THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

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"THE philosophy that teaches selflessness contains the balm for the pain and suffering of today. False ideas, false ambitions, inharmonious methods of living, selfishness, and an unbrotherly spirit, are accountable for the unhappiness and dissatisfaction. . . .

"Humanity has long wandered through the dark valley of bitter experience; but the mountain-heights are again seen, suffused with the glow of dawn and the promise of a new Golden Age, and a pathway is once more shown to that realm where the gods still abide."

— KATHERINE TINGLEY

ON HUMAN RELATIVITY

R. MACHELL

IT has been not at all uncommon of late years to hear relativity alluded to as a discovery of Einstein's; and it has served to provoke some rather startling displays of that kind of ignorance which comes from lack of observation and lack of independent thought — from the inertia of mind, perhaps.

It is so obvious that all things are related to one another in a variety of ways, as for instance as being large or small, near or far off, light or heavy, valuable or worthless, and so on to infinity, that one might say that relativity is inseparable from the manifested universe. The only really valid excuse for not having observed the fact of relativity might be said to be that it is so universal as to be taken for granted rather than to be noticed or discussed.

As to what Einstein's particular variety of the theory of relativity may in reality amount to, I am not in a position to discuss; nor do I presume to minimize the importance of a discovery that I do not understand. But it is interesting to consider the significance of any of those obvious facts of life that may have generally escaped attention from their very universality, and which are being rediscovered all the time.

One of the greatest powers in the natural world is the force of inertia; yet it is frequently entirely unrecognised by people of average intelligence. Another fact most generally ignored is the amazing quantity of knowable facts with which we are personally unacquainted. Our

ignorance is so vast in relation to the knowledge possible to man, as to be really appalling, if we attempt to estimate it properly. Yet we admire people who have the courage of their opinions. Personally, I rather respect the old professor who said that he was too old to have any opinions. But then opinions, like old age, are difficult to escape: perhaps the best that we can hope for is to avoid mistaking them for truth, being, as they are, inevitably relative. Of course you may say that truth itself is relative, which I would not deny; but a certain laxity of expression is almost inevitable in general discussion: so we may leave Truth absolute aside as inexpressible in words.

The relativity of man the knower to the knowable universe is surely too obvious to need demonstration; and yet it is deliberately ignored by those who fear to face the facts of life, or fear to shoulder the responsibility of thinking for themselves. This shirking of a natural and moral responsibility is usually 'counted unto them for righteousness' by their own judgment, although to others it may look like moral cowardice. Humility is reckoned as a virtue; but too often it is contemptible, being no better than hypocrisy.

The arrogance of fanatics is often masked by deep humility. A fanatic is one who is obsessed by an opinion not his own, not even by adoption, which is an act requiring will and selective thought. *Obsession* is the word; for an opinion can become a kind of entity in the world where thoughts are things, and where a thought can find a lodging, with food and clothing gratis, offered to it by a mind too humble to have any children of its own. Such an opinion taking possession of an empty mind brings with it others like itself, a tribe of formulated thoughts, accepted without question by the one who is too 'humble' to be master in his own house. May the Good Law protect us from humility of this kind!

A man may soon become a fanatic under the obsession of a formulated thought. But a man who thinks for himself, knows well that truth has as many aspects as there are minds to contemplate the mystery. He sees that all these aspects of truth are relative, and he will wisely refrain from foisting such opinions upon less thoughtful people as truths. It stands to reason that all opinions are personal and so must be relative. Those enlightened ones who can intuitively perceive truth know well that any formulated expression of such intuitive perception can be no better than a record of a personal impression, and must be colored and qualified by the mind that turns it into formulated thought and utters it in words.

Those who have done but little thinking for themselves are general-

ly inclined to take their own sense-impressions as true. To them, 'seeing is believing'; and it would be well if their credulity went no farther; but it is unfortunately only too common to find that the majority are ready to believe all that they hear. Now as all statements are versions of fact; so too all hearing of statements implies a new understanding or an interpretation of the fact into terms intelligible to another mind; and consequently the result is still farther from the original fact.

Truth must be reached by an effort of will to arouse the intuition, that alone can interpret it. And for this reason all true Teachers speak in allegories, or use some other means to stimulate the intuition of the disciple, to awaken in him the love of Truth, and the desire to reach the light.

Truth may be absolute, but the perception of Truth is surely relative: and when we speak of 'Truth,' do what we will, we are but speaking of opinions about the nature of Truth: for thinking is a mental process that separates the thinker from the thing thought of; while intuition passes the barrier of thought and bring the soul into the presence of Truth itself.

But when the Soul would utter that which it has thus experienced, it is compelled to invoke the assistance of the thinking mind to give a body of thought to that which was a living perception of reality — an idea.

The mind then makes a symbol of the idea and that symbol is a thought, a formulated idea, a version of the truth, that of necessity can be no better than a memory, or an interpretation of the unutterable.

The entire universe itself is but a partial expression of Truth; and what can a man express except a version of his own experience, an opinion, relatively accurate or otherwise? So that while Truth absolute is inconceivable to the mind of man, his highest conception of Truth must still be relative. So he may say that Truth is relative, and another may say truthfully, 'Not so: Truth is Absolute.'

To declare that a man must find Truth for himself might seem equivalent to crediting him with power to judge and to decide the problems that have baffled minds of the highest order in past ages. But this is not so. A man may have but a moderate intellect and yet may come to know Truth, if by the word 'man' we mean what is meant by the term in the mind of a Theosophist: for to him Man is a manifestation of Universal Mind, and so is not separate from that universe which must be to him the most perfect manifestation of Truth.

Man the person, the imbodied man, is not Man according to the Theosophical teachings; the body, indeed, is sometimes disregarded as an appearance merely; and the personality with its narrow egoism is

said to be but the instrument of the real Man, the spiritual Man, the Self. This higher Self again is spoken of as a radiation from the Supreme Self of All. So that there is in man a graduated scale of consciousness that corresponds with and reflects the graduated manifestation of the Supreme and Universal Self, which we may call the Universe.

Man thus related to all planes of consciousness has infinite possibilities, though but a very small part of those possibilities may have been yet realized.

The history of Man is not separate from the history of the Universe, and the story of the Universe is told in the history of evolution, that Nature and the gods are writing all the time. So a man's intellect may be immature and badly educated, yet the man has within the possibilities of a god; and he may have flashes of inspiration that his defective mind may be incapable of understanding or expressing. And, on the other hand, a brilliant mind may be entirely unresponsive to the more subtil influence of spiritual ideas. And what do we mean by 'spiritual ideas'? And, it may be asked, if the entire universe is a great manifestation of spiritual energies, how can we discriminate, and say such an idea is mental and such another idea is spiritual?

The Sun is our chief source of light, and the moon is supposed to shine by reflecting the sun's rays. But moonlight differs from sunlight in many ways and carries different influences with it.

There are direct radiations from a source of light, and there are reflected rays, whose properties will vary with the nature, shape, and quality of the reflector: as for instance a flat reflector will scatter the light while a curved one may be made to focus the rays at a given distance, thus changing the action of the light.

All visible objects are made visibly distinguishable to our sight by their ability to reflect certain colored rays and to absorb or neutralize the visible effect of others. The original source of light was the same in all cases, but the visible result was very different. Direct sunlight is one thing, refracted light is another. There is, moreover, what is called artificial light, with properties that distinguish it from sunlight. Yet all these are light.

So all ideas are spiritual in origin and essence, though some may come to us reflected and refracted and distorted by their contact with, or passage through, material conditions, from which they issue with new properties and qualities derived from matter.

Man, being of such complex nature, may rise to a purely spiritual state by aspiration, intuitively perceiving the truth of great ideas beyond

his intellectual comprehension, and, on the other hand, he may live like a brute, with no higher aspiration than the gratification of his passional instincts, or morbid mental desires. He may live by the light of reason alone, not sinking to the level of the beasts nor rising to the company of gods, a man with all his possibilities undeveloped, a potential man. All things are possible to man, though "all things are not expedient," as Paul says.

So man's position in the Universe is relative: he is encompassed by relativity more all-pervading than the air he breathes. He is bound down to life by it, and by the understanding of it he is made free: for freedom is relativity adjusted to the Law of Life, which governs all relations, for relativity is life, and life is the Truth made manifest.

TO A MOUNTAIN

KENNETH MORRIS

SUN-SWEET Brother, dusky-green
'Neath the bronzed and sun-dim blue,
Make me lose my heart in you —
Make my spirit mountain-clean!

Mammoth boulders mute and gray,—
Gray-limbed, hoary, dragon-trees,—
Silence,— mountain-scented breeze:—
Mountain, make me mute as they!

Counseling these million years
With remote and holy things —
Cygnus of the solar wings,
Cassiopeia's boding spheres —

You are one still, soul and sod,
With the giant joy that flows,
Rose by constellation-rose
Through the white star-blooms of God.

Turn your memories back to when
Men were mountain-hearted too;
Let me go, atoned with you,
Mountain-hearted back to men!

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REINCARNATION IN 553

P. A. MALPAS

MUCH has been said from time to time on the condemnation by the Council of Constantinople in 553 of the doctrine of Reincarnation or of a phase of it. Much vagueness of opinion exists on the point and it is worth while examining the data more closely than has been done hitherto.

Actually what happened was that there were in all seven 'ecumenical' church-councils, or councils representing both East and West, and of these the second Council of Constantinople was held in A. D. 553. There is, or course, no real value in the decision of this council or any other except for those who choose to adopt it. A council could decree the abolition of the equator or the establishment of twenty-four hours of sunlight every day if it liked, but there is no reason to suppose that nature would take a great deal of notice of the decree. Nor, if Reincarnation be a natural fact, does nature trouble its head about what a council of theologians says or does not say? But the point has an academic interest for those who are engaged in the fascinating pursuit of 'truth wherever it may be found,' so far as history is concerned.

What happened at that particular council was that fifteen 'anathemas' or *curses* were fulminated against 'anyone' who shall hold certain opinions commonly ascribed to Origen, of whom more later. If Reincarnation was taught in the early church, it is no more surprising to find it condemned at this late date than any other ancient forgotten or inconvenient teaching.

The actual wording of the 'anathema' in question is, "If anyone asserts the fabulous pre-existence of souls, and shall assert the monstrous restoration (apocatastasis) which follows from it: let him be anathema."

A lawyerlike mind can deny at once that 'pre-existence of souls' means Reincarnation, and in a court of law might easily establish its case. But we are not dealing with courts of law and, speaking in a broad human way, there can be no objection to assuming that this phrase implies Reincarnation quite plainly. If souls pre-exist, then they are not created out of nothing at birth or before. And existing before, there is no logic at all in saying that they do not exist after death, and in addition, the reincarnation of the soul after certain processes of purification and rest and readjustment of the parts is a natural inference, or at least Reincarnation is perfectly reasonable to deduce from the premisses.

There is a complete argument for this phrase having meant Reincarnation in the fact that the anathema is directed against Origen, for the simple reason that any one who knows anything about Origen knows that he was quite familiar with the teaching of Reincarnation. But this argument is not one to appeal to those who know nothing of Origen. The real difficulty is that the doctrine was secret or half-secret with the early sects.

For any one with sufficient curiosity to ask whether there were such secrets or if there is any proof of them, we may mention Gregory of Nazianzen among others more than a hundred years after Origen. This Gregory declares amid a mass of confused verbiage against Julian, the Emperor, that he admits that they, the Christian body, have some secrets. And he was a bishop of the Church, therefore entitled to speak authoritatively as to that. Other proofs of an original secret doctrine and surviving fragments are easily to be found in very early church-history.

Much difficulty has always surrounded the question owing to lack of definiteness. It has even been questioned that these anathemata were directed against Origen. But since they bear that title and have always been accepted as such, we are perfectly justified in so accepting them. Of course the stupidity of accepting or condemning a doctrine purely on a personal basis is evident, but even if they are not Origen's doctrines, it is plain that the doctrine of Reincarnation was in a more or less indirect way condemned at that council, and that is all that really concerns our present inquiry.

Now comes another objection. It is said that this council was not 'ecumenical,' that is, equally approved by East and West; and that therefore the doctrine was not condemned by 'the church' but only by a section of it. The argument is unimportant but can be shown to be valueless.

I cannot do better than quote Dr. Henry R. Percival as to the correct definition of the word *ecumenical*. He says:

> "An ecumenical synod may be defined as a synod the decrees of which have found acceptance by the church in the whole world. It is not necessary to make a council ecumenical that the number of bishops present should be large; there were but 325 at Nice, and 150 at I. Constantinople; it is not necessary that it should be assembled with the intention of its being ecumenical, such as was the case with I. Constantinople; it is not necessary that all parts of the world should have been represented or even that the bishops of such parts should have been invited. All that is necessary is that its decrees find ecumenical acceptance afterwards, and its ecumenical character be universally recognised."

This authority is careful to say that this does not mean that every

one of the many general councils have been ecumenical in a historical sense, whatever they may have been theologically. There are but seven universally recognised and undisputed 'Ecumenical Councils.' That the Roman church, he says, after the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches, uses the term ecumenical in a different sense, has no bearing on this original and correct definition.

Another difficulty is that the acts of this Synod were not universally accepted at the time they were made. The Pope, Vigilius, however, approved the action of this council and died the next year or a little later. Pelagius, who succeeded him in the See of Rome, likewise confirmed the Acts of the Fifth Synod.

"The council, however, was not received in all parts of the West, although it had obtained the approval of the Pope. It was bitterly opposed in the whole of the north of Italy, in England, France, and Spain, and also in Africa and Asia. The African opposition died out by 559, but Milan was in schism until 571, when Pope Justin II published his 'Henoticon.' In Istria the matter was still more serious, and when in 607 the bishop of Aquileia-Grado with those of his suffragans who were subject to the Empire made their submission and were reconciled to the Church, the other bishops of his jurisdiction set up a schismatical Patriarchate at old Aquileia, and this schism continued till the Council of Aquileia in 700. But before this the II Council of Constantinople was received all the world over as the Fifth Ecumenical Council, and was fully recognised as such by the Sixth Council in 680."

So far we are able to say that the condemnation of the doctrine of the pre-existence of souls was made by the Fifth Ecumenical Council, the second council of Constantinople, held in 553. We are able to say also that, though a sharp lawyer might contend that Reincarnation was not mentioned, the word 'apocatastasis,' or *restoration*, means precisely that, or it means nothing. At any rate the point is merely historical.

The next difficulty is that the claim is made that this condemnation in the fifteen anathemas against Origen was not an affair of the Council of Constantinople but merely a matter put before them by the Emperor Justinian to ratify, as it were. But the fact that they did condemn it, whatever its origin and antecedents, is accepted by scholars of repute and learning, though doubted by others. Those antecedents are interesting in their way.

The 'Anathematisms of the Emperor Justinian against Origen' are extant and well known. They are only nine in number. The first is:

"Whoever says or thinks that human souls pre-existed, *i. e.*, that they had previously been spirits and holy powers, but that, satiated with the vision of God, they had turned to evil, and in this way the divine love in them had died out (*apsugeisas*) and they had therefore become souls (*psuchas*) and had been condemned to punishment in bodies, shall be anathema."

It seems quite obvious that this is identical in its purpose with

the first of the fifteen anathemas of the Council. But where did Justinian get hold of it?

There are those who maintain that these anathemata belong to a small 'Home-Synod,' that is, a small synod of the bishops subjected to it, at Constantinople in A. D. 543, and therefore do not belong to the whole undivided church of East and West.

The exact historical facts are clouded by uncertainties which leave a good deal of room for assertions on both sides. But it seems quite reasonable to accept the records as we have them, that the ecumenical council of 553 assembled without the approval of the Pope; that the Emperor Justinian presented to them points for decision, and that they condemned the Pope for heresy; as also others, among whom was Origen, "and their impious writings." The fact that little is said about Origen elsewhere in the reports has inclined some to say that his name was interpolated afterwards; but the 'fifteen anathemata' against Origen are always assigned to this council and its acta; and although his name does not appear in their text, it does appear in the captions given to these anathemata, and there can be no doubt that they are and always were considered to be 'against Origen.' Yet the call to the council and the letters about it say nothing of Origen. Dr. Percival says "that Origen was condemned by name in the Eleventh Canon of this council there seems no possible reason to doubt."

Examinations of Origen's teachings and a condemnation are accepted as having been made by a vast amount of subsequent literature.

But the crux of the matter seems to the present writer to be that the whole question is one of secret or semi-secret teachings — not necessarily true as they were taught, because although some secret traditions of gnosticism remained in the early churches, many of these 'secrets' were pure exotericism as compared with the real ancient secret teachings. The churches had their substituted secrets as one may say but had forgotten the real secrets. At one time they were not only glad but almost violent in their efforts to force a few whom they knew to have real secret teachings to become their leaders or bishops, even at the expense of allowing them to retain their own doctrines as secrets still. Such was Synesius the pupil of Hypatia; also Clement of Alexandria and Origen.

If some such teachers chose to identify themselves with the exotericism of the churches they entered, and to do so went back on their own more secret knowledge for purposes which they considered desirable, it is their own affair. In any case, they knew perfectly well that what they taught had more than one meaning and that they kept the more

important meanings a profound secret or heavily veiled. Even in the exoteric church this was so, although the secrets so veiled in that case were not really esoteric at all.

The point of calling attention to this is that Origen was one of those exceedingly clever men who knew a great deal more than the most learned men of the church which he entered. He had many points of knowledge and doctrine which had to remain a profound secret with himself.

Therefore some of the 'fifteen' points of doctrine ascribed to him and anathematized in the time of Justinian are worth looking into, in spite of the seemingly ridiculous nature of some of them on the surface, pointed out by the learned Rev. S. J. Neill, in an article written on the subject for THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH some years ago.

