

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. II

JANUARY, 1912

NO. 1

OUR philosophy of life is one grand whole, every part necessary and fitting into every other part. . . . The spirit of Theosophy must be sought for; a sincere application of its principles to life and act should be made. . . . This will then raise in our hearts the hope that at least a small nucleus of Universal Brotherhood may be formed before we of this generation are dead. — *William Q. Judge*

ILLUSIONS OF TIME AND SPACE: by William Q. Judge

From an Original Manuscript, Found among Papers Left by Him



OF all the illusions that beset us, in this world of Mâyâ, perhaps the deadliest are those to which, for lack of better, we give the names of “*Time*” and “*Space*”: and quite naturally — since they are prime factors in our every action here below; each undertaking is prefaced by the question — uttered or unexpressed — How long? how far? what duration, or extent, intervenes between us and the fulfilment of our desire? Yet that they *are* illusions, the wise of all ages bear witness: we read in the Bible that “a day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day”: the Mohammedan legend tells us of the devotee at the well, met by an Angel, who rapt him into Paradise, where he dwelt for seventy thousand years in bliss, the while a drop of water was falling from his cruse to the ground: and Emerson expresses the same truth in the language of our time — “The Soul . . . abolishes Time and Space. . . . Time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul. The spirit sports with time — can crowd eternity into an hour, or stretch an hour to Eternity.”

And we realize this ourselves, to some extent, though perhaps unconsciously: yet often we are so engrossed either by our own thoughts — pleasurable or the reverse — or by the conversation of others — that we become entirely oblivious of the flight of time, or the distance over which we have passed, while so occupied.

Even more is this the case when we are asleep: in dreams we revisit the scenes, and live over again the days, of our childhood — commune with friends long since passed away, or visit the ends of the earth, with no feelings of surprise or incongruity: yet an hour later, on awakening to what, in our blindness, we call “the realities of life,” we bind on again the chains that Veda, Bible, and Korân — Prophet, Priest, and Sage, concur in assuring us we shall, in due course, know to be as unreal as the mirage of the Desert.

Pending this perfect enlightenment, it may not be wholly unprofitable to try if we cannot get a partial conception of this great truth — even if it should be merely from an intellectual standpoint.

Let us consider the habitual performance of a purely mechanical, or automatic action — such as the daily journey of a commuter on the railway: every day, at the same hour, he enters the same car — probably takes the same seat — and meets the same fellow-passengers: they converse on substantially the same topics: at the same stage the conductor takes up his ticket, and the engineer — alas! — blows the same fiendish and superfluous whistle. Now it does not require a very vivid imagination on the part of our commuter, to so blend the reminiscences of yesterday and the anticipation of tomorrow, with the experiences of today, that all then may seem synchronous. If it is objected that this illustration is faulty, in that it ignores the element of uncertainty inherent in all human affairs, it might fairly be replied that it only does so to the extent of adopting that working hypothesis that is universally accepted in daily affairs, and without which, no one would look beyond the needs of the present moment. Yet possibly a happier illustration may be found: suppose that I wish to revisit a familiar but far distant place — as, for instance, Damascus: now, if I go there in my physical body, days and weeks must elapse, before I can reach the immemorial city — sunset and moon-rise, day and night — with all the incidents of sleep and waking, pleasure and discomfort, possibly the alterations of sickness and health — all these must be gone through with, and not by one second can the appointed time be shortened: yet if I go simply in memory and imagination, I have but to will — and instantly, without an appreciable interval, I wander again past mosque and minaret, amid rose-leaf and almond-bloom that perfume the gardens of the “Eye of the East.”

So, too, with the kindred illusion of Space: thousands of leagues of sea and land must be traversed by “this prison of the senses, sorrow-

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fraught": whether in the steamer battling with the Atlantic surfs, or the express shooting through the vineyards of fair France — or the carriage toiling up the cedar-clad slopes of Lebanon — every inch of the weary way must be consecutively passed over, and not by one hair's breadth can it be avoided. Yet, going without the encumbrance of the flesh, even as I had no sensation of Time, so I have no perception of distance, between the swirl of the tide of the Hudson, and the splash of the fountains of Abana and Pharpar.

Experiences like these are so familiar, and so apparently meaningless, that some may attach little importance to them, or even be disposed to ignore them altogether. Yet probably this would not prove wise. It may well be that, in Occultism, as in Physical Science, great truths lie just before us — stare us in the face, as it were: and when they are at last discovered, it is not by elaborate research, but by the application of the most familiar methods.

Again — it was because he had been faithful over a few things, that the good servant was promoted to be ruler over many things: what right have we to expect to attain to higher knowledge, or claim to be entrusted with greater powers, until we have proven ourselves worthy of such preferment by thoroughly using, and profiting by, such as we now have?

GROUND BROKEN FOR PROPOSED SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY: MADAME TINGLEY PRESIDES



EARLY fifteen years ago, on February 23, 1897, Madame Katherine Tingley laid the foundation stone of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma. Impressive ceremonies were carried out by the Leader and members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, who had come from all parts of the world for the purpose. A full report appeared in the *Union* of an event which was even then seen to be of great importance to San Diego. The actual commencement of the permanent buildings of the School of Antiquity has been anxiously expected by thousands of members of the society throughout the world, and by a large section of the public who are interested in its educational work.

Yesterday another impressive ceremony signified the actual moment of the beginning of construction. The ceremony consisted of two main portions. The students and Râja Yoga pupils, led by Madame Tingley, marched in procession to the Greek open-air theater, where the first portion of the exercises was carried out. They then proceeded to the site of the School of Antiquity, on the highest part of the grounds, where the remainder of the ceremonies took place.

Pretty Picture Presented

The picture presented during the exercises in the Greek theater will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present. The principal body of students occupied the central part of the theater, many of them carrying the flags of all nations which were presented to Madame Tingley during her first crusade round the world in 1896. The pupils of the Râja Yoga College filled the seats on the right and left, the boys in their handsome uniforms and the girls in their simple and tasteful white dresses. Madame Tingley sat in the center of the lowest tier of seats, and near her were her cabinet officers, the officers of the Women's International Theosophical League, and some of the international representatives.

The proceedings commenced at eleven o'clock by an introductory address from H. T. Patterson of New York upon the importance of the occasion. Madame Tingley then gave an outline of the remarkable historical events connected with her original selection and purchase of the grounds of the School of Antiquity, and spoke of her early aspirations as a child to found a center of learning for humanity. She then briefly outlined the greatly increased activities that will now be made possible through the School of Antiquity and its branches throughout the world. Interesting and forceful addresses were then delivered by Mrs. A. G. Spalding, Professor Edge, the Rev. S. J. Neill and others, and appropriate quotations and recitations were read from Theosophical literature.

Ground Plan Laid Out

During certain portions of the exercises the Point Loma orchestra played selections, and at the conclusion of the proceedings in the Greek theater a procession was formed which marched to the summit of the hill, where the ground plan of the first section of the School of Antiquity was marked out. This will cover, when complete, a very large area, and like all the buildings designed by Madame Tingley, will be quite original in form. Concrete will be largely used in its construction, but rare marbles, onyx and other beautiful stones will be used for the decorative effects. All who visit Point Loma Homestead express unbounded admiration for the design of the temporary buildings which are at present in use, but it is understood that the architectural features of the School of Antiquity will far surpass anything that has already been done.

The Râja Yoga band played during part of the simple but impressive groundbreaking ceremonies. An interesting little incident took place here. After Madame Tingley had turned the first shovelful of soil the next to dig was Joseph Fussell, Sr., the oldest student present, who is now in his ninety-fourth year. Mr. Fussell is also a Mason of many years' standing.

It is understood that work on the new buildings for the School of Antiquity will be proceeded with rapidly and that a substantial portion will be complete at the time of the San Diego Exposition. — San Diego *Union*, Nov. 13, 1911

CYCLES OF OPPORTUNITY: by J. H. Fussell



“THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; neglected, and all their life is bound in shallows and in misery.”

We all realize the truth of this, but to how many is it given to take the tide at the flood, to take the current when it serves? Is it not the lot of most of us to look back and see how many opportunities lost, how many tides that have flowed, bringing us so near, within the very sight of the haven of our hopes, and then ebbed again, carrying us far out to sea? Will the tide ever rise again? Will it be our good fortune to know of it? Shall we be able to avail ourselves of it? Who can say? Does it not rest with ourselves?

Nature has so plainly marked for us her cycles of time and her seasons in the outer world, that all may know when to plow, to sow, to reap. We know too something of the causes of these seasons. We have observed the motion of the earth around the sun; we know of the inclination of the earth's axis and the sun's apparent journey in the arc of the heavens from south to north and from north to south again. But what of the seasons of human life — can we learn about them also, and know something of *their* causes and times of recurrence? — if indeed they do recur.

That there is a spring-tide, a summer, a winter, in life, we all agree, and it is no fancy that there exists a relation between the seasons of the year and the childhood, maturity and old age of human existence. But — you say — our childhood comes but once and passes on surely and swiftly through the years to old age, with death at the close of each short life. The seasons recur again and again, but not so childhood with its sunshine and flowers, nor youth with its high hopes, its hero-worship, its visions of knighthood, its dreams and plans for a life of achievement. These, you will say, come but once. And we do not know how bright the flowers are until they have faded; we do not know how precious was the love of mother or sister or friend, until they have passed on and that love has become but a memory, or if such be our good fortune an inspiration urging us on to high attainment. Ah! it is the common lot of so many not to know the golden opportunities of youth until they have long passed away!

But though from the standpoint of one life only the bright hopes of childhood and youth, once past, do not return, yet something of their influence returns again and again, with the returning spring, with the

New Year's resolutions, with the hope and determination with which we start upon each new enterprise. Indeed, were we not so immersed in the petty cares of life and so encrusted with selfishness, if we would but get up with the dawn and listen to the song of birds, opening our hearts to feel the full joy of Nature as the sun rises over the hills each morning, I believe we might feel each day a recurrence of the inexpressible joy of childhood, the enthusiasm and strong purposes of youth. Can we not believe what all the great Teachers of the world have said? If so, then these things are possible. One of these great Teachers has said: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." And another, that each "must regain the child state he has lost."

There are some, as all know well, who do keep ever young, whose interest and joy in life do not lessen with the added years; and others, alas! men and women young in years, to whom life is a burden hard to be borne. To the former every day brings opportunity; and though to the latter opportunities come too, it is as though they came not, for they are blind, they do not see them.

If we think about the matter at all, we are more apt perhaps to notice the recurrence of dark days than of bright ones; but that times and seasons do recur lies within the experience of all. There are days when our work is lighter and all goes smoothly, and other days when the work is heavy and everything seems at cross purposes. We all know this is so. But is it chance — or is there some explanation? Is there some order or law underlying this recurrence?

It is not only the seasons, day and night, the cycle of the moon, the cycle of the sun in his journey among the stars, the cycle of life and death, the cycle of a heart beat — marking time from the passage of a brief moment up to the sun's cycle of 25,000 years and to greater cycles still, beyond our calculation — it is not only these cycles that are under and exemplify the great law of Nature, but all our acts, all phases of human life, of thought and feeling, are under the same law — the law of ebb and flow, the rhythmic pulsation of life throughout the universe.

It is no arbitrary matter that there is a time to sow and a time to reap; it is no arbitrary matter that it is good to rest one day in seven and keep it consecrated and holy — though this does not absolve us from the responsibility of making every day a holy day — and further, it is no chance or coincidence that the periods of gestation of birds,

animals, and human beings, are to be measured by multiples of seven days, in weeks or months; or that diseases run their course each in its own cycle of days.

Have you never watched the waves of the ocean as they come rolling in towards the shore — how every third wave is greater and every ninth much greater, than the others? Have you never watched a fishing boat being launched in the ocean surf — how the boatmen will wait until a high wave comes, then with a sudden push, a jump aboard, a seizing of the oars, a few quick strokes, and the boat is safely through the surf in the open water? How fruitless would be their efforts did they not wait till the right time.

If we were to look back over the past years of our lives each could discover, more or less clearly defined, that his life was marked by a wave-like rise and fall and that the great events of his life befell at recurring periods of years. One more illustration: it is held by many that a century is a mere arbitrary division of time, and this is the opinion expressed by some of our historians; but if we look back through the centuries we may see, more or less clearly marked, that the last quarter of every century is a period of transition, a period of beginnings and great changes. And if all of nature outside of man, and if too his physical nature be governed by law, would it not be strange if his whole life, his thoughts and deeds, were not also subject to law? What a power then is man's to wield! Just as the boatman, relying on the ebb and flow of the waves, can utilize their power and so accomplish his aim in launching his boat; and just as the utilization of all the great forces of nature in our material civilization becomes possible as we come to know something of the laws governing their working, so in like manner, if we can learn something of the laws governing human endeavor, how much may we not hope to accomplish!

What is it that brings a nation or race or an individual to the flood-tide or the ebb-tide? Surely we have sufficient knowledge to answer, "It is the law and not chance or fate." And what part then does man play in this working of the law? Must he wait for the course of events, wait for the law and what it shall bring him? Truly he must wait, as the boatman waits, but not idly; he must have his boat ready, with sails to be hoisted and oars in place ready to be used. He must be alert and on the watch to take the current when it serves.

The turn of the tide came to France after her hundred years' humiliation at the hands of England; but what would it have availed her

had there been no Joan of Arc? The great opportunity came to the American colonies in the closing years of the eighteenth century; but what a different chapter in the world's history would have been written had there not been those ready to stand the brunt of the struggle at the risk of losing all, if there had been no Washington or Jefferson to arouse the people, or Franklin or Adams to lead the people, or if there had been no quiet Thomas Paine? Who can say what would have been the outcome of the Revolution, or of that darkest hour at Valley Forge if Paine had not been fired with sublime courage and patience which he communicated to the whole army and the whole country in his pamphlets and whom he inspired with new hope and endurance by his words: "These are the times that try men's souls"? And yet the name of Tom Paine finds no place in the great majority of our school histories.

There has been no nation or race, and there has been no community or city, and no individual, to whom has not come the flood-tide and the ebb-tide, because this is the law of life, the law of progress.

And what of our own time? What of today, when the whole world is in a tension and no one can tell who or what may become involved? But in the greatest stress lies the greatest opportunity. During the past twenty-five years four words have taken deep root in the thought and literature of America and Europe. They are these: Theosophy, Brotherhood, Karma, and Reincarnation. Three of these were heretofore little known, but Brotherhood — that is a common word, all had heard it, all had some mental conception of it. Yet nevertheless it was and is a new message that H. P. Blavatsky brought, that William Q. Judge proclaimed, that Katherine Tingley is exemplifying, just as the commandment of the Christ was new — "that ye love one another."

And this is the opportunity of today which in the ebb and flow of life has come to man, to each individual, and to the race. For what does this fearful war tension that holds all nations in its grasp — what does it mean but that all nations are linked together in a brotherhood of common ties, common interests, and common dangers? And one way or the other we must realize the fact of Brotherhood. If we will not of ourselves bring about the brotherhood of joy and peace through mutual helpfulness, then the working of the law will force us to realize the brotherhood of sorrow and pain through war and calamity. When shall we learn the lessons of calamity and sorrow that fill our newspapers every day? Must we wait until we ourselves are the vic-

tims? When shall we learn our responsibilities and realize, and act upon it, that we can help to bring peace instead of war, light instead of darkness?

And let me answer here the question of the recurrence of the enthusiasm, the enterprise and the hopes of youth, the joys of childhood, of which I spoke in the beginning. Besides the great hope that comes to the heart in the teaching of Reincarnation, need it be said that the soul never grows old, that its enthusiasm and joy are boundless, that the soul has its source and anchorage in the infinite, inexhaustible fount of eternal and divine life. For those who know this, the body may grow old, but the heart is ever young, life is ever fresh and beautiful.

What makes a city great and strong?
 Not architecture's graceful strength,
 Not factories' extended length;
 But men who see the civic wrong
 And give their lives to make it right
 And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
 Not wealth's display or titled fame,
 Not fashion's loudly boasted claim;
 But women rich in virtue's dower,
 Whose homes, though humble, still are great,
 Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
 Not things that charm the outward sense,
 Not gross display of opulence;
 But right that wrong can not remove,
 And truth that faces civic fraud
 And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
 A Light upon a nation's hill,
 A Voice that evil cannot still,
 A source of Blessing to the land;
 Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
 But Justice, Love, and Brotherhood. — *L. Orwell*

ART REALISM: by R. Machell



REALISM in Art, stands in the minds of ordinary people for truthfulness and sincerity, as opposed to the fictions with which idealism deals. But then the ordinary person's standard of truth and test of sincerity must be considered before accepting this use of the term.

For we are all psychologized in our youth by ideas that we get from these loosely-used expressions and from accepting them along with their popular interpretation and without stopping to see if they are at all what they pretend to be. Thus we have grown up perhaps with the idea that a certain class of art-work was *realistic* and consequently truthful, honest, and sincere; while another class of art-work was to be regarded as fictitious, fanciful, unreal, and untrue, because we had accepted its classification under the head of *idealism*.

The ordinary person lives entirely in the sensations of the mind and body, knows no world other than that of matter, and accepts that world and those sensations as real and indeed the only possible reality.

