

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THE consciousness of divinity is the key to human life. For want of this key humanity has been drifting — all because of the mistakes of the past. In finding this key we unlock the door to the grandeur of human life. — *Katherine Tingley*

BEAUTY AND IMPERSONALITY: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE life of nature is harmonious and expresses itself in beautiful forms; but the life of man expresses itself in great cities — and often in futile attempts to beautify them. The life of man is not really harmonious. There was once a civilization in the southeast of Europe, whose life expressed itself in beautiful forms — which we cannot even imitate. The life of that people must have been harmonious. Byron — surely an ancient Greek soul? — felt that harmony; but he could not realize it because his own life was inharmonious and passion-torn. But he has left us his songs, as has many a poet. And we know there is a beauty, a harmony, a glory in life, which we have missed and cannot grasp.

Why should not the life of man, the crown of creation, be melodious, like that of nature's humbler kingdoms?

Is it not perhaps that our aspirations end in smoke — which is not the smoke of sacrifice, but rather that of nicotine — and that so we yearn and keep on yearning, but nothing further? “None but the brave deserves the fair.”

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal souls who live again
In minds made purer by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence urge men's thoughts
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven,

To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beautiful order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.

What a vision of a higher life! An aspiration to live in the noble thoughts of all noble natures, to lose all sense of separateness in the overwhelming feeling of being part of the universal harmony. This was the cry of the Soul, struggling to speak through the mind. Not everyone who has these aspirations can utter them. But why let the aspiration end in a mere prayer — and nothing done? May it not be *possible* to join the choir invisible?

The achievement of beauty is a question of action; and if it is worth having, it is worth toiling and suffering for. Nay, suffering itself would be a joy in such a cause. It is surely worth while to live in order to help bring back beauty and harmony and joy to the world.

Now it is a fact that discord is caused by our own imperfections, and it is a fact that the ugliness in civilization is caused by discord of our conflicting desires. There are too many of the “miserable aims that end with self” — and begin with self too. It is also a fact that anyone who longs for harmony has the field of his own character open in which to begin his work. He can make music in his life. But woe betide him if he tries to make it for his own special enjoyment: that is a miserable aim that ends with self; and he will find himself shut up alone with his music, and nobody to listen. Also, this is not joining a “choir invisible,” or any choir at all. Hearts in tune make harmony.

Occultism is a word much heard today. But the great secret of Occultism is the conquest of personality, for personality is the one great obstacle that stands in the way of realization. That is why people do not progress, but simply write about Occultism, and talk about Occultism, and offer to make other people magicians instead of being one themselves.

There is no way for man to become free except by stepping out of his limitations. Which seems obvious. But he always shirks and tries to find another way. Why? Surely not because he is afraid!

There is no doubt that H. P. Blavatsky, in founding the Theosophical Society, had in mind the future establishment of a school wherein the lesson of life might be taught, learned, and illustrated by example. Her work was preparatory, and was carried on by her successor, William Q. Judge; and under his successor, Katherine

Tingley, the Râja-Yoga education has been established, together with centers and the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California, where earnest and intelligent people of all ages can draw together to work for these ideals.

Here, then, we have something practical, something actual, something visible; something that people can come to see. Here, at least, we can trace the fruit of aspirations that did not end in smoke, of aims that did not end with self. H. P. Blavatsky did not work for self. W. Q. Judge did not work for self. Katherine Tingley does not work for self; and her students are trying to learn not to. The result is useful work; practical, as opposed to visionary. And the people in Lomaland and true Theosophists everywhere are working to make life more harmonious and beautiful.

In such a group of workers, the "miserable aims that end with self" must necessarily come to an untimely end before they get there, for they are not in harmony with the general tune.

Why is it that the most well-intentioned, intelligent, and high-minded people so often do harm when they are trying to do good? Why do even the best parents spoil their children, why are good men deceived by false friends, and why do great and high-souled leaders pass measures that prove harmful instead of beneficial and have to be repealed? There is surely something lacking in the wisdom of the world, that this should be so. The explanation probably is that the efforts of these worthy people are too *personal*, and that they do not realize what a drawback that is. The conclusion is that, in order to do real good, a man has to be impersonal to a degree little dreamt of. He has to be superior, not only to traits which are ordinarily recognized as faults, but also to some traits which are usually (though wrongly) labeled "virtues." This, of course, does not mean that he is to be superior to virtues, but only that he must know what are virtues and what are not. And all too often there is a fatal admixture of self-love in the virtue. It is this drop of poison in the cup that does the mischief. It is this admixture of tares in the wheat that afterwards yields the rank crop of strangling weeds. In mechanics we learn that the path of a moving body is determined by the resultant of the various forces acting on it. Consequently the worker whose motives are mixed will go in a direction other than that at which he thought he was aiming. Nature's laws are inevitable — which is but just, seeing that it is in fact we ourselves who invoke them.

All this shows why so little real good can be done in the world in comparison with what might be done with better understanding. It also shows how easily the obstacle can be removed, once we understand what it is and set about trying to remove it. There is no harmony between the various efforts for good. They undo each other; and all because each one contains some personal note, which, however meritorious in itself, is not conducive to the result desired.

Thus we see that the attainment of harmony, which is the soul of beauty, is a question of eliminating discordant personal notes, even when these are clothed in the garb of merit. Perhaps some will think at this point that we are preaching the suppression of individuality; but on the contrary we are proclaiming the assertion of individuality. For we draw a vital distinction between individuality and personality. The former is the real character of a man, the latter is merely an obstacle in his path. His personality hinders him from expressing his individuality.

External beauty must certainly be the outward expression of internal harmony, and it cannot be reached on any other conditions. A man may make himself a beautiful house and grounds, where his will and fancy are the undisputed arbiters; yet even then much is missed and the scheme is too narrow. And if a large body of people are to make themselves a beautiful city, they must be as single-minded among themselves as if they were one individual. But single-minded is not an adequate term, because it suggests unison rather than the harmony of which we are speaking.

The above is a beautiful ideal, some will say, but how is it to be attained? Is it not a counsel of perfection? Well yes; it is just that and nothing more — unless we first exchange some of our false philosophy for common sense. We must, for instance, be prepared to accept the fact that we are immortal beings, divine in our essence; and the life of the Soul is not limited by the death of the body. We must be prepared to admit that unity and harmony does actually subsist between the Souls of men, and that the apparent separateness is merely a limitation imposed upon us so long as we live in externals. By the study of Theosophy we may learn about the complex nature of man, and how it is possible to evoke Spiritual forces from within our nature and by their means to transcend our limitations. These Spiritual forces are evoked by silent loyalty to truth and honor, justice and kindness. He who believes that the real essence and joy of

life consists in loyalty to these ideals, for their own sake and not in the expectation of reward, will surely find a new peace and a new light to guide him.

It is only in this way that the life of man can be made beautiful again, so that he can realize the harmony that he now occasionally glimpses in fitful moments of exaltation.

Theosophy has its intellectual aspect, its mystical aspect, its philanthropic aspect, and so on; and it being thus a complete thing, also has its sublime and beautiful aspect. Thus it can appeal to the deepest chords in human nature. Not to make this appeal too abstract, let us take concrete instances. Who has not been fascinated, but also perplexed, by the beauty of a child, so transient, so deceiving? There *is* beauty, and yet — what of the character? The beauty is as elusive as the scent of a rose and seems to mean nothing. Perhaps it is the fleeting vision of something that is trying to find a home among us, yet cannot, and so away it flies, leaving behind but the place where it was. But perhaps under other conditions such a beauty might be made abiding; so that, no longer a mere bloom, it might be rooted deep in the nature to the innermost fiber, and stay with the child through adolescence and maturity to the end of life. To achieve this would be a practical result. And what are the conditions? The same as said above: instead of regarding our child as a mere personal possession, we must look upon it as a Soul entrusted to our *loving and wise* care. So here again it is a question of making the personal give way to the greater issues. In our too fond and unwisely meddling affection, we may restrict the growth of the young plant, as a child might hug a bird to death. Hence in Lomaland there are many parents who, loving their children with a wiser love, have sought and won the privilege of Râja-Yoga education, where their youth may receive that which the parents themselves feel unable to bestow; and they have found that the sacred bond of parental affection has grown stronger and stronger as it has become purer. And again, there are parents engaged in the care and instruction of children in the Râja-Yoga school.

The fashions in dress are a striking illustration of the working of a law that relates effect to cause while the intermediate links in the chain of causation remain hard to trace. Why is it that certain modes dominate us all with a power that bends the strongest will and forces compliance from the most original and independent characters? Why must every man appear in public with a stiff linen collar, whether he

be king, genius, workman, or nonentity? Why must every woman be in the mode, no matter how unreasonable and uncomfortable? It is because the law relating cause to effect is inexorable, and the chaos and confusion of our life has to express itself in appropriate forms, just as the fine quality of the rose plant expresses itself in matchless blossom and superb aroma, or the qualities of the toad are revealed in its abhorrent form. This shows how futile it is to attempt to graft a meretricious beauty upon an unkindred stock, to purloin decorations from the Corinthian temple and glue them upon the outside of one of our buildings, to grace our city squares with stone effigies of the silk hat and the frock coat, or to turn our interiors into a magpie's nest of assorted artifacts. Of the same character must necessarily be our similar attempts to achieve an artificial beauty or excellence in institutions, such as education and sundry social experiments. Beauty has to grow, unless we are to be content to give the name of beauty to a collection of wax flowers and stucco ornaments, or to a garden of cut flowers stuck rootless into the soil. And it is not possible to see how harmony can be achieved but by the subordination of personal notes; and this again can only come through the emergence of a greater and more commanding life-force that springs not from the personality but from the united heart of mankind.



THAT MAN who sees inaction in action, and action in inaction, is wise among men. — *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

ASSIMILATION with the Supreme Spirit is on both sides of death for those who are free from desire and anger, temperate, of thoughts restrained; and who are acquainted with the true self. — *Ibid*

THERE dwelleth in the heart of every creature, O Arjuna, the Master — *Īśvara* — who, by his magic power causeth all things and creatures to revolve, mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary with him alone; by his grace thou shalt obtain supreme happiness, the eternal place. — *Ibid*

WHEN harmlessness and kindness are fully developed in a Man, there is a complete absence of enmity, both in men and animals, among all that are near to him. When Veracity is complete, a Man becomes the focus for the Karma resulting from all works, good or bad. When Desire is eliminated there comes to a Man a knowledge of everything relating to, or which has taken place in, former states of existence, — *Yoga Aphorisms of Patañjali*

“IN MY FATHER’S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS”:

by R. W. Machell



MOST people think that nothing is easier than to separate mentally a pair of opposites, such as black and white, good and evil, light and darkness, or life and death. But, when we try to find the dividing line between any such apparent opposites, we are in difficulties at once. It is easy to see all around us cases in which light and darkness are so blended as to make it almost impossible to decide which predominates, and in which the combination is so balanced as to make it absurd to call the result either light or dark. Yet we cling to the conviction that there is no confusion in our mind in the difference between the two. If we try to find an instance in nature of the appearance of one without the other we are forced to admit that our faculties are so limited that we can never approach the point of absolute separation of one from the other. Nay more, we have to confess that even our mind is unable to contemplate the one without reference to the other; for the mind can only distinguish objects or conditions by referring them to their opposites; we only know light by contrast with darkness. The absolute is beyond mental conception, and when we use the term in general conversation, it is always in a relative sense.

