

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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ARCHAEOLOGICAL research is advancing at a rapid rate, and within the last two years many wonderful discoveries have been made which are but the beginnings of many more of even profounder interest. While Crete and Asia Minor are considered the centers of interest in the Classic field at the present moment, America, especially Mexico and the Central American States, will ere long unbosom treasures of ancient knowledge. — *Katherine Tingley*

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST:

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



A WRITER in a magazine, taking the *Titanic* disaster as his text, propounds the ancient question, "Why?" meaning, Why does God allow such disasters? or, more generally, why does eternal goodness permit evil and suffering? And he quotes the old dilemma, by which it is considered a logical necessity that God must be either impotent or bad-willed — that he either cannot or will not prevent these ills. It may be pointed out that the argument, as far as it concerns the *Titanic*, is based on an assumption that may be unwarrantable; in others words, should this event be classed as an evil at all? We can scarcely imagine any one event that has done so much to stimulate serious and helpful reflection on human nature, the soul, the meaning of life and death, and other essential problems. A great wave has been sent throughout the world of thought; and before its widespread influence has died out, so much will have been accomplished that the world will not be the same before as after. This surely must be classed as a good; could a wise and beneficent God have designed a better way of bringing home to his people some valuable lessons? We do not assert; we merely query. And as to the pain and suffering — we know that pain and suffering as great, even greater, are going on all the time in our midst, and that these great disasters are distinguished merely by their dramatic circumstances.

Again, if God made the iceberg, man made the *Titanic*, and it was man who drove her full tilt in the dark against one of God's

mountains of ice. Are we, then, to imagine a God occupied in the perpetual task of saving man from the consequences of his own foolishness (thereby making him tenfold more foolish)? Would such a God be either good or wise?

But the writer mentioned devotes most of his space to a consideration of an article in a Christian paper, advocating an amplification of the Christian doctrine of the Divine Incarnation as a means of explaining the above problems about the relation between God and man. This writer seeks refuge in — what he admits to be no modern invention, but merely a return to Gnostic ideas — the conception of the Divine Power as being subdivided into a hierarchy of lesser powers, of which the lower ones only have any direct concern with man and nature. And he endeavors to render this idea compatible with Christian formulas by representing it as a kind of *incarnation* of the Supreme Power. This incarnation he supposes to be of the nature of a *self-sacrifice*, whereby Deity voluntarily *empties itself* (ἐκένωσε, see *Philippians* II, 7); that is, divests itself of some of its power and knowledge in order to take on an inferior condition. By thus limiting itself, the Divine is enabled to help that lower creation which it seeks to raise, and this constitutes the voluntary sacrifice of Christ. And this is the only condition by which man and the lower creation can be raised — namely, by loving and voluntary self-sacrifice of a Divine Power which has purposely limited itself. This is a taking-on of the sins of the world; and the Divine Power, thus self-limited and diminished, is supposed to be capable of erring, as we do.

It will be seen from the above that this writer in a Christian paper has made a great step in preparing the middle ground between religious thought and thought of a more speculative character. But we notice some peculiar limitations due to his point of view and profession. This tendency to enlarge the meaning of the doctrine of the Divine Incarnation he attributes to the influence of modern science and philosophy. We prefer to attribute it to the influence of something else, and to regard science and philosophy as sharing in the fermenting process produced by this leaven. This leaven is the influence of Theosophical thought, set in motion by H. P. Blavatsky. By boldly and emphatically declaring the truth, that great pioneer of twentieth century progress literally forced science, philosophy, and religion — *all* departments of thought — to expand themselves or be left behind. It is this influence that has been working ever since the closing years

of last century, and is now producing such visible effects everywhere.

But our preacher on the Divine Incarnation stops short of the full import of the ancient doctrine. He seems to regard this incarnated Divine Power, or Christ, as being with us and working and suffering with us. He brings us right up to the very verge of the final thought and there leaves us. That this incarnated Divinity is actually *our very Self* — our real Self, not our mere personality — he does not aver. He gets as far as a Divine Being, stopping to share our imperfection. To have gone a step further would have been disastrous to the cherished feelings of many Christians, still too much habituated to the idea of man as a supplicant looking for aid to a power outside himself. But we will take that step further.

Suppose that the Divine Incarnation and Sacrifice takes place in every man, and that the Crucifixion is the voluntary self-limitation of the Soul, which binds itself on the Cross of material life, in order to bring about the salvation or evolution of the lower human nature. And suppose that such self-limitation of the Divine occurs not merely in man but in all nature, being in fact the very essence of all evolution. We may further conceive that certain personages are and have been in a greater sense incarnations of Divinity, for the reason that they stood in advance of their contemporaries, undertook a greater sacrifice, and thus became more abundantly endowed with the powers of Helpers and Teachers. We can well imagine that some such Helper, or perhaps a group of them, may have appeared somewhere near the epoch assigned as the origin of Christianity; that his influence started a great wave of reform, but was subsequently diverted and perverted in various ways, thus forming the basis of many dogmas and doctrines. Among other peoples, too, Divine incarnations have been recognized; and with these peoples, as with ourselves, we find the crowd believing a more or less hard-and-fast and materialistic form of the teaching, while the more enlightened teach a broader and more intelligent doctrine.

The essential point about this enlarged conception of Christianity is that it should involve the restoring of *man's lost Self-reliance*. If indeed we are endowed with something of Divine Will and Intelligence, then we must use them; for a creature which instead of acting for itself, waits on the power and intervention of another power, is acting not like a God but like an animal. If we are merely to change the form of an old error, and to go on imagining Christ or God as a

wholly external power, and ourselves as weak and incapable, wherein is our gain?

Has the Divine Power really limited itself, that it may thus inform and help on its creatures? Then who and what are its agents? Are we to look around for them and expect them to appear and adjust our affairs for us? Or is it possible that we ourselves may be those agents, or rather some of them, and that we are expected to *act* — are being waited for to act? We have conscience to know what is right, and will to execute what is right. Where man uses his will according to conscience, there the Divine has acted through one of its agents.

Such is the old teaching; and for its present revival we are surely indebted to that brave pioneer H. P. Blavatsky, who most certainly took on a great many heart-trying tribulations in willing obedience to the compelling power of Love. Let us requite the bounty of our teachers by fulfilling their behests, and by being, like them, real men and women, helping others instead of waiting to be helped. If Jesus were here today, he would not be patting our sinful heads; he would have us be up and doing.

Is there not too much *fear* in churchianity today — fear of offending God, fear of imperilling our own safety? Let man but act fearlessly and conscientiously, trusting loyally in the goodness of his own real nature, and eternal goodness can look after itself. We need not be so desperately afraid of offending the Deity.

The message of Theosophists to Christians would be an expression of the earnest hope that this nobler, wiser view of Christ may gain ground. For how that sacred name has been slighted! It has been made to stand for a mere personal helper and friend, a supporter of our weakness, a remitter of our sins. This idea of Christ is very holy and dear to many, and many good souls base upon such a faith their blameless and self-sacrificing lives. But yet this ideal falls far short of the truth; and indeed it has proved itself inadequate to meet the present needs of humanity. By thus thinking of Christ as one sole personality, and as separate from ourselves, we make too great a gulf between ourselves and the Divine. It is the Divine idea that we ourselves should aspire to the nature of Christ — that we should also be pure and wise and strong, that we should perform voluntary self-sacrifice for the purpose of helping. For truly, every man who by recognizing his Immortal Self rises above the plane of his weakness and delusion, and who finds the great Law of Compassion to be the

real Law of human life, becomes to that extent a Christ, a Helper of humanity, and has set his foot on a path that knows no limits.

But this idea of the Divine Incarnation in nature is not exclusively Christian but universal. It gives the key to Evolution. Biology shows us (with more or less truth and error) *how* the scale of life unfolds itself; this shows us *why*. The Divine is everywhere, in the tiniest atom, striving to express itself and to create forms of perfection; from the superb crystal in the mine up to that most advanced product, Man. And in Man the Divine has incarnated a portion of its Will and self-creative Intelligence, which we so guiltily abrogate, calling ourselves miserable sinners. But the way to escape from sin is to leave off sinning, and this is a duty which cannot be done for us by another. We must do it ourselves, thereby showing that we do indeed possess the gift of the Spirit. Let us not wait in foolish expectancy for the coming of some Christ, whether from the East or from the West; let us not be among those who cry, "Lo here and lo there!" But let the Christ come in our own Heart, through the awakening of our own lost Self-respect and of the determination to Act.

And many Christians are better than their own gospel. For, while the latter urges upon each man the necessity of caring for his own salvation, we are all the while performing acts of self-sacrifice in accordance with the promptings of our own Divinity. All we need to do is to *recognise* our Divine nature and give it a chance.

IN A GARDEN: by Kenneth Morris



IT is all very well for materialism to rule out intelligent life and put a *tabu* on the soul of things; your true gardener knows better. For him the *Beautiful Family* is so real, whether he knows it or not, that he does all but see them. He passes into fairyland when he dons his gardening clothes; hoe, rake, or spade will be the golden key. The beauty he helps into manifestation, he will not be so deaf as to hear nothing from; there will be a seepage, day by day, into his being, of secret and mysterious tidings from the Regents of the Flowers.

They are so companionable, once you stop throwing raw science at them. You must understand what they *like*, yes; but you must remember that they *do like it*; they have their inclinations and aversions,

just as we have; but in a more sensible manner. For what they like and desire they thrive on; but we humans hanker after our poisons more often than not. There you have a great part of the secret of their power; they have their consciousness; they *think* (I will maintain) — or perhaps it would be better to say, they dream; but they do not fuss, argue, form opinions, theorize, envy their neighbors or pity themselves. Never tell me they do not love the one that loves them. They simply confide in him.

When you go into human company, every one begins to declare to you, willy-nilly, what one might call his meaning. Just what significance he has in the scheme of things is written on his face, in his bearing, in the tones of his voice. You make no conscious interpretation, very likely; you would need a deeper learning than is common, to read the oldest writings on the human palimpsest; for they are mostly blurred out and written over and over with trumpety memories and perhaps with vices. But the general effect, the sum total, you get whether you want it or not; some company will depress, debase, or irritate; another will amuse, delight, encourage, or inspire. The inward self of man has its atmosphere, which you cannot but breathe mentally to some extent in his presence. This, perhaps, is the most certain proof I have that my neighbor is a conscious being like myself. That he moves and speaks is evidence for my senses; but that I sense the aroma of his consciousness, is actual proof for my conscious self. It is seeing with a surer eye than the physical, hearing with a deeper and nearer ear.

It is much the same with the flowers; only that the first writing has not been blurred. There is the rose: she speaks her pinks and whites, her yellows and crimsons; she thinks her scent; her action is the full richness of her form. It is all directly from her soul — which shines forth, blooms, breaks out from her triumphantly, with abundant largesse of generosity. You go into the presence of a rose and, if you have an ounce of the wizard spirit of gardeners in you, are affected by her consciousness as keenly as if she were Queen of Sheba or the daughter of an old-time enchanter. There is no noise; you have to listen; you have to quiet the restless mind within you, and be content to receive instruction. She is a passionless Sappho for making poems; let but her flowering time come, and she will not rest from her soundless singing. And it is magic that she sings; it is vision upon vision drifted out of the heart of Eternal Beauty.

O Gods, that there should be materialism in a world wherein roses bloom! I exalt her, but not invidiously; although she has been crowned queen and has become for us the symbol of the bewildering copious Beauty of the Innermost, yet she has a thousand fellows; and they are all allied together in their protest against things small and mean and unlovely. Do but string their names together — so that they have names, and not mere uncouth labels — and you shall have lines of poetry galore. *Roses and daffodils, pansies and lilies!* Of course one is thinking of that one perfect lyrical line of George Macdonald's, his supreme lyrical line: "*Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey.*"

They must have revealed their names, dreaming them out into the dreams of some village child somewhere, or to some gardener among the mountain valleys, accustomed to long silences. *Tulip and bluebell, iris and peony.* Names once spoken would be sifted in the popular mind, which broods, and does not argue, in the country places; and the true flower names would be kept, and the mere inventions, lacking the force of truth, would be discarded. There you have the method and value of all folklore; folk-tunes, folk-tales, flower-names, in order to live must be living; they must be energetic with a life and truth of their own. Bring such matters to the court of the brain-mind, and with argumentation, classification, and logic you soon scour their bones of all vitality and spiritual significance. For some of us, no doubt, the reality of a man is his bare skeleton; soul and personality may both go hang. Who was it first affronted that keen, merry fellow the snapdragon, with the opprobrious appellation of *antirrhinum*?

The first writing has not been blurred, we said; but then, you may argue, most of our garden flowers, and many of the best of them all, have been developed by man from growths far poorer and less beautiful. Very true; but then, there is a soul in man also. Many will have caught the dream and ideal of the Flower-Regents themselves, I think, and lent their aid to developing that dream in the outer world. Others again, will set themselves to produce fat monstrosities and abortions. Your chrysanthemum may be a fitting embodiment for the sweet, mysterious being of the autumn; or it may be the merest educated mop. Or think what coarse horrors have latterly been developed out of the pansy.

Pansies have a double fitness in their name. They are *pensées*, no doubt; *thoughts* of one of the most (excellently) human of all the

flower spirits; thoughts or dreams solemn, brave, or gay. There is more wealth in a bed of them, than in stores of uphoarded gold and diamonds; they tell you every manner of story, so long as it be beautiful; they whisper their own peculiar ideas and imaginings, out of regions where the True and the Beautiful are known for one. In that world duty and beauty conflict not; neither gives place to the other; they are more than twins, having the same body and soul. But here is this other derivation for the name of pansy; made long after the naming, but not one whit the less true on that account: if your daisy is the Eye of Day, so is this Pan's Eye. Indeed, indeed, it is that dear and age-old Wizard that looks out at you through every bloom of it. Here you read his mischief and merriment; there his long and purple musings. Pan Universal, they lied when they said that you were dead — yesterday you winked at me in the garden!

Poets have aimed many shafts of song at the Daffodil; but for ages yet she will remain a transcendent beam of mystery, a yellow secret of delight, an unfathomable comfort to her lovers, untold, untellable. One does not know whether she is more friendly or aloof; whether she is more merry or secretive . . . and oh that one knew the pure secret that keeps her laughing and brooding! *A jocund company?* Yes; but she is at least jocund for no less reason than because joy and beauty are at the heart of things, are the soul and nourishment of things; and because she has some private information about the yellow constellations — how that they, too, are pure daffodils of joy upon their stalks. And then too, in spite of her delicacy, think of her daring! — she *that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty*. Shakespeare must have been of the Secret Fellowship of Gardeners, or he would never have been initiated into such occult wisdom as that. It is what one might reasonably call *Magic*.

