THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth, and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE NEW CYCLE: Extracts from an Article Written by H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society, for the first number of "La Revue Théosophique," 1889

THE principal aim of our organization, which we are laboring to make a real brotherhood, is expressed in the motto of the Theosophical Society: "There is no religion higher than truth." As an impersonal Society we must be ready to seize the truth wherever we find it, without permitting ourselves more partiality for one belief than for another. This leads directly to a logical conclusion. If we acclaim and receive with open arms all sincere truthseekers, there can be no place in our ranks for the bigot, the sectarian, or the hypocrite, enclosed in Chinese Walls of dogma, each stone bearing the words "No admission." What place indeed could such fanatics occupy in them, fanatics whose religions forbid all inquiry and do not admit any argument as possible, when the mother idea, the very root of the beautiful plant we call Theosophy is known as — absolute and unfettered liberty to investigate all the mysteries of nature, human or divine!

With this exception the Society invites everyone to participate in its activities and discoveries. Whoever feels his heart beat in unison with the great heart of humanity; whoever feels his interests are one with those of every being poorer and less fortunate than himself; every man or woman who is ready to hold out a helping hand to the suffering; whoever understands the true meaning of the word "Ego-

ism "; is a Theosophist by birth and by right. He can always be sure of finding sympathetic souls among us.

We have already said elsewhere, that " Born in the United States the Theosophical Society was constituted on the model of its mother country." That as we know, has omitted the name of God from its Constitution, for fear, said the fathers of the Republic, that the word might one day become the pretext for a state religion: for they desired to grant absolute equality to all religions under the laws, so that each form would support the State, which in its turn would protect them all. The Theosophical Society was founded on that excellent model. . . .

Each Body, like each member, being free to profess whatever religion and to study whatever philosophy it prefers, provided all remain united in the tie of solidarity or Brotherhood, our Society can truly call itself a " Republic of conscience."

Though absolutely free to pursue whatever intellectual occupations please him the best, each member of our Society must, however, furnish some reason for belonging thereto, which amounts to saying that each member must bear his part, small though it be, of mental or other labor for the benefit of all. If one does not work for others one has no right to be called a Theosophist. All must strive for human freedom of thought, for the elimination of selfish and sectarian superstitions, and for the discovery of all the truths that are within the comprehension of the human mind. That object cannot be attained more certainly than by the cultivation of unity in intellectual labors. No honest worker, no earnest seeker can remain empty-handed; and there is hardly a man or woman, busy as they may think themselves, incapable of laying their tribute, moral or pecuniary, on the altar of truth. . . .

In the present condition of the Theosophical history it is easy to understand the object of a Review exclusively devoted to the propagation of our ideas. We wish to open therein new intellectual horizons, to follow unexplored routes leading to the amelioration of humanity; to offer a word of consolation to all the disinherited of the earth, whether they suffer from the starvation of soul or from the lack of physical necessities. We invite all large-hearted persons who desire to respond to this appeal to join with us in this humanitarian work. Each co-worker, whether a member of the Society or simply a sympathizer, can help. We are face to face with all the

glorious possibilities of the future. This is again the hour of the great cyclic return of the tide of mystical thought in Europe. On every side we are surrounded by the ocean of the universal science — the science of Life Eternal — bearing on its waves the forgotten and submerged treasures of generations now passed away, treasures still unknown to the modern civilized races. The strong current which rises from the submarine abysses, from the depths where lie the prehistoric learning and arts swallowed up with the antediluvian Giants — demigods, though with but little of mortality — that current strikes us in the face and murmurs: "That which has been exists again; that which has been forgotten, buried for aeons in the depths of the Jurassic strata may reappear to view once again. Prepare yourselves."

Happy are those who understand the language of the elements. But where are *they* going for whom the word element has no other meaning than that given to it by physics or materialistic chemistry? Will it be towards well-known shores that the surge of the great waters will bear them, when they have lost their footing in the deluge which is approaching? Will it be towards the peaks of a new Ararat that they will find themselves carried, towards the heights of light and sunshine, where there is a ledge on which to place the feet in safety, or perchance is it a fathomless abyss that will swallow them up as soon as they try to struggle against the irresistible billows of an unknown element?

We must prepare ourselves and study truth under every aspect, endeavoring to ignore nothing, if we do not wish to fall into the abyss of the unknown when the hour shall strike. It is useless to leave it to chance and to await the intellectual and psychic crisis which is preparing, with indifference, if not with crass disbelief, saying that at the worst the flowing tide will drive us all in the course of nature towards the farther shore; for it is far more probable that the tidal wave will cast up nothing but a corpse. The strife will be terrible in any case between brutal materialism and blind fanaticism on the one hand, and philosophy and mysticism on the other — mysticism, that veil of more or less translucency which hides the eternal Truth.

But it is not materialism that will gain the upper hand. Every fanatic whose ideas isolate him from the universal axiom that "There is no religion higher than Truth" will see himself by that very fact rejected, like an unworthy stone, from the Archway called Universal Brotherhood. Tossed by the waves, driven by the winds, reeling in

that element which is so terrible because unknown, he will soon find himself engulfed. . . .

Yes, it must be so, it cannot be otherwise when the chilly and artificial gleam of modern materialism will disappear for want of fuel. Those who cannot form any idea of a spiritual Ego, a living soul and an eternal Spirit within their material shell (which owes its very existence to these principles); those for whom the great hope of an existence beyond the grave is a vexation, merely the symbol of an unknown quantity, or else the subject of a belief *sui generis,* the result of theological and mediumistic hallucinations — these will do well to prepare for the serious troubles the future has in store for them. For from the depths of the dark, muddy waters of materiality which hide from them every glimpse of the horizons of the great Beyond, there is a mystic force rising during these last years of the century. At most it is but the first gentle rustling, but it is a superhuman rustling — " supernatural " only for the superstitious and the ignorant. The spirit of truth is passing over the face of the waters, and in dividing them, is compelling them to disgorge their spiritual treasures. This spirit is a force that can neither be hindered nor stopped. Those who recognize it and feel that this is the supreme moment of their salvation will be uplifted by it and carried beyond the illusions of the great astral serpent. The joy they will experience will be so poignant and intense that if they were not mentally isolated from their body of flesh, the beatitude would pierce them like sharp steel. It is not pleasure that they will experience but a bliss which is a foretaste of the wisdom of the gods, the knowledge of good and evil, of the fruits of the tree of life.

But although the man of today may be a fanatic, a sceptic, or a mystic, he must be well convinced that it is useless for him to struggle against the two moral forces at large today engaged in the supreme contest. He is at the mercy of these two adversaries and there is no intermediary capable of protecting him. It is but a question of choice, whether to let himself be carried along on the wave of mystical evolution, or to struggle against this moral and psychic reaction and so find himself engulfed in the maelstrom of the rising tide. The whole world, at this time, with its centers of high intelligence and humane culture, its political, artistic, literary, and commercial life, is in a turmoil; everything is shaking and crumbling in its movement towards reform. It is useless to shut the eyes, it is useless to hope that anyone can

remain neutral between the two contending forces; the choice is whether to be crushed between them or to become united with one or the other. The man who imagines he has freedom, but who, nevertheless, remains plunged in that seething caldron of foulness called the life of Society — gives the lie in the face of his divine Ego, a lie so terrible that it will stifle that higher self for a long series of future incarnations. All you who hesitate in the path of Theosophy and the occult sciences, who are trembling on the golden threshold of truth — the only one within your grasp, for all the others have failed you one after the other — look straight in the face the great Reality which is offered you. It is only to mystics that these words are addressed, for them alone have they any importance; for those who have already made their choice they are vain and useless. But you Students of Occultism and Theosophy, you well know that a word, old as the world though new to you, has been declared at the beginning of this cycle. You well know that a note has just been struck which has never yet been heard by the mankind of the present era; and that a new thought is revealed, ripened by the forces of evolution. This thought differs from everything that has been produced in the nineteenth century; it is identical, however, with the thought that has been the dominant tone and key-stone of each century, especially the last — absolute freedom of thought for humanity.

Why try to strangle and suppress what cannot be destroyed? Why hesitate when there is no choice between allowing yourselves to be raised on the crest of the spiritual wave to the very heavens beyond the stars and the universes, or to be engulfed in the yawning abyss of an ocean of matter? Vain are your efforts to sound the unfathomable, to reach the ultimate of this wonderful matter so glorified in our century; for its roots grow in the Spirit and in the Absolute, they do not exist, yet they *are* eternally. This constant union with flesh, blood, and bones, the illusion of differentiated matter, does nothing but blind you. And the more you penetrate into the region of the impalpable atoms of chemistry the more you will be convinced that they only exist in your imagination. Do you truly expect to find in material life every reality and every truth of existence? But Death is at everyone's door, waiting to shut it upon a beloved soul that escapes from its prison, upon the soul which alone has made the body a reality; how then can it be that eternal love should associate itself absolutely with ever-changing and ever-disappearing matter?

But you are perhaps indifferent to all such things; how then can you say that affection and the souls of those you love concern you at all, since you do not believe in the very existence of such souls? It must be so. You have made your choice; you have entered upon that path which crosses nothing but the barren deserts of matter. You are self-condemned to wander there and to pass through a long series of similar lives. You will have to be contented henceforth with deliriums and fevers in place of spiritual experiences, of passion instead of love, of the husk instead of the fruit.

But you, friends and readers, you who aspire to something more than the life of the squirrel everlastingly turning the same wheel; you who are not content with the seething of the caldron whose turmoil results in nothing; you who do not take the deaf echoes of the dead past for the divine voice of truth; prepare yourselves for a future of which you have hardly dared to dream unless you have at least taken the first few steps on the way. For you have chosen a path, although rough and thorny at the start, that soon widens out and leads you to the divine truth. You are free to doubt while you are still at the beginning of the way, you are free to decline to accept on hearsay what is taught respecting the source and the cause of truth, but you are always able to hear what its voice is telling you, and you can always study the effects of the creative force coming from the depths of the unknown. The arid soil upon which the present generation of men is moving at the close of this age of spiritual dearth and of purely material satisfaction, has need of a divine symbol, of a rainbow of hope to rise above its horizon. For of all the past centuries our Nineteenth has been the most criminal. It is criminal in its frightful selfishness, in its scepticism which grimaces at the very idea of anything beyond the material; in its idiotic indifference to all that does not pertain to personal egotism — more than any of previous centuries of ignorant barbarism or intellectual darkness. Our century must be saved from itself before its last hour strikes. This is the moment for all those to act who see the sterility and folly of an existence blinded by materialism and ferociously indifferent to the fate of the neighbor; now is the time for them to devote all their energies, all their courage to the great intellectual reform. This reform can only be accomplished by Theosophy we say, by the Occultism of the Wisdom of the Orient. The paths that lead to it are many; but the Wisdom is one. Artistic souls foresee it, those who suffer dream of it, the pure in heart know it.

Those who work for others cannot remain blinded to its reality, though they may not recognize it by name. Only light and empty minds, egotistical and vain drones, confused by their own buzzing will remain ignorant of the supreme ideal. They will continue to exist until life becomes a grievous burden to them.

This is to be distinctly remembered, however: these pages are not written for the masses. They are neither an appeal for reforms, nor an effort to win over to our views the fortunate in life; they are addressed solely to those who are constitutionally able to comprehend them, to those who suffer, to those who hunger and thirst after some Reality in this world of Chinese Shadows. And for those, why should they not show themselves courageous enough to leave their world of trifling occupations, their pleasures above all and their personal interests, at least as far as those interests do not form part of their duty to their families or others? No one is so busy or so poor that he cannot create a noble ideal and follow it. Why then hesitate in breaking a path towards this ideal, through all obstacles, over every stumbling-block, every petty hindrance of social life, in order to march straight forward until the goal is reached?

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

Those who make this supreme effort are the true Theosophists.

RECENT CONFIRMATION OF H. P. BLAVATSKY'S TEACHINGS ABOUT ANCIENT CONTINENTS AND RACES: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)

THE London *Times' South American Supplement* (May 30) contains the first half of an article on the ancient people of Peru, in which the writer speaks of the gigantic works in masonry wrought by a people who lived there ages before the Incas. Being on the wrong side of the Andes for fertility, these people built the enormous irrigation systems which still exist; and the writer asks why they did not cross the Andes to the well-watered slopes and plains on the east. The extent to which they had explored their own country and its mountain heights proves that the other country should have been within their grasp. Yet they took all this trouble to make the western slopes fertile.

The answer given is — that in those days perhaps there *was* no land to the east of the Andes.

The writer then goes on to speak of the ancient continental distribution of land, of Atlantis, of the connexion between South America and Australasia, etc., in a way that is now growing familiar. People whose opinions are of weight are coming to see that the true explanation of the ancient American civilizations, as well as those of such isolated spots as Easter Island, with its marvelous statues, is to be sought along these lines. At the same time the subject has afforded a fertile field for cranks and others who pin their various fads or new gospels thereto. The latter, however, cannot last, but the truth is eternal. The myths will be exploded, but the actual facts as to past history will be proved.

In *The Secret Doctrine* H. P. Blavatsky sums up all the available speculation and information on the subject of these ancient continents and weaves it into consistency by applying to it the keys of the Wisdom-Religion. There is little doubt that her writings have contributed largely, in more or less direct ways, to many of the other published utterances on the question.

It is maintained, and with reason, by Theosophists, that the statements of H. P. Blavatsky refer to actual facts and must therefore one day be verified. The history of discovery and speculation since she wrote has already done much to confirm this conviction. But as her teachings with regard to the ancient continents are inseparably bound up with her statements as to the ancient races of mankind, and indeed

with the Theosophical teachings in general, it follows that these also will be confirmed.

The great importance of this enlarged knowledge about the human race and its history is that it so enlarges and ennobles our view of human life. Before the light of knowledge all narrow dogmas fade away. The errors of theology, the mistakes of scientific theory, our inadequate sociological ideas — all these must fade in the light which will be shed when the Theosophical teachings are more fully recognized. And all this remarkable progress in archaeology may be welcomed as one of the signs.

The publication to which reference has been made speaks of other countries of South America, but seems unable to do so without mentioning their antiquities. The Aztecs of Mexico, the Aymarás of Peru, come in for notice. The ancient people of Peru present analogies to the Egyptians, Babylonians, Indian peoples, Polynesians, and Malays, it is said; and some writers have theories about their connexion with Jews and Chinese. It is easy to see that speculation, left to itself, runs amuck among the theories.

The same writer, Comyns Beaumont, concludes his article on the ancient Peruvians in the issue for June 27, and says that:

> Central America, as the "Enterprise" or "Easter Divide," a large submarine ridge, indicates, was connected to the Pacific Continent. On the other side Central America was connected in the East with the Mediterranean by another continental mass that spread across the Atlantic Ocean, and of which today the Antilles, Azores, Canaries, and the Atlas Mountains in Morocco are the existing remains. Peru also was a member of this vast continental system. Apart from the evidence of geological strata, confirmation of this is obtained from the study of sea fauna. The marine deposits of Peru, Chile, and Ecuador belong to the same genus as those of Central America, and to find the corresponding genus elsewhere one must search in the Mediterranean. Precisely, therefore, as Europe, Asia, and Africa possess a continuous land connexion, at the epoch when the Peruvians were in the forefront of civilization there existed a world which comprised the regions of the Mediterranean (then very different from nowadays), the lost Atlantic Continent, Central America, and Peru, and the lost Pacific Continent which embraced lands not only in the Pacific Ocean, but continued to where the Indian Ocean now washes the shores of Africa, India, and Mesopotamia.

Thus a step is made in the fulfilment of H. P. Blavatsky's prophecy that the present century would witness a recognition of many of the teachings she outlined in her writings.

But there is still much to be done. And not the least important

point is to distinguish carefully between the " Sons of Light " and the " Sorcerers " among the mighty men of these perished lands. There was a true Wisdom and a false knowledge; and H. P. Blavatsky never fails to discriminate between those who preserved the light and those who fell into darkness. The Easter Island statues, for instance, she describes as resembling the sensual type of the Atlantean sorcerers rather than that of the " Buddhas " (so-called) of the Bamian colossi. The writer in the *Times Supplement* calls the Easter Island statues " Turanian," employing thereby such familiar classifications as he finds to hand; and in any case he distinguishes them from that higher type loosely designated by the term "Aryan." This " Turanian " type he finds also in Chaldaea, India, Central America, etc., and alludes to their habit of building pyramids.

Finally he shows how inadequate are the speculations of many anthropologists as to the antiquity of man. Human bones disintegrate after a comparatively short time; so that the few we find are such as have been accidentally preserved. And these ancient civilizations tend to disprove the conventional theories of human evolution — which theories, however, change from year to year.

THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF FOLK-MUSIC, as Exemplified in the Welsh National Melodies: by Kenneth Morris

GREAT attention is being paid nowadays to the collecting of old folk-songs in such countries as Ireland, Wales, and England; and there has been much discussion raised as to the nature and origin of a folk-song, properly so called. The subject is one of considerable interest, because it leads one to a point where the known and visible things melt away, and forces and influences of a deeper nature are at work. These may be called spiritual and formative; there is a hand guiding, but no one can see any hand; there is a creative mind at function, but it is not the mind of any human being.

In Wales one can still see the genuine folk-song coming into being; one can still watch, more or less, the processes incidental to its birth. In that country, poetry was never held to be a mere string of words that you could repeat as if you were reading an article from the newspaper; conversational methods of utterance are kept for conversation,

or for the lower levels of prose, and there is a peculiar chant used for verse. The poem is born with a music of its own; and if it have no such music innate in it, and inseparable from its words, then for all its rhymes and scansion it is no poetry. So in speaking their poems the bards give full value to this music, using a kind of chant which is called "*hwyl.*" The word means simply "sail"; the idea being that the inner music of the poem swells and extends and drives along the words, as the wind will fill and drive the sails of a ship. The method is perfectly natural; the least introduction of artificiality into it is absolutely damning: there you would get the desolating thump, thump, thump, of the motor boat instead of the free flow of the winds of heaven.

As regards the musical scale, this *hwyl* is mainly monotonous; there is another kind or direction of scale in it, depending on the varying vowel sounds, which, though you chant them upon one musical note, have a certain rise and fall in them proper to themselves. If one imagines the scale of *do, re, mi, fa,* and the rest as being in a vertical line; then this scale of *a, e, i, o, oo,* etc., would fall horizontally; we can think of no better way of making a likeness for it. The richness of the vowels will make the music, and therefore the poetry. One can see this by comparing two lines, both popularly supposed to be poetry.

