THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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WE are indeed at the pivotal point of our world's history, and we are called upon to act our part nobly, wisely, courageously, dispassionately, and justly.

Katherine Tingley

THE CHRISTOS LEGEND AND ITS MEANING:

by Gertrude W. van Pelt, B. Sc., M. D.

BEAUTIFUL as is the Christmas time even in this our modern age, when the old symbols have been materialized beyond all recognition, and their grand meanings dwarfed almost to annihilation, what would be the heart-glow, the radiant joy, which would suffuse itself over the earth and bathe the children of men like a benediction, if on this day, when perhaps more than any other each is looking to the joy of another, the real, the deeper meaning of the archaic legend were in the hearts of all as a living reality. Whatever, subconsciously, may penetrate the heart, to the mind at best, of the Christian world, the legend but refers to the physical birth of a being two thousand years ago and has but little, if any, personal relation to himself. Yet cleverly as a veil has been drawn over the past, it is nevertheless true that practically the same legendary lore has collected about all of the world saviors. By way of example, Osiris was born on the 25th of December of the holy virgin Neith, and Horus, the permutation of Osiris, was also born on the same date, in a "manger," and his immaculate mother was Isis. Mithras, the Persian savior, was born on the same day, was visited by wise men, and foretold, like the others. Krishna was born in a cave, and his mother and foster-father were on a journey to pay taxes. Instead of shepherds, cowherds came to adore him. A heavenly being appeared to the mother of Buddha, saying, "Behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, bearing the mystic signs of Buddha, a scion of highest lineage, a son of highest kings. When he shall leave his kingdom to enter the state of devotion, he shall become a sacrifice for the dwellers on earth, a Buddha who to all men shall give joy and the glorious fruits of immortality."

Script No. 8 of *The Pith and Marrow of Some Sacred Writings** has the following:

The Etruscans worshiped a Virgin-mother and Son. Cybele was still another Virgin-mother goddess. The Scandinavians had a Sun-god, Balder, (son of the Al-fader, Odin, and the Virgin Frigga), whose festival was held at the winter solstice; and a boar was offered at the feast of Yule to the god Frey, who was killed at that time. The Germanic peoples worshiped a Virgin-mother and child; her name was Eostre, whence our word Easter. Easter-time was a period of fasting with them and many other races. In Finland, Ukko, the Great Spirit, chooses the Virgin Mariatta for the mother of his incarnation as the Man-god, and the mystic birth takes place in a stable. From time immemorial the Chinese have adored a Virgin-mother, Shin-mu, and child, and there are traditions similar to the Christ-story among the records of the Babylonians, Chaldaeans, Tibetans, and other peoples of the old world. It is an astonishing thing to find that the same legend has been the foundation of the religious beliefs of the Mexicans, the Mayas, and other American nations for millenniums! Yet it is undeniable, for Quetzalcoatl, who was born in Tulan in Mexico, was reputed to be the son of the Virgin Sochiquetzal, the queen of heaven. She received the announcement of the miraculous conception from an angel who gave her a token of flowers.

All these saviors were born of virgins, and usually were announced by angels. To make the analogies more remarkable, the incidents attributed to their after life are in many cases, identical. To quote one of these examples from the same source:

Krishna, according to a Sanskrit dictionary (compiled more than two thousand years ago), was carried away secretly when an infant to escape the wrath of the reigning monarch, Kansa, who, like Herod, was afraid of being dispossessed of his throne when the new-born Messiah grew up, and had ordered the massacre of all the vigorous male infants born on the night of Krishna's birth. This is the subject of an important piece of sculpture in the caves of Elephanta. Quaint stories of Krishna's boyhood closely resemble those given in the apocryphal Gospels concerning the childhood of Jesus. Krishna's miracles resemble those of Jesus; the first one was the healing of a leper; another was the raising of a maiden, Kalavatti, who had been fatally bitten by a snake. Krishna, in bringing her to life, uses the same expression as Jesus when raising Jairus' daughter, "She is not dead but sleepeth." Krishna had a favorite disciple who followed him everywhere, Arjuna, who is the counterpart of John in many respects; Krishna boldly and openly supported the weak against the strong and tyrannical, though he was meek and lowly. One account of his death represents him as crucified. Krishna, under the name of Vishnu, is to come again riding on a white horse to restore all things. His worship is known to have been in existence nine hundred years before Jesus, and "miracle plays" depicting his career have been

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given by his devotees, bearing a curious resemblance to those of the Church in the middle ages.

All these legends and traditions of earlier World-Saviors have greatly puzzled Christian writers, and the remarkable "explanation" has been resorted to by some that they were Satanic tricks of plagiarism by anticipation. When the Spaniards discovered the striking resemblance between the Christian legends and those connected with Quetzalcoatl, they said it was evident that the Devil had taught the Mexicans the same things that God had taught the Christians. The accounts given by Abbé Huc of the religious ceremonies of the Tibetans were similarly "explained."

Today we can meet all such childish sophistries with a smile, but though we have broken from them to a large extent, we have not yet opened wide our hearts and minds and filled ourselves with the breath of heaven; nor can we, until we have discovered the real meaning of some of these archaic symbols, and by weaving their grand pattern into our lives, so altered our outlook, so lifted our ideals and so strengthened our purposes in accordance with them, that we see ourselves as verily part of the great hierarchy of souls whose flower become the saviors of the world.

It is unthinkable that the basic identity of the world religions is a coincidence; and it is equally unthinkable, in view of the profound philosophies of the past, that the universal symbols have not a deep meaning and a wise purpose connected with the life-history of humanity. That they have become materialized, anthropomorphized, and have lost their vitality is one of the signs of the deep descent into material life which belonged to the world cycle from which we are just beginning to emerge.

In the stupendous and exhaustive work by H. P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine,* much of the meaning of the world-wide symbols, and of their place in human evolution is disclosed to the understanding of the sincere student.

The Christos Legend has numberless meanings, as the mystery has been enacted on every plane down the scale in the infinite unfolding of the One Life. As the Cosmos is one *in toto,* the story must have its astronomical aspect, which must be the same as all the others, only taken from another viewpoint. In this connexion, it may be observed that the birth is always on the 25th of December. On the 22d, 23d, and 24th, the sun appears stationary at the southernmost point in

Capricorn; after which he starts on his upward climb — and is *reborn* — on the 25th, for those dwelling in the northern hemisphere.

The Legend typifies the eternal struggle of spirit with matter. The Christos is forever being born into matter in the process of involution, for the purpose of lifting it to itself, and forever issuing more or less triumphant, in the process of evolution. It has its cosmical application; its application to the great world cycles; to the descent of the world saviors at their appointed times; to the history of races and nations; to humanity collectively and individually. The Christos is the Divine Spirit, whose spark extends to every atom. In unbroken continuity, it must spread out and out on the shores of eternity, for without it life could not be. It is ever present, though hidden in mystery. The task which each one has to accomplish in himself, in order to exist as a spirit, is to bring this into full manifestation. This complete unfolding is expressed by the words, " I and my Father are one," or it is the union of the Higher and Lower Self. The Christmastide is a favorable opportunity for a united effort in this direction. There is a something in the air, more generally felt at that time that at others. The pure altruism in which lies the path which leads out of the smaller self into the greater, is for some reason more easily reached. There are times and " tides in the affairs of men." What might not this anniversary day become, if a lofty philosophy were universal, and some real understanding of the purpose of life were in the hearts of all!

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMASTIDE: by Charles Maxon

A PICTURE bringing back many dear memories of childhood comes before me; memories of home, of Christmas morning, of a Mother's tenderness, and the old, old story she often told of the Christ-child, the Savior of the world. Memories too of a picture of bright-robed, winged Angels with long silver trumpets proclaiming the Christmas message, " Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

For us, children as we were then, and for the children of today, there was and is no festival so full of joy, of bright anticipation, happiness, as Christmas morning; and doubly dear to memories of later years if in our childhood days it was hallowed by a sense, however vague or dim it might be, of the deep significance of Christmastide, with all the sacred legends gathered round about it.

What is the message of Christmastide to you and me today? What is its signficance to us, grown men and women, who know the world and its sadness and pain; what significance has it or might it have, if we knew and did our part, to the man in the street, the child in the crowded tenement house, the convict in his cell?

" Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Such is the message proclaimed on Christmas morning from all the pulpits in Christendom. And from the hearts of unnumbered millions who never enter a church, it has voicing: " Merry Christmas," gladness, joy, are passed from one to another by word and look. For a moment caste and race distinctions drop (almost) out of sight, and we stand on the level ground of our common humanity. For one day, for just a moment of time, there is pause in the turmoil of life. For one day only, if for that, and then the world resumes its course. On no other day or festival in the whole year is the feeling just the same, or the sense of sacredness so marked. Even New Year's Day is different, though it partakes of the Christmastide feeling and is almost one with it, and in some countries is the day of gift-giving as Christmas is with the Teutonic peoples. Properly it should coincide with Christmas which is the true beginning of the year, marking as it does the beginning of the sun's northern course through the heavens. Easter again is different, and Thanksgiving Day, and all the other festivals and national holidays; on none of them is there that wonderful stirring of the heart forces, that thrill of joy and good will, kindliness, sympathy, which for a moment we feel on Christmas morning and which, *if we will open our hearts to it,* brings a benediction to us and all whom we contact — if our Christmas greeting given and received does indeed come from the heart and is not an empty phrase.

Is that all the message? Is that all its meaning? Think a moment. " Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Do we understand these words? Is there not something akin to mockery in them? For nearly two thousand years the Christmas message has been proclaimed. Peace? The air is full of War, and rumors of War; Christian nations increasing their armaments one against the other, and striving to outdo one another by the invention of still more deadly weapons. Was ever a more crucial time in the known history of the world than now? The great nations of the world have parceled out the earth and watch with greedy eyes to possess themselves of more.

There is then this other side of the matter, the awful fact that there

is not peace on earth even among the nations of Christendom, nor good will among men: that few indeed are they who love their neighbor as themselves, and so fulfil the second great commandment, albeit the " first " in practice; for, " if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen; "— selfishness is not the exception but the rule; and by no stretch of the imagination can our civilization be called altruistic nor Christlike.

" Good Will to Men "? Go to the great cities of our civilized nations: acquaint yourself with the lives of the people. What is the picture forced upon your vision? Fierce competition for wealth, fame, power, aye, for very existence, even though the world teems with abundance; selfish luxury, grinding poverty, white slavery; stunted children and tired mothers working in the mills and sweat shops; increasing insanity, crime and suicide; judicial murder of criminals; thousands of dumb animals yearly tortured by vivisection! Dare we say, Peace, Good Will, in the presence of these?

Yet we call ourselves civilized, enlightened; and because you and I (let us assume it is true) do not directly encourage, or take part in, or share in the profits of these enormities, we — aye, with hardly one absolutely sincere exception in a million — we say, or we think, or act, " Lord, I thank Thee, I am not as other men, extortioners, unjust, or even as this publican."

Can we then say as a race or a nation, can we even say as individuals, that we have taken the Christmas message to heart and made it a part of our life? Yet the very fact that we do feel the Christmas thrill of joy for one brief moment of time has its significance and its promise. In spite of the facts of life, it is a sign and symbol of what does lie in our hearts, however covered over and forgotten.

Let us ask further then. What is its significance and origin? Is it a message of Christendom only, or does it spring from some far more ancient, some primeval source? Was the event of some two thousand years ago, the birth of a child, destined to be a Savior of men, whose name and worship was to sway the destiny of the world, merely an historical event, however stupendous its significance, or was it the recurring symbol born from the primeval, divine heart of the Universe, and therefore not less, but more grand, more stupendous, more sublime by far?

When we study the legends, the traditions, and the sacred writings of antiquity, and find the same symbolic drama universally enacted;

the same story, in its essentials, universally told; we can come to no other conclusion than this, that the story of Jesus was the story of the re-enactment of the world drama, and that the world has had a long succession of Saviors, each coming at the appointed time, and with the same message. Long ages before the Christian era, the same festival was celebrated of the birth of a divine child, born of a virgin, whose name even, in almost every case, was the same as that of the mother of Jesus and with the same significance. Egypt, India, China, Persia, Scandinavia, Greece, Mexico, all these had their Divine Teachers, Saviors, proclaiming the same message, giving the same teachings, pointing the same way, the one way from darkness to light.

And it is not by chance that we celebrate this festival at this season of the year, albeit there is no historical warrant for it in the case of Jesus. The sun in its yearly course through the heavens fixes the date, and gives the key to its meaning. It is for this reason that our hearts feel for a moment the peculiar thrill and glow of good will and peace at Christmastide: it is because this festival has warranty in the eternal order of the Universe, in the very nature of man, and in the life-history of humanity which is the life-history of ourselves.

Were we to look only at the outer picture of the world, we might well be appalled, we might well proclaim the message of peace and good will a failure and a mockery; but there is an inner fact in human nature, forgotten, set at naught, profaned, defiled and denied, yet unconquerable, reasserting itself though rebuffed ten million times. It is this fact, the central, most stupendous fact and reality in life, that at the very heart of things is Divinity Itself, that at the very core and root of our being is the Divine Essence, Immortal, Unchangeable, Sun-bright, Glorious, Pure: it is this fact that all unknowing we celebrate on Christmas morning; it is this gracious fact, that all unknown to ourselves, prevents us from the suicide of utter despair when we face the awful picture of the world's injustice, suffering, and conflict.

On Christmas morning, for one brief moment of time, the spheres of light and darkness touch in every heart, though we be all unconscious of it. The sphere of light, of our divine, godlike Higher Self, which ordinarily seems so far off, unreachable, often, even at best, but as a dim star in far away heaven; that resplendent sphere of our being that is to be, for one brief moment contacts the dark, cloudy, sphere of our habitual life, of our usurping, passionate, scheming, lower self; it is a moment of contact between heaven and earth.

Could we seize that moment, would we but do so with all the power and strength that is in us, of mind and heart and soul, what might not our lives become? Did we but know it, it is a moment when man, opening his heart to the divine light of the world, calling to the Christos spirit that is there, can claim his kingly birthright; he can, if he will, if his motive be pure, seize that moment and, like Jacob of the Angel, demand its blessing: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

We have been too prone to assume that the happiness of Christmastide is ours to enjoy with folded hands of self-satisfaction; and in so far we have missed the spirit and meaning of its message. We have taken it that Peace and Good Will are given to us as a gift, needing naught on our part in return, or rather before they can really be ours. But it is not so. The Christmas message is far more than that. The Nazarene Teacher himself declared that he came not to bring peace but a sword. The long silver trumpets of the Angel host announcing his coming are trumpets of war as well as of peace. Their clarion call is a challenge, a call to arms and warfare, which must first be waged and that with success, before ever the promised peace and good will can be truly known among men. Not the warfare of man against man, or nation against nation; but the warfare against the evil in our own natures, first to set our own house in order, to achieve self-conquest, the first and greatest of all victories, and to seek to redress the wrongs of the world.

It is for the sake of our weaker brothers and sisters that we must fight, it is to them that we must vow an eternal good will, and for them prepare the paths that lead to peace.

This then is the inner meaning of the Christmas message, in this consists its lasting joy — not for a mere moment of time, but enduring throughout the years and the ages — the joy of service, the joy that comes from the acknowledgement and acceptance of our responsibility as our brothers' and sisters' keeper and helper.

