

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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SPIRIT feeds and sustains the air and the earth and the liquid plains of the sea; also the shining globe of the moon, and the Titanian stars: while Mind pervading (the Universe) puts the whole in action, and blends itself with the mighty frame. Thence men, and the races of the beasts and of the flying kind, and the huge creatures brought forth by the Sea beneath his mottled surface. A fiery energy works through these elementals and a celestial origin in the seed, so far as heavy bodies, earth-sprung limbs, and mortal members, weigh not their vigor down. — Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 724-732

EVOLUTION IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



AFTER studying the various theories of biological evolution and the controversies of their respective exponents, one reaches the conclusion that each of the theorists is worrying a small fragment of the truth, and that the actual facts comprehend not only all these theories but a good deal more besides. There is (1) the theory of continuous evolution, which supposes that forms reproduce other forms in a continuous and uniform series; and there is (2) the theory of mutation or saltation, which supposes that new species appear suddenly. An American professor of palaeontology is quoted as reconciling these two supposedly conflicting views by still another hypothesis, which supposes that evolution is on the whole continuous, but with occasional jumps and divergences.

Then there is the controversy as to whether changes are produced by the influence of external environment or whether they occur within the germ; or whether, again, both these influences co-operate.

The confusion is due mainly to two causes: the attempt to define the operations of nature within too narrow limits; and the attempt to form an idea of evolution by considering its visible products only, and apart from the invisible something which is manifesting itself in those products. Our thought should reach out to wider horizons.

All growth consists in the physical manifestation of something which previously was not physical. Take the case of a tree growing from a seed. The tons of material composing the body of that tree have been collected from the air and the soil. Within the seed was enshrined *something* (which afterwards passes into the tree) having the power to perform this wonderful operation. We may say, if we like, that the whole tree existed *in potentia* in the seed; but unless this expression is to remain a mere logical figure, we must attach a concrete meaning to it. In other words, we must inquire *what* was that something which existed in the seed. Here we are driven right up against the real point at issue; out of the seed comes the tree, the tree cannot come from any other source than a seed or its equivalent (such as a slip); hence the whole future tree must be in some way locked up within the seed. But in what guise? Is there perhaps a miniature tree folded up within that husk? But even so, whence that miniature tree and why does it grow? Theorists, in spite of their alleged practicality, are often contented with abstractions that would not satisfy a more concrete mind; and for this reason many inquirers will not be satisfied with the explanation that there is some "force" or "tendency" in the seed. Theorists may deal with "tendencies," but the Theosophist will demand something less imaginary and abstract. The primary postulates demanded by theorists are often so comprehensive as to amount to a begging of the main question. Give Archimedes his standing ground and he will move the whole earth; grant Euclid his postulates, and he will soon knock you off a few theorems; give a biological theorist his "tendencies," and the rest is as easy as rolling off a log. But the inquirer would like to know something about those tendencies.

So then there is locked up in the seed, which is to become a tree, a *tendency*. Translating this highly abstract and even theological expression into the matter-of-fact language of Theosophy, we get this: that the whole future physical tree has existed beforehand in some form other than physical, and complete in everything except the purely physical attributes. Size and dimension, mass and solidity, being physical attributes, do not pertain to the tree in this antecedent form. Is science prepared to say that that which has no dimensions nor any other physical attributes does not exist? If so, then we are reduced to the conclusion that the physical *visible* universe is self-creative and all-sufficient and all-inclusive — in short, that physical

matter is the prime material, the source of all intelligence, substance, all energy, everything; in which case it is of course useless to try to explain it, and it must be simply accepted as an irresolvable fact. But, setting aside such an untenable proposition, if physical matter has not produced itself, if it is *not* the ultimate unknowable, let us ask from what was it produced? Driven thus to the conclusion that there are states of existence prior to physical matter, is it out-of-the-way to suggest that the tree within the seed exists in one of those states?

Accustomed as we are to think in terms of physical matter and of its principal attribute — extension (or, as we wrongly call it, space) — we cannot imagine that there can be room in the universe for anything else. We think that matter entirely fills space; we imagine that, if a thing is not in what we call “space,” it cannot be anywhere. But space is in reality immeasurable; it can have no dimensions, no up-and-down, no fore-and-aft, no right-and-left. It may well be that physical matter, so far from crowding it, does not incommode it at all — that there is “plenty of room” still, so to say.

Another consequence of our habit of regarding physical extension as a plenum is that when we have to allow for the existence of anything else, we think it necessary to suppose that that something else must be *extremely small*. Thus the tree in the seed has to be extremely small, the atom has to be extremely small, and so on; and this simply because we imagine that space is packed full with the physical objects. But what logical reason is there why there should not be a world full of trees, animals, and every other form that is become physical, all in a pre-physical state, and yet by no means interfering with anything in the physical world? Why, even in the familiar terms of physical science, this view is quite reasonable; for the atoms, we are told, are so minute in comparison with the intervals between them that they are like planets swimming in an ocean of ether. These atoms are of course utterly imperceptible to any of our senses; we know them only through their groupings and motions. Now suppose there are other atoms between them, or even different groupings of the same atoms, what would we know about these? Their vibrations might not happen to be attuned to our physical senses.

We have imagined, then, our tree as existing, complete in all but physical attributes, in this world, but in a state where it is beyond the ken of our physical senses. The microscopic germ within the seed is the point through which the change from pre-physical to physical

is operated — a door, as it were, through which the tree has to pass, admitting it to its new state. This point is like one of the knots where the fabrics of these two worlds are woven together; the very small seems in some way to be the gateway to another world.

But let us extend the idea to the case of evolution generally. So far we have taken a tree as an instance; but, on the same analogy, all organized physical beings will have pre-existed in this pre-physical state. The germ, the point within the germ, is their gateway to physical existence; but before passing through this portal, they have already existed, complete in all but physical attributes, in another state. To sum up the argument — we must predicate the existence of a *type-world*, wherein exist the prototypes, the models, of all that is to become physical; and we have already seen that it is necessary, on other grounds, to predicate the existence of such a world.

This hypothesis will explain the riddles of evolution readily. In one point in particular does it clear up difficulties. If organisms grow and change in the physical state, why may they not also grow and change in the pre-physical state? This would fully account for the so-called “saltations” and for the “missing links.” An organism, after passing out of physical life, shedding all its physical atoms, and resuming once more its former non-physical state, might undergo modification while in that state and before re-entering the physical condition. Thus, when it reappeared, it would be different, and biologists would call it a mutation or saltation.

Palaeontology shows us that in past epochs there were on earth forms intermediate between different forms existing on earth now. This at least indicates that the complete chain is not necessarily all upon the earth at one time; and this again agrees with the idea that the earth is never at any one time fitted to support every form of life. This being so, how can we possibly trace a chain of evolution by reproduction? A good idea of the process of evolution can be got by watching from one side the ascending threads of a revolving screw. They pass up and up, one after the other, but we cannot see where they are connected; to see that, we must take an all-round view. In a similar way the organisms are passing around a spiral curve, of which curve but one side comes to our view; hence we see it as a number of disconnected elements.

The process of evolution, in fact, is not carried on entirely within the limits of our physical vision — surely not an unreasonable state-

ment. It would be strange indeed, if all that we see were all that there is. Hence biologists should expect, as a logical inference from their own conditions of research, that the results at which they arrive shall be incomplete; the imperfection of these results is rather to be regarded as evidence of their truth than the contrary.

But, instead of taking the case of animals, suppose we take that of human beings; for here we can view the matter more from the inside. We are human beings ourselves and are conscious of our own mind. This mind, as we know, undergoes development; it gains experience from day to day and ends up with a very different outfit from that with which it started. When this inner being again enters into the make-up of physical humanity, will it be the same as before? Shall we have the same old horoscope at our next nativity? Jupiter and Saturn forbid! But in case any reader should cavil over the question of death and rebirth, we can consider the matter apart from those. We are actually being reincarnated all the time; for does not our body continually discard old atoms and take on new ones? And does not the growing and changing body accommodate itself to the requirements set by our mind? If not, what do habit and exercise amount to? We can create for ourselves a body different from the one we have now, by muscular exercise, temperance, intemperance, and other means. So here we have a definite example of the process of growth and evolution. Death itself is but a major change, similar in kind, if greater in degree, to the lesser deaths that are taking place in us every day.

The physical structure is slow in its movements and conservative in its habits; and so in the course of a life in the physical state a misfit is apt to result; and this is adjusted by death and rebirth. It is reasonable to suppose — indeed it is inevitable — that the animals, in their own smaller and slower way, learn while they live, and that the indwelling animal monad is not forever doomed to reside in the same kind of form, but passes very gradually on to higher forms.

The species that we see and study are the beads on the string. It is almost like studying the different houses which a man may have built and left standing while he himself has gone elsewhere. These would give a clue to his mental development; but we must presuppose the existence of the man.

The question of physical reproduction is closely involved with that of evolution; and here again biology investigates but a few of the

factors that enter into the process. Biology gets down as far as the microscopic germinal speck, and naturally enough has to stop there. A fertilized ovum provides the essential conditions for the entry of a life, but it needs other kinds of research to trace the source of that life.

In the light of Theosophy, evolution becomes a vast and entrancing study, for it concerns worlds and ages. Apart, however, from merely curious interest, this study is of the greatest positive importance to humanity, for the reason that inadequate theories are giving rise to various movements that we believe to threaten great harm, should all their ideas be carried out. A king who should ruthlessly slaughter all those among his subjects who did not happen to suit his ideals of what a subject should be, would justly be considered a cruel and stupid tyrant; yet there are proposed methods of eliminating the "unfit," which, though clothed in ambitious language, seem none the less monstrous. Hence the need of greater knowledge to prevent erroneous ideas from incarnating as monstrous acts.

THE MYSTERIES OF ROTATION: by a Student

ONE of the most fascinating results of the attention bestowed in the last few years upon gyroscopic effects, has been the almost final perfection of the gyrostat-compass, and the *Scientific American Supplement* contains an excellent account of it, together with one of the clearest popular explanations of its action which we have seen. The tests of the Anschütz instrument as improved by Sperry, were carried out last April for five days on a steamer plying between New York and a port in Virginia. Although the vessel rolled in heavy seas, it was found that the compass kept practically absolutely on the meridian during the whole period. The electric motor runs at 6000 revolutions per minute, and the instrument is in the steering-engine room, connected electrically with a repeating compass on the bridge. It is stated that at all ordinary latitudes this compass has a directional force some fifteen times greater than a corresponding magnetic compass. This, however, diminishes on approaching the poles. The interesting feature of the gyro-compass is that its action in pointing true north depends upon the rotation of the Earth.

WHAT ARE THE BASES OF AN INTELLIGENT BELIEF IN REINCARNATION? by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)



REFLECTION inevitably reveals the limitations of the actual, the confines of the present. So narrow is the sphere within which our daily life revolves that even the man who most prides himself on his avoidance of philosophy is forced, perhaps unconsciously, to construct a theory of metaphysics. How is it possible to do our daily duties without forming a working hypothesis as to the nature of the world within which those duties lie? Inarticulate and crude as the theory may be, each and every man is forced to adopt a life-hypothesis and by it, as best he can, to mold his actions. No specious reasoning can free us from speculation. Therefore it is a solemn duty which we owe to ourselves to choose intelligently our hypothesis as to life and its meaning. This duty can be trusted neither to chance nor to tradition. To shirk a moral responsibility incurs grave consequences.

It is necessary that our life-hypothesis shall fulfil two conditions: it must be thinkable and it must be livable. Life leads to thought about life; but our judgment must concern itself with life. Therefore what we believe must be both logical and practical. Logical because fact makes the appeal to logic, and practical because logic must answer fact. Our life-hypothesis, since its subject-matter is the Self and the World in which the Self lives, must be both universal and particular.

In answering the query, What are the bases of an intelligent belief in Reincarnation? we are primarily concerned with the Self. Without considering the nature of the Self in detail, let me postulate that by the Self I mean the Real You and the Real I, the Individual Life, which expresses itself through your physical nature and through mine, the Individuality at the basis of the Personality, the Character underlying the physical man.

The conception of reincarnation or rebirth of soul, I grant, is speculative, since it ranges far beyond the cramped present. So, if it is to become part of our life-hypothesis it must be both logical and practically imperative. If logic and practical requirements combine in their demands, then we must conclude that reincarnation has been demonstrated to be true in so far as any hypothesis can be. The most probable is and must be accepted actually as the true.

Many circumstances suggest that the Self existed previously to its birth in the present body. Poetry voices the thought as follows:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.

Children frequently instinctively believe that they have lived before. The poets do not monopolize those tantalizingly vague sensations of familiarity, which sometimes accompany strange and apparently novel experiences.

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
 An odor from Dreamland sent,
 Which makes the ghost seem nigh me
 Of a something that came and went
 Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
 In what diviner sphere:
 Of mem'ries that come not and go not:
 Like music once heard by an ear
 That cannot forget or reclaim it—
 A something so shy, it would shame it
 To make it a show:
 A something too vague, could I name it
 For others to know:
 As though I had lived it and dreamed it,
 As though I had acted and schemed it
 Long ago.

Whittier voices the impression of many when he says:

A presence strange at once and known
 Walked with me as my guide:
 The skirts of some forgotten life
 Trailed noiseless at my side.

So, too, the recurrence of the seasons, the ebb and flow and re-ebb of the tides, the cycles of day and night, the phenomenon of genius, and countless other things, suggest that the old is continually reborn. Yet classing all these together they amount merely to presumptive evidence, hints at possibilities, but not proof.

We are born with a sense of Justice, a sense which extends at least as far as our private rights. Further, justice is so valued that we regard Deity as perfectly just. The kernel of justice is: "As a man sows so shall he reap." The effect must be equal to the cause. To talk of the justice of a god who creates Souls is to babble nonsense. Personal responsibility is an indispensable requirement for the maintenance of justice, and personal responsibility can exist only if souls

are the creators of their own destinies. Otherwise "Justice" is a mockery and a delusion. Therefore, if we are to believe that the Universe is ruled justly, eternal pre-existence of soul must be a fact.

The books say well, my brothers, each man's life
 The outcome of his former living is:
 The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
 The bygone right breeds bliss.
 So is a man's fate born.

Ex nihilo nihil fit — from nothing nothing is made. Nineteenth century science has succeeded in proving what the world's thinkers have long believed. Matter and energy are indestructible. "Creation" in the sense of manufacture out of nothing is unthinkable. If the soul is one with the Universal Energy, "it is not a thing of which a man may say, 'It hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter,' for it is without birth and meeteth not death." "Nature is nothing less than the ladder of resurrection, which step by step leads upward." The eternal Soul, now linked to a mortal body, has lived before and will live hereafter.

The last and most important of the logical imperatives demanding a belief in reincarnation is the thesis: Immortality of soul demands complete eternity of soul. That which has a beginning, of necessity has an end. The child is born, grows into youth and manhood, lives its life, but it dies. Death's fingers clutch at birth. That which is born is mortal. Thus the soul must be birthless if it is to be deathless. It must have lived before its present body and it will outlive any body which it may hereafter enliven. Reincarnation is merely the natural corollary to eternity.

Let us now turn to the practical considerations reinforcing our belief. Even when discouraged we feel that life has a purpose and a meaning. This is, to keep adding to experience and to knowledge. The amount actually experienced and learned within the limits of a single life is so small in comparison with the possibilities of experience and knowledge that it can only serve as an introduction into deeper mysteries. The scholar does not graduate until he has fulfilled the requirements of a definite standard. The knowledge and experience of one life is surely too low a standard to admit of graduation from earth. Our globe is a school and the souls are the scholars. What is once gained is never lost. "Be ye perfect even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." Think of the hope! An infinite future with

the possibility of an infinite progress in knowledge and attainment!

Ambition, zeal, and love, demand an infinity to express themselves. Love of work, love of learning, love of loved ones, presuppose by their existence the complete eternity of the Soul. So, too, all our impulses which tend toward expansion and increase, all those which break loose from the present into the expanse of the future, require that the soul be immortal and consequently eternal.

Notice, aside from logic, what a belief in rebirth and in the eternity of the Soul, means. It gives hope in the perfectibility of man, inspiration in his divinity, and comfort in the trials of life, trials that are just and capable of teaching greater knowledge. There is no inspiration which in the future cannot be attained by honest effort. These are a few of the blessings which the philosophy of Theosophy has to offer to you and to me, a philosophy of soul-evolution that is an ever-present help in trouble, one that is both logical and practical, a "religious science, and a scientific religion." Search within yourself and listen to the message of Theosophy: Truth

takes no rise

From outward things, whate'er you may believe;
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness.

THE VICTORY OF THE DIVINE IN MAN:

by Rev. S. J. Neill



NOTHING moves on with even flow. It seems to be inherent in the very nature of the universe that there should be ripples in the great Life-Current of Existence, just as there are waves in the sea. A well-known scientist once asked me if I had ever noticed how a stream of water, perfectly smooth, apparently flowing over a sheet of quite smooth glass would nevertheless produce ripples. There is no known explanation of this except it be that the water at its source had received unequal impulse which it never lost. So in the universe, the great impulse of the Creative Word in manifestation stamps cyclic law on all things. We see this in the coming and going of the seasons; in the recurrence of day and night; in the ebb and flow of the sea. Human life too, is made up of cycles great and small. The seven ages of human life, mentioned by Shakespeare, are distinctly marked. The four ages corres-

ponding to the changing seasons of the year, are also well known.