I am monarch of all I survey;

there is no music in that, and if one should attempt to put the hwyl into it, he would be guilty of the sin of untruth, which is the greatest of the crimes against poetry, according to the ancient doctrine of the bards.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown

And one would be guilty of the same sin, should one repeat that lifelessly, and without the hwyl that existed around the mind of Keats before the line took verbal form, and out of which magical and alchemic element it was precipitated.

The bard, then, chants his poem, and the words are noted down, and pass from mouth to mouth; and as they pass, the horizontal scale takes on gradually some coloring of the vertical scale, and the chant becomes more and more a tune. The process is natural, and dependent upon no brain-mind; no composer gets to work upon it, and no one inserts in it consciously any ideas of his own. The Dorian mode,

which (we quote from Mrs. Mary Davies, an authority on Welsh music) has a minor third as well as a minor seventh; and the Aeolian or *la* mode, in which the third as well as the sixth and seventh are minor, are still largely in use in Wales; and we believe that these two modes represent a stage in the passing of the chanted poem, or the chant of the poem, into the full-fledged folk-tune. For one will sometimes hear an air which, in the printed collections is given in the arbitrary modern major or minor scales, sung a little differently, according to these older modes; and it would appear that all or nearly all the well-known Welsh national tunes have passed through such or similar stages.

It is here worthy of note that the Welsh hwyl — which is used not only in poetry, but in all the higher levels of prose as well, particularly in pulpit rhetoric — is not found, we believe, elsewhere in Europe, at any rate as a popular custom (for all poets *chant* and do not *say* their verses); but it is to be heard in Morocco, along the coast of Northern Africa, in Arabia, Persia, and throughout the East; where also certain of these older modes of music, such as the Dorian, are said to be in vogue to some extent. We imagine that the chant and the music-modes both vary as they go eastward; but it is a gradual growth or differentiation, not an abrupt change. The Persian poet, chanting his Hafiz, and the Welsh preacher, giving out the hymn, have much more in common with each other than either has with the modern conventional drawing-room reciter.

And then there is the national air, the last stage in the growth of that which began with some village bard's arrangement of his deep vowels and diphthongs. Long ago the words were forgotten, or lost all connexion with the tune they gave birth to; because at a certain stage the harpers took the tune up, and sang whatever words to it they might make up for the occasion. Such a tune as *All through the Night,* for example, would set out with such and such a bard on his wanderings. He would come to a wedding, and play it there, singing extempore verses to it filled full of joy and merriment. Then he would come to a house where there might be one newly dead; and his tune would again be called for; now it would be a dirge laden with mystical wailing and the joy that hides behind wailing. At the village fair it would appear as a dance; in the house of the warward chieftain it would ring and clamor with all the pomp and surging and uplift of the old wild, Quixotic, ridiculous wars. There would be different

songs for it on each occasion; one hardly troubled much with the preservation of them, for song was a thing that a gentleman could call upon himself for at any time. Why keep the songs you sang today, when tomorrow you would surely sing other songs as good? Poetry was of all things the cheapest and most general where every other man, as you might say, was a poet.

One hears this kind of thing at the present day. Very few of the Welsh national tunes have any traditional words to them. If there is any special song attached to this tune or that, it will probably be the work of Ceiriog, who may be called the Robert Burns of Wales, or of some individual bard in the last two or three centuries, who sang such and such words to the tune on such an occasion, or in whose tragic or amusing history those words and that tune blended were pivotal, and have passed into a popular tradition.

Generally speaking, the words sung to all these airs are what are called *Pennillion — hen bennillion,* old verses; a kind of traditional folk-poetry arising no one knows from whom, and commemorating popular wisdom, historical events, personal peculiarities and eccentricities of long dead countryside celebrities, the beauties and delights of this or that locality, and so on. There will be war-songs, love-songs, dance-songs, dirges and nature-songs; a pennill on the three best dancers of Wales, and a pennill on the three prized things of three neighboring villages: the yews of Bettws, the bridge at Llandeilo, the sacred well at Llandebie. Unnumbered are these pennillion; perhaps more many than the tunes themselves to which they may be sung.

II

THE old Welsh choirs and singing-parties — and they still do it, though of course foreign music, both the work of the great composers and the ribald stuff of the music halls, is making grand inroads — the old choirs would delight to take such and such a tune for the work of their evening, and sing song after song to it, now a dance, now a war-song, and now a dirge, one after the other; and whichever kind of song they might be singing, you would say that that tune was composed as, and could inevitably be, only suitable for that. You would say that, of course, by its very structure it would be impossible for it to be anything but martial; there was the very pride and beat of war in it; no blood could keep still, no feet forget to march at the sound of it. And then you would change your mind, and know that it could

never be anything but a dirge; there as obviously the whole secret of sorrow in it; you were at one, hearing it, with everyone who might be mourning for their dearest dead; and you too, with them, were initiated into marvelous hopes and superhuman certainties and joy — carried out of time wherein men die, into that timelessness wherein they neither die nor are born. And that too would pass, and the singers would bring you into careless summer-evening merriment, and for the life of you, there was no keeping your feet from the shaking and wandering of dance.

One hears the multifold music of the world; the innumerable rhythms and variations of melody; combinations and intricacies many as the thoughts in the minds of terrestrial beings. And of those thoughts themselves, there will be all manner of ranks and no democratic equality. Some will be clansmen, so to say, in the house of merriment, others in the house of grief; mere commonalty of the mind, wearing at any time all the badges of their clan. These are cheap, every-day wayfarers, and stir the same emotion, or bring the same colorlessness, into whatever mind they may enter and whenever they may enter it. Others will be chieftains and tribal leaders, entering with greater circumstance, and imposing a larger subjection. Good or evil, they too bear always their own colors; grief will be grief and joy will be joy; love will be love, and hatred never anything but hatred, of the emotions that follow in their train.

But there are some few archetypal thoughts that you cannot so docket and always rely upon. They are the kings and high bards, standing beyond the limitations of tribe and sept. They will come in what insignia and royal robings they may choose, and rouse up gladness or sorrow, stillness or militancy according to their will. Such thoughts are those of death, of duration, of humanity, of compassion. You have spoken no true nor final word on death, when you have proclaimed him the king of terrors; though indeed, the thought of august death comes often in sorrowful and terrible disguise. Yet behind that dark regalia, what serenity, what unstirred meditative calm, what " peace that passeth all understanding," lie hidden! Compassion, too, comes doubly robed in the purple; dark with the sorrow that is in pity; glowing with the regality and gladness of unity with universal life. It is at once the martial conqueror of the world, boundless in hope and exultation; the sweet ministrant of the wounded, and the mourner at the graves of the fallen.

I think that there are expressions of music that correspond to these supernal and superpersonal thoughts; and that they are in fact simple tunes, and that many of them must be to be found in the folk-music of all nations. They are, as it were, archetypal patterns of song, root rhythms, sprung absolutely from the fountains of feeling, where feeling has not yet been diversified into all its countless forms of pain and delight. I think that the most beautiful of the Welsh airs fall into this class, or into that other corresponding with what we have called the tribal leaders of the thought plane. The Marches of the Men of Harlech, of Glamorgan or Meirionydd — indeed every district in Wales seems to have had its own war-tune in the ancient days — these are always distinctly martial, and there is no possibility of mistaking them or of making them anything else. *Y Galon Drom, Anhawdd Ymadael, Morfa Rhuddlan* and a thousand others, again, are always dirges; to *Gyrru'r Byd o'm Blaen,* or to *Pwt ar y Bys,* you would never dream of doing anything but dance. All have with them a certain distinction and aristocracy in their own kind: about folk-music there is nearly always a bearing and a value, and vulgarity is impossible to the bulk of it. But beyond and higher than these there are those archetypal tunes which stir the source of whatever feeling they may be directed towards; one might mention perhaps *Llwyn On,* the Ash Grove, as a good example. There are hundreds of them among the Welsh airs.

Now the whole point of our inquiry is this — what was the creative or directing mind that brought these things to be? It was not the bard who first chanted the song; it was no one of the thousands of singers who modified and modified it as they passed it on, until presently the fixed tune was evolved, and changes and modifications ceased. These were all instruments in its evolution; but there was also an evolver. For it was brought, if indeed it is a primeval and radical thing, to no haphazard conclusion. The music that you make up is one thing; the music of the spheres is another: though it might happen indeed. that sitting down to compose, there should be revealed to you a measure from the music of the spheres. No doubt that would have happened occasionally — probably only occasionally — with the great transcendent geniuses of music: but then, there was no great transcendent genius, neither Wagner nor Bach nor Beethoven, concerned in the making of the folk-tune. We can posit the soul of Beethoven, wrapt up into the universal soul, hearing immortal immeasurable

things, and after, producing some fragment of them in a sonata or a symphony. But what soul was it here, who heard the rhythm and measure of the star-music, and what the mountains are singing in their hearts to make them eternal, and the song that drives the rivers and the rain, and the bardic carol of the sun, and the ineffable yearning of the souls of men, upward towards their divinity and evolutionary destined grandeur — who heard, and set all these things bleakly and magnificently down in the folk-song? I will not apologize for speaking of the folk-song and the sonata in one breath: of the gods also are the mountain and the pansy.

Do we not see here the working of a Soul greater than that of any individual; the soul of the nation; the God that is this people or that? His compositions are marked by a unity, as are those of any composer: you can tell an Irish Air at a hearing, or a Welsh Air. And He, or It, reveals through them greater and deeper things than are known to any individual among his people; ancient memories that *they* may have wholly forgotten; aspirations after spiritual glories which not one of them may have ever foreseen or hoped for. So all the deepest things that are in the national consciousness may be poured through the playing of these composerless compositions; and we cannot doubt that they remain a most potent link between the people and its hidden divinity.

LAPLAND: by P. F.

ORE than one-fourth of Sweden is occupied by that vast wilderness, Lapland. It is a remnant of archaic nature; its majestic snow-crowned peaks are all of the very oldest geological structure. In primeval times it was a compact mass of rock-ground; but time, with the aid of water and ice, has formed a network of valleys between the remaining ranges and peaks, and great lakes receive the melting snow and preserve its crystalline purity, mirroring the snow-capped giants; from them the water seeks its way to the sea by numerous mighty rivers, winding around the towering masses and making many a daring leap down gorges in foaming and roaring and whirling play.

It is a wilderness of singular beauty and serene atmosphere, and one who has once tasted of its life will ever thereafter feel the longing

for its grandeur and silence; for where can man feel the pulse of real life better than in places like this where the eternal snow protects the original purity of Nature? It has been found that the farther north one passes, the more alive become the soil and rock, radiating life in such abundance that it can often be actually seen as a kind of electric discharge. In summer-time, there is no vegetation like that around and above the Polar Circle, no colors and fragrance of flowers like those to be found in the sanctuary of these remote valleys where human foot so seldom intrudes. And where can one witness such interplay between Earth and its outer atmospheric layers, manifesting in all the varied phenomena of northern lights and mystic, trembling color-screens? One could sometimes fancy himself in the very forecourt of a grander mode of existence.

H. P. Blavatsky tells us in *The Secret Doctrine* that these mountain ranges were part of previous great continents occupied by earlier great races of humanity. What have they not witnessed? At one time in far-past aeons, enjoying a tropical climate, fertile soil, and a golden human life in all the bounteousness of Nature; at another, resting for ages below the water, or stripped of their luxuriant garb by a mighty ice-cover. Truly the history of it all is written somewhere and somehow even now; and as one treads the archaic rock-ground in a solitude that seems teeming with life, one begins to understand something of the language of the great silence around, and to feel the presence of the ancient past.

Since prehistoric times the Lapps, with their nomadic herds of reindeer, have been the warders of this pristine land. But like most ancient remnants of human races they are at present rapidly disappearing, and the "Sons of the Sun," as the Lapps call themselves, have had to give up much of their ground to the children of the present civilization. Lapland is entering upon a new era; railroads have already found their way across the wastes to bring its immense reserves of iron-ore out to the world; its waterfalls are being harnessed in the service of man; and its natural resources utilized in many novel ways. Though at the same latitude as southern Greenland, its climate is by no means so forbidding; it is, moreover, undergoing a slow but sure change which seems to be one of the causes why the reindeer are dying out. Evidently there are mighty forces at work, rendering hitherto shielded places on Earth accessible to our civilization as a preparation for a new phase of life awaiting all humankind.

CULTIVATING GENIUS FOR MUSIC:
by E. A. Neresheimer

THE natural gift for music which during recent years is so frequently found in very young children of all civilized nations, is a phenomenon that has given rise to much speculation on the part of active theorists. However, the " brain molecule " scientists have been significantly silent on that — to them — perplexing question, and so have the other doctors of learning who explain every human quality on a theory of " hereditary transmission." Nor does the " gift of God, or Holy Spirit " theory explain this wonderful but most natural manifestation of the progress of the human soul.

No theory will account for these and other gifts in children, that has not for its basis knowledge of the natural growth from one life to another — reincarnation.

When we reflect how diligently the smallest accomplishment must be earned before we can call it our own, and how delightfully secure we are in its possession when once we have attained to it, the question is then more like this: May it not be that a musical prodigy is after all *the Soul himself* that has labored through many lives on earth with ceaseless diligence, following its aspirations and love for music, and is now earning the fruitage thereof?

Many people say: " Oh! I am so fond of music "; but they never go to a concert or to an opera; nor are they any more fond of music in reality than of hearing themselves talk, because the beginning of music is to them the sign to begin a conversation quickly. To the majority music scarcely yet exists.

There are some people who have a quiet love for music; they go unobtrusively to places where good music is made, listen with attention, and go home in a serene, satisfied mood. Such persons, from their youth on, embrace every opportunity to hear music in high and low places; they look longingly at the instruments displayed in music-stores and, perchance, in the hours that others devote to rest or folly, they plod away for years unaided, practising on some unsuitable instrument. No one pays particular attention to such a budding artist. Perhaps he himself is not aware that his judgment grows better, riper, keener; that the finer distinctions of music are becoming to him sharply defined and thus satisfactory to his consciousness; his ear, too, waxes critical at dissonances, and his very soul also

delights in the musical gems, in the flowing rhythms and harmonies.

The long weary days that are drowned for the multitude in an ocean of sensation, do not exist for the person who is deeply, truly, interested in music. Such a one may not hear music for days or weeks, nor have any particular melody running through his brain; but in his sub-conscious mind there is such a reservoir of harmonies that flow and flow all the time, making him thoughtful, meditative, happy. He laughs or sighs like other people, but there is something besides, that shows in his countenance or manner, something that one instinctively feels is lofty; perhaps it is music running through his blood, singing all the while.

There are some who by Karma's decree have a father or a mother who recognize a little talent for music in the child and let him be taught, and by encouragement promote his musical development. This is like bestowing a priceless treasure on the one so favored, for now he enters upon the realm of one of the mysteries of the Eternal.

Once begun, there is no end. On and on goes the progress, revealing with each step an ever-widening horizon of beauty, love, happiness.

The musician goes inward, ever inward. All is being transformed and remodeled in his soul. The tears are music, the joys are music, the whole world is music; men and women are like harps on which to play; he can sway them from one extreme mood to another; and he? — he really owns the world, never to lose it!

On the other hand there are some who practise on a musical instrument for hours every day. Years roll by, but there seems to be no progress made, at least there is no appreciation of progress at the hands of other persons. Still, the musicians belonging to this class do not seem to be discouraged. They may grow old the while, but never relax in their aspirations. What for? Think you, perhaps, that all this one-pointedness, this expenditure of energy to attain to an ideal, will be lost when the man dies? Not so! Nothing is ever lost. Nature preserves everything. Every single effort leaves its imprint upon the soul in which the result finally inheres. When such a life has come to its end the people may say: "Poor musician! he labored all his lifetime and accomplished nothing!" But see! when a boy suddenly appears who at the age of eight years can play an instrument, surmounting the most difficult technique with great ease, almost as if he had known it before he commenced — what then? We begin to look around for the hereditary connexion; and here we see quite often that

neither his parents nor cousins or any relations have or had any trace of such talent.

How comes it then that the prodigy can do this without having to learn it like other people? May it not be that he has really learned it at some time, *in another life* and stored it away in his soul, and now, he simply manifests most naturally what is his own?

Truly, artists are not made out of nothing. They are made out of all these things that they previously, diligently and persistently, labored for. Every bit of it, every feeling, every emotion, and every touch of the heart, of the head, and of the hand that they now manifest is of their own making, without any miracle or extraneous grace. Thus is Genius for music cultivated.

GLIMPSES OF SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY:

by Per Fernholm, M. E., Royal Institute of Technology (Stockholm)

WHEN the fragments still left of Scandinavian mythology, scattered in the Icelandic sagas and tales, are carefully put together, they give a grand picture of the history of Earth and Man from the first dawn of the present great Day of evolution. Clear and scientific in the broad outlines, they will some day surely prove a gold-mine of useful knowledge for future researches into the past. Nor do they stop with the history of the past and its blending with the present, but go farther and picture the destruction of life as we know it in a purifying fire, and show how a new earth arises from the sea, whereon a new and lasting Golden Age will be enjoyed by Gods and men.

When Earth had assumed its shape and was ready to receive living beings, the Creative Wisdom permeated the elements and in the ensuing fermentation the cow Audumla appeared. Licking the salt rocks she liberated from the life-germs of the various elements a great and beautiful being endowed with a divine spirit. He became the father of the Gods who rule and protect the world of Man in this cycle.

Drops of venom from the Fount of Frost grew to another being, the giant Ymer, who nourished by Audumla's milk brought into being various giants, some good, but many evil and horrible. Among the good are the wise Mimer, the guardian of the Fount of Wisdom at

one of the three roots of the world-tree, Yggdrasil; and the three Norns, Urd, Verdande and Skuld — Urd, the Norn of the Present, being the guardian of the Fount of Life at another of Yggdrasil's roots.

Odin knew his mighty task as chief ruler of human life in this cycle. But he was not yet perfect and felt himself lacking in strength; therefore he went to Mimer to drink from the Fount of Wisdom. None, not even the Gods, can, however, win this precious drink without proving his worthiness, and here at the very outset we meet with the great example of self-sacrifice. Odin gave up himself to his greater Self, remained for " nine days and nights " in Yggdrasil without food or drink, looking inward to the roots of things, listening to the mystic song out of the depth. Purified and prepared, he was allowed to drink from the water of Wisdom and learned from Mimer nine wonderful and potent songs. And Odin grew henceforth rapidly in knowledge and creative power.