And in our celebration of Christmastide, let us revive sweet childhood's memories with all its associations; let us make this Christmastide and all future Christmas mornings sacred not only for ourselves but for the children and all the children, that they too may learn the meaning of its message, as we also can learn and must learn it from them. "For except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

A REMARKABLE PHILOSOPHER OF THE RENAISSANCE:

by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D., Professor of the History of Art in the University of Stockholm, Sweden.

I

IT was with the aid of the philosophy of Plato and the high ethics of the Stoics that the human mind, at the beginning of the Renaissance, liberated itself from the scholastic dogmatism and the light-fearing conventualism of the Middle Ages. Men went to the greatest sages of antiquity to find guidance in thought and life, a guidance which was no longer to be found among the representatives of the church or of the cloister. The urge was not anything resembling delight in controversy and sophistry, but was an actual desire for truth and reformation, a longing to find the common foundation for religion and science — to make life worthy of the god-born man. Characteristically, indeed, no system was erected wherein God, Man, Nature, were placed in definite compartments. People were tired of such scholastic jugglery. They were now concerned with the satisfying of the living demands of the soul of man, not in the fantasies of abstract disputation. Philosophy became, under the impress of the newly-discovered works of the thinkers of antiquity, far more profound; among its principal representatives it regained its original character of the wisdom of living — of practical wisdom. In place of involved systems and hypotheses, we encounter great spiritual individualities, whose greatness rests in no small degree precisely upon their familiarity with the practical wisdom of old.

Through a deeper personal penetration into the Platonic philosophy, the humanists tried to reconcile many of the tendencies of antique civilization, both good and bad, with the way of looking at things prevalent in Christendom. Plato was made the principal forerunner of Christendom. Through a symbolic interpretation, the Bible was brought into harmony with the teachings of Plato and the Neoplatonists. They were convinced that at the root of all things and of the work of the ancient philosophers were found certain common fundamentals, which ought to be able to be crystallized out to serve as a backbone for a united, eclectic religion. According to the statement of Cardinal Nicolaus Cusanus: "There is really only one religion, notwithstanding all the differences of form," and he rejoiced in think-

ing of the time when all the different forms of religion will be reconciled and unified. Even the Florentine Platonist, Marsilio Ficino, saw in the various religious forms merely different ways and degrees of the revelation of truth to humanity.

The desire to broaden the outlook and to gain some knowledge of human development in bygone times was so strong that little time was devoted to the analytical study of details. It was the Golden Age of ideal syntheses and general conceptions. The thirst for knowledge was as much a heart-longing as an intellectual desire. For a while the near-sighted negative critic became, during some sunny decades, overwhelmed by a strong tidal wave of constructive joy of life and the desire for beauty. But all too soon another period of limitations and criticisms arrived. Philosophy was again divorced from life, the gulf between faith and knowledge became deeper than could be refilled by the Reformation or any other religious movement before our days. Attempts certainly have been made to do so many times since the Reformation, but if they bore fruit at all the less said the better in view of the religious fanaticisms and moral aberrations which even in later centuries have played decisive rôles in the life of nations.

If we would choose a man from the ranks of the Florentine humanists who, both in his life and his writings, illustrates the supreme efforts of his age, a better could hardly be found than Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (born 1463). He was less of a professional man than any of the other well-known humanists; his writings do not give a complete expression of his personality; he himself said that " among poets he passed for a philosopher, and among the philosophers for a poet." He impressed all with whom he came in contact as an unusually harmonious and noble personality. " There are few men for whom I entertain such an affection and respect as for Pico," writes Lorenzo de' Medici. Similar undisguised admiration was also given him by such leaders of the Reformation as Zwinglius and Sir Thomas More.

His intelligence was not satisfied even by the addition of the regular Platonic studies to those of Christendom. He penetrated into the esoteric systems of the Oriental religions, and was among the first Western students who, in recent times, tried to interpret the symbolic writings of the Kabala. In his indefatigable strivings to reach the foundations of the various forms of religion, to find the unity in widely separated philosophic systems, his conception of the worth and possibilities of the human soul was greatly enlarged.

Employing the allegorical language he often used, Pico writes on one occasion:

When the Creator of the Universe had completed his work, he looked around for some one who could understand its design, love its beauty, and admire its grandeur.

In Pico's character strong contrasts were combined; logical acumen was found with a disposition towards mysticism — the joy of living and the desire for pleasure were associated with a tendency towards asceticism. Born the son of a prince, he was rich and independent. No external reward could excite his ambition. Even at the age of twenty-four he declared that a true lover of wisdom is a king of kings, and that to such a one every form of ambition — the desire for fame, the love of power, or the craving for pleasure — is worthless.

I prefer my solitary chamber, my books, my studies, and my peace of mind above anything a royal court can offer, and more than all your politics, your pleasures, and rewards.

Thanks to his noble and accomplished mother, Giulia Bojardo, Pico received an unusually careful training. It was by following her wishes that he carried on a very comprehensive course of studies, first in Bologna, and later at the French universities, in order to prepare himself for the highest offices of the church. At the age of twenty-two he met Marsilio Ficino and aroused his admiration, not only by his profound knowledge of Greek Philosophy, but by his familiarity with Oriental languages and systems of thought. Pico read Arabic and Hebrew with the same facility as Greek and Latin, and, in his immense library, upon which he is said to have laid out the greater part of his fortune, all the volumes of Kabalistic and Talmudic literature which he could get, stood beside the works of the ancient philosophers and the Fathers of the church.

Philosophic and linguistic studies, however, did not occupy Pico's youth entirely. He also found time to serve the Muses, both of Music and Lyric Poetry, and his youthful ardor seems to have enticed him into a romantic adventure — an attempt to carry off a girl he loved — which he severely condemned in riper years. The matter was really nothing very unusual in those days, but through Pico's connexion with it a certain amount of attention was aroused. A contemporary diplomat refers to it thus:

The misadventure which happened to the Count (that is to say the falling into

his opponent's hands in consequence of the failure of the adventure) is deplorable, because as well as his great renown for learning he had the reputation of being a saint. Now he will have to relinquish a good deal of his credit in Florence, although he is certainly not the only one who has been driven to make such a slip by love.

Pico himself declared later that even the purest man may sometimes be overpowered by his passions, but nevertheless he condemned his own erotic fancies so severely that he burned the greater part of his lyric poems, even those which had won the acknowledgment of Angelo Poliziano. The poet gradually became silent, giving place to the reformer and philosopher of religions.

Pico took a decisive step in the autumn of 1486, when, at the age of twenty-four, he gave out nine hundred Theses in Rome and challenged all learned men to a disputation, with those as the subject. This plan of stepping forth and inviting all the world to a controversy may seem indeed somewhat bombastic to us, but it was not unusual during the Renaissance, when one wished to attract attention to wrong conditions. Pico's disputation challenge was very remarkable. The tenor of the Introduction was to this effect:

Count Mirandola is coming to defend publicly these nine hundred Theses, which have been collected from Dialectics, Moral Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, Magic, and the Kabala, and which partly represent his own thoughts, and are partly derived from the wise writings of the Chaldaeans, Arabians, Hebrews, Greeks, Egyptians, and Latins. In the formulation of these Theses he has not confined himself to the pure Latin tongue, but has employed that language which is used by the famous disputants of Paris, as well as by most philosophers today. The opinions which belong to different nations or single great sages are placed together, but those which proceed from separate divisions of philosophy are blended.

Invitations to take part in the controversy were sent to every university in Italy, Spain, France, and Germany, and the organizer was so desirous to gather a large attendance, that he even promised to pay the traveling expenses and maintenance, during the disputation, of persons of limited means. Unfortunately the carefully prepared event had a more ignominious termination than any one could have foreseen, and it was not improved by Pico's imprudent choice of Rome as the place for his great blow in support of his ideas of Reformation.

Pico's nine hundred Theses, which extended over so all-embracing a region of knowledge, could not fail, of course, in arousing the displeasure of the Pope and the clergy. The author had stated many

things which did not agree very well with the dogmas of the church. The following is an example:

It is not becoming to men to assert, on the basis of their own egotism or personal fancies, that any particular article of faith is true or false; as if one's beliefs could be dependent upon mere likings.

or this:

A temporary sin cannot be punished by an eternal punishment.

And broader still:

There is no science which convinces us more clearly of the divinity of Christ than Magic and the Kabala.

The strong Neoplatonic and Kabalistic elements which entered into Pico's Theses must have especially aroused the indignation of the Pope. The matter could not be passed without notice, though from the beginning Pico declared his willingness to submit to the judgment of the church. The Disputation was prohibited and the learned author called to appear before a papal college. But before sentence was pronounced Pico had left Rome. Though he had originally wished to remain on a friendly footing with the Papacy, it seems that he now realized that such a position was untenable for one with his aims. He composed an "Apology" for his Theses, in which he advanced still more boldly against the Church.

My Theses caused some people to distrust all kinds of learning and philosophy by reminding them that Adam was driven out of Paradise because he, through the attainment of the knowledge of good and evil, desired to approach nearer divinity. So, it seems, all who wish to know more than what is considered good for them are to be driven from the presence of Christ's Vicar.

II

In opposition to those who had censured the holding of any disputations at all, Pico affirms that most of the philosophers took part in them, and that even Plato and Aristotle approved of the public interchange of opinions. Just as the muscles of the body are practised by the means of sports and competitions, so must the powers of the soul be strengthened by intellectual exercises. Even Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom, bore the warlike panoply of helm and shield.

My purpose was to learn the guiding principles in each system. The ancients had already observed that the various theories formed a unity, and that each philosophy should be regarded as a development or continuation of its predecessor. This even applies to the system of Aristotle, which has been shown to be a reminiscence of Plato's thoughts. Of course he also advanced ideas peculiar to himself, but they cannot be distinguished unless one knows those which he has in common with others.

Among the Theses there is a new reference to an ancient science — magic.

But I distinguish two kinds thereof: one is the work of demons, who seek to pass for authorities. It is our mission to eradicate that false science from the world. The other kind of magic, on the contrary, means nothing else than the end or perfection of natural philosophy. The former, the pernicious tendency, had no distinctive name among the Greeks; they called it simply witchcraft. The other was called true magic and was put on the same level with the highest wisdom.

Pico expresses himself more fully still concerning the two different kinds of magic, and says that the right kind

has always been regarded as a sublime and truly reliable science. Earnest men and true philosophers have devoted themselves to its protection and have regarded it as a holy thing. It effects no miracles indeed, but works only by means of natural laws and forces. It is an expression of the unity that exists in all. The Greeks described it, therefore, still more accurately by the word "sympathy."

As the husbandman ties the vine to the elm tree, as if he would marry the elm with the vine-leaf, so the true magic unites heaven and earth and seeks to bring the powers of the inferior world into touch with those of the higher. While the false magic is unwholesomely unnatural and does terrible injury, the true divine magic is, on the contrary, full of the highest blessing. If the former throws its devotees into the abyss with God's enemies, the natural magic gives us an insight into the works of the Almighty and glorifies their nature. The heart, which, with the aid of the true magic, comprehends God's wonders, is imbued by it with charity, gentleness, and true faith. It leads us towards true religion, and brings our souls to unite with enthusiasm in the words of the prophet: "Heaven and earth are filled with the splendor of Thy glory. . . ." I have expressed myself somewhat fully about natural magic because I know there are still persons to be found who, like a pack of savage dogs, will tear to pieces what they do not understand.

Various other remarkable statements could be quoted from Pico's "Apology," but they would be too lengthy to insert here. The quotations already given plainly set forth his religious sincerity and intuitive ideas. The "Apology" caused still more irritation in Rome. The Pope proclaimed the author under excommunication and declared his

Theses heretical (1487). There was such anxiety to reach him that even when Pico had left Italy an order to arrest him was despatched to the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, and two papal Legates traveled to France expressly to try to catch the dangerous man. They succeeded, and in the following year he was imprisoned in France. But his captivity did not last very long. The Milanese ambassador in Rome made energetic representations and the papal authority found itself compelled to yield.

Pico afterwards resided in Florence, where he had a true friend and protector in Lorenzo de' Medici. The influential Medicean prince even tried to prevail upon the Pope to rescind his condemnation, but in this he did not succeed. Not until later, after his death, were Pico's writings declared harmless.

Bearing in mind Luther's almost contemporary appearance in Germany, may one not ask what it was that restrained Pico — a far more broad-minded personality — from seriously trying to promote a reformation of the church, from which he probably suffered as much as Luther? May it not have been his conviction that behind all the religious forms, however distorted by dogmatism and sacerdotalism, there was one truth in common, and that it was consequently of greater importance for a private individual to deepen and beautify the religious life in his own sphere — to try to penetrate to the core of his own religion — rather than to make war against formal institutions? Pico's own life after the period under consideration seems to warrant this idea.

His whole efforts were now devoted to becoming a helper on both spiritual and material lines, through the application of his science and unusual knowledge of human nature to the welfare of others, and of his material wealth to the relief of want and suffering. When he himself was unable to seek out the needy ones, he commissioned a friend to take food and money to those who lacked the most. He spent a peaceful and retiring life. The following significant lines of Lorenzo de' Medici show this:

> The Prince of Mirandola lives here, in our neighborhood; he passes an unostentatious, holy existence; he avails himself only of the absolute necessaries of life. In my eyes he is a truly ideal character.

Pico writes:

> Pain and sorrow seize me when I see those who call themselves philosophers hunting after reward and payment. He who is striving for gain, he who is not

able to bridle his ambition, can never get knowledge of the Truth. Frankly and freely I can say that I never turned to philosophy with any other motive than to serve it. The hope of recognition or reward did not attract me to it. The evolution of the soul and the knowledge of the truth I desired have been my sole aims. My desires were concerned with the acquirement of the Truth, and I put my whole soul into my efforts to find it. I relinquished the common cares of the day, and devotion to private and public matters I considered unimportant in comparison with that. . . . Deep knowledge endowed me with philosophy to make my own conscience and not the opinion of the multitude the judge of my actions.

But while Pico valued philosophy above everything else he fully recognized its limits. He says, among other things, that if men were able to know and love the divine through logical reasoning alone, philosophy would be the ultimate and the highest thing for humanity, and it would completely satisfy their inner cravings. Philosophy, however, is only able to raise our intelligence to a higher level without being able to give us a complete picture of life and man. At best it can unify our knowledge of nature with our knowledge of the mind of man. Philosophy searches for truth, led on by its thirst for knowledge. The inner knowledge, man's unity with the divine, Religion alone can bestow. Thus, when Pico attributed this high value to religion, he did not refer to any special church or confession of faith, but to that which underlies all religious forms and remains independent of their differences — Religion itself.

Pico, like many other of the most enlightened minds of the age, was convinced that an original, common, basic religion can be found, whose truths are obscured by creeds and dogmas. He tried to extract the original living meaning in the teachings of the Christian Church, and to show the correspondences with other religious forms. He believed that the Trinity and the Incarnation of the divine in man were plainly expressed in the Kabala. According to Pico, spiritual knowledge was revealed to mankind by great Personages, who arose from time to time, and proclaimed the truths in various forms in consonance with the development of their age. Among such Teachers, he said, were Moses, Plato, and Christ. Each of those Teachers have often employed forms and allegories which are not very easy to understand. According to what Plato writes to Dionysius they did so intentionally:

that one should only utter his thoughts about the highest and ultimate things in obscure terms, so that what one wishes to impart to initiated friends may not be understood by the uninitiated also.

