

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by someone. Justice and truth alone endure and live.”— *Froude*

JUSTICE AND TRUTH ENDURE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

BALANCE is a fundamental law; and when equilibrium is disturbed in any direction, it must eventually be restored by a reaction in the contrary direction: of which the pendulum is a true symbol. This is one way of stating the great law of Karma. In reality no action is complete until all its consequences have supervened. To throw up a stone is only half an action; the other half is when it comes down. The beginnings of our actions may be separated from their endings by immense lapses of time; this is due to the conditions of the world we live in. We are starting actions whose consequences may be postponed for a very long time. We are experiencing events which are the sequel of actions we started in the far past. On the small scale we are often able to connect a cause with its result. But, since our knowledge is admittedly imperfect, it stands to reason that there must be many cases in which the connexion between cause and effect escapes our discernment. Such cases we are prone to refer to the will of Providence or to dismiss with some meaningless word such as fate or chance; but it were better if we referred them all to the operation of natural law, whose workings we are as yet able only imperfectly to descry.

“Paid by someone,” says Froude in the quotation above. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

This does not agree with our notions of justice. An ancient proverb says: “The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children’s teeth are set on edge.” I am actually suffering, perhaps, from physical indiscretions on the part of my ancestry. But it was my own Karma that brought me into this physical environment; and the balance-sheet of my Soul, if examined with the eye of vision, would be found to work out equitably. It may seem unjust that we suffer for doings which we have

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forgotten, and which were perpetrated by another personality; yet such is the fact, even within the limits of a single life. I have done things in this life which I have forgotten; but the fact of my forgetfulness does not prevent me from reaping the consequences. In view of the fact that our personality is so continually changing, it may be argued that the one who reaps the consequences is never the one who did the deed. But we must equally, of course, reap pleasant effects, as the reward of meritorious actions which we have forgotten; and people, for some obscure (?) reason, are not so clamorous on the score of injustice in these cases. They will usually accept any good thing that comes to them, whether it seems to be deserved or not, while protesting vigorously against unpleasant experiences. This seems to indicate that our failures to concur in the divine scheme of things may be due to the fact that our judgment is vitiated by emotional influences.

We are apt to demand from universal law a meticulous precision and a small-minded personalism which we ourselves do not observe in the affairs of daily intercourse. Any member of a human society who should be always insisting on the exact ounce of his own personal deserts, and who should always be balancing favor against favor, would not be in the way of getting himself liked. Reasonable people are willing to follow the plan of give-and-take, without troubling much about the way the account balances up. Justice reigns, we may be confident of that; and if it is a grander justice than we conceive, that too is matter for thankfulness.

The chief penalty to the offender is surely not the retribution he may bring on himself, but the remorse he will suffer when he realizes what he has done.

Again, what is the penalty for vanity or lust? Surely it is that the person, by indulging these qualities, creates for himself an atmosphere of like quality, which attaches to him, determining his destiny in a future incarnation. No sooner has he changed his inner attitude, than these qualities become obstacles, propensities out of harmony with his ideals.

A profound change is produced in a man's outlook when he first begins to entertain the idea that his whole environment is his own creation. This idea may be regarded as a seed of truth, planted in the mind; and, though it may not at once appeal to the reason, it will touch some deeper sense and evoke therefrom a responsive acquiescence. With such an idea in his mind, the man will look at his experiences from a new angle, and will discover evidences of the truth of the idea; until it grows into conviction.

Even within the limits of our present life, we can trace to a considerable extent the operation of this law — that we create our own circumstances; and by an extension of the same principle, we arrive at the inference that there is no circumstance at all which could not be traced back to our own

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initiative, could we but see far enough and clearly enough. It becomes necessary to accept the doctrine of Reincarnation; according to which doctrine a man's natal conditions are determined by his Karma — that is, by his balance-sheet of merit and defect, as brought over from the foot of the preceding column — from former lives.

Many people have been weaned from their early religious education to an attitude of scientific skepticism, because in science they recognised the principle of law and order, cause and effect, which had seemed to be wanting in religion as presented to them. But it is needful to extend the reign of law far beyond the limits assigned to it by science, and to realize that the entire life of man, not merely material, but moral and spiritual, must inevitably come under the reign of unerring Law.

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TALBOT MUNDY


TIDES in the ocean of stars and the infinite rhythm of space;
Cycles on cycles of aeons adrone on an infinite beach;
Pause and recession and flow, and each atom of dust in its place
In the pulse of eternal becoming; no error, no breach,
But the calm and the sweep and the swing of the leisurely, measureless roll
Of the absolute cause, the unthwarted effect — and no haste,
Neither discord, and nothing untimed in a calculus ruling the whole;
Unfolding, evolving; accretion, attrition; no waste.

Planet on planet a course that it keeps, and each swallow its flight;
Comet's ellipse and grace-note of the sudden fire-fly glow;
Jewels of Perseid splendor sprayed on summer's purple night;
Blossom adrift on the breath of spring; the whirl of snow;
Grit on the grinding beaches; spume of the storm-ridden wave
Cast on the blast of the north wind to blend with the tropic rain;
Hail and the hissing of torrents; song where sapphire ripples lave —
Long lullabies to coral reefs unguessed in a sleepy main.

Silt of the ceaseless rivers from the mountain summits worn,
Rolled amid league-long meadows till the salt, inflowing tide
Heaps it in shoals at harbor-mouth for continents unborn;
Earth where the naked rocks were reared; pine where the birches died;
Season on season proceeding, and birth in the shadow of death;
Dawning of luminous day in the dying of night; and a Plan
In no wit, in no particle changing; each phase of becoming, a breath
Of the infinite karma of all things; its goal, evolution of Man.

SCHOOLS OF PREVENTION

H. A. FUSSELL

LL reform that is to be effective and lasting must come from *within*, must be educative, and seek to train the mind and will aright, in order to direct the energies of mankind into channels that shall promote the happiness and welfare, not only of the individual, but of nations, of humanity. So a system of education destined for all, and obligatory on all, must be an education to duty, to common ordinary morality and intelligence; for where morality and intelligence do not rule, the passions and instincts of the lower nature will. In the present article, however, we wish more particularly to draw attention to a special and much misunderstood part of educative work, which is perhaps best summarized under the heading, 'Schools of Prevention.'

However much of beauty and joy life may contain, notwithstanding the wonderful creations of the human mind in science, in literature, in art, and the multiplication of the comforts of life, we cannot close our eyes to the pitiful failures we see around us, to the sordidness and misery of many of our fellow-creatures who, humanly speaking, have as much right to happiness and success as we have. A note of sadness is heard even in the paeans we sing to the splendors of modern civilization, and it echoes painfully in the hearts of those who would fain see

"Joy in widest commonalty spread."

We would not exaggerate. In all probability there are, in times of peace, more people in the world today earning a decent livelihood and living in happy homes than in any period of history. Children, on the whole, are better cared for, fewer die in infancy; sanitation is better; in many countries the employment of very young children is illegal; education is general; criminals are treated more humanely. These things, and many more which might be mentioned, belong to the assets of civilization. But the debit side is still heavy. Statistics reveal a considerable number of children attending the public schools who are undersized, ill fed, badly clothed, badly housed, and victims of preventable diseases. There is no decrease in the percentage of crime, and the percentages of insanity and suicide show a marked increase; while the numerous divorce cases reveal the fact that many homes are not what they should be. Evidently, notwithstanding our great material prosperity, and despite the efforts of the humaner portion of mankind, much yet remains to be done before

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we can deserve the name of a *civilized* people. What has been called 'the submerged tenth' is a high price to pay for modern progress. In all large cities there is still a number of homeless people, and of wretched outcasts whose lives have been ruined in the resorts of vice which still exist, despite our laws.

We overrate outward circumstances, and are too prone to measure success in dollars and cents. It is not necessarily a disgrace to be poor, and it may be a disgrace to be rich; but money, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. In a world where all are evolving, some quicker, some slower than others, there are bound to be differences in station, in wealth, in intellectual attainment, and in moral virtue. These differences would exist even in a far more highly developed society than ours, but in such a society the more advanced would feel responsible for those less advanced and would render them all the help possible. The trouble with society today is that the more fortunately situated do not sufficiently realize their responsibilities, and are too apt to lay all the blame on the poor 'down-and-outs.' They forget that the present structure of society is far from perfect, and that many must necessarily 'go under' in the competitive system which is the basis of western civilization. The contrasts are too great between poverty and luxury, between success and failure, between smug respectability with its obligatory hypocrisy and its religion of cant, and those whose social standing causes them to be looked down upon.

And yet, despite the inner and outward estrangement that keeps men apart and is an offense against our common humanity, there does exist a bond of union, making of mankind one indissoluble whole, bidding us treat one another as brothers, as fellow-pilgrims on the Path to Perfection. Notwithstanding an outward show of respectability, most of us are only a little less culpable than those who have *actually* fallen or have strayed *openly*. We have indulged the same passions that have ruined them, but more favorable circumstances, a tender mother's reproach, a good father's care, have arrested us in time. *They* have not had these restraining influences, and have never known what a good home is; they are more to be pitied than condemned, and are at least deserving of our help and sympathy.

One of life's great mysteries which must be taken into account in all practical humanitarian work, is the duality of human nature. Virtue and vice are strangely mingled, and it is rare that we find a man or a woman wholly given up to wrong-doing; there is almost always some redeeming element, however deeply hidden under bad habits and evil propensities. If we can appeal to that, kindle into a living flame the divine spark which is in every being, making him human, even in the greatest criminal, there is hope that he will rebecome a man, exhibiting all the godlike

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qualities of true manhood, with the dross wholly burned away. As H. P. Blavatsky says:

“All good and evil things in humanity have their roots in human character, and this character is, and has been, conditioned by the endless chain of cause and effect. But this conditioning applies to the future as well as to the present and the past. Selfishness, indifference, and brutality can never be the normal state of the race; to believe so would be to despair of humanity, and that no Theosophist can do. Progress can be attained, and only attained, by the development of the nobler qualities. Now, true evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism; and in the strictest sense this is true in regard to man. Every Theosophist, therefore, is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all the means in his power, every wise and well-considered social effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Such efforts should be made with a view to their ultimate social emancipation, or the development of the sense of duty in those who now so often neglect it in nearly every relation of life.”

H. P. Blavatsky aimed to get Theosophy applied in daily life, especially in education. But occupied, as she was, in presenting its principles to the western world, she did not live to see this done, and it was left to Katherine Tingley to do in her Râja-Yoga System of Education, which may be described as Theosophy in action. Incidentally remarked, all Katherine Tingley's work, since she has become the head of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, proves that she has been faithful to the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky. These principles are rooted in the nature of things, as the above quotation fully shows, and which may be taken as the key to the multifarious humanitarian work organized and directed by Katherine Tingley. This work was begun many years ago in the East Side of New York, where she established a non-sectarian Relief Society, and later a non-sectarian Sunday School for adults as well as for children. About the same time she worked in the prisons, seeking in every way possible to help the poor 'shut-ins,' arousing their self-respect, so that, their term of imprisonment ended, they might start again with better chances of success. The great fault of much philanthropic work, and the reason why it does not produce lasting results, is that it ignores the law of causation — referred to above. It deals with effects rather than with causes; it is palliative not preventive. Realizing this, Katherine Tingley conceived the idea of founding an Institution where young people should grow up amid suitable surroundings and under healthy influences, and which should be really a 'School of Prevention.'

So, in 1900, she established at Point Loma, California, the Râja-Yoga School, which has since grown into the Râja-Yoga College and Theosophical University, comprising several hundred students of more than twenty nationalities. While true to American ideals, it is international in scope, for one of Katherine Tingley's aims is the prevention of future wars. This great object can only be attained through a system of education which shall teach the Brotherhood of Mankind. The Râja-Yoga

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pupils, taught to love their respective countries, recognise the dangers of a narrow patriotism, which is not only unjust to other nations, but breeds jealousy and distrust; and when they go forth into the world to enter upon the duties of active life, they may justly be called 'Ambassadors of Peace.'

The broadening and deepening of the concept of humanity is most necessary at the present time. The recognition by the nations of our *common humanity* with its attendant rights and duties, would soon bring order out of the prevailing chaotic conditions, the effects of which, felt everywhere, prove the fallacy of the idea of separateness. Universal Brotherhood is but the practical expression of our Common Humanity, and is founded on Justice, which is only another name for what is *due* to Humanity. These great truths with the related ones: the Divinity of Man, the Duality of Human Nature, and the necessity of self-evolution, are the *sine qua non* of a Râja-Yoga education.

"Our humanity," says Bacon, "were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us." That is pure Theosophy: men *are* divine, not some men, but *all* men. And poor, ordinary humanity is but the material — a pretty hard, recalcitrant material mostly — on which the Divine part of us works unceasingly and with infinite patience, fashioning it into a likeness of itself. One short earth-life is surely not enough; we shall have to return many, many times to earth, "the vale of soul-making," as Keats finely calls it, before the Heavenly Artist is satisfied with his work. Theosophy, with its twin doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, sheds a flood of light upon this fashioning process. It will never be completed until the lower nature is conquered; the latter often gains the upperhand, and then, well for us, if some crisis reveals to us how far we have wandered away into "the region of unlikeness." The first step on the upward path is always a recognition of our true condition. To all, to the smug and outwardly respectable, as well as to the criminal and the fallen, come these moments of insight, when face to face with our real selves, we resolve in the anguish of our soul, to have done once for all with the life that was no life; and the Higher Self, the God within, gives the strength to tread once more the path of self-mastery and self-evolution. We need never despair, either of ourselves or of others; we have only to allow the Higher Nature to assert itself. As Katherine Tingley, the "prisoners' friend," says: "The very fact that so many really reform is to me a proof of the Divinity of Man."

In conclusion, humanitarian work, whether concerned with children or adults, must be remedial; it must recognise that law reigns alike in morals as in physics; to be effective it must remove causes; palliative measures, however benevolently undertaken, are worse than useless. More than charity, justice is required. Above all, we must remember

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that there is a contagion of goodness as well as of evil. The erring need the heart-touch more perhaps than the punishment that the law metes out to them. As Katherine Tingley says:

“Criminals lose faith in humanity before they lose faith in themselves. Why is this the case? It is because so many declare them to be ‘sinners.’ They have made the gulf so wide between themselves and the so-called ‘criminal classes’ that the latter make their own little world of criminality and become psychologized by it.”

In the meantime, until public opinion can be aroused to the necessity of these reforms, we should bring up poor children under better conditions, teach them responsibility, and make good citizens of them. All education should be in strict accordance with the laws of physical, intellectual, and moral well-being; it should aim at a healthy, normal, and well-balanced development of all the higher powers and faculties inherent in human nature. This is what the Râja-Yoga System of Education does, - the name means ‘Kingly Union,’ indicating balance, poise, devotion to the highest ideals of human conduct; without these there can be no real ‘Schools of Prevention.’

In a short article like this it is only possible to treat the subject in a very general way; we would end, however, with a concrete illustration of its importance. If young people were taught to study their own natures more, to dominate the emotional and passionate part, and to follow in everything only the dictates of their higher nature, the God within, we should have happier homes, and when the time came for choosing a companion for life, an ill-assorted marriage would be practically impossible. And, from homes so constituted, there certainly would go forth a power which would not only regenerate society, but which would ultimately bring about a true ‘Society of Nations’.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

C. J. RYAN



NEVER-ENDING subject of interest among those whose minds are not altogether confined to mundane affairs and who possess a little imagination, is that of the possible habitation of the planets by intelligent beings to whom the name ‘men’ might be applied without inaccuracy. Astronomers have discussed this problem from a standpoint which appears to a student of Theosophy very limited and to be based upon a narrow view of what the word ‘man’ really ought to convey.

One school declares, after surveying the extremely limited evidence

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about the conditions on the visible surface of the planets given by the telescope and spectroscope, that nothing convincing is known which gives the slightest support to the hypothesis that human life exists outside our earth. Another section believes that Mars or Venus may resemble the earth sufficiently to allow of the presence of animals like ours or even of mankind; a few, very daring, astronomers have ventured to suggest in face of ridicule and harsh criticism that the strange markings on Mars, the so-called canals, are far too regular and significantly changeful to be explained by purely natural forces, and that they point directly to the presence of intelligent beings capable of remarkable engineering feats.

No one claims, however, that the Martian 'canals' are ordinary waterways like the Suez or the Panama Canals — their great width, which is at least fifty miles, precludes that possibility — but it is suggested that they are long narrow tracts of irrigated country through which streams of water flow from the melting snows at the poles, streams directed and caused to flow in the required courses by mechanical means. Mars appears to have very little water, and for purposes of food-production it needs very careful conservation. However this may be, the gradual appearance of the dark lines annually starting from the polar regions in the spring and slowly developing towards the equator, and then fading out as the winter approaches, gives color to this startling suggestion.

Many astronomers are inclined to regard Venus as the planet which offers greater possibilities of human habitation than any other, and while there are great difficulties in the problem of Venus as the abode of human life, they do not seem unsurmountable. The contradictory testimony offered in regard to conditions on Venus is amazing, and shows how little we really know of even the nearest of the planets. Some observers are firmly convinced that Venus rotates on an axis vertical to its orbit and therefore has no seasons; others believe the planet is inclined at least as much as the Earth, Mars, or Saturn; and Professor Pickering has lately assured us that he is satisfied that Venus is inclined at as much as sixty degrees or more. The latter suggestion is very interesting in view of the following statement by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*; she is commenting upon Oriental allegories and throwing light upon their underlying significations:

“Another allegory, in *Hariwansa*, is that Sukra [the Regent of the planet Venus] went to Siva asking him to protect his pupils, the Daityas and Asuras, from the fighting gods; and to further his object he performed a Yoga rite 'imbibing the *smoke* of chaff with his *head downwards* for 1000 years.' This refers to the great inclination of the axis of Venus (amounting to 50 degrees) and to its being enveloped in eternal clouds.”— II, 32

A recent report from Utah observatory announced that one of Venus's 'snowcaps' had been photographed. If substantiated, this should settle

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the question of the inclination of the axis. But we have also been lately informed that a most crucial spectroscopic test has shown that no trace of oxygen or water vapor can be found in the light reflected from the surface of Venus; and there is a strong difference of opinion as to whether the planet is densely covered with clouds or is swept by perpetual whirling dust-storms! Again, is the day of Venus twenty-three and a half hours in length, or does the planet always turn the same face to the sun so that endless sunshine prevails on one side and perpetual night on the other? All these views have defenders who advance strong arguments, but we are still left guessing.

The habitability of Mercury is another unsettled problem, but the majority of observers are opposed to the possibility that conditions there are fit for life as we understand it. The Moon, also, is not considered to be the abode of highly organized forms of life, and the reasons given are reasonably conclusive. These do not preclude the possibility of some lowly vegetation, or possibly very simple animal forms; in fact at least one eminent astronomer considers that he has demonstrated, by more than twenty years' incessant research, that certain changes of color on the Moon can be explained in no other way than by the seasonal growth of vegetation and the appearance of frost or snow.

Jupiter and Saturn are unsolved enigmas, but everything known about them points to conditions so entirely different from terrestrial ones that it does not seem possible that they can be inhabited by men *like ourselves*; and regarding Neptune and Uranus we can only suppose that they are as different from our globe in structure and state of evolution as they are far removed from us in space.

Dr. W. D. Matthew of the American Museum of Natural History has lately reviewed the possibilities of life on the planets, and some interesting discussion has arisen therefrom. He claims that the appearance of living beings on earth, and especially of civilized man, is the result of a concatenation of circumstances so rare and complex that the chances of such a combination occurring on another planet may be considered almost *nil!* Living beings and civilization and mental life *may* be found in some remote corner of the universe, but he sees very little in favor of it.

It is not necessary to consider the details of the ingenious though unconvincing argument; they have been severely criticized in other quarters; but it may prove of some interest to touch upon the Theosophical position which is of fundamental importance for it concerns the most vital aspects of causation, and, from its implications, is exceedingly practical.