For instance, the second anathema is against what is evidently a well understood teaching that mankind is *one* — universal brotherhood on the real human plane — but that "no longer desiring the sight of God, they gave themselves over to worse things." Possibly confusing to one who has not studied along those lines, the teaching is as plainly as can be the Theosophical teaching of the unity of the pure Manas, its relative immateriality, and its descent, as the council says, "into material bodies more or less subtil and impure spheres," seemingly separate. Among such bodies the council enumerates seven divisions by name, Cherubims, Seraphims, Principalities, Powers, Dominations, Thrones, and Angels, besides many other heavenly orders.

Going back to one of the most learned 'heretics' of the old gnostic schools, Valentinus, this is precisely what he says in a work commonly attributed to him but probably imbodying teachings older than his time. At any rate, the work, describing many of the deeper teachings of 'Jesus' to his disciples, is noted by H. P. Blavatsky as being older than the *Revelation.* He declares plainly that "men are gods" fallen into bodies and forgetting their high mission and brotherhood.

The teaching condemned by the council that the sun, moon, and stars are reasonable beings, and that "they are what they are because they turned towards evil," is evidently the old doctrine that, just as a man is a vast world of living entities working more or less in harmony, so the planets and stars are each an entity formed of the aggregate of their humanities — the real planetary 'gods' of the temples of old, represented by exoteric fictions in many cases. Evil, of course, increases materiality.

The fourth anathema seems to be against a teaching that as the

gross man is one who has descended from his divinity into a material body, so there are those who have descended still farther and have become to all intents and purposes evil demons and evil spirits. The teaching is so universal that comment is hardly needed.

The seventh teaching anathematized seems to be a fairly clear reference to the seven principles of man as enunciated in Theosophical teachings, though confused enough as it stands recorded in the acts of the Council of 553. It is made to look as if 'Christ' was a kind of Proteus who became all things to all men, now one thing, and now another. But that is precisely the position of a Man among men; he is seven things if you look at his aspects or principles as separate 'things.' In reality, of course, he is a unity with the 'Christ'-principle in complete control, when he has attained Christhood, and in one sense is then no longer a mere man.

In one or two of the anathemata there is an evident quarrel with the translation of words, based upon an ignorance of the fact that the words are to all practical purposes the same thing in their inner meaning, but merely differentiated a little in the public acceptation. Precisely as Mr. Neill said in his article in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH some years ago, it is largely a matter of definition. And only people like Origen and their direct pupils really knew what they meant by the technical terms they used, leaving always a margin of vagueness to those who were not acquainted with their clear definite inner teaching.

One doctrine anathematized is that which declares that "after the resurrection" the "body of the Lord" was "ethereal, having the form of a sphere, and that such shall be the bodies of all after the resurrection," and that "bodies shall be rejected and annihilated." This is quite obviously a recognition of the Theosophical teaching that the gross body and gross elements will be annihilated "after the resurrection" of the Spiritual Man. I believe that Plato speaks somewhere of the ultimate body being spherical. Of course, all these technical terms of the gnosis have more than one meaning and a very definite meaning at that. The resurrection is in one sense the attainment of 'christhood' and applies to what is the ultimate destiny of all men. So the ultimate sphericity of bodies, in one sense, a commonplace one, is that it is the shape of the atom and the world, approximately. Most emphatically atoms were known, and well known, in the inner teachings or knowledge of such as Origen, Paul, Clement, Hypatia, and many others whom we could name.

As a short specimen of these anathemata we will quote the whole of No. 11:

"If anyone shall say that the future judgment signifies the destruction of the body

and that the end of the story will be an immaterial *physis*, and that thereafter there will no longer be any matter but only spirit (*nous*): let him be anathema."

Obviously this curse is against a very simple teaching of the law of Karma. What is the ultimate object beyond Karma but to get rid of the entanglements of matter into which mankind has voluntarily and naturally descended for the experience of the soul? A Theosophist might not define *nous* as pure spirit, but the term is near enough; it implies an escape from physical matter, at any rate.

The twelfth anathema seems to be against the doctrine that good and evil are all part of the divine economy. This was always a stumbling-block to Westerners. The problem is easy enough however to Eastern metaphysicians, because they know so much more than the Westerns about metaphysical things. And the doctrine of the essential divinity of man was long lost to the West but not to the East.

Anathema 14 is against those who say that some day all reasonable beings will be united in one . . .

"an identity of the gnosis and of the hypostasis; moreover, that in this pretended apocatastasis spirits only will continue to exist, as it was in the feigned pre-existence."

The doctrine called in question seems to be no more than the Brotherhood-doctrine that all humanity is one on all real planes except the artificial intellectual one. If this is the doctrine aimed at, then it is easily deducible that in Origen's scheme as in actuality the lack of brotherhood on the intellectual plane is directly opposed to the interests of humanity, collectively and individually. Such a doctrine does seem quite in keeping with Origen's known Theosophical acquirements, whatever modifications he may have made later in public in order to meet his adoption of third-century Christianity.

Anathema 15 is against the doctrine that the cycle shall come round to pure divinity again.

"If anyone shall say that the life of the spirits (*noōn*) shall be like to the life which was in the beginning while as yet the spirits had not come down or fallen, so that the end and the beginning shall be alike, and that the end shall be the true measure of the beginning: let him be anathema!"

The word translated 'spirits' (*nous*) is what a Theosophist would call the true spiritual reincarnating ego or Man. But there was always a possibility of looseness of definition when such terms were used in public. Occasionally one term, especially in Greek and Jewish technical kabalism, etc., might well be used for two things of different degrees and thus form a protection against outsiders understanding the private teachings, at the same time conveying its exact meaning to the student provided with the key. One such term often used in different degrees is 'the

reasonable soul.' Sometimes it has meant the mere intellect and sometimes this very *nous*, which is far above brain-intellect. But there need be no confusion here except that it is quite possible that the formulators of the anathemata were not themselves sure of the exact meaning of the 'nous'.

All this is a long digression from the question of the condemnation of 'Reincarnation' by the council, but it bears importantly on it.

Obviously, there were teachings floating about vaguely in public and perhaps definitely in secret which were gnostic, pure and simple; real relics of the gnostic teachings, part of which became Christianity after passing through the mills of publication. These teachings are still so plain, owing doubtless to being misunderstood and therefore not suppressed entirely, that they can be recognised as fragments of the old Theosophy more or less mutilated, of which theosophy Origen was an expert. One of the main doctrines of that Theosophy, a doctrine only half-secret, was that of Reincarnation.

Therefore it is extremely unlikely that a condemnation of Origen would fail to include Reincarnation among his hated doctrines. Therefore again, it is extremely likely that the first anathema against the doctrine of the pre-existence of souls and the "monstrous apocatastasis or restoration" is purely and simply an anathema against any one asserting the truth of Reincarnation in at least one of its phases, whether in plain language or in such form as it might have taken in 553 A. D. Origen flourished some three hundred years before, not a very long time as history goes.

That these doctrines were anathematized by the council, and Origen with them, or they with Origen, seems plain enough. What is perfectly clear is that the anathemata have been accepted in spirit ever since that time, and the question whether Origen was condemned with these doctrines in 553 is not so very important except to historical exactitudinarians.

Therefore to the question, 'Was Reincarnation condemned by the Second Council of Constantinople in 553?', we are justified in answering that there is every appearance of that being the fact, but that in any case the condemnation has ever since been accepted in practice.

The decision of a council of course in no way affects the truth or otherwise of Reincarnation as a law in nature for man as it is for everything else. It merely expresses the opinion of a body of men of different degrees of learning.

By the examination of the fifteen anathemata we are forced to

recognise that the original doctrines of Origen, however mutilated in the form in which we now have them, are largely based on the universal Theosophic doctrines reserved more or less to the advanced schools of philosophy in Alexandria and elsewhere.

Very little of him is known in history and what is said by Eusebius is always untrustworthy, because, as Socrates said, that worthy had in mind more the glorification of Constantine than accuracy of detail.

A DOUBTFUL SAYING

RONALD MELVILLE

I SOMETIMES wonder if there is not an inverse expression or formula for every proverb or aphorism. Some of these old sayings are as obviously onesided as they are apt and convincing, and are thus as often false as they are true.

There is a saying that is too often accepted as final, to the effect that 'Nature never proceeds by leaps and bounds.' I scarcely think that such a piece of wisdom would be well received in Japan just now. But without going so far afield, one may observe some sudden changes in nature that are little short of cataclysms, as for instance the sudden changing of water into ice with no intermediate condition or state of gradual transition. And then the changing of water into steam, a transformation which is equally sudden and violent in its character.

The emergence of the chicken from the egg is no less cataclysmic. There too was the sudden experience we have all of us forgotten when we drew the first breath. And yet the processes of nature are also gradual and long drawn out, and they continue without hindrance to these violent and sudden transformations.

I wonder if the venerable falsehood referred to above has not been the result of deliberate mutilation of a proverb to the effect that 'Nature never proceeds by leaps and bounds only.' For if the erosion and denudation of mountains is a slow and gradual process, the same cannot be said of the avalanche and the landslide, nor is the lightning slow in its action or gradual in the destruction that it works. Indeed, a very little observation should convince a thinking person that Nature proceeds by appropriate methods which include the most startling and sudden transformations as well as the most prolonged and gradual systems of growth and decay; and that which is true of Nature may also be true of human nature.

It may be prudent to check the impetuosity of youth with some

such doubtful wisdom as that contained in the familiar adage quoted above; but when youth gains experience and realizes that these words of wisdom are only partially true, there is danger of a reaction in the direction of total disbelief in all philosophy and a repudiation of all acquired wisdom handed down in the form of proverbs and maxims.

There is a wise saying anent the value of 'a slow and sure' procedure, which would seem to suggest that slowness and safety are synonymous. But that is not the case, as any rider of a bicycle in a crowded thoroughfare knows. Indeed, there are many cases in which slowness and hesitation are fatal. Yet the old proverb holds its ground. "*Qui va piano va sano e qui va sano va lontano.*" The fact is that slowness is dangerous if it proceeds from fear or extreme caution, or from seeing imaginary dangers and obstacles. Swift action is sometimes the only safe procedure.

It is never wise to bind oneself to any one mode of action. The purpose may be constant but the means of attainment must vary with the conditions. Principles of life are not mere rules of conduct. To see all the difficulties in the way is no help to progress; nor is it safe to 'hitch your wagon to a star' and to ignore the limitations of earth-life. You may make more progress hitching your wagon to a pair of mules and trusting to the bridges to bear the load.

But wisdom will teach you to adapt your speed to your circumstances; and if the circumstances seem to require it, do not hesitate to jump. For if 'Nature never proceeds by leaps and bounds,' man may at times be forced to do so.

That which is true of material progress may have its parallel in spiritual development. We may have long to wait ere the mountains be reached: and the road may seem to demand only care and caution. Then something happens, and all our rules of procedure seem useless. The time for courage and swift action has come, and we may discover with surprise that Nature sometimes demands that we proceed by leaps and bounds, however staid her own progress may seem to be. And this is where the man of rigid rules 'gets left.'

The pilgrim who would reach the goal must learn to live by rule, and having trained himself to punctual performance of his duties, he must be prepared to fit himself to new conditions and to respond to the demand of higher duties. The Path is not exactly like a stairway leading to the skies by steps of equal height, for there are places where no steps are visible and where the Path itself may seem to disappear in darkness; for, we are told: "The path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire — the light of daring, burning in the heart. The more one dares, the more he shall obtain. The more he fears, the more that light shall pale."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

There is a wisdom in self-confidence and there is some danger in self-satisfaction. There is one saving grace, Self-knowledge.

When man awakes to his duality and knows his own essential divinity, no danger can stay his farther evolution. Evolution means progress on the Path, new difficulties to be met with a new courage, and new wisdom born of old experience. New virtues to be learned, new duties to be recognised, new laws of Nature to be assimilated.

Therefore it seems that while we may do homage to the wisdom of our forefathers, we shall be wise if we remember that no single aphorism contains the whole truth on any subject: and when we are told that 'Nature never proceeds by leaps and bounds' we shall do well to prepare for earthquakes, lest we be taken unawares and lose confidence in Nature's laws because we have trusted to a formula, mistaking it for a principle.

VENICE IN AUGUST

JAMES GRAHAM, F. R. P. S.

THE air is hot, these sunny days. Workmen sit down in the roadway to sleep and dream, there being no wheeled traffic to disturb them. On the shady side of the buildings there are restaurant-tables set out in the open, but sparsely patronized at this early hour. Artists are sketching here and there, and there are crowds of visitors viewing the sights. At nine in the morning in the big square, the air for a moment is black with wings, as the pigeons come down to greet the official who is to feed them. These pigeons will feed from the hand of any who has maize to give, and the official stalls do a good trade in this tempting grain. Two or three birds will sit on the fingers, and others will wait on a queue, so to speak, and after five pecks, another will try to dislodge the greedy one.

On the grand Canal, the passenger-steamers fuss along and bump against the landing stages, and commercial vehicles are being propelled by slow-moving but hardworking men and boys. The gondolas, for the most part, keep to the narrower canals, to be away from the wash of the propellers, and to make short cuts across the S-shaped bends of the main thoroughfare.

In Venice the crowds spend most of their time walking through the shop-lined back-streets from St. Mark's to the Rialto, or vary the round

by taking a steamer for the return half of the excursion. Away from these few streets the town is often a dull place, and sometimes dirty.

In St. Mark's Square

It is evening. There are thousands of chairs set around tables in the open. In the center of the square the band is playing a selection from *Aïda*. So sweet the music is, it suggests the thought of running away, since too much pleasure can be pain. The audience stand rigid and motionless. It is wrong even to whisper now, and promenading is left to those at a distance from the music. A cornet is playing, while the big mass of performers give the accompaniment; yet the music is so soft and restrained that one has to listen in order to catch the motif.

Away from the center, among the piazzas, they are sitting about taking coffee, or other refreshment. The men walk about in twos and threes, and girls make similar groups, each keeping to their own devices. Familiarity is not easy. One must be introduced before being accepted as an acquaintance. Family-parties walk about, or go to a table and order something cooling. An occasional peddler tries to sell gew-gaws, but does not seem to do much trade. Every one goes bareheaded. A few stars are peeping through the blue sky overhead.

A hundred yards away is the quay where steamers — the 'street-cars' of Venice — stop to unload and to embark cosmopolitan crowds. Parties in gondolas float along the canal to where masses of lanterns glow over the water. Moored in a convenient place there is a barge which is fitted up by the Academy for the use of artists. Here, the streets are paved with water, and can only be crossed by boat or bridge. Joyously running about are little children, perfect artist's models, accompanied by their parents. Some of the little girls have their hair bobbed with the neck shaved high; just like the mother. In this climate they need few clothes. A porter sits asleep on a step, oblivious of the passing crowds. There are not many lights here, for Venice is a dark city, away from the big square.

At Lido

Across the lagoon from Venice, the Adriatic Sea is reached in a few minutes. Hundreds and hundreds of bathing huts, set row behind row, are occupied by people seeking the envied effect of sunburn. A fully developed specimen is a sort of chocolate-brown in color, while others have gone as far as a sort of warm yellow. Surely they would not escape scorching until they flay were this not Italy.

In the big hotel the coffee-room is built in Moorish style, with cool

breezes blowing through. People are arriving up the steps from the beach. The women wear Turkish pantaloons and gorgeous kimonos, the men are mostly clad in pajamas. Some go right in, but others sit down in the easy chairs. I am told that a storm is coming, and the sea will not be safe.

DO WE NEED A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE?

RALF LANESDALE

AT first thought one might decide that the sole value of language lay in its power to express ideas, emotions, or opinions; and that in consequence the test of its merit lay in its intelligibility. Yet it is certain that language may very vividly express emotions that it does not describe. Language may be used suggestively as well as allegorically; and its power in these respects may be independent of its descriptive value.

This is notably true of poetry; but it applies with equal force to the drama. An audience may be held spellbound by a drama enacted in a foreign language largely unintelligible to that particular assemblage. Those who have listened to Leonora Duse speaking in Italian with which they were unfamiliar, have felt not only the spell of her genius but also the trend of emotion and purpose expressed in language they could not understand. And this effect is not entirely independent of language; indeed, the audience seems to be brought by the spoken words into more direct sympathy with the thought of the speech, which becomes intelligible to the emotional side of the intelligence if not to the intellectual: for intelligence is of many kinds.

Pedants may pretend that language is correct only when it is used in strict accordance with grammar and syntax. Yet the most stirring appeals are made by passionate oratory which may override all rules and defy conventionalities.

Religious or magical rituals depend for their efficacy on an emotional appeal which is rhythmic in the highest sense, though it may seem independent of rules of grammar and dictionary-definitions.

There is hidden within language a mystery that has power to arouse forces beyond the control of the reasoning brain of man. Every true orator knows this and tries to use his knowledge. The secret of this mysterious power is undoubtedly rhythm: but that word is itself a mystery, for rhythm is the creative force in the universe and has its

forms or modes on every plane of being, from the most material to the most spiritual. Rhythm is life, and life is all.

It is told of the great English orator Pitt, that on one occasion in the House of Parliament he began his speech with the one word 'sugar,' spoken in such a way as to bring roars of laughter. Then there was an amused pause, and again the great Pitt repeated this one uninteresting word 'sugar' in a tone that stilled the laughter and roused serious wonder. Another pause in deep silence, and then as if a peal of thunder had broken loose, came the voice of the orator thrilling with passion, as he hurled at his amazed audience the awe-inspiring word 'sugar.' Sweeping the house with a contemptuous glance he asked: "Will anyone laugh at sugar now?"

Surely oratory is a magical art and the control of a great audience by its means is not due to an intellectual arrangement of thoughts nor to a judicious selection of words. Animals can be violently stirred by the voice of a master, who may use most ungrammatical language, depending for his effects upon his mental realization of the emotion to be aroused in the animal. In this case the tone in which words are spoken is more important than the strict meaning of the words; and more important still is the power to feel intensely and to convey that feeling psychologically. This is magic, though the word is not generally used in that connexion.