The curious thing is that we are able to conceive mentally the idea of absoluteness. The importance of this lies in the natural inference to be drawn from it, which is that there is at our command a consciousness higher than that of the ordinary mind, which enables us to recognize unthinkable ideas as possible realities.

The existence in us of this higher consciousness is made intelligible by a study of Theosophy, which teaches the complex nature of man. There we find the eternal duality of material nature synthesized by a higher unity in the spiritual consciousness, which again is analysed into a higher triad or trinity and a lower tetrad or quaternary. But it is not necessary to go further than the field of daily life to find out that there is an inseparable duality that pervades the whole of nature, of which man is a part.

The study of light and shade may have little interest for any but the artist, but the question of good and evil, or of life and death, concerns all. Some wise people have tried to solve the “problem” of evil by treating it as separable from its opposite; and they put themselves, so doing, in the position of one who tries to cut off the other end of

a stick, only to find himself in possession of two sticks with two ends to each. The solution generally offered is comparable to the trick of bending the stick round till the two ends meet, and then concealing the joint with putty and paint. But then both ends have disappeared; and this is the unfortunate conclusion of such fallacious methods of solving the problem of evil. The disappearance of good exactly coincides with the elimination of evil, a result that these pseudo-philosophers rarely care to contemplate, but which is highly interesting to a real thinker, for it indicates the existence of a door that may be opened on to a higher plane.

The study of Theosophy requires a student who is constantly trying to rise to a higher plane of consciousness, from which he may gain a synthetic view of the plane of contrasts and opposites, on which the ordinary mind generally operates. It is by the aid of his intuition that the student can alone hope to reach the path of wisdom. His ordinary faculties will present him with conclusions which may appear unanswerable, but which are invariably contradicted either by experience or by conclusions drawn from other considerations. These conclusions are to him closed doors, or more, they are as walls with no sign of a door in them. For this reason he almost invariably becomes a pessimist or a cynic, mentally convinced by the force of his own reason of the finality of his conclusion, which something deeper in his nature rejects. Theosophy shows doors that the student may open for himself, if he has the will.

Before trying to solve such a problem as the immortality of the soul, which is a direct outcome of popular belief in the finality of death, and of the contrast between two supposed opposites, life and death, it would perhaps be well to ask whether these two are really opposites. We would not admit that life and sleep could be regarded as a pair of opposites; but we contrast sleeping with waking, and recognize both as conditions of life. May it not be that death is a doorway in the house of life? It is said: "In my Father's house are many mansions," and we may well say that in the house of life are many dwellings, not all mansions, nor all beautiful; some are mere hovels; some are filthy dens; and some are infamous abodes; but all are dwellings in the house of life, and all have entrances and exist, doorways, that the souls of men pass through, and we call the passing, birth, or death, according to the point of view from which the passing of the soul is contemplated. This thought, we submit, is worth long pondering over.

May it not be that death is no stoppage of the stream of life, no more than sleep is? Though in waking from a dream we pass a door that seems to close behind us, and in falling asleep we leave our daytime occupations, and pass to other interests untroubled by the sudden change of scene and circumstance.

Had we but recognized in life the soul of one *now* dead, we would not dream that the disruption of the body put a stop to the soul’s continuity of life. We would not speak of death as the opposite of life, nor would we see in it an enemy. We would not shudder at the approach of death, though we might wonder what the opening of the door would show. We would not mourn the dead, though we might tenderly regret their absence, and look forward to reunion with those we loved, even as we do when those who live may leave us for a while.

We do not find it necessary to assert the continuity of personal identity in life through many sleepings and wakings; nor would we speculate about the immortality of the soul if we could accustom ourselves to the fact that the soul is the self that is not shaken from its self-consciousness by the change we call sleep during the life of the body.

May it not be that as there is in us a consciousness that can take note of unthinkable abstractions and meditate on ideas that the mind cannot formulate into clearly defined thoughts, so there is an immortal spiritual essence that is to the soul (or personal man) what his higher mind is to his brain-mind, and which looks on the birth and death of the body as the soul looks on the waking and sleeping that make up life on earth? Is not the continuity of consciousness so reasonable as to be inevitable? Can we think of any cessation? Is not the continuity of life an unavoidable conclusion rather than a theory?

When we try to find in a dead body some particle of matter that is not alive, we are driven to despair by the evidence of universal continuous life, which works changes in organisms that are called birth and death, but which represent no real cessation of life.

Yet death does interrupt the activity of an *organism*, and it also changes the mode of manifestation of the indwelling soul or consciousness; but only as a train removes its passengers from the sight of their companions and breaks off their communication.

We may recognize the importance of death as an incident in the life of a soul, but we should cease to regard it as the opposite of life, unless we qualify our terms, and speak of the life and death of a body

as something independent of the real life of the man, which is not interrupted by such incidents.

Life and death are as inseparable as light and darkness. Both are eternal modes of manifestation of being.

Doorways are an important part of a house, and every room has some sort of doorway for entrance and exit. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and in the House of Life are many life-times, and as many births and deaths, through which the eternal soul gains experience for the evolution of spiritual self-consciousness, and the realization of Universal Brotherhood, the ultimate reality of earth life.

THE DRAMA IN WALES — II: by Kenneth Morris

IV



MATTHEW ARNOLD was somewhat right in attributing to Celtic literature those three qualities of Titanism, the Grand Manner, and Natural Magic. They are in the atmosphere of the Celtic lands; they are the most distinctive notes in our oldest literature, and even in our folk-music. When two or all of them are found in conjunction, then one ascends into the mountains and great memories of the race, and breathes the old glory and gloom and glamor. So these three things must find expression in our Drama; but it must come from an understanding of the inwardness of them, not from any effort to imitate models. Each is the resultant of a grand philosophic principle, the forgotten heirloom of the Celts — I think, rather subconscious than forgotten. Let us examine the esotericism of them, so to call it; remembering that though all forms pass and perish, the spirit that inspires them is eternal; you cannot revive the past, but you can make the present burn with a kindred and equal glory. Celticism, that we imagined belonged to a vanished order, has its message for our own and for all time.

One does not think of Titanism without its calling to mind Llywarch Hen, one of the most titanic voices in all literature; one thinks of the sons of Llywarch that went forth to the war, "wearers of the golden torque, proud leaders of princes." And still today there is Mwg Mawr Drefydd: a smoke not material, but materialistic, a dread fume and smother of the soul; and still today there are the sons of Llywarch, the Ancient Radiance, to carry on that endless warfare.

Here, I think, is the message of the soul of Celtic Titanism: Man, it cries to us, remember that you are a Soul. Here in this material world, where money reigns, and fool customs, and personality and base ideals, you stand, a Soul that issued from the Eternal; unconquerable you stand, and the diadem of godhood, could you but see it, is yet overshining your brow. *Will you not raise the Standard of Revolt?* Man, among these personalities and pygmies, you that gorge the husks that the swine do eat, are yet a King's Son from a far country; nay, you came down once from the peaks of Gwynfyd, and your raiment then was flame of the dawn, and you were accustomed to chant anthems for the dancing of the stars — you with the choirs of the Seraphim. Man, crucified on this cross of selfhood and passion: bound on this Caucasus of the flesh, torn by these vultures of desire: you are yet he who brought down flame in the fennel-stalk; it was yet to you that the Magi came with gold and frankincense and myrrh. *Will you not raise the beautiful Standard of Revolt?* Godhood is your birthright; will you submit to this intolerable dominance of the lower self? Better, better, better, it cries to us, on the day when the giants besiege the Castle of the Gods, to go down into ruin fighting by the side of Odin, than to inherit thrones and empires and the whole world in alliance with these greedy loutish ones that oppose him.

Look about you: here is a world domineered over by machinery, where it should be ruled by magic; here is dirty little selfishness strutting and hectoring, contemptuous of all things divine and spiritual; here is miserable greed walking in the daylight, obscene and unabashed. Is there no need for the uplift of Titanism here; and the banners of Revolt to be raised in behalf of Beauty, the Soul, and the Gods? This is the sign, this the essence of your true Titan: he has measured the outward universe against the universe within, and found the latter ten times as vast. And ten times as vast it is, and more than ten times! For everything outward crumbles down perpetually, and is afflicted with ruin: you cannot build an empire, that shall not dwindle into a wandering tribe: the laws of the Medes and Persians are broken: the great and solid mountains are unstable as water, and flow forever into new forms. But the Soul within is wizard, potentate, creator: from that daedalian fountain, that flaming fecundity, all things proceed; all things assume at last the guise that it permits. No doubt the fool egoist, too, measures himself against the universe; but confuse not his method with the other's. It is his per-

sonal self that he so puts up; and on that, poor exorbitant, stakes his days and years. Not so the Titan, who, going forth in the strength of the Soul, sets scorn on time, fate, change, and circumstance to check or limit It from Its mighty designs. He champions the Soul, which is in all men: he champions the Gods in a world where demons riot. He lifts his voice against the mountains of materialism, and they are lifted up, and cast into the depths of the sea.

Out of this central doctrine of the Soul: its divinity; its beauty even though engrossed in matter; its potential might even though fallen under the sway of circumstance: comes all the fragmentary glory of the ancient Celtic relics. There is nothing smug, commonplace, mediocre, or merely utilitarian here; no truckling to the domination of vulgarity. Easy to see whence all this splendor came: from the Druid's doctrine of the Gwynfydolion (ourselves) who flung away the delights of heaven, and flamed forth across Chaos, that they might take the Palace of the Eternal by storm. *Nid da lle bo gwell*, says the proverb: there is no resting content, with the soul of man, with less than the ultimate perfection towards which it strives. Here is the core and stuff of all true tragedy: the Human Soul, divine, against matter and evil and all the tyranny of the external: *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd*, and the Truth to win. Yes, the Truth to win; even though it shall be crucified a thousand times. For whatsoever card your Titan plays, it shall prove trumps ultimately; losing and losing, he wins. He goes forth to the fight, and though he always fall, he always triumphs; if his every battle is a defeat, he comes victorious from every war. He goes to the cross, the stake, or the gallows, as another to his wedding-feast or throne.

That is one grand note of the Welsh drama that is to be, if it is to be Welsh, and drama, and real: the titanism of *Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd*, of *Nid da lle bo gwell*: the Grand Rebellion of the Soul against the reign of evil. Let Celtic faith, which has fettered us so long, flame up now to splendid and man-redeeming uses.

You can have tragedy and tragedy; the world has no need of that kind which falls short of being true, and achieves merely an apparent and external realism. He does evil, who creates gloom for gloom's sake; with a view to biting the popular taste, or winning a reputation for power. Let us have no pessimism. The drama is a picture of life, to be painted by an artist; it is no mechanical photograph of a little fragment of life, as we hear the doctrine preached nowadays. We

must get at the truth of things, painting life sanely and whole. Not the defeat and martyrdom of God's Warrior, but his inevitable triumph, must be the last scene. To chasten and uplift the emotions, to teach — that is the mission of your true tragedian; it is a quack business to plunge an audience in hopelessness, and leave it in the darkness of a ruined world. We should understand Universal Law better than to suppose such methods are natural. This is the day of the pessimistic realist; but his reality is apparent only, and the Gods see it for a sham. His day will end; and the splendor of his work, that so impresses us, will be accounted but the phosphorescence of decay, or a shadow moving along the road to oblivion. The rind and husk of life may be as gloomy as deep hell, but within —

. . . The Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest.

