

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“THEOSOPHY is the quintessence of duty.” H. P. BLAVATSKY

“WE must practise what we preach.”— W. Q. JUDGE

“THE principal work we are doing is to make Theosophy a living power in our lives.”— KATHERINE TINGLEY

THEOSOPHY A POWER IN LIFE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

 THESE three quotations have been selected, almost at random, from a great many to the same effect, to illustrate the view which sincere Theosophists take of their faith. A study of the writings of the three Leaders of the Theosophical Society will leave no doubt on this point. The purpose of those Leaders and their followers has not been to add one more to the overwhelming number of theoretical systems in the world, but to do something that shall help forward humanity in its continual search after truth and enlightenment. The lives of those Leaders prove that they can have had no other motive; for ambition and self-aggrandisement in any form will not account for their conduct. And not only is the mere pursuit of learning a dereliction of those duties which our better nature entails upon us, but it is fraught with failure in its own proposed object; because the pursuit of knowledge without a definite ethical purpose leads into profitless bypaths of learning and the accumulation of a mass of undigested material. The idea of pursuing knowledge “for its own sake” is a fallacy, because man is driven by some motive or other; and that motive, even though unknown to himself at the start, will ultimately reveal itself. Man, being a compound being, an incarnate god, is moved both by the urge of his divine nature and by the selfish will of his animal part; and from one or the other of these two sources spring all his motives, and he cannot pursue knowledge except at the behest of some desire, which must be either that of the impersonal Self or that of his personal ego.

The result of trying to make Theosophy anything else but a living power in one's life is shown by the vagaries of those who have created sects under the borrowed name of Theosophy, and who are achieving nothing of value to themselves or to humanity, and adding to the already hopeless confusion of theories and speculations; while in some cases actual harm is being done by the perversion of Theosophical teachings and by encouragement of the detrimental practices of psychism.

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Finally, great is the responsibility incurred by those who have turned anxious truth-seekers away from the light by interposing before their eyes a distorted form of the truth, which causes them to shrink in disgust from what they believe to be merely one more superstition.

What humanity really needs is a philosophy which will actually help it to live the life in which it is placed and which will throw a beam of light on the encompassing darkness. And it was this that the Founders of the Theosophical Society came to do. But the world has so long been put off with false and fruitless teachings that men have lost their faith; and so strong has become the spirit of materialism and selfishness that every teaching stands in danger of being perverted or destroyed. Hence the task before the Founders of the Theosophical Society was fraught with great difficulty. It was necessary first to convince a few people that a great body of knowledge really existed, and that there are in human nature a vast store of latent powers yet undeveloped. And, having done this, it then became all-important to emphasize the ethical motive in Theosophy, in order to counteract the tendency to turn the philosophy into a merely theoretical faith that would do no good to anybody.

Those who took up with Theosophy from the desire for knowledge soon learnt that there is no knowledge worth attaining except that which comes from the performance of duty; and that, without this guiding power, they would lose their way in profitless learning or stumble into some path of self-undoing. In other words, they found that the path of knowledge and the path of duty are one and the same.

To follow duty means that we shall be true to our own divine nature and obey the spiritual law of the divine breath with which man is inspired; instead of yielding to the weaknesses of our mortal frame and permitting the forces of animalism to make laws for our conduct. It means that each man shall be a Man, and each woman a Woman.

Therefore it is that our work is to make Theosophy a power in our lives; for otherwise Theosophy would be a dead thing as far as influence is concerned. And how could Theosophists face the world if they were not, each to the best of his ability, sincerely endeavoring to make their belief real and effective? A body of hypocrites, whether consciously or unconsciously so, or of lukewarm and time-serving preachers, could not stand forth and declare to the world that they have a message.

Thus it will be seen that Theosophy, as understood by its true representatives — the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — is eminently practical; and, as 'practical' is a very favorite word nowadays, this can be taken as a recommendation. If the case were otherwise, then Theosophy would be unpractical, and its representatives mere dreamers. But the practical work does not consist

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in the effort to reform other people without attempting to reform oneself. Such an effort is doomed to failure, for it only produces an aggressive busybody. Theosophists have to take their faith seriously, and realize that it is incumbent upon them to exemplify their beliefs, to the best of their ability, by their conduct. If the growth of a man is to be harmonious, he must observe the due proportion between theory and practice, between intellectual conviction and its realization in conduct.

It is this realization in conduct that gives to reform work its vitality; for people take little heed of doctrines whose efficacy cannot be practically demonstrated. They expect a teacher to have the courage of his convictions, and to show that those convictions are real and not merely professed. So it must be the aim of Theosophists to demonstrate that Theosophy is really a guide and an inspiration, and that it can solve the problems of life where other resources have failed.

It is fortunate for the world that Theosophy was not suffered to go the way which so many other teachings have gone - that of becoming a mere intellectual philosophy, divorced from conduct. There is a deep-seated hypocrisy or duplicity which makes people keep their religion and their daily life in separate compartments; so that, though they perhaps do not realize the fact, they really have two religions, one professed, the other practised. However devout in their religious life, they are at bottom worldly, and will evince this fact when put under the stress of trial. How easy it would have been to make Theosophy into a professed belief of this kind, for Sunday use only! How liable people are at any time to drift into such an attitude! There must always be a certain number of people who are attracted to Theosophy, and afterwards find that their convictions were not strong enough, their motives not sufficiently sincere; and who therefore fall away when they find that they are expected to take their faith seriously and to forego some of their former ways of thought and conduct. But, as just said, fortunately the nucleus established by H. P. Blavatsky and kept up by her successors has been strong enough to retain a body of earnest Theosophists who do take their faith seriously; and thus the world has the example of Theosophy as a living power in life.

Perhaps we do not sufficiently realize to what an extent modern life is built up on the idea of personal self-seeking; to such an extent indeed that, as H. P. Blavatsky says, it has even been exalted into a virtue.* This spirit makes us regard everything from the viewpoint of

*"The fact that mankind was never more selfish and vicious than it is now, civilized nations having succeeded in making of the first an ethical characteristic, of the second an art. . . ."
The Secret Doctrine, II: 110.

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personal advantage, even religion itself being made a question of personal salvation. So people will be prone to ask of Theosophy, "What is there in it for *me*?" Owing to this failing, it ensues that the most highly intellectual and cultured individual may be further behind than an unlearned and uncultured person; because all his learning may be grafted upon a stock of personalism, while the unlearned person may be a far more unselfish character. And what is true of individuals is true of society; so that our society may be top-heavy, and burdened with an amount of vague knowledge far ahead of its moral status. If so, the kind of knowledge most needed will be that which tends to eradicate this redundant personalism and to supplant it by more impersonal ideas, and it would be a mistake to try to cumber people with a further accumulation of undigested philosophy or with instructions which they would only pervert to selfish uses. So, vast and unfathomable as is the philosophy of Theosophy, the ethical side must be kept well to the fore. Students have to learn that personal ambition is not the true motive of life, and that there is a something better in prospect.

Those who are not interested in practical ethics, but ask for instructions in occultism, have mistaken the object of Theosophy. They want knowledge on their own conditions; but if help is expected from a teacher or school, the conditions of that teacher or school must be accepted; otherwise the pupil will have to do without the help and rely on his own resources. In ordinary schools we find boys who at one and the same time demand the aid of a teacher and try to dictate to him. They will have their own way, but will utilize the teacher as far as they think they can. To avoid this inconsistency, the pupil should at least know his own mind; he should have the quality of decision — be able to reflect fully on a course of conduct, and then, having made his decision, stick to it. He needs faith — the power that inspires him to do things of which he does not immediately see the use. And such faith is soon rewarded; for the practice of the simple duties awakens the intuition, and the student finds himself in a new broad world of opportunities both for knowledge and action.

The possession of knowledge is a great responsibility, and sincere students are but too aware of the difficulty of using aright the powers they have; additional powers, prematurely acquired, would greatly increase that difficulty. The message of Theosophy is not so much to reveal new powers as to direct men's attention to certain powers which they already have but neglect, and to assure them that, if they will but use those powers, they will find their abilities begin to expand in an unexpected way.

Some people have perhaps regarded Theosophy as something to be

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tacked on to life, much in the same way as people have regarded religion as a sort of extra. But Theosophy is rather an interpretation of life, just as religion ought to be an essential part of life and not an attic built on the top of it. So our attitude should not be one of reaching up, so much as one of looking within. We need to be more fully alive, more keenly observant, more wide-awake, to the life we are actually in; not seek to escape it and get into a new world beyond. The world means much more for a man than for an animal; and similarly the same world can mean more and more for the man in proportion as his faculties become keener. And the way to render the faculties keener is to rise to a higher ideal of manhood, which will remove the obstructions from our faculties and enable us to accomplish a step in our evolution.

When we act from a personal motive, we exercise the lesser faculties of our nature; but a pure unselfish motive calls into action the higher part of our nature. Hence real self-development implies obedience to the call of duty and conscience; and in this way only can we avoid the illusions which attend the attempt to gain knowledge for selfish uses.

THE ART OF GIVING: by R. Machell



GIFT is an act so naturally gracious that it may seem derogatory to speak of the art of giving: yet surely it is an art and a very high art. I do not like the term *high art*, for it seems to imply the existence of low art, which would be a self-contradiction, for Art is the soul's expression and should be so understood. But in this very materialistic age, when soul itself is but a doubtful hypothesis, how can we limit the use of such a term as Art to a state of things generally considered as imaginary or ideal?

And for the same reason one almost hesitates to differentiate between the art of giving and the act of distribution, yet we must do so. The art of giving is a high art indeed and rare.

When Gilbert wanted to get a laugh for Bunthorne, in *Patience*, he made that ridiculous personage utter simple truth, with a result that was invariably successful. Gilbert was a satirist, who made fun of his audience for his own enjoyment, by making them laugh at wisdom which they could not understand; while at the same time he was clever enough to throw the ridicule back on to his intellectual clown the impostor Bunthorne, who remarks: "High art is for the few; the higher the art, the fewer the few; the highest art is for the One."

Which One? Of course Bunthorne appropriates the honor to his own absurd personality, and the audience accepts his interpretation,

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and laughs; while the author smiles sardonically at both, and perhaps a little bitterly at himself, for it is bitter to be self-condemned to the role of a buffoon when one feels that one is endowed with superior intelligence.

The satirist knows nothing of the art of giving. He flings his wit at his audience, sometimes as a man may fling a bone to a dog and sometimes even less graciously. One has seen ragged urchins plunging into the river mud for coppers thrown to them by passers on a bridge, who enjoyed the dirty sport provided by the need of the beggar children. In some such mood the satirist at times flings his wit out to a hungry crowd, that is willing to plunge into the mud of degraded intellectuality for the diversion of the cynic, and for their own distraction.

But such gentle genial humorists as Oliver Goldsmith, when they write humorously, give flowers from the beautiful garden of their own heart, that carry a benediction with them and the rejuvenation of true merriment. They give spontaneously and their giving is high art.

Art is not artificiality. It is the spontaneous utterance of the Soul.

But the soul can find no utterance, until the mind and the heart and body can be brought into harmonious subjection to the soul, by discipline and practice and long training. When this harmony is attained, the expression, that is art, is spontaneous. The substitute is artifice; and into this category go nearly all the forms of artificiality that are generally called Art.

When a man flings a bone to a dog he may do so with a more gracious attitude of mind than he can attain to when drawing a check for a donation to a charity. Most men hate charity, and none more bitterly than the recipients: for it is the seal set upon their degradation, and it seems to sink them a little lower than before, and to make their failure irremediable. For charity, like art, is a term that has an esoteric significance, as well as an exoteric acceptance. The esotericism of charity would be utterly unintelligible to the average person who makes a practice of giving to the poor.

Unconsciously, perhaps, men, who give most unwillingly, may be internally protesting against a state of society in which there can be any place for such a perversion of justice as that which we call charity. There is no art in it, there is frequently no pretense of good-will even connected with it: there is but the unwilling payment of an irregular tribute, which at best can be regarded as an investment in moralities that will pay a dividend of respectability; and at its worst must be looked on as a form of blackmail paid, under fear of violence, to pacify the sufferers from some social injustice.

I have heard benevolent persons solemnly protest against the ideals of certain reformers, who draw pictures of a social state in which want

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would be unknown; and that which shocks these good people is, that there would be no poor, and consequently there could no longer be any charity. The satirist would revel in such an exhibition of the perversion possible to a human heart, for such perversion goes deeper than the mind; but to the Theosophist the picture is a sad one.

When one tries to see where the *art* of giving comes in, one is forced to admit that most of the distribution of funds, disbursed in charity, is simply investment. The money is given with a distinct expectation of a return of some sort. This return may be recognition and the admiration of the world, or it may be the pacification of an uneasy conscience; it may take the form of social advancement or political influence; or the more subtle tribute of self-satisfaction may be all that is demanded. Some expect gratitude from the victims of their benevolence; others look higher up for their dividends, which are to be paid at an usurious rate in the after-life by God: others again, while looking for their return from God, expect it in the form of pardon for past sins and permission to repeat the offenses at the same price.

How many are there who give?

A gift is not an investment: it carries no interest: it is a renunciation of all interest in that which is given: it is a sacrifice: it is restitution.

When a man realizes that he can only give what is his, and when he has diligently examined his possessions to see what right he has in them, he may very well come to the conclusion that his right in what he calls his own may be legal, but also it may be no more than that. He may come to see that all that he can call his own, in any permanent sense, is that which he has built into his own character.

Then he may conclude that his only real possession is that which he is.

The old idea was that all things belong to the Gods and that man recognised their rights by the sacrifices he offered to them.

That was the higher aspect of religious ceremony; the lower was based on the idea that man was at least temporarily the owner of all that he could lay hands on, and that if he made sacrifice to the Gods he was only paying for services demanded and expected from them. This is shown by the commercial form in which prayers were cast. There was a distinct idea of exchange of goods and services. Sometimes the price paid for services demanded was no better than mere words, flattery, and rhetoric, which was supposed to be much appreciated by a certain class of deities. But of course when men have lost touch with their own spiritual nature they can only think commercially, and their religion sinks to that level.

That all giving brings its natural return, or its reaction, is an obvious truth. But the farmer, who gives seed to the ground and looks for a

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plentiful harvest in due course, does not pose as a charitable giver.

There is an old Scandinavian version of what in later times was known as the parable of the sower. In William Morris's version it runs thus:

“. . . Be wise!

And scatter the seed from thine hand in the field of the people's praise
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some the earth shall speed,
And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom of the deed;
And some the earth shall speed not, nay rather the winds of heaven
Shall bear it away from thy longing; then a gift to the gods thou hast given,
And a tree for the roof and the wall in the house of the hope that shall be;
Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and the grief of me and of thee."

Here we have a suggestion that no seed is wasted, no gift is fruitless, but that the seed that is sown shall bear fruit for who shall harvest it, and the seed that is blown away is planted by nature in the spiritual world, from which the future shall be born: and that the gods direct even the unconscious acts of men who are wise, and who do their duty without anxiety as to all its consequences.

This seems to me to resemble the teaching of Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, in which Arjuna is urged to do all that is right and proper for a man in his position, but to renounce all personal interest in the fruits of his actions. The Gods will take care of that, said the ancients, who did not count sacrifices as waste nor as investments.

There is a subtle but very real difference between the love of men for the Gods, who were their kin, and the worship offered by men who considered themselves as worms, yet tried to drive bargains with the Gods, and to cheat them at that.

In a commercially organized world, gratitude is a high virtue. But in a pure society, where love and justice rule, there is no place for charity (in its ordinary sense), nor for gratitude (as usually understood). This is illustrated by a story told by Robert Louis Stevenson, who was much beloved by the natives on the island where he lived and died. He had won their love in many ways, and had tried to help them whenever it was possible. They came to him, and said they wanted to do something for him, to show how they loved him, and suggested that they should build a road to connect his bungalow with the main road. Stevenson agreed, and said: "It shall be called the road of the grateful hearts." But they were rather shocked at the idea, and answered, "No! It shall be called the road of the loving heart." And Stevenson was abashed at his own indelicacy in attributing their gift to such a vulgar motive as gratitude. But those natives were not educated as our people are, and love was a reality in their lives, also the loving heart was one and indivisible.

When love is no longer a living power in social life then gratitude becomes a high virtue. So too when people have lost the sense of courtesy

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then it is well that they should acquire politeness as a substitute. Politeness is artificial, whereas courtesy is spontaneous.

Where there is love of humanity in the heart, courtesy springs up spontaneously, and politeness results naturally. But where the social life is based on self-advancement, self-defense, self-aggrandizement, self-justification, self-glorification and so on, then it is certainly desirable that the ugliness of these ideals should be concealed as far as possible by politeness, and charity, and recognition of obligations. When realities are lacking the substitutes are not to be despised. But it is well for those who aspire to the Theosophic life to face the realities and to take stock of their own moral equipment from time to time.

All true courtesy is giving; that which is given is sympathy. Politeness is an attempt to disguise antipathy, and to hold selfishness in check, to avoid giving pain or offense, or causing annoyance or discomfort to others. It is negative. True courtesy is positive. It is concerned with giving pleasure, and expressing sympathy, with cheering and comforting, helping and encouraging others. It is a spontaneous expression of Love. It is no artifice, but it is high Art. Alas for the degradation of that term: High Art! One can not use it without feeling a responsive, if repressed, sneer of mockery run through an audience. Still one must not hesitate to speak, even if the time does not seem yet ripe for such ideas.