I knew a gardener once, who classified his charges according to religion, and had flowers dedicated to all the Gods and philosophers. There is this much in it, perhaps: the world-consciousness manifesting through the prism of human thought, has split itself up into those great divisions; as light, through its prisms, falls naturally into the rays of the seven colors; and again, the world-consciousness manifests through the flowers, and must split and classify itself there too. According to my friend, you must see in cherry blossom, plum blossom, chrysanthemum, brave and artistic Shintoists; in peony and

dahlia, prim, bright aster and suave, gorgeous pelargonium, Confucians devoted to ritual, rectitude, an abundant, but eminently tasteful, opulence of beauty and well-being. From ancient Vedic and Buddhistic India we have the lotus, meditating in her white purity on the waters; it was she that *heard the legions thunder past and plunged in timeless thought again*. For Islâm there is the tulip and perhaps the lilac; the first proper to Bagdad, Damascus, or Córdoba in the days of their glorious caliphs; a splendid figure out of the Arabian Nights; a just, liberal, and magnanimous Saladin; a warrior-poet Sa'dî taking the field against materialism, falsehood, and barbarian rapacity. He will have it, will the tulip, that the Golden Age is a reality and still attainable; *He knows about it all, he knows, he knows*. He is like a song of Hâfiz, most gorgeous dreamer and singer of the gorgeous Persians. As for the lilac, in her you have the quiet fragrance of Iranian Sufism; here sings Jelaluddin the mystic, or the wonderful Tentmaker of Naishapur.

Roses and pansies, iris and violets; these surely are true Hellenic pagans all of them. These are blossoms sacred to ox-eyed Hera and Idalian Aphrodite; who, while the flowers bloom, still have homage paid them, if not by men. Are they not most forthright, these flowers, in their joy of life and delight in the beautiful? Scandinavian mythology seems to claim rather trees than flowers; its beauty is too sternly grand to be associated with any bloom that one can think of. Then, too, it seems to me that if one could get a confession of faith from the scarlet geranium, it would be in Roman Mars and Jupiter of the Capitol.

As for you, Daffodil, you are certainly the Druidess of the garden; pure, beautiful, mysterious, heart of all natural magic, at once joyous and austere; you are of that ancient mystery-cult which has drenched poetry with the dews of Wonderment, and itself remains mainly unknown; which haunts every hillside and moorland in some six little countries, is a tantalizing question-mark on the dim horizon of history, and may be studied better on the winds and waters among the mountains, than in books on comparative religion. Here are the Druidic trees and flowers: the oak, the rowan, and the hawthorn; gorse, broom and heather; vervain and mistletoe, meadow-sweet and wood-anemone; the Shamrock of Ireland, the Bluebells of Scotland, and the Daffodil of Wales (for the daffodil, if the truth should be told, is the leek that must be worn "upon St. Tavy's Day"). There is a kind of

magic or mystery mingled in with the beauty of all thirteen of them.

There are certain flowers that seem to belong especially to our Lomaland; the gardens may be seen rioting luxuriantly in them during a long season. The universal rose, of course is one of them; she is the only one of the four I have in mind, that has a real name of her own; the rest have but makeshift exotic appellations, or popular names by no means adequate. There is the *Linaria Maroccana*, a Cloud of Purple over the garden beds from January to May; mingled with it the golden California Poppy or *Eschscholtzia* riots exultant. For this latter, *poppy* is altogether unsuitable, even derogatory; he is a bright, golden magician, packed and vibrant with life; as wakeful as a plant may be, and nothing druggish or lethal about him, as there is about the poppy, symbol of unnatural dreams. Besides, he is not a poppy, or in any way akin to the poppy. As for *Eschscholtzia*, it is the merest jaw-cracking barbarism, and ought never to be spoken, much less written down. These two flaunt the colors of Lomaland, the Purple and Gold; and it is to be hoped that someone will find out their right names before very long. For the (so-called) poppy we have, indeed, the Spanish name Copadoro, quite the best that has been given it, and one that Browning might have had in mind when he forgot his usual moods and wrote:

Speech half asleep and song half awake —
I must learn Spanish one of these days
For that soft, meandering flower-name's sake —

— it has in it something of the sense of intense, wizard sunlight, not scorching, but life-giving, voluminous, gentle, which is characteristic of the flower and of its native California. Unless we find out some English equivalent (in sound and feeling rather than in meaning), it is to be desired that this Spanish name should come into use.

Then, too, the pelargonium or Lady Washington is a most prominent glory of Lomaland; but neither name seems quite fitting; the one because it is a mere latinism, dry with the dust of scientific nomenclature; the other, because any personal Anglo-Saxon name would be too homely, of too different a virtue, for this gorgeous, silky Mandarin of the flower-beds. You seem to need a name with something of porcelain and dragons in it; something to express its lavishness of color, its courteous profuseness of bloom, its wholly immeasurable opulence. For a Chinaman your pelargonium surely is; though I believe it has actually been evolved by Occidental gardeners from the geranium.

INDEPENDENCE: by the late Joseph Fussell, Senior

WHAT'S independence, who e'er possessed it?
 The rich man with his gold, or he that's poor,
 With horny hands alone to earn his bread?

The poor, for daily work looks to the rich,
 The rich looks to the poor for help; and thus
 Each on other depends, and real gain
 Accrues to both alike; none less, none more.
 Independence! The child and parent see;
 Is it there? Happiness to both is lost
 When love is severed; each a duty owes
 Which Nature's law requires to be fulfilled;
 The parent on the child for honor, trust,
 Obedience depends; the child in turn
 Looks, as his shield from harm, to guiding love,
 Thus to the other each becomes a joy,
 The place of which nought can be found to fill.
 In youth, or in manhood can it be found?
 Each on others for love or help depends —
 The youth, for friendly sympathy depends
 On youth; and looks to find a loving heart
 To share his hopes, his joys, and e'en his woes.
 The husband on his wife still more depends;
 And she on him; for that which makes life dear.
 One home they have, and so, their hope, their trust,
 Their joy should be the same. On God's blessing
 They depend, and in faith look for their bread
 At His Hands, to feed the body; but more
 That the living soul may be sustained
 By Him, in health and strength, while on their way
 In this life towards perfection; that goal
 Which is the aim of all who hope for rest.
 So brotherhood acts, each for others,
 And all for each. Thus dependence one of
 God's great Blessings is!
 Then what is independence?

PLIOCENE MAN: by T. Henry



IN the "Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia," the president, Dr. W. Allen Sturge, gives his conclusions as follows:

Neolithic man goes back to some period between 200,000 and 300,000 years ago, and it would seem that we have not even reached the beginning of the period. Drift man was flourishing from a million years to about 700,000 years ago. Neither figure is a limit; the later figure is probably nearer a limit than the earlier.

Between the end of the Drift and the beginning of the Neolithic we have the great "Cave" periods, which would thus seem to have occupied anything from 200,000 to 400,000 years. Behind Drift man are vast stages of which we are only beginning to get the first glimpses.

But it now seems evident that man was already on the earth in early Pliocene times, and we must not be surprised if proofs are ultimately brought forward that genus homo goes back even farther than that. It has become almost a shibboleth that man first appeared in Pleistocene times, but I affirm that it is no more than a shibboleth. There is absolutely nothing *a priori* for or against the statement; it is entirely a question of evidence.

Some other archaeologists will disagree with the above, yet this opinion marks the crest of an ever-advancing tide. The whole body of archaeologists is continually putting the age of man farther back; and where the advance-guard of opinion stands today, the center will be marching tomorrow. All of which, of course, is confirmatory of the belief held by Theosophists as a consequence of their studies in the Secret Doctrine and the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky — teachings which she did not invent but handed on, or, perhaps one should say, called attention to.

One cannot fail to be struck by the great disproportion between the vast periods of time concerned with the above calculations and the periods we have been accustomed to deal with in history. One million years is easily said, but needs a good deal of quiet reflection for its due estimation. Let us compare it with the chronology of Archbishop Usher. Add 4004 years to 1912 and subtract one year; the sum is 5916 years. Now divide 1,000,000 years by this sum, and the quotient will be found to be 169. Thus, since Drift Man began to flourish, Jehovah has had time to create the world 169 times and let it run for nearly six millenniums every time.

But it was Usher who was responsible for this absurd chronology, not the Bible itself, which, as H. P. Blavatsky declares is an *esoteric book*, though many are the misinterpretations which veil its real mean-

ing. We have outgrown Usher now, and have found out ways of doing so without harm to our religious beliefs. But even so, we are still far too timorous.

And what do these vast stretches of time really represent? "Anything from 200,000 to 400,000 years for the Cave periods," we are told; and feel inclined to reply: "Make it half-a-million and it's done!" For these anthropologists are as easy with their figures as the auctioneer with his "nimble ninepence." What do a couple of paltry hundreds of millenniums more or less matter? And what was happening all this time? Generation after generation of cave-men, always the same, never progressing; race after race; humanity after humanity; all cave-men. What a prodigious waste of time! Our historic period seems like a bubble on the ocean by comparison; perhaps it is going to burst and leave the world to a few more hundred thousand years of cave-men. But this suggests another idea; supposing there have been other historic periods — many of them, for the time is a-plenty — occurring sporadically during the tedious millenniums of Cave-Men. What would we know of them? Only their stone implements would remain; for their iron, paper, soap, and other materials of civilization would have dissolved long ago.

There is every likelihood that history is on a much larger scale than we have imagined. The story of Egypt shows that there must have been a long past stretching beyond the earliest times we know of in its history. We find, from a study of the great stone monuments, set up by some prehistoric race or races for astronomical and chronological purposes, that cycles of precession, each of about 25,900 years, were checked off. Yet our own historical knowledge only extends through a small fraction of one such cycle. We admit the vastness of the scale of nature in other respects, such as geology, astronomy, and the life-history of the lower orders of living beings. We should admit the same for man, were it not for prejudice and rooted ideas, so hard to overcome. But the continued action of water washes away the solidest obstructions.

Upon our knowledge of humanity's past depends largely our anticipations for its future, and consequently our attitude and actions in that mysterious ever-moving present in which we live. So many of us are spending these moments in desecrating the tabernacle, in accumulating great piles of tendencies, growing greater with each added act or thought, running up long bills which will one day have to be

settled. All this because we have no effective sense of our real nature and its past and future. A story of adventure depicts buccaneers, cast shipless on an island, cooking many times as much breakfast as they need, and throwing the surplus into the fire with a gay song. Their sense of anything beyond the present moment was even dimmer than ours; yet that is a picture of how we live. A knowledge of what man has been reveals to him what he is and what he may be; and perhaps if man gave up trying to prove that he has been an ape, he might be less likely to act like one.

AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY: by an Archaeologist

PRE-INCA ARCHITECTURE



IN an article on "Cuzco, the Sacred City of the Incas," by S. S. Howland, in a contemporary, we read the following:

An hour's climb brought us to a fairly level plain at the top of the hill. Between us and the valley lay the fortress, its first line of defense rising on our left. Very large and strong walls we had already seen, but they were pigmies compared to the one which now confronted us. To form it bowlders of granite and of limestone, some of them as large as a house, had been brought together. No matter how large they were, however, their edges were as carefully trimmed and fitted as bricks in a house. How these masses of rock were ever brought to where they are, raised in position, no one can say.

In the Bible, date unknown, we read: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." But many people of today must be more incredulous yet; for when they do see signs and wonders, still they will not believe. In other parts of the same book we find people reproached for demanding a sign from heaven and yet being unable to discern the signs of the times; or being assured that not even the sending of Moses and the prophets would make people change their mind. What better sign of the greatness of the people of antiquity could we have than these stupendous monuments of masonry, which, not only in Peru but in most parts of the earth, have defied the ravages of time and the spoliating hand of man? Yet many people who claim to speak in the name of Authority continue to teach a history of the human race which quite ignores the testimony of these facts. Engineers sometimes say they could do the same; but they do not do it, nor has anybody ever done it since the original builders passed from the earth. Those who quarried, transported, hewed, and erected these

colossal stones had means at their disposal which nobody seems to have had since. And the natural inference is that people so endowed in this respect were also well endowed in other respects; unless indeed we are prepared to abandon the evidence of art and architecture as a criterion of the culture of a people.

It is strange how little attention Americans pay to the records of antiquity on their own continents, but time cures such ills and is already bringing changes for the better. Yet one wonders how long it will take for the import of these signs to penetrate the mind. For if due allowance is to be made for the existence of these great civilizations in the far past, our notions of history must be modified, and with them our notions of man's nature and possibilities. In short, we cannot study the history of the universe and man piecemeal without violating all principles of concord and consistency; and as no conventional scheme is large enough to embrace the available facts, we must turn to the teachings of Theosophy for an outline of cosmic and human evolution that will accommodate all requirements. Such facts as these of the pre-Inca architecture — which, be it remembered, is only one instance out of many — are indeed hard to reconcile with conventional ideas; but the teachings outlined in *The Secret Doctrine* are merely elucidated and exemplified thereby.

Under the conventional theories of human evolution we are called on to explain how races so much farther back, and therefore (as is presumed) lower down, can have been so superior; but Theosophy shows us that evolution implies ebbs as well as flows and that races, sub-races, and nations follow the same universal law as individual men do — the law which ordains for each a growth, an efflorescence, and a decline. These records, then, which we find in so many places, are the monuments left as silent yet eloquent witnesses by races which preceded our own. Nor is there any obvious way of explaining the development of our present culture which would not apply equally well to ages gone by, since time and the human mind are the productive factors in civilization.

As regards the past history of the human race, the signs of the times afford us abundant illustration of two opposing tendencies — that represented by the biological theories of evolution, and that represented by the enthusiasm for archaeology. The former is associated with an animalistic conception of human nature and is ever emphasizing the lower instincts and appetites of man. The latter is ever bring-

ing to light fresh evidences of the higher achievements of man and tends to reinstate the credit of his finer aspirations and nobler qualities. Hence the importance assigned by Theosophists to an adequate study of archaeology; it tends to the correcting of our impressions about human nature. Neither dogmatic and narrow views in science, nor the same in religion, can flourish in an atmosphere quickened by light.

EFFIGY MOUNDS OF WISCONSIN

Writing in the *Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly* for January, 1911, on the prehistoric earthworks in Wisconsin, Mr. A. B. Stout classifies them into enclosures, conical mounds, flat-topped mounds, effigy mounds, linear mounds, intaglio earthworks, refuse heaps, garden beds, and cornfields. The most interesting and remarkable are the effigy mounds. They are dirt cameos built in the form of various animals, such as the turtle, deer, mink, panther, bear, various birds, and in at least two cases the human figure. The height is usually two and a half or three feet, but some are six feet. Bear effigies range in length from thirty-nine to eighty-two feet, and birds with wings extended from one hundred to six hundred and twenty-four. In a few places the mounds were varied by intaglios representing the effigies in sunk instead of raised form. Related to the effigy mounds are those which represent inanimate figures and are known as linear mounds. It is generally considered that effigy mounds are related to the totems, and probably the linear mounds should be put into the same class. Great importance was evidently attached to the making and keeping of actual representations of the totems.