The wise note and take advantage of cyclic law. To educate during the time of youth is like sowing seed in the springtime. Many people have distinct moods at certain times: at one time they are happy, hopeful, buoyant; at another time they are miserable and despondent. No doubt much of this moodiness is the result of people allowing themselves to drift. We can, if we *will strongly enough*, rise above this condition of things. We can cast out the morose, sullen, discontented states of mind, and make the character firm and strong, calm and hopeful. We can cultivate a good temper and a sunny atmosphere. Just as man can make a clearing in the forest or on the hillside, so we can make a clearance within our minds and in our mental atmosphere. And the happy feeling thus produced will be part of the harvest we shall reap, for it will return and return, it will become cyclic, until at last it will be most truly natural for us to dwell in light and sunshine. And we ourselves shall be producers of light and sunshine. Joy and peace will attend our steps, and wherever we come it will be a sunny place.

We can do this; we can rise above circumstances and control them because at the center of our being the Light of Life ever shines forth. Dwelling in Time, and therefore to some extent subject to heat and cold, summer and winter, joy and sorrow, we can, nevertheless, rise above these things. We can create surroundings for ourselves. The more we are truly alive the more we shall be able to do this. It may be that the birds by some act of will, to them as simple as breathing, can change their polarity and thus remain poised in air without a motion. It should be possible, and it is possible, for us to change our moral or spiritual polarity when we will, and rise above all terrestrial attractions. All holy scriptures regard this as certain. The *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* on nearly every page speaks of man overcoming his lower nature and being master of circumstances. The Bible teaches the same thing: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you." "Overcome evil with good." "Do good hoping for nothing again." Jesus treats his disciples as men who have within them a divine possibility, and says: "Where I am, there shall ye be also."

There is much darkness in the world, much evil; but we can lessen it; we can to some extent remove it and annihilate it; and in the end we can, if we so will, produce the reign of light everywhere.

As the moral sense in us is more and more sensitive we shall regard many things as wrong which now we do not so regard. Just as we now regard many things as wrong which people in a less advanced stage do not regard as evil at all. The brighter the light, the deeper the shadows. In this sense Light and Dark are the world's Eternal ways. But a time will come when, as St. Paul says, "Mortality will be swallowed up of Life"; when the Great Light will shine so fully within us and around us that there will be nothing to cast a shadow.

Is this not some of the meaning of such places as that in the book of Revelation, where it says, "and there shall be no night there; and they need no lamp, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light"? Or as we read in the *Gîtâ*, "neither the sun nor the moon nor the fire enlighteneth that place; from it there is no return; it is my supreme abode." It is also written that "the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Surely all this means, if words mean anything, that perfection can be and will be reached; and that even here a large degree of perfection may be attained. "Each victory will help us some other to win." Each step we mount upward over our lower selves gives us a wider horizon and a heavenlier air to breathe. The foes we slay today, we shall never have to fight again. We not only become stronger but we become *much stronger relatively* as our foes are weaker and fewer.

The more we live with perfect unselfishness then the more we come into the "Path of the Just." But if we do good things even, looking for the reward, we do not take the highest path. It is much to understand the nature of these two paths, for it is written: "Knowing these two paths, O Son of Prithâ, the man of meditation is not deluded." Or, in other words, though we dwell in Time, and our lower nature belongs to it, yet in our inmost and only true Self, we belong, not to Time, but to the Eternal; that is our Home and Place of Peace always.

The man who retires often to this fortress, to this place of peace, though he may have to pass through much suffering, will be raised above its destroying influence. Like the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace he will pass through the fire of affliction and not a hair will be singed nor even the smell of fire be on his garments.

We are assured that Nirvâna is on both sides of death. We can take the highest path now, and the sooner we take it the sooner shall we reach the goal. So bright a hope should give us greater strength.

ANCIENT AMERICA: by an Archaeologist



LIKE an oasis in a desert, like a moment of silence and a sound of distant bells amid a din of discordant sounds, comes a brief note on prehistoric America in the midst of a monthly review devoted to a résumé of the Babel of modern thought. Bewildered with foolish spite of party politics, disgusted with lucubrations on "The Coming Christ," and a new Elixir of Life discovered in Africa, the reader achieves a moment of silence and inward joy inspired by this paragraph on an ancient City of the Sun, with its illustrations of the sublime architecture and sculpture of that epoch. These pictures inspire a reverence, similar in nature, if different in quality, to that which the ancient classical architecture and statues inspire; it is more akin to that inspired by ancient Egypt. It speaks of a *spirit*, so different from any that pervades our modern life, yet arousing in the soul a response as of something familiar — familiar but very deep and ancient.

We read that in the *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* a writer describes Chichén Itzá. The Itzás were a tribe of the Mayas, whose civilization reached a height equaled by no other people of the Western hemisphere. They excelled in architecture, sculpture, printing, and astronomy. The pyramid on which the temple stands is 195 feet long on each side at the base and covers nearly an acre. It is made of nine terraces of faced masonry. Up the center of each of its four sides rises a stairway thirty-seven feet wide. A picture of a temple façade, in rectangular massive style like that of Egypt and covered with elaborate symbolic carving, while up from the roof rise tropical plants that have grown there, is labeled, "View of an Ancient Monastery" (so-called). The impression it gives is anything but that given by the idea of a monastery. Its spirit is alien to that of any spirit familiar to the times in which monasteries have prevailed.

It is awe-inspiring to think that this continent of America has behind it such a past, more ancient than Egypt, as great and perhaps greater. The Red Men must, many of them at least, be the remote descendants of this past.

There is something about their physiognomy that reminds us of the faces on the ancient pottery and carving; a broad-featured bronzed type — what one might call a solar type. Peoples like the Zuñis and Moquis have mysteries, into which but few white men have even partially penetrated; which shows they are the remnants of a once greater race, a part of whose knowledge they preserve in memory.

This subject of ancient America has not yet received from archaeologists the attention it deserves. Nevertheless there are explorers who study in this field, and the results of their researches are frequently written up for the Sunday editions. In this way the public gets acquainted with the subject independently of academical instruction. Such periodicals as the *National Geographical Magazine* and *Records of the Past* often give beautiful illustrated accounts of the ruins.

Thus we read that Dr. Max Uhle, director of the University of California's archaeological work in Peru, has discovered that a great civilization flourished at least 2000 years before the Incas, and that a highly cultured race was in existence in Peru before the Trojan war.

In Guerrero, Mexico, in a region south of the Balsas River, over an area of fifty square miles, there are remains of thousands of prehistoric dwellings and scores of pyramids. The sculptured tablets bear the usual mystic geometrical symbols of the ancient Science of Life.

A mining engineer, Mr. A. Lafave, is reported to have discovered in Arizona a prehistoric city older than Babylon or Nineveh, but nevertheless the center of a civilization very highly advanced. Great architectural skill is shown, and the symbol of what is called a sun-god was found.

The British Museum recently acquired the collection of pottery and other relics discovered by Mr. Hubert Myring in the Chimcana Valley of Peru and stated by him to be at the lowest estimate 7000 years old. Yet this pottery shows the highest possible degree of skill, while the subjects represented prove that the artists had the materials of a highly cultured and complex civilization to draw upon.

In Ecuador Dr. Marshall H. Saville of Columbia University discovered many tombs, and the objects collected show that the district was densely populated by a highly civilized people.

Writing from New Orleans, May 13, Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles records his excavations at Quiriguá, Guatemala. A trackless jungle had to be cleared, and numerous monuments of heroic size were found; one was twenty-six feet above ground and sixteen feet below and weighed about 140,000 pounds. The greatest discovery was a palace which must have been magnificent. It was surrounded by columns and the frieze was covered with carved heads.

The ruined temples of Palenque, Uxmal, Chichén Itzá, etc., have often been described. The mysterious hieroglyphics of the Mayas

have yet to be deciphered; and when they are we shall have another epoch-making revelation like that following the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphics by Champollion.

Dr. Heath, a writer on Peruvian Antiquities, gives an account of the incredible size and quantity of the ruins, from which the following is selected. (See *Kansas City Review of Science and Industry*, Nov. 1878)

The coast of Peru extends from Tumbez to the river Loa, a distance of 1233 miles. Scattered over this whole extent there are thousands of ruins . . . while nearly every hill and spire of the mountains have upon them or about them some relic of the past; and in every ravine, from the coast to the central plateau, there are ruins of walls, cities, fortresses, burial vaults, and miles and miles of terraces and water-courses. . . . Of granite, porphyritic lime and silicated sandstone, these massive colossal cyclopean structures have resisted the disintegration of time, geological transformations, earthquakes, and the sacrilegious destructive hand of the warrior and treasure-seeker. The masonry composing these walls, temples, houses, towers, fortresses, or sepulchres, is uncemented, held in place by the incline of the walls from the perpendicular, and by the adaptation of each stone to the place designed for it, the stones having from six to many sides, each dressed and smoothed to fit another or others with such exactness that the blade of a small penknife cannot be inserted in any of the seams thus formed. . . . These stones . . . vary from one-half cubic foot to 1500 cubic feet of solid contents, and if in the many many millions of stones you could find one that would fit in the place of another, it would be purely accidental.

Speaking of the terraces, he says:

Estimating five hundred ravines in the 1200 miles of Peru, and ten miles of terraces of fifty tiers to each ravine, which would only be five miles of twenty-five tiers to each side, we have 250,000 miles of stone wall, averaging three to four feet high — enough to encircle this globe ten times.

The mention of hieroglyphs yet undeciphered, which may any day prove the key to a new revelation of history, receives apposite illustration in an article in the *Los Angeles Times* (Sunday magazine edition) for May 14. This describes the discovery of several cylinders, resembling the clay cylinders of Babylonian civilization, which have been deciphered; and it is thought that these may prove the Rosetta stone of American Egypt. They are about three inches long by an inch and a half in diameter, hollow, the walls a quarter of an inch thick. The clay has turned to stone, thus being preserved, and the inscriptions repeat hieroglyphs known to correspond to familiar phrases.

The account in which this occurs is that of a discovery made by

Prof. William Niven, a field archaeologist of Mexico City; and his statements as to the age and value of his finds are confirmed by Dr. Edward E. Seler, head of the National School of Archaeology of the Republic of Mexico. The latter authority declares the ruins and relics to be the evidences of a civilization new to archaeology, though bearing some resemblance to the ruins of the Tigris and Euphrates. This center of civilization lies about forty minutes' ride from Mexico City, under the suburb of Azcapotzalco.

It is eighteen feet beneath the surface, and from it have been produced pottery of a type different from any hitherto found in Mexico, an entire goldsmith's outfit with patterns and molds for the making of ornaments of gold and silver, pendants and rings and beads of jade, copper knives *which cut like steel*, skulls containing teeth whose cavities are filled with cement and turquoise, the cylinders just mentioned, and many other objects.

These things were found in an immense basin containing the ruins of a city some ten miles long by three or four wide. Its houses were of laid stone, cemented with a white cement, unlike the black cement of Mitla or the gray composition of Palenque. The rooms were of uniform height — nine feet; the floors of tile — or, rather, of small squares of cement, colored and traced in beautiful patterns; the walls ornamented with frescoes and friezes showing a remarkable development of the color art. *Paints used on these buildings, though evidently of vegetable composition and more than 3000 years old, are fresh and do not fade when exposed to light.*

The skulls and arrowheads found in the soil above are similar to those found in other parts, and relate to peoples having no connexion with the occupants of this ancient city. Does not this prove that so-called "primitive man" was merely odd tribes of lowly nomads or settlers, belonging to fallen remnants of earlier civilizations; whereas many anthropologists seem to try to make out that they represent an earlier stage in evolution? This ancient city flourished long before the owners of the skulls and arrow-heads. All through the period of Aztec civilization it lay buried and unsuspected by the Aztecs.

The great age of this civilization is amply proved by the fact that the city was buried under the wash of a great river that came down from the mountains. Geological considerations enable us to fix the date of that river back beyond other changes that have taken place in the ground since. Hence the city must be older still. And even before

this flood the city was probably already abandoned — through pestilence, war, or some such cause. It was quite by accident that it was found; the exploring party chanced to step into a cave-in. It lies beneath the thick and long-cultivated residual soil, and consequently there may be an indefinite number of such cities almost anywhere.

Among objects found was *a dental cast of a human mouth*.

The more we discover, the more do we confirm the teaching that civilization is not of recent growth. The older the civilization, the more advanced — this seems to be the rule everywhere. Clearly the arts of modern civilization have been known before and we are but rediscoverers of them.

We might go on quoting indefinitely, but must pass on to comment. It is very clear that these mighty builders, whose achievements have never since been equaled or even approached by any race in any part of the world were no barbarians or “primitive men.” And we have to remember that it is not only from America that such archaeological accounts come, but from Asia, Africa, Europe, New Zealand — practically everywhere. And always one tale is the same — that of ancient civilizations and their prowess. Only recently the discoveries in Crete have altered all our views of Greek history by showing the existence of a great and widespread civilization in the Aegean, far preceding that of Greece.

And side by side with all this we find the extraordinary fact that many anthropologists are still deeply engaged in their attempts to establish a gradual ascent of man from ape ancestors. Ignoring these evidences, they are diligently seeking and collecting the bones of unburied wanderers. But even these bones do not bear out the theory, for the older bones are no more ape-like than the later ones. Men exist on earth today, even among civilized peoples, as backward in type as these bones. What is quite certain is that man degenerates as well as evolves. Culture moves in waves, having ebbs and flows. The so-called aboriginal peoples are the remote and degenerated descendants of civilizations.

But what is the real import of these discoveries? Are they mere subjects of curiosity and wonder? No; the interest lies in what they imply. For if there is to be any coherence in our views, we must make the rest of our ideas agree with our enlarged view of past history. And the conventional views of man and his life do not thus agree; they are too insignificant, and out of tune with increasing knowledge.

THE PARABLE OF THE CRUCIFIXION:

by Cranstone Woodhead



FOR nearly two thousand years the story of the Crucifixion which we find in the four Gospels of the New Testament has appealed in various ways to the deepest and most sacred feelings of the human heart. Yet it may possibly be questioned whether its history and deeper meaning have been entirely comprehended by more than a very small fraction of those who have fashioned the framework of their lives and aspirations upon the tragic story.

Before attempting the explanation which modern enlightenment and research have thrown upon this deeper meaning, it may be useful to consider what we really know of the origin of the gospels themselves; for the investigations of the last half century or so, have thrown much light upon this question.

It is now the opinion of most well-informed biblical critics, that the gospels, as we now know them, did not exist until about two centuries after the beginning of the Christian era. They are merely different editions of the manuscripts containing the sayings and teachings of the Nazarene initiate, which were handed round and copied by his disciples after his death, with additions and interpolations added by later writers.

It would not be profitable, nor have we time within the compass of this paper, to sketch even in outlines, the almost endless arguments which have been adduced in the elucidation of the questions involved. Only a vast library could contain all the books which have been written upon the history of the gospels. Nearly all of them were written in days when the psychological influence of the ecclesiasticism of the middle ages still enthralled the judgment of even the most learned. But as time passes on, and the vast literary and archaeological treasures of the Eastern home of the gospels become more widely known, several points stand out more and more clearly from the haze of controversy and dogmatic prejudice.

For instance, it is now well known that the gospel of Matthew is but a later and much-changed edition in Greek, of the original gospel of the Hebrews (a work constantly referred to by early Christian writers), which is now almost entirely lost, only a few fragments remaining. But none of the numerous references to it lead us to suppose that it contained anything more than a collection of the *logia* or

especial "sayings" of the Master whom they revered and followed.

The gospel of Luke, on the other hand, was originally the gospel used by Marcion the Gnostic, derived from similar sources; and this gospel also suffered the same kind of mutilation and addition at the hands of the patristic fathers.

The early Christian writers of the first two centuries, such as Papias and his contemporaries, do not appear to have been aware of the existence of the gospels which have come down to us in the present canon of the New Testament. Their quotations from what they call the "scriptures," are almost entirely from the books of the Old Testament. And when they quote the sayings of their Nazarene Master, they do it in such a way as to show that they revered them as ethical precepts to be followed, each man for himself, as counsels of perfection. Then the words used in these quotations vary considerably from those of our present gospels, and some of the quotations most often used, are not to be found in any of the four. They are evidently not drawn from that source. Nor is there any word or sign in these early Christian writers that they regarded their Teacher other than as a great philosopher. We find no reference whatever to the Man-God whom later dogmatism represented as a sacrifice for the sins of Humanity.

It is therefore evident that before these earlier books were incorporated into our present gospels, a mystical story was superadded containing an account of his supposed death upon the cross. This story was perfectly well understood by its writers to have an entirely different meaning to that which has been given to it in later centuries. It was a superb piece of poetic imagery derived partly from the traditions of the ancient Mysteries, then just fading away into oblivion, and partly from the teaching of the apostle Thomas, who, on his return from India, had brought home the mystical parable of the deified Krishna.*

The contemporary history of the Christian era has been so beclouded by the benumbing effect of misconceptions that it is exceedingly difficult to bring into play a dispassionate judgment of such data as are left to us. But there is no doubt that the gospels cannot be trusted as regards *historical* detail. The more reliable accounts show, however, that Jesus was condemned to death by the Jewish Sanhedrim after he had wandered about in Judaea for many years as a teacher.

* *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 539.

One definite tradition says that when about sixty years of age, he was stoned to death, and his body was hung upon a tree.

Had it not been for the mad fanaticism which in the early centuries, time and again, destroyed so much of the priceless literature of the past, all this would doubtless be widely known. All we can do now, therefore, is to rise above the shadows which have obscured our vision for so many centuries, and in reading for ourselves the true story of the crucifixion, find therein a message which is of the deepest importance for man's real salvation. For the crucifixion is a parable and simile of the supreme mystery of evolution, the goal towards which every human soul is progressing in the course of its spiritual development.

