chivalry shall lead you, a mere Spanish handful, to dare great empires; think what destinies depend on you and whether the hosts of evil will not be on the watch to lay hold upon your souls! Let not enthusiasm for the faith degenerate into bloody fanaticism; make not the noble Don Quixote a mere beastly luster after gold! All your actions are fateful: the seed of ages of bloom or blight; you live not for yourselves, but for your children's children; and within you heaven and hell are at war for the fate of nations to be.

It is the Mighty Mother calls forth the pioneers, and welds them into a kind of brotherhood, often international; for it is of much-mixed lineage that she can best form the races of which she hopes and expects everything. She has her own influences in the soil and in the wind to mold them; influences more potent, also, one suspects, in inner realms. These are to play upon the generations, so that each shall come nearer to the new national type she has in mind. This embryo people she will ring round with fierce foemen, that the inspiration of defensive war may temper and fuse their elements; creating an aristocracy, perhaps, and preserving traditions of noble life. These good things she has in mind when she sows dragon's teeth about their cradle; there will be evils incidental, too, against which she may cry out to the Gods to protect her. Or she may select a quiet land, fenced round with desert, sea, or mountains; nourish the young life in solitude, that an atmosphere of brooding calm may infect its growing years. From one she will desire romance, from another philosophy; from a third she must have a quick genius for invention; none can develop all the talents perfectly, but all the talents must be developed in *her*. Whatever harvest she desires, she prepares the ground for it, and sows the seed in its appropriate soil.

Time passes, with pressure of events and circumstance; until the children of the pioneers have grown into a raciality of their own. Political independence comes in due course, and all manner of political changes: an unstable and flowing time: the childhood of the race, when it must have education and go from class to class quickly. The Mother has chosen the school, and provided the books and paraphernalia of learning; but again, there is something beyond her power to provide. The Masters who shall direct and guard the young life — for these, too, she must call upon the Gods.

And her aim? To get perfection. She is the great nation-fancier; her whole being is set on developing perfection of types. As an artist before his canvas, whose will is to produce some flawless nocturne in blue and silver, or to set down in pigment the ineffable tulips of dawn; so she takes her stand before the canvas of the world, saying: *Now at last I will make a nation!* She made the sea and the mountains aforetime, and saw that they were very good. She made the rose, the daffodil, and the pansy; and looking at her work, said: *Here at least is perfection: here is NE PLUS ULTRA; the last glory of my dreams in rosehood, daffodilship, and pansiness is here. Beholding this blos-*

som, he that hath eyes to see may see the beauty of all worlds up to that of Brahma: may descry as much loveliness as Brahma dreamed "when first in yellow splendor" he rose out of the Lotus, and in wild delight of being sang the poem that is space and time.

Even such beauty she would create — supreme, indefatigable artist that she is — when she lures forth Pilgrim Fathers or Conquistadores; or calls Celts and Hellenes out of Asia to wander the unknown West, and set up proud bardic or warrior régimes in the Europe that is to be. She recks nothing of any man, unless he so tower up as to stand for a nation; so we call her the *Comely Mother, but stone-cold*. Stone-cold? — she that broods, dreams, toils incessantly, and will not be discouraged, after these eighteen million years of disappointment! For the petal, the corolla, forms itself upon her plan, and is lovely in response to her love; but these men are something a stiff-necked generation, and will not be molded; they have a mind of their own, the one fallible thing existing; they will go poking in dunghills and dustheaps after ugliness; and are kittle cattle to shoo behind, on the whole.

Centuries pass, filled with all manner of vicissitudes; racial homogeneity is attained, and vertebrate political being; presently it is really a Nation. It stands on the brink of adult life; its brain not immature: its faculties in the first generous glory of their full development. It is ready now for occupation by the Chosen People: poets, thinkers, and masters of things are to incarnate in it. Of all that the race has learned, and of its young golden enthusiasm, these are to take advantage; and distill the richness of this heredity into great works for the world. So there is a flourishing of art, enterprise, statecraft, and song: the nation feels genius coursing in its veins: brings down some Goliath with its sling; defies Philip or Xerxes. Now, O Mighty Mother, call upon the Gods to save your child! It is you that know, assuredly, what dangers are threatening! That young exultant life; that imperative thirst for action, expression, adventure — who shall guide it on the paths of wisdom? How near, now, to our own plane heaven and hell are surging and reeling in tremendous warfare! Not a month passes, but we may hear the warshouts, the ring of steel, the scream of chariot-wheels. High-souled, free and fearless Spain, destined inevitably for empire; daring, indomitable little England of the Tudor Lioness; what fates hung on the choice you should make! Isabella, could you but have withstood Torquemada, as your Tudor

namesake after you was to withstand Spain and France and half her own England, no nation in Christendom would have attained to greater things than yours. But with you, the Gods suffer a set-back and defeat; that enters the proud soul of Spain, which is to enlist all her grandeur not on the side of the angels. So Charles V shall rob her of her old proud freedoms; her great enterprises in the Indies shall become mere coarse wallowings in blood; a gloomy tyrant Philip shall drain her of her life-forces; the Moors, her hold upon prosperity, shall be driven out in the name of fanaticism; her empire shall be taken from her, and her place among the mighty; she shall go down into ruin, and drink the dregs of Mara; and more than four centuries are to pass, or ever her horizon faintly whiten again.

None could claim that heaven was altogether victorious in Elizabethan England; there was a deal of evil there; and a deal that need not have been. But the great queen did at least snatch victory from the hellions, and made it possible for England to avail herself of coming cycles, going forward in the main. There has been much evil in English history; but much good too; it is easy to do this people less than justice. I care not what nation you may name: the wise thing is to insist on what is good in it, and rather blink eyes at the evil, which Karma will certainly attend to. We may say this: England would have lost all, and the world would have lost very much, in these last three hundred years, had Elizabeth failed. New causes are sown daily; she could not neutralize in advance the sins of the Stewarts or the stupid selfishness of the Georges; yet there are epocal periods when more may be sown in a year, than at other times in a century. Such was the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, in which rose that which damned poor Spain (but not forever); such was the age of Elizabeth, in which causes were set in motion that could not bring about such unmixed good, as the Spanish causes brought unmixed evil: because in this age Right wages war against odds, while Wrong runs down-hill, an easy course: but which have endured and borne good fruit; not allowing national selfishness altogether, or with any relative finality, to swamp the light of the English soul, or make progress impossible. Things might have been better; but they might have been much worse.

Tame adult years succeed the heroic coming of age; with more vicissitudes: a withdrawing from the front of the world stage; some kind of evening and night after the sunlit glory of the day. Then another

day is to dawn: Victorian, not Elizabethan; which may be a heyday of action, but is more a period of thought. The very creative art is reflective; and runs not, as formerly, in the tumultuous torrent-beds of action. Where Shakespeare whipped up his imagined world into deeds, Tennyson speculates, Browning dissects motives, Carlyle philosophizes. In Dickens himself, the truest Victorian analog to Shakespeare, there is a stream of conscious moral purpose not found in the latter. Where the Elizabethan dramatist taught by the symbology of action, purely spiritually, the Victorian novelist set himself to right wrongs and attack abuses: the one dealt with man as soul and personality; the other with man as social being.

This, too, is an age of choice, a great opportunity. I picture all the universe watching with strained anxiety, hoping against hope that now at last there may be complete success: and that this national entity, this organism whose cells are human souls, may not sink appalled into cowardice and materialism, but dare go forward, taking the beautiful heights of spirituality by storm. This is the time when we might assert our spiritual manhood, and do greater things than ever man has done; nation by nation, we are given this choice; nation by nation, we veil our eyes against the light, and go down into the shadows. . . . Dear God, what poems might be sung; how the Rose of Time might be made to bloom, and the beauty to manifest, that lies at the heart of things! How the ineffable majesty of the soul might be carved in stone for statuary; what flamey hierarchies and aeons, looking down out of eternity, might be painted! And as for life, the common life of men: we might have Shakespeares serving in our shops; Platos driving our tramcars; our kings and presidents might be so near to Godhood, that you should come within a little of seeing upon their brows a light beyond sunset or dawn: the Crown of Thorns indeed; but the thorns, rays to illumine space and time.

Does not the Mother now cry out for help? Is it not the crucial time, for which all ages have been preparing? The help, now, must be of a new kind: no prince in action to guide political events: no Joan or Elizabeth: but a revealer of inward things: a conqueror, not of men, but of demons. Such were Martinez Pasqualis, Saint-Germain, Cagliostro, Mesmer, who came to France at the end of the eighteenth century; such was H. P. Blavatsky, who came to England (and to the world) at the end of the nineteenth. These are all to be vindicated, and recognized as great helpers of mankind. Coming at

more critical times than even their predecessors of the national youth-time; standing nearer to the Gods who sent them; being more consciously messengers, and bringing a deeper message, they are assailed with even more venom and persistence by the powers that would have Nature fail. They will be vindicated in time; their nobility and sacrifice will be recognized.

A night follows every day; nations, after the wane of their great cycles, have always to retire from the roar and bustle of the world; to seek a quietude, and brood on the lessons they have learnt. A *pralaya* follows the riotous years of their young manhood; another the prime of their powers. And there are winters, too, that quench and muffle their summers; and there are nights that eclipse their days: major cycles, as well as minor. Let but the people choose aright, when the grand opportunity is given to them; let them but assimilate something of the ancient wisdom proffered; and though they pass into darkness now, the noon of their renown shall return after ages. Nay, who knows but that their life may be extended beyond the limits we imagine normal? If we lived sanely, not squandering our vital forces, for the present three score and ten, perhaps a comfortable seven score years might be the length of life allotted to us; and who knows how many ages are the three score and ten of a nation? China has fifty hall-marked historic centuries behind her; how many have India and Egypt, that have not yet, with any definite finality, ceased to be? A nation lives, we may surmise, as long as it contains germs of life or possibilities of usefulness: though all its pride go down, and it suffer the frosts and rigors of foreign domination, let but the seed live, and the soil remain fertile, and after a thousand years there shall be reviving and a new spring. Winter there must be, but its length and bitterness are determined by Karma. Nature, that loathes waste, would have it short and mild: and to that end called in, before the first snows had fallen, those who could participate in her designs. If the path they showed was followed, a thousand dangers were evituated in advance; if they were crucified, according to the custom, unborn generations were to pay the price of it in sorrow.