In brief, materialism imagines that 'life' is the result of the organization of 'matter'—whatever that may be—by chemical and physical laws only, while the deeper, spiritual view is that the organization of

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matter into its complexities and its animated forms is the result of the working of Universal Life within it. Life is the eternal principle which takes form on lines of least resistance, utilizing every opportunity of organizing crude material into conscious beauty, even under the most apparently unfavorable conditions. Carrying this idea to its logical conclusion, there is every reason to believe that living beings are not confined to the kind of atmosphere, density of substance, temperature-range, quantity of sunlight, moisture, etc., necessary for us to thrive in *our present material bodies* at this stage of evolution. It revolts our sense of fitness to be asked to admit that the rest of the planets are and ever will be barren of mind-endowed inhabitants; we are reminded of the Dark Ages when Europe had lost all sense of proportion and fancied the Earth was flat and the sky was an overhanging dome with windows!

Analogy derived from terrestrial experience, which shows that life is not daunted in its effort to populate the most unlikely places on earth, the freezing poles, the eternal darkness of the ocean abysses, cannot be ignored. H. P. Blavatsky devoted many pages of *The Secret Doctrine* to the subject, for it is important in its bearing upon our understanding of the meaning of existence and therefore upon conduct and aspiration. According to our penetration beneath the blinding material veil which conceals the spiritual forces, so shall we find the answer to the eternal question, 'What are we here for?' and learn the only true way to self-directed evolution.

These words from H. P. Blavatsky are taken from the many pages in *The Secret Doctrine* which deserve careful study in relation to the place of man in Nature:

"Did the Ancients know of worlds besides their own? What are the data of the Occultists in affirming that every globe is a septenary chain of worlds — of which only one member is visible — and that these are, were, or will be 'man-bearing,' just as every visible star or planet is? . . .

"We believe it because the first law of nature is uniformity in diversity, and the second — analogy. 'As above, so below.' That time is gone by for ever, when, although our pious ancestors believed that our earth was in the center of the universe, the church and her arrogant servants could insist that we should regard as a blasphemy the supposition that any other planet could be inhabited. . . .

"Unconsciously, perhaps, in thinking of a plurality of inhabited '*Worlds*,' we imagine them to be like the globe we inhabit and peopled by beings more or less resembling ourselves. And in so doing we are only following a natural instinct. . . .

"But when, extending our speculations beyond our planetary chain, we try to cross the limits of the solar system, then indeed we act as do presumptuous fools. For — while accepting the old Hermetic axiom: 'As above, so below' — we may well believe that as Nature on Earth displays the most careful economy, utilizing every vile and waste thing in her marvelous transformations, and withal *never* repeating herself — we may justly conclude that there is no other globe in all her infinite systems so closely resembling this earth that the ordinary powers should be able to imagine and reproduce its semblance and *containment*." — II, 699-700

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After giving the conclusions of several distinguished scientists in which it is shown that animated beings on other worlds must be constituted in correlation with their environments, and that other humanities must be different from us in every way but in *intelligence* or *mind* — a universal Cosmic principle — she points out that other more narrow-minded men of science:

“with a contempt of logic . . . allow those, whom it is their duty to instruct, to labor under the absurd impression that in the whole Kosmos . . . there are no other conscious, intelligent beings save ourselves. Any other humanity (composed of distinct *human* beings) than a mankind with two legs, two arms and a head with man’s features on it, would not be called human; though the etymology of the word would seem to have little to do with the general appearance of a creature. . . .

“Indeed, it is no question of superstition, but simply a result of transcendental science, and of logic still more, to admit the existence of worlds formed of even far more attenuated matter than the tail of a comet. . . .

“But, if we can conceive of a world composed (for *our* senses) of matter still more attenuated than the tail of a comet, hence of inhabitants in it who are as ethereal, in proportion to *their* globe, as we are in comparison with *our* rocky, hard-crueted earth, no wonder if we do not perceive them, nor sense their presence or even existence. Only, in what is the idea contrary to science? Cannot men and animals, plants and rocks, be supposed to be endowed with quite a different set of senses from those we possess? Cannot their organisms be born, developed, and exist, under other laws of being than those that rule our little world? . . . Corporeality, we are told, however, by more than one man of science, ‘may exist under very divergent conditions.’ Do we not know through the discoveries of that very all-denying science that we are surrounded by myriads of invisible lives? . . . microbes and bacteria. . . . We passed them by, during those long centuries of dreary ignorance, after the lamp of knowledge in the heathen and highly philosophical systems had ceased to throw its bright light on the ages of intolerance and bigotry. . . .

“And yet these *lives* surrounded us *then* as they do now. They have worked on, obedient to their own laws, and it is only as they were gradually revealed by Science that we have begun to take cognisance of them, as of the effects produced by them.”— I, 606-7-8

Life and consciousness are not “by-products of material and chemical combinations” thrown into momentary activity like the noise of a machine while working; an “immensely complex concatenation of circumstances” of the particular kind familiar to us is not the essential for conscious life. Life itself is the reality and the forms it takes are the momentary appearances.

Science is greatly occupied today with problems of gravitation, not only with the hotly-disputed Einstein difficulties but with those arising from other sources as well, and it looks as if the whole subject will require much reconsideration before satisfactory conclusions will be reached. The new tendencies of thought are exceedingly interesting to students of Theosophy who have pondered over the many striking passages in H. P. Blavatsky’s works in which she discusses the incompleteness of the current theory of gravitation, in the light of the Ancient Wisdom. One of her main objections is that modern science recognises only the attraction-aspect of gravitation, ignoring its complement, repulsion.

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Science acknowledges the duality in magnetism and electricity — the positive and negative aspects — and the marvelous discoveries about the structure of matter show the same duality, the atom having a positive central charge with negative electrons revolving round it like planets round the sun. According to the ancient teachings all forces are dual in manifestation though based upon an underlying unity. The following gives a slight idea of the principle extensively discussed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*:

“Occultists are not alone in their beliefs. Nor are they so foolish, after all, in rejecting even the ‘gravity’ of modern Science along with other *physical laws, and in accepting instead attraction and repulsion*. They see, moreover, in these two opposite Forces only the two *aspects* of the universal unit, called ‘MANIFESTING MIND’; in which aspects, Occultism, through its great Seers, perceives an innumerable Host of operative Beings . . . whose essence, in its *dual* nature, is the Cause of all terrestrial phenomena. For that essence is co-substantial with the universal Electric Ocean, which is LIFE; and being dual, as said — positive and negative — it is the emanations of that duality that act now on earth under the name of ‘modes of motion.’

I, 603-604

“But, as Grove prophetically remarked, that day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the ‘forces’ we know of are but the phenomenal manifestations of realities we know nothing about,— but which *were known to the ancients and — by them worshiped.*” — I, 509

Perhaps the ancients — those who *knew* — did not exactly *worship* the personifications of the divine forces, but only revered them, just as the Japanese today do not, they say, *worship* ancestors but commemorate them. The student of Theosophy regards the ‘realities’ behind the masks of the natural forces as intelligent individualized expressions of the Universal Mind, the Divine Ruling Principle ‘whom no man hath seen at any time,’—a far more reverent attitude than the ordinary mechanistic one which sees nothing but blind forces. The true Theosophist sees the spiritual realities behind the illusory forms in everything, from the highest to the meanest.

In *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky devotes many pages to the law of gravitation and plainly shows that our ideas of gravitation must be changed before we can approach the problem intelligently; it is a form of magnetic attraction and repulsion. She says:

“Plato held that gravitation was not merely a law of the magnetic attraction of lesser bodies to larger ones, but a magnetic repulsion of similars and attraction of dissimilars.”

— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 281

Many indications in recent scientific literature show that the most open-minded investigators are considering gravitation from new points of view. A few impressions from various sources will demonstrate this significant tendency.

Mr. M. Erwin, c. E., in *The Universe and the Atom*, says:

“We have accustomed ourselves to imagining that gravitation acts as if it were a powerful

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cable reaching out from the Sun to the Earth, and exerting an immense pull upon it, which constrains the Earth to its circular or elliptical orbit. On our present view, however, the radiations of 'force-rays' from the Sun, which penetrate each atom of matter of which the Earth is composed, merely exercise a directive influence upon the movements of such atoms. The power which makes the Earth swerve from the tangential path and pursue the circular path 'is furnished by the *energy in the atoms themselves.*'

The new theory of the electrical constitution of matter conveys the idea that the ultimate particles making up the atom do not manifest any attraction for each other and are not attracted by any other matter. An article in *The Electrical Experimenter* contains this suggestive passage:

"The latest scientific theories contemplate that we may, at some not far distant day, be able to nullify gravity and its many effects. In other words, if we can produce an electric current of sufficient voltage, or other suitable agency with which to split up or disintegrate the electron, gravity can be overcome. The electron is considered by many scientists to be made up of a great many minute ether particles, suitably combined due to external applied forces, and, moreover, these particles are thought to have no weight and to possess no gravitational manifestations, when isolated by themselves. Gravity . . . may be destroyed or created once we thoroughly understand the underlying principle of matter and its formation."

Recent experiments with heavy weights placed in electrically charged fields have given support to this suggestion, but it is hardly likely that we shall soon "thoroughly understand the underlying principles of matter," at least so long as we look upon them from the purely mechanical standpoint. Nature knows how to keep her profounder secrets from all who have not proved their moral fitness to handle them.

Assuming that some change in the polarity of the ultimate particles of the electron which would isolate them and destroy their weight (as suggested by the new theories) is possible, is it not remarkable that Eastern philosophy has always taught, and the Hindûs and others have always claimed to know from observation, that a change of polarity can be made in the human body by the exertion of a trained will? There are innumerable, circumstantial accounts of the phenomenon of 'levitation' which are difficult to explain away — and perhaps may not receive any more hasty denials in view of the new outlook of science upon the general subject. Levitation is not confined to India, but has sporadically appeared at intervals in western lands. It has not been properly studied in the west, but it is highly significant that the alleged change of polarity which, it is claimed, enables a human body to lose weight, sometimes even to the extent of rising a short distance from the ground, was said of old to be connected with the conscious control of the breathing. Yet ignorant meddling with the breathing is well known to be highly prejudicial to both physical health and sanity. In connexion with this important point, however, a recent experiment reported in *The Scientific American* is of real interest. The full details will be found in the January, 1922, number, in an article by Mr. Hereward Carrington, the well-known scientific

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writer and investigator, but the significant remarks in connexion with the mystery of gravity are these:

“We all know the old lifting game in which four persons lift a fifth, seated in a chair, by placing their fingers under the arms and knees of the seated person. All four persons bend forward several times while doing the lifting, in unison, inhaling and exhaling deeply together. The person seated in the chair also inhales and exhales at the same time. On their fifth count (say) all five persons hold their breath; the fingers of the four lifters are rapidly inserted under the arms and legs of the seated subject, and the lift is made. It is a fact, which practically everyone will attest, that, under these circumstances, the person lifted seems to lose weight. A heavy man, whom it is found impossible to lift at first, will be lifted with apparent ease upon the lifters' four fingers, after the breathing and bending exercises have been taken. . . .”

Mr. Carrington and his assistants decided to attempt a test of the reality of the apparent change of weight so noticeable, and constructed a platform upon which the five persons and the chair could be weighed, before, during, and after the experiment.

“The scale had been specially adjusted with the greatest exactitude. . . . The combined weight of the four lifters and the subject was 712 pounds. . . . Under these circumstances the necessary bendings and breathings were undertaken. On the fifth count, the lift was made — slowly, lasting about five seconds. On the first lift the record stated that the needle on the dial had fallen to 660 lbs. — a loss of 52 lbs! On the second lift there was an apparent loss of 52 lbs. On the third, fourth, and fifth lifts, of 60 lbs. These losses tallied with the subjective feelings of the lifters. . . . In our lifting tests, however, no gain of weight was at any time reported, invariably a loss, which, however, slowly returned to normal, as the subject was held for some considerable time in the air. I have no theory to offer as to these observations, which I cannot fully explain. I merely give the facts as recorded. . . . It is, at all events, most curious that these apparent losses of weight coincided with the subjective feelings of the lifters. . . .”

In that remarkable Indian work, *The Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*, the student will find in the third chapter, paragraph 47, a suggestion as to the philosophy or science by which the ancients learned more of the nature of gravitation than we do, so that they could “change at will the polarity of the body,” and free it “from control of the law of gravitation.”

Professor Mayorana, in Italy, lately announced that a thickness of mercury (the metal) acts as a protecting shield against the attraction of gravity, of course to an extremely minute degree; and the suggestion has been made that some modification of the sun's pull upon the moon occurs at the time of total lunar eclipse, *i. e.*, when the earth's globe stands exactly between the two. These claims may not be valid, but the interesting point about them is that science is beginning to doubt whether the theory of gravitation is, after all, so complete as we have been taught to regard it. Even the great mathematical astronomer, Professor Newcomb, said in regard to certain anomalies in the orbital movements of the planets:

“it may be said that the simplest way of explaining the excess of motion is to assume that gravitation increases at a minutely greater rate than the inverse square.”

— *Encyclopaedia Britannica*

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This means, of course, that Newton's law requires some modification.

New information about the heat emitted by some of the planets strongly suggests that gravitational conditions are very different upon Jupiter and Saturn from these with which we are familiar on earth. The density of these giant planets is very low, and they are obviously covered by tremendous belts of cloudy vapors, perhaps hundreds or even thousands of miles deep. Owing, however, to the immense gravitational attraction of these planets, if conditions were at all like those on earth, any kind of atmosphere would be enormously condensed and free-moving clouds, such as we see, impossible. In fact, it has been calculated that under ordinary temperatures an atmosphere would be condensed to the solid state! To harmonize the effects we see on Jupiter with the gravitational and other difficulties, a condition of tremendous internal heat has been suggested, and it is generally believed that Jupiter is a kind of minor Sun, giving heat, if not light, to his great family of satellites, which may be inhabited worlds. There are many difficulties in accepting this view as the final explanation, reasonable as it seems, and recent experiments by Mr. W. W. Coblentz at the Lowell and Mt. Hamilton observatories with an extremely delicate instrument to measure heat (the thermocouple) have proved that Jupiter *does not send out any appreciable heat-radiation*; therefore the planet cannot be of use as a minor sun to his satellites. But if Jupiter is not hot enough to emit any heat from his visible surface, we are presented with the insuperable problem of his vaporous and thick atmosphere and his extreme low density, which cannot be explained under the ordinary law of gravity without bringing in the factor of intense heat. (Mr. Coblentz's researches showed that Mars gives off a considerable amount of heat and that the planet is warm enough at noontime to melt any snow that may fall during the night.) Everything known in regard to Jupiter suggests that the physical conditions there are an unsolved problem, and it is very unwise to dogmatize about gravitational or other factors — including the possibility of habitability — in other worlds than ours.



“THE Occultist accepts revelation as coming from divine yet still finite Beings . . . from those entities called Primordial Man, Dhyâni-Buddhas, or Dhyân-Chohans, the ‘Rishi-Prajâpatis’ of the Hindûs, the Elohim or ‘Sons of God,’ the Planetary Spirits of all nations, who have become Gods for men.”

— H. P. BLAVATSKY in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 10

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THERE are some people who seem to think that, so long as they have paid for food, it may therefore be wasted: they have the right to do what they like with what is their own. There are others who have been brought up in the idea that it is always wrong to waste food, no matter how rich one may be. There was a story a while back in the papers, of a man who wanted to buy a curious milk-can, and bought it, and emptied the milk out in the street, so as not to be bothered with its weight. He was with great difficulty rescued by the police from an enraged crowd of bystanders. This illustrates the two points of view.

It could easily be shown that waste, under any circumstances, must work round to the general detriment. Fixed prices for a meal have to be arranged so as to cover the waste of the extravagant people; so that the thrifty suffer. In many other ways it could be proved that the wasteful man is a thief.

The same principle holds good in other matters besides waste. People are fenced about by rules and laws made for the untrustworthy, and bearing hard upon the trustworthy. In the smallest affairs of life people are often penalized and deprived, because it is necessary to take precautions against other people who will try to snatch an unfair advantage. And, in this connexion, let us beware how we condemn the other man, when we ourselves, in some other particular, may be just as guilty.

The only safeguard against the evil is to act by principle. It is wrong to waste food or other things, however rich you may be, however much you may have.

People used to be told that, if they were not seen by men, nevertheless God saw them; which may be called a great truth in a theological guise. For in fact there can be no such thing as secrecy before the Law, or before the ever-present all-seeing silent witness of our own inner consciousness. There are people who are ready to sin in various ways, by deceit, dishonesty, untruthfulness, impurity, sloth, etc., so long as their deeds are not witnessed by men. And there are others who feel that they can never commit any of these transgressions without insulting something whose presence they are aware of. Of course it is possible to indulge a self-righteous spirit, a sort of interior vanity; but there is something better than this – the honest conviction that one is a responsible agent in the universe, anxious to do a good job in whatever one lays one's hand to.

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“Thou God seest me!” may be interpreted as an expression of honesty to one’s self — “To thine own self be true.” Be wholesome, single, sincere. When we practise deceit or unsoundness of any kind, we are poisoning our own life, to say nothing of the common life that surrounds us and wherein others partake. This has ever been the essence of morality, no matter what religion or philosophy may be professed; it is one of the tenets of universal Religion, hence common to all religions and moral philosophies. It is a *fact*. But Theosophy has done much to interpret this fact and to show its reasonableness. It has declared that the moral and spiritual concerns of life are a matter for understanding, not merely for faith. This is a thing which neither science nor religion has done. Science does not concern itself with the matter at all; religion gives us articles of belief rather than explanations. Man has an upper story to his nature; and it comes under the rule of law and order just as much as does the organic nature of man, which science studies. Theosophy interprets the laws pertaining to this higher side of man’s nature. Just as we have within us an organic vital force that makes itself felt and calls for recognition and for the observance of its laws, so we have within us a spiritual nature, which makes similar demands for recognition and obedience. To be untrue to this higher nature is not healthy for the man. A man should be moral because his higher nature urges him to be so; not from fear or pride.

It is the part of Theosophy to make clear to people that the spiritual nature of man is not a question of dogmas and religious formulas, but an actual existing fact. The recognition of this fact constitutes the principal article of a faith that has existed from all antiquity.

The voice of conscience is the voice of the higher nature, making itself felt through the feelings; and when this voice appeals through the mind, it is called intuition.

Most people’s aims and objects are very vague; but the wise man sets before himself the ideal that he must study his life intimately, and try to discover its real nature and purpose, so that he may attain knowledge and certitude. But to do this, it is essential that he should observe those higher rules of conduct which come through conscience and intuition.



“Do your sighing and crying within you. If you cannot receive the small events of life and their meanings without crying them out to all the world, think you that you are fitted to be trusted with the Mysteries?”

— W. Q. JUDGE

OLD BUILDINGS IN SIANFU

OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D.

III

THE most important monuments of Sianfu, besides the gates, are the Bell-tower and the Drum-tower. Local tradition assigns these buildings to the Sung or to the Yuan period. But according to documentary evidence, they are later; though it may well be that they replace similar buildings of the Sung period and stand on old substructures. The architectural style of these two towers is practically the same as that of the gates, and conforms well with the date given in the Sianfu Chronicle, *i. e.* 1384. They were repaired in 1440 and 1699, and evidently also in later times, when damaged by local fighting.

The Chung-lu, or Bell-tower, is composed of two main parts - a square, bastion-like substructure of mud, coated with bricks, measuring about thirty-six meters on each side; and on this a three-storied *t'ien* or tower-like hall, some ten meters less on each side. The substructure is practically like a part cut out of the city walls. Its sides slope, and around the top is a low parapet rising from a cornice, which is composed of layers of diagonally placed bricks forming a kind of horizontal dog-tooth ornament. It would be quite bare, were it not for the plants and shrubs growing out of the brick-work, which, being much patched, makes a picturesque effect. This supporting bastion is pierced by two barrel-vaults at right angles, ending in simple round arches with rims of gray stones. The crowning building is constructed according to the same principles as most of the older temples and pagodas; that is to say, with a framework of wooden pillars and beams and fillings of plastered brick. Around the two main stories are open galleries. The characteristic parts of this construction, the pillars and brackets (of which there are double rows in the ground-story) bespeak quite clearly the late origin of the building, the form of the bracket being rather thin and slender, such as was hardly in use before the Ming period. The second story has a balcony supported by two rows of composite brackets; while the top story is quite low, without any openings. The roof is hipped with high corner-ribs and a crowning brass cone.