Thus realism to the ordinary mind means simply materialism, and a most narrow and cramped form of materialism; for an ordinary person honestly believes that things are what they appear and no more and no less, and in no way different from what they appear to be to him. If anyone else sees things differently, and so represents them, the other will think either that the representation of such things is insincere, and that the artist is "idealizing" — or that there is something wrong with his powers of perception. This is no exaggeration. And so this kind of people use the term *realism* to describe all such works as portray the world they live in as *they* know it. And as such persons are very many in the world, and being quite satisfied with their simple way of looking at things, are very positive and dogmatic, they succeed in establishing any idea they adopt on a very solid basis, for what can be more "solid" than ignorance. The higher kind of minds, more sensitive and subtle, are usually also more receptive and less positive, and these will accept such a term merely as a convenient term to classify certain works in a way that will be generally intelligible.

But in accepting the term *realism* they unconsciously accept a large part of the ideas associated with (and become psychologized by the popular mind into accepting) the fatal error that materialism and realism are identical. This circumstance is greatly to be deplored.

The result of such an error is to close the mind to all the higher and brighter and more beautiful aspects of Life and the world we live in that the Soul is constantly trying to reveal to the mind of man. Or if these are not wholly shut out of the mind, they are only allowed to come in as visitors on the same footing as dreams or fancies, or fictions.

Once that the popular interpretation of *realism* is accepted by the mind, it will follow unavoidably that *idealism* is a fitting term to express all that is not merely material; and, being contrasted with *realism*, it must necessarily mean that all else is false and fanciful, and unreal. So from youth the artist is probably unconsciously educated to distrust his own higher nature, to disbelieve the truths revealed by the visions which that higher nature is constantly displaying before his mind, and thus to make his mind less and less receptive to these impressions from within.

It is time to protest against this use of the term Realism. The age of mere materialism is passing, and we have need of new terms for the new conceptions of Life. Materialism and idealism have had their day and we are entering a new age, in which a new *Realism* will reveal the reality of the Soul, the truth that the Soul is the true Man, and the true inspirer and teacher of the mind. Then we shall see that very much of the higher poetry and art was more truly *realistic* than the great mass of unintelligent photographic materialism that has passed for truthful representation of nature.

We shall recognize the New Realism in Art as the Revelation of Real Life.

A NEW FRAGMENT OF A LOST GOSPEL:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D. (Harv.)



THE recent discovery in Egypt near Oxyrhynchus of a new fragment from a lost Gospel, originally composed probably before 200 A.D., is of great interest. There is no distinct evidence to prove that this Gospel was heretical — that is, produced by one of those circles of early Christian believers later denounced as heretics by the politico-ecclesiastical “Christianity” established as the state religion by Constantine and his successors. But it is noteworthy that in this fragment Jesus is spoken of as the Savior, a title, which though very common among the early Gnostics,

occurs but two or three times in the four Canonical Gospels. The papyrus recently discovered, consists, if the description in the *New York Times** is authentic, merely of a single closely written leaf, which commences with a denunciation of hypocrisy by Jesus, while the main part consists of a dialog between Jesus and the chief priest, a Pharisee, who stops Jesus and his disciples as they enter within the Temple at Jerusalem, and rebukes them for not first performing the ceremonial rites of purification. The fragment closes with the answer of Jesus. It begins in the middle of the first speech of Jesus and breaks off as abruptly within his second speech. The following translation has been published:

* * * * before he does wrong makes all manner of subtle excuse. But give heed lest ye also suffer the same things as they: for the evil-doers among men receive their reward not among the living only but also await punishment and much torment.

And he took them and brought them into the very place of purification and was walking in the Temple.

And a certain Pharisee, a chief priest, whose name was Levi [?], met them and said to the Savior, Who gave thee leave to walk in this place of purification and to see the holy vessels, when thou hast not washed nor yet have thy disciples bathed their feet? But defiled thou hast walked in this Temple, which is a pure place, wherein no other man walks except he has washed himself and changed his garments, neither does he venture to see these holy vessels.

And the Savior straightway stood still with his disciples and answered him, Art thou, then, being in this Temple, clean?

He said unto him, I am clean; for I washed in the pool of David, and *having descended by one staircase I ascended by another*, and I put on white and clean garments, and then I came and looked upon these holy vessels.

The Savior answered him and said unto him, Woe, ye blind who see not. Thou hast washed in these running waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast night and day, and hast cleansed and wiped the outside skin which also the harlots and flute girls anoint and wash and wipe and beautify for the lust of men: but within they are full of scorpions and all wickedness. But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the Waters of Eternal Life which come from * * * * But woe unto the * * * *

Most instructive is the statement of the Pharisee "*having descended by one staircase I ascended by another.*" The context makes it not improbable that this refers to a Pharisaical ceremonial of purification, consisting actually in the ascending and descending of a staircase. But surely, such a rite must have originated in religious symbology and its significance may very probably be seen by comparing the Vision

* Issue of August 6, 1911.

of Jacob with its allegorical interpretation as given by Philo Judaeus, and Origen, the Early Christian Father.

And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed and behold *a ladder set upon the earth and the top of it reached to Heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.* . . . And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place: *this is no other but the house of God and this is the Gate of Heaven.**

Of this Ladder or staircase seen by Jacob in his dream, Philo Judaeus says:

It symbolizes the air; which, reaching from earth to heaven, is the home of unembodied souls, the image of a populous city having for its citizens immortal souls, some of which descend into mortal bodies, but soon return aloft, calling the body a sepulchre from which they hasten.†

Furthermore Origen says in reference to the descent of souls from Heaven to life upon earth:

This descent was described in a symbolical manner, by a *ladder* which was represented as reaching from *Heaven to earth, and divided into seven stages*, at each of which was figured a *Gate*; the Eighth Gate was at the top of the ladder, which belonged to the Sphere of the Celestial.‡

These quotations should be further compared with the following words of Josephus:

The *Pharisees* believe that souls have an immortal strength in them, and that in the Underworld they will experience rewards or punishments according as they lived well or ill in this life. *The righteous shall have power to live again* § but sinners shall be detained in an everlasting prison.¶

Therefore, whatever the outward ceremonial form may have been, the descending and ascending of the staircases was presumably symbolic of the descent from and the ascent to Heaven of the souls of the righteous, and their rebirth upon this earth, as currently believed among the Pharisees at the time of Jesus. Thus, this new fragment affords further evidence as to the commonness of the belief in the pre-existence and rebirth of the human soul among the Jews at the beginning of our Era.

* *Genesis*, xxviii, 10-19. † Mangey's Ed. *Philo*, Vol. I, pp. 641-642.

‡ Origen, *Contra Celsum*, vi, 22. § That is, shall both descend and ascend, the Staircase or Ladder of Jacob's dream. ¶ Josephus, *Antiq.* xviii, 1.

IS THEOSOPHY ABSTRUSE? by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



A WRITER in a New York dramatic paper (Aug. 30), reviewing an article entitled "The Rebirth of Christianity," in the July number of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, makes the following criticism:

Not everyone will admit, however, that religion is such an occult matter as to exclude "the ignorant" from a complete comprehension such as Mr. Edge claims for Theosophy, and from salvation. This attitude savors a little too much of pious snobbery.

The writer of the article thus criticized, looking back to see where he had used the expression "the ignorant," finds the following, which is evidently the passage referred to:

To the ignorant the Master speaks in parables; but "to you it is given to understand the mysteries of the kingdom."

In fact, the writer was quoting Jesus Christ in the Gospels — a circumstance which the reviewer has not indicated. The following quotations will show this.

And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but to others in parables, that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand. — *Luke* viii, 10

But without a parable spake he not unto them; and when they were alone, he expounded all things to his disciples. — *Mark* iv, 34

Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables. — *Mark* iv, 11

All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables; and without a parable spake he not unto them: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world. — *Matthew* xiii, 34, 35

It is scarcely to be supposed that the reviewer would cavil at the words of Jesus Christ. It is easy to see what Jesus meant, and it is this meaning that the writer in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* sought to convey. The distinction between the "ignorant" or "them that are without" and the disciples was not one of class or special privilege of any kind. The disciples, in fact, are supposed to have included among their number people of very humble callings. The distinction was between those who were willing to listen to Jesus' message and those who were not; between those that "had ears to hear" and those who had ears but would not hear. Jesus was eager to help everybody;

but he could not give anybody more than that person might be able to receive. And he gave his weightier teachings in veiled language, so that they might at the same time be revealed to those who could use them and hidden from those who would only abuse them. And the writer in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* said in the place referred to by his critic:

The Spiritual Will is of the Heart; and of the Heart also is Wisdom; yet man in his unredeemed state obeys the leading of the desires and the false images they breed in the imagination. Therefore he will remain enslaved to these desires and will fail to understand the meaning of life unless he cultivates the impersonal Divine life within him. The teaching of the Gospel is directed to showing us how to enter this Way. [Then follows the passage quoted above, after which the article ends] A priceless privilege, but how repudiated! If we would but carry out the injunctions of Jesus the Christ, instead of making his personality into a God — which surely he himself would never have wished — we should be worthier disciples and the greater gainers.

It seems to have been sufficiently indicated in the above that the Way is open to *everybody*, and that the “ignorant” are merely those who are not yet ready, or who are unwilling, to follow. The reviewer, however, appears to have started out with a wrong impression as to the writer’s intention, and thus to have missed the point of the article. He continues: :

It does not seem to us as if the path to whatever salvation is in store for us should wind through such sinuous complications that the ordinary soul, unversed in the intricacies of theology and philosophy, need find it appallingly laborious.

Every Theosophist will cordially echo this opinion. The difficulty is to understand how such an idea could have been suggested by the article in question. A glance through the contents of the same number of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* would alone be sufficient to correct the idea that Theosophy is solely concerned with abstruse and difficult matters; but in addition there is the whole of the literature issued by the Theosophical Publishing Company of Point Loma, both periodical and otherwise, to refer to in refutation of the charge. It will be seen therein that Theosophy concerns itself with the whole of human life and that there is no relation or calling, however homely, into which it does not enter. Theosophy is, in fact, the application of wisdom to daily life, and it has been called sublimated common-sense.

But in a magazine of the standard of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, consisting mainly of a review of current topics and literature, and

intended to interest all classes of the community, a variety of subjects must be treated. And as long as a large section of society continues to be profoundly interested in theological and philosophical questions, these must receive their share of attention. Any "complications and intricacies" that may arise should be attributed to the nature of the topics discussed; the only concern which Theosophical writers have with them is to simplify them as much as possible.

The suggestion that Theosophy complicates matters and makes the way of salvation difficult is the exact reverse of the truth. The great aim of Theosophy is to unravel complications, to dissipate mysteries, to solve problems, and to replace all the elaborate mystifications by simple home-truths. A very good definition is given by William Q. Judge, in the opening of his book, *The Ocean of Theosophy*:

Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope; yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child.

No doubt the impression that Theosophy is abstruse is due in great measure to the fact that in past years its teachings have been made the subject of a good deal of barren discussion. But this was the fault of the age and the circumstances, not that of Theosophy. Many of the first inquirers who sought H. P. Blavatsky when she came forth with her message were looking for mysteries and "powers." Moreover, it was essential, in order to attract the attention of the world, to present Theosophy in its philosophical aspect. That the attention of the world *was* aroused, later events have made sufficiently apparent; and we are apt to forget nowadays how very startling seemed many of the views which now have grown quite familiar to us. But, as said, it was not the fault of Theosophy or its representatives that many people should afterwards have interested themselves almost wholly in the purely theoretic side of Theosophy, and thereby given some ground for the impression that Theosophy is abstruse and unpractical.

Since the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, took up her duties, there has been a notable advance in the way of correcting this false impression and of bringing out the practical aspect of Theosophy; and nowhere is this better illustrated than in the life and activities of the members resident at the International Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Among these should be mentioned especially the Râja

TOBACCO PIPES OF THE ANCIENT AMERICANS 17

Yoga College founded by Katherine Tingley for the purpose of educating youth of both sexes. The basis of this educational system is the fundamental and unsectarian teachings of Theosophy. The results achieved in this department of work are before the world and constitute living proof that Theosophy is able to accomplish things which other systems of education seek in vain to achieve. This alone is sufficient answer to the objection that Theosophy is "abstruse." But besides this there are people of every class and nation, at Point Loma; and each and every one of them, as well as the members of the society in all countries, finds his life's work in the endeavor to apply the wisdom of Theosophy in all the relations of life into which it may be his lot to enter.

There are, however, no limits set to the possibilities of attainment for any man, whether he may call himself a Theosophist or not, whether he be at the Theosophical Headquarters or elsewhere. Every man has to solve life's riddle for himself, but it is not forbidden us to help one another if we can; and Theosophists are people who, having received invaluable help themselves, wish to pass on as much as they can.

Let it be fully understood that Theosophy is not intended for any special class or caste, but that all men stand equal in its sight, so long only as they are true to themselves. If there are *false* distinctions made in the world, Theosophy cannot be held responsible for them; its great aim is to remove them. And above all things Theosophy is practical and has a message for every ear.

TOBACCO PIPES OF THE ANCIENT AMERICANS:

by H. Travers



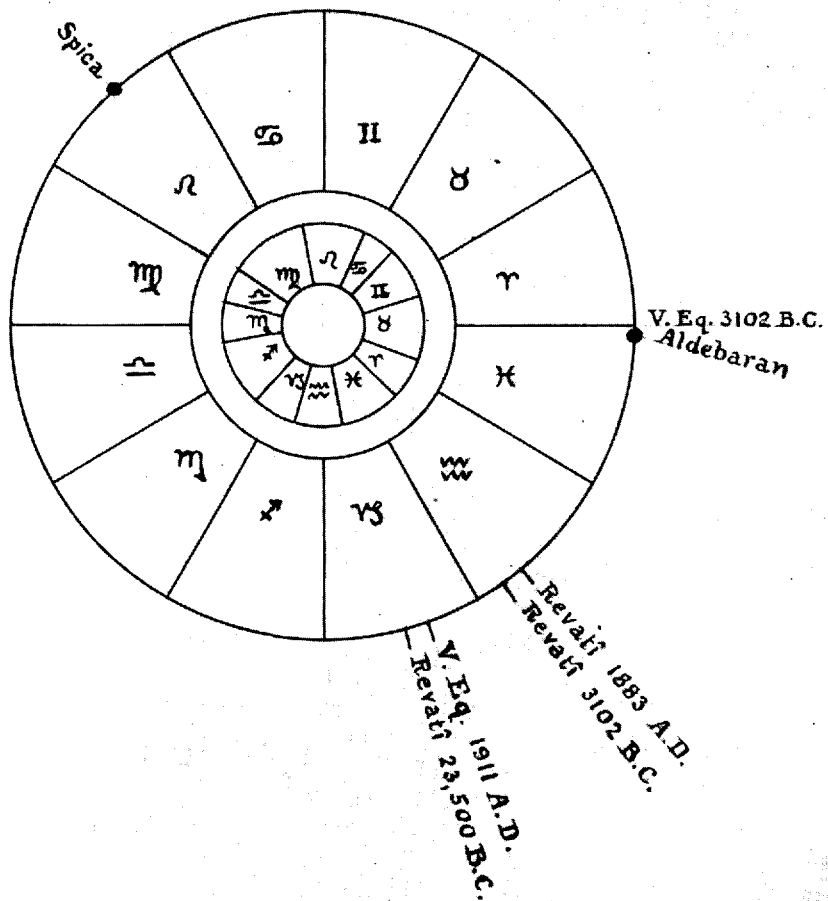
THE accompanying illustration, from a sculptured Central American altar, represents an early form of tobacco pipe, as used ceremonially by the people. An examination of the various kinds of Indian pipes illustrates the fact that with the Indians smoking was not a "tobacco habit" (until re-introduced as such by the Europeans) but part of a ceremonial.

The Peabody Museum of Harvard and the National Museum of Washington have interesting collections of these pipes, which form valuable studies of Indian lore, since the pipe is one of the inseparable adjuncts of these peoples. A writer has the following to say:



Lomaland Photo. and Engraving Dept.

THE CEREMONIAL PIPE
FROM A CENTRAL AMERICAN CARVING



Lomalind Photo. and Engraving Dept.

ZODIAC OF 3102 B. C.

The earliest Indian pipe, specimens of which have been found from time to time in practically all parts of the country, was a simple tube, very much like a large cigar holder, the bowl being the larger end of the tube and the mouthpiece either the smaller end or a piece of wood attached to it. The pipe was usually smoked with the head thrown back and the tube perpendicular, thus keeping the contents from falling out. It was in such a pipe that Montezuma, according to the ancient records, smoked his tobacco mixed with liquid amber, at the time of the conquest of Mexico, nor has any trace been found in the ancient and neighboring Maya civilization of Central America of anything more nearly approximating the modern tobacco pipe. Indeed the first sign of smoking that Columbus came upon was a rough version of the cigar or cigarette that is still so much more popular than the pipe in Central America. This use of tobacco was reported to Columbus by two messengers who were sent out in Hispaniola, November 2, 1492, with letters to the Khan of Cathay, whom the great discoverer still confidently expected to find at the end of his journey. The messengers, Columbus himself is quoted as having said, "found a great number of Indians, men and women, holding in their hands little lighted brands made of herbs, of which they inhaled according to their custom." The outer covering, or wrapper, as we should now call it, of these primitive cigars was called "tobacco," from which the name tobacco was afterward applied to the principal ingredient of the combination of herbs rolled up inside of it.