Were the life of a nation one long ascending path, racial evolution would be as impossible, as for a flower to bloom eternally in sunshine alleviated by no night. Hence the cycles in national life. France must be now thundering on all the gates of Europe, now desperately defending the walls of Paris. Spain must swell from Don Pelayo in the

Cave at Covadonga, till she cover half Europe and the Indies; then shrink again slowly into peninsular and sterile bounds. Elizabethan day must fade into Cavalier and Cromwellian twilight, and that into midnight ignominy of the Restoration. The ignominy need not have been, but for the unclean living that caused it; but obscurity and quiescence, yes. Racial insomnia would result, were the fervor of noontide never to pass; and the stock would wear out and vanish quickly. Fail in your morning time of glory, giving way to vice and greed, and your quiet hours shall not be rest but shame; alas, we mostly do so fail. Not always; one contemplates Holland forgoing empire and losing mastery of the seas; but now with a staid dignity, the nursing-mothership of Peace; and Sweden, now that Europe may no longer be shaken with the tramp of her victorious battalions, turning her gaze inward, fostering a national life rich with promise in art and culture. We call these two second-rate powers; I doubt whether they have not made a better success of it than many that we call great.

Then turn to the history of Italy; that was quite done with, you would have said, when Rome gave place to Constantinople; yet were Romes of more splendid omen to rise in Florence and Venice; and the new Italian empire of the intellect was to be more magnificent than the old political imperium of the Caesars. A few centuries, and the glory of her cities passing, and the heel of the foreigner planted on her neck, who would have given an iota for her future? Dreamers only; of whom she had, fortunately, good store: a heroic Garibaldi; a wise statesman Cavour; a pure white flame of Mazzini, and a bluff patriot King Honestman — and lo, under their hands an Italia Redenta risen, to be proof of the eternal Law of Cycles. Proof of this also: what stubborn soul there is in a nation, to outlast defeats, contempt, and treading in the mire; and to know its own recurring vernal hours of opportunity.

There are ties between the earth and ourselves, more intimate, more spiritual than we dream. Vice destroys a civilization; and the very soil, that supported millions once, runs barren and malarial, and will hardly yield nourishment for tens. The Campagna, once dotted with villas, has long been all unwholesome desolation; now, they say, it is to be put under cultivation again; and war to be proclaimed against the mosquito. Vice brought Greece toppling down, almost suddenly, from Periclean glory into waste and shame; and malaria

and the mosquito have been holding the race impotent since. Before her society was rotten with evil practices, why were the Greeks untroubled by that disease, which so long has seemed to be breath of their soil, and inescapable? The universe is run from within outward; the finer forces play upon forces and material less fine. Man also is an agent of creation; and plays his part as such, if erratically. Could you trace back the rise and fall of civilizations to their first cause, you should find it in the Will of the Planet; of which our will also is an aspect. And how heartily sick the Planet must be, that her children, surrounded with grandeur and mystery and magic on all sides: souls themselves, of starry and sublime lineage: who have Gods for their forebears and Gods for their brothers: should go messing and pottering away their centuries in mechanical, unclean civilizations; ignorant — hideously, blatantly ignorant — of the beauty and wisdom they should know and be!

The Law of Cycles is the ground-plan of history: night and day is the eternal method. We need not mourn altogether for fallen peoples: death is as natural to a nation as to a man. *Altogether*, we said; because alas, one cannot but feel that nations generally die in a premature old age: die in (and of) their sins, not wholesomely nor naturally; who, braver and purer, might have lived ages longer, and passed venerably into a silvern and dignified sleep. Yet death at last is natural; and rebirth.

Rebirth . . . and here are the Druid lands reawakening; Italy resurgent, and Greece; Mesopotamia being reclaimed by the Turks, and made ready for an inrush of souls and a great population. That which hath been, it shall be again. I do not know why there should be no new Thothmes or Seti regnant on Nile banks, and the proud majesty of Egypt risen again to re-dignify the ages. Has the Sphinx vision into futurity, beyond all her orgullous memories of the past, that her gaze is so confident, inscrutable, and proud? Vanished glories, we will not mourn for you: we that know you are to come again! Not one jot, not one tittle shall pass away; there is no real brightness gone from the earth, that shall not in its time be recovered. *Seges est ubi Troja fuit*; yes, but where the cornfields are, shall be built again the topless towers. They that have spoken with Osiris, whose hearts are filled with Ra, they shall walk again in pillared Karnak, in the grand halls and porticoes; the desert shall bloom as the rose; what hath been, shall not fail to be again. Old lands and ideals

that we loved, we shall ourselves redeem you, or we shall see you redeemed! The rose withers and falls, but not Eternal Beauty; fell the Land of Khem, but not the everlasting grandeur in the soul of man. And beauty shall have her harvest next year from the same rose-tree; and the glory of the soul shall be known again in Upper and Lower Egypt; and there has been no dream since the world began, so beautiful that it shall not come true.

ELECTRONS — ETHER — MATTER — MINERAL LIFE:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



PIRIT-MATTER-LIFE is a trinity given in *The Secret Doctrine* as the key to Nature. These three stand in the relation of Father-Mother-Son. A still higher trinity is obtained when we imagine the duality of Father-Mother as having proceeded from an original unity. So these two trinities can be symbolized by two triangles, one of them inverted. Science is obliged to recognize the existence of the trinity of Spirit-Matter-Life; but it should be stated that what is generally called "matter" is not the "matter" enumerated in the above trinity, but is rather the "life." In other words, that which is ordinarily understood as "matter" is the offspring, not the mother. The word "matter," as enumerated in the trinity, answers more nearly to the ordinary idea of "space." With this proviso, then, we should expect to find that science postulates as its fundamental conceptions (1) *space*, (2) something equivalent to *spirit*, and (3) the product of the interaction of these two — namely, that which is perceived, that which is ordinarily defined as *matter*.

To take these three hypostases in order: What is space? It is necessary to say first that this word can be used in a much wider sense than usual, and is so used in *The Secret Doctrine*. For the moment, however, we take it as referring to physical sensory perception alone. According to Kant, space and time are the two essential conditions of sense-perception. They are not data given by things, but universal forms of intellect, into which all data of sense must be received. When we speak of space, we usually mean the spatial quality as manifested in physical bodies, and there is great

difficulty in the attempt to abstract the notion of space from that of the other qualities of the things "occupying" it or affected by it. The notion of an extended vacuum appears to represent the limit of our powers of conception, as long as we conceive in terms of sensory perception. It is contradictory, of course, for how can emptiness have parts or be susceptible of measurement? But we must necessarily come down to such a contradictory hypothesis; for at the root of our understanding on one plane of perception, must lie something which can be explained only on another plane of conception. Empty extension, then, is our unit of physical perception (and also of physical conception); like the number One it underlies all the other numbers. Naturally we subdivide the unit into fractions; a device whose analogs in the department of scientific speculation are obvious enough. It is essential then, that when we think of anything physical, we must think of it as being *somewhere*; and when we are lucky enough to see it, we must see it in some *place*. So much for space.

The other thing which science seems to have found is what it calls "energy." The physical universe, up to date, is resolved into energy and space. The atom was formerly the unit; but now that has been resolved into the electron; and the electron has been defined as "nothing but electricity." Its total mass is said to be due to its electrical charge. Not matter in the ordinary sense, it is a center of force, a concentration of energy. The properties of physical matter tend more and more to be defined as manifestations of energy. The separate idea of "mass" or "inertia" has become lost in that of energy. Energy and space seem now to be the rudiments in physical science.

But what of number one in the list — Spirit? This term is intended to denote that which operating in space causes the appearance therein of perceptible objects. The electron, therefore is not Spirit, but one of its progeny by mother-space. Evidently it will be of no use to look for Spirit and expect to find it with our physical senses. We can apprehend it by its effects alone. As an object of perception, it can be amenable only to the employment of senses other than those of the physical organism. Here again, therefore, we get down to an irresolvable rudiment; and we have now, as it were, the numbers One and Two, which must be given before we can make any other numbers. Physics begins with number Three, which is energy; and this energy is produced somewhere by something.

If we are to carry our analysis of Nature further than these

physical limits, we have to enter upon the study of interior Nature. This is a good reason why these mysteries are not solved by merely reading *The Secret Doctrine* or such writings. From this point on, the pursuit of knowledge becomes a question of moral principle and conduct; for, just as the physicist has to conform to the laws of physical nature, so the student in higher realms has to conform to the laws pertaining to those realms.

But, accepting the necessary limitations of knowledge as pursued by the methods of physical research, we can study the properties of physical Nature, and learn a great deal about its objects and its doings, even if their origin is in obscurity.

The ether is still in the stage of being a hypothesis. It is like the gap left by missing pieces in a jig-saw puzzle. Evidently, however, there may be more than one piece missing. Why should there be only one ether? Different brands of theorists demand different brands of ether, and call for different properties, many of which are rather contradictory. This difficulty might be gotten over to a large extent by postulating several different ethers. The ether cannot be space, nor can it be physical matter. Space has only one property — the power to contain — but ether has other properties. Then again, ether is what underlies physical matter, and so cannot itself be of physical matter.

Between matter and ether, again, we have the electrons. It used to be wondered how the vibrations of physical particles could “hitch on” to the ether, seeing that no friction or contact between the two can be detected. Now comes the electron and solves the difficulty by acting as the go-between for matter and the ether. It is supposed that the electrons can set up waves in the ether, thus causing the transference of various forms of radiant energy.

It has been said lately that matter is the most unsubstantial thing in the universe, being composed mainly of holes. The ether, on the other hand, is enormously the densest substance. This was stated by H. P. Blavatsky twenty-five years ago. J. J. Thomson makes it 2,000,000,000 times as dense as lead, but Professor Reynolds makes it 480 times denser than platinum. There is a great difference between these two numbers, but in either case the ether is very dense. How does the earth get through it so easily? Because the earth is like a bird-cage with very thin wires, says Thomson. Another thinker has compared the planetary orbs to bubbles running about in water. One

is reminded that the student of wisdom has to learn the "fulness of the seeming void and the voidness of the seeming full." This makes it easier to understand how things get about so quickly in "empty space." The space is not empty; and solid bodies, placed in the way, are more like gaps than obstacles. Also, if a force can get from one atom to the next, there seems no obvious reason why it should not be able to get to the sun by the same method.

It used to be thought that the molecules in chemical compounds existed as such, but now it is practically certain that they are to a considerable extent decomposed into their constituent atoms. A theory to this effect has long been out, in order to explain some of the phenomena of electrolysis. The molecules in a solution were thought to be in continual state of "changing partners," as it were. Thus, a solution of common salt, instead of containing nothing but fixed molecules, each consisting of one atom of chlorine and one atom of sodium, would contain couples that were continually throwing off atoms and taking on new ones, like couples in a square dance. The electric current seizes the disengaged atoms "on the hop," and carries them off to the positive or negative pole, according to requirements. The same theory comes in handy to explain some phenomena in osmosis, which could not be explained on the assumption that the substances existed in the condition of fixed molecules.