The Titan dies but to live; back of the stake and the gallows wait glorious Valkyrie; behind apparent loss and failure stands, veiled and beautiful, Success. The drama must take account of these things, ending with a fanfare of hope and triumph: revealing the meanings, justifying the Law and the ways of the Gods to men. Because in every real drama, the whole of time and evolution is portrayed in little; and the Universe is not going to end in this early twentieth century, with the sordid rampant and regnant everywhere. You must set the past down in your play, with its long entanglement of causes; showing how evil came to be: as the fruit of what crimes, mistakes, and failures. You must set the present down: showing evil existent, perhaps enthroned; yes, but you must not leave it there, or your play remains incomplete and inartistic. You must set the future down too; with the throne of evil gloriously overturned, and the Soul, the hero, coming into his own. Do we need more pessimism, who are already so shorn of hope? The drama must be a real factor for upliftment; and you shall not uplift men by casting them down, and leaving them there. Things may be bad enough; then sound the Hai Atton to that which is divine in man, and insist that they shall be better, better, best.

V

In this doctrine, too, lies the root and secret of the Grand Manner. It was a dim memory with our fathers of what was once knowledge: knowledge of the august purpose of things, and how great and dignified it is to be a human soul. No aristocracy that pits itself against

the rabble, here; no levelers down, clamoring against all things noble, and thirsting for a dull democracy of the vulgar and mediocre. As thou art human, so thou art divine — wilt thou but make thyself divine. It is not the exteriority and common doings of us that are to be celebrated; it is not man the animal that we must exalt. There be poets nowadays, in Italy and elsewhere, who intoxicate themselves hymning the gross side of human nature: who clap a chaplet on the skull of beastliness, and burn incense on the altars of the flesh. “Whose God is their belly,” says Paul. One senses a danger here, on account of inevitable reaction against theology. Follow not these, for heaven’s sake, nor consent to be fooled by them. The human body is only divine in so far as it is the Temple of the Living God; praise not the money-changers that chaffer in it; take a whip of small cords to the gross hucksters; cast not your pearls before swine. To purge this Temple, and exalt the incoming of the God: there you have the mission of the poet and dramatist. *Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered: yea, let all his enemies be scattered!* There is nothing concerns poetry in the animal man, except the subjugation of the animal man. Beauty is less a thing that the eyes can see, than a light to lead us to Divinity; call not that beautiful which awakens passion and fetters the Soul to sense. Get drunk, and no doubt you will feel yourself poet and king, and the stars ripe and near for your gathering; but to the sane observer you are lower than the brutes, a noisy cause of offense. In an ill-digested Nietzscheanism, and in the heady doctrines of D’Annunzio, there is no spur nor nourishment for progress; therefore, nothing for the poet, and nothing that will go to make a Drama that is fit to live. Milton rather should be the poets’ prophet, who gave them a severe and exalted doctrine, and in *Comus*, perpetual and most wholesome object-lessons in truth. *A fo ben bydded bont*: which I will translate thus: He who would be Bard must point the Way, and live the Way, for humanity. And it must be the Noble Way, the “small, old Path,” the road to the Gods. There is no need for debate, for what sake Art shall be. It is for man’s sake; like the universe, it is for the purposes of the soul. The Soul is the true bard, and may get some word spoken in spite of ambition or base motives of any kind in its personality; but such motives are its hampering and obstruction; they thwart the sweetness and grandeur of the message, and are the thorn in the flesh for the Soul, who desires to speak. I would call the Grand Manner the proof, in literature, of the sublime existence of the hidden Soul in man.

VI

Then there is Natural Magic; it is true that this also must be a main note in the message of Wales to the world. Matthew Arnold shows beautiful outcroppings of it in English poetry, and discovers the main strata in the oldest literature of the Celts; indicating, as he thinks, an enduring Celtic influence beyond Clawdd Offa. How far he was right as to that, it is not in our purpose to inquire; certain it is, however, that for the writers of the Mabinogi and of *Culwch and Olwen*, for the Cynfeirdd, and even for such bards of the Middle Ages as Dafydd ab Gwilym and Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll, there was a flame and consciousness in the natural things, voices in the mists and in the mountains, Wizard Being everywhere. *I know the imagination of the oak-trees*, says Taliesin; with more philosophy than we might give him credit for. There are revelations to be made here; it has its bearing on human life and evolution; there is a vast forgotten wisdom behind this Natural Magic. For consciousness does not, we think, stop short on the horizon of our own human mentality; but the whole Universe plots our exaltation, and the winds and the seas and the mountains are concerned that we should play more divinely our human part. *If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, thou art there* — thou — life, consciousness, Godhood, Eternal Beauty. A grand inescapable enchantment is this existence, this mighty current of beauty and glory that rose in Deity, and flows onward towards God. The Druids were right, who caught glimpses of Gods, fairies, endless magic, perpetual daedal consciousness beneath the veil of the seen; and those are abominably wrong, who speak to us of blind forces and chance; of an iron law without ministrants, and a poor hollow shell of a universe with never a soul to inflame and make it beautiful.

For assuredly the Natural Magic of our old poetry is an heirloom from Druid pantheism, which is insight and wisdom: from eyes that were not blinkered miserably with materialism and dogma; from hearts with courage to ensue Truth, and winged imaginations that dared cleave the empyrean, seeking her eyrie among the stars.

It is when the Soul of Things sweeps by him; when he is touched by the great consciousness out there in the regions that personal thinking hides from us, and the uplift of inspiration surges with him beyond the confines of self, that the vision comes to the poet of that which we call Wonder and Natural Magic. He sees truly then, with an eyesight

that mere logic can never attain. Read Dafydd ab Gwilym's *Ode to the North Wind*:

Bodiless Glory of the Sky
 That wingless, footless, stern and loud,
 Sweep'st on thy starry path on high,
 And chantest mid the mountain cloud
 Wind of the North, no power may chain,
 No brand may scorch thy goblin wing!
 Thou scatterest with thy giant mane
 The leafy palaces of spring.

— and — you see where we have arrived? Outside the personal; lifted up into the vast; self falls away from us for the moment. For this is no mere description of the wind; but his being, his thought, his dragon consciousness; in which, when we can link our consciousness with it, there are fountains of purification for us. Dafydd plays the magician, waves his wand, and we are out making billows of the forest tree-tops, taking the citadel of morn, flinging the sleet of the breakers; taking no thought, now, for the morrow — what we shall eat and what we shall drink, or wherewithal be clothed. Deep is the philosophy behind it. All the lines of Wonder in all the Poetry of the world are but indications of a big, clean truth, which now thrills and exalts us when we come on it, but might be made the daily pabulum of our lives.

What a gift would be here, for Wales to give the world: a drama shot through and through with pure magic; a sweet cleansing wind to be let loose in literature! And if the drama of Wales is to be Welsh, nothing less will serve. It must fling the dead mechanical systems to the winds; it must purge the souls of men with the dear and living waters of magic. It must capture the beauty of the mountains, the sea, and the sky, at the point where that beauty trembles up to invisibility, and becomes spiritual and quickening; when it is no longer a pageant only for the eye, but has grown alchemic, a true philosopher's stone; and can transform the base metal of our consciousness into the gold and clean beauty that it should be.

Gods, fairies, and demons, all play their part in the drama of the life of man, which is a great Mabinogi and mythology, an epic of the Wars of Heaven on Hell. What we see and experience outwardly is but the rind and worthless part of life; but the old myth-writers told, in their magical language, the inwardness and true bearings of it. Hence the beauty and power of the Mabinogi; which may itself have

been drama at one time, and to which, certainly, Welsh dramatists should go. For the mirror held up to Nature must be a magical one, not reflecting the external, but revealing the world of causes. All the great and permanent dramas of the world have done this, making the seen symbolize the unseen. To the ancient Celts, the Bard was no mere maker of verses, but an exalted one, a Teacher and Revealer of the inner things. Only such Bards can proclaim that which waits in the Soul of the Race. The result would be a drama absolutely national, because coming from the Soul of the Nation; absolutely universal, because coming from that Soul, and not from any lesser or more outward center. For the Soul is Universal.

ST. ASAPH: by K. M.

THE little city of Llanelwy, called in English St. Asaph, is situated on an eminence in the Vale of Clwyd, near the junction of the Clwyd and Elwy, in the shire of Flint, Wales. The cathedral, a plain square towered structure shown in the illustration, is, next to Llandaff, the smallest in the British Islands. It occupies the site of a church founded about 560 by St. Kentigern when he fled to Wales from Strathclyde, which at that time was also Welsh territory; and the name of St. Asaph is derived from that of Asa, Kentigern's successor as bishop of the diocese. The population is about 4000. Its Welsh name, Llanelwy, signifies the holy place on the Elwy.

The other illustrations are of scenes in the heart of the Eryri or Snowdon range of mountains in Arfon, one of the most romantic and beautiful districts in Wales. From this region time and again the Saxon and Norman kings, invading, were driven "bootless home and weather-beaten back"; nor could Edward I himself succeed in reducing it until he brought in Basque mountaineers from the Pyrenees.

THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTS OF EVOLUTION:

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



EVOLUTION, as the word is used in Theosophy, means the passing into manifest form and active operation of that which lay previously folded and latent. The entire universe is a living existence, unfolding itself in space, becoming more and more concrete and objective, and finally dissipating again into latency and invisibility. It is the home of countless evolving lives, all of them enduring from the first to the last of the great drama. They are sparks of the one flame, the Life-Soul of the universe, separate out of it and from each other to proceed upon their vast journey of experience, and, having evolved every power that lay latent in them from the first, return with fully awakened self-consciousness to that Soul again.

Thus the universe, like a day of human life, or like human life itself, has its beginning and its end. But the day has its morrow; for each of us life follows life; and for the Life-Soul of the universe, after it has rested in latency and invisibility, there follows another coming forth from the seeming nothingness of space. It comes and goes in the bosom of infinity, of infinite potentiality, whereof what we call space is the visible symbol. Every time of its coming, it brings forth for development a new aspect of that infinite. It proceeds from the level it had reached before and in its new period of evolution reaches a new height. The successive dramas are new achievements. There are no repetitions.

So there are three fundamentals to bear in mind if we would understand evolution as Theosophy teaches it.

(1) The infinite potentiality within which all things have their coming forth and going back. As H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* calls it, the "Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception . . . beyond the range of thought." Its manifestation (as the universe and successive universes) is under the two forms of spirit (or consciousness) and matter, each with its infinite gradations.

(2) The tidal ebb and flow, or appearance and disappearance, of manifest life, the life of the universe and those countless lives of which it is the home; and

(3) The fundamental oneness of all individual souls with the

Soul of the universe, the Oversoul, and their consequent partnership with it in the whole march of the great drama of evolution.