Despite the many evidences that the ancient civilizations in Central America was much more highly developed than that attained by the North American Indians, it was the North American Indian who carried the pipe to its highest native evolution, doubtless aided in some degree by intercourse with European traders and adventurers. The primitive tubular pipe, judging by its wide distribution, was smoked from one end of the continent to the other. It has been found from Washington to Massachusetts and from Texas to North Dakota. Like the other Indian pipes, of which the tubular pipe is supposed to have been the ancestor, these pipes were made from stone, wood, bone, amber, and metals, although the greater number were manufactured from two minerals, chlorite and steatite, which the Indians had discovered were especially well adapted for pipe making. The materials were chipped into shape and then drilled from both ends by means of a straight shaft revolving between the palms of the workman's hands or between his hand and thigh. This earliest American pipe, according to certain Indian traditions, is often an object of reverence, as the most ancient pipe of the tribe, and as such it has figured prominently in some of the oldest Indian ceremonials.

Pipes with bowls were later devised, and have been classified by archaeologists according to shape and size. They were made the subjects of much elaborate carving and ornamentation, and tally of victims in war was often kept by notches on the stem as is well known.

ANCIENT ASTRONOMY: by Fred. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

II



ASTRONOMY is in truth one of the oldest of sciences, and as already said, the proofs of this will be found to run parallel with those of the immense antiquity of man.

While the Egyptians have on their Zodiacs (see Denon's *Voyage en Égypte*, Vol. II) irrefutable proofs of records having embraced more than three-and-a-half *sidereal* [precessional] *years* — or about 87,000 years — the Hindû calculations cover nearly thirty-three such years, or 850,000 years.

The Secret Doctrine, Vol. II, p. 332

In other words, from the time when the knowledge of the last sub-races of the Fourth Race was transmitted to the Fifth, our present Root-Race.

Poseidonis (Plato's island), which was almost wholly submerged some 11,000 years ago, was one of the last fragments of the main Atlantean Continental system, and there is an interesting side-light on its location thrown by an astronomical statement in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, pp. 407-408, viz:

"At the time when the summer tropical 'colure' passed through the *Pleiades*, when *Cor Leonis* would be upon the equator; and when *Leo* was *vertical* to Ceylon at sunset, then would *Taurus* be vertical to the island of *Atlantis* at noon." . . . This must have occurred about 23,000 years ago, *astronomically*; at which time the obliquity of the ecliptic must have been rather more than 27 degrees, and consequently *Taurus* must have passed over "*Atlantis*" or "*Sañcha-dvipa*."

If one takes a celestial globe, and crosses the ecliptic circle by an elastic thread at the position of the vernal equinox at that time, so as to make a great circle of the sphere inclined to the ecliptic at 27°, and makes the other necessary adjustments, it will be found that under the circumstances indicated *Taurus* would be directly over *Tenerife*, which goes to show that the Canary Islands were part of *Poseidon*. It would therefore seem probable that some interesting discoveries might be made in the upper regions of that mountain, especially as it has recently been proved that it is not wholly igneous, as formerly supposed.

Returning to the subject of the important epoch of 3102 B. C., it may be of interest to many to show the general condition of affairs by means of a diagram, in which for the sake of clearness the positions of only two important stars are shown, namely, *Aldebaran* and *Spica*. At that epoch these two stars were not more than about half a degree further apart than they are at present, the former having a small direct proper motion and the latter a retrograde one.

As is usual in all astronomical works, positions are referred to the vernal equinox of the epoch in question, which it will be seen was about 70° or more eastward of its present position, and was close to Aldebaran. The positions of "Revati" for 23,500 B. C., 3102 B. C., and 1883 of our era are shown, because 20,400 years before Kali-Yuga, the vernal equinox was at "Revati," while at the beginning of Kali-Yuga, 3102 B. C., "Revati" was 54 degrees behind the equinox, and as already said, its position in 1883 was also ascertained. These positions, and the precessional rate, which is subject to small variations, for one thing varying as the cosine of the obliquity, are all mutually corroborative. It is stated that at the epoch of 3102 B. C., the Sun was at the position shown for "Revati" according to its true longitude, while at the preceding midnight the Moon was at the same place according to its *mean* longitude. To calculate the *actual* place of the Moon at that time would be a question of enormous difficulty; but we are told that a fortnight later it underwent eclipse in the neighborhood of Spica, the "Wheat Ear" of Virgo. A glance at the diagram confirms this, so far as mere longitude is concerned.

The calendar date of the epoch is a point of some difficulty, as it is obvious the vernal equinox could not have been in our "March" if the Sun was 54° behind the equinox on the "18th of February." This does not, however, affect the astronomical positions, whatever day or week or month we choose to call the moment when the Sun was 54° behind the vernal equinox.

It is curious to reflect that while the beginning of any zodiac is called "the first of Aries," without reference to the actual constellation of that name, the same point is also "the first of Libra" as seen from the Sun. Moreover the "first of Libra" is the *vernal* equinox for all who live south of the Equator, as seen from the Earth; and it is "the first of Aries" as seen from the Sun.

What is still more remarkable, if the *vernal* equinox is to be called "the first of Aries," then there is no such point for those living on the Equator, who have two summers and two winters every year; and for whom the two equinoxes correspond to their two midsummers, when the Sun is vertically overhead, while both the solstices are their mid-winters!

In the diagram, which faces page 19, *supra*, the limits of the actual zodiacal constellations are indicated within the small circle.

THE WELL AT LLANDYBIE: by Kenneth Morris

IT'S there, when the glimmering hosts of twilight throng,
That the soul of the Land of Song comes whispering near;
And your heart is caught in a wandering sound of song
That rings from the hills, by the Well at Llandybie.

And you hear strange secrets breathed through the dreaming eve,
Strange secrets breathed, and a learning lone and dear,
Till you're wrapt away from the will to fear or grieve
By the starry spell of the Well at Llandybie.

The world lacks naught of laughter, naught of light,
When the stars gleam white on the waters cold and clear;
For Immortal Feet are passing, night by night,
Through the old, Welsh field of the Well at Llandybie.

Ah, dear little well where the sunlit kingcups glow,
And the stream croons low through the mint-beds, dear and dear!
There's a Druid's verse on the least of the winds that blow
O'er the dancing sands of the Well at Llandybie.

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

ANCIENTS, MODERNS, AND POSTERITY:

by Percy Leonard

"The Present is the Child of the Past; the Future, the begotten of the Present. And yet, ● present moment! Knowest thou not that thou hast no parent, nor canst thou have a child; that thou art ever begetting but thyself? Before thou hast even begun to say 'I am the progeny of the departed moment, the child of the past,' thou hast become that past itself. Before thou utterest the last syllable, behold! thou art no more the Present but verily that Future. Thus, are the Past, the Present, and the Future, the ever-living trinity in one — the Mahâmâyâ [Great Illusion] of the Absolute IS." — *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 446.



COULD we by putting on Carlyle's Time-annihilating hat transport ourselves to ancient Greece, we should find the citizens believing themselves to be moderns. If we informed the first man we met that he was an "ancient" (provided that he understood our execrable Greek) he would stare at us with incredulous disdain. The Greeks of ancient times believed themselves to be upon the plow-point of advancing time and every bit as modern as we feel ourselves to be today. And it is just as hard for us to realize that we shall be regarded as "the ancients" by our remote posterity, who also will one day be "ancients."

The population of the world in the year 3000 is just as unsubstantial to ourselves as we should be to the contemporaries of Pericles; and yet — *here we are*. And here posterity will be, and each succeeding generation feels itself to be existing in the Living Present with a shadowy retrospect of “ancients” in its rear, and a still more vague and unsubstantial posterity in prospect.

Could we induce our ancient friend to consider our existence at all, he would certainly relegate us to the dim, unlighted vistas of far-off futurity, as ghostly nonentities destined some day to be born; and yet — *here we are*.

The story of Marathon, to us an incident of ancient history, was to the citizen of that epoch, “news.”

The relics of antiquity, the blackened loaves from baker’s shops in Pompeii, the amphorae, the tattered fragments of cloth from the mummy cases, were all as commonplace and modern to the men of ancient times as our utensils and fabrics are to us.

In a recent excavation of a Roman villa in England, some shelves were found on which were stored antique curios collected by the Roman occupant as relics of *his* ancients. Little did he dream that he who was so full of life, so eager in his quest for remnants of the past, was really an “ancient” himself, and that his familiar villa would be studied by us moderns as an interesting ruin of a past civilization.

As surely as we excavate the site of Troy, so future students of antiquity will search the buried ruins of Chicago, Paris, Rome, and New York, and speculate upon these modern times with all the interest we reserve for ancient Greece. “One generation passeth away and another cometh; but the earth abideth forever.”

The days of old, these modern times and our remote posterity may seem to the Omniscient Eye as an eternal Now.

Could we emancipate ourselves from our absorbing interest in the transient trifles that concern our present, petty personalities, we too might share the calm of that eternal consciousness and sit as gods and watch the fitting pictures on the Screen of Time.



Our hearts are pulsating every moment in harmony with the finer forces of Nature, which are at our command, and with the inexpressible and unseen vibrations of Life. — *Katherine Tingley*

OUR CONCEPTIONS OF ELECTRICITY AND MATTER:

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



THE *Scientific American Supplement* notices an article by Professor P. Gruner in *Die Umschau*, reviewing conceptions of electricity, matter, and physics generally. The professor says:

It is indeed a fundamental truth that the ultimate nature of every object is forever foreclosed from the penetration of our human powers of thought, and if we nevertheless speak of the "nature" of electricity in this discussion, it must be understood that we are speaking merely of the images which science constructs in order to represent graphically the numerous phenomena of electricity in their relation to other phenomena.

There is a certain violence of language here. Our human powers of thought are not exhausted yet, and may penetrate a good deal farther before we are through with them; and "forever" is a very long time.

The images which science has constructed in order to represent graphically the phenomena have undergone frequent changes, continues the professor. From the theory of imponderable fluids we have passed to the "so-called electro-magnetic theory" of light, according to which the electrical processes take place not in the conductors but in the insulators; it is in the air which surrounds our electric wires that the magnetic and electric forces play. This theory has again given place to the electron theory developed mainly by Lorentz. This theory knows mainly three types of substances: electrons, small isolated particles of absolutely invariable electric charge, whose mass is about one-two-thousandth that of a hydrogen atom and diameter about one-billionth of a millimeter; the ether, representing "absolute space," absolutely immovable and invariable and "filling all space uniformly." (A confusion of terms here, perhaps due to translation; how can the ether be space and yet fill space?) Thirdly, the material atoms, the building-stones of the entire universe, by nature electrically neutral, but capable of becoming connected with the electrons and so taking part in electro-magnetic phenomena.

Here we should pause to recall what was said about theories being temporary formulas for expressing the relations of phenomena. This ether appears to represent our standard of reference, our assumed fixed point. Space is what is left when everything else is taken away, and the ether is a kind of sanding of the rails so as to enable the forces

to get a grip; it is a kind of framework built in empty space. If there is any difference between space and a place, one might describe the ether as a place — simply that and nothing more — a very large place.

Another idea is that ether, electrons, and physical matter represent three distinct stages or phases of manifestation.

The following passage may be quoted to illustrate the change that has come over our formulas. It may also suggest the theory that the recent earthquakes are due to Professor Tyndall turning in his grave, like Enceladus.

In insulators, for instance glass, the electrons are bound to the atoms of the glass by elastic forces. If now a ray of light, that is to say a wave of electric force, enters the glass, the electrons are set in sympathetic vibrations, and from the theoretical investigation of these vibrations the laws of optics can be deduced. If, on the other hand, the glass is intensely heated, the electrons themselves enter into violent motion, and now electromagnetic waves, that is to say, light-rays, proceed from the electrons — in this way the whole mechanism of luminous phenomena is made clear.

In conductors . . . we think of the electrons as being quite freely movable. They can flit to and fro everywhere between the molecules of the metal, and are hindered in their motion only by their mutual collisions. . . . Lastly there are bodies, such as iron, in which the electrons circle around the atoms, as the earth revolves about the sun. This rotating motion produces magnetic forces.

There was a complete and satisfactory theory of light before electrons were thought of, yet it is seen to be possible to explain light just as well with the electrons as without them; and how much more may there be? Perhaps there is still plenty of room to imagine small daemons attendant upon the electrons and pushing them to and fro, without interfering with the physical theory of light. Again we read:

The cathode rays behave precisely as if they were made up of a continuous stream of ejected electrons. Here, therefore, these ultimate atoms of electricity are placed before us in a free, so to speak tangible, form. From measurements performed on such rays (and also on the analogous *beta* rays of radium) the result follows that probably only negative electrons of the very small mass mentioned above exist, and that they flit through space with the unimaginable velocity of some 283,000 kilometers per second, *their mass increasing with their velocity*.

Zounds! What a heresy is this last! As the writer says, with his usual dynamical force of language, this “lays the ax to the very root of Newtonian mechanics, wherein the mass of a body is necessarily supposed constant.” We can imagine the shade of poor old Newton going out into his garden to sit under the apple-tree, whence the gravi-

OUR CONCEPTIONS OF ELECTRICITY AND MATTER 25

tating apples were wont to fall on his venerable head, and finding it gone; and Professor Lorentz saying: "I did it with my little ax." But how could Newton have measured velocities in terms of mass unless the mass would stay still? One might as well try to measure a field with a rubber surveying chain.

Then the writer touches upon the dilemma arising from the fact that two sets of experiments give different results — experiments made to ascertain whether the orbital motion of the earth has any influence on physical phenomena connected with light and electricity. Does the earth move *through* the ether or carry a part of the ether along with it? Has the earth any motion relatively to the ether or not? If it has, the phenomena ought to be affected; but if the earth has no motion relatively to the adjacent ether, it follows that part of the ether must be moving relatively to other parts, in short that there are currents in the ether — which is contrary to the hypothesis that the ether is stationary and uniform. As said, different experiments have given rise to opposite conclusions on this dilemma. The writer, with his drastic surgical metaphors, says that two ways lie open for a solution, and both "cut deep into our ordinary modes of thought." Either we must assume that not only the mass of a body, but also its dimensions, are altered as a result of its motion through space, or we must adopt the "theory of relativity," which banishes all absolute concepts from our natural sciences and plays the deuce with our notions of space and time. With regard to the former of these two assumptions it may be pointed out that we have an analogy in geometry; for superficial figures drawn upon a surface which is not uniformly curved change their shape and size as they are moved over the surface. But does not the explanation of this dilemma lie in the circumstance that our theories are, as stated by the writer himself, "images which science constructs in order to represent graphically the numerous phenomena"? The images are imperfect, and our attempts are like those of one who covers a ball with cloth or nails tinplate upon a round surface; we must cut and stretch and adapt.

He concludes by saying that the inquiry after the "nature" of electricity is still far from its goal, but that our knowledge is increasing, and daily more precise become the pictures by which we gather together the heterogeneous phenomena into one unified whole. But it seems likely that we shall not be able to succeed by this kind of pictures at all, any more than we can make a flat map of the world. The

inquiry has now reached the point where it becomes necessary to question our conceptions of space and time. Our mind pictures must therefore be independent of these conceptions. That implies a transcendentalism in science which leads it altogether out of its accustomed regions. Another point to be considered is this: that it is not quite the same thing to speculate and infer about the conditions outside the earth as it would be to be actually there and observing those conditions. What is on the earth we can study with our instruments; and to some extent we can probe the external regions with our instruments; but still we are not actually there, and observation yields place to conjecture. In short, science does not confine its attention to physical objects, but frequently explores the objects in the imagination of the physicist; that is, science becomes metaphysical—which alone is enough to account for dilemmas. Science can not remain limited to the study of one particular form of objectivity; other forms claim and will receive attention. The study of our own mind and its various faculties is an instance; but this again will be found inseparably connected with the whole study of human nature. As scientists are talking about relativity, they may be reminded of the relativity of the sciences themselves; the knowledge attainable in any one domain is limited. The attempt to restrict science must result in conclusions erroneous in theory and disadvantageous in practice. One instance of this is the tendency for biological researches, when restricted to narrow limits, to run into unwholesome channels. Another instance is the way in which our discoveries can be used to aid crime, vice, luxury, and destruction. Electricity itself is but a particular grade of a universal force that has many other manifestations besides the physical ones. The conclusion of the matter is that science is becoming more aware of its present limitations and of the need for going beyond them into its own grand and proper sphere.



THE great trouble with the human race is that its members do not rightly value the imagination with which they are blessed.