Chemical activity is now considered to be an electrical phenomenon, and it is the electric charges on the liberated ions of a molecule that produce the phenomena of affinity and that account for the changes in the distribution of energy. If the electron be, as mentioned above, "nothing but electricity," or if it be a small atom with a charge of electricity attached, still we must eventually get down to mere centers of energy, endowed with ceaseless activity and having a location in space. So we have the trinity — an unknown impulse, acting in space, and producing therein the manifestation to which we have given the name of (physical) energy.

It has been suggested, and with every probability, that chemical changes involving the decomposition of some molecules and the formation of others, may be attended by the formation of several intermediate and temporary compounds. This is confirmed by a certain photographic method employed by J. J. Thomson, whereby the flight of atoms in a vacuum tube is made to record itself on a film. In this way he showed the existence in oxygen of at least eight different

forms of atoms and molecules, from individual atoms up to molecules of six atoms.

The possibility of producing gold from lead, according to the alchemists' dream, has been suggested by the facts that uranium is spontaneously disrupted by the throwing off of helium atoms, until finally its weight is so lessened that it has become radium. Radium again throws off particles and goes through a series of changes, of which it is believed that lead is the terminus. All this suggests that there may be nothing very fixed about the chemical elements, and that a different assortment of elements may exist on different planets at the same time, or on the same planet at different times. For why should not physical matter, like the more highly organized kingdoms, be subject to evolution?

There seems no valid reason why the term "life" should not be applied to the electron. In obedience to certain laws it acts as the constructive agent in the mineral kingdom. It is a mineral "life-atom."



PROGRESS IN SEISMOLOGY

THE U. S. Weather Bureau has recently, with the authority of Congress, added seismological work to the scope of its activities. From the preliminary announcement made in the December issue of the *Monthly Weather Review*, we gather that, at first, particular attention will be paid to the Pacific coast and Rocky Mountain regions, the Mississippi valley, New York, New England, and South Carolina. The development of the work along instrumental lines, which will proceed as rapidly as funds permit, contemplates the establishment of a limited number of instrumentally-equipped stations that will serve to yield record not only of sensible seismic phenomena, but also of the great unfelt vibrations resulting from large distant earthquakes.

In the announcement it is pointed out that since a break, i. e., a geological fault, remains a weak place, earthquakes are most likely to occur just where they occurred before; and hence one should not place a bridge, aqueduct, dam, or other important structure across such a fault if it could be avoided. Thus it becomes desirable that maps of seismic frequency and severity should be prepared. The Weather Bureau, with its two hundred principal stations and its 4000 co-operative observers, has long been felt as the organization best fitted to collect the necessary data, both instrumental and non-instrumental. Moreover, that Department is fortunate in having for its chief one of the foremost seismologists, and in having the assistance of another equally skilled. J.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ASCENDENCY OF MUSIC:

by E. A. Neresheimer



WHAT is the meaning of the sudden appearance in all western civilized countries of so many remarkable, musically gifted children? Is it the enthralment exercised by the ravishing beauty of the tone colors in our modern musical vocabulary which attracts this influx, or a psychological wave of some ethical import sweeping over the masses inciting them to beseech the competent interpretative powers of the arts; or have we reached a period in the Cycle which marks an epoch in the path of human Destiny?

Whatever the cause, it betokens an unfoldment of some new intensity on lines which should unclose for us great riches of the Inner life.

Music, it has been held, is chiefly emotional and intellectual. These attributes of the mind are not fathomable in their essential characteristics. However, it is conceivable that a vanishing point exists in which one of these qualities is distinguishable from the other, revealing the possible fact that both are but aspects of some one abstract, ideal essence. In music they are blended and inseparable.

Intellect considered separate from emotion is capable of assuming a phase of passionless quality; Emotion, if unguided by intellect, is liable to fulminate unsteadily in vacillating fancies without aim.

Restless mind, oscillating between emotion and intellect amid the reflections of the sensuous wonders of nature, unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and the joys and sorrows of life which are its faithful companions — the mind has little share in purely ethical development. The arts are the mediators between the prosaic world and moral attainments; and therefore are the inspiriting agents of other faculties. They are the pleaders for discrete Realities existing in consciousness. From these sympathetic mediators, the arts, each individual takes what he can according to his makeup, for they suggest more than they give, and one must learn how to supplicate in humility before their immaculate shrine.

Music, of all the arts, is the great persuader. Emotionally attracted to it at first, one can be easily introduced to new and genial impressions, which, when followed up, promptly develop into more ample forms of mental lucidity. That point of vantage begets a longing to win a peep into further regions where abide the profounder aspects of Nature, of Life, and of the Soul.

Music is an initiator into our own undiscovered potencies. Do we

not feel sometimes when hearing music as if we were in the midst of our own ideas, joys, woes — a veritable sea of reminiscences? Like reflections from a mirror these pictures come before the mind's eye, evoking new illumination of many a deep phantasy of ours. Some of these do not seem otherwise susceptible of interpretation. Whenever we experience them with music they seem satisfying and true.

Deep, silent cogitations, and half-conscious understanding of grave subjects and problems, the feeling: "I know it, but cannot put it into words, not even to myself,"— these make up a large part of our inner life. There we build bits of our philosophy. Through the instrumentality of music we get sometimes very lucid glimpses of living verities of our own in an entirely new way.

While music is supposed to denote somewhat distinct ideas, intentions, designs, or images, it is but rarely that — unless text or dramatic action accompany it — these intended images are clearly identified in the listener's mind. In fact it is quite otherwise, for the rhythmic element, the mental picturesqueness and emotional suggestiveness, much too powerfully influence the mind of the hearer. All manner of potentialities are waked into action immediately to turn inward. What then could be more natural than harmonious covenant between the truths and ideas suggested by music, and the truths which we ourselves have harbored, but not quite understood?

This, of course, does not mean that mere day-dreaming or *laissez faire* — drifting — which is apt to supervene on hearing music, could in any way lead to such a vivid experience. A negative attitude provokes merely sensation and a mixture of emotions, while the positive attitude is almost sure to illuminate some of the vague places and give active color to deepest thoughts.

If it be granted that the facility of the mind to associate ideas is a very useful factor in our intellectual growth, how much more important then is the added facility given by the suggestiveness of music, whereby our inmost memories are stirred, reminiscences of remote periods — perhaps of past lives — are revealed and called forth?

Man himself is a vibrating instrument attuned with recondite truths. Music is a powerful stimulator through the fortunate combination of sound, rhythm, harmony, and design, and is therefore eminently fitted as a vehicle for transmitting to us grand ideas, which contain truth of which we have in us the seed.

Perhaps it is not at all necessary to have the meaning of any

piece of music described and made plain in so many words, which indeed no composer wishes to do. He rather prefers to leave it to the imagination of each hearer, who should naturally interpret according to his own light instead of trying merely to absorb such ethereal contemplations by fixed system and rule.

Hand in hand with the prodigious influx of musical talent noticed in both our own and in the rising generation, there is an astonishingly widespread interest in and receptivity for music shown by the public. The one is quite as remarkable as the other; it seems as though this wave were a flowering of vigorous seeds long dormant and suddenly awakened by a friendly sunshine. Further, the musical estate has been enormously enriched during the last fifty years, in volume as in substance, by a masterly expressional apparatus. The vocabulary has assumed new standards of freedom of form, insinuating subtlety and refinement. Changes have been so frequent and radical, that a comfortable slow assimilation is no longer possible; the wayward movements of the New are so rapid that even the critics have become unable to follow close with an exact sufficiency of conventional scorn.

Simultaneously with this great mutability of form — which seemed at first to have sprung from an independent impulse — have come the remarkable receptivity of the laity and the influx of talent, as noticed above. If only one of these had suddenly appeared and developed to its present intensity it would have been quite noteworthy; but the concurrent manifestation of these three phenomena is indicative of an immense mental wave, which is probably destined to open eventually to our eyes some new ethical horizon. May it not be that its cause is really the Ideas of the *Soul of Humanity* seeking expression and new interpretation?

The following speculations may aid in determining part of the meaning and probable causes of these unusual appearances:

It goes without saying that a reaction is due to occur in order to somewhat balance the forced repression of creative imagination exercised by the tyranny of mechanicalism during the last few centuries; secondly, a mental force released in the periodic pulsation of a minor cycle running its course, was destined to end when certain accumulated yearnings of the affected races had been balanced; and, as pertaining to musical prodigies, it is evidently an opportune period for the return of certain Egos, attracted into a congenial atmosphere and environment for the fuller expression of their special creative activity.

THE OPENING OF THE DOOR: by R. Machell

(With pen-and-ink drawings by the author)



HERE was silence in the room save for the occasional crackle of a log upon the fire, and for an occasional sigh from the old man who sat there looking vacantly into the embers. He saw no picture there, his sight was blind to outer images, but his mind pictured inwardly a seemingly unending series of unpleasant memories. They came un-called, and forced themselves on his notice, flashing up vividly into apparent life, not as mere pictures that may be glanced at and then cast aside, or may be altogether disregarded, but as emotions to be keenly felt by one who was himself an actor in the drama they revealed.

Nor were they merely memories that time had dramatized and mellowed into an entertaining spectacle, but rather tragedies lived over once again with all their ancient sting and bitterness, and all their dark accompaniment of shame and scorn and misery.

The old man writhed beneath the lash of his own self-contempt, and the word "fool" escaped his lips.

It fell upon the silence of the room, like a stone flung upon the surface of a pool. The bitterness of the tone made such vibrations in the ether as the thrown pebble in the pool makes ripples in the water, and the ripples reached the walls where hung the portraits of his ancestors, who seemed to hurl it back with added scorn, re-echoing the one word "fool." The sound was almost imperceptible, and yet it crushed him with its bitterness; and his head sunk beneath the scorn of those, whose pride he had inherited, but whose superb serenity he lacked. They knew no self-contempt, they bore the memory of their follies and their crimes with haughty grace and dignified indifference; and yet he knew their record, and he thought his own was not unworthy of their code of honor; but he was born too late, or he was cursed with power to dream of higher things than those

that satisfied his ancestors. He was a miserable anachronism; a man too proud to bend to social laws that he despised and yet not proud enough to hear unmoved the natural results of his revolt against the ideals of his time. He was indeed a fool.

The silence deepened as the daylight waned; it was unbearable. He rose impatiently and left the room.

The sun was setting as he turned his back upon the house and crossed the fields in the direction of the village. The mists were rising in the hollows; he heard the tramping of the cows as they came home from the low-lying pastures; there was a quiet sense of satisfaction all around, as of a day's work done.