"In the beginning was the Word." Here we have speech as the first manifestation of Universal Consciousness, a formative power awakened by the cyclic emergence from latency of the seed of the new universe. The Word is the symbol of Law, which is that rhythm which guides the evolution of worlds and men.

It was said that when the gods were born they laughed for joy; and from their seven peals of laughter seven worlds came into being; seven hierarchies of creators sang the song celestial, and called all creatures into life. But those seven worlds were not material, nor were the creatures such as we are now familiar with. Though in the heart of even the grossest animal or man there lingers still the dream of that celestial state when Life itself was Joy: and in the speech of man lies hid the magic song that still can stir the hearts of earthly creatures.

In every living soul there is a spark of that celestial fire, which burns more brightly in those Elder Brothers of the race who are, by reason of that flame, regarded as the Teachers of the world.

The records teach that as mankind sank lower in the scale of spirituality, the pure creative fire was desecrated and turned to base uses: so the wise ones hid the knowledge of those spiritual powers lest

the whole race of man should be perverted or destroyed. And now men hardly dream that powers so long latent in their souls exist at all. Yet we have evidence of the reality of these things; and all the arts bear witness, however feebly, to the truth.

When H. P. Blavatsky wrote *Isis Unveiled*, she showed that the veil upon the face of truth is not impenetrable. She pointed to the divine origin of man and to his place in evolution as a soul immersed in matter with the potentialities of divinity, that must be reawakened ere he can achieve his destiny and attain perfection.

The veil of Isis is the illusion of matter that hides divinity from the critical analysis of the human mind. Yet through the veil some rays of light have found their way from the region of the Real. We call these rays of the divine light Arts and Sciences, for they are indeed the language of the soul.

When men were fully conscious of their own essential divinity, they lived as gods, their words were magical creative potencies. But when the law of Karma led those godlike beings to incarnate on the earth as physical humanity, their speech became the bare expression of their physical emotions and necessities. Then the god-speech became a mystery that few could understand; and so it passed from general use gradually losing its original significance. And yet some memory of it remained, lingering among the poets, artists, and musicians, while in the Temples it became a form or ritual that has outlived its usefulness and become no more than a convention.

We are told that there was a time when mankind was of one speech: but now each nation has a language of its own and every district has its dialect, and none have soul enough to justify their separate existence. The pride of nationality is to speak a language unintelligible to the dwellers in other lands, even though the thoughts expressed in it are common to all people in all lands.

While music and the plastic arts are more or less intelligible to 'foreigners,' language, avowing the sole object of expressing thought, is useless beyond the limits of a narrow nationality. What wonder if attempts are made to invent a universal language?

And yet if we consider the moral value of the thoughts that most generally find expression in language we may be led to wonder if the best language for general use would not be Silence. Sometimes I wonder if the language of the gods is not akin to Silence, since men talk ceaselessly of nothing in particular.

If we believed that we were Souls and that our neighbors too were

souls incarnate, should we not seek to evoke from them or in ourselves some manifestation of that divinity that inheres in all of us? And to do this should we not seek a language adequate, a language intelligible to souls, a mystery-language? Is not this what we attempt in art? Is not this language of the soul expressed in the silence that permeates the noblest forms of speech and all the arts? Does not the orator struggle to rise above all the limitations of language, even to transcend formulated thought and strike sparks of divine fire from the cold rocks of human mentality? How does he accomplish this except by first lighting a fire in his own heart? From that fire innumerable flames may spring; without it, *vox, et praeterea nihil*,— a voice and no more.

So the first step towards a universal language is the discovery of a universal consciousness; the thoughts that arise therein will then demand expression; and the language adequate to the demand will not be made up from the refuse of our 'chatter-box.' The fact is that as yet there is no need for any universal language, since the disintegrating nations have not established any interior bond of union, nor have they yet discovered that the secret of universal speech is recognition of the universal soul; and that soul speaks alone in terms of Universal Brotherhood.

MORE UNEXPLAINED LUNAR INFLUENCES

C. J. RYAN

IN discussing the alleged influence of the moon upon animal and vegetable life, Dr. H. Munro Fox, of the Cairo School of Medicine, Egypt, gives some remarkable data about the habits of a sea-urchin (*Echinus*) found in the Red Sea, which definitely establish the accuracy of one very ancient belief — ridiculed by modern materialism — in the mysterious influence of the moon upon reproduction.

In Southern Europe the sea-urchin is considered a great delicacy, and its ways are naturally well known to the fishermen and their customers. It is a matter of common knowledge in Suez, at the Red-Sea end of the Canal, that for a period about every new moon the contents of the sea-urchin's shell are greatly shrunk and not worth eating, but as the moon increases in light a new crop of eggs begins to grow and just before full moon the empty spaces in the shell are filled with the roe and the creatures become the succulent morsels which have been so greatly esteemed by Southern epicures for thousands of years.

Dr. Fox frankly admits that there must be some connexion between

these conditions and the lunar periods, but how or why is not clear. The tidal explanation is unsatisfactory because the Suez sea-urchins have only one rhythmic cycle in the month, while there are two periods of spring-tides in that time. He suggests that the phenomenon may be due to the changes in the light of the moon or to possible variations in atmospheric electricity having a lunar period, but it is not easy to establish connexions between these and vital phenomena in the present state of our knowledge.

Yet there is no denying the facts, and, as Dr. Fox points out, the ancient Greeks knew it perfectly well, for "Aristotle most precisely tells us that the ovaries of sea-urchins acquire a greater size than usual at the time of full moon (*De Part. Anim.*). Also Oppian in the 'Halieutica.'" It seems that while the change of size and the spawning of sea-urchins at full moon is true of those in the Red Sea it does not occur in the Mediterranean, and Dr. Fox suggests that the Greeks accepted the statement in regard to the Red Sea and applied it indiscriminately to shellfish in general, "an amazing example of the power of authority in tradition." Perhaps, however, the Greeks were not so credulous. Possibly the habits of the sea-urchins of the Mediterranean have changed since Aristotle's time and no longer correspond to the lunar changes. It would be interesting to know whether modern local conditions have affected them and slowly broken up the rhythm. It is not so long ago — geologically speaking — since the Mediterranean was an inland lake.

It is rather a favorite pastime with some who have an impression that we are far more intelligent and well-informed than the great minds of antiquity — a very erroneous idea according to students of Theosophy — to criticize the supposed errors of classical writers, but the tables are turned sometimes and the ancients are found justified. For instance, they have been ridiculed for their ignorance in calling the mole a blind animal, and, as a matter of fact, the English mole, though living its whole time in subterranean burrows, has extremely small eyes buried in the fur. But there are other kinds of moles in Southern Europe whose eyes are completely covered with skin, so that the old observers made no mistake.

Dr. Munro refers to the old belief among gardeners and farmers that the moon influences the growth of plants, and says:

> "In one instance botanical research has recently shown that the whole story is quite false. From the time of Aristotle and Pliny downwards, it has been stated that various fruits, particularly cucumbers, grow most rapidly at full moon. The error of this has now been demonstrated."

We must take exception to this fling at the ancients for the case is precisely the opposite, and such a remark could only have originated

from lack of information of the recent experiments of Miss Elizabeth S. Semmens of the Liverpool University, England, made with the object of testing the claim of a gardener at the Swanley Horticultural College *that his cucumbers grew two or three inches more in moonlight* than in daytime, and that seeds planted in the first quarter of the moon prospered better than those planted in the wane of the moon.

Suspecting that polarized light might be responsible for this — for the reflected sunlight reaching us from the moon is polarized — Miss Semmens experimented with seeds and growing plants and found that polarized light greatly stimulated their growth, so that the reason for the ancient 'superstition' of the growth of cucumbers increasing about the period when the moon gives its greatest light (polarized), has been established on reasonable grounds — though no one has the slightest idea *why* polarized light should stimulate the breaking down of starch into sugars, an important factor in plant-growth. Further particulars about this matter will be found in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for July 1925, page 55, and in the *Scientific Monthly* for December 1924.

In the article in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH referred to above, we referred to many reports as to the effect of moonlight upon radio-transmission — another mystery of Nature just dawning upon us. New information has just been published in the daily press on this subject which supports the idea that when the full moon is well above the horizon and free from the dense layers of the atmosphere, it strongly affects the conditions:

> "R. C. Therrien, an electrical engineer of Chicago, forwarded to J. K. Smith, director of the national tests [conducted by a corps of engineers in co-operation with Northwestern Department of Physics] a report covering a period of eighteen months. . . .
>
> " 'Eighteen months ago I discovered that distance-reception was almost impossible when the moon was full and high in the sky. I thought, of course, that this might be merely a coincidence, but I remembered what I had learned regarding the magnetic effect on the tides . . . so I watched closely. . . . I discovered that during the summer we frequently had nights free from static, despite warm, sultry weather. Invariably, such nights were those when the moon was in its first or last quarter. I discovered also that the atmosphere perfectly 'dead,' so far as radio-reception was concerned, showed marked improvement later in the night when the moon had gone closer to the horizon."

In old times, and even now perhaps among some, there was a firm belief in Gods who stood behind the Powers of Nature, beneficent Agents of the One Divine Life. The natural forces were the garments by which They were both concealed and in part revealed. The Deities *energized* or directed the forces; without Them there would be chaos, the opposite of cosmos — order. But in the modern age these 'powers and principalities of the air' have been deposed and their places taken by blind,

unconscious, mechanical forces with no suggestion of spiritual causes or direction within them.

All antiquity regarded the moon as the controlling power in reproduction, inhibiting or accentuating fertility according to certain times and seasons.

After all, are we nearer Truth with our frigid theories of matter and force than the ancient seers, philosophers, and poets? Is it possible that they were speaking from a higher source than the limited brain-mind when they taught of those superb Intelligences behind the veil of matter and force that they boldly called 'Gods'? Wordsworth felt the something lacking even in his time, when he wrote:

> "Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
> The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
> The winds that will be howling at all hours,
> And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
> For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
> It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

SOME HIGHER ASPECTS OF TREES

VREDENBURGH MINOT

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY devotes a long paragraph to the subject 'Trees of Life' in her work, the *Theosophical Glossary*. Herein she says:

"From the highest antiquity trees were connected with the gods and mystical forces in nature. Every nation had its sacred tree, with its peculiar characteristics and attributes based on natural, and also occasionally on occult properties, as expounded in the esoteric teachings."

Then she enumerates certain trees sacred to different peoples; the pipal or *Aśvattha* tree of India was the tree under which Gautama-Buddha reached Nirvâna; the ash-tree, Yggdrasil, the world-tree of the Scandinavians; the triple-leaved *palâśa*, a symbol of the triple essence in the Universe — spirit, soul, and matter; the dark cypress, the world-tree of Mexico, which at present Christians and Mohammedans consider as an emblem of death, peace, and rest; the sycamore, the Tree of Life in Egypt and Assyria. It is of interest to note that the dark Monterey

Cypress so common on the borders of roads and elsewhere on Point Loma, a hardy, rapid-growing native of Southern California, is, as far as we know, closely allied to the Mexican cypress above-mentioned.

H. P. Blavatsky concludes her paragraph on trees in the *Glossary* by stating that a large volume might easily be written on these sacred trees of antiquity.

Chapter xv of the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, a renowned devotional book of Hindûsthân and much read by Theosophists, commences thus:

"Men say that the *Aśvattha*, the eternal sacred tree [a symbol for the universe*], grows with its roots above and its branches below, and the leaves of which are the *Vedas*. . . . Its branches growing out of the three qualities, with the objects of sense as the lesser shoots, spread forth, some above and some below; and those roots which ramify below in the regions of mankind are the connecting bonds of action."

This *Aśvattha*-tree was discussed above in the quotation from the *Theosophical Glossary*. In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* this tree is used as a sacred symbol of the universe, in order to make clearer to readers man's problem of self-directed evolution to higher states of consciousness.

Theosophy declares that a tree is much more than the physical intricate form we see with our eyes; the monads of our globe, in the course of their evolution, pass through three elemental kingdoms before reaching that of the mineral, vegetable, animal, and finally that of man himself. Each one of these kingdoms, attained one after another in the order above enumerated, sums up in itself all the kingdoms preceeding it. Thus a tree has, as a component part of a certain family-group of trees, a spiritual monad *overshadowing* it; it contains within itself elements of the mineral kingdom, and also has many elemental forces residing within it.

The three elemental kingdoms that the monad passes through before reaching to the four later kingdoms, are described in Theosophy as planes of semi-intelligent forces, wherein a peculiar 'automatic' or semi-'automatic' consciousness reigns. Any one who has handled or observed a tree knows that it possesses a certain kind of instinctive intelligence. It sends its roots out to places in the soil, sometimes far from the tree-trunk, that contain the most moisture; when crowded out from the direct sunlight by other trees or walls of masonry, it does its best to extend a few of its branches to places where they can receive the sunlight. The science of horticulture tells us of many things of a similar nature that are done by different kinds of trees and plants,— as a proof of their instinctive intelligence.

The above Theosophical enumeration of the many different prin-

*Note by editor of English edition, W. Q. Judge.

ciples which go into the make-up of a tree explains why the populace of ancient Greece believed in Dryads — fairy-inhabitants and guiding genii of trees; why the ancient Celts and Teutons people the forests with all kinds of wood-spirits and fairies.

A loving caretaker of trees, can claim, though perhaps without being able to prove it, that each of his trees has a peculiar voice of its own, independent of human eyesight, which in some mysterious way calls for his assistance when in need of water, when subjected to the attacks of insects, or when in need of some other kind of assistance. Why is it that a practised gardener discovers little wild seedling plants hidden away under grass and bush, so much more readily than others? His senses are much more acutely attuned to the little nature-voices of the woodland.

When one considers the many utilitarian uses to which man puts a large percentage of the trees in all parts of the world, cutting down vast stretches of forest for timber, and so forth; and when one at the same time considers the inner spiritual principles of a tree, one realizes that, in order merely to do plain justice to Nature, man should try to plant a certain number of trees around the homes, in the parks, around public buildings and other places, where the non-utilitarian, artistic, symbolic, or religious qualities and aspects of these trees can be duly felt and appreciated. After killing for food and other purposes vast numbers of animals, man does his best to make amends to the animal kingdom by being very kind to his pet animals; ornamental trees are the 'pets' of man in the vegetable kingdom.

Longfellow's poem *Hiawatha*, founded on legends and traditions of the American Indian, tells of the different kinds of trees that contributed material for the building of Hiawatha's magic canoe. Each one of these trees, according to the Indians, was endowed with a certain amount of human intelligence and soul-life. In the poem, Hiawatha first calls on the Birch-Tree:

> "Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
> Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
> For the Summer-time is coming,
> And the sun is warm in heaven
> And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

In answer the tree thus responded:

> "And the tree with all its branches
> Rustled in the breeze of morning
> Saying, with a sigh of patience
> 'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!'"

And when Hiawatha asks the Larch-Tree for its strong fibrous roots with which to bind the ends of his canoe, it

> "Touched his forehead with its tassels,
> Said with one long sigh of sorrow,
> 'Take them all, O Hiawatha!'"

Then when the canoe, Cheemaun, is built, the poem says: "and the forest's life was in it." To travel in this magic canoe, Hiawatha needed no paddles, but merely spoke his wishes to it, patted its sides as if it were a steed, and the canoe carried him where he wished to go.

> "Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
> To his birch-canoe said 'Onward!'
> And it stirred in all its fibers,
> And with one great bound of triumph,
> Leaped across the water-lilies
> Leaped through tangled flags and rushes."

These quotations show that to the American Indian a tree was ensouled with human and at times even with magical faculties.

Katherine Tingley in her book, *The Wine of Life*, speaks fondly of the trees on her father's estate in New England as friendly entities, delivering to her the message of the Great Spirit within all things:

> "As a child in the woods of my father's estate in New England I learned to love the silence. There was always a song for me in the noiseless waters of the historic Merrimac as they swept along the woodland shores towards the sea. The quiet of friendly pine-trees soothed my unrest: they seemed to me dear companions of my own, set there to guard the secrets of Nature. The birds in my imaginings were darling wood-fairies, messengers from some inner and lovelier land; the fragrance of the pines and laurels was the breath of the Great Spirit, the Love that brooded over all things. I felt as though I were some winged thing; at unexpected moments a Master-Power awakening within me filled my brain with pictures that came and went. It spoke to me through the silence of the pines; and when a bird chirped or a small breeze stirred the branches, the sound blended in my thought with infinity and became for me a message from the Divinity within."

Trees make a spiritual appeal not only to persons of poetic temperament, but also to modern business-men and city-legislators. Mr. Ernest Braunton, a professional landscape-gardener of note, has recently written many articles in the magazine *The California Cultivator*, seeking to lead the minds of men, engrossed much of their time in making the soil produce edible fruits and vegetables, to a sense of the potential esthetic values of their estates. In one of these articles written a few years ago, he tells us that within the last few decades thousands of farmers' estates have been purchased by successful business-men seeking for a restful home-site as a haven from the turmoil of the business-world; such farmers' estates are those where the respective farmers, though of small means, have "had the foresight and taste to plant trees and shrubs

in proper place and order," *i. e.*, from an esthetic point of view. Those rich business-men then had comparatively little to do to make these estates into beautiful landscape-gardens.

Such transactions show how much beautiful trees and shrubs mean to all classes of people, farmers, capitalists, rich or poor. Mr. Braunton goes on to say that rockeries, ponds, flower-gardens and so forth may all be constructed on an estate in a year's time, "but trees and shrubs require many years' growth before they are effective in the landscape or provide a proper and attractive site for a fine rural home." Thus he urges, that, in order to add to the general values and attractions of any community, with the consideration that property keeps changing hands, it is really a duty for all landowners to plant trees and shrubs with an eye to landscape-beauty.