It is imagination, recognized as a liberating power, that produces the gems of poetry and art which we so much admire, and it is the mind properly guided by this power which will elevate us all. — *Katherine Tingley*

PERU UNDER THE RULE OF THE INCAS: by C. J. Ryan



A PERUSAL of *The Incas of Peru*,* a new work by Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., F. R. S., etc., leaves the Theosophical student profoundly impressed with the fact that nothing but the teachings of Theosophy can explain such things as the sudden disappearance of races or civilizations. According to a superficial view of the law of Karma (the law of Cause and Effect on all planes) the high moral standing of the Peruvians, their industry, their courage, their wise and beneficent governmental system, and their warlike attainments, should have caused their empire to stand immovable against the handful of foreign invaders, even though they were provided with horses and muskets. But, to quote the words of one of H. P. Blavatsky's Teachers:

Patriots may burst their hearts in vain if circumstances are against them. Sometimes it has happened that no human power, not even the fury and force of the loftiest patriotism, has been able to bend an iron destiny aside from its fixed course, and nations have gone out like torches dropped into water in the engulfing blackness of ruin. (*The Occult World*)

The cycle of the aboriginal American civilizations was closing, and the "New World" was to be the seat of a culture and a greatness of which we have so far seen but the first faint shadowings.

Sir Clements Markham first traveled in Peru more than sixty years ago, when a naval cadet on a British warship, and ever since he has made a special study of everything connected with that mysterious and fascinating country. He is recognized as a high authority upon its history, topography, and archaeology, and has produced many standard works upon these subjects, not the least interesting of which is the volume just published, which was written at the advanced age of eighty.

The book commences with an account of the sources of our information respecting the history of the Inca civilization. One of the most interesting stories told is that of a native author, Don Felipe Huamán Poma de Ayala (an adopted Spanish name), chief of a tribe, who wrote a thick quarto of 1179 pages, cleverly illustrated in pen and ink by himself, called *Nueve Coronica y Buen Gobierno* (sic). The book describes the customs, the laws, the traditions, and history of Peru under the Incas; it gives accounts with illustrations of the palaces, the costumes, the weapons, the agricultural and musical instruments, and contains

* *The Incas of Peru*, by Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., etc., New York, Dutton & Co.

portraits of the twelve historical Incas and the eight first Spanish Viceroyes. Above all in interest is the open and fearless attack upon the cruel tyranny from which the unfortunate Indians suffered. Says Sir Clements Markham:

The combined writer and artist spares neither priest nor corregidor. . . . The author traveled all over Peru in some capacity, interceding for, and trying to protect, the unfortunate people. . . . It is addressed to King Philip II and the author had the temerity to take it down to Lima for transmission to Spain. He hoped to be appointed Protector of the Indians. We do not know what became of him.

Nor do we know anything about the reception of his book, though it reached Europe, for it was discovered three years ago in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

After describing the other native and Spanish authorities, Sir Clements Markham forcibly captures the attention by a description of the mysterious city of Tiahuanacu on Lake Titicaca. Absolutely nothing but perfectly unreliable tradition is known about the builders of this great city. Its age is evidently enormous, for, as our author says:

The surface of the Lake is 12,508ft. above the sea. . . . The city covered a large area, built by highly skilled masons, and with the use of enormous stones. One stone is 36ft. long by 7, weighing 170 tons, another 26ft by 16 by 6. . . . The movement and placing of such monoliths points to a dense population, to an organized government, and consequently to a large area under cultivation, with arrangements for the conveyance of supplies from various directions. . . . There is ample proof of the very advanced stage reached by the builders in architectural art. . . . This, then, is the mystery. A vast city containing palace, temple, judgment hall, or whatever fancy may reconstruct among the ruins, with statues, elaborately carved stones, and many triumphs of masonic art, was built in a region where corn will not ripen, and which could not possibly support a dense population. . . . The builders may best be described as a megalithic people in a megalithic age, an age when cyclopean stones were transported, and cyclopean edifices raised.

The last sentence shows a truly scientific spirit of caution which unfortunately is not too common amongst archaeologists. At Cuzco and Ollantay-Tampu there are other imposing remains of the same kind of cyclopean architecture. At Cuzco there is a fortress defended by *three enormous parallel walls* with advancing and retiring angles for enfilading. The stones of the outer wall have the following dimensions at the corners: 14ft. by 12; 10ft. by 6; etc. What can the pur-

pose of these enormous stones have been? How can they have been raised? Were there giants in those days, or had the builders some strange powers of which we are ignorant? H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, plainly suggests that the power of sound was utilized by some of the prehistoric megalithic builders in raising the enormous stones. That being so, and there is no doubt that the stones were raised *somehow*, how can we dare to claim to be the first people who have mastered the laws of mechanics?

Our author has been so much impressed by the mystery of the great city at Tiahuanacu that he has been compelled to seek refuge in the following solution, which, *outré* as it seems at first sight, is perfectly reasonable when considered in the light of the enormous antiquity of man:

The recent studies of southern geology and botany lead to a belief in a connexion between South America and the Antarctic continental lands. But at a remote geological period there . . . were no Andes. Then came a time when the mountains began to be upheaved. The process seems to have been very slow, gradual and long-continued. . . . When mastodons lived at Ulloma, and ant-eaters at Tarapaca, the Andes, slowly rising, were some two or three thousands of feet lower than they are now. Maize would then ripen in the basin of Lake Titicaca, and the site of the ruins of Tiahuanacu could support the necessary population. If the megalithic builders were living under these conditions, the problem is solved. If this is geologically impossible, the mystery remains unexplained.

No human remains have been found to indicate the size of the people of the megalithic age in Peru. With respect to the uplifting of the Andes and the enormous age of prehistoric civilization, H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*:

Yet there are men of Science who are almost of our way of thinking. From the brave confession of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who says that: "Traditions, whose traces occur in Mexico, in Central America, in Peru, and in Bolivia, suggest the idea that man existed in these different countries at the time of the gigantic upheaval of the Andes, and that he has retained the memory of it."

After the decline and fall of the megalithic civilization centuries of barbarism — perhaps it would be more correct to say thousands of years — followed, though apparently traces of the ancient beliefs and customs were preserved and formed the basis of the later Inca civilization. The end of the early civilization is vaguely supposed to have come through the invasion of barbarians from the south (whence the earlier, megalithic civilization is also supposed to have come, but this

is open to much doubt). A remnant of the former race is said to have taken refuge at "Tampu-Tocco,"* an unrecognizable locality southwest of Cuzco, and to have preserved some of the ancient wisdom, until it should be called forth again. For "centuries" semi-mythical kings reigned over the remnant, surrounded by barbarians, and then we come to the historical period when the Inca empire was formed.

The names traditionally attributed to the earliest megalithic kings are significant, being either Divine names or the names of virtues. It is impossible to enter farther into the question here; it is sufficient to say that there is a strong resemblance to the Egyptian and other Old World traditions of Dynasties of Divine Rulers, Heroes, and ordinary human kings, which we find so widely spread. H. P. Blavatsky shows that these traditions were not fanciful, but that they are the remains of true historical records.

Passing on from the fascinating subject of the prehistoric civilization of Peru, the author then gives the early traditions reported to the Spanish conquerors which relate how the Inca race of historic time arrived at the future capital, Cuzco. The remnant at "Tampu-Tocco," having been protected for ages from invasion by the deep gorge of the Apurimac River, had multiplied, and being more civilized than their neighbors found it was time for them to step out into a larger sphere. One legend states that the hill of "Tampu-Tocco" had *three openings or windows* out of which the tribes and the four Princes of the Sun with their four wives came. They all proceeded toward the north and finally reached Cuzco. A long period of confusion then came about, and it was not until the first definitely historical Inca, a wise and intelligent ruler, arose, that the well-organized empire was established. The word Inca means Lord.

To the Theosophical student these semi-mythical legends of Peruvian history are profoundly interesting inasmuch as they confirm the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, though they are not found in that work. No doubt, when we can read the Maya Codices much clearer testimony to the Theosophical teachings concerning the evolution of early man will be obtained, but until then the recorded traditions are of great value in corroborating the legends and records of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Rocca, the first authentic Inca, probably began to reign about the year 1200 A. D. He aroused the people from their inertia, checked

* Tocco = a window

their vices, erected schools, the walls of which still remain; he commenced the new city of Cuzco on the site of the prehistoric one, using some of its cyclopean walls, and irrigated the surrounding country.

The first land of the Inca race, the "Children of the Sun," was only 250 miles long by 60, but by degrees, they extended their empire until it covered an immense territory along the western side of the Andes. The central and original state, around Cuzco in the valley of the river Vilcamayu, is most fertile and exceedingly beautiful. Sir Clements Markham sketches the personal history of many of the most distinguished Incas and other important historical characters so graphically and sympathetically that the reader becomes profoundly interested in their lives, and feels that they were really persons with the same qualities as those with whom we are familiar in European history. Perhaps it would be more just to say that the great characters depicted in Peruvian history possessed far higher qualities than many of the leading personages who walk the stage of our medieval ages, and as for the people in general, there is no doubt that in many respects they will favorably compare with any civilized European nation, past or present. Listen to what Mancio Serra de Leguisamo, the last survivor of the original Spanish conquerors, said in his Will, signed September 18, 1589:

First, and before I begin my testament, I declare that for many years I have desired to take order for informing the Catholic and Royal Majesty of the King Don Felipe our Lord, seeing how Catholic and most Christian he is, and how zealous for the service of God our Lord, touching what is needed for the health of my soul, seeing that I took a great part in the discovery, conquest, and settlement of these kingdoms, when we drove out those who were the Lords Incas and who possessed and ruled them as their own. We placed them under the royal crown, and his Catholic Majesty should understand that we found these kingdoms in such order, and the said Incas governed them in such wise that throughout them there was not a thief, nor a vicious man, nor an adulteress, nor was a bad woman admitted among them, nor were there immoral people. The men had honest and useful occupations. The lands, forests, mines, pastures, houses, and all kinds of products were regulated and distributed in such sort that each one knew his property without any other person seizing or occupying it, nor were there lawsuits respecting it. The Incas were feared, respected and obeyed by their subjects. . . . They were so free from the committal of crimes or excesses, as well men as women, that the Indian who had 100,000 pesos worth of gold and silver in his house, left it open, merely placing a small stick across the door, as a sign that its master was out. When they saw that we put locks and keys on our doors, they supposed that it was from fear of them, that they might not kill us, but not because they believed that any one would steal the property of another.

So that when they found that we had thieves amongst us, and men who sought to make their daughters commit sin, they despised us. But now they have come to such a pass, in offence of God, owing to the bad example that we have set them in all things, that these natives from doing no evil, have changed into people who now do no good or very little.

This needs a remedy, and it touches your majesty for the discharge of your conscience. . . .

Sir Clements Markham says of the people:

Slightly built, with oval faces, aquiline, but not prominent noses, dark eyes, and straight black hair, the Inca Indian had a well-proportioned figure, well-developed muscular limbs, and was capable of enduring great fatigue. He was very industrious, intelligent, and affectionate among his own relations. . . . Idleness was unknown, but labor was enlivened by sowing- and harvest-songs, while the shepherd boys played on their *pincullu*, or flutes, as they tended their flocks on the lofty pastures. . . . Periodical festivities broke the monotony of work, some of a religious character, some in celebration of family events. . . . A proof of the general well-being of the people is a large and increasing population. The *andeneria* or steps of terraced cultivation extending up the sides of all the mountains in all parts of Peru, and now abandoned, are silent witnesses of the former prosperity of the country.

The religion and festival ceremonies are well explained in this book. Of course little or nothing is known of the beliefs of the pre-historic megalithic inhabitants, but a few carvings on the cyclopean stones give the idea that they were simple and pure. The historic Inca Indians worshiped the sun and moon and minor deities, but it is important to remember that they placed an oval slab of gold on the great Sun temple at Cuzco in a higher place than the images of the sun and moon, and that it represented the almighty unseen Being who created all things at the beginning. Among the people generally ancestor-worship was popular. The sense of the spiritual basis of life was never absent from the thoughts of the people, and it colored all their acts. Some of the priests claimed to have evolved magical powers, but they do not seem to have been abused. Sir Clements Markham considers that the weight of evidence is against the accusation that there were any human sacrifices; if they were ever offered it was only on very extreme and exceptional occasions.

The high priest was called "The Head which Counsels"; he was often the brother of the reigning sovereign, and his life was passed in strict contemplation and abstinence; he was a man of great learning. The ceremonies of the Inca Church were most impressive and magnificent, but there seems to have been no discreditable lust for the "flesh-

pots" amongst the sacerdotal ranks. Confession was practised and penances assigned. A remarkable institution was that of the Vestal Virgins, who kept the sacred fire always burning. The description of their functions, novitiate, and duties, reads almost word for word the same as that of the Vestal Virgins of ancient Rome or of Celtic lands. They never went abroad without an armed escort, and were treated with profound respect.

The Peruvians had a system of education, though not a written literature:

The memory of historical events was preserved . . . by handing down the histories in the form of narratives and songs which the *Amautas*, specially trained for the duty, learnt by heart from generation to generation. They had help by means of the *quipus*, and also by the use of pictures painted on boards.

The *quipus* were ropes to which a number of strings were attached, on which knots were made to denote numbers, units, tens, hundreds, etc. The colors of the strings explained the subjects to which the numbers referred. The *Amautas*, or learned men, preserved the traditions and records with great exactness, as has been shown by comparing separate accounts collected in different places. The Peruvians were highly accomplished in the art of map-making. One of the relief-maps of Cuzco with its surrounding hills and valleys, was said by the Spaniards who saw it to be well worthy of admiration, and equal to anything the best European cartographer could do.

The drama was very popular, and we are indebted to Sir Clements for a most interesting translation of one of the original plays called "Ollantay." It was first taken down in writing in the seventeenth century, though of course it is far older. The scene is laid in the time of the Inca Pachacuti, about 1470 A. D. Ollantay is a heroic figure who falls in love with a royal princess, and after many adventures is about to be executed for treason when the Inca sovereign magnanimously pardons him and all ends happily. A free translation into English occupies seventy pages of Sir Clements Markham's book. It is a most fascinating story.

An interesting but pathetic chapter of Sir Clements' new book is devoted to the destruction of the Inca civilization. He says:

The world will never see its like again. A few of the destroyers, only a very few, could appreciate the fabric they had pulled down, its beauty and symmetry, and its perfect adaptation to its environment. But no one could rebuild it.

Concerning the buried treasures of the Incas, the author has not the slightest doubt that the stories are true, and that there is a vast mass of gold hidden away in absolutely inaccessible places. In 1797 the treasure called the *Peje Chico*, the "Little Fish," was found; it amounted to many millions of pounds in value. The *Peje Grande*, the Big Fish, has never been betrayed by its custodians. A friend of Sir Clements Markham, the Señora Astete de Bennet, remembered a famous Indian patriot, Pumacagua, who had been given a small part of one of the hoards in order to finance a revolution which the natives attempted against the Spanish rule. He was seventy-seven in 1815, the year of the rebellion. Señora Astete recollected him coming with the gold. He was wet through, for he had been taken, blindfold, up the bed of a river in the night, to the secret hiding-place where he saw incredible quantities of gold in the form of ingots, vases, statues, etc. In connexion with this romantic subject H. P. Blavatsky mentions in *Isis Unveiled* several interesting experiences of her own.



M. NESTLER, in *Biologica*, records an instance of the recovery of some bacterial spores from earth attached to moss which had been put away in a cabinet since 1852. Though the earth was completely dessicated, he recovered 89,200 living spores from a gram of it. Another example of moss, which had been wrapped in a paper envelope since 1824, yielded 19,000 bacteria per gram. This alone is sufficient to explain how the bare earth is everywhere capable of yielding living forms in abundance; no cold can kill them, nor can a conflagration be so drastic as to destroy them all. Again, physical atoms of the smallness of these germs float indefinite miles through the air and can be borne across the ocean.

THE FOREST SERVICE'S GREAT SCENIC HIGHWAY: by Observer



IN the *Century Path* magazine for May 8, 1910, (New Century Corporation, Point Loma), appeared the following:

THE LONGEST HIGHWAY

The most gigantic scheme of modern times in road-building is now being worked out by the Geographer of the Forest Service. It contemplates a highway between four and five thousand miles long, which for grandeur of scenery and varying interest will be without equal. Nearly all of its length will be through National Forests, which are situated along the highest mountains in the country.

The road will run from San Diego, California, near the Mexican boundary, up the Coast ranges to near Monterey, thence to the Sierras and northward, crossing the Siskiyous, thence along the Cascade Ranges of Oregon and Washington to the Selkirks of British Columbia. There the route will be eastward to the Continental Divide, thence southward along the summits of the Rockies, in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado, to near the Mexican boundary in New Mexico. It will thus cross seven transcontinental railways both going north and south and these crossings will be the points from which tourists and automobile parties may begin or end a journey on the road, which may be either long or short.

In time a road would be built along this route, even if never specifically planned. Hundreds of miles of roads are built in the National Forests every year, and eventually it would be possible to make this great journey without a break. In each National Forest it is desirable to have a road along the summit of its mountains which will enable the Rangers to move from place to place quickly to fight forest fires. It only remains therefore to lay out the plan and work to it, and each section of road, in each Forest, will eventually connect and make the great highway. It is to this plan that the Geographer, Mr. Fred G. Plummer, is now giving attention. During his experience of twenty-three years in the western mountains he has traveled nearly all of the contemplated route and can therefore apply his personal knowledge to the problem.