Nor can Moses' writings be understood except in the light of older and more primitive religions. The words and images in Genesis are like beautiful vessels which conceal precious wines within them.

Pico seized upon truth wherever he found it, quite independently of traditional opinions. He fearlessly denounced the *degenerate* astrology and other forms of superstition which played upon the lower passions of man. That kind of astrology, he declared, continually turns its gaze from the heavens to the earth, though it sets out to do the contrary; philosophy alone is able to explore the Unseen which is behind the outer forms. In a long treatise, which is considered the best Pico has written, he treated the misconceptions of the then current astrology in detail, and he succeeded in very powerfully influencing public opinion upon that question, which was then one of special importance.

After all, Pico's strong emphasizing of man's free will and moral responsibility is of the greatest consequence to us. He reminds us of the words of the prophet Asaph:

"Ye are gods, and children of the Most High." Abuse not the Father's most precious gift, the freedom of the will, which he has bestowed upon you. Convert it not from a blessing to a curse. Let our spirit be filled with a holy zeal, so that we, who are not content with the lowly position of mankind, may aspire to the Highest with all our strength — which we truly can do if only we will.

Pico makes the gods say to man:

Neither heavenly nor earthly, neither mortal nor immortal have we created thee. Thou thyself shalt, according to thine own will and thine own glory, be thine own master-builder and creator, and thou shalt create thyself out of those materials which please thee best. Thou art free to descend to the lowest grade of animality — but thou canst also raise thyself to the highest sphere of divinity.

"Nothing too much," that is the standard for every virtue, and the canon for thought, the foundation-principle of moral philosophy. And still further: Know thyself. These words encourage us to penetrate into all nature's mysteries, for man is indeed the link between all things in nature. He is like a liquor blended from all her essences. Thus as Zoroaster has written and, later, Plato in his "Alkibiades," he who knows himself finds All within himself.

WITH THE ZUNIS IN NEW MEXICO:

by George Wharton James *

WHEN Coronado, with his band of gold-seeking Conquistadores, started from Northern Mexico for the discovery of the mythical "Seven Cities of Cibola," in 1540, he and his companions valued money more than human life, and the finding of precious stones more than the discovery of a new race.

Hence their expedition was, to them, a sad failure. For the Indians of our portion of America were not, as were the tribes of the Mexican country and of South America, adepts in the arts of mining and the smelting of gold and silver ores.

But had these conquistadores possessed a true appreciation of the doctrine of man's brotherhood they would have rejoiced in the discoveries they did make, for they found several most interesting races of people, whose inner lives and customs to this day we have not yet completely penetrated.

It is to these peoples I wish to pilot my reader in this series of articles, for they have lost none of their fascination and attractiveness in the three hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since they were first seen by Caucasian eyes.

Coronado's expedition was undertaken because of the reports brought to the Viceroy of New Spain by Cabeza de Vaca, the treasurer of Panfilo de Narvaez's ill-fated expedition to what is now Florida. That expedition, as is well known, went to utter destruction and none but Cabeza de Vaca, and three wretched companions escaped. With a keen appreciation of his desolate condition and his only hope of salvation de Vaca determined to endeavor to reach the settlements on *the other side of the country,* and thus started that marvelous, first transcontinental journey over the plains and mountain ranges of North American territory. Imprisoned by tribe after tribe, now abused as a slave, now revered and almost worshiped as one possessing great shamanistic powers, it required the exercise of constant craft and cunning to escape and push on westward. Oh the impatience, the heart-hunger, the agony of despair of that long nine years of endeavor! For it was nine years from the time of the destruction of Narvaez's ships before Cabeza de Vaca and his companions astonished

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the Spaniards of Culiacan by marching in upon them as those raised from the dead.

Eagerly their story was listened to, and while their woes doubtless were formally sympathized with and their hardships condoled, the part of their narration that excited the most interest and awakened the most solicitude was when de Vaca told of certain cities that had been described to him, somewhere off to the north, but too far from his westward path for him to visit.

Immediately his hearers decided that these were the long-dreamed-of "Cities of Quivera," and after a reconnaisance, conducted by Marcos de Niza, Coronado's expedition set forth, with great pomp, circumstance, and blare of trumpet, in February 1540.

On the seventh of July in the same year, after a somewhat strenuous and arduous journey Cibola was reached, and here is Winship's translation of the description given of it by Castañeda, the historian of the Coronado expedition:

> It is a little, unattractive village, looking as if it had been crumpled all up together. There are mansions in New Spain which make a better appearance at a distance. It is a village of about 200 warriors, is three and four stories high, with the houses small and having only a few rooms, and without a courtyard. One yard serves for each section. The people of the whole district had collected here, for there are seven villages in the province, and some of the others are even larger and stronger than Cibola. These folks waited for the army, drawn up by divisions in front of the village. When they refused to have peace on the terms the interpreters extended to them, but appeared defiant, the Santiago was given, and they were at once put to flight. The Spaniards then attacked the village, which was taken with not a little difficulty, since they held the narrow and crooked entrance. During the attack they knocked the general down with a large stone, and would have killed him but for Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas and Hernando de Alvarado, who threw themselves above him and drew him away, receiving the blows of the stones, which were not few. But the first fury of the Spaniards could not be resisted, and in less than an hour they entered the village and captured it. They discovered food there, which was the thing they were most in need of.

Thus was given to the world its first knowledge of Zuni and its interesting people. But next to nothing was really known of them until Lieut. Frank Hamilton Cushing was sent in 1879 by Major Powell, the director of the U. S. Bureau of American Ethnology, to live with them and make an exhaustive study of their mode of life and thought. In the *Century Magazine,* in 1883-4, Cushing published three articles upon the Zunis which aroused the interest of the whole English-

speaking and civilized world, and since then other scientific investigators have carried on their researches, until now we have a fairly accurate and comprehensive knowledge of Zuni and the Zunians. Upon this knowledge gleaned by others, in addition to the results of my own observations, which have extended over twenty years, I shall depend for the following sketches.

To reach Zuni today one travels on the main line of the Santa Fé route from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Some sixty-nine miles west of Albuquerque, N. M., or 1473 miles west of Chicago is the small settlement of Grants, and from this point, or Gallup, sixty-two miles further on, one may secure a team and drive almost due south to Zuni. The distance is in the neighborhood of fifty miles, and on the journey we pass by the most notable autograph album known to man. This is *El Morro,* of the Mexicans, or the *Inscription Rock* of the Americans. It is a noble triangular block of sandstone, of pearly whitish color, with sheer walls over two hundred feet high and suggesting in its stupendous grandeur a temple or castle built after the style of the Egyptians, but immeasurably larger. The walls are seamed and marked with the storms and conflicts of many centuries and are thousands of feet long, while its towerlike appearance in front is matched by a singularly majestic piece of nature sculpturing in the rear.

On two sides of the rock the inscriptions are found, and as they were all engraved by men standing at the base of the rock, very few of them are higher than a man's head. The perfection of the inscriptions is remarkable. They are as distinctive in their character as the handwritings of men on paper, and all of them are remarkably well done. The surprising thing is that after all these years they are still so perfect; but this is accounted for by the peculiar character of the rock and the fact that it does not crumble when exposed to the weather. It is of very fine grain and comparatively easy to scratch into, and the two walls upon which the inscriptions occur being practically protected from storms, these rock autographs remain almost as clear and as perfect as the day they were written. That of Lieutenant Simpson seems as if made but yesterday. It was neatly done in a parallelogram by Mr. Kern, and reads as follows: "Lt. J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., and R. H. Kern, artist, visited and copied these inscriptions, September 17th, 1849."

The major part of the inscriptions are on the north face of the rock a very striking one being that of Bishop Elizaecochea, of Durango,

Mexico. Here is the inscription as copied by Mr. Kern. Its translation is as follows:

On the 28th day of September of 1737, reached here the most illustrious Señor Doctor Don Martin De Elizaecochea, Bishop of Durango, and on the 29th day passed on to Zuñi.

This refers to one of the official visits made by the Bishop of Durango, in whose district the whole of New Mexico belonged, and to which it remained attached until 1852.

Just above that of the Bishop and slightly to the left are two other autographs, doubtless of members of his party. Between them is a fairly well engraved representation of an ornamented cross. The larger inscription reads as follows: "On the 28th day of September, 1737, reached here 'B' (supposed to represent Bachiller — Bachelor — of Arts) Don Juan Ygnacio De Arrasain"; and the other merely says, "There passed by here Dyego Belagus."

One of the inscriptions reproduced by Kern is shown herewith.

It is quite a puzzling inscription, being decipherable only by those familiar with the ancient Spanish writings. Translated into long-hand Spanish and then into English, it reads as follows:

They passed on the 23d of March of the year 1632 to the avenging of the death of the Father Letrado. — Lujan

Father Letrado was the missionary who practically established the Franciscan mission at Zuni. He had already proven his faithfulness by service among the Jumanos, a wild tribe of Indians who occupied the plains east of the Rio Grande. He did not labor long with the Zunis, for in February, 1630, they murdered him. The Governor, Francisco de la Mora Ceballos, sent a handful of soldiers under the command of Colonel Tomas de Albizu to avenge the death of Father Letrado, and it is possible that Lujan was a soldier on this expedition. When the soldiers arrived at Zuni they found that the pueblo was deserted and the people had retired to the summit of Corn Mountain. With great tact and diplomacy Albizu persuaded them to return to their homes, and, on promises of amendment, the breach caused by Father Letrado's murder was healed.

But however interesting the inscriptions are at *El Morro,* they are by no means the only objects to attract our attention. Walking along the east wall for several hundred yards, we find it possible to scale the rugged slope that leads to the top of *El Morro.* Here, to our surprise,

we discover that it is practically split in half by a narrow canyon, in the center of which grows a tall pine. This canyon seems literally scooped out of the solid rock, for from the point where we have been examining and copying the inscriptions there is nothing whatever to indicate its existence. It is a perfect *cul de sac.* A whole army might hide here, and if they observed a discreet silence, another hostile army could occupy the north and south sides of the rock for a week and never dream of their existence. Perched on the highest summit of the two sides of the rock thus divided by this canyon, are the ruins of two interesting prehistoric villages. The nearer of these ruins presents a rectangle 206 feet wide by 307 feet long, the sides conforming to the four cardinal points. We examine them with interest. There were evidently two ranges of rooms on the north side and two on the west, with a few rooms within the court. On the north side we find one room seven feet four inches by eight and one-half feet, and on the east side one, eight and one-half by seven feet. These were the two largest rooms, except for one circular *kiva,* thirty-one feet in diameter, near the middle of the north wall.

The ruin on the opposite side is of the same character, and around both ruins we pick up many specimens from the immense quantities of broken pottery, almost all decorated after the usual style.

This visit to Inscription Rock prepares us for the greater interest that awaits us at Zuni. Wearily our ponies drag us over the sandy road until at last from the summit of a hill the Zuni Valley spreads out before us, and there in the center of the plain, close by the almost dry stream, arises the city of our dreams of many years.

Eagerly we pushed on and in due time reached the house seen in the right foreground of the engraving. Now, while our ponies were being unharnessed, we were able to get our first comprehensive view of Zuni from the east side of the now almost dry creek that has been dignified by the name, Zuni River. It never was much of a river, though one of the first expeditions into the region after it became U. S. territory was to determine its navigability.

Yonder is Zuni. Imagine a lot of low, squat, square, or oblong, flat-roofed houses of adobe, leading the eye from the left to the main part of the town, where they are connected one with another, in rows and squares and streets, piled up one above another, receding in front and on both sides as they ascend higher, so that they form a series of terraces on three sides, the topmost houses being perched six stories

high, and you have a crude idea of the architecture of Zuni. Now add to this the poles of the ladders thrust out from numberless hatchways, the quaint chimneys, made of pottery *ollas,* or water-jars, the bottoms broken out, piled one above another, the quaint stairways between the stories and on dividing-walls, the open-air bee-hive-like ovens, the strings of chili-pepper pods, glistening brilliant red in the sunshine, the piles of firewood stacked on the housetops, the patient burros standing hobbled in the streets, or slowly moving to and fro in search of scraps, the little figures of naked boys and girls — bronze cupids as one has appropriately called them — romping about and playing hilariously, as children of the sun-loving races always do, and you have a fair general impression of what Zuni is to the casual observer.

But only to the casual observer. It has taken years of patient, loving study to discover what is behind all this. One meets the men and women of Zuni, some of them with smiling faces, others stern and serious — all seamed and wrinkled with the earnestness of life — and he thinks of them as crude, simple, ignorant and perhaps brutal savages, and yet, what a wealth of poetry, of symbolism, of imagery, of tradition, of folk-lore, lies back of those simple and weather-beaten, life-scarred faces. Into some of this wealth I wish, by and by, to lead you.

In the meantime let us seek to know more of the Zuni of today as it is in its everyday life. We meet a Zuni man. He is not tall, say about five feet six inches, solidly built, with the appearance and carriage of an athlete. His dress is of white calico and consists of a kind of shirt or jacket, and a pair of trousers that are slit from the knee down. He wears blue stockings, kept in place with vividly scarlet garters — bands about two inches wide and beautifully woven — and his feet are covered with thick-soled buckskin moccasins. On his head is a handkerchief tied around the forehead, and called by the Spaniards, "banda." As we meet him he gives us a word of greeting and advances. We take his hand and breathe on it. At this he smiles and does the like to us. Now we notice that he has several strings of shell-beads around his neck, in which are placed pieces of turquoise, and a leather belt around his waist, on which are fastened several large silver disks, chased or engraved into certain curious and striking designs.

The women are smaller than the men, with shapely arms, hands, and feet. None of the younger ones are corpulent, though some of

the older ones become quite stout. They are good-looking, have large limpid black and brown eyes, which are generally laughing and tender. To their friends they are kindly and affectionate, motherly and compassionate, loyal and helpful.

Their dress is picturesque in the extreme. The gown is home-woven — generally by the men — of black diagonal cloth, embroidered top and bottom in blue. It is in one piece, and is folded once and sewn up to within a short distance from the top, and again the top edges are caught together for a few inches. The right arm passes through the opening and thus the right shoulder is draped while the left arm is bare as the gown passes under the arm. It generally reaches well down to the knee. Of late years a cotton garment with high neck and long sleeves is worn under the gown, but at all ceremonials this is discarded. At the waist a long belt is wrapped several times. This is of bright red and blue color and its ends have a long fringe. As this end is tucked under and the fringe falls it adds a very attractive and picturesque touch.

Another indispensable article of dress, the use of which a white man cannot comprehend, is the *pi'toni,* a piece of calico — sometimes made of two very large bandana handkerchiefs sewed together — is tied in front of the neck and allowed to fall over the shoulders. And she must be poor indeed who has no necklace of silver beads (native made), with several strings of shell-bead or wampum. The legs are wrapped around and around with wide pieces of buckskin, giving them a heavy and clumsy look, though they set off the smallness of the feet which are clothed in buckskin moccasins.

The hair is banged all around down almost to the shoulders, and then tucked up in front under the forehead to allow the face to appear.