The times are moving to a crisis if not to a cataclysm, in which many false ideals will go down; and unless there be true ideas within mental reach to build with, how can we hope to reconstruct civilization on a better basis than before?

When love of humanity is a reality among men, there is a sense of unity that owes its origin to a direct perception of truth: for the human family is actually united by its common origin, and purpose, and destiny. It is not a mere agglomeration of fortuitous atoms. It is not composed by the chance meeting of a number of individuals, each with separate and independent interests. It is a unity, even more truly than it is a family; but not on the lowest plane of life, where the law of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is the rule of life. That axiom expresses man at his lowest point of ignorance and degradation, with his back turned to his own divine inner nature, to his real self; looking outward on the shadows that are cast on the screen of time, and counting them real. To man at this stage all truth is inverted; he believes himself separate from all other men, and living only by virtue of his own strength exerted in self-defense; so he calls the Brotherhood of Man a dream, and acts accordingly.

But the dream is a reality; the loving heart was a true emblem to the ignorant islanders, and Stevenson was wise enough to recognise the

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truth, that his education had hidden from his intellect, the true unity of the human family, which is unintelligible to the materialist, because it is based on the unity of the Soul of Humanity, and the materialist is looking the other way; in his blindness he sees only separation and the struggle for existence.

It would be a hopeless task to make men realize this if it were not true. But, as it is, there must come moments to all men, sooner or later, in this life or in some succeeding earth-life, when the soul will be able to assert itself, and the man will know what seemed impossible for his mind to grasp. But until some change takes place, some shock, or some failure of his working theories of life, that shall make him doubt if after all the world is just a battlefield, in which brute strength is the highest virtue and selfishness the only wisdom, until that happens it is not much use appealing to him. But it is *some* good and therefore it is worth trying; because the truth is so near us all the time, and we never know just when we ourselves or others will turn and recognise the facts. It will be easier to do so if others are looking in that direction.

Such moments of possible illumination come more often perhaps than most of us imagine; but we miss them, and they pass; when possibly if some one else had been just then turned in the right direction, it would have been easy to follow suit, and see the light.

Those therefore who have found the light even momentarily have something to give that is worth giving.

What is more worth giving than an opportunity? What is more worth having than knowledge of the truth? And the knowledge of truth is what has been for long called Theosophy.

To be a student of Theosophy one must have seen a little ray of light, and it is worth all the rest to have that little ray, for it tells where the path lies. What more do we want?

To give pleasure is something, to give comfort is something, but to give light in the darkness is real giving.


The real giving is so esoteric that I think it is like the aroma of a flower: one sees the leaves, the stalk, the petals, etc.: one can touch and feel them, but the perfume is invisible.

So too, in giving, the visible gift may be like the visible flower, and the best part of it may be the desire to give, to let go one's hold on some personal possession. The sacrifice of self, when it is inspired by Love, is an act of pure joy: just as its opposite the selfish indulgence in charity for the benefit of one's own soul is an act of unalloyed egotism; *that* is moral robbery camouflaged to look like benevolence. Wherever Truth is, there close by will be found its shadow. But we should not despise

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the shadows, for we know that "coming events cast their shadows before them"; and the false ideals of life, that pass for virtues in these dark days, are but the shadows of great truths, that will be revealed in a little while. In the meanwhile let us give as the sun gives, spontaneously, the truth that is in the heart of things: and if our hearts can be made free from egotism, the light will shine through spontaneously, whatever our gifts may be; and so the wonder of true giving will be accomplished unwittingly.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

 LIFE is consciousness; and everything in the universe, in some degree, is alive. 'Dead matter' is a misnomer. Even mineral particles, uniting acid and alkali to produce a salt and again dissolving, or combining in plant life and again separating through decay, are conscious of attraction and repulsion. The plant consciously seeks nourishing earth and refreshing moisture, turns its face toward the sun's gracious light and warmth, and, seeming to die, is reborn in its seedlings. The acorn, without remembering its parent tree, is conscious enough of its oakhood, as it were, to express the hereditary family traits.

Nor does man ever really die. The cosmic chemistry which unites positive spirit and negative matter at his birth, and anon separates them at his death, is dealing with indestructibles, to work out striking dramatic changes in a continued performance of conscious existence. Human life is the consciousness the individual soul experiences through a brain-mind and an animal body. It is a three-fold experience, — physical, mental, and spiritual. The real man is conscious, through his body, of heat and cold, of pleasure and pain, of hunger and satisfaction, etc., as are the animals. Then, mentally conscious, he not only knows things, as do the animals, but he knows that he knows, and has the light of reason. Moreover, he is spiritually conscious, to some degree, at least, if he is 'all there.' Perhaps he is spiritually conscious only during deep sleep, when he is not alive to his body senses and even his restless brain is at rest. Though he awakes with no memory of this higher experience, he has been as certainly conscious during deep sleep as he has been alive.

This higher sense of selfhood is little realized or believed in or understood, as a rule, because it is not cultivated in relation to ordinary life of body and brain activities. Life is sacred, as well here as hereafter. It would seem sacred at all times if the best in human nature was exercised one-half as much as are thoughts and feelings of brain and body. Even

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the meanest of men who sought the best in himself by putting a high motive into every act and thought, soon would *know* that nobility was native to him. Harmony and unity prevail where the soul comes from; but ignored and treated as an exile here, it becomes numbed with the prevailing discord and separateness, through which it vainly tries to make itself known. How can we be conscious of the best self when our selfish neglect and cynical doubt of its existence keep it chilled and starved and unconscious in its relation to the everyday level of personal experiences?

When the soul takes on a garment-body at birth, this veil of flesh makes its earth-life a cosmic game of blind man's buff. Fresh from a life of conscious reality of truth and light, of joy and liberation, where it knows itself to be, "for it is knowledge," it is fearlessly confident of finding itself, even when blinded by the flesh. The reality of the soul-life is the larger, freer, happier consciousness, whose vague memory ever haunts our higher moments. The real self brings something of this with it into the old, old game of blind man's buff, which the children of men are ever playing here. This it is which gives helpless, unthinking, unknown little babes their strange power to inspire the tenderest, deepest feelings, and to refresh the weary, wounded players with renewed interest in the baffling game.

Certainly it is something other than the babe's weak, unskilled body and unawakened mind that makes it so lovable, and that radiates a subtle atmosphere of purity and peace and trust. Before its consciousness becomes largely located in its senses, sensations, and opinions, it is more conscious than are those around it of the larger life that precedes birth and follows death.

All scientific ideas about the new-born being a mere bundle of fresh human material, blank inside, and with everything to learn, — all fall short of the facts, and fail to satisfy that innate sense of the truth which knows more than it can prove in words. These ideas fail to account for that self-centered, vital germ of consciousness which, from the first, begins, like a flower, to force its way through a dense body of earth and a strange atmosphere of brain-mind. The poet says truly that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." The divine nativity of the new-born makes it feel so 'at home' in an atmosphere of love, that it knows its devoted mother long before it knows how consciously to use its body or its mind. This intuitive response to unselfish love, argues for a like high quality of feeling, and for that rare wisdom of unity which finds itself in others. Even the wisecracs often are self-deceived in their loving, and uncertain of their lovers. The young not only sleep more, but sleep more peacefully than their elders, as if this indifference to surroundings left

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them freer to live in the receding memory of their foregone happiness.

These tiny new-comers begin the earth-life of blind man's buff with a happy trust, just as older children merrily accept blindfolding to enter into the little game of thus trying to find their playmates. The eyes, fitly called the "windows of the soul," take in, at a glance, a world of things that all the other senses together report far more slowly and less certainly. Open-eyed, one is so strongly impressed by the form, color, sound, texture, odor, etc., of what he sees, and also by the relations of different things and persons, that he is sure he can identify them with eyes shut. But when blindfolded in the game, the position and relation of everything seems to be changed and distorted. His comrade's voices take on strange tones. The typical turn of a chum's head, or the familiar glance that speaks from another's eye, or the composite of personal details, or the more intangible ensemble of individuality — all these left out of his mental pictures, leave them meaningless or mutilated. As he stumbles over unexpected obstacles, and eagerly grasps at empty air, finds his fellows suddenly grown taller or shorter or distorted, or estranged, he begins to think that everything has gone wrong, and everyone is at fault, and all are conspiring to baffle and defeat him. He does not distrust his own senses or his stock of opinions, — certainly not; that would be so unscientific.

Each one plays the game — both the cosmic and the childish one — according to his make-up. Few keep up the confident, merry zest with which they begin. The personality plays with cunning, irritation, resentment, ambition, deceit, revenge, with indifference and sloth, or with all the sordid passion of activity. Then, with increasing confusion, it tries to hide its defeat by a reckless or cynical pretense that the game has no meaning anyway, and is not worth while. The Real Player takes his bumps and bruises and falls and failures calmly, patiently, and as clues to the safe and sure course to follow. He is not deceived by his mind and his senses; but remembering himself and his fellow-selves as seen in reality, he intuitively perseveres to work out the game and regain his larger vision, plus an added power from the experiment he is making.

"Do unto another what you would have him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest." — *Confucius*, 500 B. C.

"Avoid doing what you would blame others for doing." — *Thales*, 464 B. C.

"We should conduct ourselves towards others as we would have them act towards us." — *Aristotle*, 385 B. C.

THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN

BY KENNETH MORRIS

*I WILL go up through the garden; I know that there
There'll be delicate bloom-flames lit from the flame of God,
And gem-green reeds, and gold in the sun-soaked air,
And a herb-sweet silence rare,
And a drowsy glow where the bee-loved dreamers nod.*

I

He finds
himself
transported
into Eden.

Scented hedge and little gate;
Now I'm in Gan Eden straight:
Green things, blue sky,
Mountains far and dim, and I;
Little isles among the trees,
Hy Brasil, Hesperides —
Sunny-sweet, secluded places
Peopled with unfallen races,
Flowers and fairies, that could tell
What Eden knew ere Adam fell. . . .

*Winds the path about the trees,
Bee-bemurmured terraces
In a golden morning mood,
Golden-green, and quietude. . . .*

II

He comes
upon the
Cladioles.

Hark! a sudden trumpet blare
Beyond the acacia —
All the pomp and gemmy flare
Of gorgeous Asia;
A sudden cry and coming on
Of crimson, cream, vermilion,
Battalion by battalion,
Beyond the acacia!

Nay, but these are fairer far
Than Asia in her weeds of war!
Why was it I could not tell
The trumpet-blast of Gabriel
Here by some magician's power
Frozen to a garden flower,

THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN

When my eyes first lighted on
Your scarlet, your vermilion?
You bloomed forth so peerless proud,
Vigorous, and multifold;
You cried out so clear and loud
In crimson, ivory and gold,
In citron, purple, rose and white —
Sure the far blue mountains heard,
And a strange and deep delight
Deep within their dreamings stirred.
Sun-carred Michael gave the word,
And your trumpets' sudden might
Scattered startled hell in flight;
And that moment I knew well
You were blown by Gabriel!

*Winds the path about the trees;
Monotone of bumble-bees; —
Dies afar the bugle beauty blown
From by God's throne. . . .*

III

He meets
the Chinese
Calceolaria

Hush! here's the Golden Age of Han,
And the tilted eaves of old Cathay;
Toppling peaks of Tien Shan,
Yangtse waters lantern gay —
Here's a wizard weaving spells
Amidst his Taoist temple-bells!

Thrice a thousand years of dream
On all the secret springs of life:
Eyes that have seen a goblin gleam,
Ears that have heard strange laughter rife,
Where Meipei's magic waters flow,
Or down the waves of Hoangho.

'Tis he hath seen at the fall of dew,
O'er the silver blue of Kouen Ming,
Where the wild geese straggling flew,
The Li-long Dragon rise a-wing.
Azure-plumaged fairy birds
Of Heaven have taught him wonder-words.

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'Tis he hath watched the mountain pines,
'Neath the Tartar snow-storm's van
Bend and strain - - and sought for signs
Of races more august than man.
He saw the bamboo branches sway
In Li Po's day . . . in Laotse's day. . . .
Silent? No; he's muttering spells
From Chuangtse's books and Tao-teh-King,
And his Taoist temples bells,
Oh so faintly, nod and ring
Musics born of old, of old,
On lutes of jade, and lutes of gold.

*Winds the path around the trees;
Drowse and drone of bumble-bees;
With the tinklings wane away
The tilted caves of old Cathay,
The Taoist dreams and wizardries.*

IV

He sees
Snapdragons,
and must
worship
them.

God, my God! what wonder's here?
What's this little elfin crowd,
So imperiously dear,
Eldritch, secret, quaint and proud?
God, my God! what wonder's here?

Long ago I saw you, sweet,
Blooming on a ruined wall,
Where the Celtic fairies meet
(Waving arms and wandering feet)
In a garden mystical.
The lone owl cried *Toowhoo, te-weet!*
Through the gray eve by Ifor's Hall,
And suddenly the air grew fleet
With wonders, and I saw you, sweet,
Mabinogion-magical,
Crimson-bloomed on the ruined wall
A dark light for the fairies' feet.

I must kneel and I must pray
In deep delight this wonder day
Knees upon the druid sod,
Lips against your lips and ears;

THROUGH A LOMALAND GARDEN

Tell you things to say to God—
For when you speak, I know he hears.
When he sees you, well I know
He forgets the ages' woe,
And his defeats and victories,
And sorrow-strewn eternities,
And laughs a little to behold
Your so quaint crimson, cream and gold,
Your lemon dyes, and oranges
That are so merry.

Or indeed,
Perhaps with reading old Welsh tales
He laughed and quivered with delight,
And his laughter fell as seed
In that garden garth in Wales,
And bloomed as you in the June-sweet night.

*Winds the path about the trees,
Croon and drone of bumble-bees;
Gurgling call of Amman Stream
Wanes and flows away in dream;
Old Brynhafryd Garden's gone,
And all the fairy lights that shone.*

v

Harlequin-
Mockingbird
sings to him,

Here, midst yellow poppies set
And gilliflowers, and mignonette,
In the pittosporum sings
Song's own Harlequin-on-Wings.
Some Enchanter, so he saith,
Hath saved his love from the fear of death:
With one draught of Hippocrene
Hath made her an immortal queen;
Set a star upon her head
In some shadowy garden-bed.
'Where is sorrow now?' he sings;
A dark purple star to shine
Is Columbine, his Columbine;
And Harlequin himself hath wings. . . .
— Now he flies: a laughter rare
Flashing, tumbling through the air;
Where he goes I'll follow; there
Sure I'll come on wondrous things.

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*Winds the path among the trees,
Round about the terraces —*

VI

and brings
him
to the dark
Larkspurs.

Who are you that took your hue
From some Bard-Archangel's eyes?
Nothing else was e'er so blue
'Neath or in or o'er the skies.
Heaven itself's distilled in you.
Here I'll wait and watch awhile,
Searching your infinities,
Till I pass your darkling smile
Into God's eternities,
And loose my spirit in the lone
Blue dazzling darkness round the Throne.
Blue, and blue, and bluest blue —
Who made you so dark and wise
When you stole your depths of hue
From Israfel the Angel's eyes,
Whose singing thrills to blue, the skies?
. . . Through the air a secret fire
Runs; the mockingbird that sung
But now, is lost, and made a choir
Ever flaming, ever young,
Of Cherubim and Seraphim
With radiant azure plumage flung
O'er a world grown golden dim,
And molten in their triumph hymn.

*Fades the wonder light away
In the light of common day,
And the angel singing in
The trillings of Bird-Harlequin.
Winds the path again; alas!
Here's the clump of pampas-grass
Quivering in the morning wind;
Here's the gate where I must pass,
And leave Gan Eden all behind.*

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HISTORY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY:

by H. Travers, M. A.



THEOSOPHY is such an all-embracing subject that, to gain an adequate view of any part of it, we must have some conception of it as a whole; and its proper study involves a consideration of many lines of inquiry which ordinarily are kept distinct from each other. Modern knowledge, on the other hand, presents a great lack of unity and uniformity; it deals separately with the different departments of inquiry, and often its results in one department are inconsistent with those in another. In no respect is this inconsistency more striking than in that of chronology. Our view of human history is altogether out of scale with our view of terrestrial history and zoological history; our scheme of dates and eras in the story of mankind bears no sort of proportion to the immense periods with which astronomy accustoms us to deal. And when Theosophy proposes to level up these inequalities, and to treat of human history in the same broad and just proportions as are observed in the other branches of chronology, it is but making a fair and reasonable claim, which should not disturb the reason, however much it may shock the prejudices, of conventional authorities.

Mathematics familiarizes us with the idea of multiple proportions based on the scale of ten; and practical necessities oblige us to measure quantities, not by a single unit, but by a system of units, of vastly different dimensions from each other, and each adapted to the purpose in view. We turn our axles in millimeters, and polish our ball-bearings by a still smaller unit of measurement; to use the standard mile for such a purpose would be possible but hardly wise. Possible also it would be to calculate the mileage rates on our railroads in millimeters, but who would think of actually doing so? Astronomers find they cannot do with the terrestrial mile as a unit, and have had to devise a very much larger unit which contains five or six quadrillions of miles. When we leap at one bound to the thirteenth power of ten, we ought not to hold up our hands in protest at the mild suggestion of Theosophy to speak of human history in centuries instead of years and to substitute the millennium for the decade wherever convenience may seem to warrant. For illustration, let us for a moment take a prospect of history, based on the larger unit, the century, denoting this period by the word 'Year,' but referring the printer to his upper case for the initial letter.