The Drum-tower, which is situated a little further towards the north-west, reminds one still more than the Bell-tower of a *t'ien* or palace-hall on a terrace, because it has not a square, though a rectangular, plan, and only two sides of the building are treated as façades. The supporting

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bastion measures at the base about 52 by 38 meters, and is pierced by only one vault, leading north and south. The east and west sides are hardly visible, because the surrounding houses crowd right up to the tower, making it practically impossible to get a good view of the whole structure. The building itself is constructed exactly in the same style as that of the Bell-tower, yet the plan being oblong, the roof has not four equal sides, but is saddle-formed with the high middle ridge ending at the corners in winged monsters. This building has suffered a great deal less from recent wars than the Bell-tower. The terrace does not show so many patches; the decorative details — such as balustrades, brackets, and clay ornaments — are better preserved. The whole building has a neater appearance, which is not disturbed by the picturesque shrubs growing along its cornice. On the façade is a large tablet with the inscription 'Wen Wu Ch'eng ti' (City famous for learning and military valor).

Private palaces or residential compounds with gardens and pavilions are now extremely rare in Sianfu. The last of these of any importance was destroyed in the revolution of 1912. Those which remain in the southwestern quarter are of little consequence. Even the Pei Yuan *men*, where the military governor of the province used to reside, was being pulled down during my stay in Sianfu, in order to make room for soldiers' barracks and work-shops. (It sounds like a bitter joke in a city with such immense stretches of unutilized ground.) One or two small houses with adjoining remains of old gardens, which were still to be seen at the Pei Yuan *men*, bear witness to the fact that this must have been a very pretty palace, rearranged during the last dynasty, and well worth preserving as a historical monument, if not as a residence for the governor. This was the place occupied by the imperial court during its stay in Sianfu in 1900, when they sought refuge in this far-off city from the powers then occupying Peking. It is said that the imperial family never left this little compound during the nine months' stay at Sianfu, in spite of the fact that the place was commonly regarded as being haunted, this also being one of the fundamental reasons why the military governor has transferred his abode from the Pei Yuan *men* to the Tartar camp in the northwestern part of the city. Yet it is a pity that such a gem of picturesque eighteenth century architecture with an old-fashioned garden is being wiped out.

One wonders whether the old trees and the quaint rockeries will also have to yield their material to the construction of common work-shops. The road that leads from the main street to the outer court of Pei Yuan *men* is framed by pretty little guard-houses, and spanned by a large *pailou*, evidently of the same period as the main buildings. It is not the largest of its kind in Sianfu; but it makes an unusually good effect in being, so to speak, supported by the long rows of small houses on both sides.

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The Nan Yuan *men*, or south court, which once served as the residence for the viceroy for the three northwestern provinces, is now mainly utilized by the more numerous democratic leaders of the people, when they gather for the provincial assembly. Consequently it has been partly rebuilt into something suggestive of a country school-house, with plain brick-walls and semi-foreign arched windows. But the front garden with the big pond, its pretty railings, and the pavilions further back are still worth seeing, though of no great age. Alongside of this is a kind of zoölogical garden, where some wild animals and birds are slowly pining to death, and a museum with a few interesting sculptures and lots of bric-à-brac. A later building adjoining the same compound contains a library of local importance.

A much finer garden may still be seen in the Honan Hui-kwan, the only one of the provincial gild-houses which has not been entirely spoiled by occupying soldiers. It is not an old garden, having been created by Yuan Shi Kai's uncle, but is composed according to the best old traditions, and consequently most enjoyable, particularly in a city where such luxuries of olden times have become very rare. One or two of the other gild-houses with beautiful architectural details from Kanghsi's and Kienlung's time, could still be saved and become interesting historical sites, if some wealthy, public-spirited man took care of them; but I am afraid that such men are not to be found in that corner of China, which means that the houses are doomed to destruction.

The most beautiful and best preserved among the religious buildings of Sianfu is the Wun Miao, Confucius's temple, which is a memorial hall rather than a temple. It has large courts, shaded by beautiful old cypresses bending over broken marble balustrades, gateways, and memorial tablets with inscriptions which all bear witness to a deep veneration for the great Sage. His noble spirit still fills the place and is reflected in the reverent attitude of the visitors, who walk around here in silence, trying to read the inscriptions, or to peep into the big hall, which is opened only on festival-days. The entrance from the street to the outer court is now through a side-door; but it must originally have been through the high wooden *pailou*, which stands outside the wall inclosing the court. From here the main road leads over a bridge and straight on through the wall of the inner court up to the central building. The curving basin is filled with shrubs instead of water, the stone balustrades are partly broken, and the pavement of the roads is interspersed with grass. Yet the general arrangement of the grounds is very characteristic and of the same traditional type as in other important Confucian temples all over the country.

The buildings in the second court are hardly earlier than the last dynasty. There are three hexagonal pavilions on both sides of the central road,

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and at the end of it a large hall on a terrace inclosed by stone balustrades. The small pavilions are of a very elegant type. Their gracefully curving roofs and lattice-windows reveal a style which was developed to perfection in the eighteenth century. The main hall must have been renewed at the same time and possibly restored even later, as it is still in a fairly good state of preservation. Some of the memorial tablets placed under the trees in front of the terrace date from the Yuan and the Ming dynasties, while others are later.

At the rear of the Wun Miao is the famous *Pei lin* (forest of tablets) forming a sort of annex to the Confucian temple. It was founded in the Sung period by the Imperial Chancellor, Liu Ta Chung, in 1090, who, according to the Chronicle of Changan, collected a great number of memorial stones and tablets, which then were scattered around the city, and placed them in the *Pei lin*. This collection has been increased at various times, and the pavilions and galleries were renewed during the Ming dynasty, as well as in Kangshi's and Kienlung's time. But they are again in great need of repair; if such steps are not taken soon, the precious historical monuments will hardly be preserved for posterity.

A special study of these memorial tablets would easily make a volume in itself. There are tablets with long inscriptions from the classics; there are others recording historical events; and many of them are also enriched with ornamental frame-works or religious pictorial representations of rare interest. This is particularly true of the stones from the Tang period, which show an ornamentation of powerful and pure design. Among these large memorial stones is nowadays also the famous Nestorian Tablet which was moved to the *Pei lin* in October 1907, and which has become so widely known all over the world from various special publications.

It is hardly necessary to go into a detailed description of that tablet, as special books can be found on the subject; yet a few words of explanation may not be out of place. The tablet is of the usual type, nine feet in height and three feet in width, standing on a tortoise. The front face of the slab is occupied by a Chinese inscription in prose and verse of about 2000 words, followed by a shorter inscription in Syriac characters, the title meaning 'A Monument commemorating the spread of *Ta Chin* (Christian) religion in the Middle Kingdom.' The inscription states that the monument was erected in the year 781 by and in honor of the Country Bishop Izadbuzid of Balkh, or in Chinese, I-ssu of Wang Shê Ch'êng. The text further describes the creation of the world, and gives an outline of the Christian doctrine of the incarnation of God, good and evil, and so on, in which special mention is also made of the Christian baptism and the Scriptures. It furthermore describes the arrival at Changan of Alopen, a Syrian priest, and quotes the imperial decree issued in his favor, giving the

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story of the Syrian mission down to the year 781, when it was in charge of Bishop I-ssu. We learn that Christianity was brought to Changan in the year 635 by Alopen and was well received by the emperor. In 638 an imperial decree was issued giving permission to build a monastery and to propagate the new religion.

The Nestorian Christians continued in favor until 781, except during a short intermission of persecution at the beginning of the seventh century. But in 845 their churches were closed in connexion with the suppression of Buddhism and other foreign faiths by the Emperor Wu Tsung; and it is said that at the end of the ninth century there was only one Christian in the whole empire — a statement which is probably exaggerated. Yet no trace of the Christians in China is found from this time down to the Yuan dynasty. This highly interesting monument was moved to its present place from the court of Ch'ung Sheng Ssu temple, situated some four *li* outside the west gate of Sianfu, where it is known to have been at least as early as 1625; but whether it was originally set up at this place or somewhere else in the neighborhood of Sianfu, is still an unsolved problem. The Ch'ung Sheng Ssu temple existed already in the Sui dynasty, then known as the Ch'i Ta Ssu; and, according to Chinese tradition, this would have been the same place, as the "old temple of Persian priest." Evidently the temple was completely rebuilt in the Ming dynasty; and in connexion with this rebuilding the Nestorian Tablet must have been re-erected, together with a number of similar memorial tablets, in the court of the new temple. This was again completely destroyed in the Mohammedan rebellion in the eighteen-sixties. Nowadays only substructures of the old temple and a marble *pailou* together with some tablets are found at the site of Chung Sheng Ssu.

In this old monastery was discovered a large marble font, which now stands in the court of the Lama temple. According to tradition, this would have been the baptismal font of the Nestorian Christians, a supposition which is not supported by the artistic character of the font. It is made of grayish-white marble in the shape of an immense flower-pot, large enough to allow four men to stand in it. The whole surface is covered with boldly curving flower-stems with conventionalized leaves and petals — a kind of freely treated acanthus motif executed in rather high relief, while the rims show an incised meander-pattern. The character of the design, as well as the technical execution, indicate that the font was not made in the Tang dynasty, but at a later epoch, probably not before the Ming period; and I should be inclined to think that it was made in conjunction with the rebuilding of the Ch'ung Sheng Ssu temple, such large fonts or founts being quite common at the Buddhist temples, where they are used for the growing of lotus-flowers or other water-plants. It may be

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added that the inscription on the top of the fount is of Kienlung's time.

The Buddhist temples in and around Sianfu are now in a most deplorable state. Very few of them are still used for religious purposes, the greater number being occupied by soldiers since the worship of martial power has largely obscured the spiritual aspirations of the people. Of the temples in the city, Wo Lung Ssu (Sleeping-dragon temple) is the most important and best preserved, as it was largely restored on the occasion of the imperial visit to Sianfu. The buildings are thus of little historical importance, though picturesquely composed in conjunction with some old trees.

More interesting from an architectural point of view is the Wu Tai Miao (also known as Hsi Wu Tai — West Five Terrace) which stands in the northwestern quarter of the city and originally included five different pavilions on high terraces, of which only three are still to be seen. The temple is mentioned in the Changan Chronicle as a foundation of the Tang dynasty. It was rebuilt in the Sung period and again in the Ming time, and has evidently been restored in the eighteenth century. The buildings are rather small, but placed in a commanding position on high terraces, thus making a fine impression when seen from a distance. No doubt the composition was symbolical of the progressive journey of the pilgrims through different states of spiritual evolution, and here are still performed popular religious ceremonies in the sixth month of every year in conjunction with a pilgrimage to a monastery in the southern mountains.

Another temple worth mentioning is the Kai Yuan Ssu, which stands in a very narrow courtyard inclosed by high walls. The main building is of a remarkably elegant type and is evidently held in great veneration, to judge from the many dedications and memorial inscriptions attached around the outer gallery. It is said to have been dedicated in the Sung period, yet the present structure is evidently not older than the last dynasty. Near the East gate is the Tung Yuan Miao, a Taoist temple which has also escaped military occupation. The courtyard has preserved something of its old character. It is shaded by a number of cypresses and decorated by memorial stelae and a large marble *pailou* from the tenth year of Wan Li. The main building was probably renewed at a later time, replacing an earlier one, which, according to local tradition, was built in the Sung dynasty.

More interesting from a historical standpoint than any of the Buddhist temples are the Mohammedan mosques of Sianfu. They have as a whole been less modified by restorations or neglect than other religious buildings in Sian. It is remarkable how the Mohammedan population has kept itself pure and unmixed for centuries within the Chinese communities, and how persistently they have clung to their religious traditions and the

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rules originally laid down by the Prophet. I have heard a Mohammedan citizen of Sianfu claim that there are six mosques in the city, but I have not been able to discover more than three and have some doubts about the present existence of the others. The best known among these is the large mosque, Tsin Ch'in Ssu, which has often been described as the earliest Mohammedan temple in China. This claim is mainly based on a tablet standing in the courtyard of the mosque, bearing the date 742; but the genuineness of the inscription is rather suspicious, and according to the latest investigations, it is more likely that the tablet was erected about 1300, than in 742. It is certainly hazardous to base any dating of the mosque on the inscription of the tablet, as long as this has not been fully explained. The year of its foundation remains uncertain.

But the character of the buildings gives some reason to assume that they are faithful copies of constructions of the Tang period. We know that the mosque was renewed in the Sung dynasty, in the Yuan dynasty, and also twice in the Ming dynasty, the last time in Yung Lo's reign; and the present state of the buildings confirms this. They are arranged around three large courts. The first of these courts is entered by an inconspicuous small side door from the street (which is kept well closed against non-Mohammedan citizens). There are two large *pailous*, one of wood and one of carved marble in this first court, which is separated from the next by a high wall pierced by three gateways. Entering one of these, we have a beautiful view of the second court. In the midst of it stands a pagoda-like, three-storied pavilion built on a hexagonal plan. It is constructed in the usual style, with open galleries around an inner core of brick and wood. The top story consists simply of multiplied rows of composite brackets. The roofs are heavy, deeply curved, and provided with clumsy ornaments on the high corner ribs, which prove that the construction must be of a fairly late date. The third or main courtyard is beautifully arranged with water-basins, pavilions, and pathways inclosed by marble balustrades of a typical Ming design. It also contains a number of large trees bending over the empty ponds and dilapidated balustrades. Time has had a free hand during several generations to lay a soft patine of flowers and grass over the paved pathways and the tiled roofs, and it has performed the work with a wonderful sense of harmony.

The mosque itself is a quite simple long building with a gallery of six wide spans on the façade. There are no decorations except some large tablets with honorific inscriptions. The roof, which is supported by a double row of brackets, is of the usual Chinese type. The interior is just as simple as the exterior, consisting merely of one very large hall with three rows of columns; but its cleanliness and severe simplicity contrasts quite favorably with the usual interior appearance of temples in China.

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Here between the rows of columns one sees the kneeling worshippers offering their daily prayers as they face towards the Mirhab or Wang Yu lo, which is the small sanctuary at the rear of the main building not accessible to the profane.

The smaller mosque, which is also still in use in Sianfu, shows the same general arrangement as the larger one, though on a reduced scale. The main building is raised on a terrace, but is just as simple in shape and style as the larger mosque. The terrace is bordered by marble balustrades, and in front of it stands a *pailou* of the Ming type. The court is well shaded by hoary trees, which no doubt are older than the pavilion over which their branches droop. The growth is so rich that it obstructs the view of the buildings. Fortunately, the three-storied pavilion of the outer court stands in a somewhat freer position. It is a square tower constructed in the usual fashion with brick walls and open galleries in the two main stories, while the top story is made up of double rows of brackets supporting a roof with gables on all four sides, making a rather heavy impression. The architectural details are such that the tower in its present state must be ascribed to the Ming period or later; yet it may well be that an earlier similar tower once stood on the same spot. It is one of the most picturesque buildings in Sianfu.

Related to this architecturally is the large dilapidated Pagoda which stands on a terrace in a very dirty neighborhood on the outskirts of the Mohammedan quarter known as the Yin Shan Kuan. The plan of the tower is quadrangular, measuring about twelve meters on each side, the core being constructed with four powerful corner pillars and between them pairs of more slender supports. A special scaffolding supports the large bell, which has an inscription of the Sui period. The outer galleries around this core are formed by six pillars on each side ending in small square capitals and connected by tie-beams on which the double rows of brackets rest. The second story, which is very high, was no doubt provided with an open balcony, which however, is entirely destroyed. The top story has a single row of brackets and no gallery. The roof-form is the same as on the pagoda at the small mosque. The building is now in a rather ramshackle state, but is nevertheless worth close study, because it shows the characteristic skeleton of a perfect wooden structure as employed in China all through the ages. Local tradition claims that this pagoda was founded by the Empress Wu at the beginning of the eighth century; yet if that was the case, it must have been rebuilt and renewed in later times, as the constructive details reveal a characteristic Ming type.

A smaller tower of the same period of an entirely different type may still be worth mentioning. It stands at the side of the little Chung Shen Tsu, a practically abandoned small temple built near the Wun Miao,


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The tower, which is of moderate size and square in form, is hardly a real pagoda, but simply a memorial monument possibly covering some tomb. It is built of yellowish bricks. The slightly sloping walls are perfectly plain, except for the double band of zigzag designs which divide them into two stories and form the eaves of the pyramidal roof. Seen in a plain light from the road, it hardly attracts the attention of the passer-by; but framed by a wall, the trunk of an old cypress, and the edge of the ruined temple roof, it acquires an artistic importance and expression which reveals something more than the age and the outer form of the tower. It becomes a living fragment of the great past, a monument which, in conjunction with its surroundings, arouses the imagination and makes us realize that the simplest thing can be great and beautiful when seen from the right point of view. And this is indeed true of many things in Sianfu. They are neglected and ruined, absolutely mute and meaningless to the man who simply passes by; but viewed in the light of history and in relation to other monuments of the past, they acquire a new meaning and become valuable records of the ancient capital of China.

The pagodas of the Tang period still remaining in and near by Sianfu will be treated in the chapter dealing with the capital of the Tang emperors.

OF WHAT VALUE IS H. P. BLAVATSKY'S MESSAGE OF BROTHERHOOD?

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.

 THE study of H. P. Blavatsky's writings by anyone who is prepared to throw aside prejudice, must convince him of that which he already knows interiorly, namely, that there are two aspects of his nature — one beneficent, and the other not so. When governed by the better side, his intuitions bring in their train ideals of manliness, beauty, and brotherly feeling toward all. The other ruling, his life becomes darkened, his outlook cynical, and his life in general, however cloaked over by the usages of society, grows selfish and tends inevitably in the direction of indifference and even cruelty in relation to his neighbors.

It would be an error to imagine that during the past century the industrial and business-world has developed its manifold activities under the guidance of characters the reverse of beneficent. On the contrary, thousands of splendid enterprises were initiated and carried to successful issues by men of wide sympathies, men who were adepts in gaining the

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confidence of their fellows by reason of sterling qualities in themselves. Mutual respect and trust is well known to have been a powerful factor in the development of their undertakings, as regards employers and employed. Kindly feeling, united to practical insight, or intuition, and energy, has inspired all great inventions, for these qualities rendered such men amenable to the reception of those currents of thought and higher knowledge which are ever ready to serve, whenever we provide the conditions. Among these richly endowed men were some with a genius for finance, which ultimately led to an astonishing command of the factors underlying currency and commercial relations of magnitude. Glimpses of the possibility of stabilizing international credit have even been outlined, requiring, undoubtedly, international co-operation.

There have been those who were fired with the idea of rescuing the lost beauty in city and civic life. Cities were replanned and attempts made to beautify so far as possible many places whose ugliness was fast becoming a byword. The world is still fortunate in the preservation of a number of beautiful cities and colossal art-works of earlier times, which serve as a continual source of inspiration to all who work along these lines. Let us dwell on the fact that now, as in the past, it is those alone who have been guided by high ideals,— practical, brotherly ideals — who lead onward and give us all we have of permanent value, whether in literature sacred or profane, art, music, drama, ethics, and philosophy, or along other lines. In this connexion, H. P. Blavatsky (who penned a remarkable article upon ‘Civilization — the Death of Art and Beauty’) unrolled before us the existence of an ancient literature whose richness and profundity not only surpass in completeness anything of later times, but bear witness to the true source and inspiration of all Asiatic, Egyptian, Greek, and Central American literature and iconography.