The children are many and various, of all sizes and both sexes, but all alike healthy, happy, vigorous and naked until they reach the age of six or seven. When I first visited them, more than twenty years ago, they ran about nude until they reached the age of puberty.

Owing to their isolation the Zuni Indians have preserved a strong individuality. Like the Navahos they are readily distinguished. They have few mixed bloods in them.

Their natural impulse is towards the highest type of hospitality. They do not *invite* you; they *expect* you. In other words, if you enter a Zuni house and express your intention of staying in the town for any length of time it is taken for granted that you will make that

your home as long as you stay. Food is prepared for you, and happy indeed are they when you accept and eat with them. I well remember my first meal with Tsnahey and his family. He was then Governor of the Zunis. The food was spread out on our table — which was the *floor*. It was the time of green corn, and one dish was of a mush made of ground green corn, flavored with certain wild herbs. It was delicious. Then a kind of mutton stew was served, consisting of small cubes of mutton, squash, beans, corn, and chili pepper, which latter they use largely in many of their dishes.

We also had " hewe " or wafer bread and tortillas, the latter made in Mexican fashion. Tsnahey was somewhat " civilized," so coffee was served, sweetened with white man's sugar. Then we had for dessert stewed dried peaches — these latter gained from the Havasupai Indians, who dwell deep down in a secluded canyon, not far from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, to which their canyon is tributary.

An interesting meal in which the most scrupulous care was taken to please the guest, to see that he was served first and abundantly, and that everything was to his pleasure.

Let us watch Tsnahey's wife make the wafer bread, which is so strange and interesting at first sight. It is made of corn meal finely ground. Of this a soft batter is made. Now it is ready to bake. A large flat stone is raised so that a fire can be made underneath it. When the stone is hot enough, a piece of mutton tallow is rapidly rubbed over its surface, and then the " hewe "-maker dips her fingers in the batter and rapidly rubs them over the hot surface. Almost the moment she touches the slab the batter cooks into a thin, wafer-like sheet, so that, at two or three dips and passages over the surface, there appears a large sheet of the bread. Before it is perfectly dry it is folded over and over again until it is about the size of a shredded-wheat biscuit and then it is ready to be eaten. Naturally it is dainty, delicate, and delicious, and makes a very palatable bread.

It was here, also, that I first saw a Zuni woman make pottery. The clay is gathered from two or three different localities and mixed, for it is found that certain mixed clays are much better than any one of them taken alone. After being well washed and puddled, the worker takes a small piece of the now prepared clay and rolls it out between her hands into a long " rope." She now coils this around a center and makes the base of her jar or " olla," pressing and pinching one coil into

or upon the other until they cohere, and then smoothing them out with a *spatula* made of bone, or perhaps of a dried piece of melon or gourd rind. Step by step, rapidly but surely, she adds coil upon coil, using as a base upon which her growing pot may rest, a small, almost flat basket. With nothing but her eye to direct her, coil is added to coil, the spatula, with the hand inside the jar to support the pressure, rubs the corrugations out and smoothes them one into another, shapes the neck of the jar and finally completes it.

Now it is placed in the sun to dry for a day or two, and while still in this brittle state it must be painted and otherwise decorated. A white paint is put on as a base which is allowed to become thoroughly dry. It is then rubbed all over most carefully with a polishing-stone, which not only smoothes away all roughnesses, but makes a surface upon which it is easier to paint the design. This is the fascinating part of the work. Where do these designs come from? What do they mean? Many of them are symbolistic, others from nature, others purely imaginary to represent some thought of the decorator's mind. All are interesting and most are striking. It has also been found that many of the designs are archaic, having come down from the potters of the past, and they are still copied, though the symbolism or its interpretation has been lost. Whatever the design is to be no one but the designer can tell. She has no copy, no drawing, no sketch. Everything is worked out beforehand in her own busy and imaginative brain. Her " tools " are simple and her materials few. Her paints are gained from the ferruginous clays, which experience has taught her turn to red, yellow, or brown in the oven under the influence of heat. The black is caused by boiling *cleome serrulata* in water and mixing it with a manganiferous clay. Her paint brushes are made of yucca fiber and needles. Now, with the olla on her knees, and her paints in the small mortars in which they have been pounded and mixed, she begins her work. Deftly each stroke is placed, and line by line added until the decoration is complete.

Now, when dry, the ollas or other pieces, are ready for firing. Each piece is raised above the ground (for the oven is made anywhere out-of-doors, in a suitable place free from wind), and then an oven of dried manure from the sheep and goat pens is built around and over them. A bit of wafer bread is placed in each pot in order that the spiritual essence of the bread may feed the spirit of the vase. A woman about to bear a child must not look at the pottery or it will

have a black spot upon it when it comes from the oven. The fire is now lighted and most skilfully managed so that the heat gradually increases, and finally is kept as intense as possible for an hour or so, when it is allowed to die down and, when quite cooled, the pottery is removed.

Some of the designs are easily understood. Here is a conventionalized butterfly, here a deer, there the symbolic thunder-bird, while rain, cloud, and water symbols are frequent. A great variety of geometrical designs are used; indeed it may safely be affirmed that among the pottery of the Zunis and other pueblo Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, may be found every design of this nature known to man.

Before leaving this subject of pottery let me tell of the care with which the reverent Zuni woman gets the clay for her work as related by Mrs. Stevenson, one of the experts of the Bureau of Ethnology:

> On passing a stone heap she picked up a small stone, in her left hand, and spitting upon it, carried the hand around her head and threw the stone over one shoulder upon the stone heap in order that her strength might not go from her when carrying the heavy load down the mesa. She then visited the shrine at the base of the mother rock and tearing off a bit of her blanket deposited it in one of the tiny pits in the rock as an offering to the mother rock. When she drew near to the clay bed she indicated to Mr. Stevenson that he must remain behind, as men never approached the spot. Proceeding a short distance the party reached a point where We'wha requested the writer to remain perfectly quiet and not talk, saying: "Should we talk, my pottery would crack in the baking, and unless I pray constantly the clay will not appear to me." She applied the hoe vigorously to the hard soil, all the while murmuring prayers to Mother Earth. Nine-tenths of the clay was rejected, every lump being tested between the fingers as to its texture. After gathering about one hundred and fifty pounds in a blanket, which she carried on her back, with the ends of the blanket tied around her forehead, We'wha descended the steep mesa, apparently unconscious of the weight.

The sleeping-arrangements of the Zunis are quite simple. In one corner of every well-appointed house hangs a long pole, suspended by thongs of rawhide at each end. This is poetically termed "the pole of the soft stuff." The term soft stuff includes sheep and goat skins, bear, coyote, mountain-lion, badger, and other wild-beast skins, together with the robes the Zunis themselves weave or purchase from the Navahos. While a few blankets are woven by the Zunis they have almost abandoned the art, as they are better potters than weavers. Or perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that they prefer to make pottery, and as the Navahos prefer to make blankets and are anxious to trade them for Zuni pottery, the division of labor has come natur-

ally. But I have seen several Zunis weave blankets for personal wear. These are dyed black, woven in one piece in a diagonal design, and embroidered top and bottom in dark blue. Once in a while a sleeping-blanket will be woven at Zuni, though seldom. These are generally in natural colors, white, black, brown, and gray, the latter being made by mixing white and black. It is a most interesting process to see a native weaver at work, but as the Navahos are the more expert I will defer the description until I write of this entirely different tribe.

The Zunis, as are all the pueblo Indians, are firm believers in witchcraft, and Tsnahey, my host, was once intimately associated with a witchcraft case, the story of which cannot fail to be interesting. To the whites Tsnahey is known as Dick — Zuni Dick — and brought up in the family of the former Indian trader who lived at Zuni for over thirty years was Zuni Nick. Nick and Dick when I knew them did not speak as they passed by. All my efforts to bring them together failed, and from what each of them told me at different times I have pieced together the following. Nick's bringing-up naturally led him to ignore and despise the superstitions of his people — he simply absorbed the ideas daily talked in his presence by white people when the ceremonials and dances were being performed. He was evidently somewhat of a freethinker and also an outspoken lad, and after he had been to the white man's school and returned to Zuñi he did not hesitate openly to criticise the "ways of the old" as followed by the Zunis. In due time, however, he fell in love with a Zuni maiden, who reciprocated his affection, and in spite of many protests of the old men they were duly married. His boisterous and ribald criticisms and his marriage further widened the breach that the years had set between him and the elders, and they sought for an opportunity to rebuke him. One year the Fates seemed to favor them, though it was through misfortune. Their crops were bad; there was a serious drought; the hot winds scorched everything up, and their flocks of sheep and goats began to die off; their children became sick and quite a number died, and when the hunters went after game, in spite of their most earnest petitions to the *we-me* — the fetiches of the hunt — they came back empty-handed.

Now came the opportunity of the elders. They quietly let it be whispered about the village that all these evils had befallen them because Nick had exercised the arts of witchcraft upon them. The leaven of suspicion and hatred soon worked. Nick told me that one

night, when he was sound asleep, a band of the elders rushed into his room, overpowered him, bound him hand and foot, gagged him and then carried him to one of the *Estufas* — or sacred ceremonial chambers under ground — and there accused him of being a wizard. For a long time they harangued him and demanded that he confess — yet, strange to say, in their excitement they failed to remove the gag from his mouth. When, finally, some one noticed it and removed it he declined to confess to anything they required and defied them to do their worst. While he knew what his fate would be, unless he could secure help, he mocked and teased his captors, until, having decided him guilty, they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide *riata,* took him to the wall of the ruined church and there, throwing one end of the riata over a protruding beam, hoisted him up, so that he hung suspended in most horrible torture. The weight of the body almost dislocated the shoulder joints and the pain was excruciating. While in this position the shamans urged him to confess. They have no pity on one whom they conceive to be a wizard. All their hatred and fury are vented upon him. Nick hung here until he fainted.

In the meantime some one had sent or taken word to Nick's foster-father, Mr. Graham, and he had come and demanded the culprit's release. And had he not been a man of firmness and influence, and threatened the medicine men with the soldiers from Fort Wingate it is doubtful if Nick would have escaped with his life.

After Nick's release the agent or some official was informed of what had happened. His duty was to bring the chief priests or medicine men to trial for thus "assaulting with intent to kill" one of their number. Instead of this, fearing that if these powerful and influential men were punished the Zunis would rise in rebellion, *he arrested Dick,* who was Governor at the time, and had him sent to prison for several months, on the plea, that, as Governor, he had power to prevent what had occurred.

Hence the enmity between Nick and Dick.

On one occasion I entered Zuñi just at the critical time in a "witch's" hanging. The poor old wretch, friendless and forlorn, had been accused of causing the death of Wé-wha, one of the most noted women of the tribe. Refusing to confess she was strung up *by the thumbs,* her hands tied behind her.

Before my horses were out of the wagon I was informed of what was transpiring. But I was watched, and as I hastened to the scene

the poor old witch, Melita, was hurried to what was supposed to be a place of secrecy. Going to Naiuchi, the Chief Priest of the Sacred Bow — the most distinguished and honored theurgist of the tribe, who was conducting the exorcism of the witch — I sought to find what had become of her. He refused to let me know, but I was later assured that she was somewhere in the great community house. Again asking to be led to her I was again refused most positively. Then I began the search and after several hours found her, sick almost to death as the result of the cruel treatment she had received. Her wrists were cut through to the bone, her back all lacerated with the beatings she had received, and her cheeks even were broken where the blood had burst through the veins. When I asked her who had beaten her so cruelly, she cried out " Hay-tot-si, Hay-totsi," who was one of Naiuchi's assistants, the other being Ne-mó-si.

After caring for her wounds, white friends were notified, who brought her food. To prevent further molestation the officers were sent for, and this time, no tender sentiment was allowed to stand in the way of the actual culprits being arrested. They were taken to jail, kept there *without trial,* and then, many months later, were released, to return to Zuni and discuss the wisdom and justice of the white man, who so prides himself on his fairness and honor, and yet could keep prisoners in jail, contrary to law, and finally release them contrary to law.

It may be that some readers will object to being told of these superstitions of the Zunis. Let us not forget that it was but two centuries ago that the classic and educated precincts of New England were enlivened by witch-hunts and that not a few victims were treated even worse than poor old Melita, by the wisest men that America then boasted.

ALL in this world is only *preparatory,* because transitory. It is like a chink in the dark prison-walls of earth-life, through which breaks in a ray of light from the eternal home, which, illuminating the inner *senses,* whispers to the prisoner in his shell of clay of the origin and the dual mystery of our being.

H. P. Blavatsky

ON FICTION: by Kenneth Morris

HEN we think of the origin of fiction, probably we imagine some prognathous hooligan of the caves, a few thousand years ago, whom the need has taken to relate his exploits in the chase, or at carrying off a neighboring troglodite maiden for his bride. But we suggest that it was neither the desire to brag that began it, nor the mere delight of describing men and adventures. The world within precedes the world without: there are mountains, dragons, forests, battles and voyages in the soul; lacking which, their mere external antetypes would be no better than hollow and uninteresting. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is nearer in its purpose to the first book, than this imaginary production of the literary Dordognian or Neanderthaler; indeed could we take our attention away from the scrap-heap of some wandering outcast tribe of those days, and fix it on the men who built Stonehenge for their bardic rites, what a different idea we should have about the origin of everything. There were gypsies, slum-dwellers, and criminals in nineteenth century England; but there were also Gladstones, Brownings, Tennysons and Brights: crackers, crooks and hoodlums in America; but also Lincolns and Longfellows.

And then, what are the oldest books that exist? Works of fiction in this sense: they are not treatises of science or politics, at least outwardly, but tales of the Gods and heroes, or again, explanations of the mystery and origin of things. Examine those mythological tales, and you find them to be symbolic; i. e., externalizations of the inward drama of man. There is one primeval and basic story: the story of the human soul.

The Primitive Story-teller was moved to his work by this urge then: the necessity of making known the readings he had taken of his own spiritual adventures. He saw within himself the bright ideal of his higher and eternal nature; and the struggles of the personal man to come up with it, to attain union with it. Here were the Lover and the Beloved: the prototypal love-story. He saw within himself the battle-ground of the Spiritual and animal natures of him, the divine at war with the devilish; and here was the foundation of the tales of Moytura, Kurukshetra, Camlan and all ancient warfare and conflict. He saw within him, Augean stables to be cleansed, Nemean lions and hydras, and Kakos, the giant Evil, to be slain; and also the hero Hercules to slay them. He found bright powers in his soul that were his

allies, and recognized their kinship with all the bright powers whose presence runs through the veins of creation; in very deed, there were the Gods, his elder Brothers that were his helpers: also he saw all Nature arrayed in opposition to try and test him; and there were the opposing Gods, whose love was manifested through the trials imposed upon his soul. Or he must quest a Golden Fleece in Colchis, or Apples in the Hesperides; the soul of man contains all treasures within its boundaries, " all Africa and her prodigies "; within ourselves, and for the most part awaiting discovery, are fairy empires in the east and west.

Here, then, is the legitimate field of fiction; this telling of inward truths is its mission and *raison d'être.* In every one of us, latent or active, there is a Hamlet and a Fortinbras, a Polonius, Claudius and Gertrude and the rest; but how shall the interaction and opposition of these be effectively related, except in the form of drama or story? And one does not mean, in saying that these people are within us, that they are various strata of personality that will come to the front, one day one of them and one day another; but that we — the personality — are the hero, or what passes for him; and that the others are what might be called the good and evil planets in our systems, that influence, aid or oppose us. In what conflict? In that grand and prototypal one: the struggle of the personal man to unite himself with the divine in him; in the journey from manhood to godhood. " The universe exists," says William Q. Judge, " for the purposes of soul "; and this is the purpose of the soul; it is the purpose of the soul, of evolution, of the universe, to make the human divine.