We find then that, some 60 Years ago, a dim shadowy figure emerges from the darkness of history upon the Egyptian stage, in the shape of one Menes, half historical, half allegorical, occupying a few lines in the beginning of chapter II in the school-books, just after the introductory remarks on Darwinism, etc. After this there is a vast gap of about

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13 Years till we come to the alleged date of the Pyramids, 47 B. C. The Shepherd Kings ruled 21 Years before Christ, Rameses I in 14 B. C., and so on till Egypt was conquered by the Romans 109 Days before Christ. Since the Christian era, a little over 19 Years have elapsed; the Norman Conquest was eight and a half Years ago; the Spanish Armada, three and a third. A man lives for about nine Months if he is lucky, and the present war has lasted about two Weeks.

Using the same scale, we find that the 18 million years given by H. P. Blavatsky as the period during which man has existed as a physical being on earth, is represented by 180,000 Years; while the million years of the present Root-Race becomes reduced to 10,000. Thus the truth is preserved, with less violence to our nerves; though it might be thought desirable to choose an even larger unit and to clip off the corresponding number of noughts from the figures. Physical man appeared 18,000 millenniums ago, let us say, if we prefer; or even 18 million-years ago. But, after all, what is this to the time demanded by geologists, evolutionists, cosmic physicists, and astronomers? Everything is comparative, whether in space or time; and it is surely reasonable to suppose that, just as our view of planetary space is like a beetle's view of the world, so our view of history is like that of a butterfly that lives for one day. The beetle would doubtless stand on end with horror, and perhaps make offensive remarks, if told of the size of our world; while the butterfly could never be brought to believe that a man lives twenty or thirty thousand times as long as *he* does.

Now let us consider the chronology of Race-periods, as given in *The Secret Doctrine*:

"There are seven ROUNDS in every manvantara; this one is the Fourth, and we are in the Fifth Root-Race at present.

"Each Root-Race has seven sub-races.

"Each sub-race has in its turn seven ramifications, which may be called Branch or 'Family' races.

"The little tribes, shoots, and offshoots of the last-named are countless. . . .

"Our Fifth Root-Race has already been in existence — as a race *sui generis* and quite free from its parent stem — about 1,000,000 years; therefore it must be inferred that each of the four preceding Sub-Races has lived approximately 210,000 years; thus each Family-Race has an average existence of about 30,000 years. Thus the European 'Family-Race' has still a good many thousand years to run, although the nations or the innumerable spines* upon it, vary with each succeeding 'season' of three or four thousand years." — Vol. II, pp. 434-5.

The figures are not intended to be accurate, as this is a subject where the exact details cannot be divulged. But there is enough for our purpose. We are now in the fifth sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race; and this fifth

*Referring to the diagram of a tree, in which the races are represented by branches, leaves, and spines upon the leaves.

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sub-race is not yet completed; but the four preceding sub-races lasted each about 210,000 years. Further, a family race lasts about 30,000 years, so that even this embraces a period about five times as long as that usually assigned to history. But, as said, this looks vast from the beetle's point of view only; viewed with a telescope from Sirius, it would look quite small. God's day is as our year. Count the periods in centuries or millenniums, and the shock will be lessened. Look upon races as upon individuals, and the distinction is seen to be one of numerical scale only. Think of a lifetime as we think of a daytime; regard successive incarnations as we regard successive days, and the proportions become adjusted to our comprehension.

Draw a scale-diagram of time, allowing for the geological periods the figures given by science, and adding the alleged human period at the top of the diagram. The result is absurd; you must make your diagram large if you are to get the human period into it at all, so small must the latter be drawn. It is this wholly inadequate view of history that has introduced so many incomprehensibilities into our philosophy. To us it seems as though humanity made no progress; people go on making the same mistakes over and over again "all through history," we say. "All through history!" All last week. A man may make a mistake over and over again for a week, and yet be progressing on the whole. Why expect to learn the history of humanity from a study of the annals of a fraction of one family-race? The period we call history is so small comparatively that we might justly suggest that it merely embraces a passing phase of illness or laxity on the part of humanity.

THE RECORDS

Our ordinary knowledge of history depends on documents that have chanced to survive, and is consequently a curiously uneven patchwork. This also explains the brevity of the period comprised. How, if at all, is the history of remoter ages preserved? In the first place, writing is much older than supposed; and records have been preserved, reproduced, and carefully guarded, relating to very ancient times. H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, makes remarkable statements about such secret libraries, carefully concealed and guarded in the crypts of Oriental temples and monasteries and other places inaccessible to 'civilization.' A glance at past history will show the wisdom evinced by those who, having something they wished to keep, decided to hide it. Ravaging barbarians and ignorant religious fanatics, having furnaces to feed, would soon have made fuel of these records, had they been given the chance, as they have already done with so many. Why are these records not pro-

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duced? Let us answer the question by asking another. Why *should* they be? The world must show itself willing and able to make a better use of knowledge before the guardians of knowledge will impart it.

But apart from written records, or even from graven symbolical records, there is a Book, written by no human hand, whose records are complete, exact, and indelible. It is hinted at in the scriptures as the Book of Life whereby every man must finally be judged. It is called in Theosophy 'the Astral Light.' The hypothetical scientific ether is said to propagate throughout the unending vistas of interstellar space the visual records of events on this earth, so that a spectator on Sirius might be supposed to see Noah coming out of the Ark — so long has the light taken to reach that distant orb from here. If this be true, then that ether is a storehouse of visual events. And if there be, not one, but many ethers, each appropriate to its own specific purpose, then not only visual records, but the records of every other class of events, including all deeds and thoughts, might be similarly preserved. In short, we arrive at the doctrine that everything which happens is preserved, and nothing ever lost, by nature's cosmic photography; and this explains the phenomena of thought-reading and psychometry, and many another mystery. If the astral light is endowed with a storage capacity commensurate with what is suggested by the theory of hyperspace, we can the more readily understand how such records could be preserved. In a word, history is enshrined in the world's memory; and the art of recollection consists in the power to consult these records, as a scholar might consult a library. But man has abused his powers to such an extent that he can no longer do this. There may be those, however, who possess the power; and it may be within the power of humanity to regain the lost faculty. At all events there is no fear of the records being lost; and truly it would be a queer world, if things *could* be thus lost, especially when other matters are so carefully attended to. After all, what is time, what the past; or what is the significance of the expression 'eternal present'?

Our study of history has been like the study of family annals in a village, by people not aware of the existence of other villages, or of counties, or of whole countries. The nearer to our viewpoint is the prospect, the ampler are the details; but, as the scene fades into the distance, the details merge into mere outlines. In astronomy we are told that the milk-like clouds of space may be entire universes, composed of many suns, each with his attendant planets. We divide European history into the story of many different races; but we lump Egyptian history together in one mass, though it covers a longer period. Beyond our history there must lie concealed histories upon histories; and geology tells us that cycles were marked by cataclysms that altered the distribution of land

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and sea. We have been working in tens, when the truth is in hundreds, thousands and millions. What we call the ancients were our grandfathers.

It can readily be understood to what an extent our ideas on a great variety of subjects have been distorted by this meager view of history; and to what an extent they would be altered by a more ample view. The part of history with which we are familiar is the trough of a wave. Every Root-Race runs through a course of seven sub-races, descending from spirituality into materiality until the middle of the fourth sub-race is reached, and then rising again until the seventh. Hence, as we are only in the fifth sub-race, we have not progressed far on the ascending arc. The universal traditions of a Golden Age, followed by Ages of Silver, Bronze, and Iron, are founded on fact; and they are accompanied by anticipations of the return of the Golden Age. But how far back (as we beetles reckon time) must that Golden Age have been! The attempt to place it somewhere within the range of conventional chronology has led some theorists to identify it with a supposed condition of 'primitive man.' If we were to try honestly to measure the past by the scientific method of plotting a curve to show the gradient, we should find that the records of Egypt, not to mention other places, would point upwards as we recede into the past. In America we find that the present Indians were preceded by the highly civilized Incas, and these again by some people who built the most colossal stone constructions within the entire range of our knowledge. The whole story of archaeology, with its stupendous architecture, its incomprehensible engineering, and its incomparable nicety in the fitting of stones, points the same way. The literature of India points back to remote times of a vast and all-embracing knowledge. The ordinary historical period is but the feeble child of a mighty parentage.

AN ANCIENT PROPHECY

The four Ages in Indian terminology were the Satya, the Tretâ, the Dvâpara, and the Kali (or Black) Age; the last embracing our times. The following is from an ancient prophecy regarding it:

"These will, all, be contemporary monarchs reigning over the earth: — kings of churlish spirit, violent temper, and ever addicted to falsehood and wickedness. They will inflict death on women, children, and cows; they will seize the property of their subjects; they will be of limited power, and will for the most part rapidly rise and fall: their lives will be short, their desires insatiable; and they will display but little piety. The people of the various countries intermingling with them will follow their example; and, the barbarians being powerful in the patronage of the princes, whilst purer tribes are neglected, the people will perish. Wealth*

*We have not the original at hand; but the context shows that 'wealth' cannot mean material riches; that is expressed by the word 'property' just below. Coupled with 'piety', its loss resulting in degradation, it must mean spiritual riches, richness of character.

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and piety will decrease day by day, until the world will be wholly depraved. Then property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes†; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation; and women will be merely objects of sensual gratification. Earth will be venerated but for its mineral treasures; the Brâhmanical thread will constitute a Brâhman; external types (as the staff and red garb) will be the only distinctions of the several orders of life; dishonesty will be the (universal) means of subsistence; weakness will be the cause of dependence; menace and presumption will be substituted for learning‡; liberality will be devotion; simple ablution will be purification; mutual assent will be marriage; fine clothes will be dignity; and water afar off will be esteemed a holy spring. Amidst all castes, he who is the strongest will reign over a principality thus vitiated by many faults. The people, unable to bear the heavy burthens imposed upon them by their avaricious sovereigns, will take refuge amongst the valleys of the mountains, and will be glad to feed upon (wild) honey, herbs, roots, fruits, leaves, and flowers; their only covering will be the bark of trees; and they will be exposed to the cold, and wind, and sun, and rain. No man's life will exceed three and twenty years.§ Thus, in the Kali age, shall decay constantly proceed, until the human race approaches its annihilation.

“When the practices taught by the *Vedas* and the institutes of law shall nearly have ceased, and the close of the Kali age shall be nigh, a portion of that divine being who exists, of his own spiritual nature, in the character of Brahmâ, and who is the beginning and the end, and who comprehends all things, shall descend upon earth. . . . By his irresistible might he will destroy all the Mlechchhas and thieves, and all whose minds are devoted to iniquity. He will, then, re-establish righteousness upon earth, and the minds of those who live to the end of the Kali age shall be awakened, and shall be as pellucid as crystal.” — *Vishnu-Purâna*, IV — XXIV, H. II. Wilson's Translation.

A very apt summary of human history as we know it. The gods of the black age are greed and self-assertion, but the destructive forces ultimately become regenerative; the very violence and precipitancy of the spirit of the age lead it rapidly through its throes to the verge of a reawakening. Ignorance is characteristic of the age; men know nothing of life apart from the brief and limited terrestrial span; Cicero speculates and doubts like any modern. The supernal powers denoted by the 'gods' shrink to the emblems of gross and foolish superstition, and are abandoned for the crude promises of heaven and threats of hell held out by an ignorant theology. Doubt and unbelief reign; man seeks a vent

†Take this with the passage below — “Mutual consent will be marriage.” Some theorists, with the beetle's vision of human history, try to represent marriage as an evolutionary product of animal instinct. But here we find that something other than either passion or consent is regarded as the essential link sanctifying a true marriage. Thus our thesis is borne out, that 'human nature' in the dark ages is not to be taken as a model; but that we can find higher ideals for the future by looking into the mirror of the past upon a humanity that had not fallen so far. Marriage is a sacred institution, but the forces that are allowed to intrude upon it are too often of a downward and disintegrative nature. The preservation of marital harmony is dependent upon the maintenance of high ideals and temperate living throughout.

‡ 'Learning' must be taken to mean true wisdom; it is here contrasted with presumption. Plato said that happy was the state that should be ruled by philosophers; and he has been sneered at for saying so; but he did not mean spectacled theorists.

¶ Referring to a period even worse than our own times? Or does the word translated 'years' mean some longer period than the solar year? Why twenty-three, which is not a round number?

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for his powers in exploration of material phenomena, and learns many things, but his spiritual blindness is not assuaged. Finally he brings himself to such a pass that the law of self-preservation compels him to seek anew the knowledge that saves.

In periods of disuse, faculties lie dormant but not dead, and their organs are atrophied but not extirpated. Man has latent faculties and organs that are disused or 'rudimentary.' These point back to times when the functions were active. A heritage might pass on unspent and unused through generations, to be made available by a remote scion. Heredity will transmit qualities in latency till they reappear in activity in some descendant. How long may seeds lie sleeping before they germinate? This depends on when the requisite conditions for germination are afforded. Man himself in our day is like a tree with many latent powers of fructification, which passes generation after generation without bearing fruit, because the plant is not rightly tended and the soil and climate not fit. And so he produces leaves and leaves, and perchance occasional flowers, but no fruit. But the seeds are there, and even physically he has many unrealized possibilities, as anatomy shows. Therefore man is an epitome of history, the heir of the ages.

HUMAN REMAINS

We may pass now to a consideration of the evidence for human antiquity afforded by human remains, including those of man himself and those of the things he made. Theosophists welcome truth, certain that facts must bear out its teachings. The theories of modern scientists, however, are continually changing; and the progress of these theories is marked by continual reluctant surrenders to the evidence of facts. The proclaimed scientific method, of framing provisional hypotheses and then modifying them as occasion demands, is thus carried out; though, in the contest between conservatism and enterprise, we may seem to detect an undue and too prolonged assertion of the claims of the former. The result is a slow but sure veering of accepted scientific opinion towards the Theosophical teachings. An illustration comes suitably to our hands, that will serve as a text for these remarks.

In *Science* (April 19, 1918), Prof. N. C. Nelson, of the American Museum of Natural History, reviews a Report of the Florida State Geological Survey, which contains articles by specialists on the human remains and artifacts found in the Pleistocene at Vero, Florida. One writer, Dr. E. H. Sellards, state geologist of Florida, is quoted as affirming that the exposed Vero section shows "distinct uninterrupted lines of stratification beneath which human materials are found," and concluding that—

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“The human remains and artifacts are contemporaneous with extinct species of mammals, birds, reptiles, and at least one extinct species of plants, as well as with other animal and plant species that do not at the present time extend their range into Florida. The age of the deposits containing these fossils according to the accepted interpretation of faunas and floras is Pleistocene.”

The reviewer considers this very important especially as four competent authorities in geology and palaeobiology contribute to the report. He remarks that anthropological literature records a score or more of isolated archaeological discoveries which lend support to the appearances at Vero, but are not confirmed by general results, so that “no archaeologist can be expected to relinquish at once his scepticism concerning the Vero discovery.” Also, anthropological investigations go to show that, among the fundamental primitive arts, pottery is of relatively late date; so that the finding of pottery at Vero would dispose the archaeologist to assign a later date to the strata.

“To accept the Vero date at its present face value would compel him not only to relegate the development of pottery to an unheard-of date, but also it would oblige him to assume that this early culture of Pleistocene times was snuffed out; and that after some millenniums, marked by the arrival of the modern fauna, a new and lower type of culture became established which only after a very considerable period reached the level of the original culture. Such a happening is conceivable, but it is not plausible.”

In conclusion he says that either the anthropologist must change his views as to the order of cultural traits, or the palaeontologist must concede a much smaller period since the close of the Pleistocene.

This writer candidly admits his predilections, and pleads justification for his reluctance to surrender them. In justice, we must add that considerations of space have not permitted us to quote his arguments *in extenso*. Now what is the Theosophical position? It has no such predilections to surrender. What predilections it has are all in favor of any evidence tending to establish a great antiquity for man and a great antiquity for man's arts. The writer's reluctance to admit the principle of fluctuation into his history of cultural development finds no echo in the Theosophical heart; for the principle of cyclic ebb and flow in all evolution is a cardinal one in Theosophy. Moreover Theosophy, besides regarding development as subject to these fluctuations, recognises that the earth has always been tenanted by different races at the same time, each of these races being at a different stage of its own evolution; and that migrations and changes of habitat took place. Hence it is not only possible but very plausible that a race making good pottery should be followed in a given locality by one ignorant of that art. In general, it may be said that the attempt to place human artifacts in a single continuous series, rigorously denoting a succession of ‘ages,’ is doomed to disappointment. This attempt is indeed constantly being frustrated by

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fresh discoveries which compel reluctant readjustments. The Indians of today are manufacturing their crude pottery on sites which preserve the works of far more cultivated people. The differences in the kinds of relics which we unearth indicate merely corresponding differences in the habits and abilities of the people that happened to be living there at different times; and it would be just as easy to construct from the relics a scale of evolution pointing backwards as forwards; for people are today making and leaving all kinds of artifacts, from the crudest to the most elaborate. In short, 'ages' are simply stages in human life, often repeated by innumerable races, succeeding one another in various orders, and establishing no such theory of evolution as is sought to be established by the conventional theorists.