Mr. Braunton once wrote an article entitled 'A Landscape for a Dollar,' telling his readers how a box of blue-gum eucalyptus-trees costing one dollar could be so planted about the buildings of a ranch as "to provide shade, shelter, and an anchor on the general landscape that would proclaim the place a home-site." Such articles were much more necessary in the earlier days of California's growth than now, because of the rawness of the state in the pioneer-days. To quote further from Mr. Braunton a passage dealing with modern times:

"The courts of law have always placed a high value on ornamentive vegetation. . . . Where fires have been allowed to get beyond control and destroy trees and shrubs only, the awards have run into thousands. A single tree has been adjudged to be worth a thousand dollars."

A few years ago, the city of Los Angeles paid six hundred dollars for the right to destroy just one tree, a rare species, in order to construct a new street. Mr. Braunton also says that a few years ago a state-official paid five thousand dollars more for a place in Los Angeles than he otherwise would have done, because two large and beautiful palms were growing on its front lawn. He further reminds us that

"every passerby considers the home-place an expression of the taste and personality of the owner. . . . Cheap, unkempt grounds subject the owner to prejudice on the part of the beholder; while neat, orderly, artistic exterior appointments are entered to his credit."

"Not only of the general public, but of your neighbor must you be thinking as you garden, for we are joyful in the thought that we bring joy to others. . . . Every fine garden contributes to the value of all property in the community, contributes to the enjoyment of all in the community, whether resident or visitor. . . . From whatsoever angle we view it, it pays to beautify the home-grounds."

Beauty gives form to the Divinity which lies hidden behind exterior mundane forms. Many landscape-gardeners have been accustomed to divide their art into two branches, the picturesque and the

beautiful. In both branches of the art, the Divinity within constitutes the vivifying power; in the picturesque the contrast and conflict between spirit and matter is much more sharply brought out, whereas in the beautiful, we see a form so harmonious with the Divine principles of the universe that, relatively speaking, spirit and matter are almost blended into one. 'Multitude in unity' is a definition of beauty handed down to us from the Romans; the poet Coleridge considers it a good definition. Unity and simplicity are characteristic of the spiritual world, while variety and complexity characterize the material world. Andrew J. Downing, another landscape-gardener of note, says on this subject:

"Some of Raphael's angels may be taken as perfect illustrations of the Beautiful. In their serene and heavenly countenances we see only that calm and pure existence of which perfect beauty is the outward type; on the other hand, Murillo's beggar boys are only picturesque."

A symmetrical American elm, with its broad head drooping with garlands of graceful foliage, represents the Beautiful in nature, while the wild and twisted larch or pine-tree, which one finds on the steep sides of a mountain, represents the Picturesque. The words *classical* and *romantic*, as used in art, have, in many respects, the same meaning as the Beautiful and the Picturesque. In all human and material manifestation in the universe there are alternately periods of struggle and of rest, of sowing and reaping, of waking and sleeping, of imbodiment and disimbodiment; so says Theosophy. By looking at trees from this point of view, our comprehension and appreciation of tree-forms become broader, grander, and more universal. The twisted, wild-looking tree perched up on the side of a cliff is going through a period, in its evolution, of struggle; whereas the graceful, symmetrical elm on the lawn is enjoying a period of comparative repose; the spiritual monadic principles of both are equally dear to Nature.

A. J. Downing has many interesting things to say about different species of trees. He tells us that among the ancient Britons the oak supplied the Yule-log used by the Druids in the Christmas-ceremony. He reminds us that according to Herodotus the first oracle, that of Dodona, was set up in the celebrated Dodona oak-grove.

Recently it was stated in one of the issues of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH that our leader, Katherine Tingley, had planted a tree, with appropriate ceremonies, and before an appropriate international gathering, as a symbolic bond of unity among the nations; this tree was an oak-tree.

Considering some other kinds of trees, A. J. Downing reminds us that the plane or buttonwood tree receives its name from the Greek word πλατύς, meaning broad, because it afforded such a fine shade by its broad,

spreading head. Hence it was under these plane-trees that Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and other celebrated Greek philosophers, gave their open-air discourses on philosophy and kindred subjects.

Another tree which Downing speaks of with especial emphasis is the Cedar of Lebanon, which is called by European authors 'the noblest evergreen tree of the Old World'; the Maronite Christians in Asia Minor have held religious festivals under them which they called 'Feast of Cedars'; also in Hebrew writings this Cedar of Lebanon is often alluded to as 'an emblem of great strength, beauty, and duration.'

Another interesting tree which Downing refers to is the *Cedrus Deodora* or Himâlayan Cedar, which is grown readily in parts of Europe and also in California and elsewhere in the United States. In Hindûsthân it often reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet, with a trunk thirty feet in circumference. It is of a silvery bluish green in color, of symmetrical, pyramid-like shape, and its foliage is rather delicate and feathery in general appearance; hence it is in great demand as an ornamental tree. In parts of Hindûsthân it is considered sacred, whence it gets its name *Deodara*, 'Tree of God.' All travelers in India "agree that it unites an extraordinary degree of majesty and grandeur with its beauty." Happily it is easily propagated not only from seed but from cuttings as well. Of the yew-tree, Downing says that in the British Isles from very earliest times of the ancient Britons, it has been consecrated to churchyard-planting, as the cypress has been in the south of Europe.

Our current magazines on landscape-gardening often contain items on the symbology of trees. They remind us of the Greek legend wherein the pine gets its evergreen leaves from the fact that Cybele had changed a shepherd-boy into a pine, and Zeus, in sympathy with her after-grief about this act, ordained that the pine should henceforth be evergreen. In China the pine is emblematic of eternal friendship, and the Pilgrim-Fathers took the lone pine-tree of the Plymouth shore as the emblem of their new colony. The fir-tree is the tree of St. Nicholas; the spruce the chief mystic tree of certain tribes of American Indians. The Hebrew Bible recounts that Solomon's Temple was made of cedar-wood; hence the sacredness of the cedar to some minds.

Travelers in England who have been privileged to witness the Chelsea Horticultural Fairs, get a vivid impression of how much trees and shrubs mean to people of the Old World, as compared with people of the American hemisphere. One traveler reported that he had recently taken pictures of the treeless meadow that the fair was to occupy, three days before the fair opened. Several hundred men were put to work on this meadow, about twenty acres in extent, and at the end of three days

this once treeless expanse had become transformed into a landscape-park or garden replete with flowers, flowering shrubs, and verdant trees. Likewise these enthusiastic workers had, in this same space of time, graded the surface of the earth so as to form small ponds, hillocks, depressions, and so forth, so that the plantings here would look as if standing in a real nature-setting.

Both in France and England, as well as elsewhere in Europe, particular care has been taken in favored spots to preserve wonderful old oaks, cedars of Lebanon, and other trees, so that they have grown to a huge and majestic size.

In France — a country noted for its good taste and general sense for the beautiful — practically no bill-boards are seen along the railroad-tracks to mar the beauties of the landscape; whereas the traveler in the vicinity of many a big city of the United States has his eyes more attracted by bill-boards and advertisements than by trees, shrubs, and meadows. In the Middle West of this country the inhabitants have often the habit of building a house with nothing but a curb-stone in front — a thing never done in art-loving Europe.

Trees often give inspiration to the poet and musician. Anna Egeberg has composed a song to words by the poet J. Moe, which appears in a well-known collection of Scandinavian songs, in praise of a young birch-tree. The English translation of the poem runs as follows:

"A fair young birch-tree is standing
The mirror-like fjord quite near,
With growth and beauty expanding,
While I have been dwelling here.

Toward Heaven the white form raises
Proudly a crown of leaves;
It boasts not, thinks not of praises,
Its stateliness scarce perceives.

Dear birch, in thy grace and beauty,
I often will gaze on thee;
And fain would I learn the duty
That thou canst impart to me:

To grow in my own estimation
Humbler each day I live,
The crown that's worth approbation,
'Tis only the Lord can give."

And here is another song, of which both the words and music are by Mary T. Salter:

"O pine tree lonely standing,
Outlined against the blue,

I love thy soft dark branches,
Thy garb of restful hue.

Hast thou ne'er felt impatience,
Ambition's vain desires,
The pain, the joy, the longing,
Which mortal love inspires?

Thou lookest ever upward,
E'en when the harsh wind blows;—
I long for the strength which upholds thee,
I long for thy repose."

These two songs give vent to the aspiring heart of mankind.

All residents in rural districts who have a few big trees overshadowing, or standing near, their homes, have affectionate feelings towards these guardian nature-spirits. They give a certain atmosphere, dignity, and charm to the residence which is invaluable.

Every differently shaped tree inspires a somewhat different feeling. The thin, towering, symmetrically shaped Norfolk-Island pine, carries our aspirations heavenwards. A large and massive tree like the oak gives one the feeling of strength and robustness; a free-growing, non-symmetrical tree like the eucalyptus, suggests romanticism, while a symmetrical conifer like the Colorado blue spruce portrays an elegant classicism. The moral and spiritual influence of trees on peoples all over the earth is noteworthy. The worlds of poetry and music are full of allusions to trees in their higher aspects, as inspirers and helpers to the soul of man.

To conclude, here is a quotation concerning trees from Katherine Tingley's *The Wine of Life:*

"The Mirror of Infinite Beauty can be seen in the wonderful mysteries of the simplest flowers, in the trees, in the immensity of the ocean, in the stars and in the heavens."

This quotation gives us the key to the spiritual significance of trees.

"REMEMBER that 'step by step we climb' to knowledge of the greater things of life, and self-directed evolution in our own natures is the key to the situation. The best books on Theosophy are but signs along the way, pointing to that deeper knowledge which only can be found through self-analysis, self-control, and unselfish love for one's fellows."— *Katherine Tingley*

"BORN IN SIN"

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IN the Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book we find under the head of Articles of Religion, Article IX: 'Of Original Sin or Birth-Sin,' from which the following is quoted:

"Original sin standeth not in the following of *Adam*, (as the *Pelagians* do vainly talk;) but it is the fault and corruption of the Nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of *Adam;* whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the Spirit; and therefore in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation."

Article X says:

"The condition of man after the fall of *Adam* is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith, and calling upon God. Wherefore we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing [helping] us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will."

Article XI:

"We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings."

In the Catechism we read, after the child has enumerated a list of duties:

"My good Child, know this; that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the Commandments of God, and to serve him, without his special grace."

Much of this is contrary to the teachings of Jesus himself, as recorded in the Gospels. For instance, as to the question of justification by faith and not by works, we find him saying to a young man who asked what he should do to attain the eternal life:

"Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments."— *Matthew*, xix, 17

And he then enumerates these commandments, the obeying of which obviously constitutes 'good works,' which the Prayer Book says are in themselves futile.

In the interview with Nicodemus, a man who came privately to Jesus for instruction, the Teacher states that, in order to attain the 'Kingdom,' a man must be 'born again'; born of the Spirit. There are many other well-known quotations which might be made; they are

familiar to most readers, and justify us in claiming that we are representing the general sense of the Teacher's teachings, and not relying upon occasional and detached remarks. In short, it would appear that, as many clergymen now frankly admit, the churches have in past times changed the spirit of the Master's teachings. He rebukes the sectarian dogmatists of his day, telling that they shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men, calling them blind guides (*Matthew*, xxiii).

The original teaching of Jesus, as of all other great Teachers of the Way or Path, is that man shall achieve his own salvation by having faith in his own Divine nature and invoking its aid in the conquest of his carnal nature. This is clearly shown in the instructions given to Nicodemus, where it is stated that man has two natures, that he is born of the flesh and born of the Spirit. Paul in some of his epistles expounds the same teaching as to the dual nature of man.

The inevitable tendency, in the subsequent history of religions, is for people to come between man and his own essential Divinity, and to undertake to convey the means of grace and salvation. Man is made to think that he is hopelessly corrupt and incapable of himself. See what is told the child in the Catechism. Such teachings as this are to a great extent disappearing from religion; and much honor to those who discard them without discarding their religion too. But the worst is that there have always been people who, rebelling against these doctrines, have seen no way but to throw over religion also, and so have become atheists, or skeptics, or scoffers. Religion must be purified, not thrown away.

Then too we find the very same tendency to belittle man in his own estimation, in some so-called scientific doctrines. Man, instead of being the child of the devil, is now the child of the ape. It is all very well for some scientific men to say that this is false science and that real science does not teach anything of the sort; but the teaching that man is descended from tree-climbing apes does keep on coming up all the same. And in any case the teaching is that man is the child of some sort of animal or other. Here again we find that man is being hypnotised with the idea that he is born to a heritage of evil; the bestial side of his nature is dwelt upon and nothing said about the other and far more important side. To cap the climax, bigots of religion and science are at hammer and tongs with one another about their respective doctrines; when, as H. P. Blavatsky says, there is much need that both of them shall first "cleanse their own houses."

Many of the most eminent men of science say that there can be no conflict between religion and science. This is true and pure common-

sense, so long as we mean real religion and real science. It is only the spurious elements in both that conflict.

Here is the crux of the matter: that whether the evolutionary theories of man's physical descent are right or wrong (and we think them mainly wrong), it is a sure thing that Man himself, the Thinker, can never have evolved from the animal kingdom, but is from a spiritual source. And this is the essence of all true religious teaching on the subject. Man is first created a living soul out of the dust of the earth, and then endowed or inspired with the divine breath so that he becomes like unto the Gods. Theosophy shows that there are other lines of evolution leading to the formation of Man, besides the biological evolution. These neither religion nor science tell us about. But we can study our own nature and that of the people around us, and see that man is veritably dual, that one side of him is animal and instinctual, and the other godlike, aspiring, intelligent, conscientious.

Is man then really 'born in sin'? It is true to a certain extent, but in a very different sense from that of the religious dogma. Man enters this life endowed with a body, more or less resembling that of some animals, and with instincts and passions. If he were the helpless victim of all these lower forces, he would indeed be 'born in sin'; but he is not their victim. It is surely the very essence of all religions, Christianity included, that man has (*is*, we say) an immortal Soul, divine in origin and in nature, by means of which he can and must achieve his own deliverance from evil. 'Grace,' divine grace, is a word much used and very applicable in this connexion; *but*, let us never forget that we have the power to evoke this grace from our own higher nature, and that it is not confined to people who believe, or say they believe, this or that dogma and creed.

We shall doubtless be told by some that we are accentuating the pride and vanity of man, and that man ought to recognise his own inferiority and bow down in reverence before a superior power. If so, then our meaning has been misunderstood or perverted. For it is not vanity and self-esteem that we advocate, but its opposite — true dignity and self-reliance. Pride and vanity are lusts of the flesh, delusions of the lower nature; they constitute weakness, not strength. It is not these we advocate. The true attitude of self-reliance kills out pride and vanity, and it also kills out abjectness and want of self-reliance. It is not the personal self, but the greater and impersonal Self, that man must rely on. He must learn to trust in a higher law that is far greater than the law of his own desires. He must recognise the voice of conscience as veritably the divine voice, penetrating, however imperfectly, through

the veils of his mind; and that, if he follows this voice, in preference to the many voices of his desires, he will be guided along the path of his real destiny and duty.

But let us beware not to deceive ourselves as to what voice we are following. We have all probably met people who might be described as very 'Jesusy,' but whose conduct would not lead us to attribute to them any special unselfishness or holiness. The God they worship seems to be a mere personification of their own wishes. In this they are similar, but by no means so frank, to the African savage who beats his God when it does not favor his wishes. This of course is not said against people of genuine piety and worth of character, of whom there are many, also doubtless to be found among our acquaintance. The line of cleavage between noble and mean natures does not follow the line of cleavage in religion.

People are at different stages in their evolution. Some are developing one side of their character, some another. It is the common destiny of mankind, at some time or other in the eternal life of the Soul, to discover that no peace can be found by following the lower nature, and to choose the higher law as being the only final solution of the problem of human life.

There is another sense in which it can be said, in a way, that man is 'born in sin.' He may have a character-heredity from his own past lives. But this is not a fatal blemish, requiring 'special' grace for its wiping-out. It is simply the task he has set himself. And the same will which gave power to those mistaken deeds is his still for their undoing. In conclusion, let us say that, if we are born in sin, it was the Master who said that we could enter the Kingdom by being "born again of the Spirit."

CERTITUDE

E. S. STEPHENSON

Weary of questionings, at length I found
My answer
In a dew-drop's radiant gleam.

—*From the Japanese*

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California
May 21, 1926

IS CIVILIZATION A FAILURE?

RONALD MELVILLE

IT is often said that civilization is only skin-deep, and that if this skin is scratched the primitive animal passions are at once exposed. To this it may well be questioned if the passions of human beings can be called animal, for animals in the natural state seem to have pure instincts regulated by natural laws; and further they appear to be free from those passions that make man more of a demon than anything else. This objection is worth considering, for if civilization is merely a veil to conceal an animal nature, one must ask where it came from and why should the other animals be free from this disfigurement.

But civilization is not merely skin-deep; it is not a veil cast over primitive passions in order to conceal their ugliness. It is an effort made by the soul of humanity to restore mankind to his lost place in the van of evolution. It is an attempt to correct and control his disordered instincts according to the divine law of Brotherhood and harmony. It has its origin in the depths of human nature, and it comes to the degenerate humanity of this planet as a confused memory of a former age of glory, in which life was joyful and beautiful and full of peace. Its origin is divine; its perversion is the work of man's lower mind obsessed with the heresy or delusion of separateness, from which spring selfishness and all the ills of human life.

It is absurd to say that civilization is a device for the concealment of human degradation and for the regulation of human passions. For if this were so one must suppose some power able and anxious to practise this deception, and also able to conceive of a higher condition to which humanity ought to have attained. What or who is this superior intelligence? And where is the standard human society that may serve as a model for the ideal human state? Who invented civilization? and why is it such a failure?