In the *Review of Reviews* (U. S. A.) for August, 1911, this subject is handled by Agnes C. Laut, but the authorship of the idea is wrongly attributed. It is stated that "the States of Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming came together in a scheme to construct a great scenic highway — a *Camino Real*, or Royal Road — that would not only act as a great trunk line . . . but would traverse the most beautiful scenery in America;" that "the good roads propagandists are looking to the National Forest Service to complete" this scheme; and that "that Good Roads Circle of 10,000 miles is the day dream and night vision of every man in the Geological Survey and the Forest Service." A map is also given, of the course of the said royal road.

The map shown herewith was prepared from a sketch made by Mr. Plummer several years before the article in the *Review of Reviews*. Over a year before, an article was written, from which the following is quoted:

Automobile enthusiasts and others who like to take long journeys over roads away from the beaten paths will be glad to know of a project which is probably greater than any of its kind heretofore conceived. This is a highway no less than 4000 miles in length which will follow the best possible grades along or near the summits of mountains in the western part of the United States.

The preliminary scheme has been outlined by Mr. Fred G. Plummer, Geographer, Forest Service, who has, during his field experience of twenty-three years, visited nearly every region to be traversed by the contemplated road. Nearly all of the route is through National Forests, and the road will be necessary for the proper patrol and protection of the Forests. . . .

A considerable length of the proposed road is already built; not with an idea of being a part of this great scheme, but because the country has naturally been opened up by the Federal Government, and by the countries in which the National Forests are situated. The work of road-building is bound to continue in the future, and it is only necessary for the present that the great plan be kept in mind so that the work which is done from year to year can be applied to it when this can properly be done.

The Forest Service has already constructed 1236 miles of roads, and 9218 miles of trails on the National Forests, and it is evident that during the next ten or fifteen years the mountainous areas of the west will be quite accessible, and such a journey as is contemplated in Mr. Plummer's scheme would be possible, although by a more indirect route than if the work could be applied to a comprehensive plan.

If such a road is constructed so that the trip may be made with moderate comfort in automobiles it will certainly be very popular. It will be possible to start at the Mexican boundary, near the Pacific Ocean, in the month of April, and follow the desirable climate northward through California, Oregon, Washington, into British Columbia, and then southward through Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico to a convenient railroad point.

The beginning of this wonderful journey will be at San Diego, from which the tourist will travel eastward through the irrigated El Cajón Valley and Lakeside to the little town of Descanso, which is almost on the summit of the Divide between the Pacific Ocean and Salton Sea. Thence the road leads northward to Julian, passing Cuyamaca Peak and Cuyamaca Lake. This latter is an artificial reservoir and is part of the water-supply for the city of San Diego. It is only a climb of half-an-hour to the top of the peak, which is 6500 feet above the sea, and from which a view may be had to the Pacific Ocean to the west and the Salton Desert to the east. Salton Sea is 253 feet below sea level. This unique condition is similar to that in Palestine, where the Mediterranean and Dead Sea may be viewed from a coastal range, the Dead Sea also being below sea level.

From Julian the road may run by San Jacinto Peak, which is 10,805 feet above the sea, and crossing San Gorgonio Pass enter the San Bernardino Mountains, reaching the summit near Bear Lake. From here the road will be westerly almost to Point Conception, following the San Bernardino, San Gabriel and Santa Ynez mountains as far as Gaviota Pass. Thence it will pass the great Citrus Belt with its groves of oranges and lemons, and the cities of Los Angeles and Santa Bárbara.

The next points of interest will be the Santa Nez Mission, the little town of Los Olivos. Thence through the sugar belt region of Santa María to San Luis Obispo. Just ahead is one of the gems of western scenery, for the road will run over Cuesta Pass and into the beautiful oak groves of Santa Marguerita. A few miles to the north is Paso Robles with its famous Hot Springs. Thence the road will pass San Antonio Mission and enter the Santa Lucía mountains, passing to the west of Santa Lucía Peak, high in the mountains in full view of the Pacific Ocean, and descending to the lowlands near Monterey.

Thus far the road has been along the coast ranges through the Cleveland, Angeles, Santa Bárbara, San Luis, and Monterey National Forests. All of these cover mountain ranges, and the middle portion of the journey is along the summits of a range which is peculiar in this respect, that it trends east and west. Generally the mountain ranges of North America bear north and southward.

We now leave the coast range and travel eastward, crossing the Salinas Valley and the great interior basin of the San Joaquín, heading straight for Mt. Whitney, which is 14,501 feet in altitude and is the highest point in California. We enter the Sequoia National Forest and pass through groves of Big Trees.

For the next thirty miles is one of the most beautiful lake regions in the world, and all of it among the clouds and more than 9000 feet above the sea. Thence we enter the wonderful Yosemite valley, passing all the points of interest from Liberty Gap to El Capitán.

Continuing along the Sierras we pass through the great Forests of the Stanislaus, Tahoe, Plumas, and Lassen regions, where almost every stream was the scene of gold-mining operations. Lake Tahoe, 24 miles long and 6225 feet above the sea, is one of the points of interest, as is also Donner Lake, the scene of many tragedies during the gold excitement.

Along this journey in the Sierras the grand and rugged peaks are too numerous to mention, but they fall into comparative insignificance as we approach Mt. Shasta, which raises its snow-covered dome 14,380 feet above the sea, and which appears higher than it is because of its comparative isolation and symmetry. After passing Shasta and the Shasta Valley we will cross the Siskiyou mountains and approach the south boundary of Oregon.

The forests of the Sierra region differ from those of the Coast ranges. We now enter the Cascade mountains near their southern extremity, and a difference is again noticed in the character of the forests and of the scenery. Our road will pass Mt. Pitt, a needle 9760 feet high, and run northward to Crater Lake, which, although only 6239 feet above the sea, has a depth of 2000 feet. From this point along the Cascade Range to the Columbia River is a continuous panorama of snow-capped peaks and pinnacles. Among them are Mt. Thielsen,

Diamond Peak, Three Sisters, Mt. Washington, Mt. Jefferson, and Mt. Hood, the latter being 12,226 feet above the sea and surrounded by nine glaciers.

The Columbia River will be crossed near the Cascades. At this point we shall be only one hundred feet above the sea.

The road through the Cascade Range in the State of Washington is another wonderland. The road will pass up Wind River and Panther Creek to the Indian race track, where for centuries the aborigines have held their summer festivities of games and sports. Thence we pass between Mts. Adams and St. Helens to snow-capped peaks and run along the summit to Crown Point near Mt. Tacoma. This mountain is by far the grandest single peak seen on the journey, and its nineteen glaciers are many times greater than those on Mt. Blanc in Switzerland. It has been estimated that this single mountain mass contains enough material above sea-level to fill all of Lake Erie and bury the five largest eastern cities out of sight with what is left over.

Crossing over the two-mile tunnel of the Northern Pacific Railway and passing Keechelus Lake we pass numerous small glaciers before reaching the longer tunnel of the Great Northern Railway, which cuts under the summit near Stevens Pass. We then enter one of the wildest regions in the United States, in which there are no roads and very few rough and dangerous trails. Following near the summit we pass Glacier Peak, 10,436 feet high, and numerous small glaciers; though they would not be called small in any other country, some of them being four miles long. Then the route passes near the head of Lake Chelan, a fifty-mile gash in the topography, which is over a thousand feet deep.

Soon we reach the 49th Parallel and the northern boundary of the United States; and then for seven hundred miles our route will lie in British Columbia, in the Selkirk mountains, which, as all lovers of Nature concede, have a glory which is all their own, and which our English cousins are glad to share with us.

When we re-enter the United States, on our southward journey, it is along the Continental Divide, the backbone of the continent, which follows the crest of the Rocky Mountains. In northwestern Montana, the land of the Blackfeet and Flathead Indians, is a wonderful scenic region which will be proclaimed a National Park. Its numerous glaciers and rugged peaks and cañons may render road-building difficult and expensive, but the grand coloring of landscape and sky will make this one of the most attractive regions along the route. Remarkable coloring and fantastic forms are often encountered along the Continental Divide.

The Yellowstone National Park enjoys the distinction of being at a topographic apex from which waters flow into the Pacific Ocean, the Gulf of California, and the Gulf of Mexico. This region of living geysers, punch-bowls, mud-volcanoes, and mineral springs has been described many times. South of it is the Big Hole region of the Tetons, more quiet and if possible more beautiful. The route across southwestern Wyoming will include the Bad Lands which are perhaps useless for any purpose except to look at, but on entering Colorado a new type of mountain scenery is encountered. Here the entire country is high, and the mountains, though not so great in mass, reach elevations of 12,000 to

14,000 feet. They are better known and are more accessible by roads and railways than any other region which we have traversed. Every mile of the journey to this wonder-land will be enjoyed, but perhaps most of all such points as Mount of the Holy Cross, Pike's Peak, Garden of the Gods, and the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas.

As we enter New Mexico the country becomes semi-arid and the vegetation and topography again change although some of the wonderful colorings remain. Along the Grand Cañon of the Rio Grande are the dwellings of the Pueblo Indians, contented, peaceful, and well governed, and in the same region are numerous ruins of the cliff-dwellers who inhabited the great Southwest. We next enter the land of the Zuñis, passing near Mount Taylor, where still live "penitentes" who flagellate and mutilate themselves, even going so far as actual crucifixion at Easter time; thence southward, crossing the Magdalenas, we enter the Gila region which contains many old ruins. From this point this "longest road in the world" will undoubtedly continue southward through Mexico and it is not at all improbable that the future will see a highway to and through South America. In Arizona there are so many points of interest that it is probable a spur road will extend from the Gila region to the westward. This would include the petrified forests, Montezuma's Well, the San Francisco Mountains, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which is one of the greatest marvels of the entire trip.

It would be impossible to include a larger variety of the "greatest wonders" unless Niagara Falls could be added to the list. This brief description does not include a great number of attractions which could be visited by side trips, such as caverns and natural bridges; but to recount all of these would be an almost endless task.

ROCK CARVINGS IN NEW CALEDONIA:

by Archaeologist



RECENTLY we gave (in the *Century Path*) illustrations and descriptions of prehistoric sign-writing on the rocks in Scandinavia, and similar records from rocks in New Mexico will be found under date Sept. 1, 1907. It is unnecessary to say that such tracings are found widely scattered over the world, and their similarity in the different regions is remarkable. We read that the Auckland Museum is to have an interesting set of photographs of rocks in the Island of New Caledonia, showing carvings supposed to be the work of "prehistoric man." These rocks were discovered in 1895. In one locality there are one hundred stones. The natives can give no information about the carvings, which consist of crosses, circles, spirals, fern leaves, ovals, etc. Like those in Sweden, they are done on hard rock such as serpentine and rhyolite.

A writer (Mr. Clement Wragge) says in the *New Zealand Weekly News* that he considers these carvings prove that New Caledonia, New Zealand, and other Pacific Islands, form remnants of ancient Lemuria. The inverted triangles, cups, crosses, circles, Taus, tridents, etc., he thinks have a deep religious and cosmic significance, linked up with the Easter Island, and are Lemuro-Atlantean in origin, forming the key to a romance of romances.

Needless to say, he is here but echoing the teachings given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*; the use of such a term as "Lemuro-Atlantean" sufficiently indicates that. The rest of the teachings will be found by the student who searches that work under those headings.

"Prehistoric man" is a term used to fill a gap; but it generally also implies the theory that all prehistoric men were barbarians or little better. Students of *The Secret Doctrine* know that the scheme of human history there outlined surpasses conventional ideas beyond all comparison. We belong to the Fifth Root-Race, whose distinct individuality carries us back 800,000 or 1,000,000 years. This was preceded, and to some extent overlapped, by the Fourth Root-Race, and that again by the Third. This gives some idea of the extent of time required — an extent, however, which need surprise no one acquainted with geological and astronomical figures.

One of the signs we read in the rocks is that there has been in the remote past a sort of universal Freemasonry, with a symbol-language; a fact which speaks of the unity of humanity all over the globe in those times. It has been argued by some theorists that the similarity of these carvings proves nothing more than that primitive man naturally does the same things wherever he is found. But students of symbolology recognize the markings as being well-known symbols of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, and as ranking among many other proofs of the former world-wide diffusion of that knowledge.

The sign of the Cross should be particularly noted, as tending to counteract any pretense of monopoly which some Christian theologians may claim for it. It is one of the numerical and geometrical keys in the mysteries of cosmic architecture, a most prolific symbol, full of meaning for those who understand the nature and use of symbols. The Christians, in adopting this symbol, merely did what many another religion has done before them; but they seem to have lost its true meaning. Moreover we do not find the complementary

symbols, the Crescent and the Circle, utilized in Christian symbology. Modern religions seem to be only fragments, each having one of the symbols as its exclusive property.

In this symbolic language, which has been so well preserved from the remotest antiquity, through ages of disintegration and wanton destruction, we possess a grand key to the lost Mysteries of Antiquity. H. P. Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, has given many hints as to how to turn this key and solve the mysteries it hides; the possibility of attaining further knowledge depends very largely on our own exertions and merits.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON: by T. Henry

AN old saying is, *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*; and *Ex Africa semper aliquid veteris*, is a new saying, for we have just invented it. Time runs in cycles, so there is often a little confusion as to whether a thing should be called old or new; for while it may not be exactly either, it can very well be both. The above are some reflections called forth by a superb picture, in the *Illustrated London News*, of the Mountains of the Moon, which that "absurd and superstitious" old geographer, Ptolemy, said existed in Africa and were the sources of the Nile. The picture shows a garden of the most fantastic and beautiful vegetation, luxuriant, tropical, bulbous, pinnacled like an Arabian mosque, enshrined in an amphitheatre of mountains, right on the Equator, but 11,700 feet above that troubled region where men and tides, barometers and stocks, so ceaselessly rise and fall. The first modern explorers failed even to suspect the mountain's existence, much less that of this glorious garden, owing to the magic mists that veil it. It is possible to live for six months near this mountain without ever seeing it. Africa has been the scene of great civilizations in the far past.

Entrancing scenery veils, yet reveals, a mystery of beauty which we struggle in vain to grasp, to interpret, to fix. It is one of the channels through which the heart-touch comes to our life, lifting us out of the nice well-oiled and mathematically straight ruts we had marked out for ourselves, and reminding us that man is not all beetle but partly bird. We fail because we try to reduce romance to terms of personal enjoyment; then the damp mists gather around the mountain

top, and we live another six months without seeing it. Somehow we have to learn that Beauty refuses to be cut up and carried away in our pockets, as tourists carry away the Prince's counterpane; and that the cake of life is not enjoyed by him who goes off to a corner but by him who gathers his fellows around him and declares, "Here's more than enough for us all." In short, Beauty has to be lived, not merely enjoyed. In our search for realization, we encounter grief; but let us never fail to get an occasional glimpse of the mountain tops to remind us that they still exist and can be attained by him who has learned how to live in them.

**MAN'S FALL FROM SPIRITUALITY INTO SENSE-LIFE,
AND THE RE-ASCENT:** by **G. Zander, M. D.,** General Director
of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in Sweden



ABSOLUTE Truth is the absolute Reality. What is usually called the reality, the material world and its phenomena, is a reality only on the physical plane upon which humanity is living at present. But beings more highly developed than we, looking down upon our physical world from higher planes of being, clearly perceive how illusory it is.

Absolute Reality, inconceivable to human mind, can only be spoken of as the eternal Essence of all; if we wish to go further we can only use negations: infinite, unchangeable, unthinkable, unnamable. Being the Root of all it must also be the source of all life, all existence. Theosophy teaches that the Eternal Essence veils itself periodically in a manifested universe, through a power inherent in eternity — the *World-Soul*, the *Logos*, the *Christos* — which to us on Earth stands like a personal God, being then the HIGHER SELF of humanity as a whole, and hence of each individual. This is the manifested Divinity, conceivable to man's higher mind, and an object of highest knowledge; and the union with it, the blending into it, is the goal of man's highest aspiration. Man's participation in the Divine is a possibility because of the fact that his higher intelligence, his Higher Ego, is a direct emanation from the World-Soul, an individualization of it. Union with it, which is the goal of man, is thus seen to be a reunion, which constitutes the real mystery of human existence; namely as to how he has

become separated from his origin and remains so much of a stranger to his own original essence that a whole world-period, with all its reincarnations and all their hardships, struggles, and sufferings, should be needed in order to attain reunion.

When, in Theosophical writings, it is said that Man is divine, aside from godlike, perfected men, it is meant that he, as an emanation from the World-Soul, is divine in his inmost essence; that he has divine potentialities which are to be developed and realized by pilgrimage through lives on Earth. In this respect, as having these divine potentialities, we are all alike; alike, moreover, in that no one enjoys any privilege, any capability, or any happy environment, which he has not earned by his own individual efforts.