With regard to the antiquity of man, we must distinguish the two separate questions of the antiquity of man and the antiquity of civilization. Science might be willing to concede a great antiquity to man without allowing a great age to civilization. Theories of evolution seem to require that a great antiquity should be allowed for man, in order to give scope for the supposed changes. Our discoveries of primitive types of human remains are continually offset by discoveries of less primitive types of older date, so that we cannot establish the required gradient, and must, if we are to maintain the theory, postpone the date of the first appearance of man to a greater and greater remoteness. Hence anthropologists should not be surprised at discovering very ancient human remains; their theories should have led them to expect it.

A fossil is a comparatively rare thing, bearing but a small proportion to the quantity of organisms that lived. A human fossil is a still rarer accident. Lyell says:

"If we consider the absence or extreme scarcity of human bones and works of art in all strata, whether marine or fresh water, even in those formed in the immediate vicinity of land inhabited by millions of human beings, we shall be prepared for the general dearth of human memorials in glacial formations, whether recent, pleistocene, or of more ancient date. If there were a few wanderers over lands covered with glaciers, or over seas infested with icebergs, and if a few of them left their bones or weapons in moraines or in marine drifts, the chances, after the lapse of thousands of years, of a geologist meeting with one of them must be infinitesimally small." — *Antiquity of Man*, p. 246.


But we may expect much of the future. Fossils of any sort were ignored until Hugh Miller; gravitation is not considered by pre-Newtonian science. Nature remains hidden through the centuries for those who do not pry into her mysteries; and it is only recently that we have begun to think of human remains. And even now we do not seem over-anxious to find them. We may anticipate startling discoveries, both as to the antiquity of man and that of civilization.

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In conclusion let us remember that, whatever may be man's biological history and derivation, his peculiar mental powers, and that mysterious spiritual power which endows him with the capacity of indefinite self-development, are not from below but from above. Hence we must not confine our investigations to the crust of the earth, but must seek within the depth of our own natures for that which their surface conceals.

CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL:

by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

 HE god Thor took a long and mighty drink at the horn of mead. But when he looked therein he found to his astonishment and chagrin that he had but lowered the contents by an inch.

But his challenger was terrified, for *he* knew that the horn was secretly connected with the ocean and that it was the whole ocean the god had lowered at his draught.

Every latent or subordinate element in my character exists in some other man in an extreme and manifest degree. Every extreme and manifest trait in any man's character exists in *some* degree — perhaps down to invisibility — in mine.

And men are so connected together inwardly that in letting any trait of my character develop, or in diminishing the power of any trait, I am at the same time in some degree affecting in the same direction the same trait in all other men. Some time this will seem quite axiomatic.

The poet — we take off our hats to him. Not because he has something we have none of, for in that case he would be speaking another language, not understood by us; but because he has in extremer degree something we have in less degree. Our little gift flowers vicariously there and is the better for it. He is the poet tendency of his people come to flower. He does our poetizing for us and some of his inspiration is constituted by our call — sent out unconsciously — to be poetized for. He manifests a tendency we have not enough of to manifest for ourselves. If one of us could kill that in himself a certain chill would come upon the poet's power.

Most of us cannot create music. Our music center pulsates with less intensity, with intensity enough only to make us enjoy music. But because enough of us had that much intensity the music creators appeared among us to answer our need.

You and I, we think, do not commit crime. But let us be honest.

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The criminal is only a man who carries on into act the tendency which in you and me exists in lesser degree. If the 99 You's and I's had no such tendency, the 100th, who has, would never be born amongst us as a black sheep in our families. He cannot be said, of course, to answer like the poet our conscious need! But yet a something from our unmanifest crime tendency, a conducting wire of energy, runs along towards and into a center where this energy may manifest in act, a center that attracts it, and that center is the criminal.

This relieves him perhaps of some responsibility, by no means of all; for he drew the wires his way or let them fasten on him, let them stir his imagination into pictures of deed that become either impulse or set intent. It is not we that can say of how much it relieves him. We can only say that some of it rests with us.

The criminal is the crime tendency of his people come to flower in deed. What then is the crime tendency? It is merely disregard for others, for their rights, their welfare. When that comes out into act there is a crime; though it is only to *some* of such acts that we give that name. Some are quite consistent with respectability and social position. It comes out also in *neglect* to act (for others), but it is to still fewer of these negligences that we give the name crime.

From all of which it follows that until we as a people get this disregard for others out of our natures, or get regard for others into our natures as a prime motor, so long will one and another of us here and there carry this general disregard out into specific acts called criminal.

Shall we not say the criminal does our criming for us?

Well, anyhow, he manifests a tendency we have not (quite) enough of to carry *us* into overt acts called crime.

How to treat the criminal is one question.

But to *prevent* him lies with us — by cultivating sense of justice, which is regard for the rights of others; and by cultivating brotherhood, which is love of the welfare and best interests of others, the recognition of human relationship.

The criminal *was* one of *us* and mostly will be again. These remarks are therefore addressed to him also. He became temporarily a criminal because he allowed in himself a weakness of the sense of justice and of wide-reaching brotherliness. Let him then contribute to our discussion, thinking, What ought to be done with me for my lack of these qualities?

We can solve the difficult question of the treatment of criminals only if we will let some of the best and thoughtfulest from our prisons tell us out of their experience what they think is the proper treatment of the various grades and kinds of offence. We shall never solve it in our present disregard of what our prisoners themselves can contribute.

THOUGHT AND ACTION: by Montague Machell

“A PURE, strong, unselfish thought, beaming in the mind, lifts the whole being to the heights of Light. From this point can be discerned, to a degree, the sacredness of the Moment and the Day.” — *Katherine Tingley*

“FOR mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects.” — *H. P. Blavatsky*

FOR mind is like a mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects.” — “While it reflects” — reflects what? Various and sundry things. Now a strain of perfect music, now a snarl at something that disagreed with us at breakfast; now a generous enthusiasm, now a bitter jealousy; now a profound philosophic thought, now a petty criticism. And all these from the same mind!

What is the mind? Is it the most precious and marvelous gift to man, or is it a trivial accessory, more hindrance than help? Moreover, if its function is to ‘reflect,’ wherefore speak of the ‘creations’ of the mind of man? Whence, then, comes that which is reflected?

Completing the quotation, we have: “It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-Wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions.” “Soul-Wisdom” to “brush away the dust of our illusions,” — by which the writer of the words implies the existence of wisdom beyond the mind, which is generally supposed to be alone responsible for its attainment, the chief characteristic of that organ being chiefly susceptibility to ‘dust,’ apparently.

A little familiarity with the Theosophical teachings enlightens one as to the meaning of these ‘illusions,’ the term being applied to the wants, desires, appetites, etc., of the personality, and to all the errors arising therefrom. Here we have found the source of one set of reflexions — the Personality, those associated with breakfast, jealousy, criticism. What then of the other reflexions — that divine melody, that generous thought, that philosophic truth? If the first reflexions were real, the second are equally so, and, as experience shows, still more potent. What or who is responsible for them? Not, evidently, what we are accustomed to call the ‘mind,’ since we see that to be a mere reflecting medium. And what of that “Pure, strong, unselfish thought *beaming in the mind*”? Who or what set it beaming?

Assuredly something as pure and radiant as the thought itself, indeed, the source of all things flaming and radiant — The Knower, the true or Higher Mind, whose *Knowings* the brain mind, as far as gathering dust will permit, reflects for the guidance and inspiration of the Pilgrim Soul. Here we have the key to the significance of those two words — Thought and Action. Real ‘thought’ is not *reflexion*, it is *creation*, it is the putting forth of a positive energy originating anterior to the intellect, allowing

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the intellect to be a vehicle, if it wills to do so, of that which is greater and more potent than anything the intellect itself could originate. Whether the person in whom this Knower is carrying on its creative work acts in consonance with these creations or not, the creations themselves, *real thoughts*, are exercising a definite and appreciable effect on the thoughts and actions of his fellows. They are, in fact, in their potency a form of action as far as others are concerned. For with the Knower, *thinking is being*, a fuller and larger be-ness, the fuller and more sincere as are greater the acceptance and recognition by the man himself of these thoughts.

But what is required of every human being is *that he shall know his Knower*, listen to Its behests, meditate on them and *act them out*. What is meditation but the compelling of the outer mind to fix its attention and to reflect upon the thoughts of the inner mind — the Knower?

From that Knower come promptings to deeds that are deathless, deeds whose wisdom and beneficence are so certain and strong that besides bringing blessings on mankind during the life of the doer, they linger on after his death, the “aroma of fair deeds” that make him who has passed through the Change an abiding presence among his fellows on earth. There are such natures, and their memory is a benediction on the earth; of such it is truly said: “Though dead, they speak.”

Silence and obeisance before the Great Dead! They have never left us and they never will! Do not violate the awful sanctity of the Presence that is they with talk of spirits, ghosts, and astral forms. The spirit of such as these has ever been and ever will be “about its Father’s business.” It is building and growing elsewhere, but the aroma of its doings here amongst us belongs to humanity and shall never be taken from us; it is, as it were, one of the golden strands linking us with the bliss of that larger life it is now living. It is for us to see to it that that link be not broken, and that we too by strong thought and right action may make the earth yet more beautiful by our presence, and the path of our fellows easier by our efforts. This we can only do by finding the Knower within us, turning the mind towards Its light till the mind becomes a perfectly clear surface, mirroring nothing but the inner splendor. Of that splendor it is man’s privilege to fashion deeds that shall bring about a new order of ages and “a peace that passeth all understanding.”

THE FOAM-WHITE STREAM

From the Chinese of Li Po (A. D. 702-762)

“The Banished Angel”

BY KENNETH MORRIS

I CAME at dawn to the source of the Foam-White Stream,
And there on the breast of the lonely mountain lay
Watching a thousand beautiful islands gleam
In their green and gold, and the blue of eternal dream
On the world-wide waters sparkling far away.

I watched the seaward white clouds drifting sail,
Cloud by shining cloud through the sunlit blue,
Each swiftly aglint, as a huge and silvery whale,
Or dragon, flashing in silvern glitter of mail
The blue and foam of his native waters through.

My song, that was loud at noon, at dusk fell low,
And died when the stars shone white o'er the wane of day;
And I came from the moonlit mountain, hushed and slow,
Hungry at heart for the homely lights aglow
Under the eaves of the cottagers, far away.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



“SOMETIMES an unnecessary or injurious thing is actually believed to be beneficial or necessary. This condition exists to a marked degree in matters of food and clothing. Indeed many persons are so thoroughly convinced that certain food or clothing is necessary that the mental disturbance caused by their absence is *dangerously great*, and the articles are in this way needed, though in themselves actually harmful. Such bands can only be broken a little at a time, and gradually worn away by persistence. It may be worth while to call attention to the fact that, if the mind can be assured that the deprivation of an accustomed indulgence is ‘accidental’ or ‘only temporary,’ or ‘to help someone,’ it will reconcile itself to conditions which it would not otherwise endure, and by this submission of a short time give the precedent and basis for future intentional abstinence.” *R. Wythebourne*

PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris



THOSE of us who may have visited the Panama-California Exposition at Balboa Park, San Diego, California, in 1915 or 1916, may well remember a certain rogues' gallery of portrait-models in the Science of Man Building: certain old fellows from Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal, Piltdown, and the like favored spots; in particular one Pithecanthropus Erectus, the fabulous *Erect Monkey-man*, the mythic missing link. Hairy unhandsome barbarians were these, every one of them; you would admit not the most prepossessing on your premises; but there they were, posing presumptuous; set up to reap fictitious fame on the claim to be 'primitive man,' the far-off progenitors of our twentieth-century selves. "These be your gods, Oh Israel!" pseudo-science shouted to us; and we, being little better, if the truth should be told, than the gullible, dutifully fell down and worshiped.

You will note that it is we who fathered this fatherhood on Pithecanthropus: he, good creature, never dreamt of Utopian or American Republics to be founded by scions of his line. He didn't care a snap for posterity; he never does. His mind ran on things much more tangible. In wild poetic moments he may have had some faint muddled notion of a glorious past: of an ancestry, for example, that did its killing gloriously with stones that burst, when you flung them, with a gorgeous bang and flare; — but as for what should come, he was all the Bourbon: *après lui le déluge*. No one supposes that the Australian Blackfellow, the South African Bushman, or the Andaman Islander, is to evolve a great civilization. They do not suppose so themselves; they cannot be made to imagine it. They are the dying remnants of races; we watch their deterioration yearly; racial hope never enters their thought. Contact with white men is hurrying them down to extinction; but it was extinction they were headed for in any case. Nature had garnered of them all the harvests she might. They are the nearest thing we have today to those gentlemen up at the Science of Man Building; not quite so far fallen, perhaps; but getting there. If such peoples have any inner racial life at all, it consists of vague traditions of a past that was greater and better than the present; never of expectations of a great future. This is true even of races of a much higher grade than Pithecanthropus, such as some of the South Sea Islanders. They die very easily, often taking no pains to avoid death when it is quite avoidable; they can grasp life in no vigorous way; they look back, never forward. But in races on the upward trend there is always a keen will to live and grow.

Darwin started the bugaboo idea that men are descended from an

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apish ancestor; and since then there has been a growing rage to find ourselves nothing better than little brothers to the chimpanzee. We turn up the skull of some antediluvian Hottentot who happened to live in Gaul, and straightway hail in him a forebear of Anatole France or M. Poincaré; imagining a continuous upward trend from his savagery to our culture. If we could show Nature working in that way once — just once — it would be something; but in truth we cannot. All this loud cock-a-doodle-doing has never an egg laid, or sun dawned, or sham pearl scratched up on the dunghill, to justify it. Our conclusions are drawn from nothing; they are flat in the face of every fact in known history. We jump at them over dizzy gulfs wherein lies every single thing we know. There is plenty to show that the savage is a degenerated civilized man; but nothing to show that civilized man has evolved up from the savage.

Indeed, we are so set on our theories, as not to be above a little cookery of facts. — Just as well, you may say; when they are indigestible raw. Some of those old fellows' portraits were — not just exactly drawn from life, it is rumored. Imagination has lent its artful aid to the modelers; and it was an imagination too devout in the cult of Pithecanthropology. There were but skulls to go upon; and these in some instances would have done very well for the best of us. By no means below the modern average, they say. Give old Neanderthal a nice clean-shaven face; comb and part his hair reasonably; give him a monocle, a silk hat, and a good tailor; and there would be nothing to tell he had not come straight from august bodies at Washington or Westminster. It is your modern artist, and your modern scientist, that dressed him to represent primeval backwoods. What! — they found him in a cave, along with bones of mammoths and cave-bears and such? Well, and suppose he was an antediluvian professor bent on scientific exploration, when that cave-bear unfortunately happened along?

But to be serious: have we not seen the champions of science fighting over the bones of Piltdown, like Greeks and Trojans over Patroclus? One would have him quite a nice gentleman; another, a hairy horrible unhuman sort of head-hunter. The fact is that good skulls and bad have been found; and science has done the rest. It has wrought great Pithecanthropus of such stuff as dreams are made of — or very nearly. All that is proved is, that there were then, as there are now, low types of humanity on earth; if all the skulls found had been what popular imagination credits them with being, still that one fact is all they would prove. That — and that these low types inhabited certain parts of Europe. Always, during the last five thousand years — the time we know about — races have existed in every stage of civilization and barbarism: races

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as civilized as we are, and races as savage as the Blackfellow; and all analogy, all common sense is for the supposition, that when the Pithecanthropi prowled in France, the Poincarés were presiding — elsewhere. There is never a record to show the former evolving into the latter. True, there are fine races, like the Maoris and perhaps the Zulus, living now or recently in a state of comparative savagery, whom new conditions, and contact with a higher civilization may send upwards upon the path of progress. But these are no nearer to the ape than we are; and they have in all cases a well-defined culture of their own. The Maori and the Redskin can take education, and hold their own in modern society. But not so Pithecanthropus Erectus; not so the Andamanese, the Blackfellow, or the Bushman.

We find a man in Central Australia, in A. D. 1918, who is, obviously, a decaying remnant, addressed to extinction; a posterity on its last legs; with behind it unguessable ages, and before it, a few decades or centuries at most. Why, when we find the same kind of man in France, some fifty thousand or so B. C., should we think of him as the progenitor of vigorous humanities? He too was a decaying remnant; a posterity on its last legs. When we know him *now* for a mere relic half-way between senility and the grave; why guess him *then* a gay young spark looking forward to the foundation of the Third Republic? If his descendants in Europe have made all this progress, why in Australia have they remained stationary ever since? Do people ever remain stationary? Do you know of anyone who has remained a baby, literally speaking, to lie in his cradle and suck milk from a bottle, through the eighty years of his life?

But you do know that we go from infancy to childhood, youth, manhood, old age and death; you do know that such cycles are natural to every living thing. How then, should the races of mankind escape them?