Phases of industrial and scientific activity, however varied and remarkable in their influence on our surroundings, fail to reach the springs of life unless we make a determined effort to appreciate the *brotherly* elements which underlie them. On the surface, the world is now controlled by business, and sometimes by ‘big business.’ But should we not protest against the rather puerile assumption that this business is, *per se*, necessarily an evil? Evil aspects have certainly developed, to an alarming extent, and some powers, unfortunately, have been swayed strongly in that direction. But the point is that what is called high finance could be utilized for the benefit of the whole world, if intelligently applied. So long as the unintelligent idea of the mere grabbing of natural resources in present possession of this or that community rules a too powerful minority, manifold evils will rapidly accrue, as they have done. High finance is one of the real scientific discoveries of the age, and has more-

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over to a degree long been an instrument in the hands of responsible administrations for the good of the people. The efforts made from time to time to rescue it from unwise and merely selfish control must eventually bear fruit — but why should millions of human lives be sacrificed when a little intelligence and concerted action would effect the same and other brighter and much more important ends?

Surely, if we fail to keep our attention on the nobler elements in life, which is the great goal for which H. P. Blavatsky worked and sacrificed and slaved, we lend our aid to the forces which lead to the utter ruin and loss of all that is best in civilization! Confidence is the basis of business. Confidence comes with mutual respect, and this from due appreciation of the sterling qualities in men. When we lose confidence in our neighbors and treat them in 'peace'-time as actual foes, we injure ourselves and our 'interests,' as we call them, more than we do them. Nor can the right kind of confidence in ourselves arise unless we are prepared, if need be, to sacrifice all, in order that more brotherly relations shall become the rule, rather than the exception.

The most practical policy in all the relations of life, individual, national, or international, is the *genuine* brotherly policy. This H. P. Blavatsky showed, in ways that will endure — whatever be the disasters now impending as the outcome of opposite policies.

In 1889 she pointed out that we do not render what is due to humanity

“when there is the slightest invasion of another's right, be that other a man or a nation; when there is any failure to show him the same justice, kindness, consideration, or mercy which we desire for ourselves. The present system of politics is built on the oblivion of such rights and the most fierce assertion of national selfishness. . . . Make men feel and recognise in their innermost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in national policy based on human, social, or political selfishness, will disappear of itself. Foolish is the gardener who tries to weed his flower-bed of poisonous plants by cutting them off from the surface of the soil, instead of tearing them out by the roots.”

We cannot do better than utilize the remainder of our available space by citing a few extracts from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky with regard to their bearing upon this vital question of the more practical expression of Brotherhood in all our affairs, even though it be now the eleventh hour, so to speak.

“Sickly and deformed child as it now is, the materialism of Today is born of the brutal Yesterday. Unless its growth is arrested, it may become our master. It is the bastard progeny of the French Revolution and its reaction against ages of religious bigotry and repression. To prevent the crushing of these spiritual aspirations, the blighting of these hopes, and the deadening of that intuition which teaches us of a God and a hereafter, we must show our false theologies in their naked deformity, and distinguish between divine religion and human dogmatism. Our voice is raised for spiritual freedom, and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of *Science* or *Theology*.”— *Isis Unveiled*, I, pp. xlv-v

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Is not a hint of the spirit of true civilization afforded in this passage:

“Under the Indian and Buddhist kings, like Chandragupta and Aśoka, people did not wait, as they do now, for a national calamity, to throw the surplus of their overflowing wealth at the head of a portion of the starving and the homeless, but worked steadily on, century after century, building *rest-houses*, digging wells and planting fruit-trees along the roads, wherein the weary pilgrim and the penniless traveler could always find rest and shelter, be fed and *receive* hospitality at the national expense. A little clear stream of cold, healthy water which runs steadily, and is ever ready to refresh parched lips, is more beneficent than the sudden torrent that breaks the dam of national indifference, now and then, by fits and starts.”

— *Lucifer*, IV

“If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy striking deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy IS ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

“*But if not, then the storm will burst, and our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded.*” — *Ibid.*, p. 188 (Written in 1889)

“Social differentiations, the result of physical evolutions and material environment, breed race-hatreds and sectarian and social antipathies that are insurmountable if attacked from the outside. But, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which center upon the human ‘heart,’ and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research of and dissemination of that basic Truth. We know that a comprehensive term for that Eternal Verity is the ‘Secret Doctrine’; we have preached it, have won a hearing, have, to some extent, swept away the old barriers, formed our fraternal nucleus, and, by reviving the Aryan Literature, caused its precious religious, philosophical, and scientific teachings to spread among the most distant nations.” — *Ibid.*, V, p. 6

“Those who would make this effort would soon find that the ‘strait gate’ and the ‘thorny path’ lead to the broad valleys of the limitless horizons, to that state where there is no more death, because they have regained their divinity. But the truth is that the first conditions necessary to reach it are a disinterestedness, an absolute impersonality, a boundless devotion to the interests of others, and a complete indifference to the world and its opinions. The motive must be absolutely pure in order to make the first steps on that ideal path; — not an unworthy thought must turn the eyes from the end in view, not one doubt must shackle the feet. There do exist men and women thoroughly qualified for this whose only aim is to dwell under the aegis of their divine nature. Let them, at least, take courage to live the life and not conceal it from the eyes of others! The opinion of no other person should be taken as superior to the voice of conscience. Let that conscience, developed to its highest degree, guide us in the control of all the ordinary acts of life. As to the conduct of our inner life, we must concentrate the entire attention on the ideal we have proposed to ourselves, and look straight ahead without paying the slightest attention to the mud upon our feet.” — *La Revue Théosophique* (Paris), 1889



“NO MAN has anything he has not deserved.” — *William Q. Judge*

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

(After Wang Wei)

KENNETH MORRIS

NO water-clock, no solemn bell
From far off fane to boom and sway
Through these vast mountains forest-strewn,
Drips the hours through, or rings their knell.

Clepsydra-like, were it but day,
The cassia blooms would drift and swoon
Their yellow petals down, to tell
How time's fall'n petals drift away.


How soon will the day dawn? how soon
Sleep from the earth's hushed heart up-well? --

Night stirs, as at some warlock's spell
Suddenly elate or in dismay.
The night-birds shriek the rising moon. . . .

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

MAN'S ORIGIN, CONSTITUTION, AND PLACE IN NATURE

E. A. NERESHEIMER

F there is an unbroken chain of relationship between Divinity, the Universe, and Man, then this fact must manifest itself in an intelligible way throughout visible nature, and embrace the smallest thing up to the largest phenomenal object. Looking around and observing the continual transformations of matter, we find an unerring Law of Reciprocity, operating among all parts, that leaves no particle unused. The inner form sacrifices itself unwittingly for the sake of the evolution of the outer form that is lower, and the outer serves as a vehicle for the externalization or unfoldment of the inner. Hence by natural law there is a constant give and take taking place that

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admits neither of stagnation nor death; only change, in an eternal round of 'creation,' development, and destruction (or regeneration), takes place. Stability and guarantee for the existence of thinking man lie in the fact that there is but One Consciousness, One Life Indestructible, One Eternal Element (substance), all of which are based in the One Root-Principle that is the substratum underlying every modification and transformation of form and being, whether it be a universe, man, or thing.

Occultism starts with this premiss of Absolute Unity and Coherence in which there is no creation in the ordinary sense of the word, and no destruction either, but only mutations of the One Substance, manifesting periodically in an eternal flux and reflux of Being and Non-being on a grand alternating scale within the three phases of Emanation, Development, and Disappearance. All things that have a beginning must have an end; the Principle that brought them into being will again cause their reassemblage in form and substance, in perfect continuity commensurate with their previous relationships. The Root-Principle alone is beginningless and endless. Theosophy teaches that Law is eternal, that Deity is Law, and that the One Eternal Law unfolds everything in the Universe.

"The Kosmos is eternal in its unconditioned collectivity, and finite but in its conditioned manifestations."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 151

". . . the spiritual prototypes of all things exist in the immaterial world before those things become materialized on Earth."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 58

"Every creature, of whatever description, was, is, or will become a human being in one or another Life-cycle."

"Our 'Universe' is only one of an infinite number of Universes, all of them 'Sons of Necessity,' because links in the great Cosmic chain of Universes, each one standing in the relation of an effect as regards its predecessor, and being a cause as regards its successor."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 43

"The Worlds are built 'in the likeness of other Wheels' — *i. e.*, those that existed in preceding Manvantaras and went into Pralaya [rest], because the LAW for the birth, growth, and decay of everything in Kosmos, from the Sun to the glow-worm in the grass, is ONE. It is an everlasting work of perfection with every new appearance, but the Substance-Matter and Forces are all one and the same."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 144-5

"There is an eternal concatenation of causes and effects, and a perfect analogy which runs through, and links together, all the lines of evolution. One begets the other — globes as personalities."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 171

Analogy then is a safe guide for ascertaining the relationship that exists between all manifested things, as it gives us a formula that can be applied to the whole of evolution, in which the unbroken continuity of life, intelligence, and form unfold themselves to our view. This unbroken continuity may most nearly be apprehended by the interaction of mutual correspondences. The wisdom of the ancient axiom, "As above so below," is born out in consistent parallelism in the actualities of nature as well as

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in ourselves. Color, sound, and form, for instance, are so remarkably allied that the phenomena of each can be perceived interchangeably in all, and their reciprocal relations and actions ascertained by means of mathematical and geometrical calculations as well as by the technically precise scientific systems. Innumerable cosmic, stellar, planetary, as also physical, chemical, and especially phenomenal incidents of life in every form, disclose the same marvelous relationship of correspondences.

The well-known experience of the interchange and interblending of the senses in all creatures furnishes testimony so simple and convincing that we often marvel at the real simplicity of so great a truth. One or more organs of sense may be damaged or altogether absent from birth, and we can hardly fail to observe how calmly and surely nature provides compensation for such deficiency in substituting and accelerating, as far as possible, the remaining sense-avenues. The Hindû sages also perceived the true relations of earthly beauty to eternal truth ages ago, although no such exalted notion has as yet even dawned upon the 'savants' of the twentieth century.

It must be evident that no manifested thing or creature can be thought of except as a part of a larger whole. Everything is conditioned by something else for its very life, form and substance, and is never entirely independent. And what of man? He has a sense of harmony and beauty within himself, with which to perceive the harmony and beauty that is without himself. Indeed, all things within the Universe exist for him certainly, in so far as he is able to perceive them; the rest is *nil* until he develops the requisite instruments of perception for its apprehension through knowledge. This of course comes only step by step, every sincere effort producing results exactly commensurate with the amount of effort put forth, and no more. If it were really possible to get something for nothing, it is quite certain that it could be of no real and lasting benefit.

With all this exacting law of compensation that narrows the limits of acquirement to downright hard effort, it is very encouraging to know that the results of righteous efforts by far outstrip our most sanguine expectations, because every new accomplishment is like a new sun on the mental horizon, that lights up all previous accomplishment with unexpected brilliancy. To get the real inner worth of anything it is necessary first to bring to it something of ourselves.

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

WHAT is that 'I'-consciousness that strings together our varying thoughts ideas and experiences, into a harmonious whole, even while rambling for many a lifetime from one thing to another, identifying itself now with this and now with that, and yet seemingly remaining the one

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'I'-consciousness that does not admit of anything similar to itself? It runs through dream and through the apparent oblivion of deep sleep, emerging each time afresh, invigorated and continuous from infancy to old age, in spite of repeated change of body and of mind; alternating pleasure and pain until death; the same 'I' ever and always. Accidental change or tranquillity, ignorance or wisdom, joy or misery, affect it not; mind, will, memory, knowledge, feeling, are but like its vassals; this real changelessness is of an almost tangible stability, defying the three divisions of time: past, present, and future. Should we not then revel in an exuberance of delight at having accomplished so much, and stand in reverent awe before the prospect of future triumphs that are to unveil themselves before our consciousness?

We know that the inner 'I'-consciousness, the Divine Spark or Ego in us, is a reflexion of the Logos, containing potentially all the possibilities of the source from which it sprang. We also know that this Spark, though overshadowing the personality, does not and cannot externalize Its god-like presence on the physical plane, or make Itself visible to the organs of material perception. For outwardly perceptible cognition, the Ego would require a special kind of material vehicle or form and various kinds of substance such as are not at all congenial to Its nature.

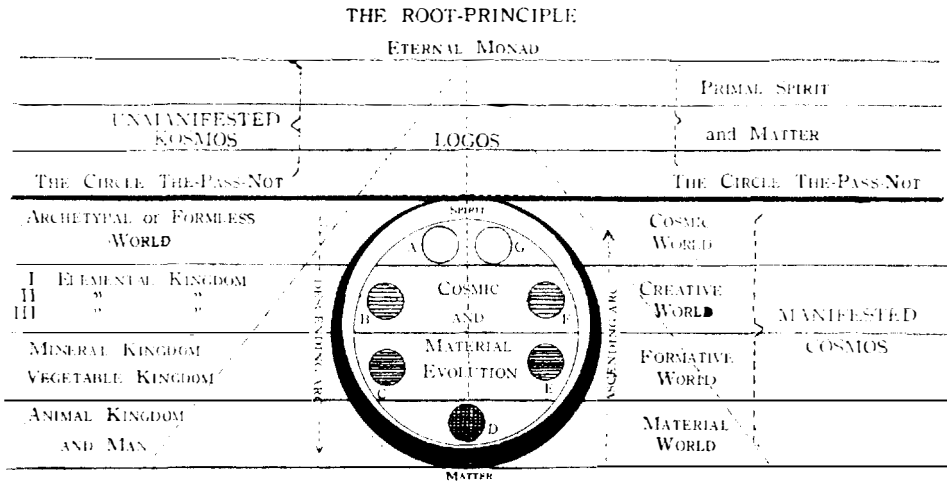
Divinity, broadly speaking, is the source and the cause of all material manifestations; and the purpose of evolution provides that the Eternal Monad, individualized in 'Perfect Man,' shall reach the plane in which Divinity shall finally become revealed on its own plane and in its own province. The two eternal elements, Spirit and Matter, being One, do not manifest in the same way on the material as they do on the higher planes of being. Spirit can therefore only be cognisable on its own plane of perception, or from above. Logos, Monad, Spirit, Matter, in their primeval state are but different aspects of the One Deity, and are symbolized for us as the Inextinguishable Flame, from which all the individual Sparks that compose mankind were derived, and who, at the present time, are said to have entered upon the Quest — ascending the upward arc towards identification with their mutual parent-source, the Logos.

At this stage of the subject we must pause to make earnest inquiry before the veil that hides human destiny. It becomes indispensable to know the why and wherefore of both the downward and the upward or return-arc of evolution, asking whence and how 'Man' came into being, and whither he is going.

As will be seen, even the extremities of the cycle of macrocosmic evolution are at the beginning and at the end actually on the same plane of spirituality (see diagram: Globe A and Globe G); the difference, however, as to man is that, at the end of the ascending arc, all knowledge of

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the manifested universe, gained by man through individual experience, will be added to the spiritual Unity of the Monad in whom man shall then have become identified. It must be remembered that there is a perfect parallelism of correspondences between the Macrocosm and Microcosm.



The white and black graduated circular spaces in the large outer ring signify the involution of Spirit into Matter, showing the descent on the left side, and the ascent or return of Spirit to its original state on the right side. Globe D is our Earth in the present Round in which Spirit is almost completely obscured. The smaller circles signify Globes of different grades of tenuity of substance, perfection of form, degrees of intelligence and of spirituality, from the beginning of a periodical cycle to the end, when 'Perfected Man' will appear on Globe G.

In the religious instruction we received in our youth, we heard much of 'spirit' and of the 'grace of God,' of which we gathered no real understanding and received no explanation in the smallest degree. Subsequent humble inquiry on these subjects from theologians elicited no better results. When at last through Karmic 'fortune' the light of Theosophy began to break in upon us, and we perceived the wondrous connexion that exists between all things on earth and in the heavens, wherein even the meanest object has its proper place and function, we surmised that some rational truth must underlie this venerable pre-Christian concept. In due order some of the mystery of this 'Divine Goodness' proved to be much nearer and easier of comprehension than we had dared to hope.

Universal Guidance is one of the most benign as well as substantial principles in the cosmic economy that vouchsafes a protective influence to every natural object that again overshadows some other form of being

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yet lower in the scale of evolution than itself. Hence nothing however small is unprotected or left unaccounted for while it serves its own especial intelligent purpose in the great harmony of the universal symphony. From the earliest dawn of manifesting consciousness in the lower kingdoms of nature, Life assembled and convoked from out of the cosmic storehouse its appropriate kinds, qualities, and measures of substance suitable for its needs. Under the most exquisite foresight and supervision, specialized intelligences and sub-intelligences conduct every minute change of design and purpose through each and every stage of development, in obedience to an inviolable law of reciprocity. The lower lives and substances are in a line of service to higher lives, and conversely there is a line of assistance and guidance by the higher, that sacrifices something in compensation for the service rendered them by the lower elements and beings. And so an unerring regulation of all things runs through every phase of involution and evolution from first to last up to the very highest Divinity.

The Monadic Energy immetallized in the mineral kingdom, quickens to life successively the vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms, the substance of each in turn being needed for the growth and sustenance of the higher kingdoms. By this service the lower classes of atoms do not change their nature concurrently or absolutely, but participate in new 'layers' of consciousness by their association with higher elements, thus gaining valuable experience. On the other hand, the sacrifices of the atoms and cells and creatures of the higher kingdoms lie in the resistance to consciousness of a lower order that has to be overcome on account of the tamasic quality of the lower atoms. This has to be endured reciprocally for the sake of the mutual service rendered. Thus these operations continue through each successively rising kingdom, which always sacrifices something of its finer elements in return for the services received from the next lower stages, and this has gone on throughout the progression of the involution of Spirit into Matter that finally produced the perfection of natural physical development on the descending arc of the Great Cycle. When the lowest point had been passed and the human kingdom had set forth on the ascending arc towards the regaining of its involved spirituality by evolution, the course of procedure though similar became in many respects different. It must be remembered that, from this stage forward, all conditions begin to change towards the rarefaction of substance, in the same ratio on its ascent as group-consciousnesses had heretofore experienced on their descent into grosser stages of being during the involution of Spirit into Matter on the downward arc.

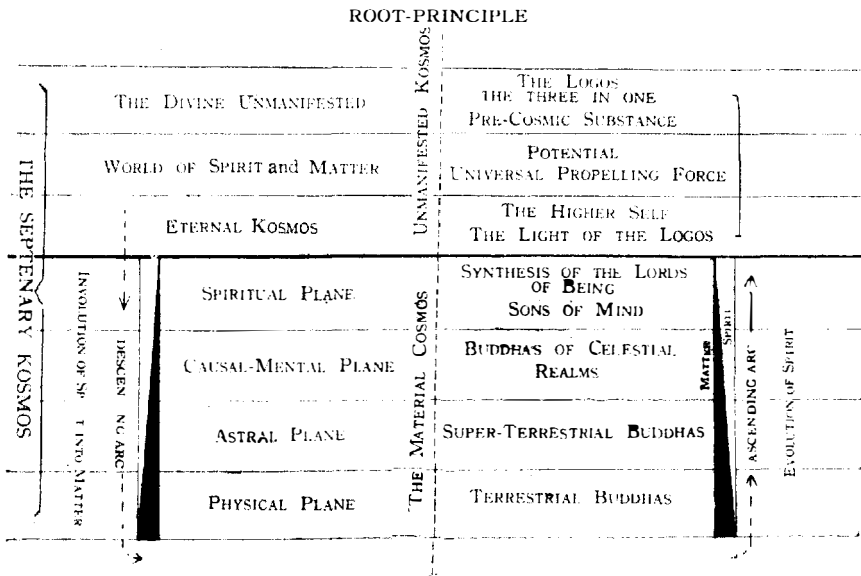
What now happens to the individualized human monads, that have to hew out their own line and paths of redemption or liberation by self-devised efforts, is perhaps one of the most important of the Theosophic

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teachings, as an aid whereby we may perceive and understand the great purpose of the whole of evolution. Its consideration involves man's higher principles of mind (Manas), the intuitive faculty of discrimination (Buddhi), and the all-embracing highest universal Divine Principle (Ātman) which must in the end be attained and realized by the aid of Divine Hierarchies that stand ready, awaiting the 'transparency' that each human unit must develop by aspiration and effort in order to entitle it to their assistance.