Theosophy holds up a torch in the archaic times, and shows, not the hairy, long-toothed troglodyte, but a humanity among whom Gods walked, its instructors. It was the Gods who first told men stories, who originated the art of fiction, you may say; and indeed, one might have known that poetry and all art came from Them, and had a source in some divine necessity from above; and were not the product of outward stress or natural selection or the survival of the fittest. Do they not come now at an inward and spiritual touch, and at that only? All the wealth in the world, and votes cast by millions, could not call one genuine line of poetry into being, nor fashion a folk-tune, nor cause it to be fashioned. In this matter, if the Gods will speak, they will speak; and if they desire to be silent, all the armies and navies of the world will not get a word from them. We can harness a horse to

our primitive wheelbarrow, and make it a carriage; fit it with engines till it is an automobile; give it wings and call it an aeroplane; and see some evolution, some progress called forth by the stress of demand, in the growth; but when the Gods pronounced this: *I know the imagination of the oak trees;* or this: *Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more! Macbeth shall sleep no more!* — they gave us something that we could do nothing with; as different from any invention of the brain-mind of man, as the lightning of heaven is different from the flash of a squib.

So the earliest works of fiction — we apply the term quite reverently — are the great sacred books of the world; which portray the mystery of the universe for the most part in story form. These are the stories nearest, both in time and form, to those first ones that the Gods told, to which, say the legends, the winds and the waves themselves, growing calm, would listen, and even the stars would forget all else until the story was related to its end. In them there would be no depicting of character, personal character; because there was but one individual as the subject of any story; and he, any individual, the human being; in him and his various principles and aspects, would be found Gods and Asuras and demons, hero and villain, all. The villain would be altogether villainous, because he would stand for the dark forces in nature: there would be no need to paint him streaky, like bacon. Where Dickens for example, would give us one complex man — say Martin Chuzzlewit — the old stories would give at least three main characters: Martin, some one representing his higher nature, and some one representing what there was of evil in him. Although indeed, Dickens had far more in him of the ancient methods than might be supposed.

The advantage of this old style of fiction, this archaic style, is that it is true — far truer than fact. Fiction truer than fact! I mean the fact of the so-called realist. The story-tellers were men who knew the mysteries of man, understood all that is deep or hidden in human nature. That is why their work holds out against all the products of literary evolution; and Vedas, Eddas, and Mabinogion cannot be superseded.

But ages passed, and the Gods became a memory only, and no longer walked with men openly, instructing them. Then came a new generation of story-tellers; bards with but half-knowledge of the grand truths; they told tales half to carry instruction, half for the

amusement of their hearers. They had before them the grand models; but also they had an eye to the outward relations of men. The characters ceased to be entirely impersonal principles, and became, largely, personal human beings. The lover might still stand for the human personality striving upward towards its divine counterpart, but he had also taken on some color of the youthful human in the sentimental stage. The warrior might still symbolize, to some extent, the soul armed against the world-evil; but he also bore a very strong resemblance to some popular soldier of the day. Diversity was gained, you say? There was a growth? Yes, but the simplicity of grand art was also impaired, and truth was dimmed. The process went on, until the true purpose of story-telling was wholly lost sight of. More and more was gained of personality, depiction of character, exact reflection of the kaleidoscopic shiftings of the outward life; more and more was lost the idea of the human soul and its supreme mission here in the world.

From the ancient saga to the medieval romance is a great step downward. In the former we find something of the feeling and uplift of the mighty sculptured kings and gods of Egypt, which convey to us a sense of eternity, of the soul of man master of fate, time, and circumstance; in the latter, at best, we have a grace and delicacy of beauty comparable to the Aphrodites of the Praxitelean school. The stories told them by the Celtic bards were too grand and simple for the Norman minstrels, who retold them on more personal lines. Arthur, the titanic, shadowy figure of an incarnate god, must reappear as a mere courteous king of chivalry; his men, huge, elemental and impersonal, must take the fashion of perfect lovers, skilful tilters, one might say, of combed dandies. Having lost their soulhood, their real *raison d'être,* the deterioration went on apace; until Europe was deluged with a literature of extravagant foppery. The deeds of the heroes of Celtic and Scandinavian saga, were all based on symbology; they were *true,* they meant something — and that something, vast and of supreme import. But the deeds of the Esplandians, Amadises and Palmerins meant nothing; their authors had no idea that there was any occasion for them to mean anything, or that there was anything for them to mean. They had descended, not merely to an extravagance of foppery, but to an extravagance of immorality; it became high time for Cervantes to wield his pen. The descent is quite natural; when you lose sight of realities, you are pretty sure to steer, not merely

for the unreal, but for the vile; when you cut loose from the anchorage of the soul, the divine in man and nature, you shall not drift forever among the pretty mirages of what we may call the higher reaches of personal life; the rocks and breakers of vice are awaiting you, out there on the nether shore of personality.

So in modern times the great romanticists have set a high note in personal fiction; which there was no living up to, because the higher note of truth, impersonality, symbology, was absent. Hence, the realists by way of reaction. But what a conception of reality!

The truth is, there are not two poles in this matter, but three angles. The apex of the triangle is impersonal, symbolic truth; the angles at the base are romanticism and actualism — which latter we mistakenly call realism. We rebel and react against untruth, however fair may be its seeming; we rush to the ugly, the sordid and the vicious, because we know that they do actually exist, as a remedy for phantasmal beauty in which we cannot believe. Your poet of this school will see no stream unless there be dead cats and rusty tin cans in it; and he will celebrate nothing but the cats and the cans. Your novelist will pick out with care everything that is hideous and painful in life, and dish it up meticulously as if that were the whole. *Cui bono?*

Art, like the rest of the universe, exists for the purposes of the soul, to further the evolution of humanity. Forgetting that, it soon ceases to be artistic; that is, it soon ceases to be either truthful or beautiful. One step beyond the realist of the dead cats and tin cans, and you come to the painters and narrators of vice for vice's sake; or to those wonderful new schools that shun sanity as carefully as they shun beauty, and paint their canvases with extraordinary odds and ends in a confusion as fantastic as that of the wandering mind of the lunatic. The romantic and the actualistic schools drift toward the same peril. Art for art's sake, and mere beauty the goal, has sensuality ahead of it; a few literary generations, basing their efforts on this principle, and there will be mistaking sensuality for beauty. Substitute for beauty the photographic depiction of actualities, and the end is no better. To be actual, you will choose the ugly, then the sordid, then the vicious; you will take the lowest as your types of humanity; you will write of vice, emphasize it, give it a hypnotic attraction through its very repulsiveness; and so go on defeating the ends of art, the purposes of the soul, and increasing the squalor of the actual — not of the real — world.

In sober truth, these are the two main currents in modern literature and art; or if not the main currents, they are there in sufficient strength to be a menace to the future of fiction. The remedy? Theosophy. Truth. Reality. A return (perhaps with added skill) to the ancient and majestic idea of fiction: that it should depict the laws, science, and adventures, not of human personalities, but of THE HUMAN SOUL.

A FIJIAN ON THE DECLINE OF HIS RACE:

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

IT is our pleasure to notice a remarkable article in *The Hibbert Journal* for October, entitled, "A Native Fijian on the Decline of His Race." The translator, Mr. A. M. Hocart, in charge of the Government school at Lakemba in eastern Fiji, tells us that he accidentally came across this essay written by an intelligent native, and has translated it with all possible faithfulness to the original. We must agree with him that the essay shows that most missionaries have a good deal to learn before they can be successful as teachers. The Fijian criticises the teachings of the missionaries in a manner at once candid and respectful; and, as we shall see, exhibits an intelligence and a general comprehension of religious problems that throws many expounders of Christian doctrine entirely into the shade. The argument of the essay is first given and is as follows:

> The decline of native population is due to our abandoning the native deities who are God's deputies in earthly matters. God is concerned only with matters spiritual and will not hearken to our prayers for earthly benefits. A return to our native deities is our only salvation.

As will be seen from the above and from what follows, the Fijian does not deny the Supreme God or wish to *substitute* the native deities therefor; he merely recognizes the existence of subordinate deities. It is interesting to note that in the same number of *The Hibbert Journal* is an article on "The Gnostic Redeemer," which speaks of the *kosmokratores,* the rulers of seven spheres in the kosmos, as recognized by the Gnostics.

The first point made by the Fijians is of great importance, and of great interest to Theosophists because it agrees with what Theosophy

teaches. It is that *the Satan of* Genesis *is a God.* This is exactly what H. P. Blavatsky says; Satan was confused with the personification of human passions and thus made into a devil. The Fijian says:

> Well, if the first thing that lived in the world is Adam, whence did he come, he who came to tell Eve to eat the fruit? From this fact it is plain that there is a Prince whom God created to be Prince of the World, perchance it is he who is called the Vu God (Noble Vu). With him abides the power given to him by Jehovah, the Great God or *Spirit* who dwells in Heaven, that is, the second heaven, the dwelling-place of Spirits. I think, Sir, this may be he whom the God of Spirit appointed to be leader of the World, that we might be subject to him, we men who live in the bodily life. The power which originated from the Great House, from the Vu God, the channels of transmission thereof to the life in the body are the nobly born (Lords of the body).

That is, explains the translator in a footnote, the native chiefs are the vicars on earth of the Vu Spirit.

Next is answered the question: If this be so, why is not the fact mentioned in the Bible? The answer is as follows. The Bible does not mention who was Cain's wife, so is it not possible "that some Prince of the World, Vu Spirit, is not set down?" And the writer adds:

> I believe, Sir, that there is in truth a Prince whom God created with the world before the creation of man; . . . his authority does not extend in the least to the soul; impossible. Why? Because they are different in kind; the body is one and the soul another; as for him, he is not a devil or enemy of religion, he is merely God Vu; the power of the Spirit God with which he was anointed, abides with him.

To quote further:

> I think it is easy for the God of Spirit to bind the Flatterer (Devil), but one difficulty is that he has already made a pact with the Vu of the World, namely that he should be sovereign of the life in the flesh. It lies with Jehovah to settle a thing; the objection is that the will of the God of Spirit might fall into contempt if his decision were reversed in order after all to settle a matter which concerns the body; and since he has confined himself to matters of the spirit, it is hard for his will to extend as far as the body, since there exists a sovereign of the flesh whom he has already appointed.

All this is surely much more philosophical and reasonable than the customary interpretation, or rather, lack of interpretation. By it one of the greatest puzzles of Christian theology — as the parents of small children know to their sorrow — is solved. "Why does not God kill the Devil?" Milton wrote an epic about this, and good Bunyan was content to accept the doctrine that God had an inveterate

foe. But this Fijian teaches what Theosophy and H. P. Blavatsky teach: Satan is no devil but actually the Deity in one of his aspects. He is the progressive power in Man, the divinely-given intelligence. When Man obtained Free Will, he obtained the power to choose both evil and good. Hence Satan may be called a tempter. Man at first abused his prerogative and "fell"; but through salvation he is destined to rise to greater heights. And his Savior is again the Divinely-given Intelligence within him. Theological error has made man afraid of himself — made him mistrust his faculties — caused him to confound that which is good with that which is evil. Hence the confusion in modern thought, which knows not how to discriminate between liberty and license, between aspiration and passion. There *is* a Devil; but he is the personification of our evil passions. We must overcome him, and that by exercising our own Spiritual Will. But the Satan of *Genesis* is not this Devil. He was Man's teacher. The narrative is allegorical, and we see that the Fijian understood it as such. Satan shows man how to claim Free Will and Intelligence. But Man abuses the gift; yet learns his mistakes and is saved from destruction. To continue:

> Jehovah has given us this group of islands as our possession, and the several branches of the race, or groups of families, are severally gathered together under their several Vu Gods, the leaders of the various families in things of the flesh. As for the Christian religion, it has come to Fiji, that is the worship addressed to the great leader of spirits, God of Spirits, Jehovah, that we may pray to him to keep our souls when the life in the flesh is at an end.

It seems to him that the missionaries were wrong in turning the various Fiji Gods into devils. "Jehovah" created all parts of the world, and it is right that the various races of mankind should follow the several customs assigned to them by Jehovah. But the Fijians have forsaken their customs and adopted those of people from various nations. They have rejected their tribal Gods and the result has been disease and death. Why does not Jehovah answer their prayers? Because Jehovah is the God of Spirit and does not act directly on bodily affairs. He answers such prayers through his agents only, the Vu Gods. Jehovah remains hidden from the Fijians and gives no oracles. But if they were to worship those whom he has sent, the Vu Gods, he would be able to answer them with oracles as of yore. He pities the nations that have no Vu Gods; for instance:

> How wretched they are and weak, whose medicines are constantly being im-

ported and brought here in bottles! Not so Fiji. If a disease begins to pain, you simply go and pull up a kava plant for some medium of the Vu God; then he arises and prophesies and says: "So and so, go out, stretch out thy hand to the right; the first leaf thou touchest, go and strain it: the patient will thereby recover." And what makes it effective? The power of the devil? No, that it is merely the power of the Spirit God who conferred it upon him; had not such been the intention of Jehovah, it were impossible for that medicine to be effective, or his words would have no power.

Finally the writer nobly declares that he dares not fail in the duty of saying what is in his mind; for by silence he would be disobeying the Spirit God and would be answerable therefor in the judgment of souls. To the missionaries he says:

It is no use being ashamed to change the rules of the Church, if the country and its inhabitants will thereby be saved.

Thus concludes this admirable essay. It makes clear the meaning of what is known as polytheism; and there are still many who think that polytheism is incompatible with belief in a Supreme Deity. Even modern Christian churches, with their numerous "saints," are obliged to recognize the principle taught by this Fijian. When we fail to recognize the principle frankly, then we do so covertly, with resulting hypocrisy. For have we not our "gods"? Who is Mammon? Who is Nature? Who is Luck? All minor gods, all duly worshiped and propitiated. Even the various Supreme Gods of the various religions may be regarded as national or racial.

But shall we, it will be asked, revive in Christian lands the ancient tribal deities, fetishes, local shrines, and so on? Not so; but let us leave to the Fijians and other such peoples the customs which have served them so well and are so suited to their natures. Let us refrain from destroying these customs and beliefs until we have something better to offer them. And, for ourselves, let us try to extract the kernel out of this Fijian belief and adapt its spirit to forms suited to our own understanding and nature.

We can surely, without superstition, believe in the existence of an Intelligence, or Soul, or Presence, in Nature, and that Man can adjust himself harmoniously toward this Soul in Nature, reaping thereby the harvest of wise and gentle acts in benefits to himself. We can believe that Man constantly brings upon himself sickness which all the skill and cunning of modern science fail to avert, by his rude and hostile behavior towards Nature. This Fijian believes that herbs can be charmed by wise and reverent treatment to yield up healing

potencies withheld from the rough and heedless hand; and so he has no use for the bottled drugs we send over. One wonders what he would think of our vivisection; if ever there was a practice more calculated than any other to offend the gods of Nature, surely that is it!