In spite of what we are pleased to call enlightenment, we continue to observe this ancient and universal practice, as is shown by our flags, our coins, and other innumerable devices to which we seem to attach so much importance. The collective human mind appears to know more about some things than any individual human mind. It was evidently an ancient belief that symbols, besides their sentimental meaning, had an actual power; though doubtless the correct use of the signs was an art that required to be understood. Form and ceremonial is apparent everywhere, in heraldry, Freemasonry, religious worship, etc. But we seem to have lost the key to their use. Mankind has forgotten a good deal, but may recover it. And speaking of the recovery of such knowledge, it is well to remember that most of these symbols and totems were signs of unity — truly, another lost art.

THE CASE AGAINST THE TONGUE:

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

The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; . . . it defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell. — *James*, iii, 6



IF one could find and plumb the whole secret of silence, one would perhaps have little else to learn. It would prove to be the door to all hidden places. All the keys of life would be at hand. Every magical power would stand ready to serve.

People seem to have some inkling that a great force gathers to a head in the process of silence. They credit the silent man with depth and with reserves of strength massed and ready for his signal.

They are right; but they deduce nothing, just take the case as it stands. They do not ask whether the silent man accumulates strength *through* his silence, or whether his silence is a mere indication of his habit of storage.

We can get into the matter through that other question of the possibility of wordless thought.

If we can say of the function of words that it is the *expression* of thought, the question is answered. It is also answered, but the other way, when we say that words are the *means* or *instruments* of thought.

But before the question, should have come — but never does — a definition of thought.

“*This tobacco is good,*” is the verbalized expression of what was first a wordless direct judgment or thought. Up to the point of expression in words the judgment would be perfectly possible to a person born and remaining deaf and dumb.

“*You cannot make the mind a blank,*” is the verbalized expression of another experience. Immediately after the attempt at the blank came the recognition of the impossibility or difficulty; then instantly the framing or stating of the experience in words.

“*I am only half ‘here,’* or half conscious of my surroundings, *when in deep thought,*” represents another intuition — literally, *looking in* — first existing however briefly without words, thereafter definitized into words. But the instant it is so cast, the mind has come forth from the depth, the intuition is over.

So we note that as the statement is made, in the act of verbalizing a gleam of direct intuition, a judgment or experience, these may vanish

and may or may not be capable of immediate reproduction. The wordless thought stops. The mind turns back and does something else altogether, namely, vestures its intuition with words.

For a flash I may directly cognize the subjectivity within (or essentially constituting) the outer world, may directly perceive the world to be veiled consciousness — very different from reaching that fact along the steps of argument. My mind was pressing forwards or inwards to the heart of nature. But by inveterate and universal habit it stopped at the flash to make words about it. I *said* to myself, “Nature is conscious,” or something so importing, perhaps barely aware — or not aware till after — that I did so. At that instant, at the instant of the first shadow of the first word, the mind’s process of direct cognition stopped. More accurately, it stopped cognizing in order to make words. It stopped following the gold vein to write out a notice about it.

It is just this inveterate and ceaseless habit of premature word-making that hinders the mind from advance into the profoundest mysteries of nature and being. No one who cannot paralyse this habit at will can get far in real knowledge. Whether words have or have not a real and necessary function as *instruments* of some kinds of thought, we have let their function as *expressors* of direct thought so overgrow us that we can hardly accomplish anything of the thought they are to express. As thinking beings with the power of looking into and knowing all mysteries, of penetrating all the secrets of life, we are half paralysed and emasculated by talking. When talk is not audible it is silent; when there is no other listening we are ceaselessly our own listeners; we cannot stop the mind from turning backwards to words at every point in its onward journey. And therefore are we superficial thinkers, most of us hardly thinkers at all.

So we get at once a deeper conception of silence. Mind needs the silence of *itself* before it can think profoundly. It must acquire the power to abstain from the immediate wording to itself of conceptions or intuitions *A* and *B* if it would pass in deeper to *C* and *D*.

How did the mind acquire this trick of continuously talking to itself, of maintaining a flow of words which never stops for one second of the waking hours?

The silent talk is obviously the reverberation or repercussion of uttered talk. The echo lives on self-existently, on its own account. It is still sustained by its parent or initiator, but it can feed itself.

The first indictment, consequently, of fruitless or unnecessary talk and of all chatter, is that it ruins in advance the power of steady progressive thought, forces the mind to be a never silent echo chamber.

That is not the only count. Both the talk and the echo *exhaust something vital*. The speaking of words is more than the mere emission of a sound, more than muscular exercise. As a word is uttered, consciousness momentarily changes into the form of its meaning. The stay in that form is only momentary; within a tenth of a second must follow the change or jar corresponding to the meaning of the next word. That there *are* these shocks, jars, or changes, follows of course from the fact that each word is used *for* its meaning. Consciousness intends that particular word and weights it with the meaning. Each such change corresponds to a brain-cell stir. Talk keeps the brain in a state of rattle, just as it keeps consciousness.

But a word is no more a mere dry concept than it is a mere sound. Into every one of them enters — *and is lost to the vital economy* — an *emotional* flash. Each has a charge of feeling. For some words, say *death* or *splendor*, this is obviously true. The dry thought of death as a becoming-not, a ceasing, is not the whole content of the word. We fill it also with more or less emotional essence, coloring it with more or less — always just a touch — of all the emotions we have ever had connected with death. The collective flash may be almost too rapid for notice, but it occurs. The whole stores of memory are stirred.

So too the dry thought of splendor as a lot of colors is fleetingly emotionalized by a flash recollected from all the emotions we ever had from contemplating something we then considered splendid.

What is true of these two words is true in greater or less degree of every word. None, except perhaps the connectives and articles, has *no* emotional color. And even to the exceptions we often communicate color by emphasis.

For this, the emotional content of words, another nervous system, the sympathetic with its ganglia, is called upon to co-operate with the cerebral; and its contribution is a part of the vital essence itself.

What is true of the spoken is almost equally true of the unspoken but thought word. It too commotes the brain cells; it too exacts its contribution from the sympathetic centers' vital stores.

The contribution may become very obvious on occasion. That a haunting musical phrase, repeated and repeated in memory, may prove

utterly exhausting, everyone knows. But so may a line of poetry or a few words, even one striking word. Every thought-word, rooted as every one is in ten million million memories, must have its small or large charge of feeling as of meaning. Every word has a heart which, as it is thought or said, is set instantaneously and momentarily beating, the beat getting its force from the heart of the thinker or speaker. Some of his psycho-physiological essence must be poured in.

But that is *an act of creation!* The word is created alive. That which charges it is the creative conscious essence, both the positive and negative sides of imagination. And if the talk is unnecessary and has been wasted, that essence has been wasted, the very life of the human mind-soul. In Theosophic philosophy this dual power which enters into words and ensouls them as they are said or thought, is the creative or formative energy of the universe, present in man's body because the mind-soul is there present. It is active Buddhi, Kundalinî, Daivîprakriti, in one of their lower aspects. It is one with that by which the ideation of the Logos is impressed on primal substance. Its misuse, in talk and otherwise, is the only real cause of death; and by its right use and conservation we might become consciously immortal subjectively. For energized imagination, pressing in and in, leads at last to true self-knowledge. Pythagoras taught his pupils nothing till they had practised the conservation of speech-energy for five years. So they accumulated a reserve which they could *then* be taught how to use.

THE KINEMATOGRAPH IN EDUCATION: by J.

IN Darmstadt the kinematograph is used in connexion with the teaching of geometry. For instance, the transition of circle to ellipse, with the gradual spreading of the foci from the center, can be well shown. This principle has another beautiful application in the creation of color-effects by the rapid rotation of certain curved outlines cut out of white cardboard. Were the successive films to show the stages, at suitable intervals of actual time, of the growth of a plant from seed to flower (including its behavior in opening, closing, and following the sun, reaching towards a support, or extending its roots to a relatively distant source of moisture), so that the events of many months could be visually compressed into a minute — we should not be left in doubt as to plants possessing intelligence as well as life.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES: by C. W.

(Translated from *El Sendero Teosófico*)



THE literary world of both continents is deeply interested just now in the alleged discovery of the very portrait of Cervantes which the great Spanish writer describes in the celebrated passage in the prolog of his *Novelas Ejemplares*.

So much fraud and ingenuity have been practised in productions of this kind, that one naturally reserves any entirely definite opinion as to the genuineness of this discovery until its antecedents have been most carefully examined. But, for the moment, everything appears to indicate that the picture is truly the long-lost portrait, which will thus be cherished as one of the most valuable literary treasures of Spain.

In the first place, Sr. Albiol, into whose possession the portrait came from some source not as yet disclosed, has set no pecuniary value upon it, and with a most laudable disinterest, has presented the recently discovered treasure to the Royal Academy at Madrid.

Secondly, the portrait is signed by Juan de Jáuregui, who, according to Cervantes, painted the picture, which he describes in detail. No doubt the signature may be fraudulent, but there is a slight difference in the spelling of the name, which a forger would not be likely to have thought of, and which upon historical analysis contributes to the likelihood of its truthfulness.

Lastly, the expression of the features coincides very remarkably with the description which Cervantes gives of himself at the age of fifty. It represents a man with a high forehead, aquiline nose, chestnut hair, silvery beard, long mustachios, small mouth, and fair complexion. The general appearance of the face, and the expression of genius and power which is portrayed, are very marked, whilst the eyes have a something of humor and sympathetic feelings which almost proves they could never have been limned on canvas had they not been taken from a person of unusual genius.

Whatever may be the result of further investigations, one thing is certain: that if the portrait is a fraud, it is a fraud of extraordinary intrinsic ability. None of the portraits approach it as a representation of the ideal face of this greatest of Spanish writers. All the preceding portraits are confessedly productions of the conception of some artist of *his* idea of what Cervantes must have been. They differ very much from each other, and were unsatisfactory in many ways. But

here we have the face of the soldier, the gentleman, the genius of the Spanish renaissance.

Whether this is the work of Jáuregui or not, this portrait will go down to posterity as the truest possible conception of how Cervantes must have appeared. No artist working with his imagination alone could produce anything better.

THE ETHER AND OUR "FINITE MINDS": by T. Henry



AN eminent physicist, writing on the nature of electrical energy, argues as follows. The best definition of *energy* is "that which reacts on our senses, and is perceived by them." Next, what is *matter*? Since we know matter, if such there be, only through the energy that proceeds from it, and since we know nothing of matter itself (if there is such a thing), we can only define it as the carrier of energy. In this case, however, the ether, which carries light, is just as much matter as is the bullet, which carries its projectile energy. Very good; then, since the ether is matter, what kind of matter is it? It must have an inconceivably low density, since it offers no appreciable resistance to bodies traversing it; so let us call it an exceedingly tenuous gas. But the vibrations which it transmits are of the kind whose direction of oscillation is perpendicular to the direction of propagation of the wave; and this kind of vibration demands a rigid and elastic solid, whose rigidity and elasticity are great in proportion as the frequency of the vibrations is great. Hence we must call the ether the most rigid of solids.

This is a well-known difficulty; but how does our authority grapple with it? He says that if we attempt to carry any speculation to its conclusion, we reach contradictions; but it is not the phenomenon that is at fault but our minds, "which are finite and limited, and therefore fail when attempting to reason into the infinite."

Speak for yourself, Professor; we are proud, and will not admit that our mind is finite and limited. *Parts* of it are, certainly, but we have not yet explored the whole, nor have we so far discovered any boundaries except the fences we put up on purpose. But experience has taught us this — that when a man sets himself a problem, premising at the outset that it shall be insoluble, and then starts out to try to solve it — why, he "reaches contradictions." And this is exactly

what a man does when he tries to conceive the infinite in terms of the finite. Who made God? What is beyond the end? and many such questions may be propounded; but the reason for our failure to answer them is not our alleged inability to comprehend the infinite, but merely our folly in allowing ourselves to get tangled over our words. The Devil himself, we are told, is unable to put anything on to a shelf out of his reach. The wisest mathematicians have defined the circumference of a circle as being composed of an infinite number of infinitesimal straight lines, and have then set out to find out how long it must be. They can only succeed by failing; for if they succeeded they would *ipso facto* fail; as must be the lot of all who attempt the impossible. But pray mind, we do not say it is impossible to find the length of a circumference. We only say that if you start by calling it impossible, then you must either fail or destroy your own definition.

And so with regard to this ether. What is beyond matter? Answer — *more* matter! And at once we are landed in contradictions; ah! the finity of our minds! What is beyond the farthest thing I can think of? Shall I reply, “More things of the same sort”? The obvious practical answer is to shut off that part of my mind and turn on another part. But here another curious notion steps in.

The professor seems to imagine — many people at any rate do so imagine — that our minds can explore a certain vast but limited region, and that beyond this there is another region whither our minds cannot penetrate. The former locality is designated the finite; the latter, the infinite. It is similar to the idea that a man has a body, and outside of that, a mind, and outside of that again, a soul; winding up, perhaps with a spirit — in brief, the “onion theory.” These habits arise from our familiarity with the physical world, where all big things are made up out of heaps of little things, and where two and two are always joined end-on so as to make four. And we forget that perhaps it is not true that the entire universe is constructed on the principle of piecing together separate parts. Now apply this reflection to the case of our minds.

Is it true that we have to *add* something to our finite mind, so as to make it a little bigger — to make it infinite, or *more* infinite (!)? Suppose one ventured to suggest *subtraction* — not necessarily as a truth, but merely by way of a change. Say we have to subtract something from our mind, to discard some of the finity and limitation. This suggests that a wider knowledge may be more within our reach

than we had thought. Instead of having to stretch and strain after something very high or very deep, perhaps we need only wipe our spectacles. Perhaps the alleged limits of our minds are chiefly those of our own erecting.

It is surely evident that the substratum of matter cannot be matter, unless we use this word in two different senses in the same argument. That which underlies the finite universe must (by definition) be non-finite — or, rather, not subject to the same kind of finitude. That which transcends any given limitations or formulae which we may have prescribed as the conditions of our argument, cannot at the same time lie within those limits. To ignore this simple logic is to be at cross purposes with ourself. We have chosen to define matter, energy, etc., in certain terms derived from our sensory impressions of force, spatial extension, and so on, and from the mental images which we make in the process of abstraction. Wishing to ascertain what underlies these qualities, we must logically seek for something that is devoid of them. To say that matter is made up of more matter, or that force is driven by more force, is hardly an explanation. In short, do we not err in striving to imagine the ether under the form of our familiar spatial extension, and as subject to the familiar interrelations of mass and energy in physical dynamics? If the ether be subject to these conditions, then it will not be that ether which we sought, and we shall be compelled to seek another ether beyond it.