To a Theosophist the answer is easy, but it would hardly be satisfactory to the ordinary materialist; for it rests on a philosophy of life which includes such ideas as the perfectibility of man through self-directed evolution; the reality of the spiritual soul as the self of man; its continuity of life through countless incarnations; the essential identity of all souls with the 'Over-Soul,' and the consequent solidarity of the human family, from which develops the ideal of Universal Brotherhood. Then there is the gradual evolution of the human race to a consciousness of its own inherent divinity, which must be understood before a clear

comprehension of the problem of civilization can be arrived at. And yet all this is very simple to one whose mind is not clouded with prejudices as to the nature and origin of the human race and the purpose of existence.

The apparent failure of civilization does not trouble the man who looks upon it as a disguise at best and a piece of hypocrisy at its worst. But to the idealist this failure is a vast and appalling tragedy. If he had once grasped the general scheme of evolution and the complex nature of man, he would understand that the evolution of the perfect man from his first appearance on this planet as a god or a pure spirit seeking self-knowledge in the school of material existence, is a process extending over vast periods of time and through strange changes in the world on which that drama is played out. Then he would realize that evolution is not a simple matter, not a smooth progress from a primordial nothingness to a perfected something; but rather a mighty drama of the soul, at times a tragedy, at others a comedy, and at all times a new experience. In that great drama the actor must play many parts, and he must learn from each.

As it is with the individual so it is with a race or a nation; each has its ups and downs, its periods of splendor and its ages of obscuration. And these ages recur cyclically, so that it is hard to say whether at any given period a nation may have passed its zenith as a center of civilization or may be on the upward arc emerging from a dark age like a child reborn.

The history of a race is hard to learn because Time obliterates the records of past ages, or, if it spares the record, it cannot as well preserve the knowledge necessary to decipher the dead language in which the record is concealed. But in Egypt we have now some knowledge of the more recent periods and from these we can find evidence of the decay of many previous civilizations or phases of civilization, each of which rose on the ruins of its predecessor, flourished, and faded into darkness, like those that went before it.

As our own civilization rises to a higher level, so our knowledge of past ages widens and deepens, and we realize that much of our recently discovered science was quite familiar to our predecessors: and we may learn from this that even when the wave is at its highest, it is but a wave that falls as surely as it rises and that can never remain fixed at any stage. The savage of today is but the decadent descendant of some princely race, that probably believed itself the first and only one to learn some fragments of the Truth, which to the scientist of that day was the last word of possible attainment, as it is today.

But though the race may sink again and again to barbarism and emerge as constantly into the light, it does not follow that civilization

is at any time a failure. May it not be that the earth is a school for souls that incarnate from age to age, and, working for the good of all, perfect their own self-knowledge, and pass on from one class to another, from one race to another, apparently rising or falling in the scale of evolution as character develops and demands appropriate experience and opportunities? Men may have risen to perfection and passed on leaving the race apparently deprived of leaders and teachers, the while newcomers qualify to take the place vacated. The students in a school pass on, and others take their places, learn the same lessons, play the same games, gather the same experience, triumph or fail as others have done, and find each opportunity a new experience never before attempted or achieved. And none of it is wasted. No failure can be final while life lasts, and life is eternal.

A life may seem to have been lived to little purpose, a pupil in the school of life may meet with many a 'set-back,' and may be born again and yet again in those conditions out of which he failed to rise; but so long as he aspires to rise, so long as he attempts to gain self-mastery, he cannot live in vain, and all his failures turn to valuable experience when once that lesson has been learned.

Then he is like the prodigal son in the old allegory, the soul that sought experience incarnating on earth, the youth that went into a far land and squandered there his substance in riotous living, till he was forced to take service as a swineherd and to feed upon the husks the swine did eat; losing his intuition he was forced to satisfy his craving for Truth by filling his mind with the husks of materialistic learning, the acorns falling from the tree of knowledge. Turning at last upon himself he says: "I will arise and go to my father"; that is, he remembers his own divine origin and claims his place in the home where he was born, the spiritual world. Then his experience liberates him from his passions, and he departs from earth with wisdom gained, an honored member of his father's household.

May it not be so with nations? Can all the suffering that men inflict upon themselves be fruitless? Can civilization be futile? Are not its triumphs just precisely those liberations from earth of souls long bound upon the wheel of life, that seem to prepare the decay of that great force in evolution which continually seeks to replace the instincts of the lower nature by the intuitions of the higher? For that is what civilization is; no matter what it seem to be. The finding of the true Self, the beautifying, the purifying, the ennobling of life by the recognition of the divinity within. No! Civilization is not a failure and it is not skin-deep. It is the process of evolution in the human stage, and it is truly "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

THE HOST OF THE GODS OF IRELAND

CIAN DRAOI

THE writer had occasion to search for the account of the Four Jewels brought into Ireland by the Gods, and was struck by the place whence they were brought.

Traveling from Greece, where they were known and held in great awe by the people for their knowledge and their magic, the whole host, as recorded by Geoffrey Keating, the Irish historian,

"traveled to Loch Lonn where they got welcome from the people of the country for the extent of their science and their various arts."

It is quaint to read Keating's apologies for recording anything at all concerning this period — he continually remarks that he is not to be taken as believing what is told — it is not veritable history, but he is recording what the old books contain about it.

It seems that Loch Lonn means the tract of country that is washed by the southern part of the Baltic Sea. This will be found to include all that part of Sweden which has such a deep interest for all members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

The historian goes on to say:

"They obtained Four Cities, so as to be teaching the young folk of that country in them. The names of the cities were:

Fawl-yas (Fáilias)
Gore-yas (Gorias)
Finn-yas (Finias)
Murr-yas (Murias) *

"They place Four Sages in those Cities to teach the sciences and the various arts they had, to the youth of the country.

"The names of the Sages

"They place

Shem-yas (Semias) in Murias
Arr-yas (Arias) in Finias
Air-as (Euras) in Gorias
More-yas (Morias) in Fáilias

"After a while they proceed to the north of Alba (Scotland), so that they were seven years at that place."

It is characteristic of ancient writers, in most cases, that if they have something of importance to impress on the reader, there is no saving of words, nor any lessening of the dignity of the first part of the phrase in order to compress the second,— the complete thought is repeated.

*I write the names phonetically first for the help of those unused to Irish.

The part that is so interesting is that the young folk were the object of the journey,— they obtained cities *for the teaching of the young folk*, a peaceful entry — they placed Sages in those Cities *for the teaching of the young*.

After their seven years in Alba they set out for Ireland, where they found the inhabitants, the Firbolgs, at constant warfare with the Fomorians,— giant Atlanteans, W. Q. Judge says. From that time it was the old fight between the powers of light and those of darkness; the Light-bearer unsheathed his sword.

The Four Jewels they brought into Ireland, one from each of the Four Cities in Loch Lenn, are:

"One, a Stone of Virtue from Fáilias, it is it that is called Lee-ah Fawl (Lia Fáil) and it is it that used to roar under each King of Ireland on his being chosen by them up to the time of Con-a-her (Conchobhar)."

Here it is significant to read that the Kings where chosen by the Gods up to a certain period, and that the stone sounded their acclaim, in the hearing of the people.

In these days of radio-broadcasting, we have learnt to think it not impossible for a piece of mineral to detect and hold sounds of the most delicate character, but the tradition that a 'stone of virtue' was made to give out a sound, by those who were princes of knowledge and of various arts, has been scouted as pure invention. Maybe we have much enlightenment in store for us in the next quarter of a century, through the means of a crystal set.

The roar of the Lia Fáil is said to have made itself heard throughout the land. Three waves of the sea are also said to have roared, at times when certain of the Heroes were in need, or were engaged in combat.

"The Second Jewel is the Sword that Loo Law-wod-dha (Lugh Lamhfhada) had used, and from Gorias it was brought."

Lugh's full name signifies Lugh of the Long-hand, the far-reaching One,— the Sun-god, God of Light.

"The Third Jewel is the Spear which the same Lugh had prepared for battle, and from Finias it was brought.

"The Fourth Jewel, the Caldron of the Daw-ha (Daghdha), a company would not go away unsatisfied from it, and from Murias it was brought."

The Daghdha, called the Good, was a God of Fire.

"When the Too-aha Day Dan-ann (Tuatha De Danann) land in Ireland, they burn their ships."

Much is implied in that statement 'they burn their ships.' They had come to remain, and they have never been recorded as leaving.

We learn that when the Milesians arrived and seized the country, the Gods retired under the mountains of their adopted land. There are those who perceive, through intuition, the shimmer of their presence in the atmosphere, now, right down into the twentieth century. They abide under the mountains, waiting on times and occasions, when they may take a hand in helping forward the destiny of their spiritual center at the *West Pole of things*, as some one has called it.

The signs of their activity are said to be visible in the form of lights, appearing and disappearing after dusk, on the mountain-sides. One of the leaders in the fighting for freedom that broke out in 1916, at Easter-time (what a time for a Rising!) and who was arrested during the dreadful aftermath, when brothers were set to hunt down their own companions in the first fighting, and who was executed as an example on the charge of having a revolver in his house, told his friends on the day of his arrest, that the night before, he had seen the mountains "blazing with light." He was not known as a mystic, but in the light of what happened immediately afterwards, the two events were linked in the minds of some of his comrades.

To some of us, many of the mountains, seen from a little distance, seem to radiate an intelligence, a keen watching, a wide-awake interest in the country spread out before them. Some are known in tradition as Warriors, others as Helpers devoted to peace,— no dead masses of stone, but mountains to climb in grateful spirit and in joyous tranquillity of heart, mindful of our privileges in being allowed to do so. The men who have attempted to conquer the silences, high silences, of Chuma-lung-ma, which has been named by Westerns, Mount Everest, have been repulsed again and again; even the natural atmosphere is too keenly rare for those to breathe who are alien in all their conditions of life. Haughty children must learn respect due to such remote greatness, such spiritual purity unsullied by the gross forms that crowd thick around the children bred of the cities of men. Those who scorn the immortality of the Gods may see nothing to arouse thought in the name of this guardian of the East, but, a warning unheeded does not imply exemption from penalty, and it is a coincidence that the name 'Mother Goddess of the World' remained for the explorers merely a name, while the hint that the Spirit of the Mountain would be offended at their presence was of no weight.

Many of those who look upon our mountains, compare them in their minds with the young loftinesses in Switzerland; they say: "But these are not mountains,— they are just hills; very pretty and all that, but to hear you Irish people call them 'mountains,'— well, it's just too quaint, don't you know."

THE HOST OF THE GODS OF IRELAND

Those whose shoulders are bent with studying and inquiring into the age of this wonderful old globe, do not boggle at tabulating periods of years requiring six figures; they have a passing acquaintance with glacial periods, recognise the possibility of (shall we say?) not inconsiderable modifications in the dimensions of lumpy portions that have come under their influence. They have pried into the genealogies of various countries, and find that that part of Europe in which lies Switzerland emerged from the depths of the ancient sea, looking very much like a wide cluster of rugged islands, to the then ancient Watchers in Ireland. So we stand up for the dignity of our tranquil and kindly old sentinels, saluting them with ancient gesture when we come in sight of their distant profiles.

A lady-friend of the writer, a poetess, saw once, some years since, on a fine summer's afternoon as she sat away up on the heather-clad northern slope of one of the Dublin mountains, a heroic form, an ancient warrior of great stature, stride down from the higher ground. He stood for a while, looking towards the plain in which lies the city; and then, lifting his arm, he poised a spear and sent it flying through the sunny air towards the north. And then he vanished out of sight.

The presence of the Ever Young keeps the atmosphere sweet and vital over the whole land. In the solitary places: mountain-sides; the shores of silver lakes; the forest's pine-scented stillnesses; the rocky walls of mountain-streams, never silent; the purple and brown miles of bogland overhung with a very atmosphere of whispered music,— all are full with a vibration as of constantly journeying great Presences. The air is full of a richness and ripeness of strong maturity, ancient but not aged, the sign of the presence of those not subject to Time, ignoring Past and Future, being in the Now.

The writer's dwelling on the atmosphere that pervades his race's home is to arouse, where necessary, a train of inquiring thought as to its significance in respect to that which is not seen. If the vibration, the rhythm, of Ireland's earth-breathing, remains so greatly reposeful and heartening, in the face of our long history of warring men; desolated countrysides; terror-stricken women flying for their lives before a very world of racing flame; oppression lasting many centuries; the air laden with the complaints of a vigorous race held captive — no rest, no tranquillity, no prospect of lasting peace — a moment's consideration will suggest two pithy inquiries: How? Why? The answer put forward is, Whom the Gods love die young. To the kindly humorist who may remark, It's hard to kill a bad thing! may be whispered that a bad thing will be its own executioner; get busy with good things and build a pyramid with them — the beloved of the Gods shall be young, no matter when they die.

To the thoughtful mind comes the reflexion that truth in thought and action cannot be destroyed, but must shine through in time. Where truth was not, will in time be seen the lie in all its fantastic damnableness. There is an old story in Irish folk-lore in which two brothers set out to build a ship.

The elder said he would build one. He took tools one morning and started for the sea-shore. When just outside the castle (of his father, the king), he heard a voice asking, "Where are you going, king's son?"

"I am going to make a turkey-pen," answered the young man.

"May you prosper in justice and truth," said the voice.

The king's son began to build the ship that day; and in the evening, what had he built but a turkey-pen. When he came home they asked him what he had made.

"Nothing; I made only a turkey-pen."

"Oh," said the second son, "you are a fool. I knew that you could do nothing good."

On the following morning the second son started for the sea-shore; and the voice spoke to him and asked, "Where are you going, king's son?"

"To build a pigsty," answered he.

"May you prosper in justice and truth," said the voice.

He worked all day, and in the evening it was a pigsty that he had. He came home; and now the brothers were doleful because they had not a ship in which to sail to the princess.

The following morning the king's grandson said: "Give me the tools, to see can I myself do anything."

"What can you do, you fool?" asked the uncles.

"That matters not," replied he.

He left the castle, and at the place where the voice spoke to his uncles, it spoke to him also, and asked:

"What are you going to do, Blaiman, son of Apple?"

(He did not know his origin till then).

"I am going to build a ship," said Blaiman.

"That it may thrive with you in justice and truth," said the voice.

He went off to the edge of a wood that was growing at the sea-shore, gave one blow to a tree, and it went into its own proper place in the vessel. In the evening Blaiman had the nicest ship that ever moved on the deep sea. When finished, the ship was at the edge of the shore; he gave it one blow of a sledge, and sent it out to deep water. Blaiman went home full of gladness.

"What have you made?" asked the uncles.

"Go out and see for yourselves," answered Blaiman.

The two went, and saw the ship in the harbor. They were delighted to see the fine vessel, as they themselves could not build it.

The voice had built it with Blaiman, in return for his truth.

That last line seems to hold much of occult wisdom, might even suggest to some, pictures of mighty cromlechs in the raising, Maya stone-structures, consisting of blocks, each one larger than many an Irish peasant's cabin, being erected.

To return for a moment to atmosphere. Bearing in mind the

ancient tradition that, on the coming of the Milesians, the Gods, the Tuatha De Danann, retreated under the mountains, which then became the dwelling-places of the Immortals, and being conscious of this living atmosphere, full of stillness and power, it would seem not unreasonable to receive the latter fact as proof of the former tradition.

Also recalling that, in her vision of the future of Ireland, Brigid, who was a druid's daughter, a convert to Patrick and the new religion, saw with joy a light rising in the North, whose glory finally spread over the whole island, exceeding the former brilliance, many thoughts tinged with much of hopeful anticipation are aroused by the news in the last two years of the relighting of beacons in Loch Lonn. With the proverbially narrow outlook of the islander in any sea, attention has tended to regard 'the North' as being somewhere within the coasts of Ireland. It might be wisdom to watch a little further North for the source of the radiance. Also, as the radiance begins actually to light up the land, we may ponder over the sequence of events which followed that ancient descent upon Loch Lonn for the purpose of teaching the young folk of the country the sciences and varied arts of the Gods. The picture is seen again in an ancient Irish story:

> One day that a fair was assembled by the king of Eire upon the Hill of Balar, which is now called Ush-nach (Uisneach), it so happened that they were not long there when they saw an army and a goodly host coming towards them, directly from the West; and in the vanguard there was one young man high in authority over all; and like to the setting sun was the radiance of his face and forehead, and they were unable to gaze on his countenance because of its splendor.
>
> And this is who it was, Lugh . . . and the fairy-cavalcade from the Land of Promise, and his own foster-brothers.

Further on in the same story, they are seen by the Fomorian enemy,

> Bras (Breas) the son of Bah-ler (Balar) arose and said:
>
> "I wonder that the sun is rising in the west this day, and in the east every other day."
>
> "It were better that it were so," said the Druids.
>
> "What else is it (but the sun)?" said he.
>
> "It is the radiance of the face of Lugh Lamhfhada," they said.

And in the meantime, until the time-cycles bring into view that promised radiance, the Hosts of the Gods of Ireland work on, bringing forth, as their work is, beauty and truth out of all the ancient wrack that lies heaped on the inner record, and makes, to superficial observers, the history of Ireland to be a byeword, or at the least, a hopelessly obscure enigma.

The Immortals will not always be withstood; Wisdom waiting on Opportunity can be trusted to recognise its richness of scope. You may espy a lowering of the gaze from the heights glowing in the light of the

Soul, and you may not see that ancient inscribed stone, seemingly so casually within reach of the wandering foot. The pause is made, the mind stimulated by the riddle tries to peer into the past, and with the return of contemplation comes opportunity in another guise. The wanderlust dies down, and dim points of light begin to glimmer on the past.

It is only a matter of time until the eyes will tire of merely gazing at stone. There is a lifting of the head, and away over the tops of the trees of the world, like the dreaming slave in the story of the Secret Mountain, he will see again for a few moments the clear shining peaks of the Gods. He may now plunge again into the woods, and you shall not see him. Neither may you overtake him once he espies, in the dim stillness, the figure of his Companion, who cannot fail to guide him into the presence of the Hosts of Light, the People of Lugh of the Far-reaching Hand.