The path lay through the wood that fringed the park; and there the old trees dropped their dead leaves sadly, and the shadows spread themselves out into a general grayness that was colorless and cold and damp. It seemed to him the rooks cawed wearily, as if complaining of ancient wrongs, or presaging long years to come, all burdened with a load of useless memories. The wood seemed steeped in melancholy, that had its origin in the unfathomable abyss of time; it seemed a picture of his life; the dead leaves of the past lay round him as he walked alone amid his memories, and the aroma of their slow decay made the air poisonous as in a sepulcher.

The village people said the wood was haunted, and its owner felt that they were very near the truth; haunted indeed by memory even as his own life was.

The curse of memory lay heavy on his heart; he felt the weight of age beyond the span of human life, and in his soul rebelled. He longed at last for freedom from the life he once had prized so dearly; he cursed his weakness and his pride, and his submission to the despotism of memory. He longed for freedom and for life beyond the reach of the dead clutching fingers of the past. The Past!

What sense was there in endlessly repeating what was past? But was it past? He halted in the path and stood there looking on the ground. No! it was not. It seemed to him then there was no past, nor should there be a future; there was but an unending "now," in which a man must live eternally. The thought appalled him. It was as if the solid earth had given way beneath his feet, and shown him the abyss of chaos; wherein life seethed in horrible confusion, evolving forms that melted ere they shaped themselves into coherent entities, dissolving and resolving universes, interpenetrating one



another, inextricably interwoven with the gleaming web of life, that throbbed and thrilled through every part of the vast unimaginable pageant of beings. It was a picture of the mind of man with its kaleidoscopic phantasies; but life, he felt, was no kaleidoscope, whose pictures pass and perish irrevocably: the curse of life is memory; time crushes man with the appalling menace of eternity, in which there is no possibility of oblivion: for memory is time made cognizable to the mind of man. But man in his essence is superior to time, one with infinity; and for that reason all his dreams and memories are haunted with the awful sense of endlessness and unreality, that makes the universe appear a nightmare, an il-

lusion inescapable, a hideous mockery in which he shares whether he will or not, and which he seeks most passionately to perpetuate.

The vision passed; the old man raised his head and looked around in a half-dazed way, as if to take his bearings, though he could find that well-worn path in the darkest night. But today he seemed somehow to have lost his bearings in more ways than one: he had no ground to stand on that was not shaken by some doubt that made it seem as if he trod on quicksands which might at any moment suck him down into their loathsome depths. He could not separate his mental states from the conditions that surrounded him with visible tangible evidences of comfort and prosperity. The house was haunted by the ghosts he summoned from the past in his imagination, and the woods were steeped in melancholy bred by his brooding on his own infirmities. The people in the village caught his mood and whined about their petty grievances, yet their complaints were something of a change from his own thoughts. He let them

talk and gladly gave them all they asked for; new gates or fences, ovens for the cottage or a load of coal, a drain pipe here, a new roof there, and so on to the endless end of tenant's wants and tenements' dilapidations.

And for his pains they called him "fool" behind his back, to set themselves right with their own self-respect damaged in accepting favors from the rich.

The rich? These people called him rich, but he knew well his utter poverty in all that constitutes real wealth. He wondered if there was a pauper in the poor-house so utterly beggared and bankrupt as he knew himself to be. Often of late he had tried to find out what real wealth was. He knew it was not money, and he felt sure that it was not knowledge of the ordinary kind. It seemed to him that children were the richest people in the world, because they seemed to have a feeling of possession, a kind of natural right that was instinctual, but which they were carefully robbed of.

A child's sense of right to its parents' love and to its home is wealth; and the child's absolute possession of its doll is the most perfect realization of complete ownership, while it lasts. But these things fail as the child grows out of infancy. And, though the adult tries to guard his sense of right to this or that possession, time takes them all, or leaves the empty form of legal right, while robbing the possessor of the child's unquestioned sense of right. True, there were people who seemed little more than children all their lives, but they were self-deluded or just lacking intellect enough to understand, children who kept their dolls, but changed the doll's wardrobe and rebuilt its house from time to time, and died still in their infancy. Such people counted for nothing in his speculations on the mystery of life. Religion and philosophy seemed like a playground, where another class of clever children played with their intellectual dolls, and quarreled as to the right way to dress them. Science itself to him was hardly more than a well-furnished workshop where old dolls were made to look like new, and new games were invented for the children of the world, who have not wits enough to play the game of life without a formula.

So he disposed of life itself in all its various aspects in the search for life, and felt as a man might be supposed to feel, who strips the onion of its constituent skins down to the last, and finds at length no onion left, but only skins, when he has finished his analysis.

The dead leaves dropped upon the sodden ground as he passed through the wood, and they seemed to him just illustrations of the general decay and desolation of the world. He noticed that the dead wood fallen from the trees was well cleared, and knew who were the gatherers. They were welcome to what they found, but when he came upon a woman with a load of sticks upon her back, and saw among the fallen sticks some unmistakable pieces of fencing, he recalled the bailiff's grumbling about the way the people robbed the fences to get fire-wood. His answer had been to order more trees felled so that the people might have the "lop and top" for kindling and would not have need to pull out fence-rails, but the petty plunder still went on, and, as he came in sight, he noticed that the woman tried to hide behind a tree. He was glad the bailiff was not in sight, and said "good-evening" pleasantly, and got to talking with the woman, who put down her load and started a long story of her woes and what the neighbors said, and how her last pig died. He listened willingly and sympathized; her talk relieved him from the torment of his fruitless speculations and regrets.

Then, when she started to take up her bundle, having forgotten for the moment the compromising pieces of fencing, that stuck out and told their own tale plainly, he took a hand in helping her to get the heavy load upon her back, and held the wicket open for her as she passed out of the wood and took the narrow pathway leading to her cottage. He followed her; and she was glad enough to have the chance to show him what repairs the old house needed: the bailiff told her that it would be cheaper to pay her rent for her in another parish than to give her all she claimed as "necessary repairs"; and there was truth in that too: but the landlord himself cared little enough for such economies, and listened, glad to be taken out of himself even for a moment.

The children in the cottage were awed into silence, but the elder girl dusted a seat and offered it, while the children sat waiting for their tea.

The old man told them to go on with their meal and praised the girl for the way the house was kept; he praised the tea-cake and asked to taste it, and then he took a cup of tea and then a slice of toast, and then he got to telling stories of his childhood for the children, and the daylight died as they sat round the fire, while the old man talked and the great kettle sang its song upon the hob.

Later that night he sat before the fire in the old library and smiled a most unusual smile.

The room was very quiet, but the gloom was gone, and the old misanthrope himself wondered to feel no sense of solitude. The butler came and went, punctiliously performing his routine of little duties, and, glancing occasionally at his old master, thought "his time is not far off," and quietly went out to talk it over with the housekeeper.

Indeed a change had come. It seemed to the old man, who sat so quietly in his accustomed place, that something strange had happened; a door had opened for him, and he saw a light in which the shadows melted, and the mists of memory and regret glowed with the colors of the sunset, and the heaven of his mind was radiant with an afterglow that seemed to be the glorious entrance to a life where joy was life and all things were realities.



THE "TWILIGHT SLEEP": by M. D.



INVENTIONS do not appear fortuitously. They correspond to inner demands from the general mind of their time and collectively are a significant and legible picture of it. We do not live quickly because we have chanced upon the utilizabilities of electricity but have invented harnesses for electricity because we wanted to live quickly. The drug-stores do not create, they merely meet the general demand for narcotics, uric acid solvents, headache powders, and stomach tonics.

Especially do we nowadays demand instant relief from pain, and with our increasing intolerance increases the number of drugs that suppress it. Morphine and cocain are generating a family of derivatives, and a new "coal-tar" analgesic is heralded every few months. It rarely occurs to us that pain may be much less of an evil than the drugs used to relieve it, or that it is a pointer whose indications should be carefully searched for and studied.

So it was not to be expected that the pains of childbirth should any longer have their own way, nor that their manifest normality should be allowed to suggest that they may even have a designed and beneficent part in the process. Motherhood itself is grudgingly and decreasingly submitted to.

Of late the newspapers and magazines, with the medical journals behind them, have been heralding what is called the "twilight sleep" for women passing through the hours of parturition. Chloroform and chloral, and morphine, have hitherto been the palliatives for the birth-pains: resorted to, however, as sparingly as possible, for they hinder the muscular action upon which the whole process depends and often affect the new-born child very unfavorably.

So there has been search for other (and impossible) drugs, which, while destroying the edge of feeling, shall have no drawbacks.

We began to hear of a combination of morphine with another alkaloid, scopolamine. Each of them cut the claws and paralysed the fangs of the other, and together they produced a beneficent "twilight sleep," in which, while the activities of parturition went forward undiminished, the mother dreamed pleasantly and only occasionally became aware of the work that her organism was engaged in.

But there *were* drawbacks. Now and then a death occurred. There were sometimes difficulties with the circulation and respiration of both mother and child, and the physician had to be in continuous

attendance. To correct these the addition of a third alkaloid has been suggested, but there has not yet been time enough to know the results. Meantime we hear from Paris of an altered, fermented, morphine, which in its own solitary person is reported to have all the necessary virtues and no defects. The merits of the drug, or of the condition it induces, have been enthusiastically chanted for the public benefit, even with a touch of solemn and religious awe, by a writer in one of the popular magazines who went to Paris to see it at work in the hands of its inventor at a maternity hospital. It does what is wanted of it, that is, it relieves the pain; and though, it is true, one child out of three born under its influence is for a while voiceless, this is said to be the only manifest indication that the drug does any harm.

There is probably no question that what we call normal parturition nowadays even at best is abnormally painful, more painful than its nature necessitates. Neither the muscular nor nervous system is ever quite what it should be and in the average case is very far indeed from full efficiency. Ignorance or disregard of the laws of health and especially of those concerned with maternity, social and other difficulties in carrying out even those that are recognized, poverty, bad heredity — all combine to weaken and ungear the mechanism upon which this greatest physiological effort of the organism depends.

But there is nothing to indicate that even if all these were corrected pain would be abolished. After a certain point in the scale of health and development is reached the pains of parturition cease to be in the inverse ratio of them. Nature has not arranged that *this* normal physiological function should, like all the rest, be either subconscious or pain-free.

Why has she not? It would certainly not have been impossible.

But since she has not, should we make it so? Should we dull consciousness to it, free consciousness from it? Even if in so doing we should be able to avoid any manifest impairment of efficiency? To relieve the pain of a morbid condition, of neuralgia, of cancer, of a surgical operation, is one thing: to relieve that which is normal to a normally performed function is another. May not the demand for pain-freedom be here going too far?