Presiding over the Gods and the various hierarchies in Nature he then began to make Earth a fitting habitation for man. That done, Odin visited Midgard with his two brothers, Höner and Lodur, and there on the shore they found two trees, " powerless and without destiny." Lodur loosened them from their connexion with earth, giving them power to move and act from inner impulses, and made them images of the Gods; Höner endowed them with a human Ego, having consciousness and will; and finally Odin gave them the most precious gift, the spirit.

In the childhood of the Earth men long lived in a golden age of unbroken peace, knowing of no evil. But there came a time when two beings among the giants, both adopted by the Gods as members of the Asgard family, appeared among men tempting them to evil things, the man Loke, and the woman Gullveig (the golden way, or stream), Gullveig being the worse. To strengthen the good in human hearts, enlighten them and prepare them for coming days of strife, the Gods sent to Midgard as Teacher Heimdall, the Shining One, the God of the pure and most sacred fire. He brought with him many things not before seen in Midgard, and as the ruler of the people he instructed them in cultivating the soil, in sowing the seed he had brought, and in preparing bread; in carving and forging, spinning and weaving, cutting runes and reading. He taught them how to tame animals for domestic use, to build houses and to form families and communities;

also the use of weapons in protection against animals. And further he informed them of the rules laid down by the Norns for a righteous life, and of the names and functions of the Gods. He showed them how to build altars and temples for worship, and brought to them the pure and undefiled fire produced by friction, the only one worthy of burning in the shrine of the Gods; and then he taught them the sacred songs that ever since have sounded from the lips of men in praise of divine powers.

But even now Gullveig began her wanderings among men and secretly taught them runes and songs which counteracted Heimdall's teachings. When the Gods became aware of this, they had her burned; but her heart was proof against fire. Loke found it, and swallowing it he brought into the world the monster-wolf Fenris, which feeds on all the evil thoughts and feelings among men.

Gullveig soon incarnated again and continued her ways unrecognized for a long period. When discovered she was burned a second time, Loke again finding her heart and giving life to the giantess of pestilence, Leikin. The same thing happened a third time, and then was born the Midgard-Snake, destined to grow rapidly and finally to encircle the whole earth.

While Gullveig spread ruin in human life, Loke caused enmity and strife among the powers of nature and even among the Gods. Many were the resulting wars in Asgard, besides the constant warfare against the giants; and always they were followed by wars in Midgard. At last the Gods were divided to such a degree that Odin, rather than cause the death of many of his nearest kin, left Asgard and the guidance of humanity in the care of the Vaner Gods, who otherwise presided over the regular course of the processes of Nature. When the giants learned this they thought it a fit time to gain supremacy not only over Midgard but even over Asgard itself. Odin knew this in good time, through his power of prevision, and he issued from his retreat " far in the East " to warn the Vaner Gods and offer them assistance. The fearful resulting war united the Gods once more, after which Odin was freely offered the high seat in Asgard, where, purified and perfected by experience and adversity he now rules with wisdom until the last day of the cycle.

Heimdall " died " in Midgard before the golden age was over, and he was followed by his son Sköld-Borgar. His son, Halfdan, became the first king, and led the people in all the battles that followed

in the new age, while constantly overshadowed by the Gods. On the other side the chief was Od-Svipdag, a most heroic and valiant champion. War after war raged, one of them being so frightful that a new generation had to grow up before new armies could be collected.

Svipdag is a most remarkable character, who journeys to the Underworld and obtains the "avenging sword" which nothing can resist, not even the hammer of Thor. The fate of the world seems to depend on his mind, when at the critical moment his love for the Goddess Fröja turns his steps to Asgard, in order to make peace with the Gods. He then lives mostly in Asgard with Fröja and is sent by the Gods on many difficult journeys, even to the Underworld to find whether Balder, the God of purity, who had died when strife came into the world, could not return from his safe retreat near the Fount of Wisdom.

The great Ice period is described as coming in Halfdan's days, the people being obliged to leave the Northern countries for more southern climes. But when the ice at last receded they went back step by step northward, fighting continual battles. Halfdan at last dies by Svipdag's sword, and is followed by his brave son, Hadding. And thus we reach the present age, which is depicted as one of supreme darkness. Seldom nowadays the Gods appear before men, for they are few who by a righteous and sincere life keep the link unbroken with the regions in the crown of Yggdrasil. The evil is increasing all the time; men have forgotten their divine birth, and they prostitute their divine powers. Yet above the veil of darkness the Gods rule as ever, helping wherever there is an opportunity; while elves and dwarfs and all the other nature sprites continue to fulfil their duties in the economy of nature, although no longer seen by men.

Much is said about the process of death. Man is made up of six principles, and death is a purification whereby the higher and purer elements, after passing through the second death, go to the bliss of the presence of the Gods. If man in life has developed his "inner body" by noble living, then he passes easily through the trials and the judgment of the Gods. If not, then he is held down by the demons of passion and lust and meets torture and suffering.

Of Reincarnation there is little in the form of direct statement, probably partly because carefully removed in Christian times, and partly because it forms an integral part of the whole conception of life found in all ancient sagas. Some of the heroes are, however, named

in more than one incarnation, showing the same soul in different garments. The noblest and the worst reincarnate almost immediately; for others some time has first to elapse.

In the efflorescence of time the hour will at length arrive for Ragnarök, the great purifying battle and fire, when evil will be destroyed in the final war between good and evil. The Gods assemble with their faithful, Odin leading, majestic, calm and wiser than ever, knowing that he and most of the Gods will have to buy the victory with their lives. The different groups on both sides are pictured with matchless boldness and vividness, and we see how each has to meet his fate. Odin is killed by the Fenris Wolf; Thor kills the Midgard Snake, but falls dead from its venom. The giants who have possessed themselves of the "avenging sword" use it in the battle, but at the same moment their fate is sealed. For this sword was so forged that if swung by a giant it would destroy the giant world.

At the close of the fearful battle the very foundations of the earth seem to tremble. Fires rise towards heaven, and amid flame and smoke and destruction — the Gods still living — Odin's sons Vidar and Vale, and Thor's sons Magne and Mode, ride to the Underworld, to Balder's peaceful land, where neither death nor destruction are.

And the old earth finally sinks into the sea, dissolved into slag and ashes. The flames die. The air is purified by the fire, the sky is bluer than ever. From the sea arises a new earth, covered with luxuriant vegetation. It is the regions of the Underworld near the Founts of Wisdom and Life, the lands of Mimer and Urd, that now appear. Those founts, so long nearly dry, again flow copiously, and Yggdrasil is fresh and green. The days of golden life return to Gods and men. Balder assumes full sway, and the new earth is peopled from the two races who have been spared for that purpose, living in purity unstained along with Balder during the age of darkness. Even animals have been spared in the same way and enjoy the new Day. It is the happy Day of Balder the Pure and Righteous.

But even this is not the final scene, according to the Northern mythology. A mightier Being than even Balder will come after him, descending upon a still higher and more purified earth. It is the unnamed God whose servant Urd is, One whose spirit blendeth with all living things by virtue of the Fount of Wisdom — an omnipotent God, a God bringing highest peace, who will then "establish a worship that will endure forevermore."

THE DIPYLON AND THE OUTER CERAMICUS:

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

THE Dipylon or "Double Gate" (so named because it consisted of an inner and an outer gateway, separated by a court), was the principal entrance of classical Athens at the west end of the city. Probably, it was built under Perikles' directions on the site of the still older Thriasian Gate, but the extant remains which are shown in the accompanying illustration belong to a somewhat later alteration. The gateway itself, because of its size and position (it was at the lowest point of the city walls) was surrounded by massive fortifications. The inner wall with the upright stone, marking one of the boundaries of the Outer Ceramicus or ancient Potters' quarters just outside the city, was built by Themistokles, but the outer wall shown in the illustration was probably added by Perikles. About sixty yards to the west of the Dipylon, that is to the right of the illustration, is a smaller gateway, which is thought to be the Sacred Gate, used for the exit and entrance of the Procession of Mystics during the celebration of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

In ancient times three roads lined with tombs led from the Dipylon, namely, the Road to the Academy, the Sacred Way leading to Eleusis, and the Road to the harbor, the Peiraeeus. Along the Road leading to the Academy were buried those who had died fighting for their country on land and on sea. The public burials were made at the end of each campaign, when the bones of the slain were placed in coffins of cypress wood, one coffin for each of the ten Athenian tribes, and an empty one, serving symbolically for the burial of those whose bodies could not be recovered. Citizens and strangers alike were permitted to join in the procession, and as the coffins were lowered, a speaker publicly appointed ascended a lofty pulpit and delivered an oration in honor of the dead.

Thukydides says:

> The public cemetery is situated in the most beautiful spot outside the walls and there the Athenians always bury those who fall in war; but after the battle of Marathon the dead in recognition of their pre-eminent valor were interred on the field.

It was here in the winter of 431 B. C., while delivering his immortal funeral oration that Perikles declared:

> It is difficult to say neither too little nor too much. I do not commiserate the

parents of the dead: I would rather comfort them. Those men may be deemed fortunate who have gained the greatest honor. To you who are sons and brothers of the departed I see that the struggle to emulate them will be an arduous one. The dead have been honorably interred and it remains only that their children should be maintained at the public charge until they are grown up; this is the solid prize with which, as with a garland, Athens crowns her sons, living and dead.

The tombs of many of the most famous figures in Greek history were in this public cemetery, including those of Harmodios and Aristogeiton, the Tyrannicides; Kleisthenes, the Law-giver; Perikles, the greatest Athenian Statesman; Thrasybulos, the Liberator, who overthrew the Thirty Tyrants; Chabrias; Phormio; Konon and Timotheus, father and son, "second only to Miltiades and Kimon for their brilliant feats"; and Lykurgos, the son of Lykophron, the Athenian orator and statesman, who finished the Dionysiac Theater in stone and built the Docks at the Peiraeeus.

The public tombs which once lined the Road to the Academy seem to have been almost entirely destroyed, but many of the private tombs along the Sacred Way may still be seen *in situ.* Some of these, which have been well preserved (thanks to the fact that they were covered by a huge mound in 86 B. C. when the Roman Cornelius Sulla was besieging Athens), are shown in the second illustration.

THE THEOSOPHIC TORCH: by Grace Knoche

O the great benefactor who points the Way! To Triptolemus have all men erected temples and altars, because he gave us food by cultivation; but to him who discovered truth, and brought it to light and communicated it to all — not the truth which shows us how to live *but how to live well* — who of you has built an altar for this, or a temple, or has dedicated a statue, or who worships God for this? — *Epictetus*

THE final stitches are taken in the little garment which has stood for the evening's duty. It is folded and laid aside, to fill on the morrow a need as impersonal as the service that need inspired, silent tribute to a system of work so practical and so perfect in its conservation of energy that the world is already clamoring at Lomaland gates to be let into the secret. A pile of loved books — very tiny ones, *The Voice of the Silence,* the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ, Patañjali,* and the rest — lies beside the sewing-basket, jostling the newspaper, which, because of the temporary need of another, at present has to be given room. But I brush it aside

to take up one of the little writings — any one of them, from cover to cover, would hardly make up a newspaper page — thankful that if the frothy and distempered bilge-water of current crime and gossip *does* have to lie before me, I do not have to drink of it; grateful that even in the present heyday of lower psychological influences I am free to drink what I will, free to pick my associates from among the immortals — if I choose. And so we parry, and give and take, question on my part and answer on his — small wonder that H. P. B. paid tribute to his philosophy and W. Q. J. to his life, this grand old Roman whose company for an hour any one would be proud to have — Epictetus!

O the great benefactor who points the Way!

This, a tribute to the Helpers of Humanity by one who was humbly, yet with the courage of Hercules, trying to fire the mind of his age with the torch-gleam of a true philosophy of life — Theosophy in fact, but adapted to the conditions of his time, a fevered and cruel time, though with gleams of nobility and spiritual splendor here and there.

What a picture comes before one of this brave old Roman Socrates, banished in his last years from Rome by the Emperor Domitian — for the crime of being a philosopher! And then another picture — of the Epictetus as the Rome of Nero knew him, young but never strong, weakly, lame, the abused slave of Nero's profligate secretary; allowed by his owner to study philosophy because it chanced to be the fashion in wealthy Rome to number wise men among one's "possessions" as one numbered cocks and fine horses; Epictetus, a slave, often in chains, tortured at his master's whim — but a Torch-bearer of the Truth!

Although a disciple of Rufus, the great Stoic teacher of the time, Epictetus himself claiming no superiority to his teacher whom he lovingly quotes, the conviction forces itself upon one that the latter bathed in a wider ocean of truth than that of Stoicism as a doctrine. He quotes Socrates, Plato, Diogenes, far more than Zeno; he had no part in the tolerance of many Stoics to the idea of suicide. And we hear him down the ages fulminating against the Academics, the Epicureans, the Skeptics; declaring the Godhood, the Divinity, of man; immortality, the higher law, man's obligation to study human nature *in its duality;* Karma, the power of the Spiritual Will, the

royal road to happiness; and man's obligation to integrity, fidelity, compassion, reverence, gratitude, trust, love, wisdom and a noble use of power. What was he banished for? what is it that he said?

If Caesar should adopt you, no one could endure your arrogance; to know, then, that you are the son of Zeus — will you not be elated? . . . You are a superior thing; you are a portion separated from the Deity; you have in yourself a certain portion of Him. Why then are you ignorant of your own noble descent? When you are in social intercourse, when you are exercising yourself, when you are engaged in discussion, *know you not that you are nourishing a god, that you are exercising a god?*

But give me directions, you say. Why should I give you directions? Has not Zeus given you directions? What directions, what kind of orders, did you bring *when you came from Him?* To keep what is your own; not to desire what is not your own. Fidelity is your own, and integrity, and modesty and virtue; for who can take these things from you? who, excepting yourself, can hinder you from using them? Having such promptings and commands from Zeus, what kind do you still ask from me? Am I more powerful than he, am I more worthy of confidence?

If you would make anything a habit, do it; if you would not make it a habit, do not do it. . . . So with respect to the soul: when you have been angry you must know that not only has this evil befallen you, but that you have also increased the habit, and in a manner increased the habit thrown fuel on the fire. . . . For he who has had a fever, and has been relieved from it, is not in the same state that he was before, unless he has been completely cured. *Something of the kind happens also in diseases of the soul. Certain traces and blisters are left in it, and unless a man shall completely efface them, when he is again lashed in the same places, the lash will produce not welts but sores.*

It is circumstances (difficulties) which show what men are. Therefore, when a difficulty falls upon you, remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough young man. For what purpose? you may say. Why, that you may become an Olympic conqueror; *but it is not accomplished without sweat.* . . . Hercules, when he was being exercised by Eurytheus, never deemed himself wretched; but fulfilled courageously all that was laid upon him. But he who shall cry out and bear it hard when he is being exercised by Zeus, is he worthy to bear the scepter of Diogenes?

The philosopher's school, ye men, is a surgery; you ought not to go out of it with pleasure but with pain, for you are not in sound health when you enter: one has dislocated his shoulder, another has an abscess . . . another a headache. And shall I sit and utter to you little thoughts and exclamations, that you may praise me and go away, one with his shoulder in the same condition as when he entered, another with his head still aching, and a third with his fistula or his abscess just as they were? Is it for this that young men quit home and leave their parents and friends, their kinsmen and property, that they may say to you,

Wonderful! when you are uttering your exclamations? Did Socrates do this, or Zeno, or Cleanthes?

Diogenes well said to one who asked from him letters of recommendation, "That you are a man he will know as soon as he sees you; and he will know whether you are good or bad if he has, through experience, the skill to distinguish the good and the bad; but if he has not, he would not know though I were to write him ten thousand times." For it is just the same as if a drachma asked to be recommended to a person. If he is skilful in testing silver, he will know you (the drachma) for what you are. We ought then in life to be able to have some such skill as in the case of silver coin, that we may be able to say, like the judge of silver, Bring me any drachma and I will test it.

When Florus was deliberating whether he should go down to Nero's spectacles, and also perform in them, he asked Agrippinus for advice, and Agrippinus said, Go down. But why do you not go down? said Florus; and Agrippinus replied, I do not even deliberate about the matter; *for he who has brought himself to calculate the value of external things, is very near to those who have forgotten their own character.*

But if I do not take part, I shall have my head struck off. Go then, said Agrippinus, and take part; but I will not. Why? Because you consider yourself to be only one common thread in the tunic; it is then fitting for you to take thought how you shall be like the rest of men. But I wish to be purple, that small part which is bright, *and makes all the rest appear graceful and beautiful.*

Katherine Tingley said recently in one of her intimate talks on the subject of the individual responsibility of students in being given the opportunity to bring a deeper than the common touch into the production of *The Aroma of Athens:*

We are just now at a strange point in the cycle and in many ways are linking ourselves with the past.

May not one evidence of this be an easier recognition of the Theosophic Light that has been passed from hand to hand down the ages? Many have been its disguises, many and strange the lamps holding it, often obscured it has been, again nameless — but ever the one Light, the one Flame, shining upon and enlightening all men.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SOLIDS:

by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E., M. Inst. C. E. I.

STUDENTS of *The Secret Doctrine* and of ancient teachings such as those of Pythagoras, the Kabala, and the sacred books of different races and epochs, are often puzzled by the frequent references to Number, and to elementary plane forms like the circle, triangle, and square. It may be surmised that these symbols refer to *meta*-physical forces of various orders concealed within the " atom " and within nature generally. For nature is built, obviously enough, upon some internal principles of structural harmony. Without discussing the many avenues of thought suggested by a study of the five regular solids, the main features of these forms may be briefly summarized.

In the first place, they may be all considered as generated by Twelve Points on the surface of the Sphere, at equal adjacent distances, or by six diameters of the sphere mutually inclined at angles whose tangent is 2, the number of the octave in music. Joining each of the twelve with every other point, we have 66 lines, of which 36 are internal. Six of the latter being diameters, there remain 30, intersecting at 20 points, which give the 30 edges of the internal DODECAHEDRON. The 30 outer, or external lines of the 66, form the edges of the ICOSAHEDRON.