NEWS FROM THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD

OBSERVER

ACCORDING to H. P. Blavatsky, many of the traditions handed down by word of mouth from prehistoric times are quite as reliable (if not more so) as the so-called historical, documented records, and she said the truth of this assertion would be soon verified. Her position was a daring one to take at the time she wrote *The Secret Doctrine*, but she had good reason for her boldness, and subsequent discoveries have amply confirmed her words. We need only mention Crete, the Trojan War, the quite recent discoveries revealing the high culture of very ancient India, etc., and now we learn of the addition of a supposed purely mythical being to the list of great historical leaders and teachers of nations.

According to Dr. Herbert Spinden of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, it is now finally established that the legendary deity of the Toltecs of Mexico, Quetzalcoatl, the 'Plumed Serpent,' was not originally a god but a human being, a king, the last and most glorious member of a royal dynasty which ended in the twelfth century of our era. Dr. Spinden says:

"The picture of Quetzalcoatl, drawn from the many sources of Mexican and Central American archaeology, shows him as a King with understandable modern qualities. He had great administrative ability and was a practical man, with an eye to specialized industries and trade. He was a builder of roads, an innovator in the arts of the potter, the metal worker and the jeweler. He brought rubber and chocolate into the economic life of the Mexicans. The picture also shows him as a leader in the revival of the classical Mayan learning, himself trans-

lating the ancient calendar and the mathematical knowledge into the language of Mexico. Finally, he stands out as the protagonist in a liberal religious reformation. . . . His nearest counterpart is Aśoka, the last of the Maurya dynasty in India.

"Both stood for the humanities; they extolled justice; they practised in their own lives the virtues of repression. Both spread learning and cultivated the arts. . . . In the mean years that followed, while the fires of greed and envy burned out the very substance of nationality, people looked back upon these two Kings as truly great, even though they had failed."

Quetzalcoatl was deified after his death, and until lately scholars have supposed him to be merely a personification of a Rain or Storm-god, or even the Sun-god, but the native historians always referred to him as a real man who became a god at death. We see here another case of the overworked 'Solar Myth' turning out not to have been a solar myth at all at the beginning, but to have had a very substantial foundation in a hero whose nobility caused a grateful posterity to elevate him to Olympus. It is possible that those Toltecs knew more of the innate divinity of man and his superb possibilities than is dreamed of in our modern materialistic 'psychology'! (In the case of another 'solar myth'—Osiris — Egyptologists are now seriously excavating the Osireion at Abydos in the hope of finding the sarcophagus, and perhaps the mummy, of Osiris, no longer regarded as a purely imaginary deity.)

Another interesting point in regard to Quetzalcoatl, mentioned by Dr. Spinden, is that the tremendous and almost incredible success of Cortes in conquering a powerful and populous nation with only 450 followers, can be rationally explained by the probable belief of the Aztecs that he was a reincarnation of Quetzalcoatl, returning to the scene of his former glories. For a couple of years before 1519 Spanish expeditions had been unsuccessfully attempting to break down the native resistance on the coasts of Yucatan and the Gulf, but when Cortes appeared everything went in his favor. Dr. Spinden says:

"The most important coincidence was that Cortes came out of the East in 1519, which in Mexican chronology was the year 1 Reed, sacred to the memory of Quetzalcoatl's departure into the East and the very year in which it was prophesied he would return. Cortes landed from strange ships on the coast of Jade, very close to the spot where, according to an embellished myth, Quetzalcoatl had launched his famous serpent raft. As the Spanish captain stepped ashore in gleaming metal armor and plumed helmet the Indians gathered to resist, but perhaps a superstitious murmur spread through the ranks that here was a reincarnation of the Plumed Serpent. For the Quetzalcoatl of their painted books was a bearded leader with mighty companions and he was an artificer in metal to whom armor was a proper attribute. The wonderful way in which the Battle of Centla was won must have augmented this dread, which did not allay itself until all was lost."

Aztec Literature

The Aztec empire which was overthrown by the Spanish has lately been shown to have possessed writers of great poetic feeling and literary

ability. Five hundred poems and metrical stories have just been translated from Aztec books which had been lost for a century. Professor J. H. Cornyn, of the National University of Mexico, says:

"The Cantares cover a wide range of subjects — flower songs, spring odes, national poems, poetical compositions in honor of heroes, emperors, chiefs, rulers and great warriors; songs of poverty and humiliation, hymns to the gods, meditations, drum songs; poetical addresses delivered by ambassadors from the court of the Montezumas to princely rulers of the Aztec provinces, and similar compositions read to Aztec emperors by representatives of these provinces.

"Not only do these Cantares cover almost every metric variation of which the Aztec language was capable, but also they obey the strictest rules of prosody. . . .

"Love of flowers, birds and striking colors is characteristic of all the songs in the collection. Four centuries and more ago, it seems, the Aztecs were in advance of all peoples of the world in their passionate devotion to nature."

The collection includes forty-seven fables resembling Aesop's, and with excellent morals attached: these appealed so strongly to the Spanish conquerors that they were adopted in the schools for the native children which were set up by the new rulers.

Mysterious Hidden Maya Cities Reported

The Mason-Spinden Expedition, recently returned from the eastern part of the Yucatan peninsula and neighboring islands, where three months were spent in territory entirely unexplored by archaeologists, has brought news of special interest to students of Theosophy on account of its bearing on certain remarks of H. P. Blavatsky in regard to the mysterious lost civilization of the Mayas.

According to Mr. Gregory Mason, the explorers discovered that the Indians were greatly disquieted by their presence, not so much from fear of trade exploitation, from which they have suffered at the hands of the white man, but largely because of their suspicion that the ancient altars and shrines would be desecrated if not injured and robbed. Fortunately for the archaeologists, the Indians finally decided that they should not be molested or shot so long as they did no damage to the buildings and carried away no relics of any kind. Mr. Mason says that at least one member of the expedition succeeded with great difficulty in restraining himself from 'annexing' sundry tempting bits of broken pottery, but they were rewarded for their forbearance by the good reputation gained, and by a piece of information of unusual interest which may ultimately prove the key to the mystery of the Maya language and origin.

At Muyil, one of the oldest Maya cities, a remarkable subterranean temple was found. It had three altars and Mr. Mason says it would

attract large crowds if reproduced in a museum. The Indians, as the explorers discovered later, resented the examination of this building but did not actually prevent it.

Upon the roof of another temple at Muyil an entirely new feature in Maya architecture was found — a small round cupola or tower. The temple stands upon a pyramidal mound of five terraces, ascended by a wide stairway, and the cupola adds greatly to the impressive effect.

At Paalmul a mysterious circular building, nearly 32 feet high, was found, most probably an astronomical observatory. Mr. Mason remarks:

"Most of the 30 per cent. of the Maya hieroglyphs that have been translated relate to the calendar and astronomy of the ancients or to methods of counting. We realize how advanced was the science of these first Americans when we consider that in an old Maya book, the Dresden Codex, are computations involving nearly twelve and a half million days, or about 34,000 years."

At a certain Indian village the local Indian Lieutenant told the explorers that he could, if permitted, take them to two cities of old Maya stone buildings *which are still in use.* He said their names are Ichmu (Conspicuous Pyramid) and Huntichmul (Among the Pyramids). Naturally, the archaeologists were thrown "into a fever of eagerness to see these forbidden places," but General May, the governor of the district, flatly refused permission on the ground that he feared an open revolt if he consented. He suggested, however, that as his people were beginning to understand that the archaeologists come to the shrines in a spirit of reverence and not to steal, "it might be possible to see the hidden cities next year!"

Mr. Mason gives many facts in support of the belief that the Mayas of today are not only the lineal descendants of the great builders of old, but that they have not abandoned their ancient religion. He says:

"There is not much evidence favorable to the contention that these Indians have really accepted Christianity. On the contrary, no doubt many of them hate its very name. In the heart of the thick bush of Quintana Roo Dr. Spinden and I found magnificent Spanish cathedrals tenanted only by bats and buzzards; unentered perhaps for generations by men, except for such chance wanderers as ourselves. Within a few miles copal was burning in Maya temples, albeit the hands that brought the offerings had lost the skill that built these structures centuries ago.

The possibility of finding lingering remnants of Maya civilization yet untouched by modern ways where speculation would be substituted by certain knowledge, is most fascinating, and Mr. Mason points out that ever since the first explorers penetrated the Maya country there have been rumors of cities in which the old civilization lives on. He quotes the famous explorer, John L. Stephens, who was told about 1840 by a

Spanish padre that such a city existed in the wild district of Vera Paz, Guatemala:

"The thing that roused us was the padre's assertion that four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the top-most ridge of the sierra the city was distinctly visible.

"He was then young, and with much labor climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory."

It is not impossible that the city may have been abandoned since the days of Stephens, but the fact that the Mason-Spinden expedition was permitted to visit many other sacred spots — though with reluctance — makes it extremely probable that there must be some very good reason why the forbidden cities have so much significance and importance in native eyes, and we may be within reach of the long-looked-for clue to the mysteries so vainly sought hitherto. And we may be only just in time, for as Mr. Mason regretfully says:

"All races have their day, and the Maya fire is nearly out. Tuberculosis, bad rum, and other gifts of white civilization, are helping the course of nature.'

In *Isis Unveiled*, H. P. Blavatsky makes several very significant remarks about the Maya and Peruvian civilizations, and students should read Volume I, pages 546-7, in this connexion. We will not apologize for introducing a short quotation here for the benefit of those who have not yet read the book. Speaking of Stephens and the hidden city, she says:

"Nearly the same was given us personally about twenty years ago [written in 1877] by an old native priest . . . but as truly a sun-worshiper in his heart as ever he was. . . . We believe his account; for a man who is about to die will rarely stop to invent idle stories; and this one we have found corroborated in Stephen's *Travels*. Besides, we know of two other cities utterly unknown to European travelers; not that the inhabitants particularly desire to hide themselves; for people from Buddhistic countries come occasionally to visit them. But their towns are not set down on the European or Asiatic maps; and, on account of the too zealous and enterprising Christian missionaries, and perhaps for more mysterious reasons of their own, the few natives of other countries who are aware of the existence of these two cities never mention them. Nature has provided strange nooks and hiding-places for her favorites; and unfortunately it is but far away from so-called civilized countries that man is free to worship the Deity in the way that his fathers did."— I, 547-8

Dr. Spinden and Mr. Mason may not visit the two hidden cities 'next year', but if they do, their report should prove of extreme interest.

"GIVE UP THY LIFE"

H. K.

IN studying the duality of human nature, we learn by degrees to discriminate between the influence of the higher and of the lower parts thereof. We also learn to discriminate between true impersonality and personality; and we learn that all within us that is truly generous, is, strictly speaking, not a virtue of the personality, but rather the absence of it. The word 'personality' then becomes but another name for the lower nature.

We learn that the higher nature is that eternal part of us — the true Self — which incarnates for the purpose of disciplining the acquired personality into a useful instrument for the noblest possible expression of all that is truly essentially divine. If, as actors here upon the stage of life, we fail to subdue and refine the personality, allowing it to rule us instead of ruling it, we are but 'poor players' who merely 'strut and fret.' Only in so far as we succeed in disciplining the personality — which is "the self outside the Path" — into a serviceable instrument for the functioning of the higher will, are we able truly and sincerely to fulfil our obligations to our fellow-men. We learn that only in fulfilling to the highest degree these obligations, can we perceive and recognise that true Self — the actor himself, behind the mask of personality — which we long to recognise in our fellow-men.

It is only too obvious that a proud, undisciplined brain-mind is one of the worst obstructions to true understanding. We read: "Be humble, if thou wouldst attain to Wisdom. Be humbler still when Wisdom thou hast mastered." We cannot accept the guidance of a great Spiritual Teacher, except through the fullest degree of trust; which is the right quality of humility — or absence of personal vanity. But to grope for this in the realm of false humility, with its inevitable self-pities, and countless pitfalls in all directions, is but obedience to one of the subtilest promptings of the personality — or the lower nature — which in its own way knows only too well that such a course will lead anywhere but to the joyful path of truly unselfish service.

Fully to trust the impersonal guidance of a wise and loving Teacher — whose real guidance comes more through one's own higher consciousness than through any particularly spoken instructions — one must first learn thoroughly to trust oneself with that kind of trust that is not subject to reactions.

No one is quite ready for the battle of real living, until he can

say: "I am willing to be counted among the self-forgetful!" It is written: "Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live"; which in the light of common sense, simply means true generosity, the unstinted giving of one's truer Self in every act of real duty.

Remembering that the spiritual life is Joy if we will but realize it to be so, first within the mind, without awaiting mere circumstances, then the long and otherwise complex problems as to how to discipline the lower nature *begin* to solve themselves. Whatever adversities may yet follow, even should life not become a better thing at the very outset, a beginning has at least been made. It is the first step that counts.

GLIMPSES OF PARIS FROM THE TRAVELER'S POINT OF VIEW

ANNA REUTERSWÄRD

EVERY year Paris is visited by thousands of tourists and thousands of strangers live there for a longer or shorter time. To every one, Paris gives something special. One is enchanted by the musical life, another by the theaters, and others forget everything else to study art in all its aspects. Some lose themselves in the libraries or listen to lectures by learned professors at the University. Others enjoy above all *la cuisine française* in the restaurants, or admire the French people and their cultured, distinguished manners.

One of the oldest churches in Paris is Saint Julien — Le-Pauvre. Its history is very interesting. It is situated near the Seine on a street of the same name. The first time the church is mentioned in any manuscript is by Grégoire de Tours:

"Le saint évêque venant de sa ville épiscopale, vers l'an 580 ou 587, s'arrêta à la Basilique du Bienheureux Julien, martyr, et logea dans ses dépendances."

The golden age of Saint Julien was the thirteenth century. At that time the little congregation had fifty *religieux* and was the seat of the University and drew in that way the attention of the Christian world. It was rich also because most of the houses that formed the parish were leased to teachers and pupils. But this prosperity was short. The decline began already at the end of the fourteenth century.

In our time it is classed as a historic monument, and since 1886 it has been open to the 'Melchites Grecs-Catholiques' from Syria, Pales-

tine, and Egypt, who have there their services according to the Byzantine rite.

Among those who for a time lived and studied at the University was Dante. One is shown the house nearby where it is said he lived, and the *rue Dante* in the neighborhood, preserves through its name the memory of the great Italian's visit to Paris.

The interior of the church is much larger than appears from its exterior view. The pillars and columns of the great nave bear witness to different epochs but also to a past splendor. A picture from the Byzantine period is interesting among others; also a statue of Charlemagne in terra-cotta from the eleventh century.

Behind the church is a garden with an avenue of old trees. It is scarcely possible to think that one is in the heart of Paris, so silent, so desolate, is the place. The imagination goes back centuries and one sees in the same avenue, where now children of a restless time linger for a few moments, old and young students in the medieval costumes walking slowly to and fro and discussing life's problems and the thoughts and different points of view of scientific and learned men.

Nowadays one has from the garden a splendid view of 'Notre Dame' across the Seine. There it stands in the distance and as there is nothing to intercept the view, one gets the right perspective of this magnificent building, this jewel of architecture, lying on *l'île Saint-Louis*. There it is like a great ship, personifying France and the Seine stretching out both her arms embracing and protective. This idea comes forcibly to one, remembering how Napoleon once exclaimed to his soldiers that their victorious eagles would fly to France and rest on the towers of 'Notre Dame.'

It is on *l'île Saint-Louis* that one finds the oldest part of Paris. — narrow, silent streets and ancient palaces and houses with an atmosphere of *l'ancien régime* and romance.

Continuing along the quays of the Seine one stops now and then to look at the second-hand books and rare old volumes, that are displayed in stalls. The bookseller stands at the side of his stall, and in the evening he puts a lid over his little 'shop' and locks it. Many a time a rare discovery has been made here by antiquaries, and it is very interesting also to observe the special character those 'stalls' with their sellers and buyers give to the street.

A little further up on *l'île Saint-Louis* one enters through a large gate the open place outside the Palais de Justice. It might be interesting to visit this great building and, in passing the long corridors, observe

the lawyers and judges in their costumes, which give to the wearers an air of distinction. But to the traveler the main interest is La Sainte-Chapelle lying close to the Palais de Justice. After we have admired the style of the church and the high windows, one enters. The proportions, the lines, the colors, must be in every way perfect, because the impression of completeness is so strong that one wonders if anything so noble, so balanced in architecture, exists anywhere else. The light streams in through the colored windows and adds a mystic quality to the place.

On the other side of the Palais de Justice, the Seine has formed *l'île Saint-Louis* in the shape of a triangle. An open place, also triangular, surrounded by old houses, has a special history.

In the beginning of last century there were no halls in Paris for the artists to exhibit their works in. But the artists were not without resources. They gathered together and had their 'salon' in this place. The outer walls of the houses were the background and the sky the roof of these unique exhibitions. All went well as long as the weather was fine, but when it began to rain the kind inhabitants in the houses hurried out and brought the pictures into their homes. When the sun came out the pictures were rehung in their places, and the 'salon' again opened to spectators. Many artists, now famous in the history of French art, had their first exhibit in this way in this out-of-door gallery.

If one crosses the Seine back to the 'Latin Quarter' and walks right up the Boulevard Saint-Michel, one soon arrives at the Panthéon facing the *rue Soufflot*, which more resembles an open place than a short side-street off the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

Outside this great edifice is Rodin's 'Le Penseur.' A replica of this famous work is placed on a hill overlooking Paris. Quite naturally one's thoughts go to another statue also placed on a hill overlooking a beautiful city — I mean Michelangelo's 'David' outside of Florence. Against the sky, David stands in his young manhood; nothing seems impossible to him, he is ready to conquer a world. 'Le Penseur' is represented as an average man sitting in a bent position. His face expresses intense thought. Is he thinking how to find God, how to solve life's riddles? David awakens enthusiasm, one wants to follow him on the victorious road, out in sun and joy — to live his life.