The so-called finity of our minds, then, against which this writer chafes in vain, is merely the result of our setting ourselves insoluble problems (insoluble simply because we have purposely made them so), and then trying to solve them; as when we represent the universe as upheld by another universe, or represent the evolutionary sequence of life as an endless chain of similar links, with a man at one end and an equally complex and wonderful atom at the other. Let us (if it is truth we are after) give up trying to find the rudiments of the physical world in the physical world itself, or trying to define spatial extension in terms of itself. To understand physical space, we need to get outside of it. In what kind of space do our darting thoughts inhere? Have we ever measured the dynamics of an emotion? The inertia of our own tardy nature is a kind of inertia that it would be good to overcome. Of course one does not suggest that all physicists should at once quit their own field of exploration and enter upon that of mental investigation; one merely mentions their neglect to do so as

a possible cause of their failing to solve the problems they propound.

There are many propositions in physics which we accept as axiomatic, and daring speculators have sometimes questioned their validity. If a body is in one place and wishes to get to another, does it have to go through the intervening space? Can a thing be in more than one place at the same time? What are the real meanings of the words "here" and "there," "now" and "then"? Is FS always equal to $\frac{1}{2}MV^2$? Such speculations as these indicate that some thinkers realize that our conceptions of the physical universe are not adequate to explain problems which fringe upon the border, and that our fundamental conceptions (such as time, space, mass) can be considered as variables in relation to some unknown constant. But the speculations are much confused owing to the difficulty of reasoning logically on such unfamiliar ground. In speculating on "four-dimensional space" or "four-dimensional objects," for instance, people falsely imagine that the three so-called dimensions have any existence apart from one another, and thus they are led to try to add a fourth dimension to the three. On the same principle an angel becomes a man with birds' wings upon his shoulders, and the soul is conceived as something extra attached to the body and mind. If we, as creators, were called upon to design a cow with five legs, should we simply add one more leg to the ordinary cow? Should we not rather have to change the entire plan of the animal? And so with the ether. Shall we keep our idea of the universe as it is, and then try to add the ether to it? or shall we not rather change our idea of the universe in such a way as to include the ether as a necessary part of it?

THE FOUR WINDS: by A. F. Wheat, M. D.

I ASKED of the North Wind: "Thy home Kuvera,
Where dwellest Thou?" and He replied,
"Ask of my brother, the South Wind."
"O Yama, where is Thy home?"
And the South Wind replied,
"Find Varuna and ask."
"O West Wind, tell me where
Thy home is." "Seek my brother
Indra," said Varuna.
"O East Wind, Thy brother
Varuna bids me ask Thee
Where Thy home is." Indra said
"'Tis Everywhere — and Nowhere."

BLOND ESKIMO: by H. T. E.

“A NEW people in Arctic America: Discovery of a Tribe of Seemingly Scandinavian Origin,” is the title of an article in the *Scientific American Supplement*, referring to an expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History. Stefansson, one of the explorers, is quoted as follows:

We found a North European-looking people, the Ha-ne-rag-mi-ut of Victoria Land north from Cape Bexley. Their total number is about forty, of whom I saw seventeen, and was said not to have seen the blondest of the group. They are markedly different from any American aborigines I have seen. They suggest, in fact, a group of Scandinavian or North European peasants. Perhaps better than my characterization of them was that of my Alaskan Eskimo companion, who has worked for ten or more years on a whaling vessel: “They are not Eskimo, they are fo’c’sle men.” Two of them had full chin-beards to be described as light, tending to red; every one had light eyebrows; one — perhaps the darkest of all — had hair that curled slightly.

The explorer mentions the disappearance in the fifteenth century of the Icelandic or Norse-Teutonic colony from Greenland, and the conjecture that all or some of them migrated to America; also the loss of Franklin’s expedition in the forties of last century. The latter event is too recent; and the former, even if it may be considered to suffice for an explanation of this particular fact, will not account for other discoveries of the same kind, in which races of blond or Caucasian type have been found isolated on continents whose ordinary aborigines are of a far different type. We must take this fact in conjunction with other facts, viewing the field of ethnic history and geography as a whole, and it will be found to afford contributory evidence in support of the teachings of Theosophy — namely, that it is necessary to look much further back in time to find the origin of the present distribution of races. Failing this view, we have to resort to various conjectures as to racial migration, each theory made to suit a particular case, without much regard to the demands of mutual compatibility between the theories.

Since the history of humanity is involved in vast ages of time, it follows that the data furnished to our observation are of a very complex and miscellaneous character. Naturally they do not accommodate themselves to any of the too narrow and timid theories which we devise as to the derivation of races. We have an inveterate tendency to make our theories too circumscribed, as though the actual

facts could be adapted to our desire for a concise and easy explanation. Such theories can only be formed by limiting the range of facts included in them, and leaving out facts which cannot be fitted in place. The inevitable result is a multitude of different theories which contradict each other. Again, speculation is colored to a great extent by various conscious or unconscious prejudices arising from old-fashioned theological or biological ideas, and from the insularity of one's racial culture. Such a vast question as the history of humanity cannot be satisfactorily studied by a mind which is biased in favor of Hebraic theological tradition, conventional European ideas of history as derived from our particular outfit of classical erudition, recent hypotheses in biology, passing sociological fads, the supposed superiority of modern occidental civilization, and other theories. Results of a kind may be arrived at under these conditions; but they will appeal rather to those who desire to establish an authoritative, local, or tribal creed in matters of history, science, religion, and everything else, than to those who prefer to know the actual facts.

No such conflict between facts and theories is to be found in the teachings of Theosophy — as may be seen by studying *The Secret Doctrine*. The outlines of human history therein given are large enough to embrace *all* the facts; and those details which prove so perplexing to the advocates of narrower theories are seen to support the teachings of the Secret Doctrine. Speaking of the “best and most handsome generation of men which has ever lived on this earth,” of which the priests of Sais spoke to Solon, according to Plato, H. P. Blavatsky writes:

What was this nation? The secret doctrine teaches that it was the latest, seventh sub-race of the Atlanteans, already swallowed up in one of the early sub-races of the Aryan stock, one that had been gradually spreading over the continent and islands of Europe, as soon as they had begun to emerge from the seas. Descending from the high plateaux of Asia, where the two Races had sought refuge in the days of the agony of Atlantis, it had been slowly settling and colonizing the freshly emerged lands. The emigrant sub-race had rapidly increased and multiplied on that virgin soil; had divided into many families, which in their turn divided into nations. Egypt and Greece, the Phoenicians, and the Northern stocks, had thus proceeded from that one sub-race. Thousands of years later, other races — the remnants of the Atlanteans — “yellow and red, brown and black,” began to invade the new continent. There were wars in which the newcomers were defeated; and they fled, some to Africa, others to remote countries. Some of these lands became in course of time — owing to new geological convulsions — islands. Being thus forcibly separated from the continents,

the result was that the undeveloped tribes and families of the Atlantean stock fell gradually into a still more abject and savage condition.— Vol. II, p. 743

This quotation is but a fragment, yet it will suffice to give an idea of the comprehensiveness and lucidity of the teachings. We have to take into our reckoning the former continents which geological change has plunged beneath the sea, and the humanities which inhabited them. In view of a scheme so large, it is evident that most current theories of race distribution are too timid and circumscribed. What is said at the end of our last quotation, about an “abject and savage condition,” applies better to some ancient races than to others. The Eskimo do not seem either abject or savage according to description. In another part of his account, Stefansson, speaking apparently of another group of people, says:

After the first parley everything was most friendly, and we found them the kindly, courteous and generous people that I have everywhere found the less civilized Eskimo to be. We were fed with all the best they had . . . there was no prying into our affairs or into our baggage; no one entered our house unannounced, and if finding us alone at home, the first visitor always approached our house singing so that we had several minutes warning of his coming. At this time they had not enough meat to give their dogs more than half-rations, yet ours never wanted a full meal, and our own days were a continual feast. . . . Of one thing I am glad, that I have had an opportunity to see that all the best qualities of the civilized Eskimo are found more fully developed among their uncivilized countrymen.

From which it is evident that the Eskimo were gentlemen, men of refined feelings, though they may have had no knives and forks. Civilization too often rapidly corrupts and finally destroys such people. Yet civilization is a necessary stage. It is like the taking on of a greater responsibility, the being intrusted with fuller powers. But we cannot thus excuse the shortcomings of our own civilization; for the opportunity to go astray was given us that we might withstand it. As we cannot go backwards to the condition of these aborigines, let us try to approach their virtues by going forwards. Such kindness and honesty can be acclimatized wherever human hearts and heads and hands are found. Knowledge does not breed corruption, but the abuse of knowledge does. All our boasted ability is useless unless firmly founded on the bed-rock of human nature, which, as we see, is not bestial and brutal after all, but kindly and refined.

THE DIVINING-ROD NOW ENDORSED BY SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY: by H. Travers



HAVING rubbed our eyes and pinched ourselves and found that we were not dreaming, we record the following item from the "Science Gossip" column of that staid and erudite periodical the *London Athenaeum*.

The phenomena supposed to be exhibited by the divining-rod, lately investigated in this country by Professor Barrett, have now been seriously tested in German Southwest Africa, where something like eight hundred experiments were made with it in search of water, about eighty per cent of these being successful. It has also been used with success in Hanover to indicate the presence, or otherwise, of veins of salts of potash in the soil. The Ministry of Agriculture in France has appointed a departmental committee to make similar experiments.

The above is printed without comment. Most people had thought that science rejected the divining-rod with scorn; but it seems they were getting behind the times. But Theosophists are interested in natural truths, and perhaps the science editor of *The Athenaeum* would be willing to instruct them as to the divining-rod and other such mysteries. The easy manner in which authority can reverse its position without seeming to climb down is worthy of admiration. It shows an accommodating spirit and a willingness to yield to pressure when the pressure is severe enough.

And how strong and convincing must be the evidence of the divining-rod, to withstand such ordeals as must have been put upon it, to win out against the most desperate efforts to discredit it! With Professor Barrett in England, these other people in German Southwest Africa, the ones who are searching for the presence (or otherwise) of potash in Hanover, and the Ministry of Agriculture in France — the divining-rod is indeed coming back into its own.

But the fact cannot be allowed to hang suspended in the ether of unsupported belief, and some explanation will have to be invented for it. Its nakedness must be clad in some scientific garb to save the blushes. And it takes some explaining. The end of the stick curls up and drags your hand along with it. Again, why should it discover potash? The phenomenon is distressingly improbable and disconnected from other things. (Pretty strong evidence, by the way, that it is not a superstition.) There ought surely to be a group of related phenomena. This seems to indicate that probability is not a safe guide. In face of the divining-rod and its history it is hardly wise to

deny anything on mere grounds of improbability and inexplicability. Moreover researches do not always assign human testimony its due value as evidence.

Any offhand explanation of the workings of the divining-rod would be premature, and we do not care to talk a jargon about animal magnetism and currents and elementals and things which convey little meaning to our readers. But then, there is no good explanation of the way in which a piece of iron will run across the table and attach itself to an electro-magnet when the current is turned on; or how my arm will rise to my head when I will it to do so. Still these more familiar phenomena can be related to other phenomena and we can study their quantitative laws. The problem in connexion with the divining-rod is to relate it to anything familiar, so as to be able to investigate its laws for experimental and practical purposes. The first necessity is more experiments along the same lines — to survey the adjacent country, so to say — thus discovering the class to which the phenomenon belongs and removing its isolation.

Another point is that the cause of the phenomenon is to a great extent in the person of the operator — a circumstance which differentiates it from scientific phenomena proper. For some people cannot work it, others can work it a little, and a few are experts. Can the faculty be developed and increased? And, if so, by what means? To what other faculties in man is it related? Will the process which a man must undergo in order to acquire the faculty develop other faculties? Here are a few of the most obvious questions that suggest themselves. Then there is the nature of the twig — whether one kind of wood is better than another, what the shape should be, etc. Then we need to know what kind of substances in the earth evoke the effect.

The word “divining” calls up the general meaning thereof; there are many sorts of divination; are they all superstitions except the divining-rod; and, if so, upon what grounds? Or perhaps some of them are superstitions and some not. Can people obtain oracles by card-dealing or geomancy? Is this more inherently unlikely than that they can find water by perambulating with a forked twig?

One would gladly follow up the trains of thought further, and not leave the questions all unanswered as is generally done; and doubtless, with the abundant material to be found in the Theosophical teachings, much might be done in this way. But there is a grave objection. We here touch upon realms of inquiry which concern the latent powers

of human nature, and this is a realm fraught with serious danger to all who enter upon it unprepared. For we durst not arouse the sleeping forces of our nature before we have acquired greater self-control. The word "elemental" is used by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge; but if we were to use it now, it would suggest spooks. So the subject may be left to be studied by each one for himself from the works of Blavatsky and Judge.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SANITATION: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



POTENCY of influence may by no means always be measured by size or solidity. The most pronounced features of a landscape usually play a relatively small part in shaping the destiny of those who people the living picture, for the real mainsprings of human action are hidden and silent.

The Panama Canal project strikingly portrays the influence of small things. Backed by exceptional international interest, by millions of money and with the best brains to run machinery powerful enough to move mountains from the path of the canal, yet one of the serious obstructions met with by the workers was the mosquito. The insect's shrill tone could not well argue with the ponderous thunder of a 95-ton shovel: but all too often this tiny thing stopped the vital current which animated the mighty engine through the engineer. It was sanitation — the science of wholesome living — which conserved the most valuable asset invested in the canal project — the living mind and muscle which creates machines out of inert wood and metal and then breathes into these creations the vital breath which moves them with power and purpose.

Likewise it was not a military but a sanitary victory that enabled the Japanese to reverse those unanswerable figures which show that during centuries of the world's warfare several men have regularly died with camp diseases for every one that the enemy killed. To say the least, it is alike poor economics and bad ethics to make such use of good soldier-material or such return for patriotic devotion.

As the entirety of any question concerning the complex human being must include the moral aspect, so sanitation goes beyond the mere matter of physical health or economic value. The most philo-

sophic religions, in recognizing the devotional meaning of the cleanliness which is next to godliness, inculcate the practical occultism which makes for the realization of the ideal. Beyond all creeds and all customs, the most perfect expression of body, mind, and morals naturally seeks out ways that are "pure and undefiled."