Joining one set of alternate corners of the Dodecahedron by 12 lines, a CUBE appears. So far, there are 33 points defined, including the center of the sphere. Joining opposite corners on each Cube-face by 12 lines, *two* interlaced TETRAHEDRONS appear. These define, by their intersection, 6 new points and 12 new lines forming the OCTAHEDRON, beautifully poised in the heart of the Sphere.

Thus only 39 points, including the central point, are needed to define the Pythagorean solids, only one solid form being repeated, the Tetrahedron, which in fact is seen to repeat itself ten times. For between the interlaced Tetrahedron corners and the eight faces of the included Octahedron, eight smaller Tetrahedrons are seen.

The interlaced Tetrahedrons suggest the origin of the plane symbol — the interlaced triangles; but the full beauty of the symbol does not appear until we notice that the axis of symmetry of the Tetrahedrons coincides with the diagonal of the Cube, and that the orthographic projection of all these on a plane perpendicular to the diagonal gives a perfect hexagon with the interlaced triangles in the center.

The interlaced Tetrahedrons — one a reflection of the other — in fact define the eight corners of the Cube. The Tetrahedron is " 3," and the Cube is " 4 " (or 6). So we see one way in which the " three fall into the four," and why it is a septenary, and a decad, as well as a three, or a four, according to the various aspects and interrelations considered of the electric, rotary, magnetic, or vibratory forces symbolized by the various lines.

Science has already reached the speculation that the hypothetical carbon " atom " has a tetrahedronal form. Let us look at this Tetrahedron with the eye opposite the middle of an edge and in line with the center. The two opposite edges now form the Cross, composed of two equal lines, but separated by a space. One is reminded of an electric wire, and a magnetized needle placing itself at right angles to, although at some distance from, the current in the wire. Thus the opposite edges, whether as rotational vectors or in some other way, indicate a connexion with the dual forces of attraction and repulsion. The Tetrahedron, a triangular pyramid, may be a Fire-symbol. In any case the following passage is suggestive:

> When the molecules of salt, clustering together, begin to deposit themselves as a solid, the first shape they assume is that of triangles, of small pyramids and cones. It is the figure of *fire,* whence the word *" pyramids ";* while the second geometrical figure in *manifested* nature is a square or a cube, 4 and 6; for, " the particles of earth being cubical, those of fire are pyramidal " truly — (Enfield). The pyramidal shape is that assumed by the pines — the most primitive tree after the fern period. Thus the two opposites in cosmic nature — fire and water, heat and cold — begin their metrographical manifestations, one by a trimetric, the other by a hexagonal system. For the stellate crystals of snow, viewed under a microscope, are all and each of them a double or treble six-pointed star, with a central nucleus, like a miniature star within the larger one. (*The Secret Doctrine,* II, 594.)

The number Five penetrates the whole system of the Five solids in a remarkable way. Thus there are 24 pentagons visible, and by joining other corners of the Dodecahedron, Five Cubes are seen, which of course produce Five Octahedrons, and twice that number of principal interlaced Tetrahedrons. Five has been said to be the Number of Life.

Confining ourselves to one rectangular system, we find Four axes of symmetry for the Tetrahedrons and Three for Cube and Octahedron. Thus there are really 73 principal lines in the complete system defined by the 39 points. A study of the three principal orthographic

projections shows that the circle should be divided into 3, 4, 5, 6, parts, and the products of these, or 360 degrees. Certain angles are found in abundance, such as 36, 60, 72, 90, 108, 144; and their combinations and products by 10 and 12, and their multiples, give figures bearing a strong resemblance to the various cyclic periods of eastern chronology. Periodic orbits are vibrations on a large scale.

Twice the perimeter of an Icosahedron-face divided by the perimeter of a Dodecahedron-face is 3.1416, the value of π used in all ordinary scientific and constructional work.

The actual error is so small that if both were accurately made of copper at the same temperature, the Icosahedron-face would only have to be brought rather more than one degree Fahrenheit below the temperature of the other for the π value to be absolutely correct. Accuracy of this sort is unattainable outside of specially equipped laboratories. So the Pythagorean solids may be said to "square the circle."

THE "BLACK AGE": by Ariomardes

LET us imagine a romance, such as most people must have heard, wherein some royal child is stolen away and reared amidst peasants in ignorance of his birth; and where some wise man comes and reveals to the youth the secret of his parentage. The young man forthwith steps out from his lowly life, and clothed in a new self-respect, begins to acquit himself worthily of his origin and destiny.

Thus has Theosophy declared to outcast humanity, "Thou art the king's son"; and in proof it has referred him to his ancestry. This is why H. P. Blavatsky, pointing out in the skein of history certain clues which scholars have hitherto overlooked, started that greater enthusiasm for archaeology which since her day has already borne such wonderful fruit.

In a dark age there is the danger that man might forget his divine origin altogether. The revelations of archaeology confirm the teachings of Theosophy that before the dark age of our historical period set in, there were brighter ages; and by showing what man has been, they are indicating what he may again be in the future.

The epochs and durations of the various ages are not uniform all over the earth, so that it cannot be said that the black age began, for the earth generally, at any definite time. The ancient Hindûs have their own chronology, showing the dates of the different ages for their race. We find in a very ancient work, the *Vishnu-Purâna,* a prophecy of the characteristics of Kali-Yuga or the "Black Age," from which the following extracts are taken:

> Then property alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond of union between the sexes; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation; and women will be objects merely of sensual gratification. Earth will be venerated but for its mineral treasures; the Brahmânical thread will constitute a Brâhman; external types (as the staff and red garb) will be the only distinctions of the several orders of life; dishonesty will be the (universal) means of subsistence; weakness will be the cause of dependence; menace and presumption will be substituted for learning; liberality will be devotion; simple ablution will be purification; mutual assent will be marriage; fine clothes will be dignity. . . . Amidst all castes, he who is the strongest will reign over a principality thus vitiated by many faults. — iv, ch. xxiv. (From H. H. Wilson's translation, vol. iv, pp. 226-228.)

Some of these details may be thought to apply more to the East, some to the West; we can surely recognize many of the characteristics of our own civilization. What is particularly striking is the way in which things which we regard as inevitable qualities of human nature are here spoken of with horror and classed among the iniquities. And there are signs in our contemporary literature that some of the standard human frailties are now being exalted into virtues. One of the signs of decadence mentioned is the fact that passion will be regarded as the sole bond of union between the sexes. And we have philosophers who would persuade us that passion *is* and always has been and always will be the bond of union! For some writers, passion, even in its most material form, is the origin and supreme fact of all union. Here, then, is the danger — that having allowed our ideals to drag down our practices, we afterwards suffer our practices to drag down our ideals, thus descending by a continuous and periodical process of leveling down.

It seems as if the saying that "property alone will confer rank" has some meaning for us today, as also the phrase "wealth will be the only source of devotion." What is said about falsehood in litigation reflects no discredit on our jurisprudence, but surely it describes much of what occurs in practice. That about the mineral treasures of earth

is very true; for we consider people simpletons when they fail to tear out the bowels of their homeland in order to coin them into "the only source of devotion." When the ancient scribe says that dishonesty will be the means of subsistence, he may seem to be going too far; but what does he mean by dishonesty? If it includes every form of insincerity and injustice, the statement may not be too extreme after all. The question, "Shall I do as the others do or let my family starve?" becomes every day more difficult to answer.

"Menace and presumption will be substituted for learning." This may allude to the fact that most people argue for the purpose of pushing their own ideas, losing their temper and resorting to tricks in order to attain this end; and that the attainment of knowledge is so often subordinated to the desire to compel assent or gain notoriety. "Liberality will be devotion," may be better understood if we substitute the word "munificence," as applying to large donations to churches and also to the prevalence of the charity of the purse rather than the charity of the heart.

A difficult subject to speak upon, in view of the mental chaos reigning today, is the hint that there can be higher motives for marriage than mere mutual attraction or worldly convenience. The quotation gives a rebuke to those who, seeing no farther back than the Black Age, argue that there never have been any higher ideals of marriage. We may point to the ancient Egyptian religion as an instance of a culture that is free from the erotic element; while in the quotation given above the erotic idea is expressly condemned. Clearly, then, that idea belongs to the age of decadence. The word "love" having now become practically useless from its association with passion, we must seek our clue to the real meaning of marriage in the word "duty." Regarded as a sacred rite involving vows of unselfishness and self-restraint, undertaken only in sober earnestness and with a vision undimmed by the colored mists of selfish romance, marriage might take its place among the blessings instead of among the problems of life.

In days when philosophicules try to define honor in terms of vanity, and devotion in terms of self-interest, it is beneficial to receive from antiquity a hint that may help us to understand that honor and devotion are the breath of the Soul. Pretended reformers, claiming a superior acumen and to be quite grown-up and out of leading-strings, may dissect before us the animal nature of man, pointing out

its sordid details and requesting us to believe that these represent our entire endowment. Some prominent writers, whose outlook upon life has somehow suffered from unfortunate circumstances, would have us accept depravity and neurotic conditions as inevitable concomitants of human nature; and, profanely invoking Freedom, they recommend open license as a means of purity! Signs like these justify one in thinking that the Black Age is casting the shadow of its pinions over the firmament of modern thought; and we are grateful for the smallest hint of the possibility of an age free from the all-absorbing morbidity and itching self-consciousness that seem to dominate every department of inquiry.

Will society ever again be so constituted that honor and reverence and duty shall be a universal atmosphere, a currency in which all share, a life-force that flows from man to man, a common possession in the maintenance of whose integrity all are involved — as we are now all involved in the maintenance of commercial credit and the upkeep of standards of outer respectability? Can we imagine a society wherein no man would dare to sully the purity of this inner atmosphere by any unworthy thought? If so, then we might call honor and morality real existences instead of mere abstractions; these words might then convey the genuine qualities they were meant to denote, instead of the spurious imitations which they now seem to stand for in the minds of those who try to express them in terms of selfishness and passion. It is well to think that such things have been upon earth; and it is easier thus to account for some of the deeds of antiquity whose signs remain. It is easier to see in religion the faint echo of a former knowedge and conduct, than to interpret it as an outgrowth of fear and charlatanry. We need a greater faith in human nature.

EGYPTIAN ART UNDER THE XXVIth DYNASTY: by C. J.

THE statue of Neshoron, of which we give an illustration, is a very fine example of the work of the XXVIth Dynasty (B. C. 666 to 528). This was a period of great prosperity for Egypt, after long years of depression. Rawlinson says:

> The entire valley of the Nile became little more than one huge workshop, where stone-cutters and masons, bricklayers and carpenters, labored incessantly. Under the liberal encouragement of the king and his chief nobles, the arts recovered themselves and began to flourish anew. The engraving and painting of the hieroglyphs were resumed with success, and carried out with a minuteness and accuracy that provoke the admiration of the beholder. Bas-reliefs of extreme beauty and elaboration characterize the period. There rests upon some of them "a gentle and almost feminine tenderness, which has impressed upon the imitations of living creatures the stamp of an incredible delicacy both of conception and execution." Statues and statuettes of merit were at the same time produced in abundance.

Under King Psametik I, the first king of the XXVIth Dynasty, a semi-Libyan devoid of Egyptian prejudices, foreigners, especially Greeks, were encouraged to settle in the Delta and to establish commercial relations on a large scale — a hitherto unheard-of innovation. The effect of this was a great change in the character of the Egyptians, perhaps not for the better. A mercenary army was enlisted, and the beginning of Egypt's downfall and subjugation drew nigh. In the reign of Apries (Uah-ab-Rā, the "Pharaoh Hophra" of Jeremiah xliv, 30) an unsuccessful attempt was made to restore the greatness of the ancient Egyptian empire. Apries, or Hophra, finding the Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon was unable to reduce Phoenicia to subjection, concluded a treaty with Zedekiah, king of Judah, in B. C. 588, promising him assistance if he would help him to attack the Babylonians. The war that followed resulted in the capture and destruction of Jerusalem, and the transfer of the Jews to Babylon. Apries failed to protect Zedekiah, though he appears to have done his best. He retreated before the victorious Babylonians, and with the fall of Palestine, the two great powers of Babylon and Egypt became conterminous. Within a few years Nebuchadnezzar had conquered Egypt, making it a tributary kingdom.

The statue of Neshoron is remarkable for the realism shown in the treatment of the face, which is obviously an excellent portrait. The feet are also treated in a naturalistic manner, but the rest of the figure is more conventional in accordance with the prevailing custom.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, LONDON: by R.

THOUGH such an important chamber, the House of Lords is only forty-five feet wide, forty-five feet high, and ninety feet long, yet it is very well adapted to its purpose. There is none of the crowding from which the House of Commons suffers when all the members wish to be present at some important debate. Like the rest of the Palace of Westminster, the House of Lords is built in the Tudor-Gothic style, but it does not date back to the fifteenth century. The old House of Parliament, a patched-up and unimposing building, was almost completely destroyed in 1835 — an important service to architecture being rendered thereby — and the new one was commenced upon the same site in 1840. It took twenty-seven years to build and it is generally admitted, in spite of many weaknesses, to be a worthy home for "the Mother of Parliaments," and the most impressive modern Gothic building in Europe. One important though indirect result of the fire which burned down the old Parliament House was that public competition, almost unknown in England, was adopted as the safest way to obtain a good design. Sir Charles Barry, the architect, was greatly helped by the famous Pugin in the superintendence of the detail, which, as can be seen in the plate, is well-designed and executed, *for modern work.* Of course no modern imitation-Gothic possesses the life and vigor of the old; there is a mechanical feeling about it which can never be avoided in some degree; there is want of spontaneity, a rigidity and formal correctness, which is entirely absent in the old work. The House of Peers and the King's Apartments occupy the western portion of the palace; the House of Commons the eastern.

Being so new, there are few important historical associations connected with the House of Lords, and in recent times the most thrilling scenes in parliamentary life have taken place in the other House, where the expression of the emotions has always been allowed freer play, and where the Government of the day has to meet its strongest opponents in debate, but a very impressive ceremony takes place when the Sovereign in person opens Parliament. He then takes his seat on the throne, which can be seen in the plate, and reads his speech from it before a brilliant audience. The British monarchy being a constitutional one, this speech is, of course, really an outline of the policy of the Ministry in office, and it usually says very little.

The composition of the members of the House of Lords consists of Lords spiritual (Bishops), and Lords temporal. The latter include the five dignities of Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. No new dignity has been created since the time of Henry VI, when the rank of viscount was established. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were only fifty-nine temporal peers, but the present number is about ten times as many. The principle under which a peer holds his seat is in the main the hereditary one, but there are a few peerages which are bestowed for life only. The peers who are judges, sitting as a judicial tribunal, constitute the Supreme Court of British Law, and the presiding peer of the whole House, the Lord Chancellor, is a lawyer, and always belongs to the party of the government in power. The Lord Chancellor's seat is known as the Woolsack; this peculiar term comes from a period in Elizabeth's reign when wool was the staple industry of England and its export was forbidden; sacks of wool were kept in the Chamber of Peers to remind them of its importance.

MUSIC NOTES: by Charles J. Ryan

RICHARD WAGNER'S autobiography, just published to the world at large, though it does not include the last twenty years of his life when he had attained success, has made a great stir among all who are interested in the study of human nature. It is an amazing self-revelation, and, from the Theosophical standpoint, a striking example of the duality of man. The popular conception of Wagner is amply confirmed by this "human document." But why should we waste our time, and perhaps feed our own sense of self-righteousness injudiciously, by dwelling on the failings of genius? Have not the great men given us, in their immortal works, that which is really worthiest of remembrance? Whatever his personal shortcomings were, Wagner never failed in his loyal devotion to his ideal in music-drama; he dared everything and suffered greatly in his protracted efforts to lead the incredulous world to listen to his novel and glorious revolutionary forms, which he knew to be superior to those of his time. The soul behind stands out in his immortal music, high above the limitations of his personality, for there was that in

him which had listened to the music of the spheres and which lived serenely apart from the jar and jangle of the petty life. That it is possible for an inspired Soul in touch with the Realities to force its way through all kinds of difficulties, even the greatest — the incarnation in a hindering personality — and to deliver its message of living beauty to men, seems to be the principal lesson this ill-advised autobiography teaches. It would have been better perhaps that it had never seen the light, for there are not many who have the understanding of the complex nature of man, the higher and the lower, which alone can interpret so unusual a character.

THE SPIRIT of revolution was in the air of Europe when Wagner was meditating upon the imperfections of the grand opera of his youth. He says, "The spirit of revolution took possession of me once forever." In 1842 *The Flying Dutchman* was brought out in Dresden, and in 1845 *Tannhäuser* appeared and set all musical Europe by the ears. For the rest of his life, till 1882, Wagner was at war with his fellow musicians and critics. His keen perception of natural beauty and artistic fitness is shown in the following passage from his *Life:*

> One solitary flash of brightness was afforded by our view of the Wartburg, which we passed during the only sunlit hour of this journey. The sight of this mountain fastness, which from the Fulda side is clearly visible for a long time, affected me deeply. A neighboring ridge further on I at once christened the Hörselberg, and as I drove through the valley pictured to myself the scenery for the third act of my *Tannhäuser*. The scene remained so vividly in my mind that long afterwards I was able to give Despléchin, the Parisian scene painter, exact details when he was working out the scenery under my directions.

THE DEATH of Felix Mottl came as a sudden blow to all music lovers. It was known for a little while that the great Viennese conductor was in bad health, but not that he was dangerously ill. He was only fifty-five. His reputation was made at an early age; in 1885 he was conducting *Tristan* at Baireuth. Mottl was virtually the last of the great conductors who had received the true Wagnerian tradition by personal contact with the great composer. He was also distinguished among German conductors of his time by his liking and understanding of French music, and for the success with which he conducted French music before the most discriminating Parisian audiences. He was well known in New York; where his conducting of the Nibelungen Ring series made a profound impression. His

remains were cremated. At his funeral in Munich no clergy were present, but Richard Strauss gave an eloquent address.

"THERE are women in Boston," says the *Boston Herald,* "who are undoubtedly as good violinists as some of the younger members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and perhaps better. But the old prejudice that woman is necessarily inferior to man and for the same work should receive less pay, is still to be reckoned with." Miss Maud Powell is perhaps the only American woman violinist who has reached the highest success in this country, but there are many others who have spent many years at the best European Conservatories and who are quartet and solo players of distinction, and yet while a male violinist of fair quality can find employment, it is often difficult for women of equal ability to be admitted into the best orchestras. They have to become teachers, or to give up.