Think how much we lose by our failure to recognize the existence of Intelligences ruling in life! We continually do deeds that violate the principles of justice, kindness, purity, etc., and imagine that, if we escape the penalties of the civil law or the too marked disapprobation of our fellows, we shall escape condemnation. The theological God is too remote a conception to influence our conduct; we need a more immediate practical conception. It is this which Theosophy has sought to convey to the Western world by its exposition of the ancient doctrine of Karma. No act that we do, however secret, no thought that we think, can pass without registering its mark and affecting the world for good or ill. And if the thought that we injure others thereby suffices not to restrain us, we may reflect that every act must react sooner or later upon its doer.

What the Fijian calls Gods, we call "laws." We recognize the laws of health, various social and economic laws, etc.; but we need to make our ideas more concrete. Is there a law of moral hygiene, similar to the law of physical hygiene, and is it possible that a secret sinner poisons himself by his acts, by his very thoughts? We need not bring back fetishes and shrines, but we can learn from this Fijian to recognize the fact that we live in an ocean of consciousness that registers and takes account of our every act and thought; that we are surrounded by living and intelligent beings of all grades who look to us for protection, sympathy, and understanding.

Students of ancient philosophy will note many remarkable resemblances between this Fijian's idea of the theogony of creative powers and the teachings of the ancients on that subject. The natives of these isolated countries are the descendants of a former civilization belonging to one of the earlier Root-Races of humanity; and it appears that they have preserved a good deal of traditional knowledge and religious insight. Though many of these races have reached the end of their long cycle and are destined to disappear, it was not necessary that we should help them to do so. Wiser conduct on our part might have preserved a seed for the future growth in cases wherein that seed has been wantonly destroyed. He who would teach must first learn, and our failures with the natives show how much we have to learn.

THE GODS

(From *The Fates of the Princes of Dyfed*)

by Kenneth Morris

WHERE are ye now, O Mighty Ones,
O Dragon Sovereigns of the Deep,
Who make the circuit of the suns,
And in your flaming navies sweep
Where the foamed asterisms surge and leap,
And loud with quickening orisons,
Fohat through Nwyfre burning runs
And wakes the suns from time-long sleep?

Where are ye now, who held of old
Our holiest Wyddfa shrine and fane,
And from that firm and glorious hold,
Spread beauty and truth from main to main?
Where are ye now, whose wizard reign
Left all our mountains bardic-souled —
You Shepherds of the wave-girt fold,
You Guardian Gods of Ynys Wen?

Ah love, strong love, speed forth afar!
Ah, flame-bright faith, take wings, take wings!
Search the wide heavens from star to star
For those unstained, unwearying Kings!
Beyond where the utmost planet sings
Perchance yet flames Hu Gadarn's car,
Where, far in space, the Gods make war
Along the wreck-strewn marge of things.

Nay! in our Wyddfa still ye dwell;
Though all our hope hath grown so cold;
Though priests have wrought of heaven and hell
A snare of lies so multifold,
That we, who were half Gods of old,
Now cringe and doze beneath their spell —
Though manhood waned, and freedom fell,
Still the hills keep their Age of Gold.

And there the golden gorse aflame,
The heather's fair and purple bloom,
Proclaim the Immortal Kin; proclaim
Their war against the ages' gloom.
There where the peaks of Arfon loom,
Pagan, storm-girdled, pure, untame,
Still sounds, as of old, the Chanted Name
Wherewith ye ward these worlds from doom.

Still in the hills ye toiling wait,
And weave your lone and regal rhyme,
And fling forth wars on time and fate,
On fate, and leaden-pinioned time;
Curb the fierce hosts of greed and crime,
Folly and madness, lust and hate,
Till we shall come to know your state,
And purge, and make our world sublime.

They lied to us that ye were dead;
Ye pass from view; ye may not die;
Nay, but your night is almost sped,
Even now the flame of dawn is nigh!
Even now your standard burns on high,
Even now we hear your hosted tread —
A sign! — the heavens grow flame-bright red!
The Golden Dragon takes the sky!

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California.

THE HYMN OF DESTINY: by R. Machell

AN ancient memory comes to me calling across the immeasurable gulf of ages that lie buried in oblivion; a haunting melody that softly sings itself into my heart, waking an answer from the depths.

Each step that bears me onward through life's pilgrimage is measured to its cadence, but as I journey on, my lingering mind looks backward to those days that seem so fairy bright across the chasm of forgetfulness.

No strain of sadness mars the melody, nor is its rhythm broken by the undertone that like the chiming of a sunken bell beneath the waves, throbs as the heart throbs with the pulse of life beneath the heaving breast.

So from the unfathomable vortex of the great world's heart pulses the Hymn of Destiny, the karmic undertone beneath the Song of Life.

THE SONG OF LIFE: by Herbert Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.

"PROFESSOR Schäfer with a broom trying to prevent the world-soul from rolling in upon the scientific consciousness — "

"That's rather a mixed metaphor, isn't it?" I interrupted.

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," replied Jones, returning his eye to the microscope. "But when I look at a Protococcus such as I've got here now, visibly enjoying himself on the stage in the concentrated sunlight I have provided, it makes me rip to hear these fellows talking about unconscious mechanism. Look at your baby rolling about on the lawn out there. He's in the sunlight too and behaving exactly as this Protococcus. Is *he* an unconscious mechanism? Was Schäfer at the same age?

"They've found that a particle of oil-foam behaves a bit like a Protococcus, even divides into two and puts out an arm like an Amoeba. So the argument goes this way: We *know* that the oil-mush is a speck of automatic mechanism; we *don't* know that the Amoeba *isn't; therefore* — mark that! — we have every reason for supposing that man *is!*

"That's reasoning, they think. But very regretfully they have to admit that the activities of the mass of oil-mush called man are accompanied by consciousness. But the tide's coming in, thank heaven! And it's going to leave these fellows stranded."

"*Do* attend to that metaphor," I said.

"I'm as much entitled to a shaky metaphor as they to shaky reasoning," he replied. "It's like this:

"At the top, where we *know,* in ourselves, there is directive consciousness, will *using* mechanism. Going downward from what we *know,* seeing like phenomena to the very bottom, but of less and less complexity, we are entitled to assume that there is directive consciousness to the very bottom, but of dimmer and dimmer quality.

"The other fellows, beginning at the bottom, seeing only mechanism, not noticing the faint marks of directive choice even there, carry their *non*-vision upward, see nothing but mechanism in the Amoeba and finally in man. *We* carry our vision, our knowledge, downward. *They* carry their non-vision, their ignorance upward."

"Not so bad," I said, "for a man who mixes his metaphors in the middle of the morning as you do. But where do you see any chance for choice at the bottom?"

" In every single chemical reaction," he replied. " Put some nitrate of silver solution in the sun. In a few hours *some* of it has precipitated black. Why did those particular molecules respond like that to the sun and give up their nitric acid, and the others not? Tell a lot of children that they can do what they like. Most of them will run out; a few will rather stay in the schoolroom and read. Will, which is character, essence, is at the center of every unit of life. Conditions don't determine it. It is continually evolving freely in its own essence and consequently reacts to conditions on Tuesday differently from what it did on Monday. That is visibly true of us. It is almost visibly true at the very bottom. Close your eyes to the *just* visibility at the bottom, and you 'll presently be blind to the obvious at the top. That's where the separation between the blind and the seeing, in Biology, comes in; between the Schäfers and the Driesches. There 's no harm in comparing the Amoeba to the speck of oil-foam so long as you add a *plus*. Why shouldn't the Amoeba, in the course of its foragings and fun, make use of laws of motion that govern oil-foam? It would be a fool not to. The oil-foam motions will suffice, in great measure. Why shouldn't a man's circulatory system use the principles of the common pump so far as they serve it in what it has to do? Is a man nothing but a lever because he uses the principle of the lever in moving his arm?

" I tell you, man, if the public are taken in by Schäferisms, it is because they *want* to be taken in. There's some element in them that *wants* them to think the universe a soulless mechanism. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we shall be bacteria and, the day after, molecules.

" There's something funny about evolution. A conscious universe, after ages of effort, has evolved a consciously thinking being who immediately uses his conscious thought to declare that he and his mother are unconscious mechanisms. She made an Amoeba by way of practice so as to make *his* blood-cells and nerve-cells for him. And he shows his gratitude by shouting out in the market-place that the Amoeba unconsciously made itself! A man ought to sit down to his miscroscope in a rapt and reverential state of mind. He is about to look into his mother's work-room. He should try to hear the song of the Protococcus as it spins about, the laugh of the young spores as they gleefully scatter in play through the branches of the Algae, the—"

" Baby's crying," I said. " Excuse me."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EUCKEN'S TEACHING:

by H. Alexander Fussell

IF we asked ourselves what it is that characterizes the thought of the present age, we should note that what is called the moral problem is occupying more and more the attention of all earnest and serious minded people. Our conceptions of the universe, of which we seem to be such an infinitesimal part, have been immeasurably enlarged by the discoveries of science, due to the perfected means of investigation which inventive genius has placed at our disposal. Old theories have proved inadequate, while the new ones are to a large extent contradictory and unsatisfactory. After the most earnest endeavors to get our bearings in this ever expanding world of thought and discovery, we find ourselves in a state of intellectual and spiritual bewilderment. We have lost the childlike faith, which could say, with the little silk-girl in *Pippa Passes,* "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world"; and we have not yet attained to the tried faith and trust of manhood which is the result of the knowledge of good — and evil.

The theological dogmas have not the authority they once had, while many of the leaders of scientific thought, after becoming eminent in their several departments, have entered, much to the confusion of theologians, the realm of religion and morals, and have still further unsettled the world by their criticisms. Haeckel in Germany, Le Dantec and Bergson in France, Huxley and Spencer in England, have all done their part in weakening the former authoritative utterances of theology. All seek, however, to justify themselves before the moral tribunal of human thought and destiny. Even in a purely mechanical theory of the universe some place has to be found for man's thought and activity. But this attempted bottling up of the powerful energy that is expressed in human thought has always been disastrous to the system that has tried it. Some factor, vital to the question, has always been overlooked, or has proved intractable; as, when Huxley, criticising the materialistic philosophy of his day, which strove to reduce everything to matter and force, said, that there was a third thing in the universe which was neither matter nor force, namely, consciousness, and therefore he could not call himself a materialist.

It is, however, becoming increasingly evident that man has entered upon a phase of his evolution in which he is beginning to react against

the purely material and intellectualistic theories of the last few generations. He has been through a hard school, and an unsatisfying one, and he feels that if life were really such as it has been represented to be, it were scarcely worth living; though many an agnostic and utilitarian of the old school tried hard to graft a noble if despairing Stoicism upon his soulless theories.

Towards the close of the last century, however, a marked reaction set in, accelerated by and, to a large extent, due to the teachings of Theosophy, which were given out anew to the world to combat the increasing materialism and the selfish individualism of the age. It may be stated here that the causes of new stages in human evolution are at first usually ignored or misunderstood, so it is no cause for wonder that Theosophy has not yet met with universal recognition. Science has always been notoriously unwilling to accept new truths unless stamped with the official imprimatur. The impulse has been given, however, and the movement is gaining in intensity. The spiritual truths for which Theosophy battled are already current — under other names — in the thought-world, and many thinkers are unconsciously assimilating them.

Pre-eminent as an exponent of the spiritual renaissance which we are witnessing, is Rudolf Eucken, Professor of Philosophy at Jena, whose works have been translated into the principal European languages and even into Japanese. More clearly, perhaps, than most, he sees the antagonistic and disruptive forces that are active under the brilliant exterior of a civilization which we fondly believe to be the highest to which man has yet attained. We will give his views of the moral problem confronting us, as far as possible, in his own words, availing ourselves of the excellent translations by Mr. Pogson and Lucy Judge Gibson and Mr. Boyce Gibson.* Eucken says:

> It is not only at particular points that civilization does not correspond to the demands of the spiritual life, but that civilization as a whole is in many ways in conflict with these demands. We feel with increasing distress the wide interval between the varied and important work to be done at the circumference of life and the complete emptiness at the center. When we take an inside view of life, we find that a life of mere bustling routine predominates, that men struggle and boast and strive to outdo one another, that unlimited ambition and vanity are characteristic of individuals, that they are always running to and fro and pressing

* *The Life of the Spirit,* translated by F. L. Pogson, M. A. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
Christianity and the New Idealism, translated by Lucy Judge Gibson and W. R. Boyce Gibson, M. A. (Harper & Brothers.)

forward, or feverishly exerting all their powers. But throughout it all we come upon nothing that gives any real value to life, and nothing spiritually elevating. Hence we do not find any meaning in life, but in the end a single huge show in which culture is reduced to a burlesque. Any one who thinks it all over and reflects upon the difference between the enormous labor that has been expended and the accompanying gain to the essentials of life, must either be driven to complete negation and despair, or must seek new ways of guaranteeing a value to life and liberating man from the sway of the pettily human. (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

But it is just this bootless striving and spiritual emptiness that Christianity is supposed to correct, you will say. Does not the true Christian find in his belief that "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation," for which those sigh in vain who are caught in the onrush of modern progress? Doubtless the *true* Christian does; but the world is not Christian except in name; intellectually, if not morally, it is drifting further and further away from the generally accepted Christian idea of the universe. It is no secret; the question of how to make the Christian view of life prevail has occupied the attention of more than one Church Congress, and on this score Eucken has no illusions. He points out, too, that often where there is genuine religious feeling, it is not grounded in Christianity, but has its source elsewhere in the great *extra*-Christian world.

The main tendency of our age, with its steadily growing spirit of independence, has come into ever sharper conflict with Christianity. . . .

Christianity finds herself at a crisis which is deeper-reaching and more dangerous than any she has faced before in the whole course of her history. For it is not this or that element of her composition that is called in question, but the whole structure of her life and being. . . .

There is indisputably a movement in the direction of religion . . . nor can we fail to detect a certain revival of interest in Christianity. . . . But this revival is in no sense a simple return to Christianity in its traditional form; on the contrary, every approach that is made toward the Christian belief remains widely sundered from the old orthodoxy. . . . Thus there are many today, whose strong craving for religion is unmistakably tempered by a deep aversion or else a wearied indifference to its traditional form. . . .

In truth the religious problem has now passed far beyond the control of any ecclesiastical or sectarian body; over and outside the existing churches, and through them and beyond, it has become a concern of the whole human race. And as such it demands to be treated, but this is not possible unless it takes on new shapes and follows new lines of its own. (*Christianity and the New Idealism.*)

Nor is this upheaval of thought confined to the educated classes.

> The masses are being called on to judge for themselves concerning the ultimate questions of life and the world . . . and they are inclined to think that religion represents the interest not of mankind, but of certain privileged classes . . . and the spirit of denial is here victorious. (*Ibid.*)

Could the world's needs be more graphically described, or the great hiatus existing between the material and the spiritual in modern civilization more clearly stated? Does it not seem as if the world were ready for the teachings of Theosophy, that the great crisis foreseen by the Helpers of Humanity were approaching, and that mankind were rapidly being gathered into two hostile camps, the one standing for material progress at any cost — with anarchy as the result, the other fighting for spiritual unity and morality? That such a crisis is approaching, Eucken fully believes.