The student who has realized the teachings of Theosophy that man is a divine soul inhabiting a material body, on a dual line of evolution for the perfection of both, knows well the opposing nature of the forces continually at work within his inner consciousness. He knows that in his real Self, he is not the body in which he finds himself; and that the task before him is the conquest and mastery of the lower animal nature by the aid of the God within him, which is, indeed, that real Self, when he can so realize the fact so as to assume his own potential godhood.

Such has been the teaching of the Wisdom-Religion of Humanity for countless ages, and such has been the doctrine of all the divine Teachers whose wisdom has come down to us in the sacred books of the world. Of these Teachers and Sages, Jesus was one of the illustrious.

Those who have studied the religions of ancient times, the myths and allegories of all nations, especially in the poetic East from whence all historical religions have sprung, have found that there are countless records of men who have so far advanced on the line of interior enlightenment and evolution, that they have solved the supreme mystery of their own inner godhood, and have thenceforward devoted themselves to the help and enlightenment of souls less advanced in the scale of spiritual progress. There have been such men in all ages of the world, men who have accomplished the union with their own Higher Selves, and such men there are today, although little known to the world at large.

The contest which thus takes place within the human heart, has been symbolized in the imagery of every ancient civilization. The

conquest of the dragon by St. Michael, of the python by Apollo, and the labors of Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable, are examples of these ancient allegories. Life after life, again and again, we slowly evolve towards the great goal. And though the end may be far away for the great mass of humanity, yet there are ages in advance of us, as there have been ages in the past, and the Law must be fulfilled.

Thus the provision of the divine law of evolution is, that all have the potentiality of godhood. Yet some are in advance of the rest. There are gradations. Still, the unity of the one divinity in its countless aspects is preserved by the law of love and helpfulness to one another. Each man becomes his brother's keeper, and the more he realizes this, the nearer he is to his own divinity.

It is now well known that the symbolism of the crucifixion is many thousands of years older than the days of Jesus. It was created by some of the divine sages of prehistoric times to represent a great ideal, and to serve as a permanent metaphor for a great event which must come sooner or later in the history of every seeker for divine truth. This has been expressed by a modern writer as follows.

To put on armor and go forth to war, taking the chances of death in the hurry of the fight is an easy thing; to stand still amid the jangle of the world, to preserve stillness amid the turmoil of the body, to hold silence amid the thousand cries of the senses and desires, and then, stripped of all armor and without hurry or excitement, take the deadly serpent of self and kill it, is no easy thing. Yet that is what has to be done.

It will be evident that in these days, comparatively few attain the great enlightenment which follows this supreme victory. Yet, on our way thither, and in the experiences which follow the repeated conquests which must precede it, we may realize, that the voice of conscience, *when obeyed*, will gradually grow into intuition, and that intuition in its final victory becomes enlightenment. Thus self-denial, which is only another name for self-conquest, is transmuted from a dismal task into a joyful duty performed as a sacrifice to the God within.

Thus we see that the symbolism of the crucifixion is that of the conquest of the lower passional material self. Fixed upon the cross of matter the body is pierced by the spear of the spiritual will, and the soul is freed from the tyranny of the lower human self. Thenceforth, whether in or out of a body, it lives not for self but for humanity.

Such was the well-understood symbolism of the crucifixion in an-

cient times. It was the supreme ceremonial enacted in the divine Mysteries of Ancient Egypt, India, and Greece. And the reason why we do not now hear more about it, is that in recent centuries, these ancient teachings have been forgotten in the rush and strain of nations armed to the teeth, and in the allurements of material prosperity.

In the ignorance and darkness which followed the death of the ancient Mysteries, the beautiful ancient symbolism of the Crucifixion was soon forgotten. It was very early degraded into a materialistic dogma which has come down to our own times. The earliest Christians knew nothing of the crucifixion as *now* taught in the churches. It is entirely absent from their writings. All they had were manuscripts containing the words of their Master, and it was not till long afterwards that this poetic symbol was added to the early versions.

Of the esoteric teachings of Jesus, one version alone has come down to later times, the *Pistis-Sophia* of the Gnostics; and it is to be noted that therein, the teachings of Jesus are distinctly stated to have been given for years *after his crucifixion*, implying thereby his initiation into the mysteries of his own divinity.

IS LIGHT CORPUSCULAR? by T. Henry



THE latest scientific contribution to the reinstated corpuscular theory of light has been made by Professor Bragg, of Leeds University, England, who in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution announced his conclusion that the x -rays are corpuscular. He said, as reported, that the alpha and beta rays are considered to be electrons, while the gamma rays and the x -rays are held to be etheric vibrations. But he thinks that all four are corpuscular, also that ultra-violet light may be corpuscular; and from this he infers that even ordinary light may be so. As we have frequently found occasion to point out, the nature of either a corpuscle on the one hand or a vibration on the other has not yet been sufficiently accurately defined to enable us to state definitely whether anything is the one or the other of the two. Light, and also electricity and other forces, are manifestations of *life*; and we view their effects alternately under their positive and negative aspects, as best suits our temporary convenience, thus forming the ideas of energy and matter. Speaking of

matter or substantiality, as contrasted with force or energy, what distinctive attributes may we assign to it? "Mass" or "inertia" is one of its supposed attributes; yet there is no definite idea of what this is; often it seems to reduce itself to a passive force or resistance. But then if we are to express everything, even matter, in terms of force and energy, how can we conceive a force without a substratum or vehicle? Is not the quantity "mass" a component of the mathematical definitions of force and energy? All this confusion comes from the attempt to define physical matter in terms of physical matter. There are in physics certain primary notions of space, mass, dimension, etc., correlative with our five-sense physical consciousness. These we may either accept as axioms without attempting to resolve them any further, or, if we do make that attempt, we must resolve them into something other than themselves. This latter course means that we must leave the field of physics altogether; for it is necessary to conceive of things that are not in physical space and have none of the attributes of physical nature. To analyse dimension, space, etc., is a metaphysical inquiry. Yet it is surely essential if we are to arrive at an explanation of the phenomena *antecedent* to physical phenomena.

Then there is the purely practical side of physical science — applied science. The worker in this field may leave metaphysics alone perhaps; but let him either leave it alone or not — one of the two. And above all, let him not overstep that sphere to lay down laws for the governance of human life; such laws being based on a knowledge that is admittedly restricted in its scope.

To return to the point at which we started — the corpuscles of light — we may suggest a new way of looking at such matters. We have been accustomed to regard the minuteness of these corpuscles as a negative quality — to say that they are deficient in size. But why not speak of bulk as a negative quality and say that physical objects are deficient in smallness? The less bulk a thing has the quicker it gets about, the more active and potent it is. There seems no limit to velocity, except the presence of objects that impede the motion of a body. Given the absence of matter, a corpuscle can get across any distance in a practically negligible time. Thus what we call "space" seems rather like an *obstacle*, and when we remove the matter we seem to remove the distance also — for practical purposes. Logically, when two things have nothing between them they are in

contact; and the corpuscles seem to recognize this conclusion. The condition of greatest activity, power, and omnipresence, is that a thing shall have as little size as possible; size is a weakness. What we call space and dimension is a delusion correlative with our physical consciousness. It is a reality relatively to that consciousness, but a delusion relatively to those deeper strata of consciousness which we penetrate when we try to analyse our ideas.

We have arrived at the conception of light as a very refined, omnipresent, and active form of matter. We might as well call it a spirit; those who did so meant the same thing. At any rate it is a reality. When we call it a vibration in the ether, we reduce it to an abstraction; for a vibration is nothing in itself; nor does the device help us, for we are obliged to suppose an ether.

The universe is full of *life* guided by *mind*. The life is on various planes, in various grades. These forces we are studying are its physical manifestation.

ASTRONOMICAL LORE: by a Student

AMONG the exhibits in the Science Section at the Coronation Exhibition in London, was a Chinese planisphere from the Royal Scottish Museum, which records observations that must have been made some thousands of years before the Christian era and handed down to the time of the maker.

Ancient Hindû astronomy is a standing puzzle to modern astronomers, for its records have preserved from the remotest antiquity accurate calculations of the revolution periods of the heavenly bodies, their nodes, apsides, etc.; and the ordinary theories respecting the evolution of human knowledge are flatly contradicted thereby. The *Sûrya-Siddhânta* gives the number of revolutions performed by each planet in a period of 4,320,000 years; and the quotients obtained by dividing the period by the number of revolutions give in each case figures agreeing with our own to a nicety. How were these results obtained?

Moreover there are in some of these ancient treatises calculations that go beyond anything our astronomy has yet accepted, dealing as they do with those larger cycles concerned with apparent displacements of the fixed stars. The celebrated French astronomer Bailly made a careful study of these. Despite certain limitations due to a

natural reluctance to concede superiority to an ancient Oriental people, and confessedly poor translations, he arrived at the conclusion that this people had attained profound knowledge in astronomy, and drew the general inference that civilization is extremely old, and that this earth has witnessed its rise and fall many times. Some of Bailly's conclusions are considered at length by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, where they are used, together with those of other later well-known writers, to show the consensus of evidence in support of this branch of the teachings she outlines.

Was this knowledge obtained by observations or deductively? In both ways, probably. We know that ancient civilizations lasted for long ages, and we know that indelible records in stone were kept. Modern astronomers have discovered that one object at least of Stonehenge and similar monuments was to fix epochs depending on the precessional movement. But there is also a strong presumption that the ancient calculators possessed numerical keys. In this case their method would have been partly observation and partly deduction from general principles; a method we all apply, whether intentionally or not.

The existence of such mathematical clues — applicable to the measurement both of time and of space — has often been suspected; and in our own times isolated workers have labored in this field of speculation, discovering sundry fragments. Their efforts being usually solitary, however, and unsupported (when not actually opposed) by the generality of workers, have not achieved recognized success. Some of such speculations are considered in *The Secret Doctrine*, where it is shown that not infrequently these so-called "cranks" arrived at results commensurate with what we learn about the ancient science from other sources. Among these isolated workers may be mentioned Ralston Skinner and even Piazzzi Smyth in connexion with the measurements of the Great Pyramid and certain integral approximations to the ratio π .

Doubtless mankind in bygone times, having brains and other faculties, as we have, but having studied for far longer periods than our civilization has yet had time to study, reached results which for us are still in prospect. It is conceivable too that their faculties may have been superior to ours in some respects — less materialistic, perhaps; and they may have been more united among themselves. Ancient astronomy is certainly a hard nut to crack for conventionalists.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOLARS: by Medicus



THE hero of Artemus Ward's story languished for twenty-seven long and weary years in jail. At last a happy thought struck him — he raised the window and got out.

The evolution of teeth in mammalia presents a problem which calls for an analogous feat of inventive genius.

As the problem is representative of many others it is worth consideration. The study of these teeth is a specialty of Professor Henry F. Osborn's, and though to the layman this may seem a very small matter it is really big enough to concern not only science but philosophy.

Anyone who will look into the glass at his back teeth, the molars or grinders, will perceive that their tops are not flat but raised into little promontories, tubercles, or "cusps." An eye-tooth, on the other hand, is a single sharp peg or fang.

Were the molars, then, far back in evolution, made by fusing together two or three original peg-shaped teeth, each component being now represented by a cusp? Or were they always single, each growing its own several cusps for grinding purposes?

Professor Osborn has shown that the latter was the case.

We used the words "for grinding purposes." That was raising the window. It has been raised before. Once in a long while a biologist gets out. As a rule however they will not even see it, or, seeing it, they deny that it is a window. If these words, implying something possessed of the purposes, conscious and capable, will not do, how came the cusps to grow? How came the original sharp peg tooth, a *cutter* and *piercer*, to broaden and tuberculate its top so as to form, with its opposing fellow in the other jaw, a pair of convenient *grinders*?

According to the Darwinian theory all sorts of small chance variations, useful and useless, are constantly appearing among the progeny of all species. The useful ones, conferring an advantage in the struggle for existence, persist. The others do not. The usefulness is the cause of the persistence. In scarce seasons an animal that had, for example, developed opposing grinders among its teeth would be able to utilize food not available for the mere cutters. It would tend to live — and therefore produce offspring — while they died. The grinders being handed on by heredity, their usefulness would in time secure the whole field for their owners. A new and predominant species would have arisen, to live until ousted by a stronger.

But this would only apply to variations useful from the moment of their appearance. If at first—as they often are—so small as to be useless, a mere tendency or suggestion, they would not persist. Having, according to the theory, no special purposive force behind them, and being the products of mere accident, they would quickly be diluted out of existence.

The chance theory would therefore be able to account for the persistence of such few variations only as were useful from their first appearance. *Are there any such variations? According to the theory itself, no!* For it does not admit sudden jumps; merely fine shadings from the common type. And these fine shadings confer no advantage. Since, moreover, they occur only by some chance confluence of conditions, they must depend for their force of heredity upon the continuance of this confluence. And to account for the next, and the next, degree in the progression, the theory must require that the conditions become more and more effective—and so on, till the degrees sum up to a *useful* degree.

What a lot of wriggling to escape the conclusion that there is a purposive force at work! Even Professor Osborn does not see it in his studies of teeth, though he walks straight up to it. Mr. Gruenberg, summarizing the Professor's work in *The Scientific American* says:

The cusps of the molar teeth do not appear "fortuitously" and then survive in accordance with their relative fitness, as would be required by the Darwinian theory, nor do they appear fully formed in a discontinuous manner, in the sense of De Vries' theory; they appear at definite points, at first too small to have any adaptive or selective value, and become with succeeding ages larger and larger until they are of adaptive value. In other words they are *determinate* in their origins; they develop *gradually*; and they are *adaptive* in the direction of their development from the very start. . . . They arise because of some inherent tendency or potentiality to vary in a determinate direction. What this internal determining factor is we do not know.

The same problem presents itself in the origin of horns, at first and for ages too small to be of any value.

Science has recently discovered the "subconscious," finding that it possesses powers over the body, fashioning, healing, or deforming, which are quite beyond the reach of the conscious mind.

Suppose that the *subconscious* is part of the *conscious* of nature. Grant to nature the purposiveness which we find in the subconscious,

and the difficulties respecting the appearance of variations vanish. Heredity is an aspect of the persistence of the purpose, a persistence shown likewise by the relatively wide area of a species in which a variation occurs, and by the steady progression of the variation, despite its primary uselessness, on to the stage where first it becomes helpful in the struggle for life.

A DUTCH HOUSE COURT BY PIETER DE HOOCH

PRACTICALLY nothing is known of the life of Pieter de Hooch, but the fifty or sixty examples of his exquisite *genre* painting are now almost priceless. He was a native of Rotterdam, and it is supposed he died in 1681 at Haarlem at the age of fifty. There are three of his pictures in the London National Gallery, from one of which the illustration herewith reproduced is taken. This is an out-door subject — a rather unusual choice for the master, who preferred interiors as a rule. He is noted for an extraordinary skill in depicting the atmosphere of rooms lighted by various doors and windows, and for his marvelous perfection in detail, which however, is never obtrusive nor does it interfere with the broad effect. There is an air of the greatest serenity in all his pictures, and the simple, homely subjects he preferred are transfigured into classics by the discrimination of his choice and the perfection of his mastery of the most difficult problems of light and shade and tone values. No reproduction can give the least idea of the delicate handling of tone in his works. His drawing is absolutely true to nature; the perspective of his buildings is more than photographically accurate, but it never obtrudes itself or interferes with the general effect of repose.

De Hooch painted very few large pictures; unfortunately the only one which came down to our time perished in a fire in 1864. He was little appreciated in his own lifetime — indeed it was not until the eighteenth century that he was recognized in his own country. He was a disciple of the school of Rembrandt, but his taste did not lie in the direction of life-size portraits or of the classical or scriptural stories which were the greater master's favorite subjects.

THE INCARNATION OF GENIUSES: by Henry Travers



ENTHUSIASTS for “eugenics” imagine a time when vice and disease shall have been eliminated from the race. Their critics reply by suggesting that not only vice and disease, but also genius, would then have been eliminated from the race, and humanity be reduced to a dead uniformity. But the power which makes geniuses may be stronger than the eugenists, thus preventing them from succeeding in their utopian plan. What is genius? It is often defined as a “sport” — a natural phenomenon which defies calculations and makes light of theories of heredity. We cannot breed a race of geniuses.

As to the cause of the appearance of geniuses, some theorists appear to find sufficient explanation in a *fortuitous* combination of parental qualities. One son in one family *happens* to extract from his parents all their best qualities. To other thinkers, however, this “explanation” will seem more like a restatement of the problem to be solved than like a solution of it. For what is fortuity? If a scientific principle, let it be explained; if a god, perhaps we may not be willing to worship it.

The appearance of geniuses finds easy explanation in accordance with the teachings as to reincarnation, *karma*, and the sevenfold constitution of man. A human being is like a seed in a soil, drawing some of its traits from its surroundings, others from its internal nature. A lifetime is like a day, whose deeds are determined partly by present conditions and partly by the deeds of preceding days. In some people the present conditions — their parentage, upbringing, and circumstances — have the paramount influence, and their innate character evinces but little effect. In others the innate character is strong enough to mold and alter the other conditions considerably. In a genius the innate character may altogether predominate over the acquired character.

Besides our physical heredity we have a spiritual heredity — character built up in previous existences. The usual trend of upbringing is to smother this, to destroy originality.

Parenthetically one must introduce a caution here, to the effect that there are certain well-meaning attempts to preserve the originality of children, which, however, do not accomplish the right object. The parent or guardian, while shielding the child from some influences, lays it open to the assault of other influences. These other

influences are the passional nature of the child. This way of preserving or stimulating originality is by no means that intended above.

To give freedom for the child's higher nature to express itself, we must protect the child from all influences that proceed from the lower nature. Then we would get geniuses; innate character would be enabled to manifest itself.