PADEREWSKI'S eloquent patriotic address at the Chopin Centenary Festival has just been translated into English. He says: "Music is the only art that actually lives. Her elements, vibration, palpitation, are the elements of life itself." The great pianist is repeating exactly what Katherine Tingley said many years ago. In her Râja Yoga system of training, music is given a prominent position, and the effect upon the character has been very marked. To produce the best results and to avoid the undesirable ones which the ordinary musical training sometimes engenders, great discrimination in the method of teaching is necessary. In the Râja Yoga system of education music is taught in such a way that the interest is sustained without the egotism and vanity of the pupil being stimulated. Can this be said of musical training in general?

FRANCE is certainly the land of great opportunities. A café singer, M. Couyba, who, fifteen years ago was earning a precarious salary at a Montmartre restaurant by singing his own songs, is now Minister of Commerce in the new French cabinet.

ANCIENT CALENDARS: by Travers

MONG features of the Chinese calendar we find:

The connexion of the five planets and the sun and moon in a septenate called the Seven Regulators, with a corresponding septenary week, and in some cases a sabbath marked as inauspicious for doing work.

The Ten Celestial Stems, representing the Father Heaven or masculine principle.

The Twelve Earthly Branches, representing the Mother Earth or feminine principle; also standing for the twelve houses of the zodiac, which are of uneven size, and are denoted by symbolic animals.

The year is lunar, but its commencement is regulated by the sun, the new year falling on the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius.

These features are supposed to have been "introduced," mostly from Chaldaea; but whether the Chinese got them from the Chaldees or the Chaldees from the Chinamen, the question as to how and by whom they were originated remains the same.

The subject of ancient calendrical systems is extensive, and no speculation can be of much account which has not been prefaced by an examination of the various systems. It would be pertinent, for instance, to see what is known about the calendars which have came down to us from the ancient Central Americans. These evince an accurate knowledge of the periods of the celestial movements, together with knowledge of another kind; for the Mexicans had both a civil and a sacred year. The former was 365 days, with 13 added every 52 years; the latter 260 days, with 13 months of 20 days each, each month divided into 4 weeks of 5 days each.

It is evident that the entire system from which all these various ancient systems of computation were derived was complex and profound, and that it comprised a mathematical knowledge having sound reason at the bottom of it, but whose keys have not yet been discovered. The competency of the computers is shown by their ability to ascertain with exactitude all natural cycles, such as those of the solar year and the eclipses, when such was their purpose; and this relieves them from the imputation that their secret and sacred years were due to ignorance and mal-observation. These cycles were not due to ignorance, but to a knowledge and a purpose which remains to be discovered by research free from both theological and scientific bias.

The septenate of planets is of course a very familiar symbol in ancient lore; the number seven was recognized as the principal key-number in cosmic architecture. The reason why the sun and moon are included among the number of planets is not due to ignorance; and it is evident that such an alleged ignorance is not compatible with the knowledge displayed in other particulars. It was due to the fact that the real septenate of planets was esoteric, an item of arcane knowledge, and that when the septenate was mentioned exoterically, the place of two secret planets had to be supplied, the sun and moon being introduced for this purpose.

The question whether the number of zodiacal signs was originally twelve or ten receives a suggestive hint from the fact that in the above calendar both a denary and a duodenary were used. The ten and the twelve are combined in some of these calendars by taking their least common multiple, 60, and using that number to designate a period of 60 years. Ten and twelve are likewise said to be combined by addition in the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

From such gleanings of archaic science as are accessible to us, we may infer that it consisted largely in a marvelous application of fundamental mathematical principles to mensuration and the measurement of time. The computers, so far from being ignorant experimenters, were very brainy people, as we find some of their descendants to be still. The still unexplained existence of the very ancient Âryan Hindû astronomy of the *Sûrya-Siddhânta* and other works, proves that, when exact calculation of natural cycles was the object, the calculators were fully as competent as ourselves. We must infer, then, that their secret and sacred cycles were based on the like competence and not upon ignorance.

As to mathematics, there are some who think that our great progress in that science may represent merely a partial recovery of what was known before; and that logarithms and the calculus may be but a fraction of what has been known. And there is much yet to be found out as to the relation between numbers and dimensions. It is hardly to be expected, however, that a culture so recent as our own should have reached the point that must have been attained by civilizations of such duration as those of the past.

THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS: by H. T. E.

LEUSIS is sacred as one of the last, and to us best known, spots where the Ancient Mysteries survived in publicly recognized form until the days when corruption and dogmatism caused their withdrawal. The name wakes an echo in the recesses of our consciousness, for do we not belong to the same humanity as that which flourished when the Mysteries were recognized and venerated?

In considering the Mysteries we must choose between two hypotheses. Either the whole thing was a delusion and a fraud, or the Mysteries held and could impart knowledge inaccessible to the outsider and since departed from among men. To maintain the former theory we must discredit our own judgment and invalidate all human testimony on any subject whatever, by supposing that whole nations and ages of competent and highly cultured people were deluded. As so well argued by Thomas Taylor, relatively to the ancient oracles (*Century Path,* Sept. 25, 1910), such a theory is altogether preposterous. The only thing which stands in the way of our admitting in this particular case the true value of evidence is our own foolish vanity and juvenile insularity as regards the merits of our own culture. We are reluctant to admit that anything we do not know can be knowledge; any one who contradicts us must be wrong. A fine attitude to take! Yet of late years our confidence has somewhat wavered. For one thing we have found that our scientific universe is not so complete as we once thought it was and that we have merely been exploring an anteroom; but now we find ourselves on the threshold of a vast unexplored region. For another thing, we find a few little difficulties arising in connexion with the management of the affairs of civilized life, which makes us a little mistrustful of the efficiency of our knowledge. Little details like physical health bother us; there are insurrections of vice we cannot quell; our religion is decaying; our philosophy is composed mostly of doubts and questionings.

The Mysteries of Eleusis date from times to us prehistoric; but our historians have at last been forced to admit that the period of Grecian civilization covered by our history books was but the tail end of a period equal in culture and antiquity to those of Egypt and Chaldaea. The rites consisted of the Greater and the Lesser Mysteries, the former celebrated between harvest and seed-time, the latter in the spring. The inner teachings were kept secret by effectual means; for

the public there were " dramas," in which the exoteric teachings were symbolically presented. The institutions of all past times were based on what filtered out through many channels from the veiled Mysteries. The Drama can be traced back through the plays of Aeschylus and the choric dances in honor of Dionysus to the exoteric rites of the Mysteries. Our own religious symbolism is derived therefrom: our term " Christ," our sacraments, our Cross, etc., etc. The Mysteries are the eternal root of religions. For the gateway of knowledge is Man's own inner faculties, by which, when purified, he comes into direct relation with the mysteries of the Unseen. Hence the preliminary requisite for the candidate was always purification; his attainments were conditioned on his success in that respect.

It is even so today; for none but the pure, who have given guarantees of unselfishness and integrity, can attain. Those who lust after knowledge without having thus earned the right to it fall into delusions — of which also the world today is not without illustrations. So great is the power of these words, " Mysteries " and " Eleusis," in the inner consciousness of man, that they are even now used by " magicians " as part of the paraphernalia which, together with rabbits and top-hats, they carry about in their carpet bags as a means of relieving the idle of some of their spare cash.

If anybody today thirsts after knowledge the old way is still open. He can either belong to οἱ πολλοί, the crowd, or seek to enrol himself of the elect. But the latter dignity is not a matter of privilege. He can neither be admitted nor refused, except according to his qualifications. The desire to join a movement for uplifting humanity is the key that will open the first door. Students of Theosophy will find that that condition has always been made essential; see H. P. Blavatsky's writings, as also those of her successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley. He who desires to be initiated into the mysteries of his own Soul must first purify his heart and mind. Thus alone can he distinguish between the false and the true. Otherwise he must go by the erring light of his fallible judgment and accept teachings on the authority of the teachers. But the man who relies on the guidance of his own pure motives will not be imposed upon and will follow only such teachings as give him the light he seeks.

GLACIATION, PAST AND PRESENT: by T. Henry

HE stupendous effects of ice in ages long gone by have been elaborately studied by geologists, who have given us fascinating descriptions thereof. The enormous power of ice as an agent in transforming the land is shown by the study of its doings at the present day. Much has been done in this direction in the Alps, but in America we have Alaska, which, besides the prospects of material resources which it holds out to the future, is already affording a fine field for the observer of nature. Here we may see glaciers at work; and though the action of the ice-sheet at its bottom is hid from view, what goes on at the advancing margin is evident from year to year, and even from day to day. All the phenomena of moraines, the pushing forward of rocks and trees, the damming up of valleys to form lakes, the scraping up of boulder-clay, the rounding-off of the rocks, etc., may be witnessed; together with many details that could not easily have been inferred from a study of the sites of past glaciation. One of the most interesting of these effects is the way in which the glacier acts indirectly through the force of the huge waves it produces when it enters a river. Vast blocks from the ice-front fall off with a splash and send up a wave and a series of waves that sweep over the bank and into the forest beyond, achieving more erosion than ever rain or river did. The greater erosive effects follow on brief sudden movements.

In the *National Geographical Magazine* (Washington) for June, 1911, there is a most interesting article recording the field-studies of the National Geographical Society in Alaska. Many of the glaciers which they studied had advanced during the last year or two, and others had been retreating. The reasons why some should advance while others retreat were not satisfactorily determined, and further study must precede a decision in this respect. But earthquakes, of which there were twenty-six days in September, 1899, are assigned a chief rôle. The effect of an earthquake was to produce a sudden advance and great but brief transformations.

> One of the largest glaciers in Yakutat Bay, the Nunatak, had changed a great deal since the year before. It had advanced decidedly, different parts of its front having come out 700 to 1000 feet up to June 17, 1910. From 1890 to 1909 the Nunatak Glacier receded steadily, going back over two miles and a half in this time. . . . The forward movement commenced between July 6, 1909 and June 1910. This was due to the accession of unusually large quantities of snow to the reservoirs of this glacier by avalanches during the twenty-six days of severe earthquakes of September, 1899.

The size of glaciers is illustrated by the following description:

On the lower Copper River is Childs Glacier, which is seriously threatening to destroy a steel railway bridge just completed. The rate of forward motion in Childs Glacier increased during the winter of 1909-10 so that part of the margin of the glacier changed its forward movement from nothing to two and as much as eight feet a day. . . . Childs Glacier is ten to twelve miles long, not much over a mile wide in the mountain valley, but it widens to over three miles in Copper River Valley.

Its front is a precipitous white wall 250 to 300 feet high, and is swept at the base by Copper River. . . .

In August, 1909, Childs Glacier was advancing at about its normal rate — four feet a day at a point near the north side and perhaps six or seven feet a day in midglacier. The melting and the many icebergs discharged from the terminal cliff at that time just about balanced this advance, so that the front of the glacier remained in about the same place. . . . During the winter and early spring of 1909-10, however, the glacier began to advance more rapidly, buckling up the ice of the frozen river. In June 1910 the ice-front had moved forward from 920 to 1225 feet, narrowing the river to 400 or 500 feet.

Every time the ice cliff was sufficiently undercut by the river, great masses of ice would cascade down the front, raising a gigantic wave in the river. . . . During the advance the waves washed up over a bank five to twenty-five feet in height and rushed back 100 or 200 feet into the alder thicket. Ice blocks, up to ten tons in weight were thrown in among the trees. Stones a foot or two in diameter were hurled into the thicket. Alders nine to eleven inches in diameter were stripped of leaves and bark and bent backward or broken off short, or uprooted or buried beneath the gravel and boulders and macerated trunks of other trees.

The river bank, which was cut back some in the preceding year was in 1910 being fairly eaten up by the iceberg waves which crossed the river, fifty to sixty feet by actual measurement having been removed along the bank of the stream facing the glacier.

It was a rare opportunity to see the visible forward movement of Childs Glacier into the forest. A series of lobes developed, though some of them were not persistent, and at the end of these lobes the day-to-day changes were most pronounced. Ice blocks were sliding down the frontal slope some of them being rolled many feet into the forest; trees were overturned, turf and grass were ploughed up and carried on the ice of the glacier. Yet one saw and heard little of a spectacular nature while traversing the ice-front. It was an irresistible steady movement, but slow, as the movement of the hour hand of a clock is slow. As impressive as anything was to find tons of ice resting where one stood to take a photograph the day before, or to find some great tree, 100 years old, prone on the ground with the butt beneath the glacier, where the day before the tree was upright with the ice just touching it.

A whole grove . . . was overturned between 1909 and 1910, . . . practically not a tree remaining which was not overturned or leaning. Peat bogs were rolled

up in great bolsters five or six feet high. Isolated trees in the peat were pushed forward a hundred feet or more without being overturned. . . . In the bay east of Heather Island marine deposits with shells are being pushed up above sea-level.

On the east margin of the glacier a lake was formed where there was only a marginal stream.

It is evident that in ice we have an agent which in the past has played a great part in cosmic changes and cataclysms, and may do so at any time in the future. When we consider the changes in climate to which the earth is believed to be liable, owing to certain cyclic changes in the gearing of its revolving pinions, the conviction becomes stronger. It is now generally admitted that the words "Ice Age" or "Glacial Age" should be spelt with a final *s* indicating the plural number; for if there was one there were many. What we study in the north of America and Europe is the effects of the last, or the last few, of these periodic phenomena.

GOD AND THE CHILD

"For in Him we live and move and have our being."—*St. Paul*

GOD and I in space alone
And nobody else in view:
"And where are the people, oh Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," the good God said,
"A dream that seemed to be true;
There are no people living or dead,
There is no earth and no sky o'erhead,
There is only Myself — and you."

"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked,
"Meeting you here this way,
For I have sinned, I know full well —
And is there heaven and is there a hell
And is this the judgment day?"

"Nay, all are but dreams," the great God said;
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There is no such thing as fear or sin,
There is no you and never has been —
There is nothing at all but Me." —*Selected*

POWER: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

HIS hearers agreed that the pastor of their ultra-fashionable church had transcended himself that Sunday morning. This was no small praise, for his trained mind and wide experience, his analysis of men, his delicate wit, his eloquence, and the fervid poetry of his prayers made the congregation regard his ordinary efforts with patronizing pride. When he began with the beatitudes, in clear, resonant tones, his voice seemed to radiate a grateful calm through the softly lighted interior. Then he painted a graphic picture of the compensations of unselfish work and sacrifice, artistically coloring the whole theme with the glow of noble peace which comes to those who give themselves generously.

There was a responsive awakening in the cultured, ennuied minds of his high-bred audience which was like wine to the speaker. The interest which he had aroused reacted as a pungent mental stimulus. The very air seemed to scintillate with new thoughts which he swiftly grasped and clothed in vivid words.

My Lady Luxury, who had played the game of "slumming" for diversion, breathed a little deeper in her faultless gown. The commonplace creatures of work and weariness had never seemed quite the same kind of flesh and blood as the members of her exclusive set. The poor were interesting enough as authors' types or artists' models but she had not supposed they had any of the finer feelings. She assumed that the narrow ugliness of their lives could be no trial since they had never known anything else. How skilfully the minister was analysing things. After all, there was some comfort in religion when a man could preach like that. If the homely struggles of the weary, dulled mothers and fathers of poverty and toil had these compensating pleasures of sacrifice, they could not complain. It really was an indifferent matter, then, whether one gave alms or not, though of course, the fashionable charities ought to be sustained. She was not stirred to taste the higher sense of sacrifice so well described, but a complacent feeling of the fitness of things came over her. How absurd the less fortunate were to think this an unjust world. The toilers' backs were fitted to their burdens as hers was meant for soft purple and fine linen. This was not exactly what the minister was saying, but it suited her to regard him as the author of her translation.

The members of the pulpit committee in their pews secretly con-

gratulated themselves upon their foresight in having selected this candidate. The demands of the position were exacting, but he was equal to them — even his physique fitted the pulpit admirably. His culture and learning were a credit to even this patrician parish, which believed in having the best that money could procure.

Down the central aisle was the clear-cut, immobile face of a financier whose opinions in the money world were never discounted. His keen eyes rested upon the speaker in admiration. Personally he played the game of gold so intensely he forgot to calculate what life meant to the individuals who composed "the market." He was rather hypnotized with his own success: but he recognized his peer in this man who ruled in his own world of thought. Why, he was making the game of life appear so vivid and real that the whole financial play grew dull and artificial beside it. The listener's quick eye noted the alert, interested faces around him. Ah, it were indeed a great thing so to play upon the minds of men and women as to win this tribute of silent, rapt attention. The eloquent voice aroused in him no impulse of envy or of aspiration; but his own ability inwardly saluted this master of words who could so paint the atmosphere with sound.

A gratified flush crept into the minister's face as he looked over the audience. Was this not ready proof of the compensations of work? He had put his mind's best effort into this sermon, and there was not one in the great church who was not touched, mentally.

That sense of the unreality of the market-place followed the financier after the artistic music had ended the service. Later in the day he wandered along the country roads in the spring sunshine, thinking of the sermon. How dramatic it all had been and how perfect a performance! It seemed a part of the fresh spring day as the inviting green fields melted into his reverie and he followed the path with careless strides.

The wind gently stirred the branches and a delicate shower of fragrant petals fell at his feet, while a strangely familiar odor filled the air with its long-forgotten charm. Apple blossoms! How sweet they were! With delicious subtlety the perfumed breath from the boughs filled him with its own ethereal magic. Nature was playing a glorious game of sound and color and form and fragrance. Deep in his slumbering heart something stirred and fluttered and sprang up at the first touch of this enchantment. The power in the fragile petals swept the sordid earth from under his feet. The dear old apple

orchard of his boyhood was before him. Again he stood upon the threshold of joyous, strong, young life. The taste of sweet belief in an untried world was on his lips, the wine of high impulse tingling in every nerve. The harmony of life's song thrilled him into vibrant sympathy with its purity and beauty and his heart glowed with the faith which only youth knows.

Oh that he might crystallize the wondrous meaning of this perfumed vision of unfolding life into sound or color or form that would make the dreary world of men feel that this, this was the reality! His pulses throbbed with a longing for toil and struggle and sacrifice — no effort was too great, no price too much to pay, if only he might help to voice this living poetry. He would valiantly espouse this cause of beauty until mankind's glad belief should liberate the truth imprisoned in a selfish world. No lesser ambition should lure him from the task: this was the only thing worth while. Other champions might prove more able, and he might sadly fail; but oh, how he longed to lose himself in the glory of the attempt.