This last means that every living thing is in its inmost essence a ray of that Oversoul. But "separated" from it at the dawn of evolution and beginning its journey through the kingdoms of matter, its divine consciousness is as it were left behind whilst it acquires a new consciousness of nature. It threads its way through the forms of matter; is part of the stone, becomes sentient in the plant, gains active animal consciousness, and becomes thinking and finally spiritual in man. In us it comes into sight once more of the Oversoul whence it emerged. Its progress is now committed into its own hands, to be hastened or retarded and even reversed. Clothed in an animal body, which is itself a little universe of lower lives, it can be master or servant of that. So long as it consents to be servant, it is but a thinking animal. If we seize mastery and in our highest moments seek union with the Oversoul, we become co-workers with that in helping on the progress of our fellows and of all lower forms of life. The grander mental powers, reflections of the power of the Oversoul, begin to appear. There is the inspired man of science and invention who turns the ray of his intuition upon a group of facts which suddenly leap into order and reveal their underlying law. There is the philosophic seer of new truths; the artist, poet, musician; the spiritual Teacher of the race. Every one of us, and every living unit in nature, is some special aspect of the Oversoul, latent or active. Evolution is the gradual manifestation of that power or aspect. It brings them closer together in work for each other and for the raising of life in general, and it differentiates them in respect of their special inner genius. Every one of us, once he has reached the power of doing divine work, has work which only he can do, work for the helping on of evolution. So work becomes more and more specialized in each, while each profits more and more by the work of the others. In ancient times the bard was he who wrote the song and made the music for it and then sang it. There has been evolution since that. The poet and musician and singer are not now the same man. The musician can write music too rich and complex for voices to render and the poet poetry which has a deeper thought and wider range.

That is one aspect of evolution, the separating out of functions among different workers, so that each function is better done, is more fully evolved, and each separate power deepened and expanded.

The other aspect is a deepening sense of unity, brotherhood, closer co-operation, the feeling of each for the needs of the others, of the inner presence of the others as he works. The original bard sang because he had something to communicate, some religious teaching, some inspiration to war or devotion. He sang for the others because of the link he felt between himself and them. They, by their mere being around him and by their need, called forth his song.

It is still the same. It is for the rest of us that the musician and poet do their work. If their inspiration is true they are replying to our need of their message and it is we who call it forth. And they are using and developing a creative power that is a reflection of one of the powers of the Oversoul. They lose their creative power just in proportion as lower motives from the personal nature, desires for renown or cash, creep in and cover over that profounder motive which is mostly hidden deep below their personal consciousness. And the singer only reaches his greatest when he has forgotten his reward, reaches unity with his audience, becomes their expression, and sings as the old bards sang.

So evolution, so far as humanity is concerned, depends for its finest flowers of production upon the sense of oneness with the rest that the workers possess. As the poet and musician compose, they feel already that they are in the presence of the rest of the people, and it is this which calls forth their greatest.

If we want to look forward along the path of humanity's progress, see what is coming, see what is not here yet that ought to be, and understand life, we must keep these aspects in mind:

(1) The separating out among different individuals of functions that were at first done by one, with the result that every function is better done and has richer fruit;

(2) The constant feeling in each individual that he is in inner contact with the rest, that he has something to give them which he is specially fitted to give and which they need, the increasingly conscious feeling that they are calling that out of him, the increasingly conscious sense of co-operation.

And this last means that humanity is gradually passing from its state as separate units into a great organism.

Let us look a little closer and see what organism, organization, and the development of it mean. We hear a great deal about evolution by conflict and rivalry, very little about evolution by combination

and co-operation. Yet the latter underlies the former and is infinitely the more important.

What conflict does is easily understood. The weaker and less efficient go down before the stronger, more efficient, or better adapted. This is what is called natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Suppose we take an example or two.

There are certain fish which as they swim about among surroundings and over water bottoms of various kinds and colors change their colors and markings to correspond, thus continuing invisible to enemies. There are insects which exactly resemble the leaves or dead twigs and branches upon which they rest.

It is obvious that when these markings first appeared they conferred upon their owners great advantages in the general struggle for existence. Fish and insects of the same genus who had not developed them would be killed by enemies in much greater numbers than those who had.

This is what conflict, the struggle for existence, does--eliminates those who do not develop useful variations in favor of those who do.

But what made the favorable variations appear?

Theosophy sees in evolution a *guided* process, from top to bottom. Humanity, for instance, has never been without its spiritual Teachers, guiding its spiritual evolution, because there have ever been men who, perfected in far past dramas of evolution, reaching unity with the Oversoul, have as it were separated themselves from that and come down into incarnation amongst us for the purpose of teaching and helping. And below them, hierarchy below hierarchy, are other forms of intelligence, lower aspects or emanations of the Oversoul, with the duty of watching and guiding animal and lower levels of evolution. It is to the work of these that the animal and plant variations are due, the marvellous adaptations to environment, the mimicries, and the origins of new species. They stand behind nature and all living things and carry out the urge or mandate of progress which sets eternally from the Oversoul. That the variations are sometimes mistaken and even occasionally injurious and the mimicries sometimes useless, merely shows that the guiding intelligencies at work among the animals are limited in their intelligence and in no special sense divine. They are in the lower ranks of the supervising hierarchies. The lower the rank the greater the limitation of power and wisdom.

So if we consider the progress of any living unit in nature as it

passes upward through stone, plant, animal, and finally reaches humanity, we see that it comes under the surveillance of successively higher ranks of these supervisors, each of which communicates to it or awakens in it something of its own intelligence, a process known in Theosophy as the "lighting of the fires." Biology has always been in trouble over the impassable gulf separating the animal and human worlds. It finds its explanation in Theosophy. For when the animal evolution had finally produced the human form, the guiding hierarchy into whose hands the animal now passed awoke the mind "fire" that differentiates the animal from man *by incarnating in it and becoming that mind* with all its intellectual and spiritual possibilities. In other words each of us as a mind-soul is a direct ray of the Oversoul, in its origin a god. Charged with the duty of awakening mind in that highest animal of the far past, it accomplished the duty by itself incarnating therein.

Such, according to Theosophy, is man, a god blended with an animal, often conquered by the animal, still more or less conquered in all of us, but destined in the end to recover his full consciousness of divinity. This incarnation is the origin of all the legends of "fallen angels" and the loss of Paradise. Each of us, searching within himself, can find the evidences of his own divinity and in time, conquering selfishness and the animal, win his way back to the Oversoul. He can feel the Oversoul within him and have its help and inspiration when he will.

But to return to this matter of conflict, struggle throughout nature. That is a subsidiary keynote. Accompanying it, surrounding it, underlying it, is the greater principle of co-operation, unification. That is the real keynote of nature, sounded from the very first moment till now. Not a living thing would have been possible had not unification been the great law and principle from the very first.

Science supposes that in the very earliest time of terrestrial livableness, in the first ocean of geological beginnings, an epoch perhaps three hundred million years ago, life began as infinitely minute floating monads, infinitesimals that had just crossed the boundary between inorganic and organic. They were themselves aggregations of chemical molecules, united, unified, co-operating to make a living speck.

Then the specks united into little groups, larger organisms, and these again and again into larger. At last, by the same and continuing process of union and co-operation, came about the little one-

celled organisms — still microscopic in size — which throng the sides and bottoms of every pond. They are very complicated, full of organs that serve their activities of feeding and breathing and digesting and motion and reproduction.

But this complex life was only possible because of co-operation, because the still finer specks of life were made to come together, work together, be one organism instead of many acting each for itself. Having come together in the one cell they took up different kinds of work, restricting themselves, but far more than rewarded for the restriction by the higher, richer consciousness they got in the new, higher, and richer life they now lived in their combination.

If now there is conflict among these formed cells as they crawl and swim about, how much more important was that co-operation which made the cells themselves possible. It is *that* that is the real basis of evolution.

But the process did not stop there. The cells took to combining into still larger organisms, now just visible to the naked eye. As before, in these larger organisms the composing cells took up different duties, renouncing some activities so that they might specialize on others. All the duties were therefore better done, and the cells got their reward in sharing the richer life and higher consciousness made possible by their co-operation.

Again there was an advance, and of the same kind, still higher and more complex organisms resulting, the same principle still at work: the principle, namely, that advance is by union, co-operation. So it was by this resistless spirit of co-operation that the whole animal and plant world came into being. The spirit of evolution is one with the spirit of combination. In our own bodies we see the highest flower of its work. Our own brains, for instance, are in part composed of many millions of cells very comparable to those cells that we saw about the sides and bottoms of the pond. But they are in most intimate combination, and it is possible that no two of them do exactly the same work. They have almost forgone all other duties save one.

So with all the other organs, all made of millions of cells. Each organ does one thing, that it may do it well. The stomach digests for the brain and heart and lungs, and in return the lungs provide it with air and the heart with blood, and the nerve-cells arrange for the balance of all. There has been much renunciation, and much more reward, the reward of sharing in the intensely vivid and evolved life

and consciousness of the body as a whole. No cell has lost its individuality; but it has gained, in addition, the myriad-fold individuality of the great whole of which it is a part. This it has won by obeying the urge behind all nature to combine, an urge present in us as the impulse of brotherhood.

So the principle of conflict takes a relatively small and secondary place. It could not act at all until the profounder principle of unification had already done some work. And we have noted that this unification was more than a mere sticking together as grapes are upon one stem or pomegranate seeds inside one rind. There, each grape and each seed has its separate and independent life. There are creatures like that to be found in every pond, just clusters of cells inside one coat or on one stem, living almost separate lives. It is a stage of evolution intermediate between quite separate life of the cells and really combined life, life as an organism. When the organism stage is reached, the cells are no longer merely clustered but co-operatively interdependent, some doing one sort of work, some another, for the benefit of the whole. Higher up in evolution you get strings of such clusters, the clusters hardly co-operating at all. Our humble friend the earthworm is an organism of that sort. You can cut the clusters apart without very greatly inconveniencing him. But higher up than he, the clusters have really combined, each with its appointed work for the whole. In the insect, for instance, you could not cut off any cluster — now called “segment” — without killing all.

In the ants' nest and the beehive you have still further combination and co-operation. Here it is more than combination of particles into cells and cells into organs and clusters and clusters into highly evolved insect organisms, but of organisms themselves into the larger organisms we call the nest or the hive. And these larger organisms have their organs, groups of individuals doing special work. In the ants' nest there are the foragers, the nurses, the soldiers, the feeders — as in the “honey ants” — and the reproductive units we call the king and queen.

We humans think of ourselves as of course far more highly evolved than the ants. But we don't know much about their consciousness. Besides the individual consciousness of each ant there may be a general consciousness or mind of the nest, shared in by each individual and of an intensely vivid and active character, so vivid as to be much more than a recompense to each individual for the re-

triction of personal liberty to which he submits as member of the nest. I have never heard that the cells of our own bodies complain because they may not break away and swim about in individual liberty in the bottom of some pond, doing each his own digesting and breathing and excreting and movement. They have a million-fold compensation as members of the intensely conscious organism we call our body. It is as if two brothers, each of whom could write poetry and compose music, were to agree one to do one and one the other. The two arts would both be better done. Each, helped by his appreciation of the other's work, would rise higher along his own line of composition, the rise again reacting; and so on. But there is more than that in the matter, as we shall see. So we come to the question, where is humanity now in the scale of evolution?

Certainly we have differentiation of function. In all the world's history this can never have been carried to so extreme a point as now. In some manufacturing houses there are girls whose sole duty it is to paste pretty pink and green labels on candy boxes, whilst others consecrate the slow years to tying ribbons on to the same. They do it very well, but it could be done just as well by a machine. The essential marks of evolution are not here.