Is the child only *physically* born at its birth? Is there a corresponding birth of *consciousness*? As its physical form detaches itself from that of the mother, so is its sentient consciousness detaching itself from hers, both becoming relatively independent of her.

The pains of parturition, connected with the necessary maximum efforts of the voluntary and involuntary muscular systems, arouse and engage the full consciousness of the mother in the work that is going on and in the result that will come of them, her living child. Must not the nascent consciousness of the child be lit and stimulated by her in these last critical hours and moments to a degree impossible if narcotics have loosened her attention or sent her mind half way into dreamland? Has not the child a right to this stimulation, to this degree of awakening and illumination? May that right not be the meaning of nature's refusal to put *this* physiological function below the pain threshold?

One in three of the "twilight"-born children are at first voiceless. That means, manifestly unawake to their new surroundings. The same must be true, though in less degree, of the others. Is not this exactly what we should expect from the absence of the final stimulus or send-off which they were entitled to but could not get because of the condition of their own nerves and those of the mother? That absence *may* mean a lack of something, of some energy of development, that will tell throughout the whole period of growth or even of life. But the suppression of pain may mean something more, another loss.

Throughout all the months, from the time of the first stir onward, the mother's mind has been with the child and her love for it growing. When the time comes and the hours of pain are in progress her nature rises to the supreme effort of work and sacrifice for the other. Through work and sacrifice is the only way by which love grows or can grow, and these hours contain the intensest appeal for them and need of them. They give the last point to the long-growing divine mother-instinct, that instinct which finally wells up and flows over in infinite tenderness at the sound of the infant's first cry. And it is this instinct, here reaching its intensest degree through the pains, the labor, the conscious acceptance of sacrifice, that give the finish and fulness to the child's awakening to sentient life. For those who can understand this the very knowledge of the availability of a narcotic will enable them to make the sacrifice more potent. Voluntarily refusing the proffered chance of unconsciousness, they win an added power to call to life. And they may be sure that the soul of the child, now entering upon the toils of another incarnation, will not only be helped for all the coming years but will be recognizant and grateful for everything that has been consciously done and sacrificed for it.

OUR MOON: by the late **F. G. Plummer**, Geographer, Forest Service, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture



WHAT is that little world that we have always seen, month after month and year after year, rising and setting on our horizons, running high or passing low in many changing moods and phases?

The poet calls her "Queen of the Night." The mariner says she rules the ocean tides. The oriental sage tells us that our earth is her child, while the modern scientist with nebular theory insists that the earth is mother. To the astrologer she sends influences both good and evil, inclining us to enterprise and study, or making us sarcastic, obstinate, or wayward. To the ignorant savage she is a demon, devouring the stars, and her eclipses bring terror to his heart, and consternation to his mind. To lovers she is a mischievous Jack-o'-lantern, and the little child holds out tiny arms and cries because she is out of reach. Dogs bark at her, but she still continues to shine. As harvest-moon she brings joy to him who sowed the seed. To the true astronomer — ? — that is the subject of our story.

The jolly face of the "man in the moon" is only visible to the naked eye. In the field of an astronomer's telescope, or even as seen through a good opera glass, the details of the lunar surface take precedence, and a great opportunity for investigation is open to us.

If we are so fortunate as to be gazing through a very large and powerful telescope, it appears as though we are in a balloon suspended above the lunar landscape where great mountain ranges, walled plains, enormous craters, and old sea-beds are spread out like a relief map to invite our study.

It is fair to say, that of the lunar hemisphere which is turned towards us, we know more of the topographical features than we do of those of the earth which is now our home. It is a fact that we have better maps and have more detail information regarding the elevations and contours on the moon than we will have on the earth for many years. We might get a splendid series of maps of the United States — for instance — if they could be photographed from an elevation of fifty or a hundred miles. To get the best results, we would take the photograph near sunrise or sunset, when the shadows are long, and every hill and valley shows its outlines clearly. This is precisely what is done in the case of the moon, and as the length of the shadow of a mountain is proportionate to its height, it is evident that elevations can be determined. The Paris observatory has the finest series.

The darker areas which we can see on the moon are considered to be old dry sea-beds and have been named accordingly. It is interesting to note that these names typify periods in the human life of both woman and man. Taking them in sequence from south to north on the west side of the moon they are: Sea of Nectar, Sea of Fertility, Sea of Tranquillity, Sea of Crisis, Sea of Serenity, Marsh of Sleep, Lake of Death, and the Sea of Ice. On the east side are Sea of Humors, Sea of Clouds, Ocean of Storms, Sea of Colors, Bay of Rainbows, etc. Large mountain ranges take their names from similar features on the earth, such as the Alps, Apennines, and the Caucasus, and their highest peaks bear the names of great astronomers. History furnishes titles for the thousands of craters which are the typical features of the moon's surface and the student easily remembers those bearing the names of such philosophers as Plato, Copernicus, Tycho, Archimedes, or Aristarchus. Some others are expressive of the features themselves. One deep and uninviting crater is called Hell.

On the crescent of the new moon towards the upper or northern end we can plainly see a large circular dark area — the Sea of Crisis. Suppose we make a journey from this sea-bed across the moon and visit some of its points of interest. We will have to travel at the rate of seventeen or eighteen miles an hour to follow the line of sunrise, but this is easy enough when we are only “supposing.”

We immediately notice that the ground is not even as bright as we would expect to find it — in fact it is not bright at all. When we had seen the bright moon from the earth, we saw all of it against the dark sky, and now we only see a small area. We are near Picard, a circular cup-like depression nearly twenty miles in diameter of which the edges are higher than the bottom of the sea-bed. It seems large to us, but it is a dwarf compared to what we shall see on our journey.

With the rising sun behind us we begin our trip, climbing a bench and then crossing a sharp ridge. Ahead is the precipitous shore of the sea-bed several thousand feet high, but we take advantage of one of the many passes, and are soon over the divide and on a more gentle but rugged slope. We pass to the left of a circular crater called Proclus and notice that the ground is lighter in color and is more rolling than rugged. Soon we are on another sea-bed — the Sea of Tranquillity, which is dotted here and there with little depressions as if it had just recovered from a severe case of small-pox.

As we approach the ring-mountain Vitruvius, we notice that its slopes are of a blue-steel color and being curious to explore, we scramble over the crags and scale the cliffs, and at last stand upon the ring which is a hundred miles in circumference. The surface of the moon is distinctly lower inside of the ring and in the center of the enclosure is a high peak. How did it get there? There is not time to explain — and besides, we don't know.

We turn a little to the northward and pass near the Argaeus range of peaks and enter the Sea of Serenity. To our left and many miles distant, we can barely see the top of a great promontory called Cape Acherusia. After crossing a low ridge which lies across our path and extends in both directions as far as we can see, we notice that the sea-bed is of a decided green tint.

We waste no time at the little crater Bessel, but not so with another which we turn northward to see. It is a great mound of fresh "lava" (?) nearly eight miles in diameter. Formerly this was the location of a crater called Linné which was five and a half miles across, but about the year 1787 a change took place and the crater "overflowed." There is a darker spot in the center of this eruption which we can see from the earth with the aid of telescopes.

Still traveling northward we cross a spur of the Caucasus range and from a lofty height look down upon an old lake-bed lying near Calippus. Far over to our right is the Marsh of Sleep, which is a pale red color under the sunlight, and to our left the summits of the Alps are just being touched with light.

Passing Eudoxus we see the brilliant lines which radiate from Aristoteles: a ring-mountain fifty miles in diameter. Near it is Eged, which is not circular but more the shape of a piece of pie. Our route now lies across the Alps or rather through them, for there is a wide and nearly level valley crossing the axis of the range and as clearly defined as a railroad cutting. At one place it is somewhat choked with cosmic rubbish but we have little difficulty in selecting a path. The Alps cast long shadows over the great plain we are entering, and although we can see all the lunar landscape that is illuminated, we can see absolutely nothing when in these shadows. We cannot see each other nor even ourselves and the hand held up before the face is only an inky black silhouette against the distant illuminated plain, for there is no atmosphere to diffuse the light nor are there any varying grades of darkness. One may pass around any of the great rocks that lie

about into absolute night. The sensation is curious for we seem to exist only in consciousness, and we instinctively pinch our bodies to make sure they are there — even then we are not sure!

We next visit a walled plain, nearly circular in shape and over sixty miles in diameter called Plato, and which is of interest because it is as dark as the sea-beds and of about the same level, although almost surrounded by lighter-colored mountains. An isthmus two hundred miles long bordering the Sea of Ice leads us to Cape Laplace, where we climb a pinnacle peak and gaze out over the magnificent Bay of Rainbows. We cross over its mouth to the opposite cape which perpetuates the name of Heraclides, and then bearing southward, hasten over a barren region four hundred miles, for we want to be in time to see the sunrise on the central peak of Aristarchus. That is a grand sight even when viewed from the earth at a distance of 240,000 miles. As the sunlight touches the peak it looks like a clear white star in the sky. A minute later and it is almost as bright as Jupiter. In an hour the whole summit is brilliant with color and seems to be suspended 'twixt moon and heaven, for its base is still in the shadow and utterly invisible.

We would go straight ahead, but across our way is an enormous crack a quarter of a mile wide and ninety miles long, and of a depth that makes us dizzy, although we are hardened mountaineers. We therefore turn northward around this obstacle and make a hasty visit to the ring-mountain Lichtenberg, enclosing the Hercynian Mountains, which are a decided red color, and here our journey ends for the present. We have traveled over 3000 miles and have not witnessed a sunset.

THE ASTRAL LIGHT: by G. S.

A paper on Theosophical Manual No. 10, *The Astral Light*, read at the Regular Meeting of the William Quan Judge Club, Rāja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, February 23, 1915.



We are all familiar with the expression "Wisdom-Religion," as applied to Theosophy. One remarkable aspect of this wonderful philosophy is the manner in which it synthesizes Science and Religion — the eminently practicable, and the spiritual and in some respects, one must confess, impracticable, aspects of modern thought. This fact is strikingly illustrated in the Manual entitled *The Astral Light*. Here is a subject belonging

to an abstruse branch of science — metaphysics, which one would say, at first glance, could have but little application to man's moral development; and yet the Wisdom-Religion is such a complete whole — as anyone can sense, even with a primary understanding of it — that this scientific conception becomes of vital importance in explaining what is perhaps the most important moral concept that Theosophy has re-introduced to the Western World — the Law of Karma.