Through successive grades of divine intelligence the 'Light of the Logos' is now reflected back from 'the other shore' in varying degrees of effulgence to the individual pilgrims coming up on the ascending arc of the cycle from the material earth-plane. The hosts of perfected human entities that have gone before, and whose Karma it is to kindle the spark of mind, become agents for transmitting the Logocic Light of help and guidance to aspiring humanity. This transmission has been designated by the ambiguous term 'the grace of God,' signifying an actual operative reality, not only in the celestial spheres, but also down to every creature and all things throughout the material world.


The following diagram shows some of the grades of cosmic Beings and Intelligences on the ascending arc, that are the agencies who sacrifice themselves for the benefit of the up-coming pilgrims on their path of self-directed evolution.



The three upper planes represent dimensionless Space. The four lower planes represent the various planes of the manifested Cosmos.

THE NEED FOR THEOSOPHY

HERBERT CROOKE

HE need for Universal Brotherhood, or Theosophy, as a realized factor in the life of humanity, has never been greater than it is today. Wherever we look in Europe we see the evidence of discord and the jarring of contending sects, parties, and purposes. The old places of anchorage have been submerged by the tides of desire and hate, and the peoples are all adrift for lack of a steadying uplifting ideal to which they may fasten their cable.

Let us for a moment examine the causes of this distressful state of things. In the past it has been thought that wealth would bring the needed general happiness, and that culture and leisure would lift men to a nobler state of existence. But have not these things proved to be false gods, for what has been the outcome of their worship? Is it not shown in the experience of the nations that with the accumulation of wealth there has been a steady and baffling increase of poverty?

What is the type of the leaders of men who stand head and shoulders above their fellows today and who are, as we may say, the expression of the mind and conscience of their age? In religion, is there an Elijah, a Martin Luther, a Savonarola, a John Wesley, who can touch the hearts of his fellows and compel them to cast away those slothful indifferent habits which obscure all the better nature and hide the real godlike man? In literature, is there a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Thomas Carlyle, or a John Ruskin, who, looking out on life, is able to detect the false, and emphasize and uplift, like a banner, the true? Where are the founders of those great industries which ought to be the means of suitably employing the thousands, while at the same time contributing to their highest welfare in establishing happy contented communities in which there should be respect and care for the aged, opportunity and consideration for the young, and a beneficent brotherhood for all?

If there is a dearth of such leaders of men, can it be because there is no longing in the hearts of men for a better condition of life — no chance for a right response to the cry of the prophet as he stands on Mount Carmel once more and calls in thunder-tones to the crowds gathered about him, “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve — God or Baal — the True or the False!”

Katherine Tingley in viewing this state of things says:

“In our selfish indifference as a people we are unconsciously taking part in the crimes of the world; we are absolutely factors in these crimes. Only because we have lost the power of spiritual discrimination are we able to view present conditions with equanimity.”

THE NEED FOR THEOSOPHY

And she adds with terrible significance:

"We are arrant cowards if we do not begin to think and work along new lines, when the whole world is crying out for help!"

What is the 'Spiritual Discrimination' that we have lost? Is it not the power to see with something like a spiritual eye past all the false allurements of life, to know first of all who we are, what we are, and how we are truly related to our fellow-men — our welfare bound up in theirs, their welfare bound up in ours? It was the Hebrew psalmist who cried out in his wonderment: "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" And then, answering his own question, as he contemplated the unreality of mundane life, he says: "Man is like to vanity, his days are as a shadow that passeth away!" The modern preachers and teachers among us — the scientist, the psychologist, the practical demonstrator — seem able to give us little more than such a limited picture of man. They have elaborated a theory that man is the product of material evolution. For them Matter and Energy, which they consider are both indestructible, are the two basic conditions from which the universe, including man, springs. These two in their endless combinations produce the plant, the animal, and man. Man, they say, is the ultimate product of a system of so-called natural selection, whereby under stress of circumstances about him, he acquires habits and develops powers which have brought him to the state in which we find him today. From being arboreal in his early habits, he came to walk on his hind legs and thus had his fore-limbs free for use for handling, grasping, and throwing. This, it is thought, became the *making of the man*. From this condition, so these scientists say, gradually the mental faculties developed as the struggle for existence grew more fierce; and thus, as a creature 'of outward and inward circumstance,' we finally behold man — the builder, the organizer, the superior brute that he is now thought to be, — with many tendencies to a reversion to his earlier types and with unmistakable marks in his anatomy of tracks along the path of life that he has come.

Whether man was made "a little lower than the angels," as one old scripture has it, our scientists will not venture to say; for what an angel is and how he may rank superior to man they can get no tangible evidence of. The highest product of natural development they see in the universe about us is Man as he is met with today. All the activity of scientific investigation seems to concern itself with what man has been in the past, and to trace out the supposed steps of his advancement from the condition of lowly savage intelligence up to the highest types of intellectual ability. But what the future may have in store for man, what the great purpose

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of his life may be, these scientific investigators fail to tell us. Whether he shall develop on the lines of a soaring eagle, or attain the great age of a Methuselah, or the wisdom of a Solomon,— science has nothing to say.

Some records of a mighty past have been unrolled by our antiquarians, and at the present time the world is simply gasping in amazement at the marvels of a past culture which are being brought forth from the latest discovered tomb of an Egyptian Pharaoh (Tutankhamen). The slow process of intellectual growth from the supposed savage state of mankind as a whole seems never to be clearly traceable; and the hypothesis of the evolutionist is in continual danger of destruction by every new discovery of the antiquarian which pushes back the origins of things farther and farther into those prehistoric times which cannot be measured in terms of years or centuries, but must be given the vague denomination of 'periods' or 'ages.'

Now, Theosophy has come to the western world with the declaration that man is the product or outcome of evolution on several different lines. It grants that his physical body is the result of a gradual development through incalculable ages of evolution in various forms of existence. But the important traits in man that distinguish him from the lower animals are not the products of physical evolution. The animal soul does not develop the sense or attribute of self-consciousness or the power of discriminating between right and wrong. The animal soul cannot develop these. Theosophy declares that man is dual in his nature, and that the real man, the Thinker, is a descendant of another line of evolution than the physical, that he is the Son of Mind, or a Mind-born Son. This means that he is a spiritual being temporarily clothed with the form of an animal for the purpose of his further education and development. Or, as H. P. Blavatsky says, he is "a thinking entity imprisoned in a case of flesh and bones," and he has the power of functioning apart from his body and is thus superior to the body and to all the lower forms of animal or other life where self-consciousness does not operate.

Man is not his body. Each one of us gathers his body about him according to the tendencies of his own mind. The body is a vesture, an instrument, and it becomes molded to the form of the man within. As the body is used diligently and well, so does it respond to the requirements of its mental tenant, until in the course of nature it is worn out. When that happens the tenant seeks another dwelling. This is a very old teaching, for do we not find Paul the Christian Apostle saying in his writings: "Though our outward man perish — become worn-out, exhausted — yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

When this fact is realized new vistas of possibilities for man open out, and the mind becomes prepared to receive and appreciate other important

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teachings of Theosophy, as to the Law of Harmony that operates in the universe, and that the whole universe exists only for the purposes of the soul — until man shall know himself and his own spiritual powers in all the realms of nature.

I will conclude by quoting from a speech made by Katherine Tingley in the Isis Theater, San Diego, California, very shortly after her return to America from her European lecture-tour last summer. She said:

“If we are all of God’s great family, there must be within us, or above us, or around us, a new light for humanity, a new remedy for the unfortunate, the so-called ‘criminal.’ We should have that light. Then we could introduce in our legislatures resolutions that would stand eternally. We should then see that just because a man studies law, that does not make him fit to make our laws. Just because a man can pass certain examinations, that does not fit him to practice. I have great admiration for some lawyers, but very much disgust for some others. Yet lawyers today are deprived of what belongs to them. The state should furnish institutions which would give these men an opportunity to study *themselves*, where they would study their motives as religiously as they do their political hopes and plans. Think of this! Do you ever think how many unfortunate men may have been hanged in the last year, or imprisoned for life, just because they had not the knowledge of their own dual natures — the higher and the lower? That is why we must carry the spirit of mercy into every department of thought. We must enlighten our public representatives as to their duty to their country, spiritually as well as materially.

“We must keep the atmosphere of higher thought in our home and with our children. Feed them, love them, do everything that you can for them; but educate them on principles of Brotherhood. Teach them the self-evolution of their spiritual natures. Teach them the doctrine of Reincarnation. Make a picture for them — something big and splendid — to show them that while they climb the ladder of higher things and meet their difficulties, they are throwing off the weaknesses of human nature. Teach them self-directed evolution — and you can teach this to a child four years of age. Bring your children up with a new love and a new hope, and under the pressure of your own divine nature. With this example and with the knowledge of Theosophy, you can make not only an open door for yourself, but for all the world. Your splendid, unselfish, and sublime efforts will be written on the screen of time for all eternity, and long after you are gone they will be interpreted by a grateful posterity.”

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WO thousand years ago a carpenter’s son, burning with a great urge to aid humanity and lift some of the suffering of the world, enjoined all men to love one another. He must have had some vision of a world ruled by love, the divine love of man for man, with man’s tremendous creative and intuitive powers directed to his mutual upliftment and advancement.

Today, in the twentieth century, we have a picture of humanity swept by a poison-wave of hatred and fear; and after the latest and greatest convulsive effort at mutual destruction, after five years of pseudo-peace, staggering on the very brink of annihilation — drunk with war, drunk with hatred, seething with selfishness, jealousy, and greed for power.

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Are we beyond learning the lesson, so untiringly put before us by a just yet merciful Providence, that hate breeds hate, vengeance, vengeance? That lust for power and greed of possession entail nothing but their own bitter fruits, poisoning and blinding humanity, goading it down the inevitable path that ends, as it must always end, in war?

An eye for an eye! a tooth for a tooth! Yes, so why not a hatred for a hatred, a cruelty for a cruelty; follow this line of thought logically, and it leads whither? to war, death, destruction — the thrusting back of the clock of progress until a breaking-point is reached, the clock smashed beyond repair, and civilization sinking helplessly back into barbarism, with snapped vertebra, hopeless, dead to all that is worth living for.

It is a fact in nature that human progress and war cannot ride hand in hand. Progress demands peace as its environment, and mutually constructive thought and effort for its growth. War, on the other hand, deadens higher perception, and destroys; the one or the other must prevail utterly, there can be no compromise. “Admittedly so,” it may be argued. “How then would you prevent war?”

We would prevent war by inculcating a world-wide atmosphere in which ideas that bring about war could not possibly live.

Seek the heart of the nation, the spiritual heart, we would say, the divine radiant Soul; find and serve this. The greatest poets breathe it in their verse; it is the inspiration of the true reformer.

In this service human selfishness has no place; and all thus working for the highest good of the nation achieve the highest good of the individual. This is *real* patriotism.

But this change could not come about in a day; we pretend to no miracles; we only urge the beginning of the effort of harmonious and right thinking, the conscious effort to live in a way worthy of man, the divine inner man — realizing the distinction between this and the lower or animal nature.

Like the disciples and students of those ‘Elder Brothers’ who in the past brought the truth to men, so do we as students of Theosophy make this appeal today, and we make it to the heart. Can we not rise above this fog of indifference and misunderstanding through which we habitually regard our fellow human beings, and perceive that they are, like ourself, divine in essence, and dual in nature?

Let us go back to first principles. We love peace, we hate war, as all sane men do; as the noblest effort of creation, we are master of nature and the maker of our own destiny. The future, then, is in our *own hands*.

Individual, national, and race-antagonisms will not pass in a day, but pass they must, if we so will it and back our desire with soul-energy and courage. But long ere this can take place, the idea of war must be

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relegated to the limbo of the barbaric past, and reason and tolerance shed their cool and sane light over our individual and national existence. That is the first step.

“This is too Utopian an ideal,” it may be suggested—

.

Visualize with me for one moment the mount in Galilee; the Teacher, surrounded by his small band of disciples, pledged like himself to lifelong devotion to the service of humanity; hear the injunctions floating down to the multitude below:

“Love your enemies!” “Love ye one another!”

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Still Utopian? After two thousand years! — S. W. STANLEY

IN these days of the aftermath of war, when on all sides we see the far-reaching and saddening effects of the disharmony and discouragement caused by the great war, it is well for us to turn our attention to Peace. Peace! Peace! the desire of all nations, the desire of all sane men! How shall that desire be realized?

First let us consider what sort of Peace is desired. Is it the peace that lifted the patriarch Joseph out of the dungeon and made him first man in the kingdom of Pharaoh, with control of the wealth of that kingdom and the power to bless his fellows or condemn them to misery and poverty? Or perhaps it is that peace which comes to a man who has accepted the judgments of his past Karma, “the correction of the Most High,” and with wide-opened eye has learned the lessons of his human life? — So that now in his silence, in the sheltered place of his inmost heart, with the firm conviction of his divine knowledge, he has no fear of destruction or famine — for “at them he shall laugh”; and “he is hid from the scourge of the tongue,” and is not moved by revilings or other modes of condemnation, whether of friends or of foes.

Or is it that peace which enables a man to understand the harmonies of all nature and how to attune himself to them, so that Nature recognises in him a Master and makes obeisance, as it is written: “He shall be in league with the stones of the field and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with him”?

Surely the Peace that we should desire is that which results from the

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understanding of our dual — our divine and lower — nature, which is the fruit of wisdom and the result of righteous acts.

It may be said that the ordinary life of man is one great continuous struggle to attain to wisdom. While still in ignorance, he rushes hither and thither, seeking wealth, happiness, contentment; he worships at many shrines and makes constant sacrifice, but apparently all to no real purpose. He fails to realize how he may reach his desired goal, until, suffering from constant rebuffs, footsore and weary on the long way he has traveled, he is compelled to cry out in very bitterness of soul: "Is there no help for the Widow's Son?" Then perhaps in his extremity, he may turn to ancient writ and seek some guidance from the records of those earlier pilgrims who have gone before. He may get some hints along the way. He may give ear to the ancient warning: "Let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it." "Happy the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and *all* her paths are peace." These are familiar words, heard constantly from childhood maybe, and yet how little have they been appreciated. The seeker feels like the Ethiopian of old time who, when asked by Philip if he understood what he read, said: "How can I, except some man should guide me?"

In these latter days, ancient writ receives its full illustration and exposition in Theosophy. In the ranks of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society there are at the present time unusual opportunities for those who are seeking help in the understanding of themselves and in meeting the problems of life. There is ample scope to practise the seven glorious virtues which lead the student into the fuller knowledge of his Divine Self.

As it is with individuals, so it is with the nations. The Law of Harmony is the same for all alike. In forbearance, in the exercise of the great universal duties, "not killing, veracity, not stealing, continence, and not coveting," the purpose of life may come to be known, and Peace — Perfect Peace — may be attained. — STUDENT



"WORDS do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and, after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness."— *Owen Feltham*

JOHN D. SPRECKELS AND THE SAN DIEGO AND ARIZONA RAILWAY

IVERSON L. HARRIS, Jr.

THE following is written in response to a request from Katherine Tingley, Editor of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, for an article about the San Diego and Arizona Railroad, and the efforts of its President, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, the most prominent figure in accomplishing this splendid work, which has proved and will increasingly prove to be of enormous benefit to the general prosperity of San Diego and Imperial Valley.

While THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH is unsectarian, non-political, and devoted to the promulgation of the ethical, philosophical, religious, artistic, and scientific aspects of Theosophy, it is always ready to give encouragement and due credit to constructive efforts along any line. It is so easy to destroy; so very difficult to build things worth while! And while it is true that so far the office performed by the three great Theosophical Leaders and Teachers — H. P. Blavatsky, William Quan Judge, and Katherine Tingley — has been first “to break the molds of mind,” secondly, to preserve and simplify the eternal truths of the “Wisdom-Religion,” and thirdly, to make these “a living power in the life of Humanity,” it is nevertheless also true that they have been ever ready to give the meed of their indorsement to the achievements of men along material lines as well, whether in ancient times or now, when these achievements have been conducive to human welfare and progress.

Theosophy offers no specific economic system that will guarantee a cure for all the injustices and inequalities of life today. To the earnest Theosophist selfishness and ignorance are at the bottom of all the conflicts, discord, and lack of co-operation in the world, whether between individuals, classes, communities, or nations. And selfishness is ugly wherever it may be found — ugliest of all when wedded to ignorance. The Theosophical panacea — if it may be called such — is that which all the World-Teachers have taught, which some of their disciples have attempted to follow, but which has not been universally followed in western nations at any time: it is the elimination of selfishness and ignorance, and their replacement by altruism and knowledge. This of course can never be accomplished in a day, or even in a lifetime; it is a matter of evolution; and the better directed this evolution is, the more quickly are its purposes achieved.

So, while the builders of the San Diego and Arizona Railroad have never posed as anything more than honest business-men, with a certain amount of vision along material lines, they — and especially their protagonist,

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Mr. John D. Spreckels — have demonstrated qualities that are worthy of emulation — qualities that are much better than those often manifested by the mere dealer in platitudes, whose head may be in the clouds, but who forgets to keep his feet upon the earth.

In an account of the history of the San Diego and Arizona Railway — not without brilliant paragraphs and an enthusiasm that will ever be aroused by really great achievements — Mr. Ed. Davidson wrote in the *El Centro Progress* special edition of December 5, 1919, published to commemorate the completion of this new railroad:

“The trials and tribulations of building the most wonderful piece of railway construction in the United States (for such the San Diego and Arizona is considered by experts) did not cease with the acquisition of Mr. Spreckels as a verifier of dreams.

“The many setbacks and well-nigh insuperable obstacles encountered would have made almost any other man pocket his losses and quit long ago; but fortunately for San Diego and Imperial Valley it is not the money-lust but unselfish idealism that ‘puts over’ the big things of life, and Mr. Spreckels is not only a dreamer of dreams but the type that sticks to the task in hand. And the road might never have been completed but for the marvelous optimism of John D. Spreckels.”

This seems a good place to paint a picture of Mr. Spreckels. And how better do it than with his own words? Mr. Spreckels came to San Diego in 1887 at the age of thirty-four years; so he has about reached his “three score and ten.” In a remarkable address delivered to a group of 135 prominent San Diegans who were his guests at the Hotel del Coronado, Saturday evening, May 19, 1923, Mr. Spreckels is quoted by his own newspaper, *The San Diego Union*, as saying:

“You are familiar with the heart-breaking story of San Diego’s early efforts to become the Pacific terminus of a transcontinental railroad. It is a story of disappointment after disappointment, which dashed San Diego’s perfectly justified hopes of becoming the great seaport and railway terminus of the southwest, and finally left it stranded — a little station in a pocket at the end of a branch line.

“I realized from the very first that San Diego would never come to its own till we had got direct communication with the east. So, when Mr. E. H. Harriman of the Southern Pacific asked me to act as his agent in building the San Diego and Arizona road, I eagerly agreed to do so, and I gave San Diego my word that now — at last — the ‘way out’ had been found! I began at once to build the road. Then Mr. Harriman died, and the Southern Pacific announced its inability or its unwillingness to go on with the work. What was I to do? I had given San Diego my word. I must complete the road. But this would require millions — four millions just for the section through the Carriso Gorge alone — and the money-markets of the world were utterly demoralized by the war. No money was to be had, on any terms, for my purpose. And all railroad-development was stopped by the government.

“Gentlemen, if you think that there was any fun in the ‘one-man’ job just about that time, you are welcome to tackle the next one that turns up, for I beg to be excused. It was up to me to bring into San Diego a direct train from the east — or go back on my promise. Well, in spite of hell (and it was hell, believe me), a direct train from the east slid into our Union Station, on December 1, 1919 — and San Diego got what I promised.”

In the above paragraphs we are given some idea of the inside history of the San Diego and Arizona Railway. The following language, used by

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Mr. John D. Spreckels as a result of his own experience as a builder of the material interests of San Diego, might be equally well employed by Katherine Tingley as the result of her experience in the building of San Diego's intellectual, moral, and spiritual life as well as in other ways:

"I had faith in San Diego. I still have. That is why I am still here. Faith! It may be able to move mountains, but, gentlemen, no amount of mere faith ever built a city. Only one thing can build a city — co-operation. It is team-play alone that can put a city on the map — and keep it there. Big cities require big men — men big enough to forget petty personal differences, and pull together without jealousies or suspicions or factional bickering. In other words, before you can turn a small town into a real city, you have got to shed the small-town skin.