Suppose one of these girls painted her boxes with little scenes instead of pasting paper upon them, the scenes and colors being left to her taste and feeling of the moment.

The situation has changed at once. Some of the girl's inner creative nature is now called upon. Her soul can get out through her work, and it now speaks its daily changing message in color to all who see her boxes. A relation has been made. The girl works in a twofold way, at once in touch with her inner artistic nature and with an outgoing thought to those who will see her work. There is the beginning of the feeling that they are drawing upon her for what she finds pleasure in giving, the beginning of the thought on their part of the worker whose creative taste pleases them. Is not this link, this true relation, the beginning of an organism? All work becomes dignified as soon as it is done with any thought of its benefit to others, as soon as that thought begins to displace the thought of pay. It is doubly dignified when it calls for some creative power to do it. By these humanity will slowly evolve into an organism. Only so will differentiation of function mean real organism-forming. The work must be done with thought of the rest, with a sense of their call for it, with

a feeling of conscious relation to them; and it must be such as allows of the presence of the soul, the creative and originative faculty, in it. It is by reason of the soul, of this faculty, that man differs from the animals. So in the *human* organism, when that comes to be, there will be indications of the soul everywhere. But at present, humanity is in the cluster stage. It has not yet evolved into any kind of organism. The units are all almost separate, each for himself. The divine urge towards combination into organism has been obeyed indeed in our bodies, but not in our thinking selves. As a mass of thinking selves we are low down in the scale of evolution.

If only the soul had been taught of rightly all these centuries! It is that highest, creative part of us that wants to get into expression. No soul can get into full expression without the call of all the rest and the help of all the rest. The poet cannot reach his heights, cannot make his noblest verse, except after the help of the musician's music. The musician needs to assimilate the verse of the poet. Even the girl who paints her little screen on the box can be helping both, adding just her touch to the general atmosphere which makes them both possible. All need the call and help of all the rest.

For there is the Oversoul, beyond and yet in us all, of which our individual souls are rays or aspects. It is ever pressing through, to realize itself in the definite, pressing through each of us. Each of us contains in himself a unique and special phase or facet or aspect of it. Only through all of us, *as* all of us, can it get into full manifestation. In the end none of us must be missing; none can be spared. He who thinks of saving his soul, of taking it out from the rest and getting it into some special haven of safety, is missing the meaning of the whole drama, is aiming to get outside the river of evolution, is negating the Over-soul.

We are yet in a transition stage. Machines are not doing all they will. They are not putting paper and ribbons on candy boxes for instance. But let us remember that there is divine creative capacity of some sort latent in every one. Even in our highest creative geniuses it has but began to be what it will be. The oversoul can as yet show through us men and women on earth but the fringe of its light. We make too little call upon it, develop our inner lives too little, make too little call upon each other, have the spirit of giving too little developed.

Think of some very high activity, such as that of the musician,

and then imagine that in his moment of most inspired composition the desire to outshine a rival should take possession of him. Where would his inspiration be? Where, if he should think of the cash receipt?

But contrariwise, the desire to raise and ennoble the souls of those who would hear his work, the sense of their need for what he had to give — would not this blend in with and intensify his inspiration? He would have the double motive, the urge of his highest creative consciousness from within, and the sense of the waiting people.

When we speak of the soul, the higher nature, we mean that within everyone is the latent possibility of such an urge as that of the musician, the urge to create, produce and contribute something which only he can contribute. Only Tennyson could have contributed to us the poems of Tennyson, only Beethoven the music of Beethoven. The Oversoul is pressing in upon us all and we have not learned to feel it. Yet the drain-pipe layer in the street may get his something from it. He gives the side of his trench an extra touch with his shovel, an unnecessary touch we might say. But he does it because it looks good to his eye, looks more workmanlike to have a level side. That was his something, the mark in him of something higher than the bare work-for-cash spirit. He has served the spirit of evolution.

In that future day, which may not be so far in the future as it looks, the minds and hearts of men will be open to each other. They will feel and respond to each other's needs as now they do not because they are so preoccupied with their own needs and wants and wishes and pleasures. The great motive will be to contribute something — in work, art, thought, invention; to put something right, better something, serve the whole, each in some way that is *his* way. The higher they rise, the more marked becomes the individual genius of each. It is the art *students* who turn out work that is all alike. From the moment that the creative spirit awakes they begin to differ. And in the great art school of life we are all but students yet and the creative spirit only just stirring in the highest of us.

But since we are all united, all rays of that one sun, need each others' help, are to some extent tied all of us by any bonds that tie any of us, we can get to work without any waiting at all. In his inner nature each of us is unhappy and unfree in proportion as there remain others unhappy and unfree. No outer happiness, no outer liberty and license can do anything to open our inner natures to the light. In lifting burdens not our own we are opening our own doors, clearing

our own path. We have to begin to alter our minds so that they learn to think instinctively towards others and towards duty to others rather than towards our own personality. The higher law will see to it that in that effort we personally lose nothing we need. We can trust for all that. We have to create an atmosphere of thought in which the loneliest shall no longer feel so lonely and so unfriended. It is that sense of loneliness that underlies half the cases of suicide. What today is owed to others, is the great question for each morning, each day. The Oversoul will shine into that moment of silent question, and it is these moments of gleam that finally evolve our highest natures. Each one of them leaves us higher men and women, closer to the soul, with more power by our mere thought to awaken others to duty and sense of responsibility. Gradually, as more and more cultivate and encourage such moments, the atmosphere of general peace and brotherhood will steal about through the hearts and minds of all men.

THE MISUNDERSTOOD: by Sors Dilya

HERE was once a man who was not satisfied with people and things around him. They got on his nerves so badly he feared they would spoil his disposition; but they never did. He said frankly that if he were running the world things would be different; which no one presumed to deny.

Possibly you may have heard of, or even seen him. Without casting reflections upon any one, it is said that some of his features are seen, at times, in the mirrors of our intimate friends.

This man was sorely grieved because nothing was ideal or rightly managed. From being misunderstood, he also suffered almost visible pangs and endured a settled grief too great for silence. He knew he would be treated differently were his sensitive nature and good intentions understood.

Should blindfolded Fate shake up the separate histories of his days together, the first one picked out of the hat would reveal tones and touches that make the world kin. Perhaps you may get *en rapport* by reading the simple story of the one-fourth day, that goes with the three hundred and sixty-five, for sample purposes. As everybody is wide awake, watching Father Time count out the last hours of the old year, he just makes a February fraction of the odd minutes, and adds it somewhere in the dark before the lamb or the lion marches in with the next month. In this chill, ante-daybreak period, the man's sleep was broken — or pierced, rather — by the leading soprano voice in the local chorus of cats. She was not calling his telephone or even his hand; but he was a light sleeper when martyred by headache and dyspepsia. Indignation prompted some handy, substantial tribute to the vocalist; but his humanity covered his ears with the blankets, rather than chill his rheumatic feet upon the floor. It was no use; a finely-attuned ear hears noises unnoticed by ordinary people. He did not even enjoy what others called good music — a fact modestly attributed to his fine-grained sense of faults.

Once, when every sick nerve quivered with the discord of common things, a rude specialist said his condition was due to faulty diet, business worry, and artificial living, and he prescribed a change. The man made the change at once, and got a doctor who knew how to tell the difference between a delicate make-up and mere vulgar disease. Ugh! the thought of that specialist jarred on him yet. Didn't a man have to eat to live, and have to worry to make business pay, and have

to forego the simple life to keep up appearances? He would willingly see only the things he liked on the table, and be only too glad to have money enough to give up business, and travel; would even go to foreign lands and spend his time telling the natives a few things. He had no sordid ambition that insisted upon making his own money, or wanted to be worried with the presidency of — oh those cats!

His annoyance didn't matter, of course; but this noise would waken the baby, who could outcry the cats. Even when his wife got up to quiet the crying, she would be half asleep and stumble in the dark. It is *so* irritating to hear a person carefully creep along and then suddenly whack into something. He didn't know what ailed Jane these days. She had grown so dull and lifeless, she was no credit to him. She failed to rise with fitting ease and grace to the responsibilities he freely allowed her to share. She was not so fagged and faded when he married her. Many a man in his place, now, would feel entitled to a real soul-mate. But he was too conscientious to do anything that would get into the papers and injure his business. Besides he was generous enough to provide Jane with a home where she could exercise her housekeeping talent. Of course, his looks had changed, too. But that was nothing. She was lucky to live with a good man, who was growing more interesting all the time, as he knew he must be, because he felt he was himself.

Jane returned to the cold kitchen late last night when he decided to try a mustard plaster and the camphor. He never disturbed her domain by looking for things in it — especially at night. His fine sense of equity let her run the house, while he made and handled the money. He did not even ask her to sit up and remove the mustard when he got to sleep; and now it must have been on too long. He took all this trouble for his family's sake, being the bread-winner. He will avoid taking cold now by gently waking up Jane, and she can throw the mustard plaster at the cat. But the vocalist anticipated him and retired, *sans* bouquet.

Then the Man fell asleep and, presently, forgetting his troubles, was well on the way to heaven — to be understood at last. Reaching the Golden Gate he noticed it swung both ways and St. Peter carried no key. Of course, he would be welcome; but were the unworthy not locked out, he asked in surprise.

“No,” the veteran gatekeeper explained: “the old orthodox scheme of reward and punishment wore out at last, and it has been

replaced by an up-to-date, automatic judgment plant. All the stand-pat deacons and pastors on earth opposed the change, but it had to come."

"I never heard of this in our church," said the new arrival. "How did you keep it from getting out below?"

"It is easy enough to keep high-class news out of churches, when most of the hearers are busy keeping out themselves. We know more about the Earth's affairs than it knows about this place. Paradise, like the penitentiary, is kept in touch with the outside world by new arrivals; while the truth about the inside is rarely told."

"What was the matter with the Promised Land?"

"To begin with, briefly, the orthodox plan of it was made up on Earth by men whose narrow views lacked human perspective. They were not broad enough to take in the whole situation and foresee the complications. For one thing, millions of desirable applicants were barred out because they ignored creeds, while the elect admitted were often so small in nature that even their virtues were offensive. The many we turned away who were used to right living might have offset the desperate cases that came in under the death-bed clause. Most of these poor fellows were miserably homesick: even the biggest liar among them wouldn't stand and sing, 'I want to be an angel.'

"Another thing was the arrival of reputable, philanthropic pew-holders and property owners, expecting honor and reward for generous donations to free dispensaries, public baths, and home missions. Their righteous gifts had provided places where the vicious and diseased could be properly salivated, cleaned, and saved, without disturbing the social odor of sanctity in up-town congregations. Imagine them finding their credit accounts shared by the very women whose wages of sin — before reformation — had paid them such high interest in rentals, and who sometimes had been subjects of personal interest to sons of fathers who were not ready to throw the first stone at the erring.

"Another boomerang came from the law of civilized communities. Law-abiding, Christian citizens fairly collapsed in the golden streets on meeting the men they had helped to convict, convert, hang, and send to heaven, all inside of a few weeks. Good voters had nervous chills whenever any man choked on manna or hung his head in prayer. In trying to get rid of offenders, they had sentenced themselves to live forever with converted convicts they could not bear with even one

little life on earth. The prospect made their first day here seem like a thousand years. The ex-prisoners were full of a kind of dry-rot of doubt. Though they left their broken necks behind, the break in the human tie by their brothers had hurt something deep inside.