With uncovered head the financier stood disciple-wise among the trees. Long and deeply he drank of the redolent air, feasting his eyes upon the marvel of perfectly tinted petals and countless buds of promise still brighter in their tender curves. It was all too subtle for analysis, yet his heart recognized the meaning of the message so strangely sweet and strong. What revelation lay at the heart of this unfoldment, with its touch of the eternal spring which sleeps beneath all forms! Oh the power and inspiration and the rare, old-time enchantment of returning apple-blossoms!

SOKRATES: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

SOKRATES was born in 469 B. C. and was put to death in 399 B. C. at the age of seventy. He grew to manhood among the splendors of the Periklean Age; took an active and honorable part in the Peloponnesian War; saw the Long Walls, extending from Athens to its harbor, Peiraeeus, destroyed at the blast of Lysander's trumpet, and displayed the fearlessness and nobility of his nature during the Reign of Terror when the Thirty Tyrants ruled at Athens. Finally he was accused of heresy and was condemned by his fellow-citizens to drink the hemlock — the immemorial fate of great believers, to be condemned for unbelief by unbelievers.

Three dialogs of Plato depict the last month of his master's life, the *Apology,* the *Crito,* and the *Phaedo.* The *Apology* is a reproduction of the extemporaneous defense made by Sokrates at his trial. The *Crito* is a discussion between Sokrates and his old friend Kriton on the subject: Would it be right and just for Sokrates to accept Kriton's proffered assistance and escape? The *Phaedo* is a most beautiful and inspiring account of the last day of Sokrates' life, when in prison surrounded by a few devoted disciples, in discussing the nature and destiny of the soul he avowed his belief in its immortality, its pre-existence, and its rebirth.

The personality of Sokrates was strikingly unique. He was unusually robust and strong, capable of enduring fatigue and hardship to a surprising degree. He went barefoot throughout the year, even when campaigning at Potidaea and among the severe snows of Thrace. The same clothing sufficed him in winter as in summer. His diet was simple and temperate, and "he used to say in jest that Circe transformed men into hogs by entertaining them with an abundance of luxury, but that Odysseus through his temperance was not changed into a hog." Nevertheless, at festivals and banquets when joviality and indulgence were in order, Sokrates was able to outdo all the others. He consciously limited the number of his wants and repressed all artificial tastes. He was just, moderate, and above all independent in thought and action, absolutely regardless of danger when confident that he was acting rightly. His features were extremely ugly and grotesque: his nose was flat, his nostrils large, his lips thick, his eyes bulging; so that his companions jokingly compared him to the mythical old Satyr, Silenus. He purposely avoided politics and never held any

public office until 406 B. C., when for a single day, as chairman of the Prytanes, he presided at a meeting of the Popular Assembly and refused to put to vote the unconstutional proposal that the victorious generals of Arginusae be condemned collectively and be executed for their alleged neglect of duty. Heedless of threats and protests, at the greatest personal risk Sokrates persisted in his noble refusal to listen to the clamor of the mob. He was so law-abiding, such an advocate of peace and stranger to violence, so diligent in the performance of the duties of an upright man and of a brave and righteous citizen, that despite his many enemies he was never summoned to appear in court until in his seventieth year he was accused of atheism and impiety. He was pre-eminently a teacher of ethics, a preacher of morality, a defender of right, an earnest believer in duty. He is the Prophet of Reason, who "more than any other one of the great teachers of religion sought to sanctify the mind and to give to common sense a sacramental power."

Three peculiarities mark Sokrates as a loyal member of that splendid band of brothers who possess that wisdom which in all ages, entering into noble souls, makes them prophets and reformers. First, he passed his long life teaching in contented poverty, and devoted all his energy to pointing out piety, self-control, and justice to all, young and old alike. Secondly, he was of a deeply sensitive, religious nature, and firmly believed that he had a divine mission to perform under the inspiration of his Daemon or Higher Self. Thirdly, he was intellectually original both in choice of subject and in method of teaching. Plato calls him "a cross-examining God."

> His lecture-room was the street; his auditors were shoemakers, tanners, sailors, and other craftsmen; his philosophy was for the market-place. His disciples were young men whose minds he had quickened and whose lives he had elevated. He aimed to prick the bubble of pretension everywhere. . . . To Sokrates the precept inscribed on the Delphian temple, "Know thyself," was the holiest of all texts.

He accepted no salary for the instruction he gave and refused the many rich gifts which were offered to him, spending the entire day in conversing with all who cared to listen to him, treating without any distinction rich and poor, never withholding his assistance from any one who consulted him in the spirit of truth. As his words were both interesting and instructive, some regularly attended him in public, and these were commonly called his disciples of students, although neither

Sokrates nor his personal friends used the terms teacher and disciple because of the disrepute then attached to them as a result of the mercenary and casuistical teachings of the Sophists. Early in the morning Sokrates frequented the public walks, the gymnasia, and the schools. Then later, between nine and ten, he went to the market-place, when it was most crowded.

Sokrates' power of meditation was developed very exceptionally. Frequently for hours at a time the strength of his inner life made him entirely oblivious to the outer world. In proof of this it is recorded that while he was a soldier at Potidaea

> One morning he was thinking about something which he could not resolve; and he would not give it up but continued thinking from early dawn until noon — there he stood fixed in thought; and at noon attention was drawn to him and the rumor ran through the wondering crowd that Sokrates had been standing and thinking about something ever since the break of day. At last, in the evening after supper, some Ionians out of curiosity (I should explain that this was not in winter but in summer), brought out their mats and slept in the open air that they might watch him and see whether he would stand all night. There he stood all night as well as all day and the following morning; and with the return of light he offered up a prayer to the sun and went his way.

Two nights before he died, when the date of his execution was not known by him or his friends, it was revealed to him by a vision "in the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in white raiment, who called out and cried: 'O Sokrates, the third day hence, to Phthia shalt thou go.'" Sokrates also declares:

> In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams that "I should make music." The same dream came to me sometimes in one form and sometimes in another but always saying the same or nearly the same words: "Make and cultivate music," said the dream. And hitherto I imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has always been the pursuit of my life and is the noblest and best of music.

Also, Sokrates heard even in childhood a divine voice, which all through his life acted as a restraining influence whenever he was about to take a false step. This never urged him to adopt any particular line of action but always served as a prohibitory warning. He heard it not only on great but also on small occasions when it frequently prevented him from continuing what he had begun to say or do. Later writers refer to this as the Daemon or Genius of Sokrates, but he always spoke of it as a "Divine Sign, a Prophetic Voice," and obeyed it implicitly, referring to it publicly and familiarly to others. It had

continually forbidden him to enter public life, and after he was indicted it forbade him to take any thought of what he should then do or say, bidding him to trust that all would come out for the best. So completely, he tells us, did he walk with a consciousness of this bridle that whenever he felt no check he was confident that all was well. His enemies asserted that this belief was an offensive heresy, an impious innovation on the orthodox creed, atheistic and immoral. Hence they accused him of not worshiping the recognized gods but of introducing new and false divinities of his own. The truth is that Sokrates believed in One Divine Life, the One in All and the All in One, while he did not deny the existence of the popular gods but declared that the popular conceptions were erroneous and imperfect.

To appreciate the mission of Sokrates, the message he had to deliver, it is necessary to refer to the Oracle of Delphi, in which Apollo proclaimed to Chaerephon, an intimate friend and enthusiastic follower, that Sokrates was the wisest of all men of his time. This declaration exerted a very great influence upon the subsequent life of Sokrates in that it caused him to inquire continually, What is wisdom? and made him not only a philosopher but a religious reformer as well. In the words of Cicero: "Sokrates labored to bring philosophy from heaven to earth."

Sokrates taught:

There is no better way to true glory than to endeavor to *be good* rather than to *seem so*.

A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong — acting the part of a good man or of a bad. For wherever a man's place is, whether the place he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace.

The difficulty, my friends, is not in avoiding death, but in avoiding unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death.

Let every man be of good cheer about his soul, who has ruled his body and followed knowledge and goodness in this life; for if death be a journey to another place and there all the dead are, what good can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death and know this of a truth that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death.

To want as little as possible is to make the nearest approach to the Deity.

Knowledge is the food of the soul.

We ought not to retaliate and render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. Neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off

evil by evil is ever right. Act toward others as you would have others act toward you. Forgive your enemies, render good for evil, and kiss even the hand that is upraised to smite.

Grant me to be beautiful in soul and may all I possess of outward things be at harmony with those within. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches.

If thou wouldst know what is the wisdom of the gods and what their love is, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets, which may not be penetrated by man and which are imparted to those alone who consult, adore, and obey the Deity.

Sokrates, speaking of his life-work, says:

In this research and scrutiny I have been long engaged. I interrogate every man of reputation. I prove him to be defective in wisdom but I can not prove it so as to make him sensible of the defect. Fulfilling the mission imposed upon me, I have established the veracity of the god (Apollo), who meant to pronounce that human wisdom is of little reach and worth; and that he who like Sokrates feels most convinced of his own worthlessness as to wisdom is really the wisest of men, for the truth is, O men of Athens, the Deity only is wise. My service to the god has not only constrained me to live in constant poverty and neglect of political estimation, but has brought upon me a host of bitter enemies in those whom I have examined and exposed, while the bystanders talk of me as a wise man because they give me credit for wisdom respecting all the points on which my exposure of others turns.

Whatever be the danger and obloquy which I may incur, it would be monstrous indeed, if having maintained my place in the ranks as an hoplite under your generals at Delium and Potidaea, I were now from fear of death or anything else to disobey the oracle and desert the post which the god has assigned to me, the duty of living for philosophy and cross-questioning both myself and others. And should you even now offer to acquit me, on condition of my renouncing this duty, I should tell you with all respect and affection that I will obey the god rather than you and that I will persist until my dying day in cross-questioning you, exposing your want of wisdom and virtue and reproaching you until the defect be remedied. My mission as your monitor is a mark of the special favor of the gods to you and if you condemn me it will be your loss; for you will find none other such. Perhaps you will ask me, Why cannot you go away, Sokrates, and live in peace and silence? This is the hardest of all questions for me to answer to your satisfaction. If I tell you that silence on my part would be disobedience to the god, you will think me in jest and not believe me. You will believe me still less, if I tell you that the greatest blessing which can happen to man is to carry on discussions every day about virtue and those other matters which you hear me conversing, when I cross-examine myself and others and that life without such examination is no life at all. Nevertheless so stands the fact, incredible as it may seem to you.

I certainly have my enemies [the Pharisaical party and the High Priests of orthodoxy] and these will be my destruction if I am destroyed; of that I am certain; not that Meletos, nor yet Anytos, but the envy and detraction of the

world, which has been the death of many more — there is no danger of my being the last of them.

Later, after his condemnation, he added:

And I prophesy to you, my murderers, that immediately after my death, punishment far heavier than you have inflicted on me will surely await you. Me you have killed because you wanted to escape the accuser and not to give an account of your lives. But that will not be as you suppose; far otherwise. For I say that there will be more accusers of you than there are now. For if you think that by killing men you can avoid the accuser censuring your lives, you are mistaken — that is not a way of escape which is either possible or honorable; the easiest and noblest way is not to be crushing others but to be improving yourselves. This is the prophecy which I utter to the judges who have condemned me.

How true have the last twenty-three centuries proved these words to be! How many deaths and ruined lives have been accomplished by that same spirit of intolerance! It led the way from Gethsemane to Golgotha. It is responsible for the death of the martyrs in all ages. It lighted the fagots that consumed the bodies of Giordano Bruno and Joan of Arc. Yes, and hundreds of others. How just is the praise with which the Saint Mark of Sokrates ends the *Memorabilia* of his master:

Of those who know what sort of a man Sokrates was, such as are lovers of virtue continue to regret him above all other men even to the present date, as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness. To me, being such as I have described him, so pious that he did nothing without the sanction of the gods; so just, that he wronged no man even in the most trifling affair, but was of service in most important matters to those who enjoyed his society; so temperate that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; so wise that he never erred in distinguishing the better from the worse, needing no counsel from others but being sufficient in himself to discriminate between them; and so capable of discovering the character of others, of confuting those who were in error and of exhorting them to virtue and honor, he seemed to be such as the best and happiest of men would be.

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just,
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes — they were souls that stood alone
While the men they agonized for, hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline,
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine.—
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

Sokrates was early canonized as a Christian Saint, and Professor John Stuart Blackie (1808-1895) "Scotland's greatest Greek scholar," has taken the idea of his Latin refrain in the following poem from a rosary by an early Christian father beginning "Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis:"—"O, Sainted Socrates, pray for us."

O SANCTE SOCRATES, ORA PRO NOBIS!

Dear God by wrathful routs
How is thy church divided,
And how may he that doubts
In such turmoil be guided!
When weeping I behold
How Christian people quarrel,
Ofttimes from Heathens old
I fetch a saintly moral;
And while they fret with rage
The sore-distraught community,
I look for some Greek sage
Who preaches peace and unity.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
Let faith and love and joy increase,
And reason rule and wrangling cease,
Good saint, we pray thee!

They pile a priestly fence
Of vain scholastic babble,
To keep out common sense
With the unlearned rabble.
A curious creed they weave,
And, for the church commands it,
All men must needs believe,
Though no man understands it;
Thus while they rudely ban
All honest thought as treason
I from the Heathen clan
Seek solace to my reason.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
From creeds that men believe because
They fear a damnatory clause,
Good saint, deliver us!

Some preach a God so grim
That when his anger swelleth,
They crouch and cower to him
When sacred fear compelleth;
God loves his few pet lambs,
And saves his one pet nation,
The rest he largely damns
With swinging reprobation.
Thus banished from the fold,
I wisely choose to follow
Some sunny preacher old
Who worshiped bright Apollo.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
From silly flocks of petted lambs,
And from a faith that largely damns,
Good saint, deliver us!

. . . . .

Such eager fancies vain
Shape forth the rival churches;
And each man's fuming brain
God's holy light besmirches;
And thus they all conspire
The primal truth to smother,
And think they praise their sire
By hating well their brother.
Such wrangling when I see
Such storms of godly rancor,
To Heathendom I flee
To cast a peaceful anchor.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
Let love and faith and joy increase,
And reason rule and wrangling cease,
Good saint, we pray thee!

A VISIT TO A LOUISIANA SUGAR PLANTATION: by Barbara McClung

THE writer recently made a visit to a section of the country that still retains much of its own distinctive individuality and charm, most delightful in these days, when the various widely-differing regions of our vast commonwealth seem to be trying to become as much alike as possible, and the very word *provincial* is a name of scorn. We left New Orleans in the early morning and much time was consumed in crossing the Mississippi on a ferry. Soon after reaching the other side, the sugar plantations began, and our way lay through mile after mile of brown furrowed fields stretching, as flat as the sea, to the distant river levee, the only high ground in sight. What a glorious scene it must be in the spring, when the young green cane begins to sprout, or in the fall, when it stands drawn up full height, waiting to be cut! It is an extremely wet country, full of countless ditches and trenches, and there is something about the flat land and straight, intersecting canals that reminds one of Holland. As the train swept through one plantation after another, we could see in the distance, gleaming white homesteads, set in little islands of green live-oaks, cut off by a fence from the spreading sea of bare fields. Each plantation had its sugar-house, lifting four or five tall smoke-stacks in air, and its laborers' quarters — quite a little village of cabins or cottages, and sometimes, we ran close enough to see old-time darkies in actual red bandannas, staring at the train.

There is a class of French "poor whites" in this region, called "Cajins" — a corruption of "Arcadians" — and they are indeed a forlorn remnant of those unfortunate exiles who wandered all the way from Nova Scotia to the bayous of Louisiana. The writer's memory reverted in a flash to the fields of Grandpré, which she had visited only last summer, and to the vision of the lonely well-sweep and straggling line of ancient French willows, which once bordered the vanished village street. Strange to say, there is a noticeable resemblance between the flat, inlet-threaded meadows of the Minas Basin and the winding bayous around us. Occasionally the plantations would give way to swamps, where palmettos, bamboos, and cypresses with their weirdly beautiful trailing moss, were growing out of a watery, glassy floor, and it was hard to realize that if drained, these marshes would be quite as good soil as the rest. We saw a

solitary hunter, gun in hand, standing on a bit of tree trunk in the bog; how he could have gotten there without a boat or else wings, is a mystery.

The house at which we visited, realized in every way one's ideal of what an old plantation home should be. It is an immense square building with double galleries, tall white columns and green shutters; it faces the Mississippi, which, however, cannot be seen from the ground floor on account of the levee. The architecture is of engaging simplicity — four large rooms, each exactly twenty-five feet square, upstairs and down, with a hall eighteen feet wide between. At the rear is a long wing, perhaps a later addition, with the inevitable and delightful gallery around it. The house contains many treasures of beautiful antique workmanship and mementos of a by-gone time. Our hostess pointed with pride to an immense pair of glass candle shields, about two feet high, which had belonged to her grandmother. They stood on each side of the mantelpiece, over tall silver candlesticks, whose flame they could protect from all possible draughts. We slept in a high four-poster bed, with a canopy, lined with red pleated cloth, like the inside of a mushroom, which would have done credit to a lady of the ancient régime.

Though the sugar-making season was over on our host's plantation, he took us to one in the neighborhood that was still in operation. The equipment was of the most up-to-date kind — great iron claws to rake the cane from the cars to a sort of traveling trough, called a conveyor, which carries it up to the chopper: from whence it travels through several crushers until all the juice is squeezed out and the remaining pulp is as dry as tinder. This is carried off to be used as fuel or fertilizer. The cane juice goes from one boiling vat to another, being purified with lime and sulphur, and refined again and again, smelling more and more delicious at every stage of its progress. We watched the syrup being changed to sugar by a very interesting centrifugal process, and then shaken into barrels. Two barrels at a time were placed upon metal plates, and by means of an electric current, were made to dance gaily, shaking down the sugar as it fell until it was firmly packed. It was an absurd sight, and the writer was reminded at once of dancing furniture at a spiritualistic séance. We were surprised to learn that one-third of the ground has to be planted in corn to supply the stock; the crops are rotated so as to allow sugar-cane for two successive years, then corn the third, etc.