Looking at 'Le Penseur' one feels sorry for humanity — one sees clearly that the artist wants to show that it is not through the brain-mind that one finds the way to happiness. How is it possible to feel happy if the spirit is shut out, the brain the master, thinking he has a soul somewhere or, it may be, no soul at all.

The walls inside the Panthéon are painted *al fresco*, representing

scenes from the lives of great men and women in French history.

Sainte-Geneviève, the Patroness of Paris, is represented as the expression of a spiritual idea. She stands in a kind of porch to a house, dressed in white, erect but in an easy pose, watching over her beloved city. At a distance one sees the houses of Paris. The artist, Puvis de Chavannes, if I remember correctly, has succeeded in rendering the impression that the inhabitants of the city are at rest with perfect trust in the protective power of Sainte-Geneviève.

Another painting shows Jeanne d'Arc in the garden of her home. The expression of listening in her face, and the far-away look in her eyes, tell us that she is experiencing some inner revelation. Two angels stand behind her, so we know that she is not seeing a vision, but is hearkening to voices, or a voice. From Jeanne d'Arc's history we learn that she faithfully followed her voices. She, a simple, ignorant peasant-girl, became the deliverer of France because she could be used as an instrument of the almighty power of the divine soul.

Is it not an inspiring thought that what this young girl did, we all can do — as far as our hearts are true, listening to the silent divine voice in ourselves and courageously following its mandates, should even the fire at the stake await us. The flames cannot scorch, cruelty cannot injure, from a spiritual point of view, the man who in utter selflessness gives his life for others.

The traveler's thoughts go to the great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, whom France has honored with a resting-place in the Panthéon; and leaving the home for the memory of heroes, we take our way to 'Maison Victor Hugo,' situated on the other side of the Seine at an open place, which is surrounded by old-fashioned houses.

One enters the poet's abode — an artist's home — thinking of the beautiful pictures and metaphors to be found in his poetry. For instance in *Booz endormi:*

> "Et Ruth se demandait quel Dieu, quel moissonneur
> de l'éternité avait, en s'en allant, jeté cette faucille
> d'or dans le champ des étoiles."

Or, will one not smile the loveliest smile to justify his statement:

> "Quelque chose de beau comme un sourire humain."

The walls in the house are covered with engravings and pictures — the illustrations of his works — and in this way the different epochs in his life-story are unfolded to the spectator.

Through suffering, artists so often are transferred to a higher,

brighter plane — we find so many masterpieces in art or literature which are created during times of deep sorrow for the author. Victor Hugo wrote one of his most famous works, *Les contemplations*, to the memory of his daughter Léopoldine, who was drowned in the Seine a few days after her marriage.

Victor Hugo's home must have been very dear to him. One finds all over the house evidence of a loving hand, which has tried to beautify it. There are so many inviting corners, and one is told that Victor Hugo himself partly made the dining-room furniture. He bought old carved wood and put the pieces together according to his own taste.

At last one reaches the top floor, where his bedchamber was. At one window stands a small high desk, where he used to write in a standing position. There, covered by a glass plate, is a piece of paper on which Victor Hugo has written the following prophetic words:

"Je représente un parti qui n'existe pas encore, le parti Révolution — Civilisation.

"Ce parti fera le vingtième siècle. Il en sortira d'abord les États-Unis à Europe, puis les États-Unis du Monde. — V. H."

His soul saw and felt the promise of the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood now existing in America at Point Loma, California, under the leadership of Katherine Tingley — a nucleus which is deeply rooted and already is sending forth spiritual branches all over Europe, revolutionizing humanity's thought in regard to religion, science, education, and other vital questions. His soul knew that in obedience to Universal Law, Great Souls incarnate when humanity's needs are overwhelming, and through their willingness to live under constant persecution and misunderstanding, they light anew the spiritual fire in the world.

The traveler leaves this inviting home, having felt the presence of lofty thoughts and personages given life by the superior mind of Victor Hugo.

Let us return to the 'Latin Quarter' and visit La Sorbonne, the University of Paris, which is not far from the Panthéon. Here the stranger is given great opportunities for study. In addition to a section for *Des sciences Juridiques, Politiques, et Économiques* there is also one for *Des Lettres* — with a number of interesting subjects, as for instance: 'French literature,' 'French history of art,' 'History of the French language,' etc., etc.

During the summer-vacation there are also many interesting courses. Among others: 'History of ideas in France' and lectures on the life and works of some great composers. Debussy's work, *Pelléas et*

Mélisande, was said to form a new epoch in the history of French music. Before this the French composers had used the horizontal line in their compositions, but Debussy introduces the vertical line. The professor also spoke about the circumstance that when a new epoch appears in a branch of art, the other branches follow.

We might for example think of comparing Debussy's music with the paintings of the great impressionists: Manet, Claude Monet, Pizarro, Renoir, Dégas, and others — is it not the same profusion of colors, harmonies, impressions; but where is the construction to hold together these beautiful pictures so that they do not float away before a shadow or a gust of wind, like a sunset? Let us carry the thought a little farther and think of a man's life. It may be good and sweet, but if it is not sustained by principles and discipline, it gives only an impression of something beautiful, not of the inspiring, supporting qualities.

The lectures on music were given in a very fascinating way. A musician sat at the piano and by the professor's direction played different numbers by the composer he lectured on, thus explaining and illustrating his words.

In a similar way the lectures in the 'History of French art' were carried out. Screen-slides of places and pictures were given to illustrate the subject the professor lectured about, or he took his pupils out to different places in Paris and its environs in order to be able still better to explain his thoughts and conceptions with the background furnished by environments.

It is a happy time and a memory for life for each student attending these lectures, given by specially chosen professors in such a way that one does not like to lose a single word. These courses give also something else, something more. The association between representatives of nearly thirty different nations — as frequently happens — must bring out in each one a greater knowledge not only of human nature, but also a deeper understanding of the soul of different nations.

The students formed among themselves an association, which met every Saturday night at a hall in *rue Savardoni* — a narrow street in the 'Latin Quarter' — and then a short address by each one in turn — one at a time — was given on some interesting subject. Music and songs followed, tea, and general conversation, and at last dancing. Many glimpses of lives and happenings in all corners of the world were related and it was extremely fascinating to follow the ways and speech of all these unusually bright and gifted people.

Before leaving La Sorbonne, we have to look at the great reception-

hall in the University. Puvis de Chavannes' great painting '*Inter artes et naturam*' occupies the background. We see a large group of trees and among them are gods and goddesses wandering or reclining, representing the different arts and sciences. In the foreground is a spring. A young man has just filled some kind of vase from it and gives the filled vessel to an old man. The symbol is easy to comprehend.

In this beautiful hall the traveler had the opportunity to be present at a historical event. Paderewski, at that time *chef d'état* of Poland, paid an official visit to France. Paris-University wished to offer him its homage and a great reception was arranged. It was interesting to see how democratic France on this occasion received the chief of an allied nation. The French guard paraded in gala-uniform. They looked imposing with the long black horsetails hanging from their helmets and dressed in red and white with black shoes as high as the knees.

The invited guests soon filled the big hall. *Hommes de lettres* grouped themselves together, as did likewise *Hommes de droit.* These two groups were in costume, and with their bright caps, which they wore the whole time, made vivid spots of color among the distinguished audience. On a platform was a semicircle, with elegant chairs placed facing the public. Presently there entered La Sorbonne's Rector, a representative of the French President, the Ex-President, some members of the French Academy in their refined uniforms, and high officials. Then a military band began to play the Polish national anthem and in came the Polish President, Paderewski, statesman and musician — strange combination — with his suite, and the group of distinguished statesmen and philosophers took their seats on the platform.

The Rector opened the exercises by wishing Paderewski welcome on behalf of the University. Among all the speeches which followed, expressing the pleasure the French government and people felt at receiving in their country the President of Poland, was one given by a member of the French Academy. It was an oration worthy of the classic French language. Paderewski made a short reply, thanking the Committee for the reception. The band played — it had played some numbers between the speeches also — and the Reception was over, leaving an interesting memory.

From La Sorbonne we choose to walk along the *rue Racine,* a street off the Boulevard Saint Michel, and after a few minutes we reach the Place de l'Odéon where the Odéon-Theatre is situated. This theater is the home of the classical drama. Here one can hear some of Corneille's *chefs-d'œuvre* like *Le Cid, Horace, Cinna,* or *Polyeucte,* and another evening some play by the other great French tragical poet of the seven-

teenth century, Racine, such as *Andromache.* The third great name, which is on this theater's program, is Molière.

Once speaking of Molière's plays and of the different characters in *L'avare,* a learned French professor said to me: "Will you tell me your opinion concerning the scene in Act Three when Maître Jacques wants money from Harpagon to make a good supper?" Harpagon of course objects and Valère helps Harpagon, reciting an ancient saw: "*Il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger.*" Harpagon thinks it is the most beautiful sentence that he has ever heard and wants to know the name of the great man who spoke thus, and to have the quoted saying engraved in letters of gold in the dining-room. "Now," said the French professor, "is it a slip on Molière's part to let Harpagon, quite against his nature, express such an expensive wish as to have the sentence in letters of gold, or does Harpagon for once forget his avarice at the prospect of what might be gained by having these words as a daily reminder to his family?" — I leave it for the reader to solve the problem.

Thinking of the French theaters, the traveler remembers as a young woman hearing her first French play in Paris at the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin. It was *Cyrano de Bergerac,* by Rostand. Cyrano's part was played by the elder Coquelin. Before the mind's eye the balcony-scene arises. There sits the beautiful Roxane and beneath stands Cyrano. A friend has asked him to help him to win Roxane by his eloquence, his idealistic, poetic nature. Cyrano promises, although he loves Roxane himself. And to the listening Roxane, Cyrano recites words coming from his tender heart, his pure elevated mind:

> "Mon cœur ne vous quitte jamais une seconde,
> et je suis et serai jusque dans l'autre monde,
> celui qui vous aime sans mesure."

Roxane was conquered. Cyrano withdrew and left his friend to hear Roxane's answer.

The beautiful scene, Coquelin's magnificent voice, the fascinating language — all combined to leave a memory for life. A memory of a scene representing the love which gives, in contrast to the love which demands to possess the beloved.

At the present time there are not such great actors as Coquelin or Sarah Bernhardt on the French stage, but it is a great pleasure to hear a play at the Théâtre Français. There are always only first-class artists and the way they speak the language does full justice to its musical qualities.

In the 'Latin Quarter' at the *rue Monge* we find an interesting

relic of Roman times: it is *Arènes de Lutèce.* This big arena was discovered about fifty years ago and is now completely excavated. Modern houses surround this place, where in former times the spectators found pleasure in looking at cruel plays and contests. During the excavations many stone fragments were found. These findings are brought to the Musée Carnavalet, where they are kept in a kind of big cellar — the kitchen of the Marquise de la Sévigné. The whole museum has found a place in her former palace which contains collections of all kinds, illustrating the history of Paris. It must certainly be a perfect gold-mine to writers of history.

In the palace is preserved a suite of rooms with furniture belonging to Madame de Sévigné. She lives in the memory as a charming letter-writer. The letters to her daughter are especially famous. But what says the modern woman about the tender mother, who advises her daughter not to drink too much chocolate because she might get a black baby — Madame de Sévigné had heard of such a case!!

There are several museums in Paris, for which room has been made in former palaces. For instance, the Musée de Cluny near La Sorbonne. This museum has beautiful collections of antiques and faïence with the mother-of-pearl glittering, which is so rare.

The Hotel de Biron contains Rodin's sculptures and the Musée de Jacquemart-André, donated to the French State by the two artists whose names it bears, has collections of furniture, pictures, and various things, gathered during the married life of these two art-lovers.

These museums are gems — oases in the big city — with their gardens, their architecture, their beautiful rooms — one enjoys the setting as much as the treasures they hold.

A very good time to visit the Louvre is Sunday morning between ten and twelve. Then there are few visitors and one can sense the atmosphere of the different objects of art. It is well to meet old friends in silence. From childhood, so many of the pictures and sculptures in the Louvre are known to all through reproductions, and it is with a smile and a quicker beating of the heart that one stands face to face with these well-known images. One wanders through centuries looking at the different pictures, and it seems to me that nowhere else can one better understand than in a big museum — like the Louvre — that torchbearers of the spiritual Light and Beauty are always among us, weaving with the accompaniment of song the golden threads in the tapestry of life. Surely there is music going out from true art. One hears every instrument, every tune, from the low sweet refrains to the majestic orchestral numbers.

Leaving this Temple of Art, the heart and mind are elevated and purified by having been in company with messengers of divine harmonies.

In the Luxembourg we find the modern art. Many pictures are transferred to the Louvre, when they have been here a number of years — probably when they have become masterpieces in the mind of the great public.

A place that every tourist visits, I imagine, is the Hôtel des Invalides. It is a great combination of buildings containing a museum, a church, a place for war-veterans and — the tomb of Napoléon. Here he lies in a big coffin of polished Finnish red granite, a gift from a Russian tsar. A gallery in the shape of a circle surrounds the monument and one has to look over a balustrade down about ten or fifteen feet to see the monument. Here the great Napoléon lies, according to his wish, near the Seine and among the French people, whom he loved so much. Do we not feel like the blowing of a wind great happenings pass over us, and hear a powerful, commanding voice — a voice that millions of people once followed, a voice on whose commands the map of Europe was changed! Wherever we go in Paris we find traces of Napoléon. Often on the battlefield he made sketches, how to beautify the city.

From the Hôtel des Invalides we cross the bridge and are on the beautiful open place: Place de la Concorde, with the Jardins des Tuileries on one side and the Champs-Élysées on the other side. It was Napoléon who transformed this place on which the guillotine stood during part of the Revolution. It was here that Josephine's first husband, Vicomte de Beauharnais, was executed, and then Josephine was in prison expecting the same fatal end. But we know that another destiny was decreed for her.

We are now in the heart of Paris, and after a short walk through the Boulevard des Capucines we are on the Place de l'Opéra, where the great Opera-house is situated. The building itself does not belong to the most beautiful or interesting from an architectural point of view in Paris, but the operas given there, the orchestra, the ballet, the audience, all combined, give the essence of French taste and culture. Not far from the great Opéra is the Opéra Comique near the Boulevard des Italiens. Here matinées are often given and custom permits ladies to attend these unescorted.

All over the city there are concert-halls. Among the best known are the Colonnes. There modern music is given, and the reception given by the French public to this is as emotional as that of Italian audiences. Disapproval is demonstrated by whistling, stamping with the feet, etc.,

and enthusiastic applause is given to the music which is liked.

For the serious student, who wants to learn, there is no city in the world which offers such favorable opportunities. Wherever one goes in Paris, vistas of beauty open; there is the perspective, necessary to get the right view of beautiful buildings, parks and avenues with fountains, sculptures, and children. If it should happen that one stands for a moment on a sidewalk and the glance should catch such a common thing as a lamp-post — even that is a piece of art with graceful ornaments. An atmosphere of courtesy and gaiety prevails in Paris and it is so much easier to absorb knowledge, when help from all directions is given. When one sees so much beauty, surely the artistic sense is developed; when one hears so much beautiful music, must not the musical sense develop, and the longing to study? Are not the intelligent lectures, the libraries — as, for instance, the library Sainte-Geneviève — like bread to the hungry one?

From the Place de l'Opéra many prominent streets and boulevards lead out. For instance, the Rue de la Paix is widely known on account of the firms and dressmakers, who have their shops there. An article from the Rue de la Paix has a certain distinction, and also a certain costliness!

But the traveler is going by the Avenue de l'Opéra to the Rue de Rivoli, and there we take the autobus going out to the Porte de Neuilly. We now get one of the most beautiful drives in Paris. We drive up the Avenue des Champs-Élysées and enjoy the beautiful rows of trees that border the street and get a glimpse of elegant Parisian society. Soon we arrive at the Place de l'Étoile and pass the Arc de Triomphe, where the 'Unknown Soldier' has his resting-place. We continue on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and get out at the Porte de Neuilly. From here one can take another car and for a small cost have an agreeable drive in the Bois de Boulogne. But we take the car going out in the neighborhood of Paris to Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

We stop on the way to pay a visit to Malmaison, where Napoléon and Josephine had their happiest years together. We find in a French historical work about Napoléon, issued last year, the opinion that Josephine was — in spite of her weaknesses — the Emperor's 'good genius.' The thought comes: how many wives have been the good geniuses of their husbands? It seems to me that history's judgment is a tribute of justice giving Josephine her rightful place. Napoléon divorced Josephine in order to secure his dynasty, but Nemesis or Karma worked in a different way. It was Josephine's grandson, Hortense's son, who under the name of Napoleon III became the Emperor of France, and it was Josephine's

granddaughter, Eugène's daughter, Josephine, who by marriage became Queen of Sweden.

Later in his life, when he was alone and abandoned, Napoléon said, speaking of Josephine: "She would never have left me!" But then Josephine was no more. She had died shortly after Waterloo.

Josephine loved flowers and she and Hortense worked together in the garden at Malmaison. Now there are big lawns and rustic corners filled with wild flowers. We see the small pavilion where Napoléon loved to work, and then enter the beautiful home, where much is kept as it was, when the happy Court lived there. We see Napoléon's library with furniture in the Empire-style and Josephine's music-room, where the harp is, on which Hortense, the 'sunbeam of the Court' as Napoléon called her, used to play. Such lovely evenings and days there must have been at Malmaison, where the graceful Josephine reigned and the loyal Eugene and lovely Hortense helped to enliven the domestic life of Napoléon.

Josephine's last resting-place at Rueil, near Malmaison, has the simple inscription: "From Hortense and Eugène" on the tombstone.

We continue our trip with the car and in about one hour we arrive at the little city, Saint-Germain-en-Laye, famous for its beautiful situation, its old castle now a museum, and the unique terrace, built by Le Notre — the same landscape-gardener who made the gardens and parks at Versailles. From the Terrace, perhaps several miles long, one has the most beautiful view of the countryside and on the horizon one sees the contours of Paris. Behind the Terrace is a large forest with different kinds of trees, and in the spring, in every ditch, in every little opening of the trees, the ground is covered with flowers of all colors. Right at the Terrace and the forest, the traveler lived for some weeks in order to benefit by all the influences of nature, to live in the pure air, to hear the birds, caress the big trees, or lie down in the grass and listen to the faint hum of the insects.