“ Even the foreign missionaries had not thought their theology out to a finish. No less surprised than their converts at the practical working of the vicarious theory, the best of them were distracted, trying to think how to square the matter. They could not bear the haunting eyes of the gentle Hindûs and other heathen who had given up their chances of a congenial resting-place between lives for this eternal mix-up.

“ Among the radical set of the saved were some whose devotion to Karl Marx had made them class-conscious before they became conscious of their sins. They disturbed the peace so by calling mass meetings to argue against class legislation, we had to call in a host of guardian angels from outside duty, for home protection.

“ The dissatisfied number gradually increased. They often sulked or moped and refused to sing hymns, or got their golden harps all unstrung clamoring for a change of society and air. Reciprocity with the rival winter resort being out of the question, things came to such a pass that the Golden Gate was locked as much to keep the inmates in as to keep the outcasts out.

“ All this time the belief in fire and brimstone was dying out. Then the old fear of death reacted into reckless scepticism which made so light of the gravity of the case that soon the flying machines were trying to rush in where angels fear to tread.

“ Our earthly promoters, dealing in futures and mansions in the skies, tried hard to keep up their end of the business, so as to make both ends meet. But it wasn't like the old orthodox times. The anxious clergy were losing patrons, in spite of concessions in the dogmatic contracts. They sent us a lot of customers who could not read their titles clearly, because the absent-minded agent, in making creedal documents, would write platitudes for beatitudes, and omit brimstone for brown stone, and get in salary for salvation, and flaws like that. Finally, the whole inter-urban line, as well as terrestrial and celestial termini, were in a condition where we simply had to reorganize and change the entire millennial machinery. The old plant must go as junk. But come in; just look the ground over and find your own.”

Entering the beautiful place, the Man heard faint music and caught

distant glimpses of little children and tall figures, and asked when he might meet his companion souls.

"Whenever you are ready," St. Peter said, showing where the white robes were kept. There was no attendant to hand him things and hear his reasonable complaints. Nothing fitted so that he looked like the Greek god he expected to appear. First he chose a youthful tunic; but it was scant and plain like the one redeeming garment on a pudgy, undressed doll for sale. Then he hastily covered it with the largest toga of the lot and the least-open cut of sandals. He inquired confidentially if he could not slip quietly into the heavenly throng in his own clothes, having a retiring nature. St. Peter wouldn't hear of it. "Your old desire to be free and at ease in a classic robe makes it yours," he said. "Go right up the hill and make yourself at home."

The Man started, suspecting that he was too sensitive even for heaven. He blamed the robe for his clumsy looks, and the high altitude for his heavy feeling. "Talk about wings," he murmured; "I could no more fly than a granite goddess of liberty could walk." Then his cheerful spirit revived, thinking how his dazzling crown would blind all beholders to his little defects.

He paused to watch a busy group of gardeners as, with easy strength they dug, planted, and beautified the place. They saluted genially, and invited him to join them, saying it was an unusual chance to get more light on dark problems of the past on earth that would meet them there again. They would make a place for him, if there were any point of culture he wished to dig out. He didn't expect gardeners to be familiar, and returned a patronizing "Thank you; there is nothing." They bowed at once, and went on with their tasks. Watching the lithe, strong figures, he approved the just law that gave fitting labor to laborers, to leave the wise free for greater work. He would tell these good fellows about it some time. Ah, yes: he would gladly instruct any humble soul.

Passing on, he noted workers everywhere, doing perfectly all the things that were failures on earth. Everything moved with musical rhythm and made beautiful pictures and filled the air with quiet peace and joy. At a sudden turn he saw a woman taking hold of a tangle of rank growth and, heedless of wounding thorns, making a clean and clear pathway for all the children who would come that way. It puzzled him to see how she put her whole creative energy into the work. The path had been overgrown and forgotten since Eve wandered idly

through the valleys of Paradise and forfeited her right to remain. Now it was being carried on and on to new heights, and it pushed the confines of heaven further out into confused regions of darkness, where lurking beasts of passion and prey fell back before the revealing light. This woman looked like neither devotee nor simple nursemaid, but a refreshed and glorified Jane, with intuitive power and tenderness and wisdom. She asked no one for the right to do this most neglected work of creation. At her side, a man begged to help to reclaim the lost ground of Eden, that together they might feed the hungry world with the fruit time had ripened upon the tree of knowledge.

The woman was very beautiful; but surely, the Man thought, the saintly Sapphos, destined to discuss high themes with him, would not spoil their fair hands with rough work. Drawing nearer, however, he figured that a courtly bow, even to a lesser angel, would sweep his faulty drapery over his feet anyway. As she looked up, he bent low, furtively watching the impression he made. She slightly inclined her head with all the gracious charm and dignity he missed in Jane. She took him in with one easy glance that, he knew in his soul, had summed him up to the last fraction of failure. A protracted siege by a rampant suffragette would have disconcerted him less than the silent look of this serene woman, who had found her place and knew where others stood.

He turned away, limp with a cold sweat, and feeling awkward and mean and weak and sick and useless. How could anything or anybody in the heavens above or the earth beneath make him feel like that? Turning down a bypath, he thought of claiming a crown before ten thousand times ten thousand. Every eye would be a moral searchlight; and his only bright spot would be where the red brand of the mustard marked his over busy stomach. No, no! He didn't care to be understood too widely or too well. He tiptoed on, past the gardeners, and down to the gate.

"Hope you find the noiseless, automatic judgment system a practical thing," St. Peter said.

"More so than I hoped. I shall try to use it in my own affairs hereafter."

"Going?" the well-seasoned guard said in his cordial imperturbable way. "Well, glad to see you again any time at the Golden Gate."

"Believe me, this gate is a twice welcome sight to me," was the

humbly sincere reply. "My coming now was a mistake. I find I was not dead, after all, only asleep. A woman woke me up, and I'm going back to the woman I belong to until we can come together, and bring the boy."

"That's the best way," St. Peter said. "You can catch the next Earth-bound airship. Goodbye."

The Man got back just as the confident cocks were crowing the sun up. The aviator's warning whistle at the last crossing merged into a shrill cry of trouble from the crib in the corner. Ah, it was sweet to welcome music that guaranteed he was safe at home again. His heart warmed as never before towards his own. He had a true son of an outspoken father — down to the last kick and cry. How did any mortal woman stand it to live with both of them? Well, he would show high heavenly Peter that the home over there was not the only one to have a change.

He leaped up and made straight for the storm center. In the dim light the crib seemed a nestful of little arms and legs, vigorously beating time on the outraged air. It was new business for him to gather up an armful of crying, wriggling baby, but he took it all in — only upside down. The next indignant shriek brought Jane out of a deep sleep.

"If you'll tell me what he wants the worst, little woman, I'll give it to him first," he cried out in a loud voice, like the angel of revelations.

As he turned the light on, Jane's weary, bewildered face took on a look of dread. He never bothered about her or the baby or got up early, even when well and good-natured. He was sick and cross enough at midnight; but he must be very far gone to be marching around deliriously helpful and cheery in the cold dawn. Even the righted baby was stricken dumb with surprise. Jane faltered out in a dazed and broken way: "You must be going to die."

"Heaven forbid!" he said, in a glad and solemn tone that was new and true and tender. "I'll stay here with you for a hundred years, if I have *my* way."

Wider awake and now more amazed, she said: "But I don't understand you."

"Thank God for that!" he said, with more reverence than he had shown towards the wiser woman in heaven who did understand.

MODERN ATHENS: by F. S. Darrow, M. A., Ph. D.

THE modern city of Athens is almost wholly the growth of the last eighty years. Four long centuries of Turkish dominion following the previous periods of changing vicissitudes of fortune at the hands of marauding Venetians, Slavs, and Turks, had so crushed and impoverished the country that to the world generally recovery seemed almost impossible. But the rapid growth of the country despite the enormous national debts, heterogeneous population, and lack of natural resources, proves the innate tenacity of character and perseverance of a nation so seriously handicapped.

The first stormy years of self-government resulted in the assassination of the first president, Johannes Kapodistrias, and the resignation of his brother who had been appointed his successor. In 1832 Prince Otho of Bavaria was proclaimed king. The inexperience of the boy king, and the disaffection of the regency, led to natural discontent of the people, who rebelled at the public funds being appropriated for the aggrandisement of foreigners instead of being utilized to expand and develop the resources of the country. In 1843 the Athenians rose in rebellion and demanded an interview with the king. The young Otho, now of age, courageously faced the mob in front of the palace in spite of remonstrances from his advisors, and with great presence of mind struck up the rifle of an officer who would have fired upon the spokesman, gave the excited throng a hearing, and peaceably granted the people a constitution. He ruled until 1862, when he left the country, being unable to agree with his parliament upon a point of honor. His place was taken by a son of the King of Denmark who ascended the throne as King George I in 1863.

The seat of government during the first few years of independence after the founding of the kingdom of Hellas in 1830, was at Nauplia, the seaport of the Argive plain on the Eastern coast of Greece, until, in 1834, Athens was chosen as the center of administration. Since then the capital has been remarkably fortunate in friends and patriotic sons who have generously contributed towards the building of the beautiful city of today. The old Athens of 1834 had dwindled down to little more than a village of narrow streets with about 300 insignificant houses and a mixed population of Greeks and Albanians. The last census shows a population of 170,000.

Some of the old squalid streets yet crowd around the north side of the Akropolis, often covering or hiding relics and sites of interest; their

picturesquely oriental character proves a source of attraction to visitors.

The Akropolis has been the pivotal point about which the city has ever settled during the centuries, to the south, the west, and the north in turn, the undulating land on all sides showing many relics of former habitations, sacred shrines, or monuments of intense interest to the archaeologist. The modern streets, planned mainly by a German architect, have left these old sites almost deserted, and extend north and east across the base of Mt. Lycabettus for a considerable distance into the plain. The many regular streets branch from two broad main thoroughfares lined with public buildings, handsome residences, and modern stores and hotels, and these terminate in two extensive public squares situated at a distance of a modern stadion, or five-eighths of a mile. This measurement has given the name to one of these principal streets, the Parliament Houses and Administration buildings being built upon Stadium Street. The Place de la Constitution, the center for the best hotels, has the Royal Palace upon one side standing in the midst of a luxuriant forest garden laid out by Queen Amalia, the consort of King Otho. The public garden in front of the palace is luxuriant with orange trees and oleanders while many of the avenues are lined with pepper trees. The Place de la Concorde is the second terminal to the north-west. The University Boulevard, or second main street, is lined with handsome residences, notably the "Palace of Ilion," built by the late Dr. Heinrich Schliemann of blue-gray marble from Mt. Hymettus. The exquisite buildings of the Academy of Science, the Library, and the University, are seen farther along. These buildings are all the gifts of patriotic Greeks, and are built of white Pentelic marble in classic style with Ionic porticos, richly decorated in polychrome and gilt and contain collections of treasures.

In other parts of the city the Polytechnic Institute, the National Archaeological Museum, observatory, hospitals, orphanages, public park, exhibition building, and educational institutions, as well as the restoration in dazzling Pentelic marble of the seats of the large Stadium upon its ancient site are other examples of the munificence of the sons and friends of Hellas. The French, German, British, and American Schools of Archaeology have each a library and commodious headquarters of their own, while the various foreign delegations occupy handsome offices.