At the beginning of this period of evolution we were alike even in other respects, divine not only in potentialities, but equally so in purity; which, however, was purity only because untried in the crucible of earth-lives; hence it was devoid of merit. We launched forth on our pilgrimage in order to learn what the Divine is and what it is not, thus gaining the opportunity to become *consciously* divine through free will. We have to test life on earth and find out how much true joy and pleasure it can offer us, and find also how far it can allure us to many things which are going to stain the purity of our souls and undermine the wish to preserve that purity. Without the experience of earth-life, how could we ever learn to distinguish between evil and good? How could we ever learn to know and use the spiritual forces latent within us all, or obtain impulses towards the Good through that foretaste of the Divine which we experience in triumphing over selfish desires and unworthy motives?

Yet how could an originally spiritual nature ever be tempted by such? No doubt because spiritual man in order to live and act on earth and gather knowledge there, had to incarnate in a material body and use that as an instrument. Thus man came to oscillate between a higher and spiritual nature and a lower, material nature. That the latter, full of sensual passions and desires as it was, soon gained the upper hand, may have its explanation in the fact that physical life for its mere subsistence made great demands on his thoughts and activity, and thereby forced the consciousness of his work as a spiritual being more and more into the background, making him regard this life as the most, even as the only, real life. It may be added that the sensual things which satisfied his most obvious needs gave him a sense of

pleasure. Thus a ceaseless intense interaction resulted between the body and the lower personal ego, while the Higher Ego less and less could make itself heard. The deeper the fall into matter, the more was spiritual consciousness forgotten and blotted out from memory — that consciousness which in previous more spiritual ages had been the power directing the will. Knowledge, in the sense we usually take this word, is not always followed by the will to do what is right and good, but such a will is inseparable from the idea of wisdom.

The ancient Wisdom-Religion, preserved through endless ages by the most elevated of the successive humanities, in which ages men in their purer and more spiritual state were instructed by divine Teachers, was forgotten, or misinterpreted and distorted. In order to stem the spiritual decline and revive the memory of the lost wisdom, such great Teachers as Krishna, Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, and others incarnated from time to time. But when they were gone their teachings were distorted, and that is the way the different religions have come into existence. They all have a common core of the original wisdom, but it lies more or less deeply hidden under human speculations, misinterpretations, and delusions.

This is, in a few words, Man's fall from Spirituality into Sense-life, the real Fall, and from this degradation man must retrieve himself if his whole existence is not to become an empty illusion, a soap-bubble that is going to burst and disappear without leaving the least trace.

The necessary combination of the spiritual nature with the material nature is thus seen to be the cause of the spiritual degradation. But that which is a necessity in the World-Plan can only be founded on divine wisdom and love. Had we not possessed a lower nature forcibly attracted by the sensual and thereby exposed to temptations — which exert such allurements that we must use our highest powers to resist them and preserve our divine birth-right — what right should we then have had to hope for union with the Divine, what right to enter at some time into companionship with those perfected Souls whose right and duty it is to become instructors and guides of a future humanity?

If it was necessary for man to pass through the experiences of earth-life in order to learn to distinguish between good and evil and freely make his choice, and if the sensual world exercises such a fascinating power over him, then it is only natural to suppose that, on the other hand, there must be powers and influences which even more potently draw him towards the Spiritual. Else the World-Plan, aim-

ing at final sublimation and perfection, would easily be defeated and man's elevation from sense-existence prove a failure. This eventuality must be a possibility, as perfection is not possible without voluntary and ardent effort. But we must suppose such failure the exception rather than the rule, else falsehood would in the long run be mightier than truth, and the unreal prevail over the real.

First among the powers of restoration is the silent voice of conscience. It is a great testimony of our divine origin, being a manifestation of our Higher Ego, a part of the World-Soul. It is an infallible judge of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong. And as long as the heart is not altogether hardened it affords us no rest until we have repaired our violations of truth and right. Constantly we witness how its divine power scatters pride, fear, and egotism; how it scourges and comforts. Yet it is not all-powerful, for it can be silenced and defied so long that it finally remains unheard.

Next come all the beneficent influences of an education that brings out our spiritual strength; good, noble examples in the lives of those that surround us; companionship with intelligent and high-minded people; and, ultimately, as crown of all aiding powers, to be received as disciple by one of the noble Teachers whom we call the Elder Brothers of the Race.

But of the three first of these advantages, good education, good examples, and companionship with men of noble mind, we are not masters. We are born as members of a certain family; to every one it is not given to come to a home that can be said to exert the above-mentioned beneficent influences. Where, then, do we find the supposed justice to all?

The man who can not believe in repeated rebirths to earth-life, under constantly changed conditions, as long as there is any need of the experiences to be had there, will never find an answer to the question. He, on the contrary, who in the name of justice and mercy feels certain of the truth of reincarnation, has no difficulty in arriving at a solution which carries conviction.

Man is master over his own fate. In previous lives he has set in motion forces which rule all the conditions of his present state; and in this life he is shaping the fortunes of the next. The all-powerful law of Karma reigns in this domain, and determines the environments and circumstances of a future life according to the old rule: *Like attracts like*. Sometimes it may appear as if this rule were not followed,

as when a man of mainly good disposition and tendencies is born in a family which to all appearance presents unfavorable soil for developing and strengthening the good in him. And yet, such a severe trial will sometimes result in developing the good tendencies, in spite of environing influences, yea, even to the extent that the one who seemed predestined to corruption and defilement becomes instead a helping and restoring power for all the misled around him. It may be that there was a side in that person's nature which could not otherwise be developed. His eventual beneficent power over others may find an explanation in the fact that their evil Karma had already, in some degree, been neutralized. For to some such point our difficulties and sufferings may carry us.

On the other hand one with evil tendencies may be born in a family where only good influences prevail. Should these fail to affect him, it may have been a lesson the parents needed; and at the same time there must have been something in the unhappy child's Karma that entitled it to have the benefit of a trial under good influences. Even in a very depraved person the divine spark may suddenly flash out and give rise to a thought, a frame of mind, or an act, that cannot but bear good fruit. Constantly we are tried in small things as well as in great, in success as well as in failure.

The fourth helping power, the mystical discipleship, will be within our reach when we have been found ready to enter the "Path," that path on which no one returns.

Existence is an inclined plane, endless to him who aspires to never-ending perfection; but to him who passively glides downwards, the end, opening to depths of dissolution, is not far away.

Is it then possible that a human soul can be lost? "Those who know," those who ahead of our humanity have reached the goal of life and beheld the truth, and who are able to follow the course of a human soul through ages, tell us that a personal (not individual) dissolution is possible, and that immortality lies hidden only as a seed in the human soul, as a potentiality which he himself must realize with intrepidity through struggle and hardship. The immortal, divine Spirit overshadows the soul in order to attract it to itself, and by its light and warmth to render easier its efforts to realize immortality.

A bond exists between the two, which grows in strength with every right thought, every noble deed, which the soul has thought and done; yet the bond can be severed. It weakens in the low-minded,

the hateful, the vicious, and in him who for many earth-lives has lived in lies, wickedness, and hardness of heart. Then finally the tie is broken and the Spirit departs. A human soul in the process of such decomposition Bulwer pictures by the character of Margrave in *A Strange Story*.

The difficult and vast subject we have treated may be summed up like this: Man is originally a pure spiritual being, whose spirituality is unconscious and involuntary and, therefore, does not imply the eternal sublimity of wisdom, which can only be attained through evolution on earth and other globes. Through evolution he gains intelligence, personal self-consciousness, and free will, thus enabling him to understand his own being and to reach the goal by his own free will and efforts. The road leads through the sense world, which in all respects forms a contrast to the spiritual, and especially in that it is transient. During the oscillation between these contrasting aspects his powers are developed, his mind enlightened, his judgment quickened, his will awakened, so long as the higher compassionate nature is in the ascendant. But the lower nature has its desires rooted in sensation and, entangled by delusion, tends to sacrifice the immortal element which can be won by effort alone. How great are the losses which our race must suffer on the path to final victory, we do not know. All we know is that losses are inevitable, for the highest perfection cannot be reached without effort and self-mastery; and these imply an entirely free and self-conscious will.

Divine compassion will never cease throughout the ages to impart repeated aspiring impulses to those that have gone astray, so long as the bond with the original divine spark remains unbroken.

Everything in nature becomes what it is through the operation of conscious laws; in addition Man becomes what he himself wills.



CAN the theologian derive no light from the pure, primeval faith that glimmers from Egyptian hieroglyphics, to illustrate the immortality of the soul? Will not the historians deign to note the prior origin of every art and science in Egypt, a thousand years before the Pelasgians studded the isles and capes of the Archipelago with their forts and temples? — *Ghiddon*

VANDALISM IN ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE:

by Ariomardes

THE outlines of ancient history given in *The Secret Doctrine* are true, as time will prove and has already to some extent proven. Asia hides innumerable evidences of this history, many of them beyond the reach of vandal hands, waiting the day when the desert sands shall yield up their treasures. *The Illustrated London News* (Sept. 2, 1911) has an article on "Vandalism in Syria," which gives an idea of the complexity of ancient history even in this one part. Northern Syria and Mesopotamia have been the scene of forts and palaces from the time of the Hittites and down through the invasion of Nebuchadnezzar, the Persian and Seleucid monarchies, the Roman occupation, the Crusades and Saladin, to Mehemet Ali. Among the sites the most notable are Aleppo, Urfa (or Edessa), Antioch, Harim, Shaizar, Berejik, Carchemish, Masyad, Membij, and Baalbek (or Heliopolis). But at many of these places the ancient stone-work is even now being pulled down, not only by individuals but even by contractors, to sell the stone. At Berejik the rock-cut galleries and masoned ramparts are being pulled down to build a jail; while the as yet unexplored ruins of Carchemish are being exploited for the benefit of the Bagdad railway, as a quarry for building bridges. The vandalism of the past was even greater. Ibrahim Pasha razed the Byzantine walls and wrecked the Crusading castle of Antioch some eighty years ago. In 1878 a colony of Moslem Cherkesses from the lost provinces of Kars and Batûm was placed at Membij and has systematically pulled down every building, removed every stone which was upon another, and distributed them over the countryside as dikes to enclose their fields. Baalbek, however, has been systematically preserved and has probably profited the Ottoman Government more as a site for tourists than as a quarry for stone; a principle which the Government would do well to recognize in the other cases.

In the heart of the wide plains of Upper Syria there are deserted Roman towns with forum, basilica, portico, and shops, roofless but otherwise almost intact. They are hardly known, yet they too may be swept away by the building contractor.

Even the most populous lands of the Old World are far from having been ransacked, and the soil hides well. What shall be said then of the lands of the West, where even the surface has in many cases not been visited? For we know that in the West also there were

great civilizations. We have been learning by means of successive "renaissances" or recoveries of past knowledge, and are yet far from the point where we can begin to add to what has been built before. The higher we climb up the side of our valley, the larger becomes our view of the country left behind. Recent discoveries in science already give promise of a possible fulfilment of the idea that all events leave imperishable records and that these can be read again. If this be so, the lack of documents may not prevent us from learning the history of the far past.

TIDES IN THE BODY: by P. A. Malpas

THE interest created some time ago by the announcement of the discovery of earth-tides doubtless called special attention to the old axiom that Man is the microcosm of the macrocosm; he is a little world typing the greater. The careful study of the human frame by German investigators has shown that there is also a tide in the body. Minutely conducted measurements have shown that the head circumference increases often as much as five millimeters in a day, again receding with tidal regularity. In some subjects the measurements may possibly be even greater than this. The writer knows of a specially marked case in which the difference was so noticeable that the technically trained eye of a professional sculptor noted the change without actual measurement.

That the tides are connected with the moon's changes is evident, whether or not they are due to "attraction and repulsion" or a kind of "diastole and systole" or any other unexplained explanation. This bodily tide has been observed in an unusually marked degree in a subject who is apparently strongly affected by the moon's changes, as so many sensitive people are. Perhaps all are to some extent so affected, and we may have interesting observations to follow along this line even with those who would loudly deride the lunatic superstition of the moon having any connexion with the human mind.

And yet there are among such as these many good Christians who quote the ancient poem of the East:

So that the sun shall not hurt thee by day, neither the moon by night.

These measurements seem to be affected by study and "brain-work" to a marked degree; it seems quite natural they should be.

RACE SUICIDE: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



IN old times and among certain nations, poetry, painting, and music, were held as *sacred* arts and consecrated to sacred themes and occasions only. The language in which they poetized was sometimes revered as of divine origin and communication; the drawing or inscription of the very letters of it was an art, the scribe using colors and variations of form to correspond with and intimately express his mood.

That is gone, of course, except that remains of the feeling survive in China, Japan, and perhaps among some pandits in India. We do not reverence our mother speech, nor lovingly and lingeringly draw its characters, nor intone (as did the Greeks) our words and sentences. We have shorthand, simplified spelling, and the typewriter. The larynx, at any rate in the case of the great majority of us, is anything but a musical instrument. We do not imagine that speech can evoke the gods either in great nature or in one another, and we aim in using it to get out as many words in as short a time as possible.

The trend of modern consciousness is not art-ward. The art spirit, that of music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, is as many think slowly dying before the inroads upon it of the opposed spirit of cash, of commercialism, of applied science. We allow ourselves (or allow ourselves to be allowed) no time to give it play. There is no room anywhere for the old sacred quests. The Golden Fleece is only some harder kind of steel. "Good sewerage is necessary — but the Holy Grail is quite superflous."

The sentence is from a recent German book, *Die Kunst Stirbt*, (Art is Dead), by Victor Auburtin. The writer has looked as best he can into the coming era and sees thus:

What the best of our time desire, what they hope from the future is: equal right for everybody according to his talents. They want to make use of every one's energies. They want . . . to abolish superstitions, individual wickedness, war. They want health and comfort for everybody. They want to do away with all ground for sorrow and complaining. This is the future. This is what we *shall* get. But when we reach this end, art cannot be. Art . . . must have heights to conquer, must have abysses.

But we need not despair. We can live without art. There are greater things than art, and now for a while science speaks loudly. I shiver before the electrical grandeur of the generations to come, but I shall curse them when in my tomb.

Is that it — health, prosperity, happiness, everywhere; but no

arts, no religion? A civilization of comfortable *matter*? The picture can hardly be said to glow!

But it has no chance of realization. Even man's *physical* life cannot be permanently sustained from its matter root only. The ethers too must be drawn in. The spiritual, mental, and physical elements of human nature must all co-operate, balance, pay out on to and draw in from their several planes if *any one* of them is to be quite sound. Health is not so simple a matter as any of its modern "culturists" think. A civilization which neglects and forgets any part of human nature will go down and out. The germ plasm will fail — as ours is failing. Hidden by the prevention and cure of certain diseases, those *others* which mark old age, decay, are encroaching farther and farther backward upon adult life.

Consider merely this physical root or element of our life. We know what air, sun, food, water, will do for it. Call them collectively the *matter*-supplies for health. In the new era the laws of the culture of *this* root may be fully understood and obeyed. Will that understanding and obedience give perfect health?

The inventor, facing an apparently blank wall of impossibility, suddenly finds it vanish. A new idea illuminates his mind. A key sought for years is in his hands; his machine is at last complete.

Any new idea, whether of mechanical application or not, breaking in upon a long searching mind, thrills its receiver like wine or a burst of sunlight through dull clouds. Physical life profits, it appears, not by matter alone but also by mind. In a finer way the body is fed by the ripening fruits of thought. Gross and unstable is the health that is got and held without that food likewise. Vivid mind-life, mind-vitality, will often sustain a feeble threadbare body far into an old age it could not otherwise have approached.

But neither do these two exhaust the possibilities. That part of human nature which craves music, color, form — has that root nothing for the body? Has it no meaning that music refreshes tired nerves, may remove actual fever, may sustain marching soldiers far beyond the normal point of exhaustion? If we are losing the art-sense we are losing a root of health drawn upon even by the lowest of savages. The question is more definite than, Can we *afford* to lose it? It is, Can we *exist* without it? Have we so strong a hold on the matter-root of our health that we may let go any other, even the slenderest?

Still more quickly are we losing the spiritual root. A mark indeed

of this is that it should be found necessary to show that spiritual exercises physically pay.

What you find in an effect was in the cause. Universal life, after plant life, after animal life, flowered out into *human* consciousness with its highest plane as the spiritual, highest, last evolved. We are receding from that, and receding from the artistic, losing hold of life in its intensest form by descending some steps on the evolutionary ladder. But this implies also an increase of animalism, of which the signs are plenty; and the human body, evolved *out* of animalism, is injured and killed by any step of reversion to it. It is in that perfect dominance of the animal which we partly express by the word temperance, that the foundation of health is laid. Thus doubly are we hurt by reversion from the spiritual. And the spiritual is *in* the natural, is *in* universal life. Spiritual aspiration, exercise, search, is the attempt of the finest element of human nature to grow, to get fully conscious of itself in man as it is already in greater nature, to become individually and self-knowingly immortal. Its full and successful culture heightens the pulse of all the other elements in us, enhances the sense of beauty, makes the mind swift, eager, and alert to the essence of things, gives the body a finer health and hold on life, gives the senses a finer receptivity, and engenders stedfast peace and joy. This all follows from the fact that life in its infinite wealth and parturience is *one*, all its elements interacting, every new development in the individual refining the older and making them, after their transmutation, more enduring, more alive. If, at our stage, we want *any* kind of life, we must seize and balance *all* kinds, the highest first, must take exercises on higher levels than the muscular. Auburtin's forward-looking eye sees only a mirage if it sees a flourishing (or any) civilization from which art and true religion have died. The bodies are growing more and more sensitive to the minds therein; and if those minds become dead to the finer and finest pulses of thought, those connected with art and with the inner spiritual life, the central *physical* flame will be handed on dimmer and dimmer to successive generations till at last there is none of it. Some other and wiser peoples will come forward to take the places we have left.