The ideas of eugenists are worthy, but, we feel sure, too narrow. In many a satire they have been ridiculed. Owing to the prevalent ignorance of man's nature, many disastrous mistakes would be made. What authority is there in sight, to which we should be willing to intrust the regulation of marriage and parentage? Great as the existing evils are, might not the remedies be worse? Might not we indeed provide conditions that would preclude any useful or aspiring soul from incarnating at all?

The remedy lies in educating the people to a better understanding of the laws of life. Till then, there will be nobody competent to devise or apply any methods of eugenics. In short, before we can treat the young properly we must educate the old. The work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in its Râja Yoga Schools at Point Loma gives illustrations of what can be done by the proper upbringing of children; and here we escape from the weary desert of schemes and theories to a fertile land of produce. Here we have a *result*; the problem has been solved as an ancient sage solved the problem of motion — *solvitur ambulando*. This is one of Theosophy's *practical* answers to one of the questionings of today.

THE PLIGHT OF THE VIVISECTOR:

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



It is very well worth while to work out on Theosophical principles the plight of the vivisector himself. He is creating causes whose effects will take him a long time to be done with, more than one lifetime, effects connected with some very interesting and very little known laws of nature. His plight may presently appear worse than that of his animals.

By way of text we will take some non-vivisectional work recently carried out at the biological station of the Prater in Vienna, by Paul Kammerer. He has proved, says *Cosmos*,

that the maintenance of the lizard *Lacerta Vivipara* in an unaccustomedly warm temperature for several generations, transforms it from a live-young-bearing animal to an egg layer. This acquired property is retained even when the subsequent generations are returned to their normal conditions. We must remember that the live-young-bearing lizard . . . may be characterized as an arctic-alpine animal. Its status as a glacial creature explains its live-young-bearing habit; the development of the young is evidently better assured in the mother's body than when the eggs are exposed to the vicissitudes of exterior cold.

Some other lizards, and the field cricket, have been made to vary by similar methods, the new characteristics being likewise transmitted.

What was that intelligence which, working within the body of the lizard, noted the warmer temperature without and knew at once that the hatching of the eggs *within the protecting body of the mother*, and the further development of the young there, were no longer necessary? We do not propose to admit that we are prejudging a dispute in using the word "intelligence." If it seem so now, it will not in ten years. No one will suggest the intelligence of the lizard itself. The ancients — not *very* ancient ancients, either — believed in the existence of certain classes of lesser "gods" constantly at work behind the visible veil of nature. When in a few years this belief reincarnates among the scientists as a necessary hypothesis (a reincarnation already beginning), some new name will have to be found for the collective intelligence of these beings. "Gods" is not a good word, neither for them nor for their directive superiors, the absolutely spiritual powers on the same plane of being as that spiritual soul of man whereof he knows so little.

The "gods" then, to use that word, have charge of the centers of life, the living beings, in all departments of nature, mineral, vegetable, and animal; contain and work in accordance with the principle of

evolution both of form and intelligence; and guide the appearance of variations — not without occasional mistakes needing rectification. Kammerer unwittingly made an indirect appeal to them, and they responded by producing an interior physiological change corresponding with the change of exterior temperature which he maintained.

We come here upon specifically Theosophical criticisms of vivisection. The man who vivisects has made himself the enemy of conscious nature — at work in his own body as much as in that of the animal he injures.

To make the matter clearer, let us think of the One Supreme Intelligence of the universe as manifesting in two ways or directions: in the first, as the spiritual souls of *men*, and, lower down, as their minds; in the second, as the spiritual directive intelligences of *nature* and, lower down, as the lesser “gods” whom these direct. In time, when men’s minds are sufficiently spiritualized and potentized, sufficiently at one with the omnipresent spirit of evolution and intent upon co-operating with it, they will themselves be able to direct the lesser gods, helping and guiding them in their work upon animal, plant, and mineral — the power of immense prolongation of their own lives then coming within their reach. There is already — as the abnormal success of men like Burbank shows — *some* interplay between man’s mind and the working “gods”; whilst the relation between man’s *soul* and the *greater* nature-powers, the directive, is very much closer. He who serves and studies nature in the right way, begins at once to stand nearer to her consciousness, and is at once the better for it on one or more planes of his being. The partnership begins. And a first way to serve her is to make her children, the animals, feel man as friend, a feeling which enables their minds to come into some measure of inner contact with his and thus be suddenly and immensely stimulated in their evolution.

There is vivisection attended with much immediate pain connected in the animal’s mind with man as its cause; and other with little, say a hypodermic injection, the pain following later in the form of the disease sown by the syringe and often not connected by the animal with man at all.

Either way the operator is a disease-producer and has the mental attitude of one. To say that he is recognized by nature as such may seem absurd. But as he who really wills and pictures health, whether his own or that of some other, finally affects the nature-mind in his

own body and — other things being co-ordinate — begins to move toward it: so likewise the constant willing and picture-making of disease and pain at last affects the same mind but in the contrary direction. The man moves and is moved *away* from health.

There are states of ill-health unattended, at any rate for a long time, by a single definite symptom. The activities of the bodily machine may maintain their *relations*, their general balance, yet drop as a whole to very low levels. If there is no radiance, no responsiveness to the finer forces of nature, no vital spring, there may yet be no point of actual friction, and to its human tenant the body may seem in average working order.

We say then that the preoccupations of the vivisector's mind have taken his body outside the conscious life-stream of nature, have stopped her constructive and vitalizing work. The body is not simply *a* living thing; it is an organized complex of living things, conscious centers, life-charged monads, far finer than any of the bacteria which the microscope has shown us or can show us. Drawn in from nature, they dwell with us a while and then return to her somewhat as the blood cells go to the lungs for aeration. *It is the quality of our mental states which determines the quality of the elemental coming in* and determines also the intervening history of those which leave. The circulation is constant, and if we lived ideal mental lives we could, as already said, achieve something like physical immortality. The monads would come back to us refreshed and recharged with electric vitality.

Death liberates them *all*. They take their ways into the nature-stream and are regenerated in nature's thought and life. The process continues during all the time between death and rebirth. Whilst the man, the soul, rests, his body (the subtler elements of it) is being re-fashioned and reinvigorated for him. At his rebirth *his own* monads, blended with those he receives from hereditary sources, are animating the infant form with which he connects himself and in which he will ultimately incarnate. So far as the thought and habit of his last life permitted — for, as said, they are absolutely sensitive to the thought-color of their owner's mind and feeling — they have been renewed.

But there will have been little renewal possible for them if that mind was filled with the color and thought of death, disease, pain, was occupied with the will to *produce* these — a will exactly oppositely directed to that of the worthy physician. They were untuned with

nature's keynote during life and consequently return nearly unchanged — which, in medical language, will mean a case of congenital disease, ill-health, or deformity; and, as part of the penalty, the reaction of the physical defects and disease upon the mind and disposition of child and youth and man.

Nor does the penalty finish at that. The entire personality of such a child and man is in greater or less degree repellant to others, to children, *to animals*. The latter especially, feel him not as a friend but as enemy. Their dislike is instinctual. And all this will continue till in one or another life the man has been stung to the redress of the evil he has done, has returned kindness for hostility year by year, has changed, freshened, and sweetened his thought and feeling and so by degrees every atom of his body.

Truly the plight of the vivisector is a thousandfold worse than that of the animal he worst outrages.

THE EKOI; Children of Nature: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



THE ideas current about ancient or ethnic peoples are largely qualified by the "personal equation" of those who have observed and described them. These ideas are not facts but points of view. In too many cases the point of view is so colored by an unsympathetic attitude on the part of the viewer as to constitute a misrepresentation — a fancy picture, having no counterpart in reality. Thus have been described the classical times and the non-Christian races. But times are changing. As our civilization grows older it grows wiser, loses some of its supercilious ignorance, and can view other times and places than its own with more sympathy and sense. Already the histories and geographies of our childhood seem prejudiced in our present eyes. But we cannot boast; for there is still much to be done in the same direction.

As a notable instance of what may be achieved in the way of beauty, charm, and uplifting of the mind, by viewing and treating a subject sympathetically, we welcome an account of "The Land of the Ekoi, Southern Nigeria," by P. A. Talbot, B. A., F. L. S., F. R. A. S., F. z. s., in *The Geographical Journal* (London, Dec., 1910). By the adoption of such an attitude, in place of the too frequent attitude of

superiority and condescension, error is avoided, truth learned, and both writer and reader benefited. We give some extracts and comments, and refer to *The Geographical Journal* for the rest.

The Èkoi live to the north and northwest of Calabar, the headquarters of the eastern province of Southern Nigeria, partly under British rule, partly under German.

The river is magical, and bold indeed would be that man who should break an oath sworn on its name. For somewhere in its depths dwells Nimm — the terrible — who is always ready, at the call of her women worshipers, to send up her servants, the beasts that flock down to drink and bathe in her stream, to destroy the farms of those who have offended. She manifests herself sometimes as a huge snake, sometimes as a crocodile.

This could have been described so as to make it a heathen superstition. But we see it is possible to give it another color. The interdependence of man's conduct and the powers of nature is indicated; and retribution is shown as the logical consequence of violating natural law. Honor and fidelity are qualities essential to man's well-being. Evil fortune is the result of his putting himself out of tune with nature by his conduct.

We take care about the physical needs of children, but are strangely reckless in other and more important matters concerning them. Contrast this with the following about the Èkoi:

The Èkoi are devoted parents, but it will take years of patient teaching before they grasp the importance of fresh air and the simplest sanitary measures for the health of their little ones. They have curious beliefs as to the advent and death of their babes. One charming superstition [!] forbids all quarreling in a house where there are little children. The latter, so they say, love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have been reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth, till a chance offers to return again amid less quarrelsome surroundings.

Rather a healthy superstition, is it not? One that we might adopt with benefit, so that fewer of our children should grow up with quarrel interwoven with every thread of their bodies, mentally, psychically, and physically too. We wish well of the efforts to teach the Èkoi the use of soap and toothbrushes; but only on condition that it does not mean *unteaching* them their own "beautiful superstition."

The children gave a particularly charming series of games, singing all the while in the pretty lilting way usual among them. Nothing could be more graceful than the waving arms and swaying limbs of the little brown forms as they bent and moved, always in perfect time to their song. The musical faculty of

this people is certainly wonderful, though developed along peculiar lines. During the whole period spent among them I have never heard a false note nor found a dancer or accompanist one fraction of a second out of time.

Of this, by way of contrast with us, but one thing can be said: that if it be true, then in time and tune they are immensely our superiors; for how few people can whistle a tune correctly, and how difficult it is to drill people into keeping time!

The religious observances of the Ekoi are altogether a fascinating study. Beneath many modern corruptions and disfigurements are yet to be found traces of an older, purer, form of worship, traces which carry us back to the oldest-known Minoan civilization, and link the belief of the modern Ekoi with that of the ancient Phoenician, the Egyptian, the Roman, and the Greek.

Trees are sacred; birds are sacred, for

Should the birds be injured or driven away the women would become barren and even the cattle cease to bear.

More recognition of the inviolability of cosmic law! Call it self-interest, if you will, it is at least a higher and worthier form of self-interest than the kind that rips the feathers off the birds and turns them loose to die a lingering death, or planes off the wooded hills in order to pile up riches on high.

The Ekoi spend their whole lives in the twilight of the beautiful mysterious bush, peopled, to their fancy, not by wild animals alone, of which they have no fear, but by were-leopards, and all kinds of terrible half-human shapes, and by the genii of rocks, trees, and rivers. Here, more truly even than in old Greece, the terror of Pan is everywhere!

Verily "savage" life is not without its consolations. We have dwelt on the bright side of the picture, and purposely so, for the other side has been too much dwelt upon; and so far from exaggerating, we are merely tending to restore the balance of an equable view. If we regard life as mainly the experience of a Soul, then the outward appurtenances of civilization count for less; and a people like the Ekoi may possibly fulfil the purposes of Soul in quite a satisfactory way. One can even imagine a Soul, wearied with life in modern civilization, taking a resting incarnation in such a people, to dwell with Pan in these beautiful glades.

That the journal of the Royal Geographical Society should publish such a sympathetic account is a noteworthy sign of the times. There seems to be a reactionary movement by which the heathen in his darkness is shedding a little light on our inveterate superstition.

AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN NATION: by H. S. Turner



UT few people know that living within the precincts of this country, there is a nation, independent and virtually free from dominance of the United States Government, or of any of its States. Its history is a singular one and is practically unknown. Even our school histories have but little to say about it; so that the impression left on the minds of casual readers is that this nation long ago ceased to exist, as a body of people.

Far down in the southern part of the peninsula of Florida, this nation has its center; its rulers, laws, and government. It has no written treaties with foreign governments — for such is the United States considered by them — yet there is an unwritten treaty accepted by both, which to their common credit has never been broken. This treaty, or agreement as it should be called, stipulates that each nation shall go its own way and not interfere with the other.

The Seminole Nation is its name, and its existence, as at present constituted, dates from the year 1842. Seven years previous to this date, the United States Government decided that the Seminole Indians, who belong to the family of the Muscogees, should be moved from their fertile Florida lands and taken to those of the Creek Nation, far away in the West. At this time the authorities concentrated our Indian wards in a few special places.

The Seminoles bitterly resisted the efforts made to remove them. It was only after a seven years' war that two thousand of them surrendered and were duly sent westward.

Originally the Seminoles had been numerically strong. This hard-fought war reduced their numbers to such a point that after those who surrendered had been transported, but five hundred remained in Florida. They represented, however, the strongest and most determined of their tribe; those who preferred death to surrender.

Separating themselves from those who decided to surrender, they penetrated to the innermost recesses of the Everglades, that death-dealing morass, covered with reeds and jungle-growth, through which winds a veritable labyrinth of stagnant streams, in whose mud crocodiles and alligators disport themselves, and where snakes, mosquitos, and other poisonous life abound. What little solid earth was to be found was nothing but a bog-like mass of sodden ground, thickly covered with grass and vines. Yet there and under such conditions these were determined to look up their home. They valued their freedom

above all, and were willing to make any sacrifice and undergo any hardship rather than lose what they valued so highly.

White men could not endure the conditions they had to meet in the swamps, neither could they ever equal the Red man in ability to move quickly in such a place. The little band of Indians scattered and built their shelters on the driest spots they could find, maintaining themselves by hunting the game that was found on every hand.

So accustomed have they become to the conditions in which they live, that they are almost amphibious and absolutely immune to the bites of mosquitos or other poisonous insects.

At times some of the Indians will come out of their retirement and visit their white neighbors. Quite often many of them can be seen on the streets of Miami, Florida, where they go to purchase what limited supplies they may need, the money for the same being obtained by the sale of alligator hides.

At times a few white men have been invited by them to visit their homes in the Everglades. Those who have accepted this invitation have always been glad to hasten their departure, on account of the ravenous hordes of mosquitos and the familiarity of the water-snakes, and this notwithstanding the hospitality and sincere cordiality of their hosts.

Undoubtedly it is due to the ravages of these so-called pests — to their beneficent protection in this instance — that these Indians owe their freedom from the usual contaminating vices of the white man. The latter is simply unable to get close enough in touch to demoralize them. So we find these Indians today, whose life is the same as it was before the white man set foot upon the North American Continent.

They are free from the vice of drink, they live according to the highest moral code, they do not gamble, and are altogether a happy and care-free people. Let us hope they will ever remain so; that they will never lose their natural simplicity of character and their dignified reserve.

The typical costume of the Seminoles is as singularly different from the one usually adopted by American Indians, as their customs and mode of life are. The accompanying photographic reproductions show this feature, as well as give one an idea of their strength of character. The "American type" is clearly shown by the facial angles.

THE CONFINES OF SCIENCE: by Investigator



IT is still debated whether the earth in its orbital motion drags the adjacent part of the ether along with it, or whether the earth travels through the ether without stirring the latter. On the one hand it is argued that if the earth (and presumably other planets also) dragged the ether along, complex currents would thereby be set up in the ether; and this circumstance would upset the calculations with regard to the aberration of light, whereas the observations of aberration do not indicate the existence of any such currents in the ether. On the other hand are cited certain delicate experiments of Michelson and Morley, connected with the measurement of vibration-rates of light, which go to show that there is little or no relative motion between the earth and the ether, or, in other words, that the circumjacent ether moves with the earth. Hence we are required to make the ether stationary for some purposes, but moveable and full of currents for other purposes; not the first time that the ether has been required to perform inconsistent, or apparently inconsistent, rôles.

This quandary has led some petulantly to throw the ether overboard, alleging that "there ain't no such a thing"; while others have sought refuge in abstruse mathematico-metaphysical speculations as to the nature of our conceptions of space and time and the meaning of such conceptual words as *mass* and *velocity*.

It must be remembered that the ether so far is not an observed object but a hypothetical something. The necessities of our reasoning have demanded that we should, on various occasions and for various purposes, postulate a fixed standard of reference. Thus the undulatory theory of light has required the supposition of a medium to convey the undulations; the kinetic theory of matter has required that we postulate a substantial basis wherein the supposed vortices or centers of energy can inhere. But the ether is, and *ex hypothesi* must be, beyond the reach of sense perception. Could we but weigh it or measure it in any way — at once we should stand in need of another ether yet more subtle. In a word, however far we go, there is always something beyond.

Physical science, being admittedly a limited sphere, must of course become indeterminate near its borders. Rules which are found to apply with sufficient exactitude within certain limits will be found to apply no longer when we transcend those limits. So long as we

study physical phenomena in their relation to each other, we may find those mutual relations sufficiently exact and constant; but when we begin to study physical phenomena in relation to *what lies beyond*, then the uncertainty supervenes. We find it necessary to inquire into the nature of our own perceptions and conceptions.