Dirt has been defined as matter out of place, and its derivation from "drit," meaning body waste, hints at the human quality which marks the solid and fluid material that continually enters, upbuilds, and leaves the body. Evidently the ill effect of this dirt is a humanized acquirement and not something native to the land and water; for the contamination of waste as well as the contagion of disease are lessened and neutralized by sufficient dilution or mixture with fresh material. Nature's lower kingdoms do not originate the vicious influences and contagions from which man is the prime sufferer, as he is the source of them. The infected mosquito and the dangerous house-fly are not the authors but the distributors of dirt and disease. The malign essence, then, is not primarily a product of the material which makes up the body, but of man's more conscious nature, presiding over this matter. The human passions and emotions are rendered more potent and complex because of the mental power behind them. Thought and feeling empower the physical cells with a certain induced current of more or less lasting influence: and there is much practical proof of the philosophic claim that man raises or lowers the standard of the matter which he contacts.

In short, there is some sort of magnetic impress of the individual stamped upon the material which he touches, especially upon that traveling through the body, and the same impression characterizes his personal atmosphere. It is well known that certain sensitives can psychometrize an article and accurately describe its previous possessor and surroundings. That every one is not equally able consciously to sense these things is no more argument or protection against them than ignorance of the telegraphic code is proof that wireless messages are non-existent. Indeed is it not even more occult that mere words, which any one may use, have been so vitalized by the thought and feeling which composed them into literary classics, that each generation responds anew to their messages — original or translated?

Even the different grades of thought and feeling react plainly enough upon the physical tissues to be broadly traced by analogy.

For instance, the typical modern consciousness, both of intense adults and precocious children, is feverishly alert, restless, self-seeking, and purposeless, — making the average life a sort of brilliant, degenerate whirl. This same quality is reflected by the prevailing pathology of rapid degenerations of brain and body-tissues at all ages, and of malignant foci that menace health and life as increasing vice and crime threaten the integrity of the body politic.

Men live faster and die more rapidly than did their grandparents, numbers of whom coughed through a long life with “old-fashioned consumption.” Of course the pathologist can explain that the lung tissues in those cases differed from the rapid breaking down of the more common type of tuberculosis today. But if, from a microscopic study of bacteria, one turns to a broad view of the subject, the difference in type of tissue-reaction will show the analogous differences in the conscious quality of the two generations. That this increase of mental and moral degeneracy and malignancy which is reflected by the physical matter, is not due to some planetary influence is evident from lack of like abnormality among contemporary races whose simple life is yet untainted by contact with civilization.

The growth of modern sanitation bids fair to provide protection from gross dirt and tangible disease germs, with resulting benefit to the cleanly and the careless. As many of the intelligent as well as the ignorant are unaware of the various avenues of infection which exist, so also there are subtle unsuspected phases of the subject which distinctly affect the individual welfare.

The purpose of life is that the soul may know and express itself in spite of the confusing veil of flesh which obscures its real nature and the underlying unity and oneness of spirit that the various human ties copy and counterfeit. For the soul to become enmeshed in the veils of others can only increase the confusion, and retard the intuitive perception of the duality linking the divine with the human nature in all. Hence the religious meaning of purification — mental and physical — as consistent aids in avoiding the distractions of surrounding thought and feeling, when engaged in prayer or meditation. These external steps are perhaps more familiar in the teaching that one should enter into the closet in secret to find the Father in the kingdom within.

Where men are associated together, a certain interaction of human influences is inevitable and may be made valuable tuition in studying

life. But the best interests of sanity, health, and morality, are conserved by progressively evolving a more conscious sense of the impersonal man, and refusing to be psychologized by the changing thoughts and unstable emotions of the personal self or of others. That the danger of this psychology is not imaginary, he who runs may read in the chaotic symptoms and impulses of the many negative sensitives who recruit a growing army of neurasthenics and swell the records of unexplained suicide, of perverted vice, and purposeless crime.

The organization of modern society has rapidly multiplied the material mediums of human interrelations. Parallel with, or even leading all these tangible lines of contact, there has developed a larger consciousness and a greater capacity to transmit and to receive the wireless messages of thought and feeling, as the analogy of a more highly organized brain and network of nerves would indicate. So there is twofold reason why the individual welfare and evolution require a more positive poise and centering of the Real Self, and more freedom from the aggressive mixtures of external influence. As the impress of even the best of imperfect humanity must leave matter "stained with faults," it is easier for each one to work out his salvation without the detriment of "dirt" that is weighted with another's handicaps.

The far-reaching philosophy of perfect sanitation has an intimate and detailed bearing upon the daily routine; and it should be made the basis of a consistent mean in habits that are neither too fastidious nor slovenly. Indeed the former extreme sometimes marks the vain endeavor to escape a persistent feeling of psychic stain which, like the accusing spots on Lady Macbeth's fair hands, tells of some hidden wrong or weakness of the inner life.

Even where the ventilation, plumbing, and general housekeeping are good, the finer phases of hygiene are often overlooked. Garments, bedding, upholstery, hangings, furniture, and personal belongings, although apparently clean, may lack the thorough and repeated brushing, cleansing, airing, and sun bath which remove the impress of old contact and restore to them a neutral freshness. Merely a fine dust or a faintly stuffy odor may mean so much of powdered skin cells, or solid waste from skin-moisture, or other emanations or exhalations carrying the personal quality of the body that discarded them. Even a solitary person suffers the moral injustice of such conditions, for the clinging touch of his own old limitations impede his progress.

Who is not guilty of hoarding some old keepsakes or souvenirs or reminders, that carry him back to wander negatively through hazy sensations of stale yesterdays, when he should be pressing forward to learn the meaning of these past experiences? Let the past dead bury its dead; our business is with life; and its enfolded richness and beauty await our advance to consciously claim our own.

The materialist may protest that these conclusions upon the psychology of sanitation are too fanciful. To the Theosophical student, however, they but incompletely outline a practical and provable subject.

THE TEMPLES OF CAMBODIA: by an Archaeologist



IF the facts available for theories of history were properly estimated, we should arrive at conclusions very different from those we do reach. But our theories are largely founded on preconception and custom, so that we do not give the facts their proper value. H. P. Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, marshals the facts, and shows how, when justly weighed, they support the teachings as to human history which she outlines.

The National Geographic Magazine for March, 1912, has an article on "The Forgotten Ruins of Indo-China," by a former American Consul at Saigon, richly illustrated with photographs of the people, scenery, and temples. The writer says:

In America even now it is doubtful if there are many who have heard of Angkor Tom and Angkor Wat, so completely have these splendid ruins been hidden in the Cambodian jungle and kept from civilization by natural barriers.

But what if, instead of ruins, there had been a gold-mine in the Cambodian jungle?

A peculiar isolation has been the lot of this region throughout the centuries. For one reason or another the aggressions of conquest and the dead-leveling process of civilization have spared it. Whatever the cause, the result has been the preservation of these marvelous buildings and of a valuable link in the chain of history. Cambodia is the relic of a very ancient and splendid kingdom. The people speak of their own race as the *Khmer*, and say they immigrated from the north. Local records mention two early immigrations from India,

and the annals of Ceylon record that a Buddhist mission was sent to the "Golden Realm" about 200 B. C. The Chinese annals mention, under the name of Fu-nan, twelfth century B. C., a kingdom which embraced Cambodia; and about 125 B. C. a Chinese emperor made the country tributary. Ptolemy speaks of it, as do Arab narratives. Abel Rémusat has translated an account of Cambodia by a Chinese envoy sent about 1300 A. D., and the writer's accuracy as to topography and the ruins proves his reliability. He describes the magnificence of the court and capital and the many fortified cities.

The extension of the French protectorate has given facilities to archaeologists, but Angkor is still hard to get at. The nearest available port is Saigon in Cochin China, whence the railway may be taken to Mytho. Thence the route is by the Mekong River, parts of which are not deep enough for navigation except at certain seasons. A short journey through the jungle by bullock cart completes the pilgrimage.

The ancient architecture is scattered all over the country: large walled cities; palaces and temples; artificial lakes within stone walls; stone bridges, of wonderful engineering skill; embanked roads. The temples are remarkable not only for their size but for the inconceivable wealth and intricacy of carving with which they are covered. The ancient capital, Nagkon Tom, which was called Inthapataburi, after the capital of the Pândus in the Mahâbhârata (Indra-prasthapurî), has walls eight and a half miles around and thirty feet high. Five miles south of this city is the Nagkon Wat, one of the most wonderful architectural relics in the world. It is enclosed by a quadrangular wall 3860 yards around. The towers rise to 180 feet and upwards. The style is partly Indian, partly allied to ruins found in Java, and partly of a kind unknown elsewhere; the pilasters are "Roman-Doric."

Frank Vincent, a traveler, writes of this temple:

We whose good fortune it is to live in the nineteenth century are accustomed to boast of the perfection and pre-eminence of our modern civilization; of the grandeur of our attainments in science, art, literature, and what not, as compared with those whom we call ancients; but still we are compelled to admit that they have far excelled our recent endeavors in many things, and notably in the fine arts of painting, architecture, and sculpture. . . . In style and beauty of architecture, solidity of construction, and magnificent and elaborate carving the great Nagkon-Wat has no superior, certainly no rival standing at the present day. The first view of the ruins is overwhelming. . . .

We entered upon an immense causeway, the stairs of which were fixed with six huge griffins, each carved from a single block of stone. The causeway . . . is 725ft. in length, and is paved with stones each of which measures four feet in length by two in breadth. . . . The outer wall of Nagkon-Wat is half-a-mile square. . . . The entire edifice, including the roof, is of stone, but without cement, and so closely fitting are the joints as even now to be scarcely discernible. . . . The shape of the building is oblong, being 796ft. in length and 588 in width, while the highest central pagoda rises some 250-odd feet. . . .

We enter the temple itself through a columned portico, the façade of which is beautifully carved in basso-relievo with ancient mythological subjects. From this doorway on either side runs a corridor with a double row of columns, cut — base and capital — from single blocks, with a double oval-shaped roof, covered with carving and consecutive sculptures upon the outer wall. This gallery of sculptures, which forms the exterior of the temple, consists of over half-a-mile of continuous pictures. . . . There is no keystone used in the arch of this corridor. On the walls are sculptured 100,000 separate figures. As many as 1532 solid columns have been counted.

Some of these mural scenes, described as “battles between men and monkeys,” evidently portray the war between the Kurus and the Pândavas, the subject of the Mahâbhârata, and represent the conflict between the evil survivors of the bygone Fourth Race and the good forces of the oncoming Fifth Race — an epic that forms the theme of so many “mythologies.”

In seeking to account for the superior excellence of ancient achievements in architecture we find the explanation in the existence of great ideals among the people, such as made each worker an artist, and united all, from the ablest designer and manager to the humblest laborer, in a common enthusiasm. The failure to achieve such things today is amply accounted for by our lack of such high and binding ideals. Our system tends to turn the fabricator into a tool or machine; he works for bread and money rather than art. The designer is moved by no such lofty veneration, and haste characterizes the whole enterprise.

In our folly we have sought to explain the creation of the vast monuments of antiquity by supposing that the builders were tyrants with an unlimited command of slave-labor. Such a system might produce a Roman aqueduct or build a vast ungainly palace, filled with the spoils of other ages and lands, for a luxurious Caesar; but it cannot explain works which evince the qualities of the artist in every detail of minutest construction. Unity among the people is the true explanation. And that unity was no enforced and strained attitude

of mutual forbearance or pooled interests, but the result of a common enthusiasm and a profound sense of the paramount importance of the eternal and homogeneous spiritual life over the impermanent personal life.

HEALING POWER OF MUSIC: by a Student



CORRESPONDENT to a scientific periodical pleads for the use of music as a cure for the sick, and especially for the mentally sick and the insane, giving some instances of such cures which have come under his observation. Cases of nostalgia and aphasia were cured by a musical box in the sanatorium; appropriations, he thinks, should be made by States for supplying asylums with musical instruments of the automatic kind. The writer attributes the cure to a resuscitation of the will-power by means of the emotions, the emotions being aroused by the music. Music, he says, is the language of the emotions; and good music diverts the mind from bad emotions such as brooding.

The tendency to such refined methods of cure may be welcomed as a contrast to the opposite tendency — that in the direction of experimenting upon the brains of living animals or injecting unclean animal extracts into the blood. The proposal to cure the insane by music certainly stands in marked contrast with the proposal to kill them off or mutilate them. The existence of these two contrary tendencies, the one towards refinement and progress in knowledge, the other towards reaction and error, should be carefully noted. In connexion with the healing art we have also the *x*-rays to look to as a means of diagnosing and curing by refined means.

To what emotions does music appeal? There are various kinds of emotions, and a good deal of the music that is played appeals to the lower kinds, thus tending to degrade the character instead of uplifting it. More than this, even though the music should appeal to higher and nobler emotions, yet if the nervous system of the hearer is not strong and well-balanced, he may be upset and may vibrate to the opposite extreme. Weak and sensitive natures often run through the whole gamut of emotions from lofty aspirations to maudlin tears, and do nothing after all but waste nervous force.

So the mere rousing of emotions, even though they be lofty ones,

is not enough; the higher emotions must be made fruitful in action.

The reason why we cannot fix or make use of the lofty states into which music lifts us is because the general tone of our life is not keyed up to that pitch. And so, when the influence has been withdrawn, we fall down again; and the impetus may carry us for a time *below* our normal level. Music shows us a glimpse of a world of beauty and harmony, and we long to be there, but many preparations are necessary before we can make the journey. The beauty revealed by music has to be lived up to. Our momentary rapture is like the vision of a goddess who stays just long enough to charm us with her splendor and then vanishes with a beckoning finger. Shall we then spend our life pining over the vision or wasting our adoration on the mere phantom of memory, and say that life is all a delusion and a snare?

If music does not inspire us to action, it has not inspired us at all. We have to realize that we are temples and that these shrines need to be made clean and fit ere they can be blessed by sublime presences. Anything worth having must be fought for; and it rests with us whether we consider the thing worth fighting for.

Let us try to attach to the word "music" a wider meaning than that of the concord of sweet sounds. Let it stand for harmony in general. Then we have a meaning for the expression "to make music in our lives." Could we not try to establish music within that inner world of thoughts which we inhabit? We could study the causes whence discord arises in that world — chiefly in connexion with our relations to other people.

Harmony is not the same as unison. Some people's notion of brotherhood is unison; all people sounding one note, and that note — whose?

How many geniuses fall short of their mark because they try to go on sounding their own note! Perhaps this accounts for the limitations of genius and the sad falls and anticlimaxes. And it is a singular circumstance that when we try to discover the personalities of our *greatest* geniuses we can find little or none. Perhaps they did not have any personality to speak of.