THE LOST ART OF TEMPERING COPPER:

by Archaeologist

WITH regard to the ancient art of tempering copper, *The Brass World* calls attention to the allegation that the Toltecs, Aztecs, and Tarascans possessed this art; but adds that several archaeologists now deny the statement. Copper axes and knives found at Atcapotzalco are so soft that they can be cut with a pocket-knife. On the other hand, Tarascan copper tools from the Balsas River ruins in Guerrero were so hard that they would turn the blade of an ordinary knife. Analysis showed that these different blades had the same composition as the local ores, the soft being nearly pure, the hard mixed with nickel and cobalt. Hence the so-called tempering, it is argued, was due to the natural alloy.

There seems to be a weakness about this argument. When a reasonable man makes a knife, he is usually influenced by its practicability as an instrument for cutting, rather than by the nature of the metal that may happen to lie around. Supposing the only available supply of material had been a deposit of natural putty, would the natives have used that for making their knives? The picture we are asked to form in our minds is that of two nations, one making sharp knives out of their hard ore, and the other making soft knives out of their soft ore. And presumably the latter people used to carve granite and shave their faces with the soft knives — simply because they had no other — which is reason enough, surely! One tries to take these theories seriously, but it is not easy to understand just what the theorists mean. What use could there have been for soft knives?

However these things may be, the fact remains that many ancient peoples did somehow manage to engrave the hardest kind of stone and to do it well too; so they must have possessed efficient tools of some kind. But why is there so much anxiety to deny them the knowledge of tempering copper, when we have sufficient proof of their great general ability in the arts and crafts, and when our own knowledge of metallurgy is small in comparison with its admitted possibilities? As to the soft copper found, do not metals lose their temper?



STRANGE condition of the human mind, which seems to require that it should long exercise itself in Error, before it dare approach the Truth. — *Magendie*

THE FACULTY OF HEARING: by W. A. Dunn



ONE of the greatest needs of today is cultivation of the faculty of hearing. Nearly everyone listens to sound-vibrations automatically, attaching the mind merely to the few surface harmonies that correspond to normal habits of thought. Alter the attention by listening more deeply, and the silence will yield other sounds to which we had previously been deaf, evoking from the heart a corresponding degree of feeling. Within the physical ear there are some three or four thousand little sound-rods or filaments lying side by side like the keys of a pianoforte. It may be that the vast majority of these, being unstrung, do not take up the vibrations in nature to which they correspond. Doubtless the act of positive listening is an attunement of those marvellous little filaments, making them tense like the wires of a piano, *ready* to receive the music of nature. There is a vast difference between hearing because we must, and hearing because we *choose*. In the latter case an act of positive mental inspiration is performed, inflating the mental lungs with a higher vitality — flooding consciousness with an electrical energy in which musical thought will wax strong and awaken corresponding feeling in the heart. All force and feeling in performed music depend upon the musical energy which the mind has acquired through mental breathing from the ocean of sound.

To habitually regard sound as external, is to place the positive pole of listening outside, the negative within. Reverse this polarity, and we find our ears take on a new and deeper activity. Just as every ray of solar light is the end of a path that leads to the sun, so does every conceivable sound in life lead *inwards* to the great etheric ocean where all sounds blend into the one vibration of Soul-life. In addition to this, all sounds evolve harmonics, or overtones, of rapidly increasing vibration as they expand into the infinite, finding unity with the overtones of other tones which on this plane appeared as separate. Sounds coalesce like human souls. Apparently separate in objective life, they group, so to say, into families, towns, nations, and the symphony of Universal Brotherhood. The least-common-multiple between several rates of vibration, numerically expressed, gives the soul vibration common to them all. How true this is of the Human Race. Each human Ego is literally a tone — the tone of character. These tones are ends of innumerable paths that proceed inwards, through the harmonic overtones of human nature, to the Master Soul of Humanity.

Just as every ray of sunlight, no matter of what color or hue, is a thread leading to the one Sun. We see this law of music and of numbers (or numerical ratios) operating everywhere throughout the world. Little family groups blending into the life of a city, and cities into that of a nation, and so on. All these present characteristic tones of unity that reveal in some instances a cohesion of mere superficial interests, in others a cohesion of the forces of love and manhood. A thoughtful study of acoustics, as a text-book of law and order, will show that music is the gospel of Universal Brotherhood. It is the Soul operating upon the vibratory aspect of Nature. From such standpoint all life can be viewed as one harmony.

Let us then cultivate the art of mental breathing — which is that of *listening* to the silence: Music is truly the breath of true life opening out in the heart and mind. Its electrical atmosphere will surely evolve those positive faculties of the soul whereby we may take control of the contents of Time and Space, thereby transforming earth into heaven.

WHAT IS TIME? by Speculator



SOME correspondent in *The English Mechanic* has dropped a match amid tinder by starting a discussion on the interesting and valuable question, "What is time?" — a question which everybody can discuss with impunity. The most appropriate remark we have seen in this discussion is a quotation from Spencer to the effect that the complete history of any phenomenon is not known unless we know its appearance from the imperceptible and its disappearance into the imperceptible. This hits the nail on the head. We need to get outside of time and view its borders. We cannot see the air or the water when we are immersed in them. Some of the correspondents of course say that we cannot conceive of time as ever having begun or as ever coming to an end; but that is evidently because we try to conceive of time as coming to an end and yet going on — in short, we set ourselves that which is logically insoluble under the conditions proposed; as when we try to put something on a shelf out of our reach or divide unity into parts. The only thing to do is to leave off conceiving, for it is in the conceiving that the fault lies. The act of conceiving can only be performed in time, and is as much involved in time as our bodies are involved in spatial extension. In fact we have got time on the brain, and must

shut down our brain first and open up a higher faculty if we want to know what things are like in eternity. Perhaps during deep sleep we escape from the trammels of time, but we fail utterly to preserve any waking knowledge of that condition. Our mind is involved in time as our body is involved in space. So long as we have a body it must be *somewhere*, and we cannot go *nowhere*; the only way to do that would be to leave the body behind in space, while we went out of space! And so with time; we must leave our lesser personal mind behind in time, while we escape to eternity.

The well-known phenomena of dreams afford us an idea of the possibility of there being different kinds of time, as there are different speeds and different directions in motion. In dream-life we may live through a long period, and yet miss only a fraction of a moment of clock-time. These desultory remarks may serve to show the nature of the problem and to emphasize the fact that our difficulty in conceiving the nature of time arises from the circumstance that we are involved in that which we are seeking to analyse; so that our degree of success must depend on the degree in which we can extricate ourselves from this entanglement. We know that time is not an ultimate, and we can see the beginnings of the path that leads to a mastery of its secret; and after that we can only choose between shrinking back and letting the problem alone, or taking off our clothes and diving in.

It is noteworthy that scientific speculation is now concerning itself a good deal with questioning the invariability of those fixed standards by which we have been accustomed to measure things — in particular, mass, space, and time. For so far have physical researches of late extended that it seems no longer possible to explain everything by reference to those old standards. It is this that has led some thinkers to introduce such ideas as that mass is a function of velocity; or that there may be more than one kind of time. We are bound to take into account the finity of our perceptual and conceptual powers and to admit that they may take us to the borders of regions we cannot penetrate by their aid. We are led to the inference that problems insoluble under our present conditions of development may prove soluble when we have reached other conditions — may actually be soluble to people (if such there be) who have reached such conditions. We dare not set limits to our possibilities or take refuge in the old excuse that “we are not meant to know.” Who can tell what unsuspected faculties the soul of man may put forth? Within it are manifold hidden powers.

HOW ONE ACT OF A MAGNANIMOUS BOY SAVED THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS: by D. Churchill

DR. TURNER, a traveler and philosopher, tells the following anecdote of an incident that occurred in the Samoan Islands, which demonstrates that magnanimity is found amongst the savages as well as amongst the civilized. It serves to show that sympathy and brotherhood is a natural instinct, which is spontaneous in the human heart, when untrammelled by custom and habits. The incident which so deeply impressed Dr. Turner was one that—in nature—is of frequent occurrence in those Pacific Islands inhabited by cannibalistic tribes, and, in this instance took place in the Samoan Isles.

The natives were cannibals, and at the time their king Mahetoa practised cannibalism also. He had a young son, Palu, a high-spirited, brave boy, who however, hated the brutal custom.

Palu one day passed in front of a hut in front of which sat a young boy, weeping bitterly, with a soldier standing on guard beside him. Palu, in a flash, recognized the reason for the boy's grief. The young lad was awaiting the slaughter, and was to serve, on the morrow, as a tender morsel for the dinner of the king and his household and the chiefs.

Palu was touched with pity, which crystallized into a resolve. He called the guard aside, and sent him on an errand, saying that he would stand on guard until he returned. Palu then went over to the boy, and said to him, "Don't cry, I will try to save you." So saying, he told the boy to run off into the woods and not return for three days. When the guard returned he was greatly alarmed lest he himself would have to take the place of the escaped boy on the morrow, but Palu said, "I will save you if you obey me implicitly; do just as I tell you, and tell nobody."

Palu then ordered the soldier to get some cocoa-nut leaves and all the other appurtenances that were used to dress up the slaughtered and cooked victim, and have them ready early in the morning. At daybreak Palu appeared and the soldier dressed him with the cocoa-nut leaves, and laid Palu on the board, in readiness for the feast.

The feasters assembled, the supposed carcass was brought in and laid before the king. Suddenly, the king gave a hoarse cry and stared in terror at the carcass, for he saw two bright eyes staring up at him. *He recognized his son.* Instantly the thought overwhelmed him, his eyes grew glassy, his face ashen, his form shook like a reed

in the wind. My son! My only son! he cried. Who has done this? Who has killed my son? Bring them to me, dismiss the feasters! My son, my son, my only son, he moaned and groaned. The feasters departed, and the king bent over the supposed carcass. Suddenly the boy opened his eyes and said "Father."

It was enough. They embraced, and the boy told his father of the strategem. The king was overcome with the shock for a while, but upon recovering he exclaimed: "What if it were indeed, my dear son, whose body had been cooked for *my* meal?"

So strongly was he affected by the lesson his son had taught him, and so touched was he by the magnanimity of his boy who had thus taken the other boy's place in order to save his life, that the king thereupon saw the way other fathers and mothers must suffer on account of cannibalism. The result was that the king abolished at once, by command, all cannibalism in his kingdom, from that day.

Thus did the sympathy and action of one young boy, save the lives of hundreds of others. Palu lived to be one of the bravest, wisest, and best kings that the Samoans have ever had.

RÂJA YOGA AND MOTHER LOVE: by Marjorie Tyberg



WRITER in a recent newspaper, mentioning the ideal environment and beautiful homes of the Râja Yoga children at Point Loma, as contrasted with those of many other children, proceeds to ask, "But have those other children something that the children of Râja Yoga miss entirely — namely, the mother-love?"

In answer to this, a question: "When did the mothers of the Râja Yoga children cease to love them?" Those who know these mothers best would say that a most devoted mother-love is one of the strongest elements in the Râja Yoga education; that, indeed, did they not feel for their children a love deeper than is common, the children would not be enjoying the advantages of Râja Yoga training. It is precisely because some very wide-awake and devoted mothers have felt that their mother-love should co-operate with all that is for the benefit of their children that the latter are attending the Râja Yoga schools.

Ten years ago, some of these parents, who had long known Kath-

erine Tingley and had seen her work among children in the East, brought their families to Point Loma. A Râja Yoga School was started. Like countless other schools in the world — which, by the way, have never been accused of depriving their pupils of mother-love, or of eliminating this element from the training of children — it was a boarding school. The parents whose children attended it soon saw that their improvement and progress, physical, mental, and moral, was so entirely unprecedented as to be a marvel. They saw that while the childrens' love for their parents was augmented a hundredfold, a new love also had awakened in these young hearts, which gave them a wonderful impulse along all lines of development.

It was these results, observed by all who saw the children, that inspired fathers and mothers to request Mrs. Tingley to permit children to enter the school at an earlier age than usual, in order that they might share these benefits from the beginning of their lives. There has been no abatement of mother-love. The actual presence of the mother at all times does not — the world knows it only too well — insure the tender influence of mother-love, which, where it does abide, remains, regardless of physical presence, the most potent magnetic force in the fostering of the child. The mothers of Point Loma owe to Katherine Tingley a new insight into the power of mother-love in rearing children. They are happy to acknowledge the debt and have a great desire to share with women the world over the glad tidings of what more mothers can do to help their children than the majority are at present able to accomplish.

Few persons living in this age of wonderful development would feel justified in saying that no new thing could happen to lift education to a higher level. It was the mother-heart of Katherine Tingley that gave the Râja Yoga method to the world; it is the mother-hearts of many women that lead them to the conviction that here at last is the method of training children that makes the most of life for the happiness of all. The parents of the Râja Yoga children have seen enough to assure them that there is more happiness, and happiness of a deep and lasting nature, for the family that learns to live Râja Yoga. They have learned that a new tie is being formed, a stronger, deeper, more loving tie — one that will not be broken later as are so many home ties, even when every advantage of training *save* Râja Yoga, has been secured, and when mothers unconscious of the real power of mother-love, have lavished care and love on their offspring.

These parents have learned much from association with their Râja Yoga little ones. They have seen the delightful, inspiring comradeship that exists among the children of the same age. It would be a foolish, selfish mother indeed, who, seeing this, would deny it to her child because she had a feeling that her child should always be with *her*. Râja Yoga has proved that children, properly grouped, can do for each other what no older person can do, and can make an atmosphere where the best in each has a chance to grow strong. The results are seen in the love the child has to offer and in his whole harmonious development. To see a beloved child awakened to higher things, happy, ready for life, is a sweet experience to a mother whose love is strong enough to allow her to perceive that constant presence and indulgence did *not* bring this precious reward.

In a few years, perhaps ten or twenty, parents who longed to do their best for their children but were hampered by sentimentality and lack of courage, will be saying: "The truth was that a new thing *had* come for the children, and might have saved ours, but somehow or other we did not see it at the time."

DESPAIR: by Gertrude van Pelt, M. D.



THERE was once a king of lordly stature and graceful bearing. His generous proportions suggested power, and his clear eye and smooth face betokened a nature open to receive, as well as one having the capacity to give. Many described him as a happy mixture of gentle dignity and gracious familiarity, which put at ease all with whom he came in contact. His golden locks and ingenuous smile even carried the impression of a certain innocence, not quite consonant with his position nor with his form and carriage.

He ruled over a mighty kingdom, with an authority which none had the right to question. His power penetrated even to the very atoms of his realm. The sprites of the air were subject to his will. Lesser lives as well as greater depended upon him to direct their energies, and fashion their growth. But withal he ruled timidly, as one unconscious of his power. He wished to rule wisely, and had a strong sense of right, but he secretly dreaded discomfort, and responsibilities which seemed too heavy. He longed not so much for glory or

pleasure or ease, as for the satisfaction of his refined and elevated tastes. Nevertheless a strong sense of duty, and an inclination toward right action prevented him from neglecting these altogether, but his repugnance to the disagreeable limited very much his perception of duty, and in all that he did there was a certain lack of moral thoroughness. He carried his performance of duty to that point which could be easily perceived by himself and others, but the finer issues evaded him. He allowed himself under a certain delicate sophistry to slip from beneath those burdens which became too painful, and thus formed a habit so forceful, that he grew unconscious of not having carried them to the end. As a resultant of these various strains in character, he appeared to be a most conscientious, refined, and cultured person, with high intentions, but for some unaccountable reason, to be without much power. And as time passed his kingdom did not properly develop. Certain regions became overgrown with weeds; others remained much as he had received them, fair to look upon, and prosperous, but without marked improvement, while only a comparatively few showed any real growth and vitality.