> In the fundamental relation of man to the world, in the fundamental emotions of life, there are quasi-molecular changes at work which are undermining the present position and preparing the way for drastic alterations in our whole existing order. Outwardly imperceptible as such movements are, they are yet the strongest force in our existence. It is they that are determining the ends that shall control life's effort, the standards from which all experience will take its value. . . . It was on the reef of such inward changes that the splendid civilizations of olden time were wrecked; and should our modern civilization defy them, there cannot be the slightest doubt as to who will conquer. (*Ibid.*)

It is this belief that "the moment of choice" is approaching, for the race as well as for the individual, and that it will be decisive, that is urging thinkers like Professor Eucken to attempt anew a solution of the antinomies that are revealed in human life. Our thoughts, our acts, our very selves, have validity, only in so far as they can be related to a higher unity than is comprised in the personal self. One would think that, faced by such pressing problems, man would put forth some united effort. But instead of systemization we find isolation — "a complete separation into different parties and groups, a treatment of problems from the standpoint of mere party."

There is then an imperative need for some supreme and unifying truth, which shall be the goal of our striving, great enough to synthesize the varied activities and many-sidedness of modern life, and yet of such compelling power that it shall call forth our loyal co-operation, fire us with enthusiasm and satisfy our whole nature. It is this supreme truth that is offered to us in Theosophy, the "Wisdom-Religion," which, teaching mankind their *common origin,* unites them in

a *universal brotherhood,* and offers *knowledge* to all who will fulfil the necessary conditions for its attainment — a knowledge that will satisfy alike the deepest spiritual instincts and the demands of the understanding for clearness and exactitude; it teaches also that man by virtue of his origin is a *creator,* either retarding or helping on the cosmic process of which he is a necessary part.

The main points of Eucken's teachings are (1) that man belongs to a higher order than the natural; (2) that this order already exists; (3) that man is called upon to give it expression; and that he is creative; but we will quote his own words which show how near he approaches to the teachings of Theosophy.

An overpowering conviction persuades us that we need not wait for some other sphere than this in order to prove the reality of a higher Order, and put ourselves in relation to it. The one possible point of departure is the life-process itself, and only in so far as we can bring its content and procedure into clearer light can we realize that a new Order already exists. (*Christianity and the New Idealism.*)

Man cannot be resolved into mere states of feeling; there is something objective in his constitution, and with this he must reckon. A spiritual being, a microcosm such as he is, is forced by a necessity of his inmost nature to concern himself with the universe. (*Ibid.*)

This concern of man with the universe, this endeavor at adjustment, is one of the most helpful signs of the age, for in so doing he will come to a realization of the essential unity of all that exists. His knowledge of his real self will increase and he will perceive that he stands in a *vital* and not at all in a mechanical relationship to the whole of which he forms a part.

Man can seek truth nowhere else than in himself; his own life must possess a depth which even for himself at first lies in a dim and distant background; with the full appropriation of this depth, however, he may hope to discover a world in himself, or rather he may himself grow into a world. (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

Here Eucken realizes the true import of the old precept, "Man, know thyself"; and of that other, "Man is the measure of the universe." In the Wisdom-Religion we are taught that the knowledge of the universe, the Macrocosm, will follow, not precede, that of man, the Microcosm. In other words the universe can only be interpreted in terms of the self, and we shall never get at the heart of things until we are conscious of and identify ourselves in some degree with "the

Higher Self which is omniscient and has every knowledge innate in it." " Happy the man," says Madame Blavatsky, " who succeeds in saturating his inner Ego with it."

> Religion, more than anything else, makes a whole out of life, relates it to the universe as a whole, and directs it to ultimate ends. It is in religion especially that the fundamental relation to reality becomes clearly defined. Here, if anywhere, the Spiritual Life must stamp itself as unique, and the whole continuous movement of time must subserve one single task that is independent of time. (*Christianity and the New Idealism.*)

But there is no proof of the reality of the Spiritual Life to the merely natural man, for it is something entirely distinct from naturalism, and also from subjectivism.

> In spiritual life we have to do, not with a mere addition to a life already existent, but with an essentially new life. . . . It is something so new and so peculiar that it can be understood only as a new stage of reality, as the emergence of a depth of the world which was formerly hidden. . . . That with the upgrowth of spiritual life man is raised into a new world and participates in the totality of its life, is something of which we can gain no assurance by any flight of speculation; conviction can come only from the fact that a life is developed which accomplishes the deliverance of man from the merely human. . . . But such a development does not appear in point of fact; indeed, it exhibits itself as the height of spiritual work both in the macrocosm and in the microcosm. (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

Eucken refers also to the well-known proof of the reality of the spiritual life, based on the fact that man is capable of rising above himself and of judging himself. But if Eucken sets before us a great truth, there is a lack of definiteness in his presentation of it. He points out the path we must follow, but he does not take us very far along it. In fact, it is difficult to see how any thinker who is not a Theosophist can do so. In the Wisdom-Religion alone will be found described the stages of the great pilgrimage through which, individually and collectively, humanity must travel on the return journey to spirituality.

And whereas Eucken declares that

> Only if man is able . . . to share in a universal life and thereby outgrow the limits of his particular nature, can his thinking advance from a mere cognition of things to a true knowledge, (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

it is only in Theosophy that man is *taught how* this may be done.

With all the interest that is now being taken in psychology, it is strange that the nature and function of *Intuition,* a faculty which is

latent in every one, should be entirely unknown to, or at least, ignored by, almost all the thinkers of the day. The exceedingly elementary nature of modern European psychology was evident to Huxley, and drew from him the remark that we should have to go to the East for our psychology, the classification of the powers of the mind and soul being much more complete in the ancient philosophies of India than anywhere else. Any treatment of them that is made in ignorance of "The Seven Principles of Man," and especially without reference to "Manas" (the thinking principle), in its double aspect of human knowledge and divine wisdom — Manas being the connecting link between the natural and the spiritual in man — must be perforce fragmentary and even false. Eucken is quite right in saying "that within our life a new depth of reality is disclosed which could not possibly belong to man as a purely natural being," but it does not appear that he has any knowledge that there is in man a faculty whose special function it is to be the intermediary between the divine and the human. The perception, however, of this "new depth of reality" may be taken as evidence that many minds are ripe for the study and practice of Theosophy, and we would earnestly recommend to such *The Theosophical Manuals,* especially the one on "The Seven Principles of Man." These manuals are written for inquirers, and they give many points of view entirely unknown to non-Theosophical thinkers.

There are many illuminating thoughts scattered throughout Professor Eucken's works, which show how near he unconsciously is to Theosophy.

> Participation in the universal thought lends dignity and value to human existence. Another result is that all men enter into an invisible connexion, a solidarity embracing all that is human.

Have we not here a recognition of the principle underlying Universal Brotherhood, the main object in the foundation of the Theosophical Society?

> We are not mere products of history; in virtue of our spiritual nature we are able to transcend our past, and this power we are able to make use of and cultivate. . . . We possess a spontaneity which we can oppose to everything that is merely given.

According to Theosophy "the whole universe is worked and *guided* from *within outwards*" (*The Secret Doctrine,* I, 274). It, as well as man, possesses spontaneity, hence its and our recuperative power; the ability to make good former failures. As the present Theosophical

Leader, Katherine Tingley, says, speaking of man's power to offset his past:

> Every renewed effort raises all failures into experiences, . . . the Karma of all your past alters; it no longer threatens; it passes from the plane of penalty before the soul's eye up to that of tuition . . . you are behind the shield of your reborn endeavor though you have failed a hundred times.

If Professor Eucken would but study the Law of Karma as set forth in the works of the Leaders of Theosophy, he would find much that would be helpful to him in his attempted solution of the world-problem. Madame Blavatsky describes Karma "as that Law of re-adjustment which ever tends to restore disturbed equilibrium in the physical, and broken harmony in the moral world" (*The Key to Theosophy,* p. 200). He would see too, the true relation of man to the physical universe, and in what consists his empire over nature. Eucken calls upon man to be creative; this creative power, however, is not confined to the moral world, with which the physical is more intimately connected than scientists and philosophers dream of. Says Madame Blavatsky:

> Not only humanity, even though it be composed of thousands of races, but all that lives and is, is made of the same essence and substance, and animated by the same spirit; consequently throughout Nature there is solidarity — in the physical and moral worlds alike. ("The New Cycle," in *La Revue Théosophique,* 1889.)

Eucken speaks, too, of the possible perversion of truth, and warns against the attempt to make it subservient to merely personal and selfish ends. This is the great danger, and the work of Theosophy at present is not so much to promulgate new truth, though that is there for him who can receive it, as to prepare mankind for its reception, by endeavoring to bring about a better moral condition, one in which scientific discoveries and a more intimate knowledge of the laws of being will not be used for destructive purposes, but for human welfare.

> The relation of man to the spiritual life may give rise to most perplexing difficulties. That which, on the high level of spiritual life, has an incontestable right, and is capable of producing the most fruitful results, may be dragged down by man in his natural state to the level of his general mental outlook and interests, and thus be most mischievously distorted. Such a man may claim for himself, just as he is, what belongs to him only as a member of a spiritual order, he may believe that he can accomplish from his own resources what is possible for him only in connexion with a visible or invisible system, and this is bound to give rise to a great deal of error and obstruction. For the tragedy of the human situation

is just this, its greatest danger is the perversion of its best (*corruptio optimi pessima*). (*The Life of the Spirit.*)

We conclude this study of one of the most spiritual of modern thinkers with a remarkable passage on the function of true religion, a function which we venture to think will be found to be fulfilled only by Theosophy, of which it has been said that it is so profound that to fathom its depths demands the trained faculties of the scientist and the seer, and is yet so simple that the man in the street and the convict can comprehend its fundamental teachings of the Higher Self, of Universal Brotherhood, Karma, and Reincarnation.

It is of the utmost importance for the effective working and the victorious advance of religion, that its truth admit of being realized in every man's experience, and that the appropriation of this truth serve to unfold that which is deepest and most central in the nature of each of us. It is the fundamental conviction of religion that the ultimate secrets of the cosmos declare themselves to the inmost soul and become man's personal possession; apart from such a conviction religion could not claim to be central for life. That which is essential and necessary must at the same time be something that can be the subject of immediate experience. (*Christianity and Personal Idealism.*)

A BLOT UPON THE RECORD: by Lydia Ross, M. D.

HE expectant, upturned face of the desert night is flooded with light from many stars. The glimmering, outspread sands of Time reach to the confining belt of distant blue horizon. Resting deep in the yellow drifts the great Sphinx waits — a couchant animal form, with a divinely poised human head and eyes of infinite calm. It is as old as time itself — the eternal riddle overshadowing the drifting sands of centuries, that fain would cover its questioning face. Silent, unmoved, listening with that intent, far-seeing look of inner vision, this dual creature royally challenges each traveler through the desert to arm himself with the secret power of its yet unanswered riddle.

Here the Spirit of the Age is summoned to render his account to the Recording Angel, who hears each era tell the story of the pictures which it paints upon the screen of time.

"What is your name?" the angel asks, ready to write the imperishable record for the Future's unveiled eye.

"The Twentieth Century," the Spirit replies.

"Men call you the Age of Progress?"

"Aye: the Era of Enlightenment."

"You illumine the darkness of men and things?"

"We aim to reveal the secret of all things."

"What are all those countless moving things of metal and wood, that seem like a rival race upon man's earth, copying and crowding him?"

"Those are our machines, inventions, discoveries. They are not quite human yet: but we grow more alike."

"What do they do?"

"They do man's work and give him leisure; earn money and amuse him; fight his battles; and make him famous, powerful and to be feared. They lift and carry him about, around the earth, deep into its rugged heart, beneath its unknown waters, and far above floating clouds. They catch the light of distant stars, and unravel its colors to tell the secret of their make-up: and they chart the trackless space that man may locate invisible suns. They search the unseen world with eye of magic lens, and show the tiny, living cell-forms everywhere, even in his body. They measure the chemistry of his emotions and lead him to the dim borderland between the worlds of matter and mind. They breathe and pant and shriek and whistle and sing men's songs and even repeat his prayers. They gather up messages from open air and send forth living thoughts on the wings of the wind."

"Do they make man happier, more contented, more unselfish?"

"Nay, they have naught to do with either love or pity which are mere fancies of the mind. Science, not sentiment reigns as sovereign lord."

"What moves the machines?"

"All the forces of nature have been harnessed: heat, light, sound, electricity, chemistry, gravitation — all are used."

"Neutral forces having no sentiment! Why do they not operate to destroy man?"

"He is their master and has them in control."

"One machine in your pictures has remained the same for many ages. For long it has stood an instrument of the law in civilized lands, with arm outstretched to call down curses on the race. Surely it is some error in your record that should be erased — some blot on the fair face of nature."

"It is the gallows; though sometimes now instead is used the

electric chair, an apparatus recently invented for the same purpose."

"Does it remain among you that men may be brought to it to learn better how to act?"

"Nay, its purpose is to stop their further action; to remove from our midst those who stand in our way and block the path of progress."

"But the force evoked by a strenuous age impels all men actively to express their natures."

"The embodied force in that human body now hanging from the gallows there was working evil. We could not control it; it threatened our civilization, and therefore we removed it from our midst."

"Why was its current not directed on to higher levels, as heat is changed to light?"

"There is no mechanism to do this; and we are too busy perfecting machines to stop and study men. See how quickly the murderous energy is separated from the body!"

"Your science proves force to be indestructible; hence by your own reasoning the murderous energy is not destroyed, but merely liberated from the body in which it was hitherto focused. This power set free by execution is now beyond the reach of your control. Gravitating to its natural level, it adds enough to some evil weakling to impel him on to murder. How does that protect society?"

"He also is hanged."

"Then, by your mathematics, is the total force thus liberated for further action, increased or diminished?"

"We are a practical age, not given to imagination. The power of human impulse, intangible to the five senses, the majority agree to discount or to ignore. This gives us a sliding scale of progressive truth, while we are busy seeking further knowledge of practical, material things by refined analysis."

"You rest upon your legal machine-made rights to destroy these images of the Creator?"

"We hold no idol or image sacred. The trained senses of the best-equipped chemist and microscopist and vivisector have found no Creator; and we are now beyond these old legends and superstitions.

"You label your mother's love a superstition?"

"It is not in the list of realities that may be analysed or measured. We are no longer children; and the glow we used to feel in her arms was an animal instinct, inherited from Simian ancestors."

"Science then believes it has discovered everything."

"It believes everything it has discovered. We rely upon you to credit us justly with all our achievements."

"Every word and deed and thought are indelibly painted upon the screen of time at the moment that men make the living pictures, with tongue and hand and mind. I am but the Recorder of the story of the Spirit of each Age. Until time shall be no more, men may turn back to this page and read your own record of enlightenment. No power can change it. It will show that your age claimed its dominion over earth and sea and air: and that, in your hands, nature's forces were but playthings and skilled helpers and slaves to do your bidding. Your own words will prove how much better you knew all of these things than you did your brother. While the world lasts, it may read your evidence of failure to understand or control the opposing forces that sweep through a human handful of dust. Word for word, and without comment, I will copy your own confession of cruel sin and shameful ignorance, which you have written in letters of blood and sought to hide in the awful shadow of the scaffold."

CHUANG TZU was fishing in the P'u when the Prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Ch'u state.