We speak of the 'childhood of the race,' but have vague ideas of what it means. Yet we ought to know. We saw the childhood of a race in California some sixty years ago and later; in New England in the days of the Puritans. In neither was there any likeness to the conditions of Neanderthal. You would not confound the Forty-niners with the Andaman Islandmen; John Alden and Priscilla were no near relations to the Blackfellow. But they had, allowing for the difference of the age, much in common with the Greeks that fought at Troy, and with the Goths that poured down on Rome to found new nations on its ruins. Was there not a large Homeric simplicity in Joaquin Miller and in Bret Harte's people? A race in its childhood is a race of pioneers; they have thrown off the encampment of old and settled conditions; and respond in their mentality to their new neighbors the elements: are childlike, rough in the outer life, strong of will and purpose, spacious and ruthless; as were

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the first Americans, the Goths and Vandals, and Homer's brazen-coated Achaeans. But they were civilized men, and the inheritors of civilized traditions from their forefathers. On the side of religion, they tended towards a great solemn confidence in the right-ruling of things: in the righteousness of God, or Gods, or Destiny. But the religion of the savage has no conception of righteousness or an all-governing justice; he believes in witchcraft, but senses no stability in the unseen. It is the opposite pole of thought.

Why, if the Gospel of Pithecanthropus is true, is not this a Republic of Red Men? The Indian (who was far above the level of the true savage — far above the Bushman or Blackfellow) had, and has, noble ideals; he is often capable of receiving civilization, and has provided us with some fine types of citizens: even with men, such as Dr. Charles Eastman, mentally on a level with the very highest and best of our thinkers. A great civilization was to arise in America: why on earth did Almighty Providence go to the expense of bringing the Pilgrim Fathers across the Atlantic, if it might just as well have 'evolved' the Indian into Washingtons and Jeffersons and the rest? The reason is simply this: you cannot take an old man of eighty and 'evolve' him into a youth of eighteen. A child has to be born and grow up, to make a man; you cannot undo the work of the years. Either for the time being or forever, Nature had done all that can be called her active work with the Indians: all that implied making great civilizations of them, or reaping splendid literatures of their mental and spiritual working. But they had had their day; long beyond the memory of history. Everything about them betokens extreme antiquity, an immeasurable old age.

Let me try to substantiate that last statement. Consider the Young Race, whether here, in the British Colonies, or in those South American countries which, like the Argentine, Chile, and Brazil, are inhabited mainly by people of European, not of mixed or mainly Indian descent. How hopeful it is, and how crude; how tremendous are its energies and vitality; how ugly many of its manifestations; how lacking it is in that spiritual something we call style; and yet, how magnificent! We deface the beautiful world with corrugated shacks; wherever we go, we make smudges and sore spots and disharmonies; and yet, wherever we go we do shout aloud to the winds of heaven the unconquerableness, the irrepressibility of Man. One does not speak as blaming or boasting; not to aggrandize nor to belittle; it is all a part of the Great Nature; these are the peculiarities of youth, and time is bound to change them. The young race grows towards its prime, and every decade sees a modification of its spirit. Culture increases as the land becomes settled; we beautify our cities; poets and artists of all sorts incarnate, and wage war

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for sweetness and light. The large simplicity of childhood gives place to the tumultuous energy of youth; that happened in America, probably, at the time of the Civil War. In turn the crudeness of youth gives place to order; the order takes on some hue of dignity; presently a measure of style is attained. The civilization as a whole, and the individuals composing it, acquire a certain ease and polish; the language, harsh and careless in its first vigor, takes on more careful music; speech and manners come to reflect the solemnity of long experience, the suavity of refined life. Italy and France began this present cycle of culture rather earlier than the rest of Europe; in Italy, too, some memory of Roman times survived the darkness of the Middle Ages. Can we not hear it in the languages? Is not Italian the most melodious, French the most stylish, of the European tongues?

But pass to an older culture than that of Europe, the Moslem culture, which has ceased to be an active force: and we find this aroma of refinement still more strongly present. The Persian turns you finer and more elaborate phrases of courtesy than the Italian; no European can vie, in personal dignity, with the better class Moor or Turk. Persian poetry, quite decadent these many centuries, retains a more intricate paraphernalia of rhymes and rhythms than our own; the remnants of a more intensive culture. And among the Chinese, whose civilization is older still, and has been longer quiescent, the feeling for what is correct, stylish, cultural, in contra-distinction to what is barbaric, is probably stronger than among any people westward of them. The currents of progress have not, until quite recently, been moving in China for some six or seven centuries; civilization has been distinctly on the wane; and yet, when the old-fashioned Chinaman spoke of the European or American as a foreign barbarian, he was not simply talking through his hat, as the saying is. His attitude was perfectly intelligible. He did retain a feeling for the things of the spirit, or the shadow of them, which we have not arrived at. Style, in manners and in literature, was for him infinitely real and important; although he had long ceased to concern himself with systems of sanitation and the like. It was the aroma of an old, passed, and highly perfected culture that clung to him, and made his manners stately and urbane, his speech subtle, flowing, polished and ornate. He was not like that in the days of Confucius, before the great age of Chinese culture began; and perhaps he will not retain it under vigorous successors of Li Yuan Hung, in the new order of his ages. It was a habit acquired during the last life- or culture-period of his race, while great poets and artists, many generations of them, were at work on his language and perceptions.

And now look at our North American Indians again. Material

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civilization there was none among them; written literature they had not; but the high aroma of culture — who can deny them that? Who can deny them manners, dignity, lofty and grave demeanor, a feeling for the spiritual? Who can deny a supreme sense of style to their public utterances? These things they had; and these things were never found yet in a race in its childhood. They were the aroma of forgotten civilization. The least material things are the most enduring things: a sense of style, in speech and manners, lasts long after even a literature has passed into oblivion.

Here is a strange instance. The complexity of forms in the Greek verb is rightly held to be a sign of the intensive mental culture of the old Hellenes. There were forms to express some hundreds of shades of meaning which we manage without expressing, or express by roundabout means. There is another group of languages whose speakers, when they emerged into the clear light of history, were little above the Redskins in material culture. When the Turks — not to be confounded with the Ottomans, though these have inherited their language — first fell upon Moslem civilization in the tenth century or so, they were hordes of nomad horsemen, possessors of vast herds, but without learning or arts of any sort. Yet for the few hundred forms of the Greek verb, the Turkish verb has twenty-nine thousand possible forms: there are twenty-nine thousand different words, to express that number of different shades of meaning, derivable from any Turkish verbal root. When did the culture exist, so intricate, so intensive and highly evolved, that it demanded all those subtleties? Perhaps in the days of the first Babylonian Empire, at about 4000 B. C., from whose peoples, or some cognate race, the Turks were probably descended; perhaps in ages more remote still. The sun of culture shines on every race in turn. But how had the mighty fallen before the builders of Sumer and Akkad had become wandering horsemen in Central Asia! And what a blow to our Pithecanthropoids of science, to find these despised barbarians with such a lofty lineage!

What would have become of the Redskins, had they remained untouched by any growing civilization for another hundred thousand years? — Their tribal fighting would have gone on and done its work. There were many grades of civilization among them; time would have reduced the highest to the level of the lowest. Oh, after long ages! They would have become at last as the Blackfellow and the Bushman; as our good Pithecanthropus himself. And sterility would have set in at the close, as it did with the Tasmanians; and children would have ceased to be born.

There you have the whole story of the family of Pithecanthropus Erectus. For ages his ancestors had been traveling down from the stage where, like the Redskin, they retained the spiritual aroma of past culture,

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but no material sign of it. For ages before that, they had been forgetting that their forebears had once been civilized. Still earlier, they had been an effete civilization; and before that, a civilization in its prime; for aught we know, with aeroplanes, submarines, saloons and all the blessings we ourselves enjoy. And they looked back then to a time when Nature, desiring a new race and culture, had called forth their ancestors, heroic pioneers, from a thousand already civilized races; led them into a new land; swept away by their means the decaying remnants of races that lingered on there, and founded great and vigorous republics of them, or empires on which the sun never set. They grew rich and cultured; they waged wars and nourished vices; they produced mighty literatures; they rose, and fell, and rose and fell again; they grew from racial youth to manhood and old age; they decayed more and more, sank lower and lower; and at last, when all the tide of life and progress had gone from them to newer races, they became Pithecanthropi more or less Erecti, lost soulless relics of what had once been a human race. It is a story, not of thousands, but of millions of years.

Millions of years? Oh yes; man is more ancient than the mountains. A question you might well postpone for the present, is that of the date of his origin; for so far as any knowledge that we have warrants us in saying, there has always been man, and always been civilized man. The Usher-Biblical trenches, at six thousand years back, have long been battered to nothing by the guns of archaeological research; and though the defense is stubborn, and recedes but a meagre millennium or so at a time, nothing will hold; the lines are absolutely broken, and it is open country beyond. Theosophy says: eighteen million years; to which no honest scientist can say worse than *Non-proven*; he knows he has no vestige of evidence to show that it was not so. And eighteen millions of years, for all practical purposes, is as good as eternity; since we cannot imagine one million years; from the paltry five thousand we know about, we can get no historical sense of a hundred thousand. In any case the beginnings are infinitely remote; and we might come at an understanding of the past, present and future: we might fashion ourselves a tolerable science of human history, without ever troubling ourselves about the date of them at all. Civilization has been rising and falling for so long, that Egypt and Babylon are but things of yesterday.

Misconception as to Prechristian Europe is a main cause of our faulty notions: to imagine our Celtic or Saxon ancestors half way in culture between us and the Redskin, is to help us to the mirage vision of Pithecanthropus looming a few ages behind, the source from which all flow. But an understanding even of British history would go far to abolish the fiction. There has been no gradual ascent from savagery. From the

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thirteenth century until now, culture has been growing in England; at times, as during the thirteenth, sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, the growth was much quickened; between whiles it lagged, or there were reactions. But before the year 1200 there were centuries of no growth. The Normans brought in a seed of culture, which did not spring for about two hundred years. The Anglo-Saxon period lasted from the fifth till the eleventh century; there was a certain growth: a political consolidation, an evolution of culture under Celtic influences, during the first half of that time; then came the Danish incursions and put a stop to it. But those Saxon tribes that began to come in about 450 were no nearer Pithecanthropus than we are. Crude and ruthless they were; but if anyone troubles to read their literature, he will find they had much in common with the Pilgrim Fathers: in a certain grim earnestness; a sad faith in the unseen; a conscientiousness. The Puritans came to America when the tides of progress, affecting their race, were running high; and they and their descendants were borne forward immediately on those tides. The Saxons came to Britain at a time when such tides were not flowing at all in Europe, nor due to flow for some eight centuries; so their culture remained fairly stationary for that length of time. Our Puritans and pioneers were of the race of Shakespeare and Milton; they had left behind them in the old country a far higher civilization than they were able immediately to set up in the new. And those Saxon pioneers had left behind them on the continent a civilization far higher than they were able to establish in Britain; behind them, in this instance, in time as well as in space; for it was a civilization that had been on the downward trend for some centuries. It had by that time lapsed far into anarchy; now, the memory of it has mainly passed away; but enough has been found in Scandinavia to prove that culture flourished and declined there centuries before Christ. The Saxons brought a rich literature into Britain, and traditions of ancient glory.

And what they found in the island was not barbarism, but the decadence of a civilization higher than their own: the Roman, which by that time had lost all power to uplift those whom it contacted. Yet at the time of its flourishing, some three centuries before, that Roman-British culture was far more refined and better ordered than anything that has obtained there since until quite recently. There were probably more people, certainly more education, less crime, better government and better manners, in Marcus Aurelius's England than in George III's.

But at least, you say, when Caesar went to Britain, it was a kinsman of Pithecanthropus he found there? Was it? His account, with all its seeming precision, is misleading and inadequate; not altogether intentionally, — though truly he was a man without moral sense writing of

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his enemies - but because we cannot read him with Roman eyes. He wrote from the mental background of his age; we read him from the mental background of our own. An invisible Pithecanthropus grins up at us from his pages; but no such haunting bogey troubled him. Who, reading two thousand years hence some official narrative of the present war, would guess that there were centuries of culture behind the belligerent to which the annalist's country was opposed? But if such a reader turned to the criticism, the *belles lettres*, the better fiction of our time he would get a different picture altogether; the true light would be thrown on facts and events, and they would appear in perspective, with the right proportions. Here are a few respects in which the Roman background differed from ours:

There was no such division between Roman and barbarian, as there is between Christian and heathen now. It was the common belief among the cultured that all the Pantheons were essentially the same: that when the Roman spoke of Mercury, the Greek of Hermes, the Gaul of Ogma, or the Egyptian of Thoth, each was using his own national symbol for the same basic principle in Nature. The whole Roman polity in church and state was founded on this idea. Just as the guiding principle in British India is that all religions, Christian or pagan, are equal before the law; so in Rome the principle was that all religions were equally true and fundamentally the same. Christianity was persecuted because it introduced a new and subversive doctrine: namely, that all religions except itself were equally false: an idea incompatible with the enlightened Roman policy, and which did, in fact, operate to overthrow the empire. Again, all Romans of culture knew of an esotericism, a real wisdom handed down, behind all outward religions; they were as familiar with the story of Numa Pompilius and his secret books and doctrine, as we are with that of Washington and the Declaration of Independence. Caesar wrote with all this in mind.

He records indifferently that the Druids possessed the secret and sacred teachings of science and philosophy — the esoteric wisdom; that they underwent a training, a discipline, sometimes of twenty years, before graduating in the order; that they used the Greek script; and made human sacrifices; that the Briton warriors went bare-breasted into battle, and stained their bodies blue. These last smack to us of Pithecanthropism; to the Roman, as we find from many references in their poets, it probably connoted merely a degree of valor that scorned defensive armour. We pay no heed to what he says of the severe literary and cultural discipline; but are hugely impressed by the human sacrifices. From his cold account we get a picture of naked barbarians given over to the rule of a cruel and superstitious priesthood; but that was not the

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picture they knew in Rome. I said that the educated Roman knew of an esoteric wisdom behind the pantheons: a wisdom that concerned itself with things deeper than those of the outer life, and whose vision penetrated beyond birth and death. They knew of it; but knew that within the ringfence of the empire it had been lost. But — as Lucan tells us, it was held that the Druids had not lost it: the cultured Roman world, short of those who scoffed at everything, credited the Druids with a deeper wisdom than it possessed itself. As to the human sacrifices: we look on them as a retention of Pithecanthropism; the Roman, with all the facts in their true light before him, would more likely have seen in them a partial fall into savagery, a degeneration. And when one thinks of the evidence they rest on, one cannot be sure they ever took place. They do not harmonize at all with the rest of the picture; and Caesar, our main authority for them, was such a notorious blackguard; and he was writing of a people that he wantonly attacked, and of whom he slew, in Gaul, on his own showing, millions. Can you believe the man who butchered the heroic Vercingetorix in cold blood after the latter's surrender? Could you believe what was said in fifteenth century England about Joan of Arc?

But whether they had degenerated into these practices or not, we cannot reconcile what we know of the long and severe training of the Druids, their intensive cultural discipline; their fame, among men, such as Lucan, who knew the whole learning of Greece and Rome, for a deeper learning than their neighbors' — we cannot reconcile all this with 'primitive' savagery. Such things are only evolved in long ages of high civilization. And if we study the ancient Celtic literature itself, we find this view absolutely confirmed. It is the oldest literature in Western Europe; it is very copious indeed; and tells of a state of things whose antiquity we have no means of measuring. It reveals to us a highly civilized people; one, however, whose civilization was being undermined and disrupted constantly by warfare. It reveals a literary art exceedingly complex and artificial: with intricate and difficult rhyme schemes, subtle meters, a magnificent sense of style. Vigor of expression is natural to the literature of youth; style and a refined subtle art come with old age and long experience and effort. The most difficult verse forms that we have in English, are child's play and formlessness compared to those of the Welsh and Irish. And no tradition is more persistent among the Celts, than this of a prehistoric grandeur.

So then, standing on the further brink of history, and looking backward, we see, in Northern and Western Europe, vistas not of rising savagery, but of declining civilization: a pathway to heroes and demigods, not to dear Pithecanthropus. And it is just what we ought to expect.

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Look where you will, you find nowhere a steady rise from barbarism to culture, but everywhere this eternal ebb and flow. Do ex-King Constantine and his people represent an upward growth of twenty-five centuries from Pericles and his? They do not; but according to the Gospel according to Saint Pithecanthropus, they should. Modern Greece may be on the ascending arc of a cycle; but she has a long way to go before reaching a point comparable with that she fell from of old. Egypt promises in a few hundred years to be a leading nation again; but before the British went there, and began to set things straight, there was anarchy sinking into barbarism on Nile banks. Yet go back to the tenth century, and we find her, under the great Ismailian Sultans, easily the most enlightened nation in the west. In architecture, art, literature, science, and philosophy, in methods of life and government, in sanitation and the common amenities of decent living, she had need to fear comparison with no one before or since. Her hospitals were as well-appointed, and as scientific in spirit, as the best of ours. The doors of her great university were open to all, of whatever land or religion; and not only were no fees exacted of the students, but the state paid all their expenses; thus education was something more than free. Her armies beat back the barbaric hordes of the Crusaders on the one hand, and the world-destroying Mongols on the other. We think this earth has never seen so vast a cataclysm of war as this present one; but when the Mongols of Genghis and Hulagu went on the war-path, their battle-front reached from Poland to the Sea of Japan; they were opposed to almost every civilized people in the old world; they laid desolate, not a few provinces, but whole vast empires; they took many cities of the size of Paris, and massacred their millions of inhabitants to the last man, woman, and child. All the civilization of Asia fell before them; except India, and island Japan, that they could not reach, and Egypt, that beat them back and saved the Mediterranean littoral. And only a few centuries before that strength and splendor, Egypt was in a slough of barbarism again: in the hands of howling mobs of fanatics, the murderers of Hypatia, the unwashed saints of the desert. Going backward from that point we find her successively, fictitiously cultured under Rome; decadent under the Ptolemies; incapable of resistance, under her own last dynasties, to the Assyrian and Persian; until we come to the glories of her Second Empire, magnificently strong under the Setis and Thothmeses; and before that again, and beyond an age of decline, to the still mightier First Empire and the builders of the Pyramids; and so on into the night of time with declines and rises, declines and rises; and when, in heaven's name, traveling along this path, are we come to Pithecanthropus? Egypt was much nearer to him a century ago than she was a thousand years ago; you might find some smack

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of him in the minions of the holy Cyril and the holy Anthony, but none whatever in the proud subjects of Amenemhat or Rameses the Great.