As the years rolled by, discouragement became a frequent visitor at his home. And it happened one gray morning as he stood abstractedly gazing over his realm, that Despair crept stealthily up behind him and whispered in his ear, "My kingdom is deteriorating, and I have no power to stay the process." So quietly were the words uttered, that they seemed to be his own thoughts. And he continued to repeat them over and over again in his brain, until, convinced of their truth, he succumbed to a heavy depression. Despair was gratified with the visit, and retired for a time to feed upon his satisfaction. Watching for a favorable opportunity, he came again and repeated his suggestion, and added new ones. He pointed out how much more successful were all the neighboring kingdoms, how much more brilliant the kings, and how few friends this king possessed. The latter was a new idea. Our king had thought himself beloved, and enjoyed, but under the influence of this suggestion, he thought, on critical analysis, that his friends *were* growing weary of him. Despair was satisfied, and quickly withdrew, but the king pondered over these ideas, and concluded to avoid his friends as much as possible. Despair repeated his visits at regular intervals now. And all began to notice a change in their former comrade. He seemed at times to be abandoned to gloom and unhappiness, to penetrate which all effort was unavailing. Finally

it became accepted that he was subject to moods, and during these periods, he was severely left to himself. Despair by degrees waxed bold. So great had become his influence that he took little pains to conceal his presence. The king was completely hypnotized with the belief that he was thinking his own thoughts. Despair then took up his abode with him, and lived upon his life. The king's whole aspect changed. He seemed to shrivel up. He no longer walked erect. His countenance was drawn, and riddled with painful lines. His eye grew suspicious. He lost his graceful bearing, and awkwardly shrunk from passers by. It was now true that he had few friends. Only those bound to him by blood and duty, remained with him, hoping to comfort him, but unable ever to reach him. For Despair had usurped his throne, and lived in such close intimacy, though forever concealing himself with a cloud, that it was only Despair they could feel, when they sought the king. And Despair sapped the vitality of the king and appropriated it to himself. He fattened and grew strong. He spoke no longer in faint whispers, but boldly and aloud. And the poor king saw the world only through his eyes. All the treasures that were his in youth, were still before him, but he could or would not see them. All his kingdom lay waiting for him, but had dwindled to his eyes to a mere cipher.

He closed himself in his chamber, and lived alone with Despair. No words can picture the hell in which he dwelt. In mortal anguish he watched the days pass by. In agony yet more keen, the nights succeeded them. The stinging reproaches of his conscience were tortures more terrible than could be burning irons upon his unprotected body. Infernal suspicions assailed him. Loathsome pictures were presented to his inner eye. Doubts of all that was noble and great beset him, against which, something within him yet battled, though feebly. The temptation to end his miserable existence came to him often, from which conscience however protected him. Endurance reached its limit, when in a frenzy of pain, he perceived a gaunt figure at his door, beckoning him to follow. This he did gladly, hailing any change or escape. The figure conducted him hurriedly over paths unnoticed by him, to the mouth of a lonely cave. Despair moved silently after him, as would his shadow. Suddenly there was a halt, and the king found himself in the presence of a glorious form who looked at him sadly, and said; "How hast thou used thy rich kingdom during the precious years which have been given thee?" The king lifted his

wretched head, and answered; "Alas! it has not grown under my hands. I would gladly have developed it, and even extended help to others who needed it, but it was impossible. I am the victim of a cursed fate. One by one my powers have left me; one by one my friends have turned from me, and you behold me now such as I am." Sternly the glorious form spoke and revealed himself. "What thou sayest is false. Turn and behold the demon thou hast hugged to thy bosom and whose words thou now utterest." And he turned, beheld the craven figure of Despair, and understood. Silently he entered the mouth of the cave, and disappeared for a thousand years.

* * * * *

The king emerged from the cave-mouth he had entered and came again upon the kingdom over which he had so miserably ruled. But all was changed. Had he drunk of some magical elixir of life or by some other process had he renewed his youth? His withered form had given place to one fresh and young. And although his countenance showed a seriousness not common to youth, there were also lines of a quiet determination which boded well for the future. Despair was lying in wait for him, and observed with interest his emergence from the cave. Furtively at a distance he followed his steps. All conscious memory of the past had mercifully gone from the king with the disappearance of his old brain, but every action, every thought showed that a memory not registered in his present brain, was very vivid. Awaiting a favorable opportunity, Despair crept up behind, and while carefully concealing his presence, injected into his mind the old suggestions. An unnamable oppression seized him, but an instinct stronger than this influence caused him to battle with it, until he finally threw it off. Despair, however, knowing his former power, was not discouraged, and retired only temporarily.

The king found himself with a kingdom overgrown with weeds, and covered with refuse. If there were upon it rich treasures or grand possibilities, they were buried so deep, that only great perseverance and untiring industry could uncover them and put them to use. When he saw neighboring kings accomplishing with ease what he would himself so gladly do, the temptation to discouragement was strong. Despair watched for these opportunities, and used them, inducing fits of despondency which greatly puzzled the king. "Why should I," he said, "while my conditions are always the same, feel at times as

if life were an insupportable burden, as if my tasks were hopeless and my kingdom not worth my efforts; and at others be dominated by a healthy courage, and a determination to do my best, regardless of apparent results?" But an unfailing instinct prevented him from encouraging these moods, overpowering as they often seemed. At times he almost felt as if he were battling for his life, but battle he did, and as the years passed he gained ground visibly. Despair had lost his command over him and knew it. He visited him less and less often, and always with less assurance, until at length a time came in late life when these periods were but faint shadows of the past, and finally they faded altogether. His kingdom did not become marked for its beauty or resources, but it showed evidences of industry, and all who had dealings with the king felt his honesty and sincerity. Under the care which it received, it was found to be much more rich than had at first appeared; and although the king did not attain the heights of happiness enjoyed by some others, he *did* reach a quiet contentment, which is always the result of conscientious effort.

A day at length arrived when he saw beckoning to him, at his door, the same gaunt figure who had visited him long before. He felt impelled to follow, and reached again the mouth of the cave out of which he had emerged in his youth. Here he met the same glorious form as on entering the cave before. "Thou hast done well," it said, "though thou mightest have done better. Much of the débris over thy kingdom thou hast removed, and hast so left it, that when again thou hast the privilege of developing it, thou shalt be endowed with greater powers. And in time thou wilt learn that the resources of thy kingdom are infinite." So saying, he vanished, and the king disappeared within the cave.

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In a thousand years, responding to an inner urge, he broke the entrance to his cave which had been sealed since he entered it, and came again into the light of the sun. All memory of his past seemed absent from his consciousness as before, but in reality the memory of the words spoken by the glorious form permeated his whole being. A conviction stronger than any facts to the contrary, that he was capable of worthy accomplishments, possessed him and nothing can express the deep unrest felt in his effort to realize them. He spoke to no one of his resolves, but the quiet inner assertion seemed to

arouse contradiction from every quarter. Many insidiously stole up behind him and mingled their voices with his own, as Despair had once done, so that only with the greatest difficulty did he preserve his own identity. Subtler and ever subtler were the suggestions thus offered, the object of them all being to turn aside attention from the kingdom it was his duty to lift. By his very determination to bend his energies in the right direction, he seemed to stir in the moral atmosphere in which this acted an opposition similar to that observed in the physical air, when a body moves with force through space. If he resolved upon some great public work for the benefit of his kingdom, instantly a counter voice sounded in his ear, spoken as though the words were his own: "And *I* shall become great thereby." When the opportunity offered to give needed assistance to one of the neighboring kingdoms, another was heard: "And all will praise my charity." Quite often when weary with all his efforts, he received the suggestion to abandon them. "Let me," the voice said, "enjoy for a time the fruits of my labors. Well have I earned this. Nature presents these gifts for my use. Why not cease my struggles, and live for the pleasures so freely offered?" To all of these and many others he lent ear many times, thinking the voices were his own, but they always led him off his road, and when entirely alone he was always conscious that only by moving forward under the influence of a pure motive, would he ever attain the goal which was the purpose of his life. And so, though often felled to the ground, he arose, continued the battle, never giving himself up to defeat, until at last his moral fiber grew strong.

He traveled in many lands, and studied various conditions, with the hope of learning more ways to lift his kingdom. Finally he came into a place where no human foot had trod. Absolute silence reigned there, and no breeze stirred the air. Suddenly on looking up, he beheld the same glorious form that had been before him, when the wheels of destiny had brought him to the cave. Though speechless at first, with awe and reverence, he later asked, "Who art thou?" The form answered, "I am thyself. Let none again deceive thee. Go back and work thy kingdom with the insight now thine own, that all who see it may take courage, and learn therefrom what they themselves may do."

The vision faded, but an abiding peace entered his heart and he began for the first time to know life, to understand himself, to live.

PRINCESS HELENA: A True Story for Young Folk:
by Ralph Leslie

I



ELL, children! what shall it be?" asked Uncle Frank as the Râja Yoga children settled in a circle on the sloping hillside half-way between the beach and their beloved Lotus Home in beautiful Lomaland one July Sunday afternoon. They were returning from their weekly plunge in the grand old Pacific and had requested a story while resting.

"Oh! please tell another interesting myth, the same as last Sunday," pleaded thoughtful Margaret.

"N — o! no! — a fairy-story please," begged five-year-old little Frances, with a merry twinkle in two large round eyes as blue and deep as the ocean behind, as she demurely seated herself, hands folded, and upturned face all expectancy. In truth, she might easily have been taken for a fairy herself, without the story, so tiny is she.

"I think the boys would like to hear another of those inspiring hero tales," answered big Hubert, just returned from a trip to Cuba.

"Yes!" "Yes, a hero!" "A warrior of old!" exclaimed José, Castillo, and Albert, two of the Cubans and an American.

"Will you not tell us about a sure-enough princess, Uncle Frank?" questioned Frances, one of the English girls.

"Dear me, what a proposition! I doubt if I can do all that in so short a time. Let me think." Uncle Frank looked away and away, across the glittering ocean into the sun, and then closed his eyes; presently his face brightened, and when he opened his eyes they beamed as with sunlight and he smiled as he continued: "Aha! I have it — the very thing! All of you shall have your wishes granted in part, so that will be all the nicer, will it not?"

The children applauded and their dear teacher Cousin Ethelind, Uncle Frank's daughter, exclaimed as she clapped with them, "A real brotherhood story, I do declare!"

Then everyone and everything became as still, oh as still as the proverbial mouse, even as motionless as Mrs. Quail and her children in yonder sage bush, as attentive and alert as Brer Cottontail watching the children from his safe retreat beneath a clump of cacti, and I dare say there were other unseen motionless eyes as well as ears taking in the proceedings. Only an occasional wave broke on the beach with a distant smothered boom as though apologetic for having interrupted.

Then Uncle Frank began: "I propose telling you about the girl-

hood of a real princess — a ‘sure-enough’ princess, as Frances says — who lived not very long ago, though in a country far, far away. What was her name? Ah! that’s for you to guess. After the story is finished we will see how many of you know our princess; but, strange to say, she is well known to most of you. If anyone knows now, do not tell until I give you leave. She was not only a princess, but one of the greatest heroines the world has ever had, and curiously enough, fairies and myths were strangely blended with her early life. So, you observe, all your wishes are coming true.

“Let me see — today is the 19th of July. Then in twelve days it will be the eightieth anniversary of the birth of our princess; or to be exact, on July 31, 1831, in the south of Russia, at Ekaterin-slow. (Gracious! we shall not want to pronounce that name often — shall we?) And the family name of our baby princess was Hahn — Helena de Hahn. No, not at all! I have not ‘let the cat out of the bag,’ whatever; for that is not the name by which we know her — so there!

“Although Princess Helena did not inherit a principality or a queendom herself, nevertheless she came of a line of princes and princesses, as you shall see. For instance: her father belonged to a family of Mecklenburg, Germany — the von Hahns. And on her mother’s side she was even more highly connected, her maternal ancestors belonging to the oldest families of the empire, direct descendants of the Prince or Grand Duke Rurik, the very first ruler of Russia. Indeed, several ladies of the latter family became Czarinas, one having married the grandfather of the Czar Peter the Great — all of you have read about him in history; another was going to be married to Czar Peter the second, only he died suddenly. Moreover, our princess herself was a granddaughter of a Privy Councillor. Her great-grandfather, Prince Paul Dolgoruki, married a Countess du Plessy, the daughter of a noble French Huguenot family. Consequently Princess Helena had in her veins the blood of three nations: Russian, German, and French.

“Our little princess opened her eyes on this big world in the middle of the night between the 30th and 31st of July, and she caused a deal of excitement you may be sure. For one reason, she was in no hurry to come and did not like it after she had arrived amidst sickness, death, and sorrow. She was sickly and weak herself, and it was all her nurses could do to keep her from returning whence she had come. Therefore

she was baptized hastily, for fear she should die with the burden of 'original sin' on her soul — a mistaken belief, by the way, that she did so much to correct during her lifetime. Well, the ceremony took place with the assistance of countless lighted tapers and blessed candles, of 'pairs' of godmothers and godfathers, of priests and assistants in golden robes and long hair, the whole affair witnessed by all the family and the entire household. Just before the most important, critical moment in the ceremony had arrived, the flowing robes of the venerable priest were accidentally set on fire and his reverence badly burned, much to the dismay of the superstitious, who saw in it a bad omen or sign of what the future had in store for the innocent baby. From that day her exciting and eventful life began.

"If any girl or boy present is fond of myths, legends, or folktales, you should have been in Princess Helena's place, as she was surrounded with such from infancy, they being the earliest teachings of her nursery — one might almost say she was brought up on them. Her Russian nurses and maids believed in them as firmly as their little mistress came to do. For instance: she was called 'the *Sedmichka*,' meaning one connected with the number seven — she having been born, you remember, in the seventh month, between the 30th and 31st, very important days in connexion with legends and folklore. So Princess Helena early learned that this was the reason for having been carried, from earliest infancy, in her nurse's arms about the house and over the entire premises, even through the stables, on July 30th, and being made personally to sprinkle water about the four corners while the nurse mumbled some meaningless sentences — all because those born on that day are the only persons free from the pranks of the *Domovoy* or house-goblin. This *Domovoy* is the kind, though invisible, landlord who watches over every sleeping household, preserving quiet, attending to the horses by brushing and plaiting their manes and tails, as well as protecting the cattle from witches. He is supposed to be a very industrious creature every day in the year except on March 30th. On this day, strange to say, and no one knows why, he is up to all kinds of pranks and mischievousness — teasing the horses and cows and causing everyone to be stumbling and breaking things the livelong day, try as hard not to as they might. Indeed, any unpleasantness whatever in the family on that day is blamed on poor *Domovoy*; therefore he had Princess Helena's sympathy from the first. Thus she was forever taking the part of the

misunderstood and the persecuted, even from her earliest childhood.

“ Neither was the *Domovoy* (a fascinating name — is it not, children?) the only favorite and playmate of her imagination. Princess Helena had a prodigious imagination. As I have already told you, she was born at — er — that unpronounceable place in southern Russia, a town on the river *Dnieper* (pronounced nee-*per*) which has been the supposed home of the Undines or water-nymphs for ages upon ages. The peasants called them *Russalka* (another of those names!) and believed all sorts of fanciful and weird things concerning them. These beliefs were impressed upon the mind of our princess by what she had pictured around her from the time she could first remember. Whenever she went for a walk along the sandy shores of the river, which were her favorite rambling-grounds, she fancied green-haired nymphs smiling and beckoning to her from every willow-tree. Indeed, she was the only one who approached the river’s bank fearlessly, in consequence of the early teachings of her nurses that she possessed wonderful powers over all such fairies, good and bad, who dared not approach one having a good and charmed life. The common people and her servants themselves held them in awe and dread. Therefore, when she decided to take a stroll along the river, her nurses, maids, and play-fellows were at her mercy meantime; for if they did not do right she threatened to withdraw her protection and so leave them with the beautiful though wicked nymphs.

“ Our Helena was now about four years old. Finally one day she carried this authority over her nurses too far and her family determined it was time she had a foreign governess who would drive all silly notions out of her head. However, though her English governess did not believe in *russalkas* nor *domovoy*s, that was not sufficient to manage her charge, and she finally gave up in despair. After that Helena was left to her Russian nurses again until about six years old, when she and her younger sister were sent to live with their father, a colonel in the army. So for some three years the little girls were taken care of mostly by their father’s orderlies or messengers, and were made a great deal of, being badly spoiled, I dare say. They went wherever the troops moved and were called ‘the children of the regiment.’

“ Princess Helena’s mother had died when she was quite young, so when about eleven years of age, after having lived with her father for a while, as you have just heard, she went with her little sister to

live with their grandparents at Saratow. And her life there was a very exciting one indeed. The old castle was full of wonders and interest to the children, especially Helena, who took special delight in its dark mysterious underground passages and dungeons. Then there was the thick, almost impenetrable forest on the place, into which they used to make excursions, as well as having many many more enjoyable pastimes we shall hear about next Sunday. It was while living there that the children had a French governess who captured the interest of the young girls with thrilling stories of her adventuresome life during the French Revolution; how she had been chosen to represent the goddess of Liberty, and as such driven through the streets of Paris. That made such an impression on Princess Helena that she then and there declared her intention and determination to be a 'Goddess of Liberty' *all her life!* How she did so we shall see.

"But it is time we were back at Lotus Home, as you are going to San Diego after dinner to sing the happiness that 'Life is Joy' into the hearts of the hungry audience that collects to hear you every Sunday evening in the Isis Theater. Let us start for home."

"Oh, Uncle Frank! wasn't Princess Helena —?" queried Maria, all excitement. But she checked herself as Uncle Frank laid a warning finger on his lips.

"I know!" exclaimed Montie. "So do I!" added Albert.

"Never mind now; we have not yet reached the end of the story about her life. But I plainly see some of you have an inkling as to who Princess Helena really was," replied Uncle Frank.

Then they all started off for home.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE STRANGE LITTLE GIRL: A Story for Children: by V. M.

Illustrated by N. Roth. 12mo, about 70 pages, cloth 75 cents.

THIS little book, printed by the Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California, will form a wholly charming 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 assuredly interest both young and old.