Chuang Tzu went on fishing, and, without turning his head, said: "I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead some 3000 years, and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully enclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?"

"It would rather be alive," replied the two officials, "and wagging its tail in the mud."

"Begone!" cried Chuang Tzu. "I too will wag my tail in the mud."

Chuang-Tzu (Giles' translation)

LINGUISTIC CONCEPTS IN PREHISTORIC AMERICA: *

by Professor W. E. Gates

ACK of all the physical objects which man has produced, stand the men who made them, and whose ideas they embody and display. In prehistoric archaeology, as in every other terrestrial science, it is man himself we seek to know — his concepts, his purposes, his attitude towards the world he lived in, his views as to himself and his position in that world. We lack, it is true, the philosophical treatises coming down to us from the earlier and still unrestored realms of man's activity; yet we have other monuments of his mental processes even more reliable than such as those would be, and withal as concrete as any physical tool or molded work of art or skull we may dig from buried strata. Each race of men leaves its own hallmark on all it does or forms, and in exactly the same manner as one people builds ugly and ephemeral commercial skyscrapers, another temples of beauty and grandeur, and another great continental highways like the Peruvian, so also do their concepts find equally concrete expression in the linguistic structures they develop for their use and service. Architecture, tools, and syntax (the framework of language), all alike are monuments of the Self, and in each is to be read what sort of man was he who worked.

Prehistoric research is revealing to us over all America great, forgotten and silent past civilizations, which seem only to grow greater the farther back we go. Their physical monuments demonstrate their abilities, and a proper study of their special linguistic structure, with its great difference from ours, will go a long way to revealing the man himself. To just one point of this study, and its value as a guide in our labyrinthine task of restoring the understanding of prehistoric periods, I call your attention in this paper, limiting myself for the sake of definiteness to a single phenomenon in the syntax of the Mayan Central American languages.

Mayan words suffer changes in form only when an internal change or differentiation is thereby noted; the mere segregation of an object or an action, or a mere change in external relationship without any implication of some change, either of character or status, in the object or action itself, involves no consequent change of form.

The most fundamental difference in Mayan languages, affecting

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all nouns and verbs at every point, both in their forms and their syntax, is that between the General and the Special or Particular. This distinction is so universal that even the distinction between transitive and intransitive verbs is but a subordinate phase — an instance of particularization of the verbal concept. It is evident that so broad a distinction as this, reaching into and affecting the development of nearly every kind of word-formation, must connote the existence of a certain universal mental attitude or viewpoint, and the constant activity of a certain conceptual habit. Non-existent as a division-line in our speech, it is the primary controlling element in Mayan grammar and language-building; and in that light it must be regarded as an innate Mayan concept of things as they are in the world, and man's relation to them.

This Mayan viewpoint lies in the constant recognition of what is to us no longer much more than a mere philosophical speculation, void of vitality or daily reality. This concept is that of Plato's self-existing Ideas, the controlling causes of all manifestation; and it will aid us at some points of our study to give them their Aristotelean designation as the Privations of external things. To the Mayan mind, as shown in its language formation, the starting-point was not the things we see, but the cause of those things, not the phenomenon but the noumenon, not the vehicle but the quality, not the objective expression but the Thing in Itself. To the Mayan, back of manifested Entity in forms, or manifested Force in actions, always lay consciously the quality or the activity abiding in itself, in its Privation. Language does not cease to exist in a man at a time when he is merely not speaking; its power is there, and consequently It is there. Language is not the *result* of talking, but the cause of talking. There is also an ultimate point here where Entity and Activity, the Noun and the Verb, merge into one — so essential is Action to Being; although when once the manifestation begins, the two are seen as it were as the two sides of the shield, facing in different directions, pursuing different courses. These two courses are of Differentiation for the Entity and of Manifestation for the Activity, but at the starting-point we see each abiding-in-itself — prior to the coming forth into objectivity of the world of form and all the universe of beings with all their manifold and infinite variety of kind and doings.

The fundamental Mayan linguistic phenomenon of Particularization, Specialization, Definition, rests upon the ever-present conscious-

ness of the Thing, or the Action, abiding in itself back of (or as the Privation of) its own objectivation.

Buried as our modern consciousness is in the concern of Forms, to the mere classification of which our science is almost wholly devoted, our ordinary views of the Abstract are strictly upside down. We always think of activity as a mere function of the person, something proceeding from him, or non-existent save as a production from him. Even such universal and impersonal things as soul, life, consciousness, thought, we generally think of and fruitlessly try to define as but mere functions, incidents, results of the organism in and through which they manifest — but which organism was to the Mayan only their Vehicle. And then further, starting from the material, external or manifested standpoint, we conceive of the Abstract as a mere essence *abstracted from* a thing. That is, we regard divinity, or lordship, or childhood, in the sense of denoting the quality of a being who is divine, or a lord or a child; the quality being merely thought of separately from its possessor, mentally *abstracted from him.*

These modes are utterly foreign to the spirit of Mayan thought, as reflected in the language. As we see in the study of the Mayan verb, activity in itself is not a *function* of the individual, but only manifests through him, and becomes *his* action for the first time only when it is specialized or particularized in or upon some directly present object. Mayan verbs, speaking generally, are conjugated either by the loose addition of a personal or demonstrative pronoun, or the close prefixing of a possessive. The intransitive verb, whose action is not being immediately directed upon some object thereby affected, remains only loosely associated with the person through whom the action is manifested; but as soon as the action is ultimated in some particular object and the Activity in general thus practically specialized, the action becomes the action *of* the actor, and the possessive pronoun replaces the personal or demonstrative. To illustrate: "I teach," is neuter or intransitive, and is rendered, "teaching, I"; the statement being, "there is teaching, I am the vehicle." A mere description or qualification of this teaching does not act as a Particularization, but as a Differentiation of it, and the action remains intransitive, the limiting word being incorporated into the verb itself: "I teach school," "I teach history," still remain, "school-teach, I"; history-teach, I." The statement is still only general. But when we say, "I teach John," it is then *my* teaching John gets, and the rendering is, "my-teaching

John." This constitutes the fundamental and controlling conjugational division in all Mayan verbs. And at its base lies the concept of the Action-in-itself, manifesting through some fitting vehicle, and reduced to personal possession when some definite and particular result is produced.

In the case of nouns we have the same controlling viewpoint. All Mayan nouns and adjectives are divided into two classes, the general and the particular. By Particular here, however, we do not mean mere segregation or external separation of the object from others of the kind. Differentiation or definition of an object did not lie for the Mayan, for instance, in his mere personal ownership of it, but in its particular application to some purpose. Being actual differentiation of the thing itself, this was followed by a change of form; and since the definitive suffix (*l* preceded by a vowel, usually *il*) is overwhelmingly the most common in all the Mayan languages, applied in numberless instances where our languages make no distinctions whatever, it must connote a corresponding importance of the underlying distinction in Mayan thought. So varied is its use and so many the terms applied for it in the grammars that only by careful research is the singleness of character made evident. It is a pure definitive in every case, used with nouns, adjectives and even verbs, to particularize a special manifestation of the characteristic quality or entity, a concrete specialization of a general function. Its dominance in Mayan grammar shows that the race of whose concepts that grammar is the expression, thought not of things from the standpoint of their personal ownership so much as from that of their actual purpose in being, and their status as embodying some inner thing which gave them life, their Idea. A few illustrations will make this clear. *Nu-vuh* is any book whatever, which I happen to own; but *nu-vuhil* is the book about me. The suffix here is clearly definitive. In Maya and Cholti an adjective qualifying a noun (hence a definite instance of the manifestation in some vehicle of the quality in question), must take this ending: *noh* is great, *nohil vinak,* a great man. But we then also have the identical form, *nohil,* as what we call an abstract, "greatness." Now to the Mayan the abstract was the true universal Idea or Privation in itself, and not its mere derivation or mental separation from some object, an incident of whose nature it but is. Hence the simple forms of the adjective are always defined in the early treatises as, "great thing," "grande cosa" — "that which is great," rather than the pure quali-

fying word the adjective is with us. The Mayan abstract is therefore *noh,* " lo grande," and *nohil* is a Definition of the Idea in some specific manifestation or instance. *Ahau* means king, lord, and *ahauil* lordship; which latter then is used in all the so-called abstract and the honorific shades of meaning we give to the words, lordship, your majesty, etc., as well as being specialized in the use Our Lord. But again the concept is that the universal quality is particularized either in the concrete manifestation of the dignity, or the person bearing that. Majesty is not a mere derivative of the king's person, but the king is the vehicle of something independent of and greater than himself.

And finally, a most interesting case occurs in the Cholti, It is my duty to educate my offspring, *tenel tinpat xin-cantez in-choquil,* as distinguished from, I teach my son, *yual in-cantez in-choc.* Again we seem to have in *choquil,* from our viewpoint, an abstract; whereas it is on the contrary once more a specification of the character of sonship, thus subtly introduced as supplying the foundation of the *duty* to educate. *Choquil* is not here a generalization or pluralizing of *choc,* son, but is a definition of the quality of childhood in them, and the thought runs: " Parentage involves responsibility, and it is my duty to educate those given to me as children." *Choquil* and *ahauil* are alike the expressions of something within and above, an Idea behind manifested in a vehicle.

Within the limits of a short paper one can but indicate by a few illustrations, which are not sporadic but typical, this constant habit of Mayan thought, to draw a division-line in its syntactic structure that is highly metaphysical, and which has at its base the very opposite of the modern materialistic concept that the qualities are mere functions of an organism, like the noise of an engine while it runs. It makes all the difference in the world whether the evolution of forms in nature is the result of the workings of a Consciousness, a Self of Energy within, or whether consciousness itself only comes into existence and grows as the product of material organisms, ceasing when they dissolve.

But the interest of these studies is that, confirming the steady growth of physical archaeological discoveries of such things as are only made by great peoples for great, high-minded uses, they show us the workings of a linguistic consciousness of the highest order. It is a fundamental doctrine of Theosophy, emphasized by H. P. Blavatsky all through her work, *The Secret Doctrine,* that civilized man has lived

for untold ages on the earth, pursuing some great cosmic course through ever changing cycles of rise and fall, bloom and oblivion; gaining through constant reincarnations experiences of every kind, for the sake of the Man within. Why should it not be so? For the subject of man's search, as is that of ours, in all our diggings through the crusts of the past, whether for implements or for mental concepts enshrined in language forms, is Man himself.

THE ALCHEMY OF HUMAN NATURE: by T. Henry

LOOKING back over the period that separates the present day from the times when H. P. Blavatsky first promulgated Theosophy, we have to chronicle a marvelous broadening of intelligence in many different directions. A marked sign of the times is the way in which high-class scientific magazines are opening their columns to views which a few years ago they would have ignored or derided. In *Knowledge* (London, July) there is a paper on "The Transmutation of the Elements," which, though dealing principally with recent discoveries and theories, opens with some remarks on the alchemists. One would have expected to find this subject treated with the usual ignorant incompetence and facetiousness; but the times are changed, and the editor has provided his readers with matter that does more justice to intelligence and seriousness.

The writer points out that alchemy had a double meaning, due to its application of the principle, "What is below is as that which is above, what is above is as that which is below." Mercury, sulphur, and salt were names for a threefold analysis of man's nature into intelligence, soul, and body; the four elements signified a fourfold division of material nature. Gold was wisdom, to be obtained by purifying the base elements of our character. By applying the principle of analogy — by deductive reasoning — the alchemists also endeavored to transmute actual metals into actual gold; and though they used the term "elixir of life" to signify the *summum bonum* of attainment in spiritual development, they likewise sought to distil or discover its physical counterpart in the form of an actual medicine for all diseases. There were, of course, among the alchemists, as everywhere else, people who deluded others or deluded themselves;

but the existence of impostors and fanatics confirms rather than disproves the existence of the genuine article which they counterfeit. The article is lighted up with an excellent portrait of Paracelsus, whose noble features must surely refute for any physiognomist the calumnies against his name.

There is not space to treat the subject of alchemy as a whole, so one or two special points must be selected. One of these is the following. The writer says that the alchemists held that

> Whilst there is only one mercury, there are two sulphurs, one inward and pure, the other outward and gross; and that gold, the most perfect metal, is produced when pure mercury is matured by the action of pure inward sulphur.

This will be seen by the student of Theosophy to express the well-known Theosophical teaching as to the duality of *Manas* (the "thinker") in man. This teaching may be described as distinctive of Theosophy; for though it may be recognized theoretically by other schools of thought, religious, scientific, or philosophic, yet the idea is conceived in a form so vague as to be practically ineffective. In fact it is the very definiteness with which Theosophy has formulated this ancient truth that has aroused so much both of enthusiasm and antagonism; for, as stated, the doctrine is a crucial one, fraught with consequences of the utmost importance to human welfare. For lack of this knowledge we find many theorists and would-be reformers wandering in uncertainty, unable to put the capstone to their edifice; or, by neglecting to discriminate between the individuality and the personality in man, advocating doctrines at once specious and dangerous.

The duality of the mind — one half being associated with the animal nature, the other tending towards the spiritual nature — is made very clear by Theosophy, as will be seen by a study of the explanation about the Seven Principles of Man. This is clearly what the alchemists meant by their two sulphurs, the one pure, the other gross. It is the *Nous* and *Psuche* of Greek philosophy, and the "natural body" and "spiritual body" spoken of by Paul.* We are reminded also of the two births spoken of by Jesus in his instructions to Nicodemus. It seems evident, both from the words of Paul and those of Jesus, that the Christ or Lord was this Spiritual Man within the natural man.

* There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. . . . The first man is of the earth: the second man is the Lord from heaven. — *I Corinthians*, xv, 44, 45, 47

It helps considerably to view the problem of life from various standpoints, and the alchemical symbology will serve to make the subject more real for many. The alchemy of human nature is most interesting. But we cannot achieve the great work unless we fulfil the conditions, and no man can distil the pure gold unless he removes the dross. If personal desire in any form lurks among the ingredients of our crucible, it must be eliminated or it will ruin the result. As soon as a man begins the process of purification, a separating of the ingredients takes place, scums are thrown up and base elements precipitated.

Ignorance of the distinction between higher and lower mind creates confusion in the minds of would-be philosophers. Gospels of freedom to follow one's own initiative are preached. But it is still as evident as ever that the desires of one man, however apparently (to him) sublime, may chance to conflict with the rights of others, and that society cannot stand on such a basis. The personal desires must be curbed and kept in place; not by arbitrary authority but by the higher mind. When we are speciously told that some strong desire in us is the voice of nature and should not be denied, let us remember that there is a higher voice, also claiming satisfaction — the voice of duty and conscience; and that a deeper satisfaction may be found in fulfilling the behests of this than in attempting to satisfy the personal desire.

People seek for the gold of life in love, music, art, poetry, etc.; but all too frequently they are unprepared to meet disappointment when they fail to find it among the base metals. But retaining our hope, we should master our disappointment, due only to our ignorance, and seek further. If personal attachments should fail to satisfy our highest ideals of love, let us seek those ideals in less personal things; and though the means of artistic expression fall short of our expectations, we can still cherish beauty and try to express it in our lives.

No one is bound to strive after these high attainments, unless he wants to; but there is that in us which impels us ever onward. We must all learn by experience, but the untaught man wastes a deal of time in acquiring his experience — waste which may be saved by a little foreknowledge.