A phenomenon has its subjective factor as well as its objective factor; but our physics has so far been based on the tacit assumption that the subjective factor is fixed and constant. And it may indeed be so regarded within certain limits. But now we propose to explore the limits of the illimitable and the confines of eternity, regions whither our senses and our instruments cannot penetrate. What wonder that we find those conceptions of time, space, and motion, which we have derived from our sensory experience in this world, inadequate as a means of formulating what lies beyond!

A slight acquaintance with certain ancient sciences suffices to show that they took into account the subjective component of our perceptions and conceptions, studying the mind and its organs along with nature and its qualities. Regarding phenomena as the result of interactions or coalescences between faculties within and qualities without, they studied both concurrently. Neglecting to do this, we have landed ourselves in not a few difficulties. Needing a fixed standard of reference in our study of motion, we have postulated *space* as objective, while at the same time our very hypothesis has divested that space of every property which could entitle it to be regarded as an object at all. In vain do we try to overtake our shadow, to put things on a shelf out of our reach, to explore the land of nowhere, or to measure the cubic contents of zero. The notion of "space" as possessing size and three-dimensional extension, but *nothing* else, is an assumption that may well be regarded by Nature as groundless; yet it is to this standard that we refer our calculations as to motion, etc.

Practical science strides ahead in defiance of such speculations, for it is founded on an investigation of what actually exists in Nature. And even where the theories serve to guide our path to new discoveries, it is as likely as not that our discoveries will outstrip the limits of the theories. There is bound to come a time, if it has not begun to dawn already, when we shall be uncertain whether it is external nature or our own internal faculties that we are studying; as was brought out in connexion with those very singular "Blondlot rays," which were visible (apparently) to Latin races but not to Teutonic!

Having thus suggested the possibility of a study of states of consciousness, such as might result in placing the observer in an entirely new relation to external nature and thereby rendering nugatory all his previous conceptions of time, space, and the like — it remains to add a few words on that topic. There are many people engaged in a heedless and unguided dabbling in such fields, and both old-time wisdom and contemporary experience indicate that the practice is fraught with dangers to health and mental balance. Such explorations demand that we shall step out from the safe shelter of our familiar five-sense consciousness and brave the perils of an unknown land. We are in precisely the position of a man who forsakes the dry land, his native element, where he is lord of the beasts and can plant his feet and his dwelling firmly, and plunges into a sea without bottom or stability and teeming with sharks, and where his life depends on his constant energy and watchfulness. Hence the study of science in its deeper aspects becomes primarily a question of *discipline* — a fact always recognized in the ancient Mysteries. In proof that this statement is true, we need only point to the state of affairs in the world of psychic investigation today; a condition which breathes more of menace than of promise to the future welfare of society, a world where fatuity and folly seem to dog the steps of the heedless explorer.

We give out all our secrets to the mob because there is no one who can successfully assert his claim to be above the mob; our only rule of fair-play is indiscriminate distribution. One cannot presume to set up a sacred college, and the mob rightly and justly fears the possible domination of a clique of biological or theological theorists. Yet knowledge is inseparably connected with duty and obligation; and if this connexion is ignored, that which should be a blessing will prove a curse. What has already occurred in connexion with dynamite and drugs can occur in far worse form in connexion with hypnotism and mental influence. This is sufficient to explain the Theosophical program of work and the reason why Theosophical workers do not find such public researches a profitable field for their efforts while there is so much preliminary work yet to be done both in their own characters and in the world.

When we begin to explore the ether of our own inner nature, we find that investigation comes second to management; we must *control* our nature — or it will control us. Knowledge is relative to Duty.

POINT LOMA NOTES: by C. J. R.

HERE at Lomaland the yerba santa, whose leaves never lose their delicate gray-green, is a widely scattered bush. It is a favorite of the Leader's. Among other plants, the sumach, the manzanita, the grease-wood, the "mahogany," and the dwarf-oak, clothe the sides of the romantic cañons and the tops of the hills with bright verdure throughout the year. There are always some wild flowers too, though the kinds that blossom during the summer are generally not as plentiful or beautiful as those of the spring. The thousands of eucalypts and cedar trees, etc., which have been planted mainly upon the lower portions of the grounds during the past few years by the Lomaland Forestry Department, have greatly improved the beauty of the landscape for miles along the ocean front; and the Canary palms and Date palms, the lemon and pepper trees, the acacias and pines, within the Homestead gardens and bordering the avenues, have now grown to a size and beauty which make them a pleasure to look at. Every visitor who comes into the grounds expresses delight at the wealth of foliage and cultivated flowers which surround the Râja Yoga College and Temple as well as the student's homes and bungalows.

In a few weeks we may expect the first rains, though sometimes they do not arrive till nearly Christmas, and then the multitude of seeds that have been quietly biding their time will begin to stir, and soon after the opening of the new year the hills will assume the vivid green which will not diminish till next summer; the five varieties of Lomaland ferns will unfold their delicate fronds on the shady southern side of the cañons; and then the ground will become carpeted with spring flowers of many colors, chiefly purple and gold. When Katherine Tingley first established the headquarters of our Society here there was very little grass, except at the lower levels near San Diego, but it has been gradually creeping up the hills until it has become a characteristic feature of the Spring; it seems to have increased in proportion to the enlargement of the human population of Point Loma.

WE have been reading with sympathy of the terrible heat that has been such a marked feature of the present summer throughout Europe and the larger portion of the United States. In Lomaland, and all along the Pacific slope, nothing of the sort has been felt, for the constant westerly breezes which blow from the ocean keep the tempera-

ture down; no case of sunstroke has ever been recorded here, and there is never any need to cease from outdoor work or exercise during the heat of the day; the nights are never too hot for a blanket.

THOUGH we usually do not get our best sunsets until the so-called "winter" months, lately there have been several of the magnificent ones for which Lomaland is famous. In August a very remarkable mirage was seen by a large number of persons at a sea-coast town about a hundred miles to the northward. It represented a ship ashore on dangerous rocks with the waves beating over it, and it was so real and vivid that the lifeboat went out to rescue the supposed drowning crew. But when it reached the spot (less than a mile from the beach) the boatmen could see nothing, and there were no rocks near. From the shore it appeared as if the lifeboat passed through the wreck. An attempt made to photograph the mirage turned out a failure. About ten years ago a strange mirage was seen from the Homestead in the form of an island far out at sea. It persisted for several days and was so realistic that some persons were on the point of chartering a boat to sail out to it and take possession when it disappeared. The mystery of many well-authenticated mirages has never been explained by the ordinary laws of refraction and reflection. *The Century Path* of October 25, 1908, which can be found in nearly all the libraries in America and other countries, contains a special article on the subject, giving many examples and treating it from the Theosophical standpoint.

THE Woman's International Theosophical League, with its center at Point Loma and its world-wide membership elsewhere, is becoming, or has become, one of the most potent instruments for the spread of our work that the Leader possesses. First organized under the name of the Woman's Propaganda League, it has greatly extended and enlarged its activities under the new title. During the Spring months of this year the women of the League in Lomaland organized a most successful series of meetings for women only at the Isis Theater, San Diego, at which the Leader gave addresses which are said by those who were present to have been the most uplifting and inspiring she has ever delivered. She spoke out in the plainest language about the causes and the only remedies for the steady degeneration of the so-called civilized world, and she showed what a marvelous power for redemption women have in their own sphere, the home. The Isis

Theater was crowded to its utmost capacity on each occasion Katherine Tingley spoke, hundreds of eager women of all classes could not find accommodation and, to judge by the mass of correspondence received, the impression made was most profound. According to the Leader's words, the splendid organizing work of the women of the Woman's International Theosophical League and the perfect harmony and unity prevailing among them in no small degree helped in producing this admirable result; the conditions were ideally perfect, and the audiences felt that there was an entirely different spirit present from anything ever before experienced. From the loyal, impersonal and womanly efforts of the League a new life has come into the atmosphere of Lomaland, a broadening and harmonizing influence. Its members are giving a fine expression to the principle of Co-operation between men and women which the Leader is ever striving to build up.

Soon after the last of the women's meetings at Isis Theater the Leader gave the signal for dramatic work, and the Woman's League began the preparations for the Greek Symposium, *The Aroma of Athens*, several representations of which were given with conspicuous success, first in the Isis Theater and then in the open-air Greek Theater, Lomaland. Here was an excellent opportunity for the co-operation spoken of, and it was realized to the uttermost. While the artists and craftsmen prepared the scenery and properties, or built the stately Grecian structures in the open-air theater which remain permanently for use in the future dramatic work, the skilful and tireless needlewomen made the hundreds of costumes needed, all being done under the personal supervision of the Leader and from her own designs. The same cheerful spirit of co-operation was evinced in the musical and dramatic rehearsals for the Symposium, and in the frictionless management of the arrangements for the staging of the couple of hundred characters who appear in the play — no easy task.

In view of the greater activities of the Woman's Theosophical League which are shortly to take place, it has secured a spacious hall within the Homestead grounds which will afford ample accommodation for the present as a headquarters for its business meetings and other general activities. It is known as the Woman's League Hall.

THE WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Woman's Work in Lomaland; a Side Light:

by a Member of the League

THAT is the true athlete, the man who exercises himself against appearances (illusion). Pause, consider, do not be carried away. Great is the combat, divine is the work. It is for kingship, for freedom, for happiness. — *Epictetus*

I DESIRE not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here certainly shows me that the soul had need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post? Shall I skulk and dodge and duck with my unseasonable apologies and vain modesty and imagine my being here impertinent — less pertinent than Epaminondas or Homer being there? and that the soul did not know its own needs?

LET us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of an infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with the celestial air until it eclipses the sun and moon. Let us seek *one* peace by fidelity. — *Emerson*



SEVERAL years ago Katherine Tingley said to a group of Lomaland Students, while touching in a cursory way upon the general world-problem of woman's work and true place in life, that her great longing was to take up this question in a public way. She added, reflectively, and with a trace of sadness in her voice,

But I cannot do this as yet. I should have to do it Theosophically, and while the need is there, conditions are not yet ready; the time for it has not come.

As all Students know, the time came early in 1911, and the work that had waited so long was ushered in by a series of meetings for women only, at Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the Woman's International Theosophical League of Lomaland, a body founded by Katherine Tingley on July 24th, 1906. Any question as to this being the right time — the psychological moment — had a two-fold answer in the eager and wide-reaching public response, and in the superb nature of the service rendered in the arrangement and conduct of the meetings by members of the Lomaland Woman's League. Everything was placed in their hands, though under the Leader's direction, from the advertising and distribution of tickets — the meetings of course being free although admission was by tickets secured in advance — to the seating of the audience and the carrying out of the beautiful and impressive program, of which Katherine Tingley's address was at each meeting the central feature.

The work was begun at a time when the tourist season was at its height and in the audiences that crowded Isis Theater to the doors were hundreds of women from distant points — Canada, Vancouver,

the far South, the Middle States, the Atlantic Coast, Europe, and even the Orient. Consider that these were thinking women, by their very interest in Theosophy marked as women apart from the mass; consider as well that the subjects taken up by Katherine Tingley in the impassioned addresses that formed the axis, so to speak, the real fulcrum, of the meetings, were subjects of the most vital import to the home — the higher duties of wifehood and motherhood, the sacredness of the home as a spiritual temple and woman's duty as guardian of that temple, the key to a knowledge of child nature, the protection of the growing child, the Theosophic keynote of duty — and add to that the fact that nearly every woman in those vast audiences was an important factor in some home, and it is evident that the influence of these meetings could not be measured.

Consider also that this work was launched at the present time of transition, when all the old ideas of woman's work are being torn up, root and branch, in some cases, by fanatics who little dream of the reaction their frenzy and unwisdom is certain to produce, a reaction that will make doubly difficult the path of unselfish workers for a long time to come.

The climax of effort in the Woman's International Theosophical League was of course reached in the marvelous production of *The Aroma of Athens*, given under the League's auspices, with accounts of which both Students and the public are familiar. Social Hall was converted into a huge costumer's shop and greenroom for the space of nine magic days, with the Leader here, there, everywhere, directing, designing and fitting costumes, designing properties, drilling individuals, rehearsing, oblivious for the time of all such gentle excellencies as food, relaxation, or rest.

Here again shone forth in the members of this Woman's League the qualities that were of such pre-eminent service in the conduct of the women's meetings — intuition, fidelity, alertness, conservation of energy, the power to work on lines of least resistance, unity, trust. There was no friction, no personal competition, no jealousy, no overreaching, no gossip, no "rule or ruin" spirit, no personality, and as a result there was a general capacity to get things done that made the onlooker wonder if some hidden Aladdin's lamp were not in a nearby corner, just "rubbing" results into existence.

What *was* it? Pre-eminently, it was the power these women had created by learning to *work together*. It was the Christos-spirit, that

magic-working something that harmony is powerful to create, the spirit of which Jesus spoke when he said, "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

But *what* did it? Theosophy as a system of thought did not, or it would have done so in past centuries, for Theosophy has been brought to the world before under this and other names. The inspiration that is born when women work for women did not, for if this could do it then we would have some royal examples of unity in women's organizations elsewhere. What then did it in Lomaland?

There was a Sower once who went forth to sow; and some seeds fell on stony ground and the fowls of the air devoured them; and others fell on thin and shallow soil, springing up only to wither in the noontide heat because there was no depth of root. But of the seeds which fell upon good soil we are told that they sprang up and bore fruit an hundredfold.

There is the answer, and the answer also to the question as to why Katherine Tingley could not and would not start this woman's work earlier. The seeds were waiting and they are forever the same, the Sower was waiting, the world was waiting, for whatever may be the needs or conditions of any age the true Teacher knows how to adapt her message to it. But—oh women of Lomaland! *we* were not ready, for we were the soil. The Sower was compelled to wait until *we* would let the hot plowshare of truth *in action* break through, and break up, the hard surface-crust of mental limitations and personality, and reach, with its diamond-tipped point, the warm, rich, moist soil of integrity and soul-life that lay underneath.

It has taken time, and patience on the part of husbandman, and trust on our part, though with greater trust it could all have been done so much earlier. But we had no knowledge of our own natures, when we first touched Theosophic truth, and it was necessary to learn that in Katherine Tingley's curriculum lip-knowledge and wisdom are two different things — that one *may* have a brain-mind understanding of the literature of Theosophy without being a Theosophist in the slightest degree; that in short, the Theosophy that is not lived, that is, applied to every act, every problem, every relationship of daily life, need not hope to be recognized in Lomaland.

And this takes time. From the precept to *the life* there is a path to be traveled, often a long one. It is indeed plain that the work upon which the women of Lomaland have been permitted to enter is one

that could not be done Theosophically by any body of women who had not gotten beyond the limitations of the lower psychology, that master of the brain-mind, where only diversity lies; it could not be done by any who had not found and clasped hands on the plane of soul-life, where alone is unity. If all other proofs of brotherhood as a fact in nature — Theosophy's shibboleth and standard — were to be swept away and the Woman's International Theosophical League alone permitted to remain, that would suffice to demonstrate to the world that Theosophy is what the Teachers declare it to be, a living power, and that universal brotherhood *is*. Small wonder that as we listened to Katherine Tingley's heart-appeal to the women of the great world — truly orphaned, as is all humanity — we saw barriers swept away, limitations dissolve, mountains move, and, verily, a new world come into being. In the discourses of Epictetus, slave of the profligate Epaphroditus, and in chains, but the grandest Stoic in all Rome, we read:

Never then look for the matter in one place and progress towards it in another. . . .

What then is progress? . . . lo, if a man, in every matter that occurs, works out his principles, as the runner does in reference to running and the trainer of the voice does with reference to the voice — this is the man who truly makes progress, and who has not traveled in vain.

If I were talking to an athlete, I should say, Show me your shoulders. And then he might say, Here are my Halteres. You and your Halteres look to that, I should reply, I wish to see the *effect* of the Halteres!

That is the point and that is Theosophy.

The burden of this ancient problem of woman's work lies heavy upon the world, unspeakably heavy because so many lesser problems are enfolded within it — the problems of the home, of the protection of childhood, of man's true place in the grand creative scheme, of the much misunderstood and more discussed sex-question, in short, of education in all its phases. To borrow the old Socratic metaphor, myriad other problems hang down from it as from a ring held in suspension by a magnet other rings hang down, chainlike, one depending from the other. To carry such a burden, or even part of it, requires not treatises nor diplomas but *shoulders*, strong shoulders, strong in a threefold sense, physically, yes, but still more mentally and spiritually.

We women of Lomaland see now why this great public work for women could not have been begun earlier with absolute confidence on the Teacher's part that the heat of noontide endeavor would not cause

it to wither and fall away. It would have withered if begun earlier, as women's efforts are withering all over the world today, partly because they are mistaken in themselves, it is true, but mainly because *the soil is not there*. The workers themselves cannot stand the test. The storms of jealousy and rancor, the hot winds of ambition, the noontide heat of heavy demands, the shallow soil of brain-mind interests and desires which point like a weathercock to a new quarter with every gust of illusion — ay, these are what test the nature.

Thinking it all over, a gratitude wells up within the heart too deep for words to touch — gratitude to the Teacher who has led us along the path with so much patience and love; helping but not putting props under us; heartening and encouraging, but not carrying us along on silver platters; forcing us to put into practice these treatises we have been studying — for Theosophy is the science of soul-strength and it enunciates principles and possesses rules. Lomaland is verily a great School of Philosophy, greater than those of past ages, for here divine principles are actually demonstrated which in the golden days of our historic past were but dreamed of, and the Woman's International Theosophical League is one of its Halls of Learning. Plato and Epictetus, Sappho and Hypatia, would understand.