It is difficult indeed to gain a comprehension of what the astral light is. In the first place, it is referred to as the astral *light* because it manifests as such to man's inner vision. This is of course only one of its attributes; just as electricity manifests under certain conditions as light, although we know that it can produce other manifestations, such as heat, magnetism, chemical action, etc. Magnetism is another property of the astral light, more particularly what we call personal magnetism — the power that is exercised by the mesmerizer and hypnotist. It is this quality, inherent everywhere, which gives to localities and persons a certain peculiar feeling or "atmosphere," which sensitive people detect. But for our present purpose it will be sufficient to compare the astral light with electricity or with one of the best known scientific hypotheses, the ether, with whose properties we are all more or less acquainted — admitting the while that it may have many other properties which we can neither fully describe nor probably fully comprehend.

The first point to consider is that it is of the astral substance that our thoughts are made — remembering always that there are many gradations of astral, as of physical, matter. So we see that every thought we give birth to affects the astral light just as every breath of ours affects the common air. If we did not live so much on the material plane, we would be able to perceive this quite clearly. What a sight, then, to the eye of a Seer, must be the astral atmosphere of a great city! Most of us have learned a certain amount of self-control in speech, so that we can generally refrain from saying things that we would be ashamed to have others hear; but how many of us go through a day without permitting to enter or leave our minds a single thought that we would not be willing to have our comrades read? Yet these thoughts are no more devoid of effect than are the physical impurities which we breathe forth into the atmosphere. Unfortunately, on the astral plane there is no beneficent vegetable kingdom to absorb our impure thoughts and return again the energy which informed

them, purified, into the astral reservoir. Thus the astral light becomes saturated with thoughts waiting to enter men's minds and affect their action — all the impulses which drag men to crime and bestiality, and all the inspirations which fire them to heroism and compassion. And the choice lies entirely in our hands.

The astral light is also the great record-book of eternity. This is the Screen of Time upon which the Recording Angel writes inefaceable records. These records are open to all — any man may gain the power to read them. But if he is to have his eyes opened to this record, he must be prepared to face all the other sights which the astral plane presents — the vile as well as the beautiful. And in view of prevailing conditions, it is surely a blessed restriction which prevents us, with our weak wills, from having to face temptations infinitely more dangerous than those to which we are already exposed, and to which we so frequently succumb.

There is nothing "miraculous" about such a record. A few years ago an instrument was invented, by means of which a person, speaking on or against a diaphragm, produced fluctuations in the strength of the current exciting an electro-magnet. A steel ribbon passing between the poles of the magnet was so energized that on reversing the process, every word spoken could be distinctly reproduced. Such a record cannot be detected by any of the five senses, unaided, for the ribbon has apparently suffered no change; and it can be preserved almost indefinitely. Is there then anything to prevent our thoughts and even our acts from being registered and preserved in a similar way? As Whittier expresses it:

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

— and it is with warp and woof of astral light that we weave this eternal tapestry, which brings us back to the subject of Karma.

The astral light is the instrument through which this great Law acts. All our acts of will affect first the astral and then the physical plane. Science as yet cannot explain to us how a man has the power to raise his hand; since there is apparently no direct connexion between the thought existing in his mind and the actual motion of the physical matter composing his arm. This however becomes comprehensible when we accept the existence of the astral body of man. His

thoughts, being of the same substance as the astral body — though they may differ perhaps as a gas differs from a metal — they have the power to affect the astral body directly. This being the model upon which our physical body is built, any change therein is followed by change of the physical body. So in thinking, acting — in whatever we do, while we are weaving pictures on the screen of time, we are, so to speak, disturbing the equilibrium of the astral plane, setting up causes whose results can ultimately devolve on nobody but ourselves, which is what is meant by saying that the astral plane is the instrument of the Law of Karma.

We know that all laws must have instruments through which to work. The law of the land has its law courts, the “law of gravitation” has the force of gravity, and Karma has the astral light, for its instrument. And Theosophy goes a step further along the parallel, stating that as the law-court has its presiding human intelligence, in the person of the judge, so the force of gravity has its directing cosmic intelligence, and the astral light its guiding divine intelligence.

To the question: Ought a man to be able to control the astral plane? the answer is a most emphatic Yes — just as much as the material plane. But as we find on this latter plane that the first step towards such control is the ability to prevent the forces operating thereon from controlling us, so should we follow the same plan in our efforts to gain the mastery of the astral ocean in which we live. As matters stand now, we are entirely too much at the mercy of certain thought-currents, which float in and out of our minds as easily as do the bacteria into and out of our lungs; and as for virulence, the germs of physical disease are mildness itself in comparison with these astral plagues. It is perhaps well to recall in this connexion, that it is on this plane that the executed criminal’s passions and evil influence do their deadly work in affecting other weak minds, often inciting them to commit similar deeds. For Theosophists, this is one of the strongest arguments against the death penalty, from a purely scientific point of view.

The whole aim and effort of Theosophy is to make its students and all who contact its teachings, not merely wiser, in the academical sense, but *better* men and women. Hence the insistence with which all Theosophical books and literature point to the close application that these teachings have to the daily life of mankind. Each Manual contains a moral as well as a scientific lesson; and if one were asked to

characterize briefly the lesson brought out by Manual No. 10, I think no more fitting words could be found than those written in the *Voice of the Silence*:

Strive with thy thoughts unclean before they overpower thee. Use them as they will thee, for if thou sparest them and they take root and grow, know well these thoughts will overpower and kill thee. Beware, Disciple, suffer not, e'en though it be their shadow, to approach. For it will grow, increase in size and power, and then this thing of darkness will absorb thy being before thou hast well realized the black foul monster's presence.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XV

(The following anecdotes are taken from Gräffer's work previously referred to.)

A MODERN MAGICIAN



A STRANGER had arrived at Vienna for a short time. But his stay became protracted. His business concerned a distant future, that is to say the twentieth century.

He had visited Vienna in reality on account of one single person. This person was Mesmer, who was yet a very young man. Mesmer was struck by the look of the visitor.

"You must be the man," he said, "whose anonymous letter I received from the Hague yesterday."

"I am."

"You want to speak with me at this time, as to my ideas on Magnetism?"

"I do."

"The man who has just left me is the one who in a fatherly way led me to these ideas. He is the famous astronomer Hell."

"I am aware of it."

"But my principles are still in a chaotic condition. Who can give me light?"

"I can."

"You would please me very much, mein Herr."

"I must do so."

The stranger signed to Mesmer to bolt the door and they sat down.

The gist of their conversation concerned the theory of securing the elements of the Elixir of Life from the use of Magnetism, as the result of certain reactions: as it were gathering, skimming, assembling.

The discussion lasted three hours. The art of exorcizing "spirits" found a new and firmer explanation in the varied conclusions drawn. The two men appointed a further meeting in Paris. Then they separated.

The Unknown stranger went to his lodging at the "Wild Man" hotel,

A groom was awaiting him with two horses. A note contained an invitation to Rodaun.

It was night. But in the note at the end, there was a little additional sign which decided the Unknown. In his shoes and silk clothes, just as he was, he mounted one of the horses. The groom did not succeed in overtaking him.

There was a great gathering in the building at Sehfels. The company was divided in several rooms. In one of them they were concocting a fluid.

The Unknown smelt it. Then he threw it to the ground and trampled it underfoot.

"What do you want with this Elixir?" he asked angrily. "This mess is only fit to shorten life, not to lengthen it.

"It seems, gentlemen, that you do not know that the basis of the Philosopher's stone consists in uniting in one and the same substance the finest elementary forces from each of the three kingdoms of nature. You shall learn where and how to find these, but not today."

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

In another room they were busy generating gold. The stranger approached one of the braziers. He snatched a piece of real gold from the sleeve of the operator which the latter had intended to slip into the brazier and then boast that he had made it.

He approached a second brazier and extinguished the fire. Taking two of the largest pieces of coal he broke them with the poker and real gold fell out of them. The operator had himself brought them in the coal, which he had previously hollowed, in order to boast that he had made it.

He approached a third brazier and took a little powder out of his pocket case and strewed it on the lump of lead in the pan. In three minutes he cast it into a bucket of water. Then he threw it on the table and applied the touchstone; it was solid gold. He obtained a pair of scales; the gold weighed twelve pounds.

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

In a third room there was a busy hum of conversation.

They were criticising the new divining rod which people used in places where hidden treasure should lie.

The Unknown took a little bottle out of his pocket case.

"Pour that, gentlemen, on to a hazelrod. On Maria-Trost Hill it will show you the place where a million Turkish gold coins lie buried, where in 1683 the tent of the Grand Vizier stood."

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

A fourth room was full of smoke and there was a horrible stench.

Smoke and stench vanished as the stranger entered; a slight gesture from him and the room was filled with delicious perfume.

"What is going on here?" he asked.

"We want the spirit of Swedenborg," they answered dejectedly.

"How long have you been working at the matter?"

"A month."

"You shall have it."

The stranger vanished.

The bystanders were confounded, speechless.

There was a social gathering at the house of the young Count Max Lamberg. "I wonder if he will come?" they whispered one to another.

And he sat in the midst of them.

They were talking of Spallanzani and spoke admiringly of his zoological experiments and combinations.

The Unknown said, "That is nothing! Spallanzani has talent, but he is still very young. Do you know Tavernier? Do you know what he saw among the Indians?"

"Yes, the Fig-Tree trick," replied the Count.

The Indian takes a fig, cuts a cross under his arm so that it bleeds. Then he rubs the fig in the wound, puts it six inches underground, a chip of soft wood in the same hole, and in three minutes there springs up a little fig-tree inch by inch so that one can see it growing by jerks.

Two ladies swooned. The remainder of the company clapped approval.

The Stranger laughed. "That is nothing," he said. "Please send me a lackey."

"My friend," said the Unknown, "let him get me some salad from the remains of the table, and a piece of venison."

To the company he said, "The room is too small."

They passed into the great ball-room close by.

The Unknown took a little earth out of his vest pocket and strewed it on the vessel, picked off a piece of the lettuce leaf, and laid it on top. Immediately a little delicate growth unfolded and shot up, and he cast the saucer to the floor, so that it broke into a thousand pieces. In an instant there sprouted, grew, shot up from every piece hundreds and thousands of shoots which quickly spread into bushes, bowers, trees, pine clumps; their scent perfumed the air, breezes whispered in the branches. He waved his handkerchief and the jungle took on an ordered appearance: there were flowerbeds, paths, lawns. A delightful forest was prepared.

"Here is your phantom park," he said to the Count.

There were exclamations of astonishment. The ladies sighed and stammered.

The Unknown tore off some shreds of venison, took some of the little bones of the deer, put them on a plate, poured out a thick broth over them from a jar, blew upon it and stirred the while. Then he threw away the plate.

He breathed three words and waved his handkerchief. Six tender roes leapt from the bushes and lay down at the ladies' feet.