Are we not fond of sounding our own note? Do we not like to get away by ourselves, and are we not irritated when someone else breaks in with his note. There are even people who, when listening to music become irritated if someone talks. Perhaps they are justified, but was it, or was it not, the music that inspired the irritation?

Everybody knows the man who in a chorus insists on having his own voice heard above the rest. He knows nothing of the delight of letting one's voice blend into indistinguishable harmony with the whole. It is the same with general conduct. We cannot make harmony all alone.

All this implies that it is the old old enemy, selfishness, that is the fly in the ointment. We cannot take this thing with us into the beautiful realms after which we pine. But what we should do is to admit this fact, and not turn round and curse the laws of nature.

There is great need of beauty in the world, and music is one of the sources through which it must enter. But the love of beauty must be coupled with resolve or it will be vain and fruitless. It is for this reason that in Lomaland music is regarded as an integral part of the art of life and is studied *pari passu* with the study of the art of life. Thus treated, music acquires a new significance and becomes a healer not only of the mind and body but of the whole nature.

SONNET

From the German. By Kenneth Morris

MAN hath no star save his own Soul,
 Nor other certain light to lead
 Through night, nor sure defense at need,
 Nor path, nor beacon-flame for goal.
 And if he rise, and, spirit-whole,
 Follow, albeit the many heed
 Or heed not; give him crown for meed
 Of gold or thorns — dispraise, extol —
 So he but take his fate in hand
 For staff, and neither turn nor stay
 What foe soever say him nay,
 But follow That o'er sea and land —
 Both they that praised and they that banned
 Shall follow where he led the way.

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DID JAPANESE BUDDHISTS VISIT YUCATAN?

by an Archaeologist



It is reported that a professor of anthropology who has been exploring in Korea has discovered in a deserted semi-subterranean temple on the southeastern coast certain Buddhist statues and carvings remarkably like carvings in Yucatan and southern Mexico. Probably it will be suggested that Buddhists crossed to America and carved the temple walls and pillars. But such resemblances in ancient symbolism are universal, and it is absurd to try to base theories of migration or ethnic descent on any small portion of the facts. There are similar analogies between ancient America and Egypt. The study of ancient symbology should be carried on comprehensively and not merely with reference to one or two particular peoples.

As to "Buddhism" and "Buddhas," it does not follow that every figure of a Man or divinity seated in the attitude of meditation is a statue of Gautama. Such figures are characteristic of carvings in ancient America. Moreover Gautama is described as the latest of a long series of Buddhas or avatâras who incarnate from time to time to bring light and help to the world. And Buddhism itself, like other religions, is based on the eternal Wisdom-Religion; so that *esoteric* Buddhism is virtually identical with the universal Wisdom-Religion. Hence its symbology is universal and of all time. There are people who, having studied symbolism and found how universal and invariable it is, have tried to make out that Christianity was known all over the world in pre-Christian times. There are people who think the Phoenicians are responsible for the diffusion of this knowledge — simply because they have read in their school-books that the Phoenicians were great navigators. There are people who are always finding the "Lost Ten Tribes" everywhere. There are people who think that Bacon wrote practically everything worth reading in the literature of his time; and finally there are babies who call every man they see "Papa." The archaeologist mentioned above has also, according to the report, found similarities between Japanese and Polynesian tattooing, which leads him to suggest a racial connexion between the two peoples. Such a game can be played indefinitely.

It is useless to try to postpone the conclusion to which discovery and scholarship must eventually lead, that "The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world."

THE GERM AND ITS ENVIRONMENT---Ancient Cosmogony under Modern Names: by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), M. A.



THE expounders of biological theories of evolution do not seem to be aware that they are merely stating over and over again, though in new words, the fundamental propositions of cosmogonical philosophy. Indeed, as they are but obeying the laws or conditions of human thought, they could hardly do otherwise than follow in the beaten track which such speculation has always taken. They seek to attribute all cosmogony and evolution of life to the interaction of two fundamental causes or conditions, one of which is termed the "germ" and the other "environment." The germ is endowed with certain requirements and tendencies, and the environment either satisfies or opposes these; in the former case evolution stops short where it is; in the latter case the germ makes an effort to adapt itself to the unfriendly conditions and a change of form occurs. By successive interactions between the germ and its environment the whole process of evolution from mineral to man is supposed to proceed.

Now what are the germ and its environment but Purusha and Prakriti over again? What are they but cosmic mind and matter, whose union and interaction constitutes life? Thus we have the fundamental duality which all speculators in this field have been compelled to postulate; and it needs but one more (and inevitable) step in the reasoning to complete the trinity by the postulation of an antecedent and synthesizing unity. Such a further step is rendered inevitable by the hypothesis itself, for environment is supposed to "change" from time to time (thus furnishing the stimulus required to make the germ develop into other forms); so that both germ and environment have a common factor — the power to change — and our trinity is complete. In fact, it is evident that environment is itself a product of evolution — either this, or else we have to make it a primordial principle. To sum up this cosmogony thus far, we have: (1) a primordial principle of motion or change or activity or tendency; (2) a germ; (3) environment. The next inevitable step is to make the trinity into a quaternary. The fourth principle is of course that which is produced by the interaction of the second and third — the "Son" in ancient symbology — describable as the manifested universe or totality of living forms. Several other vague shadows, which may be included in the cosmogony, loom up in the course of this somewhat rough-and-ready philosophizing; and our philosophers, not being Aristotles, may have some difficulty in

disposing of the chips from their workshop. For instance, there is "chance"; what kind of a principle is this and where does it fit into the scheme? The word is not ours; it is used by the philosophers in question, as denoting a power which accomplishes certain important results. Then there are "tendency," and "fitness," and several more powers and potencies, thrown in casually, as it were, or surreptitiously, to eke out the failing resources of the principal actors, as though the drama needed a prompter — as though the exhibitor of a perpetual motion machine were secretly poking the wheels. In short, here are philosophers showing us a perpetual machine which will run without any mind or will; and we detect them surreptitiously introducing mind and will here and there under the disguise of the above vague names. And of course; for what else could they do?

From one philosopher we quote the following:

Many imagine that there is some principle within the living organism which impels it onward to a higher level of organization. This is entirely an error. There is no "law of progress."

One might say: "Many people imagine that this is the house that Jack built. But this is entirely an error. There is no such person as 'Jack.'" Still we do not quarrel with this view, recognizing, as we do, that it is the inevitable result of a condition forced upon the germ in the writer's mind by his environment. But the same is true of our own ideas; we cannot help them, nor can we help stating them; we are constrained by our environment.

But let us consider this house that Jack built, a little further. According to the philosophy, a heap of bricks will continue to be nothing but a heap of bricks so long as its environment is suited to its requirements. But, should that environment change, the bricks might no longer be able to continue in their former condition and might be forced to adopt a new arrangement among themselves. Thus we may imagine the first rude hovel came into existence on the shores of the primordial seaside, when man was not, but only carbonic acid and chaos. This hovel again would never be anything else *but* a hovel — unless (and here is the point) a change in the environment chanced to ensue; and then the hovel might become a house. The process thus outlined, the rest is easy; all we have to do is just to leave it to the imagination; any one can fill in the details.

But it will be argued that our analogy is imperfect, because bricks do not have any reproductive power, whereas germs do. Very well,

the objection is sustained; only now we have a new principle granted us — reproductive power; whence did the germ get that? Is it a primary or a secondary principle? We are ready to meet the argument whichever way they have it.

But one might go on indefinitely cracking jokes at the expense of this kind of experimental philosophy. The philosophers need a course of reading — not for the purpose of borrowing other people's thoughts, but to prevent them from doing so. But how very academic, how very isolated from life, is this sort of speculation! It is a true product of the study, the laboratory, and the sheltered life. And how rich in mere speculation, how lavish in food for the bounding imagination, how profuse in the use of vague terms! The wildest fairy-tale of the most untutored savage was never more incredible. In one of Swedenborg's visions he describes certain people in the after-world as occupied in constructing most ingenious machines, which they then presented to the Almighty. Swedenborg evidently had a glimpse into the actually existing thought-world. In face of the awful and ever-present problems of our life, both individual and collective, how vain do some of these pastimes seem!

What more potent "germ" can we find anywhere than a *thought*? If we are to take issue on the question whether the thought created the germ, or the germ the thought, we decide for the former. If the germ created the thought, then what created the germ? But, if the thought created the germ — it was *I* who created the thought; and what am I? That is the true and only profitable path of inquiry. Let us therefore look within, study ourself, "Know *thyself*"; man is truly a microcosm, and to know himself really, is to know the universe.

Arguments such as we have just used against biological speculation are sometimes used by exponents of theological and dogmatic systems, as if to say, "All human endeavor is vain, let us have faith in God and his church." But it is one thing to condemn wrong thought, and another to condemn *all* thought; nor is it any use giving up one kind of delusion to fall into another. What is needed is to think *more*, not less; to think *better*, not to stop thinking. We were not endowed with will and intelligence that we might abrogate them. It is not sinful to use them, nor need we fear thereby to offend Deity — which can surely take care of itself. Intelligence is intended to be used; but let us not forget that the twin-ray from the Supreme enters the heart as Love (Divine Compassion) and Wisdom, which twain cannot be separated.

STUDIES IN ORPHISM: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)

III. THE GREEK MYSTERIES

I



THE Orphic teachings in regard to the fifth and last of the Cosmic Rulers, Zagreus-Dionysos, were embodied in the mystery-drama, which was witnessed by those initiated into the sacred rites. Nevertheless, using the keys given by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* and *Isis Unveiled*, many details of this story of the Greek Mystic Savior can be recovered by piecing together the statements made by the later Platonists and their opponents, the early Christian Fathers.

First, a few quotations from H. P. Blavatsky in regard to the general character of the Mysteries.

The Mysteries were observances, generally kept secret from the profane and uninitiated, in which were taught by dramatic representation and other methods, the origin of things, the nature of the human spirit, its relations to the body, and the method of its purification and restoration to higher life.¹

Elsewhere she adds: "Their object was to re-establish the soul in its primordial purity, or that state of perfection from which it had fallen."²

In the Mysteries were symbolized the pre-existent condition of the spirit and soul, the lapse of the latter into earth-life and Hades, the miseries of that life, the purification of the soul, and its restoration to divine bliss or reunion with spirit.³

And again:

It is well known that throughout antiquity besides the popular worship composed of the dead-letter forms and empty exoteric ceremonies every nation had its secret cult, known to the world as the Mysteries. . . . These . . . were the last surviving heirloom of archaic wisdom. During the public classes and general teachings the lessons in cosmogony and theogony were delivered in allegorical representation. . . . Alone, the high initiates, the Epoptai, understood their language and meaning.⁴

Fair-minded scholars have always admitted the nobility and purity of the true and undegenerated forms of the Greek Mysteries.

Bishop Warburton declares:

1. *Isis Unveiled*, I, Before the Veil, p. xxxvii, s. v. Mysteries. 2. Cf. Plato, as quoted by Warburton, *Divine Legation of Moses*, Vol. I, Bk. II, § iv, p. 210; ed. London, 1837: Σκοπὸς τῶν τελετῶν ἔστω, εἰς τέλος ἀναγαγεῖν τὰς ψυχὰς ἐκεῖνο ἀφ' οὗ τὴν πρώτην ἐποιήσαντο κάθοδον, ὡς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, i. e. "It was the end and design of initiation to restore the soul to that state from which it fell, as from its native seat of perfection." Also cf. Sallust, the Greek Neo-Platonist, *On the Gods and the World*, iv: "It is the intention of all mystic ceremonies to conjoin us with the world and the Gods." 3. *Isis Unveiled*, I, Before the Veil, p. xiv.

4. *Lucifer*, IV, pp. 226, 227.

The wisest and best of the Pagan world invariably hold that the Mysteries were instituted pure and proposed the noblest ends by the worthiest means.⁵

The Reverend Dr. Edwin Hatch, also justly emphasizes the fact that —

The main underlying conception of initiation was that there were elements in human life from which the candidate must purify himself before he could be fit to approach the Deity. . . . Thus, the race of mankind was lifted on to a higher plane when it came to be taught that only the pure in heart can see God.⁶

In fact, the whole aim of initiation was to procure for the pilgrim soul true bliss by freeing it from the snares and impediments of a purely earthly life. Therefore, the mystics were taught to worship the One Ineffable Deity and to live a clean, pure life in accordance with the spirit of brotherhood. Or in the words of an Orphic fragment:

Love light and not darkness. Remember thy journey's end, whilst thou travellest. For when souls [after death] return to the light [i. e. earth-life], they wear as hideous scars upon their ethereal body all the sins of their former lives, which they must wash away by returning to earth.

The teachings of the Mysteries were rarely conveyed by the exposition of doctrine and dogma, for the Greeks knew of no hard-and-fast credal systems; but by means of a drama, illustrative of the soul's history, representing allegorically life, death, and rebirth, symbolically revealing the soul's divine parentage, its fall, and its final restoration to Deity. The faith in and the authority of the Mysteries was based *not* upon external forms but upon the *Light within*, by means of which man was lifted out of his lower animal self, brought into communion and association with the Divine Within and Above, and purified by the leverage of aspiration. Plotinos says:

Knowledge has three degrees — opinion, science, and illumination. The means or instrument of the first is reception; of the second, argumentative reasoning; of the third *intuition*.

And it was the function of the Mysteries to develop the intuition.

A most interesting Orphic confession of Faith, dating from the fifth century B. C. has been preserved to us by Porphyry from the lost *Cretans* of Euripides, in which the mystic declares:

In one pure stream
My days have run, the servant I,

5. *The Divine Legation of Moses*, Vol. I, Bk. ii, § iv, p. 244, ed. London, 1837.

6. *Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church*, Hibbert Lectures for 1888, ed. London, 1907, p. 285.