Gratitude — it is a feeble word, plumb the depths of its meaning though you will. Even the most splendid examples of womanhood that graced the audiences at the various Women's meetings which the Teacher of Theosophy addressed, can realize what is being done and what is going on only to a very limited degree. We in Lomaland do not realize it fully for if we did we would rise to that height of trust and calm that would verily make us *like* the Teacher; not like her in wisdom, for that is the rare fruit of ages of search and service, and we are but beginners on the Path; but like her in a certain *quality* of courage and devotion that would makes us ten times in effectiveness the instruments in her hands that we are today.

For the acquirement of soul-strength is the object of this soul's gymnasium, this *life*, the living out of which in all its fulness of opportunity alone makes it possible for the Teacher to sow the seeds of that tree the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nations. Here is the keynote, sounded clear amid the resolving harmonies of Katherine Tingley's last address:

Overcome! That is the song the gods would sing to you women and to all the world. Overcome! Learn to overcome and learn to love!

ILLUSION AND REALITY: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

THE Man was wearied with success. He had sought to win beauty, fame, fortune, and personal power, and he had linked them all with his name. Around him was a wide circle of desirable things; within him was a restless center of discontent.

Far into the night he sat musing over his career. He had been fortunate beyond all expectation. He could name no ambition which had not been gratified; but the thought brought with it no feeling of elation or of satisfaction. Just now his keenest sense was that stinging ache in his breast which so often came of late at quiet times like this.

“It is all illusion and disappointment,” he said, at last. “Marriage is a failure; fame is a mockery; happiness is not had at any price, and life is not worth living.”

That nameless hunger from which he suffered was so baffling. If it were only possible to find the meaning of that dreary want. With all the new inventions for lighting the world why was there no illumination for the dimness of the inner life? If he could only find the source of that hungry need which devoured all the pleasure in his possessions.

Filled with intense desire for light, he drifted into the Land of Dreams with its countless pictures. There he saw a moving figure which was himself and yet not himself. There were no familiar lines in the form; but the eyes were his own and through them he read the thoughts.

He knew that this Traveler had come from afar. Along dusty highways, in shady bypaths and green meadows, through thickets and unwholesome swamps and across waters he had played a part in many scenes of a changing world. Youth and strength and gaiety were his companions, and together they sought activity and pleasure. Through places all unknown and often full of hidden dangers they made their way with merry jest and idle song and noise, fearing nothing save it were the Silence.

Then came a day when the Traveler grew tired of dust and heat and stains, of noisy mirth and empty songs and poisonous miasma. He wished for solitude and rest. As his companions sped along he turned aside and wandered into the deep forest. Throwing himself upon the ground long he lay beneath the trees with closed eyes and

fingers threaded through the soft grass, finding refreshment in the touch. His chest rose with deep draughts of clear air, and as the cool quiet stole into his blood the throbbing pulses sank into a healing stream.

He had found some pleasant places in the old life that seemed so far away now, but this was beyond compare. Filled with a novel sense of awakening, the past appeared but a feverish dream. The sweetness of the place seemed to be taking form somewhere near and to be surrounding him with a delicious perfume.

As he sprang up his wondering eyes rested upon a new-blown Rose growing near. The dainty folded petals had uncurled and opened out until its golden heart was centered in tinted light. Its fragrance filled the air with a subtle tenderness. It was beautiful!

He had not failed to gather flowers, too, in his time — conventional hot-house blooms and gorgeous tropical beauties, and some with cold, odorless petals — how many had drifted through his hands. Never was there one among them all like this. Standing out against the guardian green leaves like a beloved queen, it shed a royal circle of uplifting peacefulness over everything.

Softly he knelt before this symbol of purity and loveliness with its message from the source of light and sweetness. The soul of the Rose was glowing upon him with tender beauty and glad fearlessness. His own soul stirred into life and looked out of eyes all too sadly strange to their indwelling guest. The littleness and folly of the past were but faded pictures of half-forgotten dreams. He knew that this was the awakening; this was the steady, noble, tender glow of real life.

His heart dilated with a sense of all that life might mean: its dignity, its love, its aspiration, its unspeakable destiny. Oh, but he would struggle to keep alive this enlarged and transfigured sense of things! His rapt gaze rested on the Rose until the mystery of color and light and sweetness entered into his very heart. He felt himself a part of the brightness that lives at the center of all things, and his confident soul swept out to the unseen stars to claim its own. Beyond and beyond, throughout distant space, everywhere was a flush of light and beauty and a radiant heart of peace.

Then came a memory — a mere shadow from his dream-life — and a selfish doubt brought him back to earth again. The Rose still smiled upon him in sweet faith. He would never leave it, but together they

would live the larger life. As the wind whispered in the leaves the Rose bent and brushed his cheek and a swift wave of tenderness surged over him.

What if someone else should find this flower and should rise upon its power as he had risen? What if he should lose it? A hungry look stole into his eyes and his old self in a misery of longing cried hoarsely, "Never! It shall be mine, mine, only mine!" He leaned forward until the petals quivered beneath his breath. What if it should turn from him? "It is mine, mine," cried the selfish self as with eager, passionate grasp he kissed it and crushed it close, close, until he grew faint and sick with the spent sweetness.

He is stung with pain. Ah, the thorns, the thorns! Impatiently he tries to pick them out, but the sting remains. And oh! the pitiful Rose that he holds — so crushed and weary and broken! Gone is the delicate fire of the higher life that breathed through every curve of its free-born petals. And the fragrance which had radiated waves of tender gladness falls like the faltering breath of some beautiful, wounded, dying thing.

In the dim light which fills the mind in sleep, a mountain scene took form upon the moving screen. Up the steep side a Hunter toiled, burdened with weapons and game. In his strangely familiar eyes was a weary, dissatisfied look. The trail he had followed grew indistinct and was lost; but as he pushed onward he reached a place where the rough mountain side stretched out into a broken level of fertile plateau. How grateful it looked after the steep climb. This was the place to rest, he thought, catching sight of a tiny, sheltered lake and turning his steps toward it. Even now he can see its unruffled surface reflecting the blue sky and a drowsy chorus of encircling pines.

On the lake-shore the Hunter stood spell-bound with the beauty of the scene. The spoils of the chase and the weapons dropped from relaxed fingers as with uncovered head he drank deeply of rest and comfort and inspiration.

As the wind swayed the bordering pine-branches flecks of light came and went through the shadowy circle of scintillating water. Around the shallow border the glint and tint of glossy stone and delicate shell lighted the mosaic curtain of shadows with the fire of a living iris. Deep and dark and clear was the mystical center. A tall, slender fringe of grasses around the edge softened and deepened

the whole liquid beauty before him like the lashes of a sentient eye.

A feathery cloud floated by overhead. Its reflection brushed the surface like a breath of fancy, a mere passing thought. The opalescent gold of the sunshine sank down, down, down, until, transmuted into a look of love in unfathomed consciousness its glow was diffused through the limpid depths.

Beyond the beauty of the lake was the infinite calm, the untouched purity and the perfect peace.

The atmosphere was filled with restfulness. From the lighted depths came an answering look to his eager eyes. The soul of the lake speaks to him in lingering softness and silence; and oh, how serene it is! The iridescent picture of a flying bird falls into the clear water, a song in color. He sees his own face bathed in a tender light.

He will seize this mysterious beauty of a living calm and hold it forever. It shall reflect only his face, he thought, jealous of the very sky. "This treasure is for me, for me alone," he said, as his eyes followed the shafts of light that illumined the shadowy depths. "For me," plunging in and stretching out greedy hands.

The first footstep broke the mirror of light into troubled waters. The soil and sand rose beneath the desecrating feet in a sorrowful cloud that hid the glory in advance and around him. "The peace lies deeper yet," he thought, watching the center and pushing on. But ever before him rose the obscuring cloud of his own creation. He can no longer wade, but strikes out boldly, greedily, to plunder the lake of its secret. He finds that no physical force or finesse can touch the delicate beauty he desires; and after vainly striving to grasp the fine lines of soul-sense, he returns to the shore, weary, disappointed, and bitter.

"It is all illusion," he railed. "No other Hunter excels me in strength or skill; yet when this promised happiness is almost within my grasp, it fades and disappears. There is no reality behind the dissolving pictures of a deceitful world."

The Dreamer looked from the fair strength of the Hunter on the bank to the cloudy, restless water. There he saw reflected his own figure — a dusky, broken image with the pessimistic poise. Then the light which he had longed for shone full upon his mind. He was the Traveler whose rude selfishness had despoiled the trusting Rose. He was the Hunter of Happiness. Around him were the rejected trophies of his skill — sweet-voiced birds and creatures fleet of foot and

quick of eye. Too well they vouched for his unerring aim with bloody breast and broken limb and dull, unseeing eyes. He had wasted the life that gave these things their joy and beauty. Only the pitiful, unlovely forms were his possessions; from these his wearied senses turned in sick distaste.

The Dreamer's eyes fell before the luminous scene in which the Hunter was the one dark stain. How worse than blind his whole career had been. His life was but a crowded list of failures. How fair were Nature's pictures everywhere before he marred them with greedy, sordid touch. Now he saw that the world was alive with a wondrous reality for those who sought it unselfishly.

"The fault is all my own," he groaned in bitter shame. "That is mine, indeed, all mine. Oh, for a chance to redeem this wretched past!" he cried, pierced with so keen a heartache that he awoke.

Through the open windows the dewy morning air came in, sweet with the breath of flowers and alive with the subdued joy of birds. The great elms brooded over the lesser things with stately tenderness, while with slender, outstretched branches, like waving magnetic fingers, they soothed and awakened the freshened earth. In the east the lavender veil fell down before the sacred flame which daily gives new hope and strength to light dull lamps of clay.

VENICE: by Grace Knoche



IT is one of the world's wonders that a little community should rise up from the midst of untillable marsh lands — literally out of the sea — and within a few centuries, through its energy, thrift, invention, and sheer ability, should become a world power not only in diplomacy, arms, and commerce, but in architecture, art, philosophy, and *belles lettres*. And all this, in spite of envy and attacks from without and conspiracies from within.

The power of Venice, "the wealthy republic," was so great in her palmy days that the honor of alliance with her was covetously sought by emperors and popes alike. At a time when, as history declares, a dictum from the Pope, or a threat of excommunication, would have brought almost any other nation of Europe to its knees in groveling

terror, Venice laughed at both and pursued the even tenor of her imperial way.

The climax of her independence of dogmatic rule was reached in those glorious and courageous later days when Fra Paolo Sarpi lived and guided her destinies, Sarpi, "the noblest of the Venetians," who realized more fully than any other in that republic the dangers that would threaten should outside influences ever gain a foothold in the chambers of government. Had there been a successor to Fra Paolo, one worthy of his example, one who grasped his purposes, knew the spirit of the teacher that molded them and what beneficent power lay behind, who possessed as well the power to continue Sarpi's work — had such an exceptional soul appeared, Venice would not have decayed. At Fra Paolo's death the decline of Venetian greatness set in.

In the course of her history — and three centuries practically included the period of her undisputed greatness — Venice attained a position of supremacy on virtually every line of activity. In war she was dreaded. Says Yriarte, author of *L'Histoire de Venise*:

The arsenal of Venice, which still exists, was its palladium; the high organization of this establishment, the technical skill of its workmen, the specially selected body of the "arsenalotti," to whom the republic entrusted the duty of guarding the senate and great council, and its admirable discipline, were for centuries the envy of other European powers. . . . At the most critical period in its history, when it (Venice) was engaged in its great struggle with the Turks . . . the arsenal regularly sent forth a fully equipped galley each morning for a hundred successive days. . . . At the acme of its prosperity the arsenal employed 16,000 workmen.

It is impossible to touch upon the political life and fortunes of Venice in the short space of a single article. Moreover, information on this is very accessible, for the Venetians themselves were great chroniclers, who firmly believed that their city was building in a strange way for the future and that its foundation stones should not rest unmarked. And though the last thing these old recorders dreamed of was the imminent decay of their proud city — their idol, their divinity, the object of their passionate adoration — they were right. Venice *was* building for the future — to which seeming mystery Theosophy also has the key.

Suffice it to say that when the inner history of Katherine Tingley's visit to Venice, upon the occasion of her first trip around the world in the interest of Theosophy, is given out publicly, a new interpretation

will be given to some of these old records. The spirit of Venice has never died although untoward aims and evils have for nearly four centuries obscured the outer expression of it. But that, like the history of Fra Paolo, is another story, too, and volumes would be needed to contain it.

Venice was in her days the commercial link between Europe and the Orient and her merchants neglected no opportunity. The result was that not only did the city become fabulously wealthy but new trades and wonderful art-crafts sprung up. Rare damasks, glass, tapestries, silks, enamels, metal-work of various kinds, plastic work, mosaics, brought from the countries of the Orient by Venetian merchants, served as models to craftsmen who not only copied but improved upon them in the great industrial centers which sprang up. Venetian art-craftsmanship became throughout Europe a synonym for the ultra, the perfect.

A link between Italy and Greece, Venice afforded an asylum for Grecian men of letters when the light in their own land failed. These men Venice honored. They taught in her universities; they lighted up in the city not only a knowledge of the great literary monuments of the ancients but a love for them; they filled her libraries with translations. Plato, Socrates, Thucydides, Strabo, Xenophon, Homer, and Orpheus, became something more than names. Says Yriarte:

Venice, more than any other town, has the credit of having rescued from oblivion, by editions and translations, the master-pieces of Greek literature.

The art of printing was welcomed upon the very threshold of its discovery and the services of Venice on this line are unique in the history of letters. Her printers were not mere workmen; some of them were scholars. "The Aldine Press" is synonymous with scholarship today as it was in renaissance Italy. Symonds describes the enthusiasm of the elder Aldus (or Aldo) for Greek literature, and his life-ambition, which was "to secure the literature of Greece from further accident by committing its chief masterpieces to type." He relates how Aldo, already a scholar and qualified as a humanist, "according to the custom of the country," spent a further two years in a study of Greek literature. Not a Venetian himself and with no ties in the city, by some "accident of fortune" he selected Venice as the place in which to build up a work whose parallel the world has not since afforded and of which a similar record is not to be found in the past unless possibly in the secret records of ancient China.

At Venice Aldo gathered an army of Greek scholars and compositors around him. His trade was carried on by Greeks and Greek was the language of his household. Instructions to typesetters and binders were given in Greek. The prefaces to his editions were written in Greek. Greeks from Crete collated MSS., read proofs, and gave models of calligraphy for casts of Greek type.

Not counting the craftsmen employed in merely manual labor, Aldo entertained as many as thirty of these Greek assistants in his family.

His own energy and industry were unremitting. In 1495 he issued the first volume of his Aristotle. Four more volumes completed the work in 1497-98. Nine comedies of Aristophanes appeared in 1498. Thucydides, Sophocles, and Herodotus followed in 1502; Xenophon's *Hellenics* and Euripides in 1503; Demosthenes in 1504.

The troubles of Italy, which pressed heavily on Venice, suspended Aldo's labors for awhile. But in 1508 he resumed his work with an edition of the minor Greek orators; and in 1509 appeared the lesser works of Plutarch.

Then came another stoppage. The league of Cambray had driven Venice back to her lagoons, and all the forces of the republic were concentrated on a struggle to the death with the allied powers of Europe. In 1513 Aldo reappeared with Plato . . . in a preface eloquently and earnestly comparing the miseries of warfare and the woes of Italy with the sublime and tranquil objects of a student's life. Pindar, Hesychius, and Athenaeus followed in 1514.

But Aldo's enthusiasm for the classics was not confined to those of Greece. He issued superb editions of the principal Latin and Italian classics as well, in an exquisite type especially cast for his Press and which it is said he had copied from the very handwriting of Petrarch.

There is something very reminiscent of the Orient in Aldo's reverence for beautiful calligraphy. To the Chinese scholar the ideograph is sacred and to write it well demands art and philosophy both. There is an ancient Chinese legend which says that once upon a time certain ideographs "came down from their tablets and spoke unto mankind." Curious, that one should recall it here. But not to know Aldo is to miss a great light upon the spirit that made Venice what it became, the spirit that animated every soul in that wonderful city — devotion to a high ideal, absolute unselfishness and service. Where is the Press today that combines these unpurchasable qualities with the acme of scholarship? We know of one — but only one.

Even in a short article, with Venice herself a subject for volumes, libraries, it is impossible to omit the following — also from Symonds:

Aldo . . . burned with a humanist's enthusiasm for the books he printed; and we may well pause astonished at his industry, when we remember what a task it was in that age to prepare texts of authors so numerous and so voluminous from MSS. Whatever the students of this century may think of Aldo's scholar-

ship, they must allow that only vast erudition and thorough familiarity with the Greek language could have enabled him to accomplish what he did. In his own days Aldo's learning won the hearty acknowledgment of ripe scholars.

To his fellow workers he was uniformly generous, free from jealousy and prodigal of praise. His stores of MSS. were as open to the learned as his printed books were liberally given to the public. While aiming at that excellence of typography which renders his editions the treasures of the book-collector, he strove at the same time to make them cheap. . . . His great undertaking was carried on under continual difficulties, arising from strikes among his workmen, the piracies of rivals, and the interruptions of war. When he died, bequeathing Greek literature as an inalienable possession to the world, he was a poor man.

To touch with any show of justice upon the architecture of Venice would task the eloquence of a Ruskin. But it is possible to indicate a few of the causes that contributed to make Venice the architectural marvel of Europe and her palaces and churches unique in the world.

According to tradition, there were both castles and "churches" in Venice several centuries before the earliest examples that survive. The first "church," it is said, was founded in 432 by one Giacomo del Rialto, but the earliest of which we have tangible evidence — and it is still standing — was built in the eleventh century. Of the eleventh and twelfth century castles or palaces, a number still may be seen.