The company also were about to throw themselves at the feet of the stranger and hastened after him into the thickest part of the forest. But he had gone.

The park lasted until the next morning. After the first sunbeam the gardener saw it vanish, gradually dissolving into light etheric vapors, and drawn out into long, thin figures like smoke, vanish away.

Nothing was left there but the broken pieces of the dish and the plate.

Count Zinzendorf, passing almost by chance, happened to be on the spot.

The comedy completely mystified him. He thought he was in his garden at Parchtholdsdorf, which he called Herrenhut. He ran to look for the Unknown, but in vain! The Count died shortly afterwards, there.

It was then time to appear in Rodaun. The exorcizers had already been assembled for some time.

The Unknown glided in. His face showed disapproval.

At the back of the room he noticed a man whose look displeased him. He saw through his coat an illuminated copper plate, Swedenborg's portrait. The man had this in his letter case. The man made a vapor of smoke to draw away the gaze of the new arrival.

This man was Cagliostro.

"There's some quackery going on here," cried the Unknown with a ringing voice.

He looked at the clock.

"There's some bungling going on!" he repeated in thundering tones. "Gentlemen, that man yonder brings you misfortune. Baron Swieten, the wise, is ready. Already you are replaced, quack, you are done with. Your bench is broken!"

There was heard the sound of soldiers approaching.

The Unknown disappeared.

ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE

A pack of chemists, treasure seekers, exorcists, charlatans, and smaller fry had been driven out of the Sehfels House by the authorities.

Their workshops had been destroyed.

An unknown man, a magician, had twice been present at the proceedings of that group; unintentionally contributing to their unmasking.

Early in the evening of the last night, he had created in Count Lamberg's drawing-room a natural forest and had peopled it instantaneously with living deer.

A noble, enlightened spirit, one of the highest men in the country, had received instant news of this proceeding.

It approached midnight.

He entered a sedan-chair. Two torch-bearers before, two following.

At the "Wild Man" hostel in the Karntnerstrasse they halted.

"Where is the room of the stranger who is to leave early in the morning?"

Opposite the front door the gentleman mounted a narrow dirty wooden staircase. On the door of the Unknown's room was written with chalk: "Enter without knocking."

The cavalier entered.

The room was without light. But notwithstanding this, there could be distinguished in the middle of the room a manly figure in silver-gray, sitting upright in an armchair, shining faintly. The figure rose, moved a little candlestick, and the room burst into flame.

The cavalier started back astonished.

The magician says: "No danger, mein Herr. It is combustible air, gas. You will have it in the next century; it will be common. What you see here is only an anticipation."

No traveling baggage was to be observed with the exception of a little steel coffer. On the table full of writing materials there was a layer of thin rectangular plates.

The cavalier begged to be excused on account of the lateness of the hour.

The magician replied: "It is never night to me. I am used to doing without sleep, which is a dissipation of fully a third of one's life."

The cavalier referred to the laws of nature.

"A little grain of primordial force protects me from the necessity of submitting myself to it."

"I am not here to enquire who you are," the visitor said, the picture of the Empress shining forth from his breast, as though spontaneously, on account of its diamond frame. "I could do so and perhaps ought to do so, but it is not that, honored Sir. The Man, as such, is of little importance, but his spiritual or moral power makes him remarkable and distinguished."

"We understand one another, mein Herr," replied the stranger. "You wish for information as to my power."

"Yes, your knowledge, mein Herr, must be extraordinary."

"Only because it is so perfectly simple."

"I understand."

"I am glad of that. I will be quite open with you. You are great, morally great. Your dust will lie beside that of kings."

"My aim is the common good; it is practical. Immeasurable wealth is buried, slumbering on the waters. These treasures are dead. You, mein Herr, possess the art of making them live. But the hazel-rod (divining-rod) of Seheld has gone down in the turmoil of destruction."

"In this century there is money enough. In the coming century people will need it. The men of that time, impelled by, fermenting with technical discoveries, will learn to know the 'willing' rod as soon as the idea of magnetism is worked out to its highest potency. A young man here in Vienna is the first novice."

"You turn aside, mein Herr. I will retreat."

"You are tender, mein Herr. I honor that. But you should not find me ungenerous."

With these words the Unknown opened the steel chest. He took out a kind of needle case and then another and then a little snuff box of platina, and laid the two on the table. Then he took out two quite small bottles. In one of them he let fall from the box some drops of a viscous liquid, and handed it to the cavalier, saying:

"Here you have the power to find two masses of buried noble metal. The gold of the Hill of Maria-Trost where the grand vizier's tent stood, is however, no longer there. Let us now, if you please, leave this stuff."

"Let it be so," said the cavalier. "I thank you very much indeed. It is for

you now to command me. If it is possible, let us be of use to Humanity, in harmony with the highest powers of earth."

They agreed.

"Count Lamberg with his ladies," went on the cavalier, "will visit you again this morning, honored Sir. Everyone is still petrified with astonishment."

The magician replied:

"I see, mein Herr, you want to look into the matter. This snuff-box contains the explanation."

He opened the Charnier tobacco box. There was a brown dust inside like snuff.

Pointing to it, he said: "It is primordial earth."

The cavalier, as though struck by an electric shock, started back. He trembled and his face became deathly pale. He folded his hands. As one filled with holy fear he dared not again approach.

The magician looked at him with the greatest gravity. He spoke, he spoke with burning words.

"This utterance, man, is the key to me of your beautiful soul. It is genuine in fear and in love. A pure man!"

But the magician immediately changed his tone. Respectfully he continued: "I honor you, mein Herr. I permit myself to love you and I do love you. Take, I beg you, a little pinch of this dust. It is enough to change the Sahara Desert into a blooming paradise in three minutes. It is the Primordial Earth."

The cavalier was again most strongly affected.

The Unknown spoke further:

"It is from India. I myself received it a long time ago. Such a thing cannot happen a second time. Now you know the park of Count Lamberg. But here you see the deer."

From the second little box he dropped into a little bottle a few small flakes of damp greenish feebly-shining jelly, saying, "It is Primordial Mud."

The cavalier trembled again and became fiery red.

"Take it, mein Herr. Guard it," continued the Magician. "I honor you. I will ever love you, for you are sincere and pious."

"You see," added he, "that one, in order to bring forth appearances which are worthy of being admired by thinking people, must have studied nature herself, to know the spirit of things, else it is vain jugglery, prestidigitation, or mechanical contrivances."

"You are right," said the cavalier. "It is only vain jugglery, which can have no inner interest. Ordinary table tricksters understand nothing of natural knowledge; they are only men of outward routine."

Throwing a look of gratitude on the present, the cavalier added, "What a striking humiliating proof of the perishability of earthly things! How powerless is our earthly kingdom today! How helpless is our modern foulness, in spite of its wonderful productivity!"

"The essence of matter gets used up," replied the magician. "Its spirit leaves it; its power of manifestation wanes gradually. Yesterday, before I rode to Rodaun, I visited your sulphur spring at Baden. During the last fifty years

since I last observed it, its virtue and smell have considerably decreased. The beautiful Baden has no more volcanic eruption to fear. You see, mein Herr, I belong to the Vulcanists; I have always ridiculed the Neptunists. The globe will perish from congelation."

"To be sure it will," replied the cavalier. "The interior fires are dying; crumbling and falling to pieces."

He, the magician, laughed.

"In order not to be surprised by the ladies," he said, "I will make you a keepsake for them of my portrait."

With these words he took one of the thin silver plates and looked steadily at it close by the light of the candle, as one looks in a mirror. He handed the plate to the cavalier; it was an exact portrait of the magician.

How astonished the latter was!

But the stranger said: "This discovery also is merely an anticipation, like all my inventions. People are struck only by the yet undiscovered, the yet uninvited."

The cavalier was quite absorbed in contemplation of the picture.

"Inexplicable! incomprehensible!" exclaimed he repeatedly. "You are right: everything is only anticipation, priority alone makes the distinction: the first time; the beginning. The mythological gods were men centuries before the others discover things in physics."

"Yes, and you will have Daedalus and better in the next century. Every child has long known how to make thunder and lightning. This art of facsimile portrait-making will be discovered by a Frenchman. The people of Vienna, always full of talent, will carry it to the point of producing them in color."

It seemed to the cavalier that the Unknown's glance rested on the writing materials.

He took his leave.

The magician said, "You have now seen and heard something of the things that are possible. How long and how happily would men live if they had this before their eyes:

"Animal and spiritual, the highest thing in life is power alone. Educate and beautify yourselves, your lives."

Having said this he bowed and stepped into the recess.

The cavalier went out.

Next day the landlord of the inn said:

"Last night, a gentleman from the Imperial court was with the wonderful Unknown."

The great Swieten, whose ashes rest by those of Kings in the chapel of Augustine.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER VII

MRS. WEITMAN AT HOME



“BUT there is another side,” said Mrs. Weitman, continuing the conversation, “which few people ever seem to consider.”

“Because,” replied Dr. Desmond, who with a small party of friends sat around the fire in Mrs. Weitman’s pleasant library; “because so few people know anything about it. The materialism of the age, to say nothing of the almost total ignorance of the inner nature of things, prevents people from thinking about or believing in the unbreakable continuity of life. Therefore to them there is no other side. They think and say that when life is extinct in the body the man is dead, and that ends it.”

“Well, doesn’t that end it?” asked Florence Vining; “at least for this time its all finished,” she added.

“No, it does not end it all,” said the Doctor thoughtfully. “In fact it is but the beginning of a new and more intense phase of life. That is why hurling a man suddenly and violently out of his body is not only a terrible mistake but a crime perpetrated against nature.”

“To me,” said Florence, “any kind of death is terrible. I have always been so afraid of it.”

“That is because most of us,” said Mrs. Weitman, “have been so misled about the real nature of death and the place it holds in the evolution of the inner self, which is the real man. The body is only the outer covering, the instrument through which it learns and works.”

“Then why,” asked Jasper Raymond, a young musician, “if the real man is so entirely apart from the body, is it so great a misfortune to lose it?”

“It is a misfortune for several reasons,” replied Dr. Desmond. “The human being is made up of several distinct principles, yet so closely interlocked that they form one perfect whole. Nature has so wrought and interwoven these principles that they will each last and cling together until the period for which she intended them to endure has come to its end; and then by a perfectly natural process they gradually and painlessly separate. This is a natural death; the soul has finished its work in that body and is ready to leave it.

“But in the other case it is not ready — its work is not done; the principles cling tenaciously together, will not, cannot separate. Thus

the entire man minus his outer body, the physical, is violently thrust across the border from the material into the astral world."