Where shall we look, that we do not find the same story? To Peru? Today the descendant of the Incas' people, sodden with cocaine and suffering into a sullen stupidity, is brother to his beast of burden; five centuries ago his fathers were building dazzling cities, were dwelling in great splendor and security; conquering vast territories more humanely (read Garcilaso de la Vega or Sir Clements Markham), and ruling them more beneficently, than ever did any other people of whom we know. And go back into remote and unguessable antiquity, and you will find the prehistoric Peruvian capable of even mightier works than those of the mightiest Incas. Pithecanthropus, where art thou?

But now imagine — what we have seen a hundred times — a civilization fallen into anarchy, and left to stew in its own juices, so to say, for several hundred thousand years — without any saving impulse from without. Presently there would be no cities left standing; no government, no industry, no agriculture, no education. The making of books would cease, and the art of writing would be forgotten: the only business would be raidings and murder. A few thousand years after such a debacle of law and order, and the people would be as the Redskins were; a few hundred thousand, and they would be as the Blackfellows are; if you waited long enough, 'tis an odd chance but you should have Pithecanthropus stalking in his glory over the graves of their forgotten cities. It is in that way the low types of humanity are produced. Africa, isolated for ages, untouched by cultural influences from elsewhere, sank into barbarism; but the ancestors of the negro, somewhere back in the eighteen million years, were the rulers of great and cultured empires. Isolation, aloofness, self-containment — there you have the great peril. Periods of decline, of sleep, come to every race as surely as winters to the year: and it is always the saving Brotherhood of Man: it is always contact with some other, some active or waking race, that ends them. There would be no civilization in America, had it not been brought here from Europe. The Middle Ages and their darkness there, would never have passed, had there been no Moslem culture eastward and southward to light up Christendom; the Moslems would never have become civilized, had not the armies of the successors of Mohammed, impelled by his teaching to seek the Road of Learning, found the remnants of old culture from which they might learn, in Persia, India, and Greece. There never was a great age of civilization that did not owe its inception, the seeds of its splendor, to some other race, some older civilization. We recently have touched somnolescent Japan and China, and wakened them to a new age of vigor; some day America, exhausted with the energies that now

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are playing through her, will fall into a natural and cyclic sleep; and in due season she will owe her reawaking to some impetus passed on to her from China perhaps, or from Venezuela, or from Turkey — or God knows where. There is no superior race; there is only the Brotherhood of Man.

Where, then, is Pithecanthropus? We have searched all the Edens, and found him Adam in none; where is he? — “I am here,” he saith. “I am with you always; your child, not your ancestor; you have made me, and do make me; I have never made you.” He is the creation of the drug fiend, of the vice fiend; his name is Degeneracy. We sow the seed of him when we send our children to work long hours in factories; when we make of our prisons nurseries of crime. When we hang a murderer, we evoke him; when we take hate, lust, or greed for our guide: when we indulge in national or personal selfishness: we call upon him to come. Everything that coarsens or deteriorates the race, brings him nearer to us. He is the price we pay for playing the fool.

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by T. Henry, M. A.



WE often find ourselves constrained to hold up the mirror to current thought, and to note the changes that current thought is undergoing in obedience to the laws of progress. But we are not among those who believe that matter can evolve itself (unless indeed the word ‘matter’ is to include both agent and material); and so we seek for the cause that promotes this evolution. Unless the general level of human thought were disturbed by pressure from a higher source, that level would tend continually to lower itself; and the law of the conservation of energy forbids us to suppose that a machine can manufacture its own motive power and yet continue running indefinitely. Hence, if human ideas are evolving, they must be doing so under some dynamic influence. This influence, in the present cycle, we hold to be that of H. P. Blavatsky, a genius, a human being of creative power, able to rise out of the prevailing atmosphere of ideas and impulses into higher regions, and to inspire new energy into the atmosphere of current thought. Since she did this, her followers have been laboring to keep this energy alive and to spread the ideas; and a constant progress of current thought in the directions indicated by H. P. Blavatsky has ensued.

The question of immortality is to the fore in the July quarterly number

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of *The Hibbert Journal* (Boston and London), in more than one article, particularly in that by Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; who, however, does not seem to us to speak *ex cathedra*, as an expounder of Christian doctrine, but simply as a philosopher and a scholar. The views he expresses are such as we have often advocated in these pages; and the fact that such views can now be promulgated, and under such influential backing, is most significant of the changes in public opinion.

The Dean notes a recrudescence of superstition, evidently having in mind (among other things) the recent advocacy of psychic survival by an eminent man of science, who has a special article devoted to him in the same number of this journal. The recrudescence he attributes largely to the secularizing and materializing of the Christian gospel; the preachers, no longer able to satisfy their congregations with the hope of a future heaven, have turned their attention to this world and are holding out hopes of an earthly paradise the day after morrow.

“And so, instead of ‘the blessed hope of everlasting life,’ the bereaved have been driven to this pathetic and miserable substitute, the barbaric belief in ghosts and demons, which was old before Christianity was young. And what a starveling hope it is that necromancy offers us! An existence as poor and unsubstantial as that of Homer's Hades, which the shade of Achilles would have been glad to exchange for serfdom to the poorest farmer, and with no guarantee of permanence, even if the power of comforting or terrifying surviving relations is supposed to persist for a few years. Such a prospect would add a new terror to death; and none would desire it for himself.”

This is a theme on which we have often descanted. The evidence for immortality adduced by spookism, however ‘scientific,’ is no evidence of immortality at all, but rather is in favor of materialism, thinks the Dean, who adds that it tends to make spirit into an “ultra-gaseous condition of matter,” and to represent eternal values as temporal facts (which they can never be). When a good man dies, he does not desire to pray, “Grant that I may flit a while over my former home.” “We may leave it to our misguided necromancers to describe the adventures of the disembodied ghost,” concludes Dr. Inge.

In short, psychical research tends to prove the existence of a protracted mortality, not of immortality; and the prospect is one that “adds a new terror to death, and would not be desired by anyone for himself.” The real world is the world of eternal values, and in this “we find our own immortality.” He points out that the soul is not in time, and that:

“In so far as we can identify ourselves in thought and mind with the absolute values, we are sure of our immortality.”

This and other articles in *The Hibbert Journal* show that people are realizing more fully that speculations on immortality have been vitiated

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by unwarranted preconceptions. If time (as we know it) is an attribute of our mortal life, how can it be thought of in connexion with immortality? And if what we regard as our personal identity is a creation of mortal life, how can it survive amid the conditions which we must assign to immortal life? If we are immortal at all, we are immortal now; and immortality is not a period of time tacked on to the end of the present life, but a condition that is ever present. This condition is realizable in progressive degrees by those who can extricate themselves from the mental hallucinations caused by living in a world of sensory perceptions and conceptions. And this possibility of self-liberation and the attainment of immortality is the gospel of the ages, whether preached by Plotinus, Christ, or Krishna.

That the path of self-liberation involves the sacrifice of much that binds our affections, is a truth universally recognised and taught; and its validity from a philosophical viewpoint is equally clear, as is recognised by this lucid and erudite writer. "Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live," is a precept familiar to students of Theosophy; while Christians can quote: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." This simply means that, to enter immortality, we must put off mortality, or, to quote Dean Inge:

"We must be willing to lose our soul on this level of experience, before we can find it unto life eternal."

It is also ably shown in this article that, since we have a false idea of selfhood, death seems to many people to be an extinction of selfhood. If (they say) so much is lost, what remains? And immortality shrinks to the dimensions of an "absorption in the universal soul." But, according to the Dean, the achievement of immortality is the *perfecting* of selfhood; and that self which is now so imperfect and shadowy will then for the first time achieve its fulness. He uses the word 'personality,' which Theosophists (as a stipulated convention) use to denote the mortal self, while they use 'individuality' to denote the perfected Self. The same distinction is also marked by spelling 'self' with or without a capital initial.

The question of reincarnation also comes in for consideration; and the Dean of St. Paul's avers that so widely sanctioned a belief "cannot be dismissed as obsolete or impossible." We feel inclined to ask whether heresy trials are obsolete or impossible. In America, divines of much less weight have suffered martyrdom for much less than this. But he feels that, before the question can be satisfactorily answered, it must be satisfactorily stated; and that, until we decide the value of the terms used in the question, a vagueness must attend our attempts to answer it.

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“It is not easy to say what part of such an organism could be said to maintain its identity, if it were housed in another body and set down in another time and place, when all recollection of a previous state has been (as we must admit) cut off.” The only continuity, as it seems to him, would be either the racial self, if there is such a thing, or the “directing intelligence and will of the higher Power which sends human beings into the world.” The latter alternative coincides with Theosophical teaching, wherein the Higher Self is something more than a philosophical possibility; but it is understood that the “higher Power” is not a personal deity but the real Self of the human being.

That which is immortal survives, and that which is mortal perishes. This sounds like a truism, yet is worth pondering over. As a Theosophist, I cannot preach reincarnation as a dogma — for Theosophy has no dogmas; but, in common with most Theosophists, I have a profound conviction that it is true, and that my present faith is destined one day to become knowledge on the subject.

The writer thinks that the idea of psychic survival is cherished, not from a desire to achieve it oneself, but from a longing for consolation in bereavement. Yet is not this short-sighted? If we desire for our loved ones a fate which we would shun for ourselves, then is it not our own welfare, rather than theirs, which we are consulting? Time disposes surely, even when slowly, of the throes of bereavement; until nothing but memory, or not even memory, remains; and a reunion of former personal affinities would unite each one of us, in some future heaven, with a multitudinous throng of people stretching back through the faded pages of history. It is as incumbent upon us to recognise the immortal in others as in ourselves — to find in them that of which we *cannot* be bereaved. The fact of psychic survival (if established) would prove a poor consolation and a short-lived.

Among beliefs which “were old when Christianity was young,” is the belief that, when the body — the central holding principle of the man — dissolves, the remaining principles no longer cohere together as one whole, and the immortal Soul passes on to its appropriate sphere, to rest until the hour for rebirth; while there sinks to the nether regions a devitalized shell which, in a ‘second death,’ is resolved into its primal elements. Necromancy, it was believed, could avail, by pernicious means, to evoke this dying shade. Such practices were contemned, and it is curious that in our day we should have moved so far away from that viewpoint as to be regarding certain practices, quite similar in many respects to the ancient necromancy, as not only harmless but even edifying. Theosophists need have no hesitation in pointing out the evil of psychic dabbling, because the upshot is bound to justify their warnings;

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already we find the dangers being realized and pointed out by doctors and others.

Perhaps the central thought of the article under review might be expressed as follows: that 'heaven' is largely a name we have invented for an ideal place to compensate for the shortcomings of the place we find ourselves in now; but that the place in which we find ourselves now is a prison-house of our own frailties and blindness. And we will conclude with these quotations:

"The world which we ordinarily think of as real is an arbitrary selection from experience, corresponding roughly to the average reaction of life upon the average man. . . ."

"May it not be that some touch of heroic self-abnegation is necessary before we can have a soul which death cannot touch? . . ."

"We must accustom ourselves to breathe the air of the eternal values, if we desire to live for ever."

The editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, Mr. L. P. Jacks, writing in the same number, on 'The Theory of Survival,' points to the preconceptions which hamper our investigations in psychism. One of these is the common and crude distinction between 'body' and 'spirit'; a distinction which, as he says, belongs to a metaphysical theory which has filtered down into popular thought and become fixed in popular phraseology. This leads us to assume that the beings with whom we are brought into touch are disembodied spirits, whereas the true scientific attitude requires that we should try to find out what they are, without preconception. Another preconception is the idea of two worlds — 'this' and 'the next.' And, having assumed that the dead have departed from this world, but finding what we take for evidence that they are still in existence, we infer that they have arrived in the next world. Perhaps we are wrong in assuming that they have ever left this world; and here the writer echoes a thought which we noticed in Dr. Inge's paper:

"We may find . . . that the upshot of psychical research is not to give us another world, supplementary or successive to this one, or of another nature than this, but to extend the boundaries and deepen the significance of the one world in which we and the so-called 'departed' are all living together under a unitary system of law."

In fact, we impose our materialistic notions upon our speculations about the immaterial; and when a companion, throwing off mortality, passes to immortality, and therefore beyond the range of our mortal vision, we try to locate him in a *material* world, albeit composed of a finer grade of matter, where he is surrounded by people and objects and circumstances *like those in this life*. Psychic research is materialistic.


Next the writer draws attention to the facts that the supposed 'survivors' retain the distinction of sex; speak the same English or French;

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live in time, looking regretfully behind or anxiously before them, and speaking of yesterday and tomorrow; have the same senses as we have. This means that they have carried with them into the next world all the familiar belongings of this; and psychic research will have proved the survival, not merely of the personality, but of that world out of which the personality is made. Remove that world, and what remains of the personality? Thus again we reach the conclusion that, whatever is immortal, it cannot be the personality — the mere outer presence — as we know it. This would seem to show that psychic research can only lead to evidence adverse to the belief in immortality — evidence tending to show that the departed are deader than they were before they died.

HOW BIRDS REWARD THEIR FRIENDS:

by Percy Leonard

T is becoming quite the fashion nowadays to look after the birds. Suitable boxes are set up for them to nest in; crumbs and suet are served in winter-time; bird-baths and drinking fountains are provided in the hot weather; and their nests are protected from cats and nest-robbers.

It has been objected that this is an interference with Nature's plan and tends to make paupers of the birds. If food is provided, the birds will become too lazy to hunt for themselves and so the destructive insects will multiply and our crops will be ruined. However reasonable this may appear on the surface, it has been proved in two instances at least that man's care for the birds has resulted in nothing but good.

Mr. E. H. Forbush, the State Ornithologist of Massachusetts who had attracted a large feathered population to his orchard, was well rewarded for his trouble. While an army of tent-caterpillars and canker-worms were busy among his neighbors' trees, his orchard was quite untouched and he gathered a bountiful crop of fruit.

Baron Berlepsch at Witzhausen, in Thuringia, Germany, had persuaded five hundred pairs of birds of various species to make their home in his thirteen-acre park, when one summer a host of caterpillars invaded the district, stripping the leaves from the trees for miles in every direction; but although his estate lay in the midst of the devastated tract, the baron's trees were covered with leaves, and so active were the feathered policemen that the hungry worms never managed to get within a quarter of a mile of his boundaries.

In the four hundred acres of forest owned by this lover of birds, two

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thousand boxes have been erected for the use of birds which nest in holes. They are modeled exactly to resemble the cavities such birds hollow out for themselves in decayed timber. In the breeding season they are all occupied by happy families; a clear proof that the birds appreciate the friendly assistance of man, especially when he brings his intelligence to co-operate with his kindly intentions.

Few people seem to realize the enormous appetites of birds. What with their ceaseless movement, the exertion of flight, the energy expended in song, and the high temperature of their blood, they require an immense amount of nourishment. It is common to remark of a person in delicate health, that he has the appetite of a canary. As a matter of fact, in proportion to their weight, the birds consume very much more food than we do. If a man were to feed on the same scale as some of the birds do, he would eat twenty-four hens for his breakfast, a whole sheep for his dinner, and would still be able to find room for half-a-dozen roast turkeys for his supper.

In Lomaland, house-wrens build their nests in hats that hang in the bungalows of students and in the pockets of rain-coats. The hooded Arizona oriole suspends her woven cradle under the arches of the Temple of Peace; and valley quail lead forth their active, fluffy broods from clumps of pampas grass within the boundaries of the Lotus Home. With the exception of the red-breasted linnet who resembles humanity in the interest that he takes in ripe figs, our feathered population on the whole render a great assistance in keeping down the insect plagues.

We need not fear the ravages of insects although they lay thousands of eggs, as long as we protect the birds. There seems to be a kind of balance in Nature, and if we protect the birds from foes and famine, they will take our part in our ceaseless struggle against the insects.



AMONG the noblest in the land —
Though he may count himself the least —
That man I honor and revere,
Who, without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand,
The friend of every friendless beast.— *Longfellow*

THE LOST LAKE

BY M. G. G.

DOWN in a trough of seas
Of emerald green it lay,
And near the marge huge trees
Festooned with mosses gray.