Venetian architecture, like her literary and industrial life — indeed, like her whole life — was a combination of Oriental and Occidental influences. Her people were discoverers, adapters; they had a perfect genius for appreciation of the artistic, the eloquent, the statesmanlike, the progressive — in a word, "the Good, the Beautiful and the True" in the work of others — and with opportunities strewn along her path thicker than flowers in June, Venice seemed to grasp them all.

Although Venetian architecture was complex and composite to a degree, it is possible to trace the predominating influences as they set their mark upon style after style. Up to the thirteenth century the prevailing style was Byzantine, of which the leading characteristics seem to have been in Venice the semi-circular arch and a prodigal use of sculptured ornament. The method of construction employed by the Venetians — the walls being of a fine hard brick which was covered with stucco, or in the finer buildings with thin slabs of costly marbles and porphyries — permitted no end of surface decoration. And in this the color-loving Venetians reveled. Moldings, carvings, rolls, *cavettos*, flutings, panels, bands and diapers of flowing scroll work,

lent their support to most varied adaptations of characteristic Persian or Moslem design, with its semi-conventional foliage, animals, dragons, birds, flowers, etc. Markedly beautiful, and in a way peculiar, is the effect of the façades of many buildings, "studded with gorgeous panels like jewels on a rich brocade."

But in the thirteenth century a period of transition ushered out the round Byzantine arch, and in the pointed Gothic arch of the countries immediately north. Very soon, however, the Early Renaissance style, as exemplified in Verona and other Italian cities, became a dominating influence, this in turn to give way to the Classic, which became the "grand style" of sixteenth-century Venice. After that, the deluge — of mediocrity.

The Venetians, a conquering people by virtue of their navy which was the envy of Europe, made their city the storehouse of rich treasures stripped from the ruined cities of the past, and from other cities made her own by conquest. And her merchants did the rest. Quantities of rich marbles were brought from fallen Aquileia, Ravenna, and Heraclea, cities which in their turn had brought them from Egypt, Greece, and Arabia, and Numidia —

the red porphyry of Egypt and the green porphyry of Mt. Taygetus, red and gray Egyptian granites, the beautiful lapis Atracius (*verde antico*), Oriental alabaster from Numidia and Arabia, the Phrygian *pavonazzetto* with its purple mottlings, cipollino from Carystus, and, in great quantities, the alabaster-like Proconnesian marble with bluish and amber-colored striations.

Add to this magnificence a lavish use of gold and color, particularly the warm ochres and earth reds, and the costly ultramarine, and the modern mind, accustomed to uncolored and unstriated marbles and the quiet gray of stone, can hardly imagine the gorgeous luxuriance of color that marked the city in her prime.

The architectural glory of Venice is of course the Church of St. Mark, which, says Professor Middleton,

stands quite alone among the buildings of the world in respect of its unequalled richness of material and decoration, and also from the fact that it has been constructed with the spoils of countless other buildings, and therefore forms a museum of sculpture of the most varied kind, nearly every century from the fourth down to the latest Renaissance being represented in some carved panel or capital, if not more largely. . . .

During the long period from its dedication in 1085 till the overthrow of the Venetian republic by Napoleon, every doge's reign saw some addition to the rich decorations of the church — mosaics, sculpture, wall linings or columns of

precious marbles. By degrees the whole walls inside and outside were completely faced either with glass mosaics on gold grounds or with precious colored marbles and porphyries, plain white marble being only used for sculpture, and then thickly covered with gold. . . . No less than five hundred columns of porphyry and costly marbles are used. . . . A whole volume might be written on the sculptured capitals, panels, screens.

The use of inlay is almost peculiar to St. Mark's, as is also the method of enriching sculptured reliefs with backgrounds of brilliant gold and colored glass mosaics, producing an effect of extraordinary magnificence.

One of the great glories of St. Mark's is the most magnificent gold retable in the world, most sumptuously decorated with jewels and enamels, usually known as the Pala d'Oro. . . . This marvelous retable is made up of an immense number of microscopically minute gold cloisonné enamel pictures, of the utmost splendor in color and detail.

Of the architecture and art of the great council hall of the doges, the Ducal Palace, little need be said after the description of St. Mark's, for while not so lavishly ornamented, it is a world in itself in the style of architectural beauty that most appealed to the Venetians.

The original Palace of the Doges was built in the ninth century, but the vicissitudes of war and of fire decreed its rebuilding several times, and the Ducal Palace that we know today dates from the fourteenth century. Says Professor Middleton:

The two main façades, those towards the sea and the *Piazzetta*, consist of a repetition of the same design, that which was begun in the early years of the fourteenth century. . . . The design of these façades is very striking, and unlike that of any other building in the world. . . .

The main walls are wholly of brick; but none was left visible. The whole surface of the upper story is faced with small blocks of fine Istrian and red Verona marbles, arranged so as to make a large diaper pattern, with, in the center of each lozenge, a cross made of verde antico and other costly marbles. The colonnades, string-courses, and other decorative features are built in solid Istrian stone.

Very beautiful sculpture, executed with an ivory-like minuteness of finish, is used to decorate the whole building with wonderful profusion. At each of the three free angles is a large group immediately over the lower column. At the south-east angle is the Drunkenness of Noah, at the south-west the Fall of Man, and at the north-west the Judgment of Solomon. Over each at a much higher level is a colossal figure of an archangel—Raphael, Michael, and Gabriel.

The sculpture of all the capitals, especially of those on the thirty-six lower columns, is very beautiful and elaborate, a great variety of subjects being introduced among the decorative foliage, such as the virtues, vices, months of the year, age of man, occupations, sciences, animals, nations of the world, and the

like. On the whole, the sculpture of the fourteenth century part is finer than that of the later part near St. Mark's.

On the walls of the chief council chambers are a magnificent series of oil paintings by Tintoretto and other, less able, Venetians — among them Tintoretto's masterpiece, Bacchus and Ariadne and his enormous picture of Paradise, the largest oil painting in the world.

Up to and during a part of the sixteenth century the state prisons were on the ground floor of the Ducal Palace, but they were finally removed to a new structure on the opposite side of the narrow canal, and a bridge, the "Ponte dei Sospiri" or "Bridge of Sighs," was thrown across the canal, connecting the two buildings.

In the magnificence and beauty of its homes—its *palazzi* or palaces — Venice is unique in the world. It is said that no other city, then or since, is to be compared with Venice in the loveliness and romantic interest of its domestic architecture. Up to the twelfth century the Byzantine style of architecture prevailed, but the thirteenth and fourteenth century palaces — whose builders were more or less influenced by the design of the Ducal Palace, then nearing completion — are Venetian Gothic.

The climax of splendor was reached in the "Golden House" the wonderful *Ca' d'Oro*, so named from the lavish use of gold leaf on its sculptured ornamentations. It was literally a "golden house."

No words can describe the magnificence of this palace on the Grand Canal, its whole façade faced with the most costly variegated marbles, once picked out with gold, vermillion and ultramarine, the walls pierced with the elaborate tracery windows and enriched with bands and panels of delicate carving — in combined richness of form and wealth of color giving an effect of almost dazzling splendor.

But following close upon this magnificence — which was reflected in nearly all the palaces that were built toward the close of the fourteenth century — came the inevitable reaction toward a less ornate style, the Early Renaissance. Compared with the *Ca' d'Oro* one writer has described the sixteenth century palaces, which followed Early Renaissance and Classic models, as "dull and scholastic." They certainly must have been a restful change.

So much for the architecture of Venice —

White swan of cities, slumbering in her nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon.

But the visitor to the Venice of today finds his interest in her

buildings doubled from the fact that upon the walls of many of them are to be found the works of some of the greatest painters the Occident has known. When we reflect that in the sixteenth century Venice possessed a school of art that for power, technical perfection, and gorgeous interpretation of color, stood pre-eminent in its own day and has not been surpassed in ours, little more need be said. Palma Vecchio, Giorgione, the great portraitist Lorenzo Lotto, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and — Titian! What a galaxy! Surely nothing more need be said upon the art of Venice. As in everything else, the impossible seemed not the exceptional but the mediocre.

In short, to give one the outline of only a few of the activities of the people of this City of Destiny is to drown oneself in superlatives. Her history is as fraught with heroism, with simple dauntless courage, as that of the Dutch Republic; it is as colored with romance as that of Palmyra or Thebes. *Karma* is the only key to an understanding of the strange destiny which brought to flower such transcendent energy in so seemingly sterile a soil. *Reincarnation* is the only theory which can hope to throw light upon the *quality* of effort that marked her citizens as a body of people apart, who must have worked together in the past as they unquestionably will in the future.

Not that Venice was perfect; her citizens made their mistakes; there were the jealous and the covetous, and there were conspiracies within her borders as well as without. Her doges were not all, like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion," her counsellors were not all like Fra Paolo nor all her scholars like Aldo. But there was no apathy and there *was* a nucleus of impersonal, united effort sufficiently vitalized to hold back the agencies of disintegration during century after century of steady upward effort. And then the Wheel of Destiny turned and the Venice of Sarpi passed.

But the days to dawn will again see Venice whirled upward into the light on the rim of this mighty Wheel. This is inevitable. It is Theosophical teaching. The old clans will gather — and *there* — and they will work again and aspire again and build again; and in the light of the lessons learned through the failures and successes of the past will rise again to greater heights.

Doge and counsellor, artist and craftsman, scientist and scholar, statesman, philosopher, and poet — as the "whirling wheel of spiritual will and power" brought to you great opportunities in the past, so will it bring them to you again and yet again, in the future.

HUMANITY AND THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATION:

by Elizabeth C. Spalding

Had our modern philosophers studied, instead of sneering at, the old Books of Wisdom—they would have found that which would have unveiled to them many a secret of ancient church and state. As they have not the result is evident. The dark cycle of Kali-Yug has brought back a Babel of modern thought, compared with which the “confusion of tongues” itself, appears a harmony. — *H. P. Blavatsky*



O the placid minds of one part of humanity the idea that there is an imperious need for Humanity to be saved, may seem quite absurd. To them the world appears to be moving on well enough; children are born to them, and are trained in the same methods they were, and their ancestors before them for centuries, possibly; life passes smoothly along, so they ask in wonder, Why change?

On the other hand is noticeable amongst a large class, a great unrest, a fretting against established conditions, and a reaching out for something new. Individuals striving with different motives, but massing together into various societies, and associations, united in the purpose of breaking down the old, but with no ideals upon which to form new and better ones. It is like building an edifice on shifting sands.

This vague but extreme restlessness is permeating every race and country. Is it not pitiful that with such an expenditure of force, there should be a lack of the right understanding to lead men and women out of all their difficulties, discouragements, and adverse conditions, to the correct solution of life's problems? Truly the world is harvesting a chaotic mass of thought that unless checked, will tend rapidly towards degeneracy, and the disintegration of all things. We need a clearer and cleaner atmosphere mentally, morally, and physically, and to secure this the minds of people must be opened to the truth.

Theosophy offers to humanity this knowledge, and shows the way to restore balance and harmony. These few words convey a simple declaration of the truth, but a world of meaning lies in them.

Down through the ages has this touch of wisdom been kept burning in the hearts of a few. Great Teachers passing its light to their pupils, they in their turn to others, thus forming a noble and devoted band. They held the knowledge as a sacred trust awaiting the time to come, when humanity could receive these truths, without crucifying the great Souls who revealed to them the teachings.

H. P. Blavatsky had the key to this knowledge, the "Secret Archaic Doctrine" in other words "Theosophy," which she brought to the western world. In *Isis Unveiled*, written thirty-three years ago, she wrote:

The said key must be turned seven times before the whole system is divulged. We will give it but one turn, and thereby allow the profane one glimpse into the mystery. Happy he who understands the whole.

In her book, *The Secret Doctrine*, which followed later, she gave out much more information. So little did the world then understand her that she was considered a charlatan by some. But others did recognize that a Teacher had come, and they gathered around her. She appointed Wm. Q. Judge, another Teacher, as her successor, to carry on the work she had created, the Theosophical Society. He, in his turn, appointed Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who is electrifying the world with her educational work in different countries.

Katherine Tingley is now making practical the true Theosophical education.

What is a Theosophical education?

"Man Know Thyself," was one of the most valued teachings of the ancients. To know that one is a compound being, spiritual, mental, and physical; to know that this trinity also makes man a dual being; that he has both the potentiality of the God, and the lower forces as well; to learn how to conquer the evil that the God may prevail, and the soul be liberated to become the living power in him for good. All this is but a part of what Theosophy teaches.

Socrates asked "Which of us is skilful or successful in the treatment of the Soul, and which of us has had good teachers?" If that question were asked today Katherine Tingley's students could answer, here, at Point Loma, and her various centers throughout the world. Consider what it means to a child, to enter upon life's path favored with an understanding of these truths, imparted to him in such a simple, practical, logical manner that he lives naturally from the beginning, the proper life. "The first shoot of every living thing is by far the greatest and fullest." Such a child has the right foundation on which to build; he is truly educated.

The physical has not been strengthened at a loss of the mental and spiritual; the intellectual has not been so abnormally developed that the intuitional and spiritual have been absolutely shut off. The

Theosophical education gives a gradual unfolding of the whole nature, from within, outwards. Its growth may be likened to the ripening of the Lotus seed into the pure, white perfect blossom. The soul of the child who has developed under this training (making due allowance for Karmic heredity) will look forth, when matured, upon the world with so clear a vision, that confusion of ideas will be to him an unknown quantity. He can more clearly detect right from wrong — the necessary from the unnecessary, the practical from the unpractical — the true brotherhood from the selfish independence. In fact he will restore equilibrium, and always for humanity's welfare.

Theosophy has been a revelation to the women. Women as a rule cling to old established forms and conventionalities, some from fear of varying kinds, others from ignorance, or a lack of desire to take the initiative, owing to an inertia which the habits and customs of centuries have bred in them. It is mainly because of the manifold possibilities which have been dormant so long in woman that she feels the impelling urge to do something now, perhaps more than ever before. In her effort to respond, she sometimes strikes an extreme note which results in making the whole tide of life about her, of which she should be the harmonious center, stormy and discordant. Without the spiritual thread of knowledge how can she act wisely? Yet woman is responsible to a large degree for the unsettled condition that the minds of men are in today, and she always will carry a heavy responsibility, because she is the matrix of humanity.

One of our best-known American cartoonists has pictured the condition of the world, as a large globe held in a woman's hand. Consider what a power for good woman has in her position of motherhood, which must of course embrace wifedom. Words cannot depict all the fine possibilities and capabilities of mother-love. It has been said that great men have great mothers, and if we trace the life and thought of the mother prior to the child's birth, we can invariably find a clue which explains the strength, or weaknesses of the child.

Are not the majority of humanity simply drifting? Men and women growing apart, the seeds of separateness and consequent disintegration being sown, instead of their growing together into the nobler, fuller comradeship which Theosophy encourages.

As Katherine Tingley has said:

We want not only the hearts, but the divine fire, the divine life, and the splendid royal warriorship of men and women. Theosophy is the panacea.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

BOOK REVIEWS: "Commentary upon the Maya-Tzental Perez Codex" (William E. Gates) by C. J. Ryan

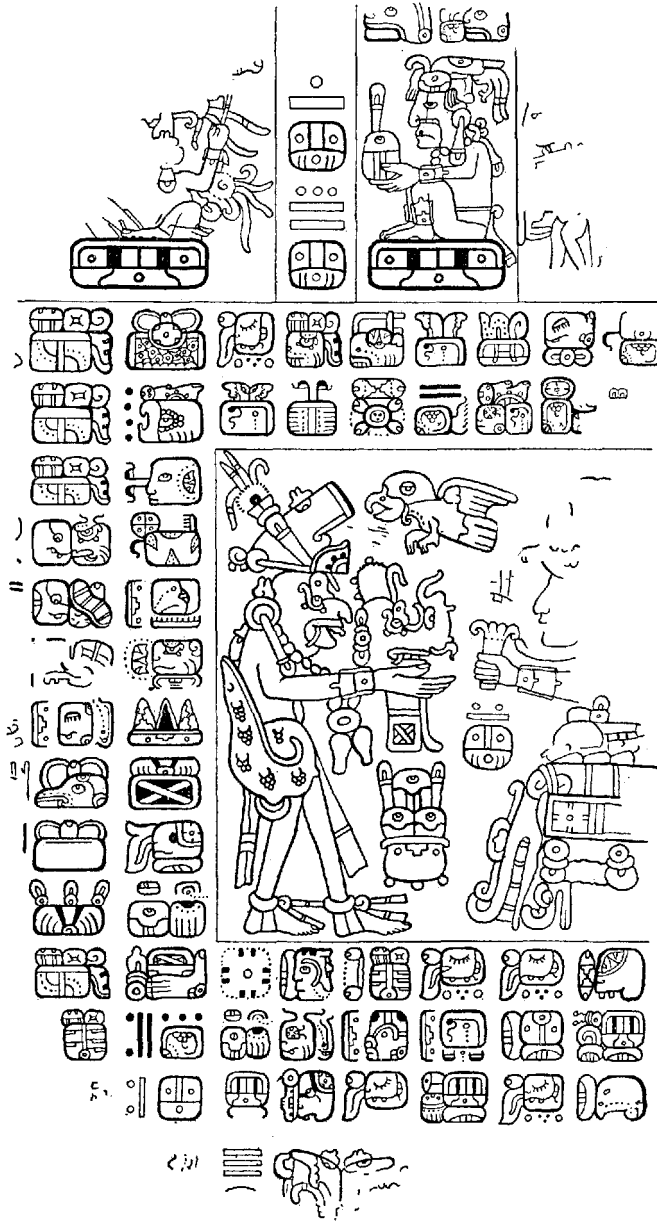


THE Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard University recently published a new *Paper* (Vol. VI, No. 1) on the subject of Central American hieroglyph writing. The *Paper* is entitled "*Commentary upon the Maya-Tzental Perez Codex, with a concluding Note upon the Linguistic Problem of the Maya Glyphs.*" Professor Wm. E. Gates, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, the author, has been a member of the Theosophical Society for about twenty-five years, beginning the serious study of Theosophy during H. P. Blavatsky's lifetime. Later, an ardent supporter of William Q. Judge, he is now one of the most active workers at Point Loma under the direction of Katherine Tingley. Professor Gates has applied himself largely to the historical and ethnological side of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings, and, by a careful study of her *Secret Doctrine* and other works, he has been able to bring to the problem of ancient American culture a fund of information and many valuable clues not familiar to the average student of archacology. Professor F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum, Harvard, in his prefatory note to the *Commentary*, says:

The Museum is fortunate in adding to its collaborators Mr. William E. Gates, of Point Loma, California, who for more than ten years has been an earnest student of American hieroglyphs. From his life-long studies in linguistics in connexion with his research in "the motifs of civilizations and cultures" he comes well-equipped to take up the difficult and all-absorbing study of American hieroglyphic writing. Mr. Gates has materially advanced this study by his reproduction of the glyphs in type. These type-forms he has used first in his reproduction of the Codex Perez, and now in this *Commentary* they are used for the first time in printing. This important aid to the study will be highly appreciated by all students of American hieroglyphs, as it will greatly facilitate the presentation of the results of future research.