Many of the houses and buildings are finished in stucco painted

in light colors, but marbles are used in some of the more pretentious residences, notably the two mansions of the princes of the Royal house. Athens possesses an unusual number of churches and chapels, but their unobtrusive Byzantine architecture can hardly be discerned in the illustrations with the exception of the Metropolis.

The power for good of the quiet unostentatious reign of the late King George who ruled over the country with sympathy and foresight for forty years, will perhaps be more thoroughly appreciated since his martyrdom. He, together with Queen Olga, often worked for the good of the nation against great obstacles of prejudice, superstition, and lack of understanding. The persistent efforts of the queen for the uplift of women have resulted in many helpful educational institutions, of which the flourishing Institution for the Employment of Women is an example; the new convict prison for women where the inmates are permitted to work at looms and needlework or other industries if they are capable, is another result of her efforts, in a part of the world where such institutions are usually of the lowest grade.

There are many charming and unusual pictures of daily life to be seen upon the streets of Athens at all hours of the day. The rows of money-changers, and the fruit-vendors with their donkeys, the prevalence of military uniforms, and the gaiety of the cafés, particularly in the evenings when the heat of the day has subsided, all add to the attractions, and give the city the title of "Little Paris."

But there is an alluring charm in the ancient haunts and natural beauties of Athens and her surroundings which attract the visitor from the more ordinary city life. Perhaps the most imposing natural feature, conspicuous from all points, is the finely shaped peak of Mt. Lycabettus, rising as it does in its isolated position on the plain. The ascent of this mountain (910 ft.) as a morning constitutional is one of the necessary initiations of the student of archaeology. The venerable priest in the little chapel of St. George on the summit had, at the time of our visit, lived more than sixty years of his life on the height, descending only at intervals during that time for supplies. He expressed the wish that at his death his remains would be allowed to lie there.

Mt. Lycabettus is the highest of a chain of hills which cross the plain of Athens irregularly from east to west. It towers 400 ft. above the Akropolis over which it seems to stand as guardian, while the

Areopagus, the Hill of the Pnyx, the Hill of Philopappus, and the Museum and Observatory Hills, form landmarks as the heights dwindle towards the Aegean, some seven miles away. Legend tells that Athena as she was carrying Lycabettus through the air to fortify her Akropolis, dropped it suddenly in its present position. Perhaps the more prosaic version given by Plato is nearer the truth, who tells us that the mountain was probably at one time continuous with the Akropolis, but the agitation of the "Earth-Shaker" rent them asunder. The marvelous panoramic view of Attica obtained from this height is one of the countless views of Greece which blend the beautiful and the grand in this land where every outlook is a panorama. The cloudless sky and clear atmosphere enable one to distinguish the rolling hills on all sides, most of them apparently solid masses of rock covered only with low vegetation.

The Attic peninsula, which has an area of 975 sq. miles, is bounded by mountains which rise to a height of 4600 ft. In the middle of this Attic plain lies the plain of Athens which has a breadth of about three miles and extends from Mt. Parnes to the sea, a distance of about fourteen miles. Undoubtedly in past times the district must have been well watered, but today the numerous river beds are nearly dry during the greater part of the year, or at best remain as small streams which are exhausted for irrigation purposes before reaching the sea. The dry calcareous soil is adapted for little vegetation except the olive and the fig, though the vine is now cultivated to a considerable extent. Herds of sheep and goats find a precarious living by being kept constantly on the move by their shepherds.

The slopes of Mt. Pentelicus to the northeast, are exceptionally fertile owing to the presence of copious springs, and consequently the place is now, as in ancient times, a favorite summer resort for the residents of Athens. The rather limited water supply of Athens is brought by an underground aqueduct from this mountain, while her quarries of white marble were reopened after lying unused for centuries, to supply material for the restoration of the Stadium, which had been defaced and the marble carried off or burnt for lime during the dark ages.

The barren rocky ridge of Mt. Hymettus (3370 ft.) borders the plain of Athens on the east and terminates in rocky headlands running into the sea at Zoster. It is recorded by Herodotus that these headlands were taken for hostile ships by the frightened Persians as

they were escaping from Salamis, from which they fled in terror. The river Ilissus rises in this mountain, but like the other rivers of Attica, amounts to little more than a small stream except during the rainy season. The blue-gray marble which is obtained in the quarries of Mt. Hymettus is useful for building purposes, while the honey is as famous as of old, though it is probable that much of the modern product is obtained from the surrounding hills which are more fertile. The wonderful "purpled tints" seen at sundown against this rocky pile have always been admired, while clouds over Hymettus are still, as in the old days, a (possible!) sign of rain. The infant Plato is said to have been taken to Hymettus by his parents, who sacrificed to Pan, the Nymphs, and Apollo, on his behalf.

A little more than a mile to the northwest of Athens, the famous hill of Colonus rises, now barren and disappointing, while in the far distance to the north and northwest the ranges of Mt. Parnes and Mt. Aegaleos roll down towards the sea. On the south and west lie the blue Aegean and Saronic Gulf, with the island of Salamis and the mountains of the Peloponnesus visible on the further shore.

The description of Greek hills given by Sir Richard Jebb, is singularly fitting, where he says their forms

are at once so bold and so chastened, the onward sweep of their ranges is at once so elastic and so calm, each member of every group is at once so individual and so finely helpful to the ethereal expressiveness of the rest, that the harmony of their undulations and the cadences in which they fall combine the charm of sculpture with the life and variety of the sunlit sea.

ALCHEMY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



WE notice in a contemporary a brief report of an address delivered before the Alchemical Society, in London, by Professor Herbert Chatley, of the Tangshan Engineering College, on Alchemy in China. The lecturer pointed out that views like those held by the medieval alchemists of Europe had been current in China since 500 B. C. or even earlier. Among other views, the Chinese alchemists:

Regarded gold as the perfect substance.

Believed in the possibility of transmuting base metals into gold.

Employed peculiar symbols in their writing.

Held that a spiritual influence was necessary in the alchemist.

Required astrological correspondences in the operations.

Used mercury as the basis for preparing the philosopher's stone.

Believed that gold develops slowly from other metals.

Associated immortality with asceticism.

Taught that all things were generated by the interaction of "masculine" and "feminine" potencies.

Believed in the Elixir of Life.

These are indeed remarkable analogies, and we have no doubt the said society has, in the course of its lectures, brought to light many more such analogies, drawn from sources neither European nor Chinese. For alchemy was indeed a branch of ancient knowledge and, as such, is to be found widely spread among the nations which, at the present day, represent the results of the scattering and confusion of races that took place in olden times.

These facts would certainly seem to invalidate certain "theories"¹ which we shall find elaborated at considerable length, if we turn to the learned repositories of universal information in search of knowledge about alchemy. Whether such authorities do or do not know anything about it, need not be argued, as it is never necessary to prove a self-evident proposition; and the fact that we close the volume with confusion superadded to our previous darkness is enough. Possibly a larger proportion of facts and a smaller modicum of speculation would have conduced a more enlightening result.

Alchemy came to Europe from the East, so it is not surprising that it should be found to have flourished in the quarter whence it came. Did it come originally from China, or did it go to China from some other source? The problem is similar to that concerning many other ancient things, such as chess and cards, creation and deluge myths, geometrical symbols, etc. It is a question of historical research, aided by an unprejudiced mind, and unhampered by a desire to establish any particular historical, scientific, or theological theory.

Had not Diocletian burned the esoteric works of the Egyptians in 296, together with their books on alchemy — "περὶ χυμῶν ἀργύρου καὶ χρυσοῦ"; Caesar 700,000 rolls at Alexandria, and Leo Isaurus 300,000 at Constantinople (8th century); and the Mohammedans all they could lay their sacrilegious hands on — the world might know more today of Atlantis than it does. For Alchemy had its birthplace in Atlantis during the Fourth Race, and had only its *renaissance* in Egypt. — *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. II, p. 763, note.

1. Theory, "hypothesis, speculations"; from *θεᾶσθαι*, "to see." Webster. (!)

It is from the Fourth Race that the Aryans inherited their most valuable science of the hidden virtues of precious and other stones, of chemistry, or rather alchemy, of mineralogy, geology, physics, and astronomy. — *Ibid.*, p. 427

The Fourth Race had passed through its seven cycles and bequeathed its knowledge to the nascent Fifth Race, our ancestors. But knowledge may, under certain conditions, be lost for awhile. History tells us clearly enough how often man, choosing glory or self-indulgence, has shut in his own face the door of knowledge, and preferred to establish systems built on physical force and systemized belief. The instances of wilful destruction of manuscripts given above are the merest samples of a process by which ancient lore has time and again been hounded from the earth; and in seeking to regain knowledge, it is our own efforts that we have to undo.

To those who *want* to think there is nothing in alchemy, we can only say: "Sure! by all means," smile, and turn away. But those who want to know what there is in it must seek that knowledge along the lines just indicated. Alchemy was part of the Secret Doctrine, and as such must be studied. Its symbols ramify in all directions, so that we must be prepared to study ancient teachings in mathematics, astronomy, symbolism, and other subjects.

Alchemy is said by some wiseacres to be a primitive attempt at chemistry. This seems to be on a par with the idea that Pythagoras, in attaching so much importance to right-angled triangles, was making feeble attempts at Euclidean geometry;² or that myths about Atlas were early attempts at cosmical science. There *were* medieval alchemists who lost their way by paying too much attention to the physical aspect of their science and forgetting its spiritual import; and no doubt their efforts paved the way for modern chemistry. But is no account to be taken of the symbolical aspect of alchemy, by many alchemists regarded as by far the most important part?

This suggests the question, "Was alchemy literal or figurative?" It was both. The doctrine of correspondences holds that one plan runs throughout all nature, both without and within, and that what is true of the spiritual world is true of the physical. Physical gold can be made free from base metals by a process analogous to that by which the gold of wisdom can be made from the base elements in our

2. See *Theorem des Pythagoras*, by Dr. H. A. Naber, Haarlem, 1908; reviewed in THEOSOPHICAL PATH for April, 1914.

make-up; and very possibly the physical process cannot be consummated except by one who has mastered the spiritual process.

Mercury, sulphur, and salt symbolized body, soul, and spirit. It is interesting to note that salt crystallizes in cubes — the characteristic geometrical form for the physical world; sulphur crystallizes in needles and double pyramids — the number three and the triangular form corresponding to soul as contrasted with body; mercury takes a globular form — that of the sphere, which corresponds to the number One.

Among metals, mercury stands for the mind, which is volatile and very mobile and easily contaminated by base metals such as lead, which last symbolizes the dull earthly quality in our nature. The bright silver, used for mirror and photography, associated in its ores with lead, readily tarnished by sulphur, is the imagination. The astrological correspondence is the moon, the radiance of which is turned alternately to the sun and to the earth, and which throws upon us a pale and transformed reflection of the solar light. The purification by fire in the crucible is an undying symbol, so true to life, as all know who have learned anything through suffering. One might go on indefinitely commenting on the symbolism in this manner.

The eternal Quest has been symbolized by agriculture (*Nabathean Agriculture*, by Chwolsohn), the labors of Hercules, the winning of the Golden Fleece, and many a legend of Knight and Dragon. Alchemy is only one of the ways. The Master Science includes mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, physics, music — all.