Our host and hostess and their family were true types of southern hospitality. The occasion of our visit was a wedding, and the old house was crowded to its utmost capacity, with new guests arriving on every train. Yet there was no stir of nervous excitement: everything moved with a tranquil gaiety, and we felt a delightful sense of informality as if we were a part of the household. Perhaps the strongest sense-impression which remains with the writer, is the memory of waking in the early morning and looking out, at the dawn-flushed sky beyond the white pillars of the verandah and the gray Spanish moss draping the live-oak trees. That tender, peaceful moment, full of color and soft brightness, seemed to seal upon the mind something of the poetry and the romance of the old South.

THE LORELEI: by a Student-Traveler

UST where the river Rhine narrows and inclines, making a drop of five feet which causes the water to flow more swiftly, towers the Rock of the Lorelei, four hundred and fifty feet high and nearly perpedicular, at the base of which sunken rocks form a whirlpool in the rapidly flowing stream. At the top of the high rock in olden days, so the legend runs, a maiden sat and sang, and as she sang she combed her golden hair. And her song was so full of magic that boatmen on the river below, falling under the spell of her enchantment, as they listened to the song, forgot the dangers of the whirling waters and were dashed to pieces on the sunken rocks underneath.

Is the tale of the Lorelei a mere poetical personification of the whirlpool and rocks? If so, how account for the tale being universal? Who does not know the story of Ulysses and the Sirens? Virgil's Harpies had the faces of maidens, but ended in foul feathers and talons. And so with many another destructive enchantress in ancient myth. People seem to have loved to trace out in the topography of their native land its analogies with that internal region wherein the Soul goes its pilgrimage. In every land there were sacred mountains, healing founts, caves of the Sibyl, rocks of the Lorelei, etc. The eternal drama of the human Soul has been allegorized again and again, always with the same features, though the topography is changed to suit the race and time. Every man knows the luring enchantress,

for who has not been seduced by the captivating charms of promised pleasure, only to be mocked and punished?

And why these cheating experiences of the Soul? Are they the chiding hand of a God or the mocking malice of a fiend; or are we the sport of a Chance whose utter indifference outclasses alike the wrath of deity and the malice of devil? The answer is a common-sense one. Life is not a cradle of down nor a pleasure-garden. It is a drama full of incident, an enterprise full of adventure, a world full of people. In it we find the helper and the adversary; and if there are sirens and wicked giants, there are also the meed of victory, the bride won, the warrior's home-coming. Life is worth while, for the triumphs it contains; and it is because we aspire to the triumphs that we enage in the fights, though our lower nature, the mere varlet, may cry out at the discomfort. The Dragon, once defeated, becomes our ally.

If we would win beauty and truth, we must not seek in them mere balm for the senses, but rise in our strength and be worthy of them. What is worth having is not to be had for the taking.

Beauty rhymes with duty.
Truth rhymes with ruth.

Tarry not in the pleasure grounds of sense, heed not the sweet voices of illusion, thou who aspirest to wisdom — say the ancient teachings. It is the illusion produced by the senses and desires that we have to overcome, if we would not be dashed on the rocks of the Lorelei.

LORELEI

(Heinrich Heine)

ICH weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin,
Ein Märchen von alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt
Und ruhig flieszt der Rhein,
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar;

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh'
Er sieht nicht die Felsenriffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

THE WESTERN FOUR-TOED SALAMANDER: by Percy Leonard

HE Batrachians occupy a place between the reptiles proper and the fishes. They are distinguished from the fishes by the possession of paired limbs furnished with four fingers and a thumb, and though their early days are passed beneath the water, breathing like fishes through their gills, yet when fully grown, almost without exception they breathe through well-developed lungs. There is a superficial resemblance between the reptilian lizard and the batrachian newt or salamander, and they are often confounded together in the popular mind. True reptiles, however, are easily distinguished from batrachians by their overlapping scales, quite different from the smooth moist skins of the latter. Reptiles breathe as we do by expanding the ribs and drawing the air into the hollow thus formed; but batrachians, lacking ribs, are obliged to swallow their air, and a glance at a toad or a salamander will reveal the incessant palpitation of the throat as the air is forced into the lungs. Reptiles are hatched, or born, as the case may be, perfect copies in miniature of their parents and never go through the tadpole stage. Batrachians are divided into two groups: the Salientia (or Jumpers), and the Urodela. The Salientia (or Jumpers) comprise the frogs and toads; and the Urodela include the numerous tribes of newts, water-dogs, efts, and salamanders.

The illustration shows one of the lowliest of the order of Urodela, the western four-toed salamander (*Batrachoseps attenuatus*). The legs are ridiculously small in comparison to the long, unwieldy body. That the tail is fat and cylindrical is only to be expected, because being a terrestrial salamander, it has no need of a flat tail for swimming like the water-haunting newts. Probably the bulky tail serves as a store of nourishment in reserve for use in time of famine, as does the hump of a camel under similar circumstances. Here at Point Loma these odd creatures may be found under stones in the damp cañons. In the absence of pools they cannot pass through the tadpole stage under water and so the various phases of tadpole transformation are gone through while in the egg. The males are glossy black; but the female figured in the picture has a light brown skin with irregular blotches of flesh color on the tail.

A male once captured by the writer exhibited a curious case of mimicry. He coiled up just like a rattlesnake and looked so venomous

and threatening as to inspire terror in anyone who was unaware of his utter powerlessness to do an injury.

The abnormal humidity of the air enables this delicate animal to survive the rainless months of summer, and probably he never ventures from his shelter till the sun goes down and the dew provides a little moisture. The mere contact of his skin with a dewy surface would probably be as refreshing as a draught of water to a thirsty man; but the salamander, like the frog, does not drink: he simply "blots up" his water through the skin.

Thus the four-toed western salamander passes his uneventful days and nights. His pleasures are few and simple and his sorrows correspondingly light.

According to Theosophy, the inner Essence of every creature in this broad universe either is, was, or prepares to become, man; but the mind staggers in the attempt to conceive the enormous stretches of time before such dull, inert, insensitive beings will arrive at the human stage. But pain is a grand stimulant and spur to advance, and perchance when the salamander gets eaten by a snake or a stoat, he gains as compensation for the pangs of death some slight promotion to a higher order of batrachians in his next rebirth! So mote it be.

THE REAL MAN: by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

"NOW we know the real man," is the usual comment when some heretofore respectable citizen is convicted of forgery and sent to jail: "*Now* we know his real character."

Do we?

A fire breaks out in the prison and the forger reveals himself a hero, risking life without a second's hesitation for the rescue of his jailer or fellow-prisoners.

Do we *now* know his "real character"?

Later on, his confinement, throwing him in upon himself, provides opportunity for the manifestation of a marked vein of poetry, and from his prison he issues a volume which at once takes high rank in the literature of the day.

Some will now put away their *moral* standard of measurement, produce another, and remark that the "real man" after all turns out to have been a poet.

You can photograph half of a man's face, right or left, throw the picture over upon itself and get a whole face composed of two lefts, and another of two rights — often quite different.

We judge character in that way, taking any one aspect of it upon which we choose to dwell or which alone we see, and of that one constructing a whole. Thus the same man viewed by various knowers of him is a philosopher, a sharp lawyer, a skilful amateur actor, or an ever-ready helper and friend in times of trouble or perplexity. To his cook he may be solely a grumbler, and to his son at school a supply-machine whose crank is not always easy to turn.

To come back to the prisoner. The "respectable citizen" was evidently not the whole of him. Under stress he revealed the weakness and dishonesty which led to the forgery. Environment, the temptation, brought them to the surface. We need not say that his character changed. Nevertheless, as we all know, a change of character *is* possible — so thorough that after emergence from prison no stress of temptation and no assurance from discovery would provoke another theft. On the other hand we cannot conceive of his change from a hero into a coward, nor hardly of his loss of the poetic vein. Environment — the fire and the conditions of prison life — brought those traits out too. But, once out they are out.

Being in search of the essence of character, the *really* "real man,"

we cannot accept anything which may vanish or be surmounted, nothing which in the normal course of individual evolution, gone far enough, will for certain be surmounted. No man is essentially a thief, but he may be essentially a hero or a poet or both.

Consider the question in the light of evolution, the evolution of each of us. We sometimes make imaginary pictures of the ripened humanity of the far future, a noble flower of which there are as yet but indications of the bud. Let us add another touch. Let us recognize in that far humanity, however godlike, *ourselves*. Many, many births and lifetimes and deaths lie between this and that for all of us. But the lines of continuity are unbroken. It is we ourselves who shall be that splendid and radiant humanity. The evolution of the human race means the evolution of the present members of the human race. We shall " meet each other in heaven " because we are always children of the earth that will *be* that heaven.

We note that some qualities, such as a tendency to theft, have every encouragement to vanish. Sooner or later, in one or another lifetime, they bring about so much disgrace and pain or are found so incompatible with an ever increasing love of right and inner peace, that they are cast out and away, are outgrown and done with. The last dirty fiber is ripped out of the ever perfecting pattern.

On the other hand the germs of some other qualities will have a constant and in the long run irresistible tendency to grow, root and branch.

Shall we say " real character " of traits destined to grow or of those destined to disappear? So far we only use the words of so much as we can see of a man: a poor enough application. We talk of the " respectable citizen," and behold a thief. In the next change the thief " turns out to be a hero "; and whilst we are admiring the hero we are invited to read a volume of poetry.

We had better restrict the words " real character " to that which time shall at last unveil and develop, to the permanent germs and their ripened product; not to the spores and fungi which, however noticeable now, will sometime be entirely cleaned away. *There is no thief; there are men who thieve* — at present, but who will cease to do so. There *are* poets and heroes; for these men will not only not cease to create and do, but will create and do more and more worthily as they go forward through time to the great light. There are some men whom *no* stress of temptation would force into theft. Are there any

men in whom *no* circumstances would evoke some smallest gleam of heroism?

Still we are not clear about real character. For there some qualities, for example courage and love of the race and sensitiveness to the supernal light, which time will perfect in *all* men. We must put aside all the elements, however splendid, in whose possession men will *resemble* each other and seek for what will be peculiar to each. Within the unity of essence, apart from common sensitiveness to the great light, there will be essential diversity. And it is to this finally appearing individuality, this uniqueness of each, that the words " real character " properly belong. In a few men only has this germ of true individuality yet achieved much manifestation.

The end of man, said Carlyle, is not a thought, were it the noblest, but a deed.

The aphorism cries aloud for completion. What sort of a deed would be that which had no thought behind it? The end of man is a deed faithfully manifesting a worthy " thought," and the mere writing down of a thought is often its sufficient and only possible manifestation. Even the careful nurture of a thought may be a deed. The universe is the ideation of the divine getting itself written down on the face of substance. Man's entire business is to aid that, to make manifest as much of the divine, the light, as he can come at or get aware of in his inner conscience or consciousness. If he constantly tries to live in that way, the divine will presently take turns and come at *him*. Inspiration is the final reward of aspiration. But the light has a separate and special ray or aspect of itself in store for each man, so that the *whole* of it can only shine through *all* men.

There is a part of the divine essence unborn as yet into the world, unmanifest. And there is a part of it which men and gods have wrought into the manifest, each according to his nature and comprehension of his duty. From the highest to the lowest departments of human life this way of work is possible, to search out duty and do it.

But " duty " has here a very full meaning. The soul of the Beethoven searches, and is illumined by, the divine essence, *whatever his name for it or thought of it.* Then he renders it or manifests it for the world. The craftsman might search it as he designed a wall-paper; he who did so, who worked that he might manifest it for men, would find his invention grow ever richer and readier. The divine has no *one* kind of manifestation or inspiration. The mother might search

it to learn the highest ways of conduct with her children, not even waiting for their birth; and their souls would in time show her what she had done for them. The gardener might thus work among his flowers and would find in them a new responsiveness. There is no one who has not some work which can be fruitfully done in this spirit of bringing forth for the world. This use of will in no metaphoric sense is the real magic. When all men and women work in this way the world will begin to be for the first time an expression of the divine plan, governed — through them and of their will and choice — by the divine. By that time work will have been raised to its highest terms and there will be modes of work as inconceivable to us now as the work of Beethoven to a savage. Each of us will have found *his* work—that is, will have found that aspect of the divine which he is uniquely constituted to deliver forth to the rest. No one can be spared. All will need all the others. All will stand unveiled as artists, creators, or showers-forth or thinkers-out of something good and necessary for the work of their fellows. We have ourselves made life dark and work monotonous, stifled the latent or nascent craftsman or thinker in ourselves and the others, and created forms of work that should never have been to do at all. Now we must live them through and be thankful that some few, the thinkers, the musicians, the poets, the artists, have in some sort broken through into a corner of their heritage and can serve us and lighten our lives and make the day nearer when we too can break through.

Here then is what we may mean by "real character." It is the veiled creator or shower-forth. No man is what he seems. He is waiting for his own nature, and the divine in nature is waiting for him, to give him the ray he alone can transmit. Neither Händel nor Beethoven could have given us the music of the other; and the music of both was made possible by every bit of divine-serving and divine-revealing work that was ever done since man began. That principle holds throughout, in small and great. The humblest work, if it have one ray of the divine put into it, helps the whole world for all time to come. And no work need lack that ray, no life need lack such work.

REVIEWS

"Life of Leonardo da Vinci" by Professor Osvald Sirén

by Carolus

WE have just received another important work from the indefatigable and accomplished pen of Professor Osvald Sirén, PH. D., of the Stockholm University. It is a study of Leonardo da Vinci's life and work, a most complete and thorough monograph of 468 pages, magnificently illustrated by hundreds of full-page and smaller reproductions, the majority taken from Leonardo's pictures, sketches and diagrams; the rest are mostly from the works of other painters which throw light upon the special points discussed; there are also some pleasing views of places referred to. The first edition consists of 700 numbered copies, beautifully printed on thick paper, and is in all respects but one a perfect example of what such a book should be; the one thing lacking is an index to the subject-matter and illustrations. This can easily be remedied in the next edition, for there is no doubt that another will immediately be called for, as the work will be invaluable to all lovers of art who wish to read the latest and most complete analysis of Leonardo's career and to learn the results of the most recent research. This edition is, of course, written in Swedish, but we understand that in response to the demand, it will soon appear in other languages, and so be made accessible to a much larger public. Dr. Sirén has spent a long time in Italy and elsewhere studying everything connected with Leonardo and his contemporaries, and this volume is largely the result of his original researches. It has been very favorably received by the most competent Swedish critics.

The monograph is founded upon a series of lectures lately given in the University of Stockholm (in which Dr. Sirén occupies the chair of Art-history) and it has been the author's aim to show the great master as he appears in his works and writings, with as little of the "personal equation" of the writer visible as possible — to make Leonardo tell his own story — but at the same time, one cannot help feeling and approving of the warm glow of appreciation which inspires every word Dr. Sirén writes about his hero. His admiration for the master seems to have influenced his style, for there is a greater simplicity and clearness, and a more easy flow of words and sentences than we have observed in previous works from his able pen.

The book is arranged in four main sections. The first consists of extracts from the famous Italian art-historian, Vasari's almost contemporary life of Leonardo, translated into Swedish and freely commented upon and greatly expanded by Dr. Sirén. Many illustrations are given showing Leonardo's extraordinary knowledge of mechanics, engineering, architecture, fortification, anatomy, etc. Dr. Sirén finally demolishes one of our pet illusions, i. e., that Leonardo died in the arms of Francis I of France, by showing that King Francis was at St. Germain-en-Laye, attending the birth of a son, at the moment when Leonardo was breathing his last at Cloux in Touraine. It appears this was one of Vasari's occasional "decorations of the truth" for the sake of picturesqueness. Another myth was that Leonardo prostrated himself at the feet of the church at his last hour with tears and cries of repentance for the independence of thought for which he had consistently stood. In this connexion it is noteworthy that he studiously avoided introducing halos or nimbuses round the figures in his religious pictures! Neither is there more than one example of the cross in any of his undoubted works, and that may have been added by another hand afterwards. His

object was plainly to accentuate the simple human and natural side in everything that he touched. Even the head of the Christ in *The Last Supper* has no radiance; the Teacher is painted just as he might have been seen by ordinary vision. The distinction of Leonardo's sacred figures depends upon the superior beauty and majesty of expression and bearing. This was a very daring innovation on Leonardo's part.

The second portion of Dr. Sirén's learned volume treats of Leonardo's pictures and sculptures in more detail; his scientific work is sufficiently dealt with in the earlier part of the volume, for after all, his fame depends mainly upon his standing as an artist. Special chapters are devoted, respectively, to the work of his youth: *The Adoration of the Magi,* the *Madonna among the Rocks, The Last Supper, The Battle of the Standard, Leda and the Swan, John the Baptist, St. Anne,* and his studies for equestrian statues, etc.

Dr. Sirén strongly accentuates the fact that Leonardo's leading motive was Movement. While he rivaled Michel Angelo in form, Titian and Giorgione in color, and Raphael in composition, his greatest efforts were concentrated upon the true rendering of life and action. His brilliant effects of light and shade, for which he was particularly noted, were skilfully used to emphasize the impression of vital energy which he felt to be the principal object of the true painter's art.

Dr. Sirén has most carefully weighed the evidence concerning the rival claims of the two or three replicas of the *Virgin among the Rocks,* one of which is in London and the others in Paris and Copenhagen, and he conclusively establishes the authenticity of the one in the Louvre, Paris. That one, the famous *Vierge aux Rochers,* is by far the most satisfactory in composition, and the faces and figures of the children are much more beautiful than those of the others. The one in the National Gallery, London, is by Ambrogio Preda, who was a close imitator of Leonardo. The figures have nimbuses in that one, but not in Leonardo's. Dr. Sirén illustrates his argument with a large number of plates.

With respect to *The Last Supper* at Milan, it is satisfactory to learn that Professor Cavenaghi, who has just finished a long and extremely careful scientific examination of the work, has proved that it is far better preserved than was believed. It turns out that very little indeed has been repainted; the heads are quite untouched, and though greatly damaged and obscured in places, we really are able to look at the actual work of the master. This has been a great surprise to the artistic world.