Initiate, of Idaean Jove;⁷
 Where midnight Zagreus roves, I rove;
 I have endured his thunder-cry;⁸

Fulfilled his red and bleeding feasts;⁹
 Held the Great Mother's mountain flame;¹⁰
 I am set free; and named by name¹¹
 A Bakchos of the Mailed Priests.¹²

Robed in pure white I have borne me clean
 From man's low birth and coffined clay,
 And exiled from my lips alway
 Touch of all meat where life hath been.¹³

The successive stages or grades in initiation are given by Theon of Smyrna as: first, previous purification; secondly, admission to participation in the lesser mysteries or myesis; thirdly, initiation into the greater mysteries or epoptic revelation; fourthly, investiture or enthroning; and fifthly, interior communion with the Divine. His complete statement well deserves study. He says:

Again, philosophy may be called Initiation into the true sacred rites and the instruction in the genuine Mysteries; for there are five parts of initiation, the first of which is the preliminary purification. Inasmuch as the Mysteries are not communicated to all who wish to receive them certain persons are precluded by the voice of the sacred Herald, such as those whose hands are impure and whose enunciation is unintelligible. Then such as are not excluded must first be refined by certain purifications; and after purification, the instruction in the sacred rites (myesis) succeeds; while the third part is denominated revelation or inspection (epopteia). The fourth, which is the end and design of the revelation is the investiture or enthronement, the binding of the head and the fixing of the crowns, whereby the initiated person is enabled to communicate to others the sacred rites in which he has been instructed, whether after this he becomes a Torch-bearer or a Hierophant of the Mysteries or sustains some other part of the sacerdotal office. The fifth part, which is produced from all these is friendship and interior communion with the Deity and the enjoyment of that happiness which arises from intimate association with divine beings — or, according to Plato, an assimilation to Divinity, as far as it is possible to mankind.¹⁴

7. Here "Idean Jove" or Zeus, the All-Father, is identified with Zagreus-Dionysos, the Mystic God-Man, for in the words of St. Clement of Alexandria, *Stromata*, v, ii, p. 688: "Euripides, the philosopher of the stage, has divined as in a riddle that the Father and the Sons are One God." 8. i. e. persevered, as a neophyte, in the Divine Quest after Spiritual Illumination. 9. i. e. partaken of the covenant of blood or the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

10. i. e. carried the mountain pine-torch at the celebration of the mystic marriage. 11. i. e. from the treadmill cycle of ignorance. I have passed into the circle of Divine Knowledge and am familiar with the laws of life and death. 12. i. e. an initiate follower of the Mystic Savior, a member of the sacred guardian band of the Kouretai.

13. Murray's Translation. 14. *Math.*, I, p. 18 (ed. Baill).

Proklos, also, bears similar testimony:

The perfective rite (telete) precedes in order of time the initiation (myesis), and initiation the final apocalypse (epopteia).¹⁵

It is thus evident that there were three principal stages or grades in all mysteries: (1) preliminary purification; (2) initiation; and (3) revelation. To the perfective rite belonged the sacrament of baptism and to the revelation the sacrament of the eucharist.

The ceremonial of the Mysteries began with a solemn proclamation made by the sacred Herald either in the form:

Let no one enter whose hands are not clean and whose tongue is not prudent.

or

He only may enter who is pure from all defilement and whose soul is conscious of no wrong and who has lived well and justly.¹⁶

This proclamation is reproduced by Aristophanes, as follows:

All evil thoughts and profane be still; far hence, far hence from our chorus depart,
Who knows not well what the mystics tell, or is not holy and pure of heart;
Who ne'er has the noble revelry learned.¹⁷

In connexion with the ancient mysteries there were two forms of baptism, the common or popular form consisting of bathing in or sprinkling with pure water; and a second form, apparently peculiar to the Orphic ritual.

In the common form those entering the sacred precinct purified themselves by dipping their hands in holy water, drawn from a sacred spring and were at the same time admonished to present themselves with pure minds, without which mere external baptism was of no avail. When the rite consisted in bathing it was usually performed in the sea.

Euripides thus refers to the usual rite, as performed in the fifth century B. C.:

Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain
Your bodies, or ever ye enter the fane.
Set a watch on the door of your lips; be there heard
Nothing but good in the secret word
That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred
To seek to the shrine, that they seek not in vain.¹⁸

15. *On the Theology of Plato*, IV. p. 220. 16. Origen, *Contra Celsum*, III, 59.
17. *Frogs*, 354-356, Rogers' Translation. 18. *Ion*, 96-101.

And in the Greek Anthology we read:

Come, pure in heart, and touch the lustral wave;
One drop sufficeth for the sinless mortal;
All else, e'en ocean's billows can not lave.¹⁹

With hallowed hands, with mind and tongue
Both pure and true,
Come, enter in, not cleansed by baths
But washèd white
In spirit; for from wickedness
The ocean wide
With all its floods can not the stain
Wash clean away.²⁰

The exact parallelism between these verses of ancient Greece and the following verse from the *Epistle to the Hebrews* is at once obvious:

Let us draw near with a true heart, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.²¹

This is, in fact, to all intents and purposes a paraphrase of the words of Euripides, written in the fifth century B. C. Therefore Pagan baptism was explained by Justin Martyr as an anticipatory imitation of the true baptism, that the false votaries might have a pretended purification by water.²²

The peculiar Orphic form of baptism is no longer practised in Christian ceremonial. It consisted in washing from the face of the neophyte a mixture of clay and bran with which it had been previously smeared. The smearing referred to the disguise adopted by the Titans in the Orphic Myth preparatory to their murder of Zagreus-Dionysos, the God-man or Mystic Savior, and typified the disguise and deceit associated with man's lower nature, from which the candidate for initiation must be cleansed. Therefore the significance of this rite, which has been often misunderstood, lay not in the smearing of the face but in the later cleansing of the neophyte, comparable to the reduction of the bodies of the Titans to ashes by the lightning of Zeus, subsequent to the Passion of Zagreus.

Baptism was not infrequently followed by a ceremonial sacrifice of salvation, the so-called Soteiria, which was symbolical of spiritual regeneration. Then followed the admission to participation in the lesser mysteries or myesis; while the third stage, that of revelation,

19. Sandys' Translation. 20. From the Greek Anthology. 21. *Hebrews*, x, 22
22. *First Apology*, chapter Ixii.

seems to have culminated in the sacrament of the eucharist, which typified the direct union of humanity with Divinity, and which as in the case of the myesis was preceded by an allegorical ceremony signifying the renunciation of the desires of the lower nature.

The mystic Pagan eucharist of the fifth century B. C. is thus described by Euripides, who says, in speaking of Dionysos as the Mystic Savior:

In the God's high banquet, when
Gleams the grape-blood, flashed to heaven²³
To all that liveth His wine he giveth,
 Griefless, immaculate.²⁴
Yea, being God, the blood of Him is set
Before the Gods in sacrifice, that we
For His sake may be blest.²⁵
Then in us verily dwells
The God Himself, and speaks the things to be,²⁶
The Lord of Many Voices,
Him of mortal mother born,
Him in whom man's heart rejoices,
First in Heaven's sovereignty.²⁷

If further proof of the existence of the eucharist in the Mysteries is desired, it is given in the explicit statements of the early Christian Fathers, in Justin Martyr (*First Apology*, c. LVI) and in Tertullian (*De Praes. Haeret.*, c. XI), for instance.

In speaking of the eucharist as celebrated in the pre-Christian Mysteries, H. P. Blavatsky writes:

Cicero mentions it in his works and wonders at the strangeness of the rites. There had been an esoteric meaning attached to it from the first establishment of the Mysteries and the Eucharistia is one of the oldest rites of antiquity. With the Hierophants it had nearly the same significance as with the Christians. Demeter was *bread* and Bacchus was *wine*; the former meaning regeneration of life from the seed, and the latter — the grape — the emblem of wisdom and knowledge; the accumulation of the spirit of things and the fermentation and subsequent strength of that esoteric knowledge being justly symbolized by wine.²⁸

In the Greek Mysteries there were not only two forms of baptism, the common and the Orphic, but also two forms of the eucharist as well. Orphic ritual seems to have forbidden the use of wine and to have substituted a kind of mead made of honey and milk. Therefore Euripides sings of the epiphany of Dionysos:

23. *Bacchae*, vv. 383, 384 (Murray's Translation). 24. *Ibid.*, vv. 421, 422. 25. *Ibid.*, vv. 284, 285. 26. *Ibid.*, vv. 300, 301. 27. *Ibid.*, vv. 376-380. 28. *Isis Unveiled*, II, 44.

Then streams the earth with *milk*, yea streams
With *wine*, and *honey* of the bee.²⁹

And again in speaking of the Maenads upon Mount Kithaeron:

If any lips
Sought whiter draughts, with dipping finger-tips
They pressed the sod, and gushing from the ground
Came springs of *milk* and reed-wands ivy-crowned
Ran with sweet *honey*.³⁰

On the Orphic Tablets dating from the fourth century B. C., the Soul of the Initiate in the after-world says "A Kid I have fallen into milk,"³¹ an expression which probably refers to the Orphic Communion. It is noteworthy in this connexion that in the rites of the primitive Christian church the neophyte drank not only of wine but also of a cup of *milk* and *honey* so that those "new-born in Christ" tasted of the food of babes as is declared by Tertullian:

When we are taken up (as new-born children) we taste first of all of a mixture of milk and honey.³²

Likewise, upon one of "the Magic Papyri" the worshiper is thus mystically advised:

Take honey with milk, drink of it before sunrise, and there shall be within thy heart something divine.³³

The symbolism of the two elements of this Orphic Communion is given by Porphyry and Macrobius. The honey typified both purification and preservation, both life and death, and as it was used by the ancients in embalming, it represented eternal bliss as well. Therefore we read upon a sepulchral inscription of the first century B. C.:

Here lies Boethos, Muse-bedewed, *undying*
Joy hath he of sweet sleep in *honey lying*.³⁴

The milk symbolized both reincarnation upon earth and spiritual regeneration. Sallust, the Greek Neoplatonist, in speaking of the five species of fables, says:

We employ the nutriment of milk, as if passing by this means into a state of regeneration.³⁵

29. *Bacchae*, vv. 146, 147 (Murray). 30. *Ibid.*, vv. 708-710. 31. Campagno Tablet (a) vide *Critical Appendix on the Orphic Tablets*, by Professor Gilbert Murray, in Miss Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, 2d. ed. 1908, p. 667. 32. *De Corona Militis*, III. 33. *Berliner Zauber-papyrus*, in *Abh. d. Berl. Akad.* 1865, p. 120, l. 20. 34. O. Benndorf, *Grabschrift von Telmessos in Festschrift für Th. Gomperz*, p. 404 (Translation given by Miss Harrison). 35. *On the Gods and the World*, c. IV.

H. P. Blavatsky has stated: "the Mysteries are as old as the world."³⁶

And Euripides speaks of

Heaven's high Mysteries, that heritage sublime
Our sires have left us, *Wisdom old as time*.³⁷

Dr. Hatch also makes the same declaration:

The Mysteries were probably the survival of the oldest religion of the Greek races and of the races which preceded them. They were the worship not of the Gods of the sky — but of the Gods of the earth and the Underworld, the Gods of the productive forces of nature and of death.³⁸

The Mystery-drama, as a part of the "Secret Doctrine" handed down throughout the ages, is independent of time and place. Everywhere it will be found to be identical in spirit, although divergent in letter and form. It contains, at least, seven well-marked symbolical moments or salient features. These are (1) the first Mystic Marriage, the marriage of the Divine All-Father with the mighty Earth-Mother; (2) the first birth of the Divine Son, as the mortal God-Man; (3) the Agony or Passion of the mortal, mystic Savior; (4) the second Mystic Marriage of the Divine All-Father with the Earth Goddess in the guise of a mortal virgin; (5) the conquering of death or the Descent to and Emergence from Hades of the Divine Son; (6) his second Birth as the risen immortal Mystic Savior; and lastly (7) his triumphant Re-ascent to his Heavenly Homeland.

II

Of these seven symbolical moments the emphasis and symbolism of the fourth, the second Mystic Marriage, varies somewhat in the different forms of the national myths; but the elements are invariably the same: while the subject of the Mystery-drama is always the story of the Agony and the Passion of the Divine in man followed by Its ultimate triumph. The Mystery-teachings universally held out the hope of Divine help in this life, the promise of regeneration and atonement for past wrong-doing, and the hope of immortality in the hereafter, and all inculcated the belief in the One Life from which all separate individual lives have sprung into being.

In this connexion the following points should be noted: First, the Mystery-God is both mortal and immortal: he suffers a Passion,

36. *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 98. 37. *Bacchae*, vv. 200, 201 (Murray).

38. *Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages Upon the Christian Church*, ed. 1907, pp. 283, 284.

is torn to pieces, dies, and comes to life again. Therefore, he brings the hope of immortality. Secondly, the worshiper becomes one with the Mystery-God and thereby immortal. So in the Orphic Confession, already quoted, the worshiper of Zagreus becomes a Bakchos; and the pure soul in the Egyptian underworld becomes Osiris. Thirdly, the worship of the Mystery-God is ascetic, that is, the true worshiper renounces his lower nature. The key-note is: "God thou art and unto God thou shalt return." Whether Eleusinian, Orphic, common Bakchic, Samothracian, Phrygian, Phoenician, or Egyptian, the Mysteries all came from one common source, as is shown by the identity of the teaching underlying the diversity of the mythical setting. This ultimate identity was clearly recognized in antiquity, as may be seen from the following epigram of the poet, Ausonius:

Ogygia (i. e. Greece) calls me Bakchos;
 Egypt thinks me Osiris;
 The Mysians name me Phanax;
 The Hindûs consider me Dionysos;
 The Roman Mysteries call me Liber;
 The Arabian race, Adonis.³⁹

Ancient Mysteries were of two chief varieties: civic, that is, administered by the state; and private, controlled and managed by individuals. Of the civic Greek Mysteries those of Athens, celebrated at Eleusis and according to tradition founded as early as 1800 B. C., were the most famous. The Eleusinian Mysteries continued to be celebrated for more than five hundred years after Greece became a Roman province, that is until 396 A. D., when the Telesterion or temple of the Mysteries was destroyed by the soldiers of Alaric the Goth at the instigation of fanatical Christian monks. The Eleusinian Divinities were Demeter Thesmophoros, the Earth-Mother, as Goddess of Law and Order; Persephone-Kore, the Divine Maid; and Iakchos, the Divine Son.

Judging from the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, the Sacred Drama was originally based merely on the myth of Persephone, but probably in the sixth century B. C., under the influence of Epimenides and of Onomakritos the editor of the Orphic Poems, a scholar prominent in the court of Peisistratos (564-527 B. C.) at Athens, the Orphic Mystery-myth of Zagreus-Dionysos was incorporated into the Eleusinian ritual, and the Eleusinian Divinity, Iakchos, the son of Demeter, was

identified with the Orphic God-Man. The Lesser Mysteries of the Eleusinia were celebrated every spring at Agrae, a suburb of ancient Athens, in the neighborhood of the Panathenaic stadium. These seem to have consisted of the dramatization of the Carrying-off of Persephone and of the Murder of Zagreus: in which case the Greater Mysteries, which were celebrated at the Telesterion or temple of the Mysteries at Eleusis, represented the Return of Persephone from Hades and the Rebirth of Dionysos.