"Now, gentlemen, between ourselves, what is the matter with San Diego? Why is it not the metropolis and seaport that its geographical and other unique advantages entitle it to be? Why does San Diego always just miss the train, somehow? I will tell you. In three words: LACK OF CO-OPERATION. We have no team-play. The moment anybody appears with any proposition of a big constructive nature, the small-town undertakers get busy digging its grave. Jealousy and suspicion line up the antis and knockers against any man or measure bigger than their two-by-four standards. And if any man dares to invest too heavily, he is promptly warned that San Diego objects to being 'a one-man town!' Well, gentlemen, if being a one-man town is bad for the town, take it from me: it's hell for the 'one man.' . . .

"Right here I want to disclaim any idea that some of my critics accuse me of cherishing. It is insinuated that because I undertook those basic developments [the supplying of water and transportation], I have set myself up as a sort of 'special providence' or 'savior' of San Diego. Nonsense! I made those larger investments to protect the investments I had already made. I am a business man, and not a Santa Claus — nor a fool. Any man who claims to invest millions for the fun of being looked up to as a little local tin god is either a lunatic or a liar. I, gentlemen, am neither . . .

"I build for the future, not for immediate returns. And, gentlemen, what bigger dividends does life ever pay to any man than the zest of creating and developing the one big constructive aim of his life? Well, the aim of my life has been the building up of San Diego. Men like me get our reward in the very activity of doing, or of trying to do, big things. It is my life."

It has been said that every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man. Hence our word-portrait of Mr. John D. Spreckels, painted by himself — because the San Diego and Arizona Railway is, in large measure, his creation. There you have, so to speak, the soul of the San Diego and Arizona Railway. As for its wonderful scenic attractions, the accompanying photographs are the best evidence. The courtesy of its officials and employes is too well known to need comment. The following facts are copied from the company's own circular:

"The San Diego and Arizona Railway, completed December 1st, 1919, forms in connexion with the Southern Pacific and its eastern connexions, a new transcontinental route between San Diego and the East. Through Pullman cars are operated between San Diego and Chicago on Golden State Limited in connexion with the Southern Pacific, El Paso and Southwestern and Rock Island Lines and between San Diego and New Orleans on Sunset Limited in connexion with Southern Pacific. It is the terminal railroad of the shortest line between Kansas City and the Pacific Tidewater and between New Orleans and the Pacific Tidewater.

"Distance between San Diego and El Centro, 148 miles; (Between San Diego and Yuma, 220 miles).

"Elevation at Hipass, highest point on line, 3,660 feet; at El Centro, lowest point on line 49 feet below sea-level.

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“Cost of San Diego and Arizona Railway approximately \$18,000,000, and is owned one-half by J. D. and A. B. Spreckels and one-half by the Southern Pacific Company.

“Railroad crosses United States-Mexico International Boundary Line at Tijuana and Lindero. Boundary at Lindero is crossed in Tunnel No. 4, 26 feet from the west end. Runs 44 miles through that peaceful portion of Mexico, Lower California. Ten miles is the greatest distance into Mexico from the International Boundary line.

“There are 21 tunnels on the San Diego and Arizona Railway — 3 in Mexico, one partly in Mexico and partly in the United States, and 17 in Carriso Gorge. Cost of tunnels, \$1,760,200. The longest tunnel is 2604 feet, and the shortest tunnel is 287 feet. The total length of all tunnels is 2.98 miles.

“When passing through the tunnels, notice that you are not bothered with objectionable fumes and smoke from locomotive as is usual when trains are operated through tunnels. This is due to the large bore of tunnels, exceptionally light atmosphere and a slight draft continually passing through Carriso Gorge.

“Distance through Carriso Gorge is 11 miles and cost for construction \$3,939,000.00. Depth of Gorge from railroad, 900 feet.

“CARRISO GORGE take its name from the grass in its depths which is used by Indians in basket work. Mountains are southerly extension of the Sierra Nevada Range.

“The San Diego and Arizona Railway is the only railroad that continued construction during the entire period of the late war.

“One feature of importance, from the viewpoint of our Government, is that the completion of the San Diego and Arizona forms, in connexion with the Southern Pacific, a railroad directly along the Mexican Boundary from the Pacific Coast to the Gulf of Mexico.

“IMPERIAL VALLEY: A desert waste in 1900. Today is an agricultural empire of 531,674 acres under irrigation on the American side, with more than 200,000 acres on the Mexican side; population 50,000 in 1922. Shipped in 1922 about 50,000 carloads of products by freight of a value of nearly \$50,000,000, including 13,000 carloads of cantaloupes and melons, 6,000 carloads of lettuce and vegetables, 85,000 bales of cotton, and 6,000,000 pounds of dairy products. The valley is irrigated from Colorado River, and is perhaps the richest producing farm area in the world.

“Between San Diego and Yuma the Inter-California Railway, a part of the Southern Pacific System, is used between Mexicali and Algodones, operating a distance of 52 miles through Mexico.

“YUMA, on Southern Pacific: Near Yuma is located the Laguna Dam for diverting water from the Colorado River for irrigating purposes. There are 50,000 acres in Arizona irrigated from the Laguna Diversion Dam at this time. Project under way to irrigate 6,400 additional acres of Mesa land within the next year and eventually there will be 120,000 acres of land under irrigation in the vicinity of Yuma. Climatic conditions provide for the growing of some of the most delicious fruits that are grown anywhere in America.”

In closing this article, the following letter addressed to the Vice-President and General Manager of the Spreckels Companies — the son of Mr. John D. Spreckels,— may be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.

“INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA
KATHERINE TINGLEY, PRIVATE OFFICE

“April 6, 1923.

“Mr. Claus Spreckels,
Union Building, San Diego, California.

“Dear Mr. Spreckels: Traveling yesterday over the San Diego and Arizona Railroad — her fifth journey over ‘the Short Line’— Madame Tingley was more impressed than ever before with the greatness of the achievement — the vision that conceived the project, the

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courage shown in carrying it out, the marvelous engineering skill demonstrated in its construction, the magnificent scenery of the Carriso Gorge — in fact, she regards the whole undertaking as a splendid tribute to the genius and intelligence of its promoters and executives.

“Madame Tingley has therefore instructed me to prepare an article about this new scenic route for her monthly magazine, *The Theosophical Path*, which has an international circulation; and she has authorized me to ask the Spreckels Companies, in her name, for any photographs, statistics, and other data that might help in preparing an appreciative and accurate article for publication. Thanking you in advance for your courteous attention to this matter, I beg to remain,

“Very sincerely,

“IVERSON L. HARRIS,

“Assistant Secretary to *Katherine Tingley*.”

Mr. Claus Spreckels referred the matter to the office of Mr. A. T. Mercier, General Manager of the San Diego and Arizona Railway Company. Mr. F. B. Dorsey, Traffic Manager, supplied the photographs and data requested. To all these gentlemen the Editor desires publicly to express her thanks.

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH are also referred to the issue of January, 1923, page 80, concerning the San Diego and Arizona Railway.

SCIENCE CATCHING UP WITH THEOSOPHY

KATE HANSON



“IMPOSSIBLE!” This is a remark present-day scientists can ill afford to make, whether about mythical dragons, tertiary man, or perhaps even chimeras. Let a scientist state firmly that *Atlantis* is a myth, giants legendary fictions, and man a recent nouveau-riche (?) — of some two, three, or slightly more thousand years standing — and a dozen proofs come instantly to light to knock the ground from under him. It is skittish work to say what Nature has or has not done, or set a limit to her *where's* and *when's*. That canny Dame must laugh in her sleeve when some of her human children look wise, and write books and say *yea* and *nay* very violently. Like all young things they have a horror of age; and like some oldish persons we know of, insist they are still young. So the Mighty Mother gently pushes some of them out into field and valley, or mountain, and shows them some pages of *her* book. She has kept her own records, safe in vaults of rock, pitch, and ocean-slime, for she needs a deal of room to store her specimens. A chamber of her museum of antiquities is in probably every country above or below the seas. Occasionally some one of her first-born, having acquired more wisdom than the younger generations — some one, say,

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like H. P. Blavatsky, who can read the Mother's writing — will transcribe notes from the marvels she has seen, and leave them for the educating of little brothers and sisters.

Like all children, they love to dig in the earth. One of the best places for "sport of this color" is the collection of asphaltum pits, known as Rancho La Brea, West Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

Much of the work of populating and shaping our earth and furnishing it with inhabitants human, animal, and vegetable, began on fragments of land which later coalesced to form the American continents. Mountains were shoved up from under ocean, and various plains and valleys were drowned from time to time, until the results more or less satisfied our Mother-Nature — her real name we do not know, merely lisp what comes easiest to childish tongues. She is a patient worker, never hurrying, very fastidious. She snipped here and there at the continents, set various kinds of men and monsters to walking over them; and in order to keep track of what she had been doing, after she had tired of them and swept them off the face of her earth, she buried numbers of them in these asphaltum pits. They are not her most ancient types, for they belong to the glacial epoch, having been there a mere 500,000, or a million years. At that time, lakes and tropical jungles provided the huge herbivore with sustenance; and they in their turn provided meat for the saber-toothed tigers, the lions, the great wolves and bears which roamed the western states. Indian legends refer to the time when there was such abundant water-supply and vegetation. Beneath this surface was an uptilted fold of shales, covering an extensive deposit of oil. Blow-outs of gas from this oil formed funnel-shaped craters, into which the oil flowed from below, rising to the surface. In time they crusted over thinly; or if slightly depressed, became filled with water. In the general business of the day, constitutionals, searching for food and water, fleeing from foes, animals of various types fell into these pits and the bones were preserved, the flesh disintegrating or attracting enormous birds of prey, vultures, eagles, owls; even a peacock, among other types, has been found indigenous to North America.

It is a curious fact that practically all remains of each species are found close together. The caste system, rigid 'sets,' were evidently the proper etiquette of the age. Two hundred and sixty-eight saber-tooth tigers were found together, sharing, perhaps rather gingerly, the other edge of the pit with wolves, of which one hundred and eighty-five skulls were exhumed. Perhaps there was a pitched battle in which both armies were annihilated. Seventeen elephants, each some fifteen feet high, found a grave in one pit, fifteen by twenty-five feet, and thirty-five feet deep; while nearby pits, not one hundred feet away, have no elephant remains

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whatever. The giant skeleton, mounted in Exposition Park Museum, takes away the breath of the visitor for a moment. Its sweeping horns seem to be advancing upon the spectator, as it towers above lesser remains of giant sloths, camels, mastodons, oxen, and horses of prehistoric times. An outstanding feature of the animal-remains is their great number, testifying to abundant means for supporting life. Altogether, some two thousand saber-teeth have been represented, these with the wolves forming the most extensive deposits! The area covered by excavations reveals similar types from these pits, comparatively near the coast: to the Berkeley hills, to the Mojave desert and Grand Canyon.

The discoveries in the Mojave desert, which Katherine Tingley predicted to the writer in 1913 when at Barstow, are certainly three million years old, the age of La Brea deposits being uncertain. The former include all varieties of the more well-known field, besides rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and various types of deer. They are deposited in perfectly stratified and regular beds, this aiding in determining their age,— three million years. It seems that three successive periods of jungle-growth, separated by thousands of years, flourished here, covering an area extending for one hundred miles through the desert. This is in exact keeping with the findings of geologists, that from the gulf of Mexico to Canada there was once an inland sea, whose bottom rose more than once. The petrified forest of Arizona is a memento of this. In notes not now accessible I recall a statement that the Andes have been under water three times, more than seventy-two thousand years having elapsed since their last upheaval. It is a significant date, recalling the founding of the great pyramid, seventy-five thousand years ago, recorded in the three precessional cycles of the zodiacs of Denderah, Egypt.

Those who cannot remember dates should study geology. It is the most delightfully vague subject as to time that one could wish — always changing, always fluidic — and extensive too, and roomy. Fifteen million years before the anthropoid apes, upright dinosaurs stalked through Patagonia, rearing their monstrous heads one hundred and thirty feet in the air! Patagonia is acquiring much importance now. It was one end of a bridge of land connecting the American and Asiatic hemispheres — four million to six million years ago. Over this bridge there was interchange and traffic of these monsters between the two continents. Types found in the Desert of Gobi and Wyoming and Connecticut river valley are identical in many respects, but attention should be called again to this point: the age of Patagonian dinosaurs is given as fifteen million years before anthropoid apes. To date of writing, no notice has come to us of Asian remains over eight million years old. (Dr. W. H. Ballou gives the Patagonian date.) Also from Patagonia comes a skull three million

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years old, whose origin is bitterly disputed by scientists, Professor H. F. Osborne claiming it is human, his opponents denying it. It is similar to existing types, and is referred to triassic times — a period lasting from three million to fifty million years ago! This upsets all theories respecting the age of America, but is one more proof that Theosophy contains accurate scientific information in its time-scale.

Turning now to purely human remains: in Nevada, that wonder-house of Dame Nature's relics, John T. Reid has discovered a human footprint and well-made shoe-sole, which he claims to be five million years old, from his geological knowledge of the rocks in which it was imbedded. Microphotographers and analytical chemists of the Rockefeller Institute have shown the stitches, the twist of the thread, holes for sewing, and size of the thread — finer than we use today for shoes, and stronger. This shoe-sole was accompanied by footprints of dinosaurs, and their bones. Professor Reid and his associates are to be congratulated on their careful scientific analysis and their generous recognition of the age and excellence of the work, "the product of as high a skill as is exhibited at Lynn, or Brockton, Massachusetts."

H. P. Blavatsky gives much definite information about giants, and within two weeks Mr. Samuel Hubbard is reported to have unearthed skeletons twelve to fifteen feet high in the Colorado Canyon, estimated at one million years old. H. P. Blavatsky wrote interestingly on gigantic footprints in Nevada many years ago, but was not believed; and the skeleton fifteen feet high has been declared to be that of an ape. Mr. Hubbard announces that wall-writings — contemporaneous with ibex, dinosaur, mastodon, three-toed horse, and others — were found far from human habitation. They are about eleven inches high, of good workmanship, showing careful study of the models. The sign of the ibis, and the similarity of drawings and hieroglyphs to those of Spain, not only, as Mr. Hubbard says, prove the theory of Atlantis connecting Mexico and Spain, but recall what H. P. Blavatsky says about the relation of the Basques and the North American Indians. The Colorado giants were buried in a cave on the brink of the river, which has now cut its way through hard sandstone to four thousand feet below. The lime-laden water impregnated the bodies, whose hair is still preserved, and gives them the appearance of great statues with one arm upraised in a commanding attitude.

From the Colorado Rockies comes another recent discovery, a figure, claimed to be of preglacial man, represented as seated, with a tablet on which are drawn characters and figures, which Mr. Jeacon, Curator of the Colorado Historical and Natural History Society, declares are the most remarkable likenesses of dinosaurs he has ever seen. The signs and face resemble those of the Aztecs. Professor van Tuyl believes the statue

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and the rocks near which it was found date back to archaic times.

Red-headed skeletons in Arizona and beautifully wrought golden images recently found in the Ohio Valley, the American 'Valley of the Kings,' where King Tut's western contemporary is being sought, cause archaeologists to echo the words of Katherine Tingley, that America is older than Egypt, and of increasing numbers who claim its civilization was once superior.

All of these discoveries point to the widening and liberating influence of Theosophy, for it has broken many bonds, and made the path much easier for advancing thought than when H. P. Blavatsky was ridiculed for the light she threw on these questions. The very earth is opening up its treasures to justify her, and to prove that the Wisdom-Religion — science and religion in one — is the only system of thought which can meet these problems. New discoveries reinforce its teachings, and never unsettle them.

THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

VIII — THE RÂJÂ VISITS IARCHAS



CONVERSATION was interrupted by a noise from the village, caused by the arrival of the King, who came with more than Median pomp and parade. Iarchas declared that had it been Phraotes, everything would have been as still as in the mysteries. Seeing no preparations, Apollonius asked where he was to be received.

“Here in this very place,” said Iarchas. “We live frugally, for we are content with little, though we have much. But the King will have a separate table richly supplied with all we have, except meat, which is not lawful, since it has life. His table will therefore be supplied with such things as are used in second courses, various vegetables and fruits and the like.”

The Râjâ arrived accompanied by his brother and son, blazing with gold and gems. Apollonius was not allowed to rise to receive him, but the newcomer approached the philosophers like a suppliant approaching an oracle. The Râjâ's brother and son were treated as though they were mere domestics. The son was a very handsome youth.

After the reception of the Râjâ he was bidden to take some refreshment. At which, exactly in the manner described by Homer, four tripods approached, as if they were alive, and offered wine, hot water and cold.

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Bread and fruits and vegetables came apparently of themselves in due order and prepared as though by the best cooks, and even better. Cup-bearers of black bronze advanced, mixed wine and water for the company in goblets made of the richest gems, and acted as though they were living servants. The guests sat down wherever convenient, and no special respect was shown to the Râjâ.

This Râjâ was somewhat of a pompous boor, acting without any sign of good manners. He treated Apollonius rudely, sneering at Phraotes as his friend in such a way that Iarchas was obliged to rebuke him, telling him that when he was a youth they made allowances for his extravagant manner, but now he should speak more modestly of philosophy and of Phraotes.

Apollonius by the interpreter asked him what advantage he derived from not studying philosophy?

"Only that of possessing every virtue and being one and the same with the sun!" was the conceited reply. Apollonius gently rebuked this vanity.

"Well, what do you think of yourself, you who are so good a philosopher?" asked the Râjâ.

"I think that I am only good whilst I apply myself to philosophy," said Apollonius.

"You are full of Phraotes!" exclaimed the Râjâ, sneeringly.

"Then I have not traveled in vain," said Apollonius, as if he could not have received a greater compliment. "And if you ever meet him, you will say he is full of me. He said he would give me a letter of introduction to you; but when he told me you are a good man, I declined to trouble him, when I recollected that no one had written to him in my favor."

The effect of this little trap crowned all the philosophers' studied courtesy and mildness of temper. The Râjâ, unexpectedly pleased, remarked in a low and quiet tone. "Welcome, excellent stranger!"

"Welcome to you also, O King," said Apollonius. "Now only can we say you have arrived!"

"Who brought you here?" asked the Râjâ.

"These Gods, or these sages," answered Apollonius.

"Do the Greeks say much of me?" asked the Râjâ again.

"As much as you say of them," replied Apollonius.

"I don't think there is any action of theirs worth speaking of," said the Indian, loftily.

"I will tell them so, and then they can honor you with a crown at the next Olympic games," said Apollonius.

Apollonius turned to Iarchas and said: "Let us leave this unwise man to his folly." They spoke of various things. Iarchas told Apollonius that the King's brother and son were treated so entirely without respect that

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they might learn not to neglect others, if they came to the throne. The number of the sages had no particular significance, as preference among them rested upon wisdom and virtue. The grandfather of Iarchas was elected a member of the college of the sages when they were eighty-seven in number, and he was the youngest of them. He outlived them all, being one hundred and thirty years old. Speaking of the election of the ten who preside at the Olympic games, Iarchas declared that the principle was not sound. First they were chosen by chance, and then, even if that chance should fall on suitable men, they were limited to ten, no more and no less — thereby either including some unsuitable men or omitting some who ought to be chosen. For this reason it would be better to consider virtue rather than number.

Meanwhile the Râjâ kept on trying to interrupt and asking what they were talking about. Apollonius declared that they were talking of matters very important to the Greeks, but not to him, since he despised the Greeks so much.

“That is true,” said the Râjâ. “But I wish to learn, because I think you are talking of those Greeks who were formerly the slaves of Xerxes.”

Apollonius gained an admission from him that slaves and only the lowest of them are runaways, not masters. Then he told how Xerxes had run away from the Greeks in a small boat. If he had fought and fallen he would have been highly honored by the Greeks, but as it was, his memory was despised. Apollonius gave a splendid account of the Greeks.