No human being's trace
Of blaze or trail was there;
Pure magic ruled the place
And held one unaware.

Deep slept and dreamed the mere,
Glassing yon summit high,
Shielded from winds austere
By fir trees standing nigh.

On the reflected blue
Recalling fancies light,
The fleecy clouds o'er drew
Their wondrous patterns white.

A little brook, snow-fed,
Sent from the sombrous deep
A lilting note that sped
Over the lake asleep.

A stone's throw from the dell,
'Neath green and blue and gray,
No sound disturbed the spell
There brooding night and day.

Oh mirror of the soul,
So ravishingly free!
Long may'st thou bide heartwhole
Enwrapped in phantasy.

THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA:

by William Scott



SMALL as is Point Loma, the home of the International Theosophical Headquarters, it would require a volume to do justice to its geologic history.

Its geographic position is $117^{\circ} 10' 30''$ W. longitude, $32^{\circ} 42' 30''$ N. latitude, nearly. The greatest length of Point Loma, proper, which is in the north and south direction, is about eight miles; and its greatest width, which is at the north end, is about four miles, but as it is little more than half a mile broad at the south end, its mean width is perhaps barely two miles.

Until very recent times Point Loma was an island, and indeed, strictly speaking, it still is. It is practically united to the mainland by low flats, roughly four miles square, formed by sediment brought down by the San Diego River. These flats are so low that they are partly covered by the high tides. On their northern side is False or Mission Bay, and San Diego Bay is on the southern side; but between these two bays, and close to Point Loma proper, there is a small creek, crossing the flats, which flows at every tide, completely surrounding Point Loma with water, excepting the bridges which span the creek. It has been confidently asserted that Point Loma is rising at the present time, and it may be that a graduated water-gage would indicate a slight upward movement; but without the aid of any such instrument no appreciable change, in the last twenty years, has been observable.

When a geologist starts to explore a locality, the first thing that he endeavors to determine is its geologic age, not in years, for that appears to him to be quite hopeless, but its stratigraphic position in the long series of sedimentary layers which have been deposited on the ocean floors since sedimentation began; for every known square foot of the earth's surface is, or has been, an ocean floor, although there are a few small areas, where all the marine sediment has been eroded away. Moderately estimated, the whole series of these sedimentary beds, if placed one above the other in the order of their deposition, would have a mean thickness of about thirty miles, which has been divided into five major geologic systems, named, beginning at the oldest — Primordial, Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, and Quaternary. These correspond to five major biologic ages, named respectively — Eozoic, Palaeozoic, Mesozoic, Cainozoic, and Neozoic; or they correspond respectively to the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Root Races. These major divisions are each subdivided into three minor systems, and these in turn are still further subdivided into numerous smaller groups and systems, usually bearing local names. The place in this series assigned to

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Point Loma, by some geologists, is late Secondary, or the Cretaceous period; and in support of their contention they tell us that more than sixty fossil species, of the Cretaceous period, have been found in the marine sediment of Point Loma, which, they maintain, was first raised from the ocean floor about the end of the Cretaceous period, some 8,000,000 years ago, when the Coast Range was elevated.

It is here to be contended, however, that Point Loma is very much older than this, and that it is more likely that it was first raised from its watery bed at the time when the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch mountains were upheaved, some 16,000,000 years ago, at the end of the Jurassic period, which preceded the Cretaceous. But before going further, it will be necessary to explain how the time values, here given, have been determined.

Although geologists differ widely in regard to the mean total depth of the whole series of sedimentary deposits when superimposed in consecutive order, their estimates varying from 132,500 feet or about 25 miles (Lefèvre), to 265,000 feet or about 50 miles (Sollas), yet there is approximate agreement among them in regard to the relative depths of the major stratigraphic systems. So, if they could agree upon the number of years that have passed since the first sedimentary beds, the Laurentian, were deposited, the time values of the various systems could be apportioned in accordance with their relative strata depths. But they are hopelessly at variance in regard to the length of the whole of sedimentary time. Their estimates range all the way from 10,000,000 years (Tait), to 1,000,000,000 years (Huxley); Tait's calculation being just one-hundredth of Huxley's! Scientific estimates, in this respect, are therefore worthless; so we have adopted the moderate time values of the *Archaic Records*, as given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is said (Vol. II, 709):

“It is certain, on Occult data, that the time which has elapsed since the first sedimentary deposits is 320,000,000 years.”

It is upon this basis, together with their strata depths, that the time values of the various stratigraphic systems, here given, have been established.

In regard to the statement that Point Loma was first upheaved at the end of the Cretaceous period, when the Coast Range was elevated, there are two things to be considered: (1) the geologic history of the Coast Range; and (2) the *peculiar* character of the ‘Cretaceous’ system of California.

According to *Professional Paper 71*, of the U. S. Geologic Survey, (554, 816) the Coast Range has had a very eventful career. In the

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vicinity of the Bay of San Francisco it has been no less than seven times elevated and six times depressed since towards the close of the *Jurassic* period; its latest dip having been in Pliocene time, which corresponds, in time, to Point Loma's period of depression; and its first elevation having been precisely at the same epoch when both the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch mountains were upheaved (*Prof. Paper 71, 555 et seq.*); and as the region of Point Loma was right in the path of this tremendous lateral compressive force, which squeezed western North America into this series of high mountain ranges, it could hardly have escaped being crumpled up at that time.

This epoch was probably the commencement of one of the greatest geologic revolutions in the whole history of the earth. In *The Secret Doctrine, II, 332*, it is said that the great continent of Lemuria, or the 'Mesozoic Continent,' as it is called by geologists, began to sink "nearly at the Arctic Circle (Norway)," and further:

"The great English fresh-water deposit called the Wealden . . . is the bed of the main stream which drained Northern Lemuria in the Secondary age." (p. 333.)

Now geologists are all agreed that the Wealden region was submerged at the end of the *Jurassic* period, because, says Geikie:

"The Wealden is surmounted conformably by a group of marine beds (Lower Greensands) in which the upper Neocomian fossils occur." *Text Book of Geology*, p. 823.

Now these 'Neocomian' deposits mark the beginning of the *Cretaceous* period, and there can be no doubt that the Wealden was a *Mesozoic* river, because it is full of *Mesozoic* fossils, and as the Greensands lie *conformably* on these deposits, it proves that the greensand deposition began directly after the Wealden ceased to flow. It may also safely be presumed that the movement of depression in the region of "Norway" was the same as that which submerged the Wealden.

The birth of Point Loma was therefore, very likely, at the opening of the transitional stage from the Lemurian to the Atlantean Continental system; or from the Third to the Fourth Race; or, geologically, from the Secondary to the Tertiary period; or, palaeontologically, from the *Mesozoic* to the *Cainozoic* Age — these being different names for the same great World transformation, Continentally, Biologically, and Racially, which continued intermittently for about 7,000,000 years; or till within 700,000 years of the opening of the Tertiary period (*The Secret Doctrine, II, 313*); or till about 8,700,000 years ago.

The 'Cretaceous' system of California possesses some very peculiar features, which make the position, in the stratigraphic series, of its lower beds very doubtful, and competent geologists disagree as to their deter-

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mination. In *Professional Paper 71*, of the U. S. Geologic Survey, 615, it is stated that:

“The Cretaceous of California is divided into the Shasta (Lower Cretaceous, comprising the Knoxville and the Horsetown formations) and the Chico (Upper Cretaceous). . . .”

The type section of the ‘Shasta — Chico series’ was measured on Elder Creek, Tehama Co., and originally stated by Diller. His statement condensed is:

	FEET
“Chico: Massive and thin bedded sandstones, with conglomerates	3,897
Horsetown: Sandstones, often thin bedded, and shales	6,109
Knoxville: Shales, upper 10,000 ft. calcareous, interbedded with sandstone below	19,974
Apparent total thickness of unaltered Strata	29,980

“. . . The remarkable thickness assigned to the Knoxville formation in Tehama Co., is borne out by the observations of Osmont in the region north of San Francisco Bay. . . . This series consists of an enormous thickness of rather hard tawny-yellowish sandstone, interbedded in a monotonous succession with dark-blue fissile shales, with occasional thin beds of dark-blue limestone. The sandstone strata are usually less than two feet thick, and almost never more than ten, while their regular alternation with soft shale made the bedding very distinct and characteristic.”

This *distinctive characterization* applies almost bed for bed to the marine strata of Point Loma, which shows that both regions had been subjected to similar, if not the same, movements. The description continues:

“From near Knoxville, where they appear to overlie a large laccolith (volcanic intrusion) of serpentine, they extend in an unbroken succession, with steep northeasterly dip, to the head of Capay Valley, at Rumsy, where they are covered with Tertiary gravels and sandstones. The average angle of dip from Knoxville to Rumsey cannot be less than 45°, which would give the series a thickness of four miles.”

And this is not all. The greatest depth of the *Upper* Cretaceous, corresponding to the ‘Chico,’ is in southwestern Wyoming, where it has a thickness of 20,000 feet
Then there is the Tehama ‘Horsetown’ 6,109 ”
and the Knoxville — Rumsey ‘Knoxville’ 21,120 ”
Total thickness of the western Cretaceous 47,229 feet!!

To say the least this is suspicious. No other minor stratigraphic system, in the whole series, approximates this depth, not even the Laurentian, whose greatest known depth is not more than 35,000 feet, and its relative time-period is just about *nine* times that of the Cretaceous. Elsewhere the Cretaceous rocks seldom reach a greater thickness than 5,000 feet, and 4,000 feet is regarded as a moderate estimate of their mean thickness. Whatever the total depth of the whole series of sedimentary strata, from the lowest Laurentian to the upper Quaternary, may be, geologists are in approximate agreement that the proportionate

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depth of the Cretaceous is not more than one fortieth of the whole series. Now if the grand total is taken as 160,000 feet, (about thirty miles), which is moderate, then 47,000 feet would be more than one fourth, nearly two sevenths of the whole. This raises the suspicion that there is something more than Cretaceous in this enormous depth of strata: and this is the conclusion that more than one competent geologist has reached, not because of the excessive depth alone but on account of the fossils of both flora and fauna that are found in the strata. In *Professional Paper 71*, 619, Knowlton is quoted as follows:

“From the Paleobotanical evidence which has been presented, it follows that in this portion of the Pacific coast region (Oregon and California) the line between the Jurassic and the Cretaceous is to be drawn through the upper part of the Knoxville formation, not at the base. This line is fixed by the upper limit of the Jurassic flora.”

A flora which he says,

“is everywhere of true Jurassic age, and is practically never found associated with acknowledged Cretaceous flora.”

Of the fauna he says:

“The total Knoxville fauna comprises seventy-seven forms of invertebrates, only seven named species of which have been found associated with Jurassic plants. Of these seven species only a single one has been found outside the limits of the California-Oregon area, and it has further been shown that the invertebrate palaeontologists are not in accord among themselves as to the interpretation to be given to the age determination of the fauna. The conclusion therefore is reached that the plants, being thoroughly consistent, afford the better criteria, and the beds are regarded as unquestionably of Jurassic age.”

Other geologists (J. Perrin Smith for one) are in substantial agreement with Knowlton.

This means that nearly the whole of the four-mile depth of ‘Knoxville’ strata is to be classed not as Cretaceous, but as Jurassic sediment. Now as the description of the lower Knoxville beds corresponds almost layer for layer with those of the marine sediment of Point Loma — except that to the latter should be added a few very thin beds of iron ore, in the upper, and a few coaly and graphitic pockets in the lower exposed beds, which indicate a still greater age than the Knoxville, for graphite is seldom found in any but deposits that are much older than the Jurassic, and it is most abundant in the very oldest, the Laurentian — the Point Loma strata, like the Knoxville, may be regarded as unquestionably of Jurassic age.

But Point Loma itself is the chief witness to its own great age. Its loss by erosion has been enormous, as will be seen by the aid of the accompanying diagrams.

Figure 1 is a diagrammatic representation, reconstructed from the

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truncated strata *in situ*, of a N. E. and S. W. cross-section on the line *C D*, Figure 3, extended beyond the crest of the original Point Loma

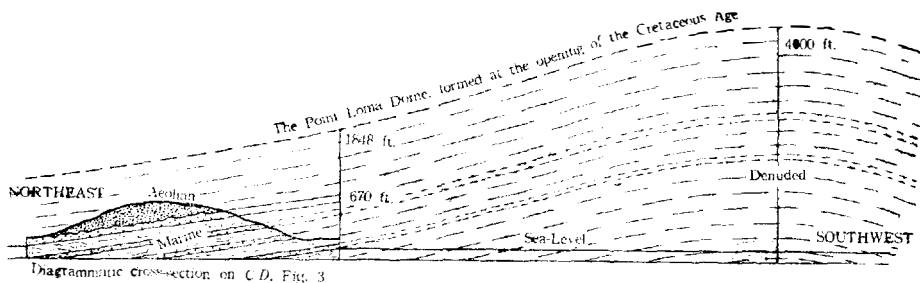


FIGURE 1 — DIAGRAM SHOWING POINT LOMA'S LOSS BY EROSION

mountain; showing that the present Point Loma is but a small fragment of the eastern side of the former dome; the broken lines representing the denuded strata.

Figure 2 is an enlarged half cross-section on the line *C D*, Fig. 3, which shows that if the line of unconformity, between the aeolian and the marine deposits, were extended to the line of the western shore cliff, a distance of about half a mile, the height above sea-level would be 670 feet. The mean angle of the dip is a full 8° , and the direction is about as shown by the broken lines on Fig. 3 — mainly N. E., but it turns eastward toward the south end, and northward towards the north end.

Now an 8° angle is equivalent to a 14.05 per cent. grade, which in half a mile gives a rise of 370 feet, and the height of the marine outcrop at the aeolian deposit *E*, Fig. 2, is 300 feet. These added, give a height of 670 ft. on a vertical line at the shore cliff. Now, an 8° dip, cut in a vertical plane, on a line at an angle of 45° to the direction of the dip, gives a dip

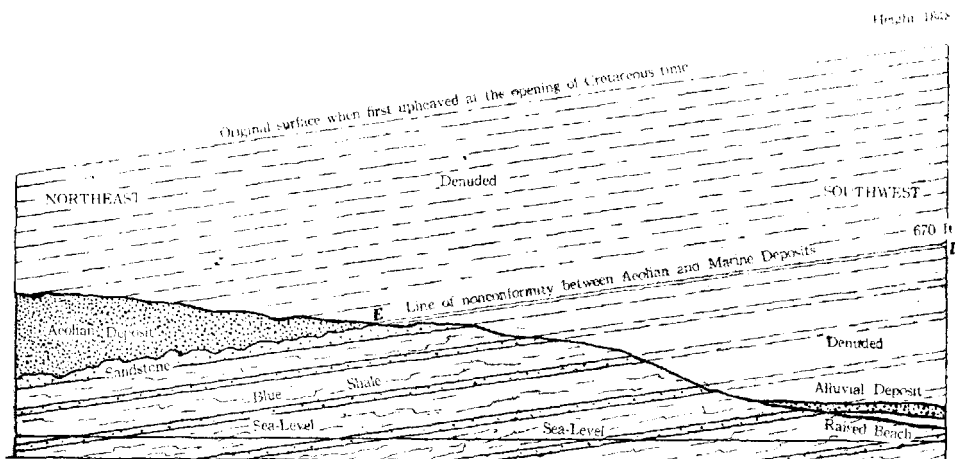


FIGURE 2 — ENLARGED CROSS-SECTION ON LINE *C D* IN FIGURE 3

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of over 5° on the vertical plane; and by clinometric measurement it is found that the mean angle of the dip, on the face of the shore cliff, for a distance of four miles from the north end, is well over 5° northward: and a 5° dip is the equivalent of an 8.75 per cent. grade, which in four miles gives a rise of 1848 feet.

Figure 4 is a mathematical reconstruction of this four-mile section of the strata on the line of the shore cliff. The two lines at the bottom of the figure represent the face of the cliff, and the broken lines represent

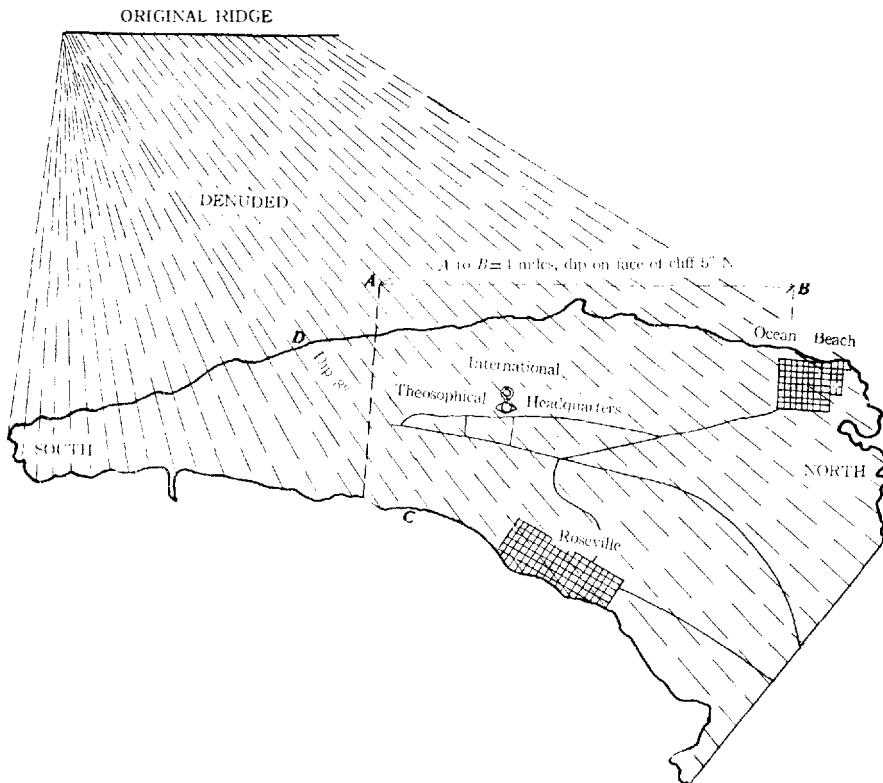


FIGURE 3 — PLAN OF THE PRESENT POINT LOMA

the denuded strata.