Speaking of the Eleusinian Mysteries Sophokles says:

Ah! would I were there

By the torch-lit shore,
Where awful powers still watch,
O'er solemn rites for men of mortal race;
Whose golden key is set upon the lips
Of priests, Eumolpidae, who tend the shrine.⁴⁰

And Krinagoras in the Greek Anthology advises:

Go thou to Attica;
Fail not to see those great nights of Demeter,
Mystical, holy!
There thou shalt win thee a mind that is care-free
Even while living,
And when thou joinest the major assembly
Light shall thy heart be.⁴¹

Although in ancient times there were many Mysteries celebrated in honor of Demeter, Kore-Persephone, Hermes, Iasion, Ino, Achermos, Agraulos, Hekate, and other Divinities, the chief myths which were utilized as versions of the Mystery-story were (1) those of Demeter, Persephone, and Dionysos; (2) of Zeus, Rhea-Kybele, the Great Mother of the Gods and Attis; and (3) of Aphrodite and Adonis. Of all these the pure and unadulterated Orphic Mysteries were the noblest and the most important. Proklos states justly that

All Greek theology is derived from the Orphic Mystagogy [that is, from the Orphic Mystery-teaching].⁴²

And Augustine declares:

The Kingdom of the Impious [that is, the Pagan Graeco-Roman World] is

40. *Oedipus at Colonus*, vv. 1044-1053.

41. Allinson's Translation.

42. Quoted by Lobeck, *Aglaophamus*, 1839, Vol. I. p. 723.

wont to set Orpheus as head over the rites that have to do with the world-hereafter.⁴³

The Orphic Mystery-Gods are three in number: Zeus, the Divine All-Father; Demeter-Persephone, the Earth-Goddess, as both Mother and Maid; Zagreus-Dionysos, the Divine Son or God-Man. In later Greek times many foreign mystery-myths were introduced into Greek lands; namely, the myth of Rhea-Kybele from Phrygia; that of Adonis from Phoenicia; that of Mithra from Persia; and the myths of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, from Egypt.

The historical Mysteries of Greece were derived from Egypt if we may trust the statement of Diodorus Siculus, who says that the whole mythology of the Greek Hades was adopted from that of Egypt and that the Mysteries of Osiris are the same as those of Dionysos, and those of Isis the same as those of Demeter.⁴⁴

Plutarch makes the same statement in his treatise on *Isis and Osiris*, and adds that Isis and Osiris are not merely local Gods of Egypt but universal divinities worshiped under one name or another by all mankind. Herodotos says:

I can by no means allow that it is by mere coincidence that the Bakchic ceremonies in Greece are so nearly the same as the Egyptian.⁴⁵

Elsewhere he adds:

The rites called Orphic and Bakchic are in reality Egyptian and Pythagorean.⁴⁶

And the case is made all the stronger by the further statements repeated by several ancient authors that not only Orpheus but Pythagoras and Plato as well were initiated by the Egyptian hierophants. Therefore it can hardly be doubted that the Orphic Mystery-God Zagreus-Dionysos is identical with Osiris.

On the other hand, the statement of Diodorus Siculus⁴⁷ to the effect that "all the Mysteries which had their origin in Dionysos are called Orphic" needs to be qualified. The true Orphic teachings constituted "a system of the purest morality," and were quite distinct from the common unreformed Bakchic rites,⁴⁸ by whose votaries, apparently, Orpheus himself had been put to death.⁴⁹ Only those rites celebrated in honor of Zagreus-Dionysos, as reformed by Orpheus, the religious teacher, deserve the name Orphic. In these not only

43. *De Civitate Dei*, xviii, 14. 44. I, 96. 45. II, 49. 46. II, 81. 47. III, 65.
48. Vide, H. P Blavatsky, *Isis Unveiled*, Vol. II, p. 129. 49. Vide, *Studies in Orphism*, I. Mythical and Historical Orpheus, *Theosophical Path*, April, 1912

were all forms of license strictly forbidden but in the eucharist milk and honey took the place of wine.

Consecration, perfect purity issuing in Divinity is — the keynote of Orphic faith, the goal of Orphic ritual.⁵⁰

The best and the noblest in all Greek religion and philosophy is to be found in the "Golden Chain of Succession," extending from Orpheus through Pythagoras and Plato down to Neo-Platonism, the last blossom on the tree of the Dionysiac faith. The genuine followers of Orpheus carefully distinguish between merely formal and true initiation, as is shown by their proverb: "Many are the wand-bearers [i. e., those who carry the mystic thyrsos] but few the Bakchoi," i. e., the pure or true Initiates. In one of the *Chaldaean Oracles* we read:

Things Divine cannot be realized by those whose intellectual eye is directed to the body. But only those can succeed in possessing them, who, stript of their garments, hasten to the summit.

The rise of the Orphic worship of Dionysos is the most important fact in the history of Greek religion, and marks a great spiritual reawakening. Its three great ideas are (1) a belief in the essential Divinity of humanity and the *complete* immortality or eternity of the soul, its pre-existence and its post-existence; (2) the necessity for individual responsibility and righteousness; and (3) the regeneration or redemption of man's lower nature by his own higher Self.

Orphism was the last word of Greek religion, and its ritual was but the revival of ancient practices with a new significance.⁵¹

It is fitting to close with the words of Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, who of all modern scholars has most justly appreciated the spirit of the Greek Mysteries:

As to the philosophy, by whose assistance the Mysteries were developed, it is coeval with the universe itself; and, however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world. It has, indeed, and may hereafter be violently assailed by delusive opinions; but the opposition will be just as imbecile as that of the waves of the sea against a temple built on a rock, which majestically pours them back,

Broken and vanquished, foaming to the main.⁵²

However it may be involved in oblivion in barbarous and derided in impious ages, it will again flourish — through all the infinite revolutions of time.⁵³

50. Miss Harrison, *Prolegomena*, 2d ed. p. 477. 51. *Ibid.*, p. xii. 52. Preface to *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, 1st ed. Amsterdam (London), 1790; 2d ed. London, 1816. 53. Preface to *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, 1st ed. London, 1805; 2d ed. London, 1820.

A WALK IN A WILD GARDEN: by Bandusia Wakefield



THE wild garden has many paths going through it in various directions. In the upper or northern part, it is flat, but descends by slopes and terraces to quite a lower level at the southwestern point. Here we may enter a path and walk beside a cypress hedge that borders the garden on the west till we reach the upper and northern limit. But we shall want to stop and look at things as we go along. We cross a vine-clad rustic bridge over a little gully at the lower part of the garden, and entering the western path soon find ourselves by the side of a water-lily pond in which goldfish are happily swimming about. Native plants grow among the stones along the border by the side of gorse from Great Britain and plants from other regions; for the garden is a sort of universal brotherhood garden, and welcomes plants from all countries.

At the upper end of the lower ponds is a flight of steps going up to the next terrace as seen in the first illustration. Growing among and trailing over the stones on each side of these steps is a pretty native shrub called wild buckwheat. At the top of the steps across a path is a bush of buckthorn which is evergreen throughout the year and bears clusters of fine white flowers. To the left of this bush is seen another flight of steps leading up to another terrace, where eucalyptus trees and a rustic arbor may be seen, and dimly beyond, tobacco trees, and still further beyond the dome of the Aryan temple.

In the second illustration we are still on the western path by the cypress hedge, and we see before us a portion of one of the lower ponds with papyrus growing and reflected in its waters. We pass around the lower end of this pond to a path on the next terrace above, which is shown in our third illustration. Daisies and other flowers are blooming along this path, and an arch is made overhead by the mingling of the long-fringed branches of a casuarina tree on the left with the airy arrangement of branch and foliage of a tobacco tree on the right.

As we walk onward along this path, we come to a tiny stream which enters the ponds below by a little waterfall trickling down over stones, and as we look up the stream we see it coming down in a fall from a little pond at the edge of the next terrace above, making sweet music as it falls; and we may also see fine sprays of water rising from this pond and falling back to it in little showers, as if its edge were set with fountains; as we draw nearer we see its shallow border

is filled with the wild birds of the garden taking their daily baths. The gardener calls this the birds' pond. We go up the steps to the top of the terrace and we see that the birds' pond is fed by a little stream which bubbles up out of a rocky place at the foot of an elderberry tree, and winds its way to the little pond amid ferns, baby-blue-eyes, and other native wild flowers.

From this point we may take a short path to the next terrace above, passing a tall blue-gum eucalyptus with a large rustic seat at its base, or we may take a longer route by way of the cypress hedge.

We find on this upper terrace the largest pond in the garden, in which are many water-lilies and a cardinal flower, in the season of their blooming. This pond is supplied with water by the overflow from a large abalone shell pond into which water is seen to flow from some unseen source. A representation of this shell may be seen in the fourth illustration. Floating on the water within it are little plants called water-snowflakes, the apparently crystalline structure of whose dainty white flowers reminds one of a snow-flake. Its buds and starry blossoms are borne on little stems which grow out from the leaf stem just below the base of the leaf.

In the foreground of this scene lies a large flat bone which was found on the shore between the Homestead and Ocean Beach, and is part of the lower jaw-bone of a whale.

Near this bone from a base of stones arises a broken, leafless bush bearing abalone shells on its branches to hold crumbs for the birds. It was once in a better condition than now, but the dogs, as well as the birds, found the crumbs, and in their endeavors to get them broke down the limbs.

The garden is the home of many happy creatures: fish in the ponds, butterflies and bees that go from flower to flower, little lizards that crawl over the ground, and birds for every bush.

The lizards and the birds seem very happy and are not afraid, but will remain quiet in their places, looking and listening as if they understood when the gardener talks to them.

The one life from the common source, flowing through and inspiring all, makes the living link of brotherhood that binds all together.

FRIENDS IN COUNSEL

The Next Step: by Percy Leonard



ANY there are who long for fuller information on the mysteries of human nature, and those dim vistas lying hidden from our view behind the thick and heavy curtain that encloses the material world. Often they wonder how it is that people of their worth and consequence fail to attract the recognition of the Wise Ones, and to receive their merited reward of proffered help and teaching. Such eager seekers are in fact often approached by clever individuals who frequently succeed in gaining them as pupils; but their subsequent advancement towards enlightenment is as nothing when compared with the augmentation of the teacher's banking account. A very little observation would suffice to show that what we really need is not more teaching, but to know how to interpret what we have, and a firmer resolution to express in daily life those simple, obvious truths already known. At mealtimes we are prone to "let our senses make a playground of our mind." Our speech is often but the overflow of the mere automatic action of the brain, and only a minute proportion of our flood of talk is the deliberate utterance of the soul. Our manners might be mellowed with advantage, and the proper care and due return of borrowed articles lies all too lightly on our consciences.

How very much reform along these manifest and necessary lines would lubricate the wheels of life and tend to social harmony; and yet some have recourse to a certain class of turbaned orientals for the culture of our psychic powers, while normal faculties already at their full development are either terribly misused or almost wholly unemployed. People with splendid eyesight are at times so rapt in contemplation of the abstract that they utterly ignore the friendly salutation of the passer-by and never think to save their neighbor at the dinner-table the necessity of asking for the mustard. All but the dumb enjoy the power of vocal utterance, yet few indeed are those who use their voices properly. Instead of making vocal music when we speak, we growl like surly bears or whine like peevish jackals. On every side the yielding atmosphere is torn by the harsh, grating tones of self-assertion. Visitors in sick-rooms convey their condolences as if they were shouting instruction to a ship's crew in a storm at sea. Others, addressing people with defective hearing, sink their voices to a whisper in the most interesting passages in their narrative. "Success in the performance of action" in the minor details of our

daily life should be our first endeavor, while we may fitly leave the culture of our psychic powers to seasons more appropriate, if haply more remote.

So general is the lack of *savoir faire* and even decent manners, that life in civilized communities appears almost a chaos of discordant sounds and forces running riot. The boastful egotism of one evokes the competitive brag of his fellow. Donkey brags to donkey. Bantam utters shrill challenge to his neighbor bantam. One man's cupidity excites the latent greed in others. Lawless snatch is parried by frenzied clutch, or the retaliative blow. Our plans and purposes run counter to our neighbors' and in the pandemonium which ensues and which the law of brotherhood alone can quell, those who should instigate reforms, remain inert, while many cultivate passivity for crystal-gazing, or it may be for the holding of sweet converse with the fading astral relics of the dead, while awaiting their "coming Christ."

A great career of usefulness and power lies open to the man who, starting from his present standing-ground, proceeds to do his next most obvious duty, putting his total force of character into the act, and with a hearty will to benefit the world at large. The life of such a man may be entirely lacking in dramatic situations, yet to the humble striver it abounds with vivid interest, while the meanest duties shine with a supernal glow.

Beneath the checkered pattern of the life he weaves from day to day, his clearing vision can discern the hidden nexus of the Law in the most trivial circumstance.

A man so living will remain unflattered by the tempting lures of those who offer Nature's secrets for a price. If he can see with clearness some safe spot just in advance whereon to plant his feet he is content, well knowing that the clues to future problems lie within his grasp, and will unravel slowly as he follows on his pathway step by step.

Musings by the Way: by E. L. W.

IT was a gray day. No sunshine came through the little windows. How dismal life seemed to me, and in this mood I felt inclined to indulge my — yes, my lower nature, in brooding over its many wrongs, the unjust treatment I had received. One instance in particular was boiling up within me: "All my future will suffer at this per-

son's hands," I said, and I looked up half-expecting a rebuke; but there was none. A group of giant forest trees in a picture caught my eyes; one sturdy oak seemed to be silently protesting from his hoary age — "Live in the Eternal," and its rich foliage above added, "Yes, build up a life of usefulness." Behind the trees was the faint line of distant mountains. "Ah, 'the Eternal!' What is there in such thoughts as mine that can live by the side of such purity and calm!" Then through the little window I saw the azure blue above. "Alas!" I sighed, "wrapped around as we are with the dense matter of our personality, thick clouds of passion and desire, is it indeed permitted us to reach out into the eternal! Nay, more, is there such a command as 'Live in the Eternal?'"

I had struck a deeper note than usual, and that brought in its train deeper memories. The characters I admired passed before me — one who had showed courage in the face of danger; another who had been unswervingly faithful to those who wrongly accused him; and one who had made persevering efforts to rise above hampering conditions. In the silence of deep thought how trivial seem personal desires or wounded feelings; for are we not breathing finer air, the air of heaven, pervaded with nobler qualities? But how shall we live in the Eternal?

Yes, I see the motive of one's life must be *for all life*, and the purpose must be whole-hearted and sincere from the very foundations of our being, deeply-rooted. "It is true, it is true," the trees seemed to reply, "then grow with us, grow with nature."

My lower nature was so silenced that a voice from within spoke to me: "Out of such heart-searchings comes forth a deep trust in the Law, the power to forgive injuries, and to feel compassion for all men."

The sun was shining now, streaming in through the little window right on to me. "What if we do fall back into moods of irritation and gloom? We can rise above them if we stay and take time to breathe deeply, drawing in our life from the Eternal, breathing the atmosphere of purity, heroism, and kindliness. Let us 'live in the Eternal.'"