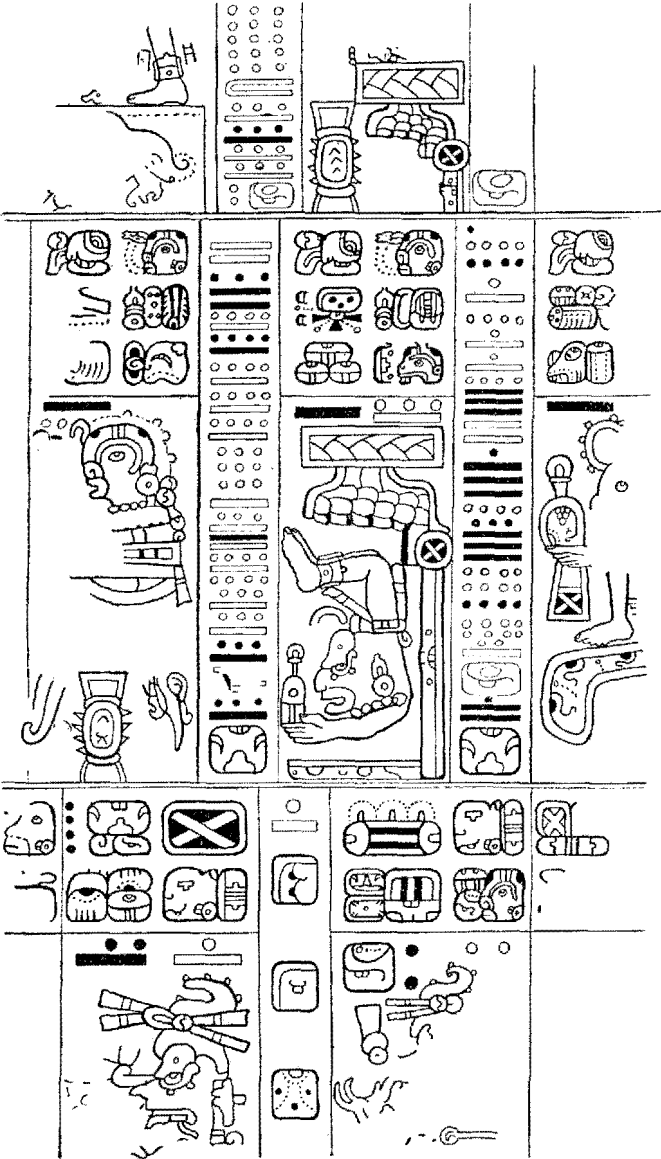
The Harvard *Papers* are taken by the principal Universities and learned societies throughout the world. The *Commentary* on the Perez Codex and the reproduction of it have been printed by the Aryan Press at Point Loma and are fine examples of the highest class of printing.

The Perez Codex itself, of which Professor Gates' *Commentary* treats, and of which he has just issued a new, definitive edition, redrawn, colored as in the original and slightly restored, is a Central American manuscript on specially coated "maguey" paper, of unknown antiquity. It was discovered about fifty years ago in a forgotten chimney corner of the Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris, black with dust and without record of its antecedents. It is but a fragment, but



A PAGE OF THE MAYA-TZENTAL PEREZ CODEX
FROM CENTRAL AMERICA

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH



fortunately the twenty-two remaining pages contain several chapters complete. The artistic quality of the work is of a high order; the coloring is most harmonious and the drawing of the hieroglyphs firm and refined. The human figures in the accompanying illustrations are conventionalized in certain grotesque though evidently intentional ways, but they have character and a real dignity, and admirably fit the spaces allotted to them. As an example of decorative art the manuscript must take high rank. It irresistibly reminds one of the best Egyptian Papyri. Professor Gates says:

And when, . . . one advances to an appreciation of the work in its bearings as a whole, one has to acknowledge himself facing the production of craftsmen who had the inheritance of not only generations, but ages of training. Such a combination of complete mastery in composition, perfect control of definite and fixed forms, and hand technique, can grow up from barbarism in no few hundred years. . . . Had we nothing but the Perez Codex and Stela P at Copan, the merits of their execution alone, weighed simply in comparison with observed history elsewhere, would prove that we have to do not with the traces of an ephemeral, but with the remains of a wide-spread, settled race and civilization, worthy to be ranked with or beyond even such as the Roman, in its endurance, development and influence in the world, and the beginnings of whose culture are still totally unknown. As to the Codex before us, we can only imagine what the beauty, especially of the pages we now come to discuss, must have been when the whole was fresh and perfect.

But, alas, no one can yet read the meaning of this and the two other Maya Codices that have escaped the destructive hands of the over-zealous Spanish missionaries who saw nothing in such things but hindrances to the spreading of the "True Faith," yet at the time of the Conquest they could be read easily by the cultured natives, and the *language is still spoken!* Though it seems almost incredible, there is no living person known who can decipher any of the hieroglyphs on the manuscripts or the hundreds of stone monuments except a few calendar signs and other signs of little consequence. We are indebted to Don Diego Landa, second bishop of Yucatan, for the destruction of all the manuscripts he could find, but it is to him also that we owe some gratitude for preserving the meaning of the hieroglyphs of the days and the months and a few other signs, which he inserted in his book. The little he has given us is not enough to help much; we may have to await the discovery of some "Rosetta Stone" like that which opened the lost secret of the Egyptian sacred writings to Champollion. In Professor Gates' words:

Up to date our knowledge of the meanings of the glyphs is still to all intents and purposes limited to the direct tradition we have through Landa, and the deductions immediately involved in these. We know the day and month signs, the numbers, including 0 and 20, four units of the archaic calendar count (the day, tun, katun and cycle), the cardinal point signs, the negative particle. We have not fully solved the uinal or month sign, which seems to be *chuen* on the monuments and a *cauac*, or *chuen*, in the manuscripts. We are able to identify what must be regarded as metaphysical or esoteric applications of certain glyphs in certain places, such as the face numerals. But every one of these points is either deducible directly by necessary mathematical calculation, or else from the names of certain signs given by Landa in his day and month list, and then found in other combinations, such as *yax*, *kin*, etc.

That we have as many of the points as we have, and still cannot form from them the key—that we cannot *read* the glyphs—is a constant wonder; but a fact nevertheless.

A large portion of the *Commentary* is devoted to a highly technical, detailed and closely-reasoned examination and analysis of the glyphs and illustrations in the Codex, of interest chiefly to specialists, but a considerable space is given to some general conclusions on language which are highly significant to students of Theosophy.

There is one point from which this question of American origins, at least of American place in human society and civilization, can be studied in its broader lines, even with what materials we have. It is that of language in general. From one point of view language is man himself, and it certainly is civilization. Without it man is not man, a Self-expressing and social being. . . . It is the constant effort of the conscious self to formulate thought. It is the use of the energy of creation, of objectivation, a veritable many-colored rainbow bridge between the inner or higher man and the outer or lower worlds. And it is not only the expression of Man as man, but in its varied forms it is the inevitable and living expression of each man or body of men at any and every point of time. Itself boundless as an ocean, it is in its infinite forms and streams and colors and sounds, the faithful and exact exponent both of the sources and channels by which it has come, and of the banks in which it is held, racial, national or individual. . . . Every word or form comes to us with the thought-impress of every man or nation that has used or molded it before us. We must take it as it comes, but we give it something of ourselves as we pass it on. If our intellectual and spiritual thought is aflame, whether as nation or individual, we may purify it, energize it, give it power to form and arrange the atoms around it—and we have a new literature, a new and beneficent, creative social vehicle of intercourse, mutual understanding, and human unification. . . .

It is evident that the criterion of the perfectness of any language is not to be found in a comparison of its forms or methods with those of any other, but in its fitness as a vehicle for the expression of deeper life, of the best and greatest that is in those who use it, and above all in its ability to react and stimulate newer and yet greater mental and spiritual activity and expression. The force behind man, demanding expression through him, and him only, into the human life of all, is infinite—of necessity infinite. There is no limit, nor ever has been any limit, to what man may bring down into the dignifying, broadening and enriching of human life and evolution, save in his own ability to comprehend, express, and *live* it. And the brightness and cleanness of the tools whereby he formulates his thought, as well as the worthiness and fitness of the substance and the forms into which he shapes it for others to see, are the essentials of his craft. . . .

There is one great broad line that divides the nations and civilizations of the earth, past and present, in all their arts of expression. We may call it that of the ideographic as against the literal. It controls the inner form of language and of languages; it manifests in the passage of thought from man to man; it determines whether the writing of the people shall be hieroglyphic or alphabetic; it gives both life and form to the ideals of their art. It is a distinction that was clearly recognized by Wilhelm von Humboldt, when he laid down that the incorporative characteristic essential to all the American languages is the result of the exaltation of the imaginative over the ratiocinative elements of mind.

Ideographic writing directs the mind of the reader by means of a picture or a symbol directly to the idea existing in the mind of the one who uses it; while

alphabetic or literal writing is simply the written expression of the sound, and only indirectly expresses the idea.

Passing on from the culture of ancient America with its ideographs, the writer draws attention to the great transition of thought, as indicated by language, that took place in Central Asia probably, the supposed seat of the Aryan beginnings after the destruction of Atlantis and the general break-up of the former civilizations. He says:

I believe . . . that coincident with a new and universal world-epoch, as wide in its cultural scope as the difference between the ideographic and literal, there was finally formed a totally new vehicle for the use of human thought, the inflectional, literal, alphabetic. That this vehicle was perfected into some great speech, the direct ancestor of Sanskrit, into the *forms* of which were concentrated all the old power of the ancient hieroglyphs and their underlying concepts. For Sanskrit, while the oldest is also the mightiest of Aryan grammars; and no one who has studied its forms, or heard its speech from educated native mouths, can call it anything but concentrated spiritual power. That the force which went on the one hand into the Sanskrit forms, was on the other perpetuated on into the special genius of Chinese, in which, as we know it, we have a retarded survival, not of course of outer form so much as of method and essence. And in Tibetan, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, I suspect that we have a derivative, not from either Chinese or Sanskrit as we know them, but by a medial line from a common point.

Many students feel convinced that once we solve the problem of the Maya-Tzental manuscripts and carved inscriptions, which undoubtedly relate to enormous periods of time, we shall have conclusive evidences of the civilization and destruction of Atlantis. Several illuminating quotations from H. P. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* are given by Professor Gates, and in his last paragraph he sums up the results of his long application to the study of ancient American and other languages, in which he has been so notably helped by the teachings of Theosophy, in these words:

And I am convinced that the widest door there is to be opened to this part of the human race, is that of the Maya glyphs. The narrow limitations of our mental horizon as to the greatness and dignity of man, of his past, and of human evolution, were set back widely by Egypt and what she has had to show, and again by the Sanskrit; but the walls are still there, and advances, however rapid, are but gradual. With the reading of America I believe the walls themselves will fall, and a new conception of past history will come.

A NEW MAGAZINE

Translation of an article that appeared in the Gothenburg paper *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfarts Tidning* for August 23, 1911, written by the literary and dramatic critic of the paper, J. Atterbom.

THE first number of a new international magazine which seems worthy of recognition is now out in a Swedish edition. The publication is called *Den Teosofiska Vägen* (*The Theosophical Path*) and the ultimate direction is in the hands of Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the international Theosophical Movement. The editor of the Swedish edition is Dr. Gustaf Zander, Stockholm.

This monthly magazine is intended to continue, on a broader scale, the work of the former magazine *Theosophia*, which has been published for a good many years. The interest in Theosophy has grown steadily of late, not only in our country but in all civilized countries. And the more attention the Theosophical Movement has attracted through its propaganda and educational activities, the more the need has been felt of a publication which, instead of devoting most of its space to theoretical Theosophy and the deeper teachings of its philosophy suited to advanced students, would serve primarily to enlighten and inform all genuine seekers of Truth upon the essential character of this Theosophical Movement throughout the world, and indicate *the path* along which its workers are trying to make Theosophy a living power in the world's life, as well as in the daily life of each of them.

The new international magazine, which is published in America at the Center of the Movement, Point Loma, California, and in England, Germany, Holland, and Sweden in the respective languages, will thus be a valuable source of information for all who wish to know what Theosophy, as understood in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and as an ideal power for good, is really doing in a practical way. The magazine seems to have an important mission to fulfil towards the public in dispelling divers prejudices which the Movement has encountered in its progress; prejudices of which its adversaries have readily sought to avail themselves. And all who would like to see better established those principles of compassion and helpfulness that lead to practical results have in this magazine an excellent means of reaching and helping new fellow-travelers on the path of Theosophy.

The international character of the magazine ensures contributions from prominent foreign writers on problems and questions of general human and international interest. And the intimate connexion with Point Loma, it is stated, will allow it to present some views of the life of the Students there, and to show some of the causes that have made the Râja Yoga College at Point Loma an educational institution of world-wide significance.

Not long ago Mrs. Tingley secured an estate on Visingsö, as all know, in order to establish a school there on the same lines. As a reminder of this the Swedish publication opens with a picture of the ruins of Visingsborg Castle. Under the heading "The Path" are given some quotations from William Q. Judge, who was a Student and co-worker of H. P. Blavatsky's, the Founder of the Theosophical Movement. Later he became her successor. He passed away in 1896 and was followed by Mrs. Tingley. General information regarding the early days and growth of the Theosophical Movement can be found at the end of the magazine, where a résumé is given.

H. P. Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society is the subject of a special article. Then follow under the heading "On Firm Basis Stands the Doctrine of Karma" some profound thoughts of Viktor Rydberg. He says in part:

Our acts and their effects constitute a series as everlasting as all other series of causes in nature. If you think that death on earth is able to break it, do not for confirmation plead the judgment of natural science. Science has its own ground and method, and knows that it has to explain the quantitative series of

causes; beyond these it is unable to go. If you have not conviction with respect to the unseen, beware of the contrary shallow idea, that everything which cannot be seen does not really exist. . . . The doctrine of Karma has sprung from the depths of righteousness, which are indeed those of truth. No one escapes the effects of his acts.

An article by the editor, Dr. Zander, is on "The Power of Imagination Inherent in Man." Professor Osvald Sirén gives a profusely illustrated description of Point Loma; and Mr. Per Fernholm, M. E., who is living at that place, gives some thoughts on Sweden in the Stone Age, elucidating some points in our ancient history in the light of Theosophical chronology, which seems to differ somewhat from that still adopted by archaeologists and geologists.

The American publication presents perhaps a still fuller outline of the field proposed to be covered by the magazine, as also of the resources that the Theosophical Movement possesses for the realization of its objects. A prominent place is evidently given to Art—music, painting, and sculpture, literature and drama—as a means to reach a wider circle; serving as a mediator between the supersensible and the sensible, the immaterial spiritual life and the material physical life.

The object of the magazine is placed in a special light by a quotation from H. P. Blavatsky, chosen as motto in the American edition. It reads:

The Secret Doctrine is the common property of the countless millions of men born under various climates, in times with which History refuses to deal, and to which esoteric teachings assign dates incompatible with the theories of Geology and Anthropology. The birth and evolution of the Sacred Science of the Past are lost in the very night of Time. . . . It is only by bringing before the reader an abundance of proofs all tending to show that in every age, under every condition of civilization and knowledge, the educated classes of every nation made themselves the more or less faithful echoes of one identical system and its fundamental traditions—that he can be made to see that so many streams of the same water must have had a common source from which they started. What was this source? . . . There must be truth and fact in that which every people of antiquity accepted and made the foundation of its religions and its faith.

A full list of general Theosophical literature is found in the magazine.

THE STRANGE LITTLE GIRL: a Story for the Children, by V.M.
Illustrations by N. Roth. 12mo, about 70 pages, cloth 75 cents.

THIS little book, printed by the Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California, will be ready in time to form a wholly charming Christmas or New Year's gift. It is in large clear type on good paper, and the fourteen illustrations are quite unique. Eline, a princess who lived in a marvelous realm of joy and peace, divines from what some travelers left unsaid that there is another and a different world. She interrogates the king, who finally says the children are free to come and go. A harper arrives whose music speaks of far off sorrow. They pass away together; she drinks the cup of forgetfulness, and reaches the other world where many things happen of interest so supreme that we fancy older folk will be eagerly reading this book when the children are asleep, for it will interest both young and old.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California