The King burst into tears on hearing of this wonderful nobility of character of the Greeks. He had met only the Egyptians who had come to India from time to time; and they never lost an opportunity of describing the Greeks as a low mean race, saying that all that was good among them came from the Egyptians. Henceforth he would be careful of the Egyptians, and would favor the Greeks and help them whenever opportunity offered.

The sages lay down on the couches the earth afforded, of grass and soft herbs. At midnight they rose and celebrated the solar ray with hymns, in the same position as they assumed at noon. Then they attended to the King's business, probably some affairs of state at which Damis was not present.

After the morning sacrifices the King gave way to a last indiscretion through going to the opposite extreme of the previous day's rudeness. He pressed Apollonius to visit his court that he might extend his hospitality to him, and send him away an object of envy to the other Greeks. Apollonius declined politely, saying he was pleased with his courtesy and thanked him for his kindness, but they were so different one from the other that he hesitated to form any kind of bond with the King; and

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besides his friends in Greece would be expecting his return. The King was so persistent in his invitation, however, that Iarchas intervened, saying that he treated their holy asylum with disrespect in seeking to withdraw a person from it in spite of himself.

“As he is conversant with the secrets of futurity, he knows any further intercourse with you will not benefit him and perhaps not you,” declared Iarchas. When the King heard this he returned to his village, as the rules of the sages did not permit him to remain more than one day with them.

DAMIS IS INITIATED

“THEN Iarchas desired a messenger to go and invite Damis to attend, a man esteemed every way fit to be initiated into the arcana of our mysteries; and let the messenger see that proper attention be paid to his friends who remain at the village.”

This is about all that Damis says of his own initiation, thereby showing that he had at least learned to maintain silence on private matters. But he tells some of the points of the Indian philosophy, brought out, as is their fashion, by question and answer. As soon as Damis had arrived and the sages had taken their seats as usual, they gave Apollonius permission to ask any question he pleased.

“Of what is the world made?” he asked.

“Of elements.”

“What!” said Apollonius, “of four elements?”

“Not four but five,” said Iarchas.

“What then is the fifth after earth, air, fire, and water?”

“Ether,” said the Indian, “from which the Gods are said to have their origin. For whatever things breathe air are mortal, but whatever breathe ether are immortal and divine.” *

“What element first existed?”

“They all existed together and were coeval; for an animal is not produced by parts,” replied Iarchas.

“What!” said Apollonius, “am I to consider the world as an animal?”

“Yes, if you consider it rightly, for it produces all living things.”

“Shall we then say it is of the female sex, or of both, female and male together?”

“Both,” said Iarchas, “for by an act of self-coalescence it performs the functions of both father and mother in the generation of animals, and is more ardently fond of itself than other animals are of each other, inasmuch as it unites to, and coalesces with itself, which coalescing self-

*“He who would be free from the law of action and reaction must look to the air, and after that to the ether for a home.”— *Book of Precepts*

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union implies no absurdity. And as it is the part of the animal to move itself by hands and feet, and as it possesses a mind capable of exciting it to action, in the same manner we are to suppose the parts of the world, with the assistance of the mind, capable of accommodating themselves to all its different productions. Even the calamities which arise from the sun's excessive heat are all under the influence of the directing soul of the world, and never take place except when justice is banished from among men. But this animal is directed not by one hand, but many, which are not to be expressed; and though from its magnitude it cannot be managed by means of a bridle, yet it is easily ruled and made obedient."

To illustrate the system Iarchas takes the figure of a ship, such as the one merchant-ship allowed to the Egyptians in the Indian Sea by King Erythras when he had command of these waters, a law still extant in the time of Iarchas.

To make the best of the prohibition, the Egyptians built a large ship equal to many ordinary ships, divided into many compartments. Several pilots were on board, all being under the control of a senior navigator of much experience. There were many subordinate officers and hands to work the sails. Part of the crew were armed against pirates.

"Now such is the world under the figure of a ship," said Iarchas. "The chief, and most conspicuous place, is to be assigned to God, the creator of the animal, and the next under him to the Deities who govern in its several parts.* And herein we give full assent to what the poets say, when they tell us that there are many gods in heaven, and in the sea, and in the springs, and rivers, and likewise in the earth and under the earth. But that place under the earth, if such a place exists, which is described as dreary and gloomy, let us separate from our idea of the world."

Damis was delighted beyond measure as he listened, and could hardly keep silent. He could not understand how an Indian, even if he had learned it, could speak Greek so fluently and correctly. He remarks upon the cheerful dignified air with which Iarchas uttered doctrines as though under a divine influence; and adds that Apollonius, who spoke with such mildness and modesty, acquired so much the manner of Iarchas, that whenever he spoke sitting (as was his usual custom), he greatly resembled that master of philosophy.

Damis notes that all the sages spoke in Greek, and not only Iarchas, while he was present.

The sages by no means confined themselves to religious ceremonies and philosophical discussions. As we have seen, they assisted the King in the affairs of his kingdom when he sought their advice, and now Damis

*Iarchas speaks of the creative god or gods as the highest capable of discussion, next the minor gods of nature.

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was witness of another of their activities on humanitarian lines. For, one after another, people in distress came to the philosophers and were helped by their superior knowledge of nature, men, and things, as they performed many actions which the more ignorant of all nations are accustomed to call miracles. Pre-eminently, it seems, their help was sought in nervous and psychic troubles, which the ordinary physicians were unable to deal with satisfactorily, exactly as is the case in Europe today.

But physical injuries were also healed, as that case of a valiant lion-hunter with a dislocated hip-bone. A touch from the hand of the sage healed him and he walked upright. A blind man was given his sight. A man with a withered hand was healed. Advice was given in many cases, including the curious suggestion, probably in great part symbolical, that to cure a hereditary desire for wine, in a family where all the children had died from tasting it, the father should search for the eggs of the owl and give them to his next child soft boiled; as a consequence of which he would loathe the fatal liquor which was so disastrous in its consequences to a family thus nervously constituted.

Damis was permitted to be present only at dialectical conferences. The more practical religious sciences and mysteries were reserved for Apollonius alone. These included astrology and divination, futurity and sacrifices, evocations and such things as please the gods. From this course of study Apollonius afterwards wrote four books on astrology, quoted by Meragenes. He also wrote a treatise on the proper conduct of the sacrifices in regard to the rites of each god.

The wise Damis is writing the life of Apollonius and not his own attainments. Therefore we may appreciate his remarks on astrology and divination, remembering that he had passed through some degree of initiation.

“For my part I think the science of astrology and the art of divination are above human capacity, and I am doubtful whether they are possessed by anyone,” says the Assyrian disciple. “His treatise on sacrifices I have met with in many temples, cities, and houses of the learned. But who can explain with becoming eloquence and truth a work composed by such a man.”

According to Damis, Iarchas gave Apollonius seven rings, each bearing the name of one of the seven stars, which he wore alternately according to the particular name of the day.* “To this time the Arabians continue to call Apollonius *Thelesmatiki*, on account of his knowledge of the *talismanic art*.”

(To be continued)

*The seven terrestrial metals are quoted as corresponding to the seven stars or planets whose signs are identical to this day. Gold — Sunday; Silver — Monday; Iron — Tuesday; Quick-silver — Wednesday; Tin — Thursday; Brass — Friday; Lead — Saturday.

THE VICTORY

KENNETH MORRIS

I

EVENING in the Pass of Bnah; sunset, that had been an anthem or an agony of color over the capital, waning now; though the far snow-peaks eastward still shone roseate and ambered in the anti-glow, and on the hillside above and to north of the pass, where the king stood, some mellowness of the dying splendor remained. Below, on the grim battle site, all was gloom and obscurity. The silver fifes of Arthrobaun — music sad or gay as the ear should hear it — cried through the dusk; and at their weird shrillness the grave plumed warriors came up the slope and gathered about their lord. This was to be called the day of all days in history; what had happened, it was to be supposed, was that the Gods had broken miraculously through the veil of things and made their might known, and made what we should call inevitability ridiculous; the empire, art, science, ancient wisdom — all human achievement — were saved; though to say that a few hours since they had been despaired of is to say the very least that can be said. There would be no realization of it yet: the king Pha Hedro and his warriors were battle-weary, and the marvel of the event too great to understand.

You are to think what narrow straits the world had traversed that day in the Pass of Bnah. History shows. Here was an empire, Arthrobaun, with quite universal dominion: the king's writ running from the Sea of Sunrise to the Waste Waters of the Sunset, and from the Desert of Ghosts northward to the very foothills of those Mountains of Calamity

*“where no man came,
Nor had come since the making of the world.”*

Some part of that great territory Pha Hedro himself had gathered in; none of his ancestors but had won something. They had been a line of strong conquerors and judicious rulers since the dawn of time, you may say; since the mythological ages; fifty generations of kings deriving from that Pha Arthro-with-the-Spear who, emerging from the mountain and from the God-world, went forth world-shaking and world-redeeming in the beginning. He was divine, and his forebears not human; and truly his descendants the Phas of Arthrobaun had had something of divinity in them, and were not to be reckoned with common men. Back to their immortal place of origin, the prophecy was, that royal line should return

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at last: their work and their cycle completed, the gates of the hills would open for them, and they would ride again in triumph to their shining kin; the last of his race to be a memory and perpetual inspiration in this world, and an undying sovereign in that.

So religion declared; but in these latter days religion itself had stood confounded before the terror of events. The White Infliction had come: invaders out of the eastern sea without ruth, truth, or human nobility; priest-led, and their priests grim sorcerers before whose cruel magic everything until today had gone down. No valor had availed, nor the strong walls of cities; it was not known that even a single one of the strangers had fallen in all the many battles that had been. So that morning, religion or no religion, prophecies or none, the king had ridden out with his clan, and no least doubt in his own or any other mind that he himself would be the last of his line and yet would die like a common mortal before evening. Nothing else was to be imagined, nothing better to be hoped; none that rode out to the Pass of Bnah were men to be taken captive. And meanwhile,— so it was well arranged,— the queen and her ladies in Cararthro would be seeing to it that no prize there should await the invaders. They were to worship the Gods with all ceremony during the morning, and then apply the torches and make of the burning capital their own funeral pyre.

But now, in the face of all possibility, the Gods had shown their power, and not one planned or expected thing had come to pass.

It was a very noble company that gathered now on the slope: the king's cousins, of the divine race of Arthro; all tall, well-made and blemishless; an ancient firm-chinned aristocracy, aquiline and clear-cut featured, men accustomed to rule. All, too, splendid with rainbow-colored plumes and jewels,— so bravely had they arrayed themselves in the morning for the sacrifice that, in the event, had not been and was not to be made. And a change and accession of dignity had come upon all of them that day. Since they had come forth upon a forlorn hope, to vindicate hereditary glories by dying: as men who had done with fate and the world, they had come forth singing and not without gaiety; now, as men to whom the might of the God-world was made known, they had put their gaiety by, and were silent. The doom they had looked for had given place to a prospect wherein was no shadow of apprehension nor any imaginable thing to fear; for that day not one but all the armies of the invaders had come against them, and now there was utter stillness in the gloom of the valley, where the noise of the invaders had been.

And as for themselves— here was the arch-incomprehensibility — it became clear as they gathered that they had not even a single loss to mourn. What winged chariots, what flaming coursers unseen, must have

THE VICTORY

ridden through the gray air on their side with them: what shafts and spears invincible, from immortal squadrons there drawn up or charging, must have flown! They formed their ranks now, and there was no gap anywhere; it was only the enemy had disappeared. As if no battle had been, no wound received; as if the last months had been a nightmare from which now they were dazedly awaking. And yet heaven knew they had fought. . .

They had fought; and, surely, as men never had fought before since the beginning of time. Not more bravely, they meant; in courage there is doubtless an absolute which men perhaps in every generation attain. But this fight had been wholly mysterious. . . . Well; one had to consider the magic of those sorcerer-priests: a very great deal to consider indeed. For in no mind or memory of all those warriors would *ends meet*. They remembered things that simply had not happened. Obviously not; — were they not all there in the dusk on the hillside; all there, and all scatheless? But what hideous power had been with those dead sorcerers (dead of course, the Gods be thanked!) to produce such illusions! For even now one could not rid one's mind of the impression —

Of the hopeless beginning of the battle, and the physical nausea produced by the first sight of the white men — hideous, long-toothed, pig-eyed, little-headed mighty masses of brawn and disgusting ignobility; — of the five hundred there were of themselves in the midst of the narrow pass, and in front a great tide of this human (if so to be called) beastliness swinging up against them, and overflowing and pouring down on them from above on either side; and shifting and changing deliriously; and withdrawn again and again while the white storm of their arrows drove in among the proud plumes and jewels; — and of the gay death-hymn the Arthroanion went into battle singing — the haughty war-song of Arthro-with-the-Spear — growing fainter and fainter with the silencing of voice after voice; — and of seeing the men one loved (who yet now were standing unharmed on the evening hillside beside one) pierced and falling; — and of a sharp shock and sudden bitter keenness sometime during the furious day, and a momentary drifting of all things into indistinct confusion, — whereafter straight came the knowledge that in some miraculous manner the victory was won. And there were a few great lords who, they thought, would carry with them until death or beyond it memory of the agony of a certain moment — strange that what was looked for and well foreknown should be, when it came, an agony! — but they had hoped, and this was all they had hoped, not to survive their king. . . .

Well, but the victory was won. God! how mighty the Gods were!

Who, too, had caused the torches in Cararthro to be withheld; they knew that. News of the victory, somehow, had been taken to the city; and news of the city's well-being had returned. There was no concern

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about that. But they were spent with battle a good deal, and would not march the three leagues back that night. Food . . . had been brought in somehow; what they needed of it; — their need was more for rest. But not there in the open, lest there should be straggling bands or even only single fugitives of the white men prowling, capable of a murder or two of the sleepers unless many sentinels were set. Above, some hundred yards up the hillside, was the great Cave of Bnah; where with one at watch in the entry, they might sleep secure. They had, of course, no plan made in advance; the dead need none. But this now seemed best to Pha Hedro.

How the white roses on the slope — the wild white roses,— and how the moon-blooms of the magnolias shone! There was peace. . . . What perfume was loosed on the sweetness of the mountain-night air. . . there was peace, and there never would be anything but peace! And now, from beyond the valley, and peopling it with melody, with heart-beats and throbbings, with trills of harpstrings and gushes of laughter, a bird broke into song. The world was indeed saved, and the dear beauty of the world perishless. Ah, how mighty were the Gods!

At the mouth of the cave a sudden thought struck Pha Hedro, and he smiled — for the first time, surely, since the trouble began. —“You see,” he said, the prophecy is fulfilled.” —“The prophecy, Sire?” —“Here is the last of the House of Arthro returning into the mountain,” said he.

The word was passed back, and what with the reaction from all they had been through and the realization of peace that the bird-song and the bloom-breath brought them, they all laughed very heartily at the king’s joke.

II

Now I am to tell you of the end of Pha Hedro’s reign, and of the coming of a new king.

The Hall of Council in Cararthro shone like some very stately crown high over the city. A great rock, quite precipitous, rose some four hundred feet above the level of the streets and squares; on the summit was this hall, four-square, with its lofty delicate pillars, its opal dome, its four gigantic carved lions at the corners: a sacred place for the Arthroanion, and as it were the inmost high altar of the empire. One broad flight of steps carved and built out on the northern side of the hill, and flanked with great marble gryphons and wyverns and sphinxes, was the one means of approach. It was a place only entered by the king and his council. No guard kept the stairway; and for that matter the rock itself was not beyond the power of man to climb: an athlete, for a wager, might have done it at more places than one. None did, nor ever had done. Of old, fear of the law and its efficient ministrants no doubt had been the deter-

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rent; but now, in this golden age that dawned on the Day of the Great Victory — the Battle of the Pass of Bnah — no law was needed beyond men's natural good will to keep them joyously to their own duties and business. In the Hall of Council only the king and his Five Hundred had business; so none else came there, nor desired to come.

That guardless inviolability was characteristic of the age. Compulsion and all its symbols had vanished. Since the Great Day they had grown into desuetude; for many centuries now they had been unknown altogether. The impulses towards disordered doing had gone; men were quite unlike what they had been. Philosophers thought those White Invaders that had so nearly wrecked the world had been but the manifestation and phenomenal embodiment of the evil in man; and one was forced to think there was much in the idea. They had not seemed human; had inspired unnatural terror and disgust; then the magic interwoven with every circumstance connected with them — their own unclean sorceries, and the white miracle of their destruction — was well known. Beyond all, there was the change that had come on human nature since. Passion had died extinct; peace had come in; now disease and fear were forgotten; death itself —

Well; this is not to say that men were immortal, exactly. But one wondered how it was that of old one had counted seventy years a longish lifetime, and feared the end of it, and mourned the dead. Death now was so rare; few accepted it before ten or fifteen centuries of bliss had been their portion. And then always after becoming possessed by a strange restlessness and impatience of serene things: a kind of new boyhood, in which the spirit heard a far call and incitements to stirring action. To die was called, to take the Gallant Road, or the Path of Splendid Adventure. Men went forth and were no more seen; they left no ruined casket behind to be given to the earth or fire. There was little speculation as to after-death states, but the whole matter was understood to be something brave and gay; the dead to be held in honor, and death to be taken joyously when the call came.

For example, when Pha Ferbaun, the king's son, died, Pha Hedro wore it as a new dignity, and glowed thenceforth with an increment of spiritual uplift akin to pride. It was characteristic of the age. Men felt like that about their dead. None knew why; it was simply the natural reaction.

Pha Hedro by the grace of the Gods still reigned in Arthrobaun; and since Pha Ferbaun was gone, and there was none else of the royal line to succeed him, it was to be hoped, and indeed thought, that he would ever continue to reign. For he was a man — you could not think or speak of him unmoved. Life, a grand poetry, chimed from golden season to season;

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and he, for all mankind, stood at the center and heart of life, the whole graciousness of existence seeming to flow from him. Pha Arthro-with-the-Spear, Pha Hedro-with-the-Wand-of-Peace — Pha Hedro of Bnah, the God-loved, the Victor: these two, the Beginning and the End, were the heroes the Arthroanion loved: the Opener of the Age of Iron, and the Opener of the Age of Gold. . . .

By whose virtue, men said, the purple anemone bloomed on the hill-side; the daffodil's grace in the dale; the tulip and the narcissus under the olive-trees. And in the pine-woods on the mountain, by the sun-steeped crags up-jutting, wandered often visible, night-dark tressed and gold-fire bodied, the Princes of Ether, the Gods of the Sun. The shepherds of the uplands saw them in the cool dew-glistening mornings; the huntsman held converse with them in the dreaming noon; the plowman in the fields sang for a worshipful Companionship that went with him the length of his furrows. Presences strange and beautiful glimmered at any time through the veil of things. In the city Cararthro — that white rose of alabaster petals, that pillared crystal and wonder of time — there was none so ungifted with vision but often, looking afar, on the blue horizons of afternoon, or trailing among the intense stars at midnight, might see the marvel of marvels, the vision the wise desire: might see the glint and silvern fire of the Dragon's wings. It was wonderful to think of the days of old, before Bnah and the Golden Victory, when we only *believed in* the Gods.

And all this beatitude, men knew, was in some sort dependent on what went forward in the Hall of Council,— twice daily, at sunrise and at sunset, when the king and the Five Hundred met there; these last being of course his fellow-heroes of Bnah.

What did go forward was, quite simply, the chanting of poems; nothing more mysterious than that. The hall, within, was a vast place open to the winds; a floor of many-colored polished porphyry; a roof of jade and onyx quaintly carved and chased resting on slender pillars, upwards of a thousand of them, that radiated out from the central space beneath the dome. In that circular central space they used to gather; the king's throne was on the north — so he sat with his back to the great stairway and the entrance; five hundred low seats of ivory, like broad benches, arranged in a single circle, were for his companions. Thus every approach was well in view whilst they were there, and none could have entered the hall at any point and come within hearing unnoticed.