How is it that people who study these ancient mysteries generally get lost in a perfect maze of erudition and find themselves further and further away from any definite knowledge or useful result? Is it not because they lack some personal quality, some mental power, whose possession is indispensable? There are scholars gifted with marvelous powers of literary research and phenomenal memories, who can tell you all that anybody ever thought or wrote upon a given subject; but who have arrived at no conclusion whatever, their minds being still quite blank. There are others who seem to digest and turn to account every atom of the very little they have gleaned. The former have the greater mentality; the latter the more intuition. It is the difference between learning and knowledge. It is the difference between the craftsman who has elaborate tools but no skill, and the craftsman who knows he can rely on his skill but needs few appliances. We have

acquired a radioactive method which tends to lead us away from the simple truth into endless unprofitable details; and it is this which so hampers our attainment.³

How can we regain the necessary altitude? By never forgetting that knowledge is sacred, and that (like nobility) it confers obligation. If we have any other motive, then we must remain content with something less than knowledge. This is no arbitrary condition, but a law of nature. We cannot see with our eyes shut; and if the presence of certain motives in us has the effect of closing our eyes and clouding our vision, then we must remove those defects before we can see. He who desires to share the thoughts of another must first win the confidence of that other; for to go to him with prying eye or searching question would be to seal his lips. And with nature it is not otherwise. True, there are those who believe nature is a clod or a machine; and for them she remains just that and nothing more. But we address those who think otherwise.

If only we can learn to use aright the knowledge which we have perhaps we shall find other knowledge pouring in upon us as fast as we can use it. Perhaps we may have to pray to be spared more knowledge, lest we be singed by the light.

“Asceticism” was mentioned as a necessary condition for the alchemist; but the word is to be avoided on account of its associations. It does not mean that the alchemist must stand on a pillar like Simon Stylites, or walk barefoot in the grass before breakfast, or wear a hair shirt and look miserable. This is not abstinence, but the vain mockery thereof. It means that the alchemist must pull off from certain things that are pulling him back; and this is but common sense. Whether any particular pleasures or habits are right, is one question; whether or not they interfere with the objects which the alchemist sets before himself, is another and distinct question. He may find it necessary to give up one thing in order to get another.

An alchemist is properly one who aspires to learn the secrets of life. And how can he expect to find such knowledge along the ordinary tracks of study, which do not conduct thither? Clearly he must follow another track. This kind of knowledge was taught in symbols — mathematical, numerical, astronomical, chemical, etc.

3. “Indeed, if such an imaginary Chemist happened to be intuitional, and would for a moment step out of the habitual groove of strictly ‘Exact Science,’ as the Alchemists of old did, he might be repaid for his audacity.” — *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. I, p. 144, note.

CASANOVA AND COUNT ST. GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

V



THE name of Casanova, Chevalier de Seingalt, does not usually bring before the mind the idea of a man worthy of very serious consideration. His career belongs rather to the bypaths of history, but as a sidelight on the social life of his times the story of the Venetian adventurer is valuable. To us his career is of special interest in that he is able to tell us not a little about St. Germain, always, be it understood, from a point of view of his own. We are left to deduce much, if we can.

The fact that St. Germain chose to keep his real business almost completely to himself is hardly a justification of those who, being ignorant of his purpose, attribute to him the faults which they would themselves favor in his place, as they consider that place to have been. Maynial once or twice suggests as a possible comparison the Roman augurs meeting with their tongues in their cheeks when the Venetian adventurer and St. Germain met, and refers to the latter as an impostor. This is absolutely without justification, unless a man who deliberately steps down from a high position and accepts a less exalted one for the purposes of his life-work can be said to be an impostor. In this case King Edward VII of England was an impostor when he traveled incognito under a lesser title!

In regard to Casanova, there does not seem to have been much secrecy desired or necessary. He seems to have been, and to have acknowledged himself to be, a jovial adventurer, from the time that he made his sensational escape from the dungeons of the Venetian State and arrived in Paris enveloped in the glory of his exploit.

Casanova entered the arena of Parisian notoriety about the year 1757, immediately after this incident in his varied career had made his name notorious. Naturally enough he was lionized and found himself invited to many a house where as the hero of the moment he was a social acquisition. Also he had a talent, genuine or bogus or mixed, for the occult sciences and pseudo-occult practices. This was sufficient to ensure his reception in all circles, for at the time it was fashionable to pursue such arts in almost all parts of Europe.

Among such students was the Marquise d'Urfé, and as St. Germain devoted much of his time to her, we may suppose that he either considered that she had the makings of the refined character necessary for any degree of practical usefulness through such studies, or that he could, in the opposite case, avert as much harm as possible from her

and from society through her failure to make a proper use of her inclinations and talents. That seems to have been his business among such as she was.

Casanova naturally found himself at her table. This was at the end of 1757. He was the lion of the hour, and it could have been with no feeling of satisfaction that he found St. Germain at the table, absorbing all the attention that would otherwise fall to his share. It was a curious meeting of motives which we must partly guess. There was the wealthy Marquise, a devotee of the occult arts, and perhaps even a little a student of occultism, ready to go to the good or the bad as her faculties led her. There was St. Germain, watching and hoping to be able to point out to her the unselfish line of devotion to humanitarian ends which he himself had found his only consolation in life. There was the genial new comer, frankly a cynic, but possessed of similar, though largely selfish, inclinations for the same arts or their imitations. Besides, he had an unlimited imagination, energy, and fund of enterprise, which, if they could be turned in the right direction, might make of him a power of untold importance to the future of European history. And St. Germain was the one who could, if permitted, point out the difficult way to make those talents effective for good. If not permitted, they could serve very well for selfish ends, and it was his business to let that selfishness run in as harmless a channel as possible, for their power for evil might be even greater than that for good, if their possessor could only gain an inkling of their real importance and the opportunities that lay at his feet.

The key to the situation was St. Germain. He was dealing with the fire of human nature, and we are left to guess just how much he disclosed and how much he concealed from those who contacted him, and the exact extent to which they were able to profit by what he had to tell them. He knew them, but they did not know him. This strange man, of royal origin, renouncing his own wealth but in exchange in command of unlimited funds, renouncing his social position and yet regarded by many as almost more than human, throwing away life and yet possessing eternal youth, he dwelt apart, watching the kaleidoscope of European history as one from another sphere. Owing no allegiance to France, he was for twenty years a most intimate personal friend of Louis XV, one of the very few men who knew who he was and respected him accordingly. There was an Englishman who was said to share the secret, but he too, would never tell. Perhaps it was

one of those secrets that cannot be told by a man who wishes to be believed.

With the sole purpose in life of discovering and fostering the finer qualities in human nature and turning them to profitable co-operative account in the service of mankind, he seems to have been seeking to guide the intuition of the Marquise into its best channels, or rather to induce her to perceive the best channels for her to follow if she desired to do so, while discouraging inclinations to follow an opposite course.

Perhaps it is not going too far to say that Casanova seems to have allowed his talents to have taken a selfish bent up to the point of his meeting with St. Germain, and that the latter would find himself obliged to deal very delicately with the situation to prevent the Venetian duping or corrupting the Marquise. At the same time it was necessary not to make an active enemy of the adventurer, and so prejudice his chances of performing the alchemical operation of refining the gold in Casanova himself without letting it escape with the dross, from undue precipitancy.

In reality the extremes of character shown by St. Germain and Casanova were so great that they justify the old saying that extremes meet. Some guessing authors, such as Maynial, simply class them together as more or less unscrupulous adventurers, quite failing to realize that St. Germain never anywhere, in any case, showed a selfish act or thought. He gave, but never took. His diet was more than Spartan. He worked as few men work; but it was for others. He talked incessantly and always monopolized the conversation at dinners, where he never broke bread with any one. And yet paradoxically he was a "reserved, laconic, silent man." The former was an assumed pose, or a tool, for some purpose of his own — it was not purposeless. He was sometimes covered with diamonds, to the value of a million or so, and displayed immense wealth. This is brought up against him as a vain display, and at the same time his detractors accuse him of wearing false diamonds. This too was for a purpose — it was the position he needed to take in the society of the time. Is it possible that it was also a satire on that society? As soon as this display was no longer needed, we find him dressed in the simplest manner possible — an old black gown, a workshop overall, anything. It is a study of motives and illusions.

It was at this first dinner together that Madame de Gergy, the an-

cient dame "whom death had surely forgotten to call for," related the fact that she had met St. Germain at Venice, where her husband was ambassador fifty years before in 1710. As a matter of fact, it was not quite so far back, but it is none the less astonishing that he was then in the prime of life, just as he was in 1822!

It is quite natural that if we understand Casanova correctly, he was chagrined to find the field occupied by a rival who was "trying to exploit" the fortune of the Marquise, and who apparently possessed a genius at least equal to his own.

Maynial jumps to the conclusion that St. Germain did not eat at table because he wanted to be more at ease to astonish the other guests with his "superior eloquence," and also perhaps from a "superstitious fear of poison." The latter we know is not the case, because St. Germain himself tells us the means by which he was able to detect poison with instantaneous certainty. The passage is also indirectly interesting as showing that he had acquired certain oriental habits in his eating and drinking.

During the course of this eventful dinner St. Germain told of the laboratory he had constructed for Louis XV, who had granted him an apartment in the Castle of Chambord, with 500 livres for the work. The reason given is characteristic, for the King by his chemical productions would make all the factories in France prosper. Always we find St. Germain using every possible means to induce others to work unselfishly and to do what good was possible, fostering the better side of their natures.

Maynial seems to be satisfied with what satisfied others in the times when St. Germain passed across the stage of Europe. He seeks no deeper than the surface. He perceives that St. Germain had a sliding scale of adaptation of his statements to the degree of intelligence of his hearers. Putting aside the cases where he was obviously joking we can see that this is not sufficient. But Maynial does not see that these statements are anything more than just talk. He tells us that Casanova in his capacity as a man who knows about these things is taken into the inner circle of confidence of St. Germain, and that the latter confessed to the Venetian with due modesty and frankness that certain of the miraculous actions attributed to him were "supposed," for instance, that he could not give back youth to women, but that he contented himself with preserving them in the state in which he found them by means of certain preparations.

Apparently this statement is not so much of a shock for Casanova's powers of credence as the former, but, in view of St. Germain's "Indian" education, it would be interesting to know what his reply would have been had he been asked if such a thing as rejuvenation were or were not possible in the hands of others? He always seems to say just enough to tranquilize those who do not think, and to give a lead to others who are of a more penetrative turn of mind. Surely the statement as it stands is astonishingly enough! In view of his own undoubted marvelous preservation of manhood and the oft remarked fact that those who paid any attention to his teachings all seemed to live to a great age, such as Prince Karl of Hesse Cassel who lived to 1836, and many others, we cannot easily ignore the fact that he did know something beyond ordinary knowledge.

He put off Madame de Pompadour with a remark that "sometimes I amuse myself, not with *making* others believe, but in *letting* them believe that I have lived from the most ancient times." We are not told if she had the penetration to see what lay behind the words, and to discover what he probably taught to some of his more trusted Freemasons and Rosicrucians of the universal doctrine of reincarnation so long forgotten in the West, together with the obvious fact that if, as in