One day the traveler found in the forest an old stone cross, erected to the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. It was with Jeanne in her thoughts that the traveler one evening said good-bye to her 'City Beautiful.' Wandering on the Terrace under the stars and seeing the faint lights of Paris far away, her heart embraced the city.

"I know well," it said, "that you have two faces, like the Higher and Lower self in every man; but one day the French people, who are capable of expressing so much beauty, will also find the beauty of living the soul-life. Hundreds of years ago Jeanne d'Arc, the flower of the

French soul, lived. It is said of her that she laid her hand on the heart of the French people and lo! they stepped out into the larger life, the soul-life, and won their liberty. What has happened once can happen again. Has not Victor Hugo prophesied that there shall come from the New World those who shall transform the earth? Maybe a new Jeanne d'Arc will come and lay her hand on the heart of the French people, reawaken them to their spiritual possibilities, making them forget the cold brain-reasoning and step forth as divine souls doing their part to unite Humanity into a Universal Brotherhood, suited to live on our Earth."

KEYS TO A SUCCESSFUL LIFE

KURT REINEMAN

[An Address, read before the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, at the meeting of November 13, 1925]

IN Shakespeare's *As You Like It* — a play that to the student is full of suggestive thoughts — Celia, on seeing the young and untried Orlando go forward to pit his skill in wrestling against that of the "bony prizer of the humorous duke," at once pins her faith on him, for, as she says, "he looks successfully."

It is a fact that some people carry success in their very looks; every act of such a person bears the stamp of an inner power that is bound to win, and even an apparent failure is to him but a means to final attainment. Such a man is living successfully; and however high the goal he may be aiming at in life, however glorious and inspiring the vision he may have glimpsed of his possibilities and his destiny, he does not go stumbling along with his gaze fixed on that far-away height; for he is giving his whole attention to the fashioning of success, momently, out of each small circumstance as it comes. For him, life is that which he is experiencing in the unceasing here and now, and he knows that true living means the obtaining of some small victory every hour, until success becomes a habit, a state of mind. This idea, simple as it appears, is a very valuable one and can serve to simplify our problems enormously.

Another splendid idea was formulated recently by a writer in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, who said: "Man is a will operating amid circumstances" — part of the great Divine Will that causes the universe to evolve and that governs and sustains it eternally, which part is

operating amid circumstances or, in other words, engaged in what men call 'living.' This Will that is our Self, like all else in Nature, has to expand, to grow, to become fruitful, to learn how to master the circumstances of life, and, finally, having become fully conscious of itself and its divine powers and destiny, to reunite with that great One Will from which it sprang.

How is this unfolding of the Will-Self brought about? By its being obliged, in order to reach to the Light toward which it aspires and from which it draws its sustenance, to push through the dark soil of material existence up into the free air above; constantly to adjust its activities in harmony both with the forces of Nature and with the activities of its brother-wills; to meet without breaking under them the bitter winds of misfortune; to withstand the biting cold of unkindness and ingratitude from others, the scorching flames of passion and desire from its own lower self, and, in spite of all these, ever to reach upward toward its parent-Sun and outward toward its fellows in the perfect symmetry of a noble tree, beautiful and fruitful and true to its own destiny.

Such is the picture of the successful life. But for such living, knowledge is needed. For between the inner Will-Self and the outer circumstances amid which it operates there are many connecting 'vehicles,' 'sheaths,' or 'planes,' by means of which the man contacts life and which enable him to manifest his powers. With his thought he passes from one of these to another as circumstances require; and while so doing, he is vivifying and building up the corresponding part of his nature. Man is thus, in a sense, his own creator; and, in order that he may build wisely and well, he must know.

Here, then, is the goal man must attain. Not happiness and ease, prosperity, and fame, and riches (though indeed these may come to him in due course as he earns the right to use and enjoy them) but knowledge and power: the perfect self-knowledge that gives to the Will-Self perfect power over the circumstances of life. This true knowledge, which is wisdom, "comes from the performance of duty and in the silence" — in which saying we have been given two master-keys to right living: *duty*, and *silence*.

Perhaps a word regarding the latter may be in place here. Surely the mere cessation from speech is but the beginning of real silence, and even the exercise of mental control to quiet one's thoughts is only the second step. The silence in which wisdom comes must be rather an inner condition of harmony: that state wherein one feels 'at home,' so to speak, and at peace with all the universe. He who has learned to live in this silence grows daily in knowledge, in discrimination, and in

force of character. He begins to gain the power to master circumstances and to make a start on the path of self-directed evolution. Real life has now begun for that man; he is living successfully at last, and the joy that comes to him now is of a quality that he never before experienced.

Success in living rightly, then, is not a something possessed but a state of consciousness. The one who habitually lives in this state not only, like the young Orlando, "looks successfully"; he feels, thinks, judges, and acts successfully, and carries an atmosphere of success wherever he goes. Truly this is something worth a supreme effort, a heroic struggle, to attain. And Katherine Tingley has pointed out the way to begin: "Throw your very Soul into the scales ahead of you! The power to achieve and conquer will come to you as you need it on the way. Your business is to make a start in Trust. The rest is provided for."

It is well to remember, too, that one does not need the whole earth to plant a seed in! A very little soil is sufficient for the starting of the greatest oak-tree. Also, that in this silent, joyous battle that we are called upon to wage, he who never gives up the fight is forever unconquerable. Though on outer planes he still may have to meet with failure and defeat, he himself remains unbeaten and is bound to stand victorious in the end. Once he has succeeded in becoming one with the Will that is his Higher Self, the fierce fight will be over. His strength will be "as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure," and he will have won that greatest of all rewards, "the power to bless and serve humanity."

"CHARACTER DETERMINES DESTINY"*

[A paper read at the meeting of the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, February 26, 1926]

LARS EEK

WE have heard of men who read the destiny of their lives in the mysterious courses of the stars and planets that are moving onward in a grand majestic procession along the Milky Way, and we have seen old gypsies by the fire reading strange things in the hands and the eyes of eager questioners. We have heard of prophets and seers famed throughout the earth for their wisdom telling past and future with the eye of clear vision, and we have known men and women throughout history pondering the great inscrutable riddles of Fate, Destiny, Kismet — Karma. And we have wondered ourselves about these things. We have asked ourselves the paradoxical

*Quoted from William McKinley.

question about Free Will. Are we free to create our own destiny? Do we by our character determine our future, or is it already written in the stars, or on the Screen of Time, a completed thing, good or bad, glorious or tragic?

We have seen good men perish miserably, we have seen bad men flourish and prosper seemingly. We have seen cruel wickedness triumph in high places, and virtue dragged in chains through the streets. We have seen unselfishness rewarded by ingratitude and hatred, and we have known of broken hearts and abandoned firesides among those most pure of thought and action. In fact, were we to judge from history as we know it, our task would not be an easy one. The most outstanding characters, the teachers, reformers, the prophets, were most frequently crucified or burned at the stake, or killed by hatred, fear, and other persecution by those they would fain have helped. The great rulers, our sovereign humanitarians and philanthropists, were most often hunted down till they were unable to carry on their mission. And the same wherever you turn during the last few thousand years, where we may follow the workings of the Great Law as portrayed in the life and action of mankind.

And yet there is an instinct that tells us that there is a larger destiny awaiting man than the recognition of his fellows, the triumph of his plans for the good of the peoples.

Character is not the child of this day or of tomorrow, or of yesterday. It is the result of endless effort, endless victories and defeats, and struggles; of much joy, of nameless suffering, of glorious aspirations, of millions of years of silent, faithful determination to conquer for the glory of the Divine, immortal Spirit of Man and the Universe. And then, what matter if the ignorant crucify you, what matter if your life is not a path of roses, of worldy honor and success? There is another Record written in the world of Spirit, a record lustrous with the deeds and thoughts of heroes, martyrs, champions of the Cause of Right and Virtue, men and women through a thousand ages, red and white, and black and yellow, brothers in the cause of Light and Effort.

What the world considers highest: rank and money, power, intellect, success and glory among men, these things are but shadows on the Screen of Time; but the things that count for ever, the things that build empires, worlds, and universes, are those wondrous forces that issue forth from men's hearts, and revitalize, revivify, create. . . . And when men pass out of this earthly life and enter on another stage of existence these things are the garment, and the only one, they wear. We wrap then around ourselves the shining cloak of purity, of brotherliness, of

sympathy, and withal of Love supreme and divine; and the only power we take with us is our power of self-control, and our will to serve.

Ah, friends, what a glorious destiny awaits those that are courageous, and are faithful to their duties, and work and strive, and work and strive, with no thought of self! As surely as Justice rules this universe, those that hold on and rear that child of our noblest efforts, Character, and build on and on for the benefit of their fellows even though they be crucified a thousand times, or burned to cinders by the ignorant hatred of men, such characters will last through time and beyond it, and by their example they will ultimately help men to be their own saviors.

Trust and sincerity, comrades, are our watch-words, trust and sincerity will lead us through many a valley of despair and sorrow, through many a battle with the forces of disintegration and selfishness, and on to those sunlit mountains, from where we can see the ever-widening horizons of spiritual life. And as we grow we shall know more, we shall love better, and the glorious power of compassion will be born in our hearts, and this little world will be too small for our love: we will take in the planets and the stars of this universe, and the stars will sing to us a song of joy, and the glory and the splendor of Life eternal will be ours.

THE PRINCE WHO BECAME A BEGGAR TO SAVE THE WORLD

The Story of Siddhârtha-Buddha

P. A. M.

THIS is a story of India. There are palm-trees in it, and elephants, and tigers, and the burning sun of the tropics; there are people who wear turbans with many folds on their heads, bright and splendid robes of rich colors, shining swords in shining scabbards richly carved and covered with diamonds and pearls and rubies; there are beautiful horses, perfumed halls and softly-lit palaces, princes, merchants, soldiers, priests, and beggars. It is the glorious India of olden time, so old that none could tell when its story first began; so old that it was a land of ancient civilization and immemorial mountains when Britain had just risen from the ocean for the last time, like a patch of mud in a shallow sea. It is a story of the glorious, dim, mysterious, magic-land where gods once dwelt and taught men how to live in the golden age when love and harmony ruled the earth.

But those golden days of the earth's childhood were long past and gone when our story begins. India twenty-five hundred years ago was very beautiful; India is always beautiful; but there were wars and famines; very rich men and men who starved; princes and workmen and soldiers and beggars and merchants thronged the busy cities, and the world was very much as it is today. No gods lived among men any more; at least no one ever saw them, though sometimes people whispered in the market-places that there were men like gods who lived in secret in the mountains; every little while it was whispered they might be seen by those who knew where to look and who knew when they saw such a man that he was really much greater than he seemed to be.

They used to say that twenty-five hundred years before — five thousand years before our own time — a great warrior had lived named Krishna. He had fought a great fight to make the world better than it is, and though his teachings were gradually corrupted and changed and spoiled by selfish men, yet he had made the world much better than he found it.

Now after twenty-five hundred years, selfishness and strife and sorrow and pain and unhappiness were everywhere, just as they are today.

Some said this was because men had forgotten Krishna's teachings. He had taught that men must fight their own battle in order to make themselves better and the world happier. He said that men were really gods and greater than gods, but they had forgotten, and were like gods who had gone to sleep for a thousand years. For a long time his teaching was remembered and men tried to make themselves and the world better, like warriors fighting against evil. But gradually selfishness and laziness came again.

This was very stupid, because people ought not to have forgotten that they themselves are gods in reality and greater than gods if they choose to make themselves so. But people did forget.

Now there was a very deep secret known to a very few men who had not altogether forgotten; men who were trying to purify themselves in such a way that in time all the evil and desire in them should be changed to good, and to thought and act and deed for the welfare of others. This wonderful secret was that such men as Krishna had changed the animal-half of themselves and made it part of the god-half. They had conquered the necessity for being born as men any more and were ready to forget forever the earth and earth-life with all its sorrows and struggles and miseries. How could life be happy, they said, so long as one man or woman or child was not happy?

But then — this is the great secret — a few of them said this would

be very selfish, to leave the world to suffer while they themselves entered into a state of perfect happiness for ever and ever. They had won the right to such happiness by many, many lives in which they had tried to conquer all that was not divine in themselves, and they had won the long, long battle at last.

But no sooner had they won their reward than they said: "We will not enter into Perfect Happiness until all the world has found it too."

So these glorious men have given up their bodies, just as you would throw away a dirty old coat when you have found and are ready to put on a king's robe all shining and glittering with gems. But that is all. Invisible, they spend all their time helping others along the Way of Perfection. They cannot do much more than point out the way, because if they fought another man's battle for him he would not be entitled to any reward. The victory would not be his, but theirs. But they protect humanity all the time; and since without them the world would long ago have perished because of men's selfishness, they are called the 'Saviors of the World.'

Sometimes — so it was whispered — the Great Ones help men whom the world knows to be great to do great things for humanity. Sometimes — when time makes it possible — they do more; they become men, being born just like others, although they have long ago outgrown the necessity for life in a body and the lessons it gives. For, it is said, life is only a school by which we learn. And what is the use of going to school again after you have learnt everything it can teach unless to be able to help others still at school?

Krishna, five thousand years ago, was one of these. Now, twenty-five hundred years ago, it was said that the world was so ignorant and selfish and the priests so silent about the grand truth that all men are divine at heart, that the world would perish if such another Teacher did not come to set the feet of humanity once more on the Way of Truth.

. . . . . .

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago Nebuchadnezzar, it is said, took Jerusalem and carried away its troublesome inhabitants. Twenty-five hundred years ago Nineveh was captured by the Medes; twenty-five hundred years ago Marseilles was founded in the south of what is now France, by the Phocaeans.

In China it was the age of Lao-tse, the great religious Teacher, who before he died met the wonderful philosopher Confucius. In England, or Britain as it was then called, there lived a marvelous race of teachers called Druids who had preserved their religion for so many thousands

of years that nobody knew when it first began. They knew that no religion can possibly remain pure if it is made altogether public, so they kept it very secret and never wrote a word of it. Instead, their young men used to learn 22,000 verses by heart, and that was their unwritten Bible. In their secret religious ceremonies they used to say that every man was a whole universe in himself, and to represent this as a picture more easy to remember than just the words, some of them dyed themselves with a beautiful blue dye called woad, in order to remind them of the sky in which the world exists. In later times men who wished to remind themselves of the same thing wore aprons of lambskin for purity and blue silk for the sky.

Hundreds and hundreds of years later, when people became more ignorant, they represented the Mother-of-all-Nature herself, the Virgin of the Sky, the Celestial Virgin, as a young woman with a blue cloak; there are many pictures in every great city today of the young mother with the blue cloak, but people have forgotten what it means.

But in time, even this beautiful religion became corrupted, because the one thing needful, people who would live the life of the highest purity and unselfishness, began to be few. There were still many great men in their wonderful Druid colleges to which students came from all over the world, but there rose against them the selfish power of Rome under Julius Caesar. Such men of blood and selfishness can never know much about the divinity within all men, for they have killed it in themselves, or at least put it to sleep. Yet they always think, as if they were animals, that their power and the sword will win for them the things that are divine, just as they will win luxuries and money and things which belong to the enjoyment of the selfish mind and body, the animal-half of ourselves. So when these Romans found they could not terrify the grand old Druids into telling them the secrets of the true religion, the power of Rome destroyed them and their colleges, which were really temples, although their real temple was the great blue starlit vault of heaven and the eternal pillars of their world-old cathedral were the trunks of living ancient trees in the still silent forests of old, a temple which no man can really destroy.

Once, long ago, Rome itself was founded on some fragment of the true religion, but people had fallen into selfishness and ignorance and to talking about a perfect life instead of living it, and they were on their way downward, although for a time it looked as if Rome were really growing great, just as a dying fire sometimes sends up a tall brilliant flame before going out altogether.

Greece was going downhill in the same way. The great old philo-

sophers had taught that the true God in all men must have a proper temple in which to live, and that the temple is the body. Therefore they cultivated beauty and gave themselves to athletic perfection. They did this so well that in time they forgot why they were supposed to be cultivating beautiful bodies and forgot to keep their minds beautiful and their souls shining like stars in the night of time. So Greece also failed.

So it was with men in many countries. All of them, in time, forgot their essential divinity, forgot that they are gods if they will only show themselves to be so. Yet there are ever in the world a few pure and beautiful souls who in silence preserve the secrets of a pure divine life for others who shall come after them. And these in turn are helped by the Great Invisible Ones, those who have given up everything for the sake of keeping the door open for humanity, when like a prodigal son it turns to its own divinity once more and begins to climb the mountain of the gods whence it came.

It was so with India. Those in places of power had loved it so much and had kept it by holding back from the people the wonderful secret of their own essential divinity and pretending that God and the gods were something greater than their real selves and outside their real selves. Certainly the people were also to blame, for they had themselves neglected the better part, the soul-life and the sunshine of the spirit, until they had forgotten. But having forgotten, and many being willing to seek their own inner divinity once more, those who had been entrusted by the Great Invisible Ones with that knowledge were wrong in refusing to show them the first step, or even to tell them that there was a first step. In fact, many were so selfish that they had themselves forgotten, because the first step of all is unselfishness — to live for the sake of the whole world and not for one person nor one nation nor for one religion alone.

(*To be continued*)

"IT is a glorious work, and those who take part in it are indeed fortunate. Their responsibility is great, and the calls made upon them often heavy. But they should know that they are working with the tide of the world's life working with them. They can afford to keep in their own hearts an immense courage, an utter fearlessness, an unshakable determination. For victory is ready waiting for them. They, for their part, have only to do their simple duty."— *Katherine Tingley*