It was there that affairs of state had been discussed in the old times; but since the Day of Bnah all that was done with. There were no affairs of state now; and this of poem-chanting, it was known, was a better method of government than any discussion could be. There was no

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secret about it; but all the Arthroanion were concerned to keep it aloof and private, knowing that that harmony, in that unbroken atmosphere, was the real maintenance of the harmony of all their lives. They too, as far as was possible, kept an attitude of alert silence, as listening, during those daily hours; which indeed many throughout the empire would themselves give to poetry, and purge their own being and unite themselves with the Council by chanting the poems that were being chanted in the hall. Especially on the anniversaries of the Great Day; then, the custom was almost universal.

So on golden wings the untroubled cycles flew and fled: there never would be change in this golden beautiful world. . . . Dropping from the sunbright wings of Time, down-soft, radiant centuries fell. And then — an anniversary came when the momentous happened, and change came. . . .

It was evening, and the council was in session; the richness of the setting sun mellow on the white pillars and glorious on the opulent tints of the floor. The poem they were chanting was, of course, the Song of the Battle of Bnah. I shall not attempt to transcribe it: the grand vowels of the Arthroaeg and its rolling gutturals and liquids are not to be reproduced in English, and without them the magic is gone. All the battle is there told: the minor key and despair at the opening; the solemnity of the dedication of heroic lives changing through moments of keen pain, acute tragedy, into the grandeur of the sound of invisible chariots, into the sweep of dragon wings, the onslaught of august victorious God-squadrons; — into the serenity of an evening beyond all evenings, the outpouring of a bird's song prophetic of peace that might only slowly grow to be understood.

They had come to the acme of the tragic part, where the poem tells how the last-left elders saw the arrow strike and cried *The King is down!* — when, quite suddenly, they saw that on Pha Hedro's face which arrested them. It was a light of wonderment, a glow of strange pride, a fixed gaze upon a point just beyond the circle, and immediately opposite to himself. Thither all eyes followed his; to see standing there a stranger. Tall, noble-seeming, haggard, well on in years; the garb scanty and tattered, and of a fashion quite unknown; the face drawn as in pain; the eyes glazed somewhat, and without speculation. The very ghost of a man; and yet obviously real, of flesh and blood like themselves — though at first they were not sure of that. And, obviously, familiar; and yet, not to be recognised . . . at once; — though one could be positive that the king recognised him.

He was speaking, and in the Arthroaeg — but with a difference; as of some dialect from the far provinces hard to catch at first — but from what province? But there was something in the whole apparition that com-

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pelled silence, even mental: a surprise and apprehension not to be explained by the mere presence of a stranger. They began to make out what he was saying in that somniloquistic voice of his: —

“It was the Song of Bnah; my poem, that I made for my broken people. I heard it in the midst of . . . that” — this word long delayed, and spoken curiously, with horror, with pitying contempt — “and came. . . . And came. For I know that that poem cannot be killed. They have it by heart; they sing it in secret, in the mountains. Their rising may be crushed this time; but the song will keep the people from sleep. White men, you may kill me; ah, what if I am already. . . .”

Pha Hedro's tears were falling, though a glow of immense joy was on his face. It chanced that some two or three saw it, and looked from the king to the stranger, and back . . . and then they saw through the puzzling familiar unfamiliarity of those haggard features, and a whisper went round, “Pha Ferbaun, the king's son!”

As if it had reached him, the stranger lifted his head, advanced a little, into the circle, some faintest quickening perhaps fleeting over his eyes. “Ferbaun,” said he; and then, doubtfully, “Frebahn . . . Phaw Frebahn. . . .” He seemed to meditate over the name, uttering it many times with that strange dialectic pronunciation, or sometimes, brightening, in the right Arthroaeg of the court and capital. Then, shuddering, and lapsing into the glazed look: “Yes, I am Frebahn the slave, the son of Hadro the slave; Frebahn the Arthro, whose forebears were kings! Three thousand years since; but the spirit of the kings is alive again and my people are awaking. They have heard the Song of Bnah that I made for them, and the years of your tyranny are numbered!”

The ripples from that moving a certain confusion in the minds of the Five Hundred. —“Hush!” whispered the king; “let my son awake slowly. . . .”

He moved forward sleep-walking and stood with bowed head as if listening intently, under the center of the dome; they, standing all around, but leaving some little space clear about him, silent, and their thought poised in suspense, and not yet falling to a conclusion. Then he slowly raised his head, and his eyes were caught by the king's, and all the glazing and the far look and shadow went from them, and light of recognition came; and he lifted his arms in invocation, and with face beatified cried:

“Thou appearest to me in dying! Thou Slain in the Pass of Bnah, and reigning now among the Immortals; Father of the fathers of my fathers, grant the slave who sang that he may die and make no sign, that my death may seal the redemption of my people!”

The king had his arms about his son's neck. “Ferbaun,” said he;

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“Ferbaun, my dear son!” Then he turned to his companions the Men of Bnah. —“Yes,” said he; “that is what it means!” The laughter in his eyes communicated itself to them; and while Pha Ferbaun was waking from his ‘terrible dream’ they were fain to laugh a little to themselves; it was so strange to think that they were . . . what once they would have called the Dead; that they had been — as the saying was — *slain* . . . that Great Day . . . in the Pass of Bnah. . . . The whole meaning of it was not yet to be recognised, even by the king. But something glowed in his and their consciousness that had not been there before: a strange restlessness and impatience of serene things: as it were a new boyhood, and a far call audible in the spirit, with incitement to stirring action. . . .

THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the June issue)



HE afternoon was closing in and Mary still sat dreaming on the divan, while Jessie was making tea, when there came a knock at the outer door. Jessie looked up for orders, and her mistress said: “See who it is.” The girl went to the side-window and laughed as she reported:

“Why it’s Mr. Gonzales with his fiddle. May I let him in? Perhaps he’ll play. He likes to play for you Miss, and I like to listen.”

Mary smiled tolerantly and answered: “Oh yes! Let him in; and we will have tea.”

The violinist came in smiling a little nervously as if not quite sure of his welcome. But the goddess beamed upon him and he was very grateful. Soon he was at his ease again, and noticed the white rose as if it were a friend. Looking at it with evident affection he said: “I always associate white roses with you, Miss Sinclair, because of an old legend that I set to music, and which seems to belong to you. There was a princess in it, and she was very beautiful.”

Mary laughed demurely and asked: “Was she like me? I should like to hear that legend.”

“Yes!” answered the violinist earnestly. “She was very beautiful”; and somehow Mary could not laugh. He was so like a child. He went on dreamily:

“There was a minstrel in the story, and he — he was I. I mean that I was he; and I sang to her a story of the white rose of the west, a magic flower, that only can be worn by those who are pure in heart. . . .”

He paused as if afraid to go too far; and Mary thought to turn the current

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of his emotion on to music by asking him if he would play for her some part of what he had written for the legend.

He became even more serious as he slowly opened his violin-case and said: "I have never played that song to any one yet. But you are different . . . and the white rose is here."

Mary looked at the flower, and thought she could detect a fragrance more ethereal than before evoked by the mystic passion of the young musician, whose whole attention now was centered on his violin. She watched his preparations with a new interest. He seemed to be awaking some sleeping creature rather than to be tuning an instrument. And when he drew his bow across the strings the tone was amplified by her imagination, or by his magic, so that it seemed to be supported by an invisible orchestra that responded to the call of the solitary violin. Gradually a melody emerged, as a memory from a dream, and held her spellbound.

She was facing the cheval-glass, but saw no picture there; only her memory grew vividly alert, as if the nerves in her body were strings in a harp that vibrated in answer to the violin. She heard a singer singing in the twilight, and could not see his face; but the song had a background, as it were, of murmuring trees and the subdued whisper of a great forest near at hand. She could not hear the words, but knew that she was listening to a song of parting, with a promise in the refrain that seemed to come from far away, from some old home among the mountains, a fairyland where she had gathered roses long ago. And then the setting changed, but still the melody came floating through a cloud of memories that melted one into another, as if they all were variations on one theme, one deep unquenchable desire for self-expression, baffled eternally by all the trivial accidents of life, yet linking them into a chain of purpose defying time and circumstance, causing old memories to blossom like new flowers of hope, confusing past and future in the glamor of the undying Now.

The yearning of the melody found echo in her heart, and woke a keen desire strangely unlike the throbbing passion in the player's soul; a yearning towards some unknown goal, tinged with a craving for companionship upon the lonely journey, a longing for the sight of some familiar face, or for that rare flash of recognition that reveals a fellow-traveler upon the road that seems so lonely, the long, long, journey of the soul towards perfection.

The personality of the player dropped from her mind and there remained a soul, a mystery, that revealed itself in song and yet remained unknown, unknowable perhaps to any finite mind: for that which knows the mystery of being must be itself impersonal.

The heart that throbbed so passionately was like a singer standing outside the gate of paradise, seeking admission to a state of bliss where passion is unknown, yet by the magic of his art transmuting all his yearning into song; even as the lotus rooted in the mud raising its head above the water offers its blossom to the sun, uttering its beauty as a tribute to the Lord of Light. So the song rose upon the wings of love and breathed its fragrance

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in the enchanted palace of the listener's soul, and then was silent, while the perfume of the flower lingered as a haunting memory; and the player marveled at the peace that fell upon his passionate heart.

Then there was silence in the studio; and the girl, Jessie, in the anteroom was weeping copiously, instead of making tea as she was told to do. Music transformed the world for her, and raised her to such heights of ecstasy that she was useless as a servant. So Mary had to call the ecstatic back to earth; and in due course the tea and cake arrived, and the magician deigned to drink a few cups of very strong tea, the stimulating effect of which was balanced by large slices of rich cake alternating with buttered tea-cakes, calculated to act as earthly ballast to a soaring soul.

Jessie was most attentive in her ministration to the wants of the musician, whom she worshiped from afar, and who hardly was aware of her existence. Her mistress saw this sentimental adoration and understood the tribute paid to genius by an elemental soul unspoiled by false education and self-consciousness. Indeed, she rather envied the unsophisticated worship lavished on the humble personality of the young musician. She felt ungrateful in that her highest tribute to the player, if plainly spoken, would have been a confession that his music enabled her to forget him altogether, and to soar to a region of impersonal bliss.

The miniature-painter in the adjoining studio heard the music, and recognised the player, whom she regarded as quite harmless, and so did not consider herself called upon to make one of her impromptu visits in the interests of propriety. The violinist was grateful to her for this forbearance, and went away wearing a white rose in his button-hole, and a glamor in his heart that made the muddy pavement of the street seem sparkling with fairy gold that might be his for the picking up if he were sordid enough to care for such base metal while a woman's smile still lingered in his heart.

But Mary felt remorse that she could do so little to make life easier for the struggling artist, and registered a vow to make some one or other of her friends take lessons from the little Spaniard.

While he was playing, there were moments when she passed into a mystical condition that resolved itself into a scheme of colored light shot through with threads of purpose, that she could not grasp. And then the song of parting throbbed through the twilight of her dream and melted again into the melody that Gonzalez played, as she sat there in her studio, wondering why the music seemed so far away, and who it was that played so passionately. The player stood indeed outside the gates of paradise, but his music entered where he could not tread; and from within there thrilled a little gleam of joy that seemed an echo of the bliss for which he yearned so hopelessly.

And Mary wondered what old bond of fellowship there was that bound the little violinist to her, so that she counted as surely on his devotion as one does on the affection of a dog. It was hers by some inexplicable right which she would not have stopped to question if it were not that she had found herself forced in self-defense to protest mentally against the assertion of such

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a right against herself. She was unwilling to admit the claim of a forgotten past to dominate her present life: and yet she could not get free from a suspicion that the present might be no more than the repetition of a drama endlessly renewed by fate. Yet she was not a fatalist. Her own life was too vigorous. It seemed to come bubbling up fresh from the sources of original existence, untainted with the poison of decay, making a channel for itself unhampered by associations.

Then the web of destiny seemed to close in upon her; and the eternal problem of free will rose up, as the desire for life rebelled against the obstacles that it evoked, and the soul chafed at the invisible chain, forged in past lives that once were present. Reason might argue that conditioned existence, such as human beings may endure, cannot be free: but against reason life itself protested, urging its own spontaneous will to live as proof of freedom, and pointing to the visible universe as proof of the reality of life.

Yet what a dream is life! How can we measure its reality? Is it not after all, as some philosophers maintain, as real as are the changing patterns shown by a kaleidoscope? What place is there in such a whirligig for will or purpose? The past cannot be altered, and the future is unknown until the ephemeral present sets the seal of permanency on it, making it thus a fact accomplished and unchangeable; at one stroke converting the formless future into the changeless past.

And yet for all its permanence the past is as unfathomable as the future: only the present is intelligible. And what is the measure of its reality? How long does it last? It does not last. That which was future will be past as soon as born. And yet the present moment never dies, nor is it born. It has no existence, no endurance; yet it is real. The interminable future is unreal, and the immeasurable past is but a memory: the present is the one reality; and it has no duration. It is eternally non-existent.

Such is life, for those who are the slaves of time. Time is the great magician, the deluder; and his magic mirror is the screen on which we contemplate the moving picture of our material universe.

Like everyone who sees the unreality of things, and who yet feels that beneath the great illusion there must be reality, Mary refused to accept as final the limitation laid on thought by those who accept appearances as ultimate realities, or by those others who wrongfully and cynically hold that, as all is illusion, all is permissible, morality being as illusive as the rest. Her intuition told her that there is a fitness of things, which is the basis of all law and the foundation of all ethics: and in all her personal difficulties and perplexities she tried to feel this deeper law of the fitness of things, which, she felt sure, must find its natural expression in right conduct on every plane of this complex universe. This was her measure of individual independence; and she looked with wonder at the vagaries of 'new women,' whose ideas of freedom and emancipation made them ridiculous, or led them into vice and vulgarity.

Naturally her friends were few, although she had a large circle of ac-

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quaintances, most of whom judged her by their own standards and thought her affected. There was one exception, but that one was generally considered mad by those who were charitable enough to spare her a severer judgment. She certainly was eccentric. Mary thought a great deal of her, valued her opinion, and consulted her on many subjects, thinking her a good judge of any kind of artistic work, old furniture, jewelry, dress, and men in general; but with regard to her own sex Mary would not accept her scathing criticisms as anything but sarcasm.

In the course of a single visit her conversation would range over the whole field of feminine experience, and her opinions were always clear, her anecdotes illuminating, and her cynicism intensely humorous. Beneath it all Mary could never lose sight of a great generous heart that tempered the keenness of her mind with pity, and made her most caustic criticism harmless. There was no malice in her nature. Emily Macmillan was herself an artist, so far at least as living in a studio made her one; and so far as dabbling in all the arts went. Talent she had in various directions and natural ability to 'do things.'

In one way she was unlike the majority of artists: she had inherited an income which was sufficient for all reasonable needs; but Miss Macmillan was not reasonable and her income was lamentably insufficient for her wants, which she called needs. She had been born in India, and had stayed there too long, acquiring an exaggerated idea of her importance and of the attention that was to be expected from servants. From a kind of princely luxury in India to a lodging in London with a 'general-servant' was too great a change for one of her autocratic temperament. But her bohemianism was equal to her arrogance and no one made such fun of her pretensions as she did herself.

She had been present at the 'at-home' at Mary's studio, and as she was in the neighborhood one day at tea-time, decided to call and unbosom herself of a weight of grievances accumulated to the charge of her latest 'general.' The one before the last ended badly, carrying off some of her employer's linen and jewelry, and leaving the kitchen in a disgraceful condition; and the present one seemed no better.

Mary had just been wondering what Emily would have to say about Ronald Erskine, and greeted her with more than usual pleasure as a possible light-bringer. But her visitor began at once lamenting the state of her own nerves and the degeneracy of modern institutions, which made it impossible to punish servants except by a dismissal more inconvenient to the mistress than to the offender, who was only to be called a servant by a wild stretch of language.

Mary was glad that her own girl, Jessie, was out on one of her endless errands; and she resigned herself to listening to the really amusing tale of delinquency and impertinence that Miss Macmillan poured forth, and which revealed the usual peculiarity of this good lady's bitterness, which was a keen appreciation of the humor of the situation; for all the scandalous irregularities of the 'general,' who was not a servant, but a tyrant, were

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excused and attributed to natural perversion and the emancipation of the lower classes: so that in the end it was hard to know what the grievance was; while it was easy to see how such a mistress would inevitably demoralize a servant by her own open defiance of all customs and conventional propriety, as well as by her openhanded extravagance and carelessness in money matters.

Suddenly her story came to an end with a question as to the origin of the magic mirror, which had caught her eye as soon as she came into the room and which had been occupying some part of her attention all the time. Her eye was as keen as a hawk's for anything in the way of bric-a-brac and nothing in a room escaped the first sweep of her glance as she entered. All the time, as she talked, she had been trying to remember where she had seen such a thing, and fancied it was in a shop-window in Wardour Street some time ago: her memory was like her mind — comprehensive but erratic.

Mary made no secret of having bought it from Abdurrahman.

Emily exclaimed: "Oh! that old rascal! I suppose you let him rob you. My dear, you are too good-natured. I know where he got it. I could have had it myself for a couple of pounds, but I was 'broke' at the time. You have no idea how those wretched tradesmen swindle me! They keep me all the time without a penny. I have to waste my income just paying bills. I wish I had a home like you. You are fortunate. Stay as you are! Don't let your aunt marry you off to some nincompoop, who will bore you to death with his egotism and make you a mere housekeeper. A man is only interesting as long as you keep him in his place: once you let him think he is master, he becomes unbearable. In that they're all alike.

"Of course your aunt means well in wishing you to marry Ronald Erskine, but she is not a judge of character, and that man would tyrannize over a wife however diffident he may appear: besides he has lived too long in India; he has a liver — they all have; it's the climate. My father was like that. They all get it. Never marry an Anglo-Indian. Has he tried to hypnotize you? He will. I could see it in his manner. Women are such fools. They run after a man like that because he plays indifference. I know you are not going to be fooled: but he's a hypnotist. Of course all that sort of thing is a lot of superstitious nonsense. Why, I can do it myself! I often make people in the street turn round to look at me: it's quite easy. Why, when I was in court the other day about that case of mine, I made the magistrate, who was quite rude to my lawyer, smile quite amiably and listen to me for an hour while I explained the case. My lawyer was making a mess of it and I took it in hand and got it settled in one morning. I had a new hat for the occasion, and I talked about the kind of dinner that one has a right to expect and got the magistrate interested. I saw he was fond of good cooking."

"But," gasped Mary, "what had that to do with the rent?"

"Everything," answered the litigious lady. "I told him that the kitchen was so badly fitted that it was not possible to cook a dinner in it. I just gave him an idea of the kind of dinner that could be produced with such a cooking-stove and he decided that I was right to refuse the rent. Of course the hat

helped. Men are no use in court: my lawyer told me I had no case; but I got the judgment. I simply put it to the magistrate as a man, if he thought a lady could possibly invite a guest to dine with her with such a kitchen, and then I looked at him, and he agreed with me. There was no hypnotism about it. There is no such thing. Hypnotists are all humbugs. I hate humbug.

“I think Ronald Erskine is a bit of a prig; he’s rather nice otherwise, but he tries to be a hypnotist and would want to use you as a subject. I went to a séance last week. It was funny. I know how most of the tricks are done.

“There was a woman who did the thought-reading, and I made her say just what I wanted. She got all mixed up, and never knew that I was making her say things. She was no good. It’s rather fun. People are so easy to fool. I think they prefer to be fooled. It is so easy that it would be tedious to do it all the time, I should think. But what I don’t understand is how anyone can take it seriously. Still, I would not like to see you married to a man of that kind. You are too easy-going; he would make you miserable.”

Mary laughed uncomfortably as she asked: “Whom are you talking about? What put it into your head that I would think of marrying him? He is rather nice as you say, in some ways: but I love my liberty; besides, an artist never ought to marry. That is why there are so many bad painters. I wonder why domestic life should disagree with art! It does: unless it is the other way about. It seems to me that our ideas of life are all wrong, somehow, and no one can see the remedy. Seeing the wrong is not the same as knowing what would be right.”

(To be continued)