The third part of the book deals with Leonardo's personality, and several good portraits of him are given. It is to be regretted that there is not one surviving that was taken when he was young, for it is related of him that he was almost divinely beautiful. In his old age his countenance is very impressive. Dr. Sirén discusses the moot question of Leonardo's alleged visit to Oriental countries, and he throws the weight of his opinion in favor of the journey. Certainly it is difficult to see how Leonardo could have given such accurate descriptions unless he had been to the places and undergone certain experiences. There are many gaps in his life which are yet unfilled by reliable evidence. When one reflects upon the extraordinary character and knowledge of the great man it seems not unlikely that he spent some time in the East receiving instruction which it was impossible to get in Europe.

The fourth part consists of a translation into Swedish of his *Treatise on Painting,* and it gives, as Dr. Sirén says:

a glimpse of a section through a soul-life filled with all that is possible or thinkable for a human being, of observation of nature, of experience of the world, of search for truth, and passion for beauty. One lays the treatise down with the grateful and humble feeling that one has stood before one of the greatest of our race, has met his eye and heard him speak.

We may learn almost more about him from this work and from his sketches than from his pictures, for as Dr. Sirén says:

What Leonardo painted and carved constitutes only a small part of his creative activity, a fragment of that great soul's universality. . . . Many of his designed works never reached expression . . . others were left half done, and those which were carried out, have, moreover, in no small degree, had the misfortune to be destroyed or corroded and defaced by time. Many of Leonardo's most important works which are spoken of by the old writers, seem to have disappeared without leaving a trace. The great work of his prime, *The Last Supper,* is little more than a shadow of what it once was, and the powerful monumental composition of his old age, *The Battle of the Standard,* was only carried out in paint to a partial degree, and now can only be studied through imperfect copies. The stately equestrian statues which truly denoted the culminating point of that branch of art did not reach final material expression either, and only live in rough sketches and sundry imitations, while of the noble architectural projects for domed cathedrals, for mausoleums and palaces, for entire towns, not even one has come to anything. . . . The art historian has to trust to preparatory studies, to copies or imitations, to reports, in order to get an idea of the appearance and quality of the works of the master. . . . For analysis we have to lean on sketches when the finished work fails us. It cannot indeed be denied that herein lies a deplorable limitation and a special difficulty in the way of popularizing his work, but perhaps the limitation is not so great as many are inclined to assume. A great musical composer's preludes and fantasias may contain the beautiful motives of the entire symphony, even if the instrumentation is incomplete and the execution imperfect. . . . Leonardo has been placed before us as an ideal man, because his life and work are stamped by a sovereign balance which in our time is so greatly coveted and so rarely obtained.

To the degree that the author has succeeded in letting Leonardo express himself, free from all fanciful embellishments and arbitrary hypotheses—speaking to the reader through his own words and art—he will consider his mission fulfilled and his work to possess something more than temporary value.

There is no doubt that Dr. Sirén has done this and more than this, and we must heartily congratulate him upon the production of a most valuable contribution to the literature of art. It may interest our readers to know that engrossed as he is in his labors for the cause of the higher intellectual education, Dr. Sirén is able to find time to work strenuously for the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society of which he is a very active member.

Note. Just as this is going to press the startling news has arrived that Leonardo's great masterpiece, the so-called *Mona Lisa,* has been stolen from the Louvre, an almost unprecedented event. Its recovery will be anxiously awaited by the whole art-loving world of the two continents.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

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

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

OBJECTS

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

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

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

H. P. BLAVATSKY, FOUNDRESS AND TEACHER

The present Theosophical Movement was inaugurated by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in New York in 1875. The original name was "The Theosophical Society." Associated with her were William Q. Judge and others. Madame Blavatsky for a time preferred not to hold any outer official position except that of Corresponding Secretary. But all true students know that Madame Blavattsky held the highest authority, the only real authority which comes of wisdom and power, the authority of Teacher and Leader, the real head, heart, and inspiration of the whole Theosophical Movement. It was through her that the teachings of Theosophy were given to the world, and without her the Theosophical Movement could not have been.

BRANCH SOCIETIES IN EUROPE AND INDIA

In 1878 Madame Blavatsky left the United States, first visiting Great Britain and then India, in both of which countries she founded branch societies. The parent body in New York became later the Aryan Theosophical Society and HAS ALWAYS HAD ITS HEADQUARTERS IN AMERICA; and of this, William Q. Judge was President until his death in 1896.

It is important to note the following:

In response to the statement published by a then prominent member in India that Madame Blavatsky is "loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar," Madame Blavatsky wrote:

> It is pure nonsense to say that "H. P. B. . . . is loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar" (!?). *H. P. B. is loyal to death to the Theosophical* CAUSE *and those Great Teachers whose philosophy can alone bind the whole of Humanity into one Brotherhood.* . . . The degree of her sympathies with the Theosophical Society and Adyar depends upon the degree of the loyalty of that Society to the CAUSE. Let it break

away from the original lines and show disloyalty in its policy to the cause and the original program of the Society, and H. P. B., calling the T. S. disloyal, will shake it off like dust from her feet.

To one who accepts the teachings of Theosophy it is plain to see that although Theosophy is of no nationality or country but for all, yet it has a peculiar relationship with America. Not only was the United States the birthplace of the Theosophical Society, and the home of the Parent Body up to the present time, but H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Society, although a Russian by birth, became an American citizen; William Q. Judge, of Irish parentage and birth, also became an American citizen; and Katherine Tingley is American born. America therefore not only has played a unique part in the history of the present Theosophical Movement, but it is plain to see that its destiny is closely interwoven with that of Theosophy; and by America is meant not only the United States or even the North American continent, but also the South American continent, and, as repeatedly declared by Madame Blavatsky, it is in this great Western Hemisphere as a whole, North and South, that the next great Race of humanity is to be born.

MADAME BLAVATSKY FOUNDS THE ESOTERIC SCHOOL; HER LIFE-LONG TRUST IN WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

In 1888, H. P. Blavatsky, then in London, on the suggestion and at the request of her Colleague, William Q. Judge, founded the Esoteric School of Theosophy, a body for students, of which H. P. Blavatsky wrote that it was "the heart of the Theosophical Movement," and of which she appointed William Q. Judge as her sole representative in America. Further, writing officially to the Convention of the American Societies held in Chicago, 1888, she wrote as follows:

To William Q. Judge, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society:

My dearest Brother and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society:

In addressing to you this letter, which I request you to read to the Convention, summoned for April 22nd, I must first present my hearty congratulations and most cordial good wishes to the Society and yourself — the heart and soul of that body in America. We were several to call it to life in 1875. Since then you have remained alone to preserve that life through good and evil report. It is to you chiefly, if not entirely, that the Theosophical Society owes its existence in 1888. Let me thank you for it, for the first, and perhaps for the last time publicly, and from the bottom of my heart, which beats only for the cause you represent so well and serve so faithfully. I ask you also to remember that on this important occasion, my voice is but the feeble echo of other more sacred voices, and the transmitter of the approval of Those whose presence is alive in more than one true Theosophical heart, and lives, as I know, pre-eminently in yours.

This regard that Madame Blavatsky had for her colleague William Q. Judge continued undiminished until her death in 1891, when he became her successor.

Madame Blavatsky, in 1889, writing in her Theosophical magazine published in London, said that the purpose of the magazine was not only to promulgate Theosophy, but also and as a consequence of such promulgation, "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." She further says:

As to the "weak-minded Theosophists" — if any — they can take care of themselves in the way they please. IF THE "FALSE PROPHETS OF THEOSOPHY" ARE TO BE LEFT UNTOUCHED, THE TRUE PROPHETS WILL BE VERY SOON — AS THEY HAVE ALREADY BEEN — CONFUSED WITH THE FALSE. IT IS HIGH TIME TO WINNOW OUR CORN AND CAST AWAY THE CHAFF. The Theosophical Society is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders, or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone, then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects — like Protestantism — each hating the other, and all bent on destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams.

We do not believe in allowing the presence

of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even "a false element in the faith" is *ridiculed*, the latter is "apt to shake the confidence" in the whole. . . . What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgrace their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers?

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempt of various *charlatans* to profit by a ready-made program. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. —*Lucifer*, Vol. iv, pp. 2 & 3

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE ELECTED PRESIDENT FOR LIFE

In 1893 there openly began what had been going on beneath the surface for some time, a bitter attack ostensibly against William Q. Judge, but in reality also against H. P. Blavatsky. This bitter attack threatened to disrupt the whole Society and to thwart the main purpose of its existence, which was to further the cause of Universal Brotherhood. Finally the American members decided to take action, and at the annual convention of the Society held in Boston in 1895, by a vote of 191 delegates to 10, re-asserted the principle of Theosophy as laid down by H. P. Blavatsky, and elected William Q. Judge President for life. Similar action was almost immediately taken by members in Europe, Australia, and other countries, in each case William Q. Judge being elected President for life. In this action the great majority of the active members throughout the world concurred, and thus the Society was relieved of those who had joined it for other purposes than the furtherance of Universal Brotherhood, the carrying out of the Society's other objects, and the spiritual freedom and upliftment of Humanity. A few of these in order to curry favor with the public and attract a following, continued among themselves to use the name of Theosophy, but it should be understood that they *are not connected with the Theosophical Movement.*

KATHERINE TINGLEY SUCCEEDS WILLIAM Q. JUDGE

One year later, in March 1896, William Q. Judge died, leaving as his successor Katherine Tingley, who for several years had been associated with him in the work of the Society. This Teacher not only began immediately to put into actual practice the ideals of Theosophy as had been the hope and aim of both H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, and for which they had laid the foundations, thus honoring and illustrating the work of her illustrious predecessors, but she also struck a new keynote, introducing new and broader plans for uplifting humanity. For each of the Teachers, while continuing the work and building upon the foundations of his predecessor, adds a new link, and has his own distinctive work to do, and teachings to give, belonging to his own time and position.

No sooner had Katherine Tingley begun her work as successor, than further attacks, some most insidious, from the same source as those made against H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge, as well as from other sources, were inaugurated against her. Most prominent among those thus attacking Katherine Tingley were some referred to by Madame Blavatsky in the article above-quoted (pp. 159-60), who by their own actions had removed themselves from the ranks of the Society. There were also a few others who still remained in the Society who had not joined hands with the disintegrators at the time the latter were repudiated in 1895. These now thought it to their personal advantage to oppose the Leader and sought to gain control of the Society and use

it for political purposes. These ambitious agitators, seeking to exploit the Society for their own ends, used every means to overthrow Katherine Tingley, realizing that she was the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of their desires, for if she could be removed they expected to gain control. They worked day and night, stooping almost to any means to carry out their projects. Yet it seemed that by these very acts, i. e., the more they attacked, the more were honest and earnest members attracted to the ranks of the Society under Katherine Tingley's leadership.

KATHERINE TINGLEY GIVES SOCIETY NEW CONSTITUTION
SOCIETY MERGES INTO BROADER FIELD

To eliminate these menacing features and to safeguard the work of the Theosophical Movement for all time, Katherine Tingley presented to a number of the oldest members gathered at her home in New York on the night of January 13th, 1898, a new Constitution which she had formulated for the more permanent and broader work of the Theosophical Movement, opening up a wider field of endeavor than had heretofore been possible to students of Theosophy. One month later, at the Convention of the Society, held in Chicago, February 18th, 1898, this Constitution was accepted by an almost unanimous vote, and the Theosophical Society merged itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. In this new step forward, she had the heartiest co-operation and support of the vast majority of the members throughout the world.

THEOSOPHY IN PRACTICE

It is of interest here to quote our Teacher's own words regarding this time. In an article published in *The Metropolitan Magazine*, New York, October, 1909, she says:

Later, I found myself the successor of William Q. Judge, and I began my heart work, the inspiration of which is partly due to him.

In all my writings and associations with the members of the Theosophical Society, I emphasized the necessity of putting Theosophy into daily practice, and in such a way that it would continuously demonstrate that it was the redeeming power of man. More familiarity with the organization and its workers brought home to me the fact that there was a certain number of students who had in the early days begun the wrong way to study Theosophy, and that it was becoming in their lives a death-like sleep. I noticed that those who followed this line of action were always alarmed at my humanitarian tendencies. WHENEVER I REMINDED THEM THAT THEY WERE BUILDING A COLOSSAL EGOTISM INSTEAD OF A POWER TO DO GOOD, THEY SUBTLY OPPOSED ME. AS I INSISTED ON THE PRACTICAL LIFE OF THEOSOPHY, THEY OPPOSED STILL MORE. They later exerted personal influence which affected certain members throughout the world. It was this condition which then menaced the Theosophical Movement, and which forced me to the point of taking such action as would fully protect the pure teachings of Theosophy and make possible a broader path for unselfish students to follow. Thus the faithful members of the Theosophical Movement would be able to exemplify the charge which Helena Petrovna Blavatsky gave to her pupils, as follows:

"Real Theosophy is altruism, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to truth. If once men do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possession or any selfish gratification, then the dark cloud will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon the earth. Then the Golden Age will be there indeed."

Here we find William Q. Judge accentuating the same spirit, the practical Theosophical life:

"The power to know does not come from book-study alone, nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits the divine light to shine down into the brain-mind."

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

On February 18, 1898, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in America, held at Chicago, Ill., the Society resolved, through its delegates from all parts of the world, to enter a larger arena, to widen its scope and to further protect the teachings of Theosophy. Amid most intense enthusiasm the

Theosophical Society was expanded into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and I found myself recognized as its leader and official head. The Theosophical Society in Europe also resolved to merge itself into the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and the example was quickly followed by Theosophical Societies in other parts of the world. The expansion of the original Theosophical Society, which Madame Blavatsky founded and which William Q. Judge so ably sustained, now called the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, gave birth to a new life, and the membership trebled the first year, and ever since that time a rapid increase has followed.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS AT POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

In 1900 the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society were removed from New York to Point Loma, California, which is now the International Center of the Theosophical Movement. This Organization is unsectarian and non-political; none of its officers or workers receives any salary or financial recompense.

In her article in *The Metropolitan Magazine* above referred to, Katherine Tingley further says:

The knowledge that Point Loma was to be the World-center of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which has for its supreme object the elevation of the race, created great enthusiasm among its members throughout the world. The further fact that the government of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society rests entirely with the leader and official head, who holds her office for life and who has the privilege of appointing her successor, gave me the power to carry out some of the plans I had long cherished. Among these was the erecting of the great Homestead Building. This I carefully designed that it might not stand apart from the beautful nature about it, but in a sense harmonize with the sky, the distant mountains, the broad blue Pacific, and the glorious light of the sun.

So it has been from the first, so that the practical work of Theosophy began at Point Loma under the most favorable circumstances. No one dominated by selfish aims and ambitions was invited to take part in this pioneer work. Although there were scores of workers from various parts of the world uniting their efforts with mine for the upbuilding of this world-center, yet there was no disharmony. Each took the duty allotted him and worked trustingly and cheerfully. Many of the world's ways these workers gladly left behind them. They seemed reborn with an enthusiasm that knew no defeat. The work was done for the love of it, and this is the secret of a large part of the success that has come to the Theosophical Movement.

Not long after the establishment of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma it was plain to see that the Society was advancing along all lines by leaps and bounds. Letters of inquiry were pouring in from different countries, which led to my establishing the Theosophical Propaganda Bureau. This is one of the greatest factors we have in disseminating our teachings. The International Brotherhood League then opened its offices and has ever been active in its special humanitarian work, being the directing power which has sustained the several Râja Yoga schools and academies, now in Pinar del Río, Santa Clara, and Santiago de Cuba, from the beginning. The Aryan Theosophical Press has yearly enlarged its facilities in answer to the demands made upon it through the publication of Theosophical literature, which includes THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH and several other publications. There is the Isis Conservatory of Music and Drama, the Department of Arts and Crafts, the Industrial Department, including Forestry, Agriculture, Roadbuilding, Photo-engraving, Chemical laboratory, Landscape-gardening, and many other crafts.

DO NOT FAIL TO PROFIT BY THE FOLLOWING

CONSTANTLY THE QUESTION IS ASKED, WHAT IS THEOSOPHY, WHAT DOES IT REALLY TEACH? EACH YEAR THE LIFE AND WORK OF H. P. BLAVATSKY AND THE HIGH IDEALS AND PURE MORALITY OF HER TEACHINGS ARE MORE CLEARLY VINDICATED. EACH YEAR THE POSITION TAKEN BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE AND KATHERINE TINGLEY IN REGARD TO THEIR PREDECESSOR, H. P. BLAVATSKY, IS BETTER UNDERSTOOD, AND THEIR OWN LIVES AND WORK ARE SEEN TO BE ACTUATED BY THE SAME HIGH IDEALS FOR THE UPLIFTING OF THE HUMAN RACE. EACH YEAR MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE COMING TO REALIZE THAT NOT ALL THAT GOES UNDER THE NAME OF THEOSO-

PHY IS RIGHTLY SO CALLED, BUT THAT THERE IS A COUNTERFEIT THEOSOPHY AS WELL AS THE TRUE, AND THAT THERE IS NEED OF DISCRIMINATION, LEST MANY BE MISLED.

Counterfeits exist in many departments of life and thought, and especially in matters relating to religion and the deeper teachings of life. Hence, in order that people who are honestly seeking the truth may not be misled, we deem it important to state that the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is not responsible for, nor is it affiliated with, nor does it endorse, any other society, which, while calling itself Theosophical, is not connected with the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Having a knowledge of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion, we deem it as a sacred trust and responsibility to maintain its pure teachings, free from the vagaries, additions, or misrepresentations of ambitious self-styled Theosophists and would-be teachers. The test of a Theosophist is not in profession, but in action, and in a noble and virtuous life. The motto of the Society is "There is no religion higher than Truth." This was adopted by Madame Blavatsky, but it is to be deeply regretted that there are no legal means to prevent the use of this motto in connexion with counterfeit Theosophy, by people professing to be Theosophists, but who would not be recognized as such by Madame Blavatsky.

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

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

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

OBJECTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD LEAGUE

1. To help men and women to realize the nobility of their calling and their true position in life.

2. To educate children of all nations on the broadest lines of Universal Brotherhood and to prepare destitute and homeless children to become workers for humanity.

3. To ameliorate the condition of unfortunate women, and assist them to a higher life.

4. To assist those who are or have been in prisons to establish themselves in honorable positions in life.

5. To abolish capital punishment.

6. To bring about a better understanding between so-called savage and civilized races, by promoting a closer and more sympathetic relationship between them.

7. To relieve human suffering resulting from flood, famine, war, and other calamities; and, generally, to extend aid, help, and comfort to suffering humanity throughout the world.

JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, Secretary