"I have heard," said Mr. Rogers, "that neither drowning nor hanging were painful after the first moment or two."

"But," demurred Jasper, "no one who has been drowned or hanged could testify to that."

"But many have been almost drowned and then revived," said Dr. Jordan. "What do you say, Dr. Desmond?"

"Of course after the body has been killed, or stunned into insensibility it can give no outward sign of suffering. But the inner astral body, which is in reality the seat of feeling or sensation, has not been, cannot be, killed. Though it can no longer express through the body, how do we know how keen and agonizing its feelings may or may not be? And then there is the mental suffering to be considered."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Weitman, "it would be impossible to imagine the horror and despair which closes around and shuts in the doomed man. How terrible to count the days, knowing that each one is bringing him that much nearer to the last and dread act of his life. The thinking of and picturing that last forced act! And they do not know that though they are being robbed of the time that should be spent in redceming the errors of the past, they must come again and in other lives do that work."

"But what is the result, Mrs. Weitman?" asked Florence. "Is that what you meant by the other side?"

"Yes, Florence; but Dr. Desmond can better explain it."

"Please do, father," urged Hylma.

"By the other side," replied the Doctor, "Mrs. Weitman meant what takes place after the criminal has been violently dispossessed of his earthly tenement. His condition is truly pitiable, for he cannot really die, and his lower part must wander about in the astral world until the time arrives at which he would naturally have died. He is also bound to earth because the astral body is the pattern or mold on which the physical is built. It is in it, enmeshed in every atom of its flesh, and to tear it from a body in its full health and vigor is like tearing the pit from a green fruit. In both cases nature resists a violation of her rigid customs.

"In the case of a natural death the astral body remains near the physical as long as a particle of it is left, excepting the skeleton. But in this case *the other principles have left it*, and it is what is

termed an astral shell, devoid of intelligence, and indeed of all life except that which it draws from its disintegrating physical body, and thus it gradually fades away."

"Can this astral shell ever be seen?" inquired Jasper.

"Under certain conditions," replied the Doctor. "We have all heard countless stories of ghosts and spirits being seen in and near graveyards. Naturally these astral shells hover around near their physical forms. We must remember that the coarsest form of astral matter is not very different from the finest layer of physical matter. In fact, where they merge into each other we can find no exact dividing line."

"I have heard persons solemnly affirm that they had seen graveyard apparitions," said Mr. Rogers; "but I never believed them. I supposed they were frightened and thought they had actually seen them. But now I can see how it might have been."

"It always made me feel creepy," said his wife. "Are there other circumstances under which they may be seen?"

"They often appear in séance rooms. They are drawn there by the magnetic currents of the mediums and sitters, because they are strengthened by these currents. Mediums often describe shadowy, half-forming, half dissolving faces and figures, and explain that they are spirits 'too weak' to fully form and show themselves. But the truth is they are the remains of decaying astrals."

"Well!" said another lady present. "That appears reasonable; but I thought that there was more than that at séances."

"Indeed there is," said Mrs. Weitman. "Dr. Desmond can tell a great deal more."

"But," said Dr. Jordan, "you have told us this about the astral shells of people who die naturally. What is the difference with those of men who are executed?"

"There is a great difference. With the person who dies a violent death before the natural time, the *lower* man, i. e., the personality, with its various inner bodies, remains intact and does not separate for many years perhaps, that is, until the period of his natural death has arrived. He is the same that he was in the body, but become worse by the measure of the anger, hatred, and revenge added to his nature by his trial and execution, which he deems cruel and unjust. All his passions, appetites, and desires are fully and vigorously alive; but without his body he has no means of gratifying them; and this

adds to his hatred of humanity and to his burning desire for revenge.

“He cannot escape from this lower astral plane. He is in torment; he wants to drink, smoke, eat, and indulge all the vices to which, perhaps, he has been accustomed. He soon finds that he can influence living men, persons of weak negative natures — and those popularly termed sensitives. Some he can influence more or less to do the things he wishes to do but cannot for lack of his body; so through their bodies he partakes of these ‘pleasures.’ He incites them even to crime, and thus by influencing a great many people to do evil his power is multiplied and he becomes a hundredfold more dangerous than when in his own body. This class of beings is called earth-bound souls.”

“Doctor,” said Florence, “these things seem so dreadful; they frighten me. I hope there are not many people so bad as these.”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Weitman, “every human being has a dual nature. Man is a twofold being, the lower part largely animal; the higher divine and capable of climbing to the heights of perfection. The weak and evil permit the animal to rule in them. The pure and good are guided by the divine.”

“But how can people help being just what they are?”

“Why Florence,” said Hylma, “every one has a will of his own and can choose which way he will go.”

“Well, it seems to me,” said Jasper, “that people can’t always choose.”

“No,” said Dr. Jordan. “I think that often they do what they would not, because there seems to them no other way.”

“Yes,” added Florence, “and just think of those born in the slums. In such environments might not any of us be just what those poor creatures are?”

“Now, father,” said Hylma, “how are you going to explain all these things?”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Rogers. “How can the incongruities and injustices of life be explained? That has always been such a stumbling-block to me.”

“That has been a stumbling-block to many,” replied the doctor, “and has caused them to lose faith in divine justice and compassion. There is nothing that can explain it except the laws of rebirth and Karma.”

“I think,” said Hylma, “that it is good to know that we are not

limited to one brief life, but will have other lives in which we can rectify our errors and mistakes and go on, learning and growing."

"That is surely the only reasonable thing," said Jasper.

"I think I should hardly care to live at all if only one short earth-life was all there was of it," said Dr. Jordan.

"One could not hope to accomplish much," said Mrs. Rogers.

"Well," said Florence, "I never have really understood just what the law of Karma is."

"You know what is meant by cause and effect, do you not?" asked Dr. Desmond.

"Oh yes, we all know that what follows any given cause is the effect of that cause; and when we see any effect we know that there must have been an adequate precedent cause."

"Certainly every reasonable person must see that," said Mrs. Rogers. "Is that the law of Karma, doctor?"

"Roughly speaking, it is. Jesus said, as have all great teachers before him, that everyone must reap exactly what he sows; but never a word of promise that this harvest might be left for someone else to gather."

"But what of the atonement?" anxiously inquired a pale sad woman dressed in mourning.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Hadley," replied Dr. Desmond, "Jesus never taught that his death could or would atone for the sins of anybody else."

"But he said 'I am the way, the truth and the life'."

"And so he was in the sense in which he used the words. It is simply a figure of speech likely to be used by all great teachers and divine helpers of the world. They have reached human perfection, or near-perfection, themselves, perhaps many ages ago, and then incarnate again, not for themselves, for they have nothing more to learn in this Manvantara, but to teach and uplift the mass of humanity who are toiling up the steep and rocky road which they once traveled to reach their present height. Therefore the Teacher says to his disciple 'I am the Way. Follow me and I will lead you to all truth and light.'"

"But doesn't he say he will *give* them light and knowledge?" asked Mrs. Hadley earnestly.

"I think that is a great misconception, Mrs. Hadley. He told

them that he had found the Way, thus becoming himself that Way; but he could not travel the path for another — no one can. Each soul *must* do that for himself. He must bear the toil, danger, suffering, and fatigue himself: and every grain of knowledge he gathers must come through his own exertions. The teacher can assist, and explain; but he cannot study for his pupil, or hand out his own knowledge and learning to him as he would hand him a book or a picture.”

“Oh,” sighed Mrs. Hadley, “that sounds so different from what we have been taught! It seems to me so disconcerting, too.”

“Why, I don’t see it that way,” said Dr. Jordan. “Of course it’s not easy, like throwing our ignorance, sins, and follies on Jesus, and feeling that we are rid of them.”

“But what could he do with them?” asked Hylma. “If every cause has its equal effect, will not all these sins and follies have to be worked out or neutralized in some way?”

“They surely will,” said Mrs. Weitman. “We see the effects of past sins, follies, and mistakes being worked out in our own lives and in the lives of others every day and all the time; and this is the law of Karma, which cannot be evaded by any one. As we sow so *must* we reap.”

“Then,” said Mrs. Rogers, “we can’t help or hinder the law; it is fate — kismet.”

“And,” added Mrs. Hadley, “it is so cold, so hard, and cruel! How different from feeling that we have a loving and compassionate Savior to pity and pardon.”

“But it is justice,” said Jasper, “even though stern and unfor- giving.”

“I think,” said Dr. Desmond, “that you all take somewhat wrong views. As regards fatalism it is not that at all. Though we must certainly meet the consequences of our past deeds, good or bad, the experience we gain is a very necessary teacher and if met in the right spirit will show us how to avoid similar sins and errors in this and in future lives. In this way *we can change* our Karma from evil to good.

“This is why we are taught that each individual is exactly what he has made himself.”

“Oh,” cried Mrs. Hadley, “I don’t want to make myself! I want to feel that God made me, and that I’m his child.”

“Dear Mrs. Hadley,” said Mrs. Weitman, “you need not give

up that belief. You are the child of God and he made you, in a far deeper, closer sense than you have ever imagined. But God takes his own time and way to accomplish his work. The same Christ, a ray from the Father, is in you and in each one, that was in Jesus. Only he had developed his into the perfection of divine wisdom, while many of us will not be persuaded that we have it at all and are looking for God and Christ *outside* of ourselves.

“Why, you might as well look for your pulse-beats, the thoughts of your brain, the emotions of your heart, outside of and disconnected from yourself.”

“All that Mrs. Weitman says is true,” continued Dr. Desmond. “And what is there cold or cruel, Mrs. Hadley, in feeling that Christ is within ourselves, our very own, instead of being all centered in some other person who must act as mediator between us and our heavenly source? And it is our privilege, in our power, to gain perfect knowledge of this Christ within, and finally to become one with it.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Rogers, “I see now why you must believe in reincarnation. I don’t believe I’d ever rise up to all this in a million years.”

“Yes,” added her husband, “it does make one little earth-life appear absurd, doesn’t it?”

“It’s fortunate that we have all eternity at our disposal,” remarked Dr. Jordan.

“Well, friends,” said Dr. Desmond, rising, “I have a patient to visit, so I must be going.”

“I will go with you,” said Dr. Jordan; and the party separated.

(To be continued)



REGARDING a recent investigation anent “plant autographs,” the *Scientific American* says it “proves that the barrier long supposed to exist between plant and animal life is purely arbitrary. If all matter is alive . . . surely we must not speak of ‘sciences,’ but of ‘science.’ There is but one science, one truth, and all . . . are part of a great unity.”

Like must produce like. Absolute Life cannot produce an inorganic atom, single or complex — wrote H. P. Blavatsky in 1888. (*Secret Doctrine*, i. 258) D.