Now, turning to Fig. 3, where this four-mile section is represented in plan; if the extent of the erosion at *B* (Ocean Beach) had been the same as at the outcrop *E*, Fig. 2, the reconstruction of the strata on the line *E D*, Fig. 2, should give the same height above sea-level at *D*, as that of the reconstruction at the point *A*, Fig. 4, but we find that between these two reconstructed points, there is a discrepancy in height of 1174 feet, which proves that above the line of unconformity *E D*, Fig. 2, the ex-

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tent of denudation has been 1178 feet greater than at *B*, Fig. 3. This excess of denudation is represented by the broken lines above the line of unconformity.

Without referring to mathematics, it will be readily seen that if one were to commence to count the number of strata either way — towards *B* or *C* — from the point *A* or *D*, Fig. 3, he should get the same number in each case, but he will find that counting towards *B* the number is more than twice as great as those in the direction of *C*. There is, however, one thing which should be noted. If he follows the strata dip up a canyon near *CD*, Fig. 3, he will find no 'faults'; whereas, in following the strata

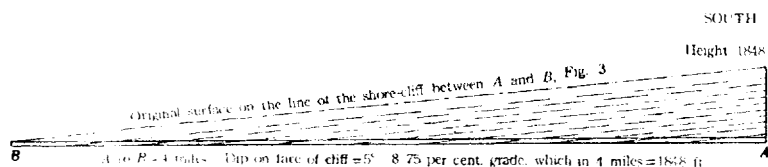


FIGURE 4 MATHEMATICAL RECONSTRUCTION OF
FOUR-MILE SECTION A TO B

from *A* to *B*, he will observe that the faults are numerous, and that the 'throw' is always on the north side, *i. e.*, the south side of the fault fails to rise as much as that of the north, and as the rise of the dip is towards the south, the sum of these fault 'throws' should be deducted from the 1848 feet rise at *A*, and in the aggregate they would probably be little short of 100 feet. But offsetting this there are two things to be considered: (1) Although the dip at *A*, Fig. 3, is less than 5° it still continues to rise, the former highest point on the line of the shore cliff having been farther south than *A* or *D*, and was perhaps enough higher to balance the loss of rise due to the fault throws: (2) The 'original surface,' of Figs. 1 and 2, is based upon the assumption that there has been no erosion at *B*, Fig. 3 (Ocean Beach) — which postulate is not only unwarranted, but it is almost certain that several hundred feet have been eroded from that region, so that the figures of the estimates are very moderate. It would be quite safe to say that the original highest point, on the line of the shore cliff, was not less than 2000 feet above its present surface.

One of the things which makes it certain that hundreds of feet have been eroded from the vicinity of Ocean Beach, is the evidence that when Point Loma was first upheaved, at the end of the Jurassic period, Ocean Beach was probably not less than 3000 feet above sea-level.

On Point Loma there is an aeolian deposit, which proves that for ages after it was upheaved there must have been a broad terrene to the westward, extending perhaps as far as the islands of San Clemente, Santa

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Barbara, etc., but, according to the *Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America*, Vol. VI, Nos. 2 and 3, June — September 1916, between Point Loma and these islands, much of that ancient land now rests 3000 feet beneath the waters of the ocean; and there is certain evidence that this movement of depression was widespread, and that there would be little warping of surfaces, or altering of relative levels between Point Loma and the islands, *i. e.*, the whole region went down as one piece. Even the location of the crest of the original Point Loma mountain is submerged beneath 600 feet of the briny deep, and accretion, not erosion takes place on such an ocean floor, so that if the sinkage had been no more than 600 feet, the bottoms of both Mission and San Diego Bays had been several hundred feet above sea-level during the long period, perhaps 14,000,000 years, of elevation, during which, not only Ocean Beach, but the very bottoms of these bays, were exposed to subaerial denudation.

Neither the height nor the location of the crest of the former Point Loma mountain can be determined with a high degree of certainty, owing to the smallness of the remaining fragment; but both can be roughly reconstructed from the strata still *in situ*, as shown by the broken lines of Figs. 1, 2, and 3. The southward turn of the dip towards the south end indicates a convergence at about four miles to the westward, which gives a clue to the location of the southern end of the former ridge, but the northward turn of the dip at the north end is so slight that the point of convergence cannot even be approximated. There is little doubt that, after the first upheaval, a vertical section through the crest of Point Loma and the bottom of Mission Bay had been in the form of two arcs of circles, joined together like an ogee, or the form of the bay was that of a basin (synclinal), while Point Loma was dome-shaped (anticlinal), but the dip of the exposed strata is everywhere so near 8° , and so close to a straight line that no curve is perceptible.

Further, the remaining fragment is right at the junction of the concave and convex curves, as shown in Fig. 1, so that the angle of the dip becomes greater, not less, as it is continued westward; but the calculation is made upon the assumption that it continued to the former crest, in a straight line at an angle of 8° , or a gradient of 14.05 per cent., which in four miles gives a rise of 3000 feet. This added to the 2000 feet at the shore cliff, gives 5000 feet, then the depth of the ocean at four miles from the shore, 600 feet, has also to be added, making a total of 5,600 feet which has been eroded from the crest of the original mountain; and this is moderate. A little over 6000 feet is probably the maximum, but the minimum is not less than 4000 feet.

Now according to Geikie, Croll, and other competent geologists,

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the mean rate of subaerial denudation generally is one foot in 6000 years; so if Point Loma's rate of denudation has been normal, it would be $6000 \times 4000 = 24,000,000$ years since subaerial denudation first began to reduce the size of the original Point Loma mountain. This gives a margin of *eight million* years more than the time that has passed since the grand epoch of continental renovation and mountain-making, at the end of the Jurassic period, making it extremely probable that the upheaval of Point Loma was part of that universal revolution.

Just before the opening of this great revolutionary period, the region of Point Loma was part of a strip, some twenty miles wide, which extended northward and eastward far into the mountain region. This strip was covered with a layer of pebbles, ranging in size from mere gravel to boulders more than 18 inches in diameter, but by far the greater part of them are between three and four inches in diameter. They are chiefly rounded fragments of porphyry, or porphyritic rock, which are almost invulnerable to aerial attacks, and practically everlasting; but there are a few granite ones among them which are in all stages of decomposition. In the region of Point Loma this pebbly layer was of no great thickness, perhaps not averaging more than a foot, and probably, in places, there were no more than a few scattered pebbles, but as the strip extends north-eastwards it soon reaches a depth of more than twenty feet in many places. Before the upheaval this pebbly strip was doubtless nearly flat, and for the most part lay conformably on the Jurassic marine sediment, as it still does where the deeper parts have not been disturbed; but it is now crumpled, warped, and twisted into hills, valleys, and mesas of all shapes and sizes, and since this distortion occurred immense deep canyons have been scooped out of it by stream erosion. In the foothills it is plainly evident that the mountains were upheaved, and that the pebbly strip was crumpled by the same prodigious lateral compressive force; they are so intimately intermingled that it is obvious that both were involved in the same great struggle.

It is very fascinating to speculate upon how this enormous mass of pebbles came to be deposited upon this strip. When first seen they suggest glacial drift, and some geologists take this view, *i. e.*, that they have been dropped by glaciers. It can be proved conclusively, however, that it was no Pleistocene glaciation that deposited them.

At various times and places, during Tertiary time, perhaps from the end of the Eocene period, about 4,000,000 years ago, till near the end of Pliocene time, about 1,000,000 years ago, there were great lava floods ('Epochs of Volcanism') diffused over an immense area of western North America, from the Aleutian Islands and Alaska to South America, and extending as far west as Wyoming, Colorado, and Texas, having an

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aggregate area of more than 600,000 square miles, and in places it is more than 3000 feet deep. The lava is chiefly basaltic, varying in color from black to light gray. One of these 'Massive Fissure Effusions' has formed a hill at La Mesa. Now the pebbly layer passes over La Mesa, but it passes *under* the Tertiary basaltic hill, which proves that the pebbly layer was deposited long before the opening of the Pleistocene epoch, hence could not have been the result of Pleistocene glaciation. This, however, does not prove that they are not glacial drift.

About fifty years ago Dr. James Croll almost lost his reputation among geologists because he had presented strong evidence that 'Glacial Epochs' had been intermittent since Cambrian time, some 200,000,000 years ago. But fifty years ago almost every geologist was firmly convinced that, until recent times, the Earth was so hot that no ice would form upon it, but they are not now so sure that the Earth was any hotter in Cambrian time than it is now, and in recent years it has become quite orthodox to accept Croll's views. Although no mark of pre-Pleistocene glaciation has yet been found in California, there has been recently discovered, and minutely described in *Professional Paper 95 B*, unmistakable glacial deposits of late Eocene time, about 5,000,000 years ago. These Eocene Glacial Deposits, as so far known, are within an area of twenty square miles, in Ouray Co., south-western Colorado, but it presents no evidence strong enough to show that it was during this Glacial Epoch that the pebbly layer was deposited.

But in any case the pebbly layer on Point Loma is much older than Eocene time. It passes under the aeolian deposit which began to form about mid-Cretaceous time, not less than 10,000,000 years ago. In fact the manner in which it is laid down shows that the pebbly layer is not a glacial deposit at all. It is more like the deposit of a very rapidly-flowing huge river, yet such a river is out of the question. It is more likely that the bed of an inland sea (perhaps in the region of the California Valley, or that of the Mohave desert,) was suddenly upheaved, sending its waters in a mighty torrent along the strip, scattering gravel, pebbles, cobble-stones, and boulders over its path preliminary to the upheaval of the mountains. This, however, is mere speculation.

After its first upheaval, so far as can be learned from the remaining strata, Point Loma remained in its elevated position till Pliocene time, perhaps less than 2,000,000 years ago, when there was a widespread movement of depression, affecting a vast area of western North America, and which almost submerged Point Loma, but there is no evidence that it was ever completely covered with water during this period of depression. On the contrary, there is a 'raised beach' along the western shore cliff, about 50 feet above sea-level, mainly composed of marine fossils, mostly

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Pliocene beach molluscs, which is more than six feet deep in places, proving that a considerable portion of Point Loma must have remained above water during most of the period of depression, because it furnished a beach for the production of these beach molluscs. The raised beach, however, also proves that the waters of the ocean must have been much higher than the elevation of this fossiliferous deposit, because the shells of dead molluscs do not lie in quantity upon a beach. They are carried seaward by the surf and deposited in comparatively still water. This leads to the conclusion that the depth of the fossiliferous deposit must have been much greater before the latest movement of elevation began than it now is; for it is not likely that the upward movement was rapid, and if it was slow this shelly deposit must have been exposed, perhaps for years, to the ravages of an angry surf, which would have robbed it of much of its store. Even if the movement had been comparatively rapid, it must have suffered a great reduction. Besides, it is cut away vertically by erosion on the shore cliff, and only a small portion of the eastern half remains. And as it still has a depth of more than six feet in places, the maximum accumulation must have been very considerable, representing a long period of accumulation.

Surmounting the raised beach and the truncated marine strata of the level strip between the shore cliff and the Point Loma hill, varying in width up to about five hundred yards, there is an alluvial deposit over twenty feet deep in places, shown in Fig. 2. It is a mixture of the sand from the aeolian deposit and the blue shale of the marine sediment. It has been brought down from the hillside by the rains since the latest movement of elevation took place, and represents the lapse of a long period of time, for the rate of deposition must have been exceedingly slow. At the present time both accretion and attrition are in progress, and it is difficult to determine which is the most rapid.

The shore cliff, which is seventy feet high in places, also records the passage of long ages since the latest upward movement began. The ocean floor, which was then upraised, was the land surface which was submerged in Pliocene time, upon which there had been no cliff, so that, after the late elevation, the ocean floor had merged indistinguishably with the land surface, far westward from the present cliff. The development of the cliff has been a slow process, representing perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, which is corroborated by the alluvial deposit.

There is conclusive proof that, during the late period of depression, the immersion of Point Loma was at least two hundred feet greater than at present. Almost directly west of the Râja-Yoga Academy, beside the bridge on the Esotero Road, and about two hundred feet above sea-level, there is a recent deposit of river sand, which is being used by the

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

and on the eastern side of Point Loma has been transported by the winds from the western land, now resting beneath the waters of the Pacific. In ancient times the prevailing winds had been, as they now are, from the west but when the winds were high they came laden with sand, which they deposited on the *lee* side of the hill, as sand-laden winds are wont to do. But before these wind-borne sands began to arrive in sufficient quantity to compete with erosion, there had been more than a thousand feet removed from the height of the eastern side of the hill, as shown by the broken lines Fig. 2, and Point Loma had been carved and dissected into hills, valleys, and deep canyons, and the pebbly layer had been gathered into masses in the hollow places, although the pebbles are found scattered everywhere under the aeolian deposit, which is about two hundred feet deep in places.

In this aeolian deposit there are great quantities of dark-brown nodules, ranging in size all the way from that of mustard seeds to the size of walnuts. These are a great puzzle to geologists. We may be certain that they were not transported by the winds! They occur frequently in marshy places, or on the bottoms of lakes, when the waters hold in solution large quantities of oxide of iron. They are called 'Bog Iron Ore Nodules,' or more technically 'hydrated oxide of iron, mixed with clay.' They form around organic particles, which induce the precipitation of the oxide of iron from the water. For this reason the sandy formation has been called a 'Lacustrine Deposit,' but this is absurd. Lakes do not lie on hillsides, and the bed of the aeolian deposit has been a hillside ever since Point Loma was first upheaved, and the sandy deposit did not begin to form till perhaps 5,000,000 years after the upheaval. This lapse of time is represented by the 1178 feet removed from the eastern side of the hill, before the arrival of the sand. Besides, the sandy deposit is entirely unstratified, as such lacustrine deposits invariably are. But the most certain proof that it is *not* a lacustrine, and that it *is* an aeolian deposit, is the well-known fact that all small, thin, flat objects, such as mica-flakes, fragments of shells, or small flat pieces of rock, when deposited in sandstone or sandy formations by water, are invariably laid down with their flat faces in a horizontal position; whereas, when deposited by the winds, such objects are laid down with their flat faces in every possible direction, which is the manner in which they lie in the Point Loma sandy formation, proving conclusively that it is an aeolian deposit. There are also a few petrified plant roots found in it at all depths, which substantiate its aerial formation.

But we must find an origin other than the winds for the nodules. In the aeolian deposit there are great quantities of minute magnetic iron pyrites, and also a like quantity of equally small sulphate of iron pyrites.

THE GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF POINT LOMA

These decompose and form the oxide of iron which gives the brownish-yellow color to the sandy deposit. The rains dissolve this oxide of iron, which is re-precipitated around minute organic particles. Once the nucleus is formed each succeeding rain adds a little to its size by dissolving more oxide of iron, which is again precipitated around the nucleus, and so the nodules keep on growing, year after year; perhaps millennium after millennium. If a nodule be broken, it will be seen that it has been formed by the accretion of thin layers around a nucleus. There seems, however, to be a narrow limit to their size, which raises the question, Why? According to the teachings of Theosophy, every physical form has been built into a pre-existing astral mould, and these nodules can be no exception. More than likely it is the astral forms belonging to the nuclear organic particles which attract and cause the precipitation of the oxide of iron dissolved by the rains. Consequently the growth of the nodules is arrested by the limits of these astral forms.

CLIPPED FROM THE PRESS

AT a recent session of the Southern Baptist Convention, reports the Biblical Recorder, Dr. E. Y. Mullins read a letter written by an English soldier boy to the mother of a German soldier whose aeroplane he had shot down, killing the aviator. He also read the mother's reply. The English soldier wrote:

"It's your son. I know you can't forgive me, for I killed him. But I want you to know he didn't suffer. The end came very quickly. He was very brave; he must also have been very good. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, though I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy though I don't feel so at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I didn't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy, spying out our men. I couldn't let him get back to tell the news — it meant death to our men. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy, but I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy he would wake and we would be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of him, and mark his grave. After the war you may want to take him home. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty."

Here is the mother's reply:

"Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are in your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. I am glad your hand cared for my boy. I had rather you than any other, touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness.

"I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality, for all men are our sons. That makes war a monster, that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women, more than men, have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world's children as our children. The baby hands that clutched our breasts were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands that stretched out to us, and now my heart aches with repentance. When this war is over come to me. I am waiting for you."

— *From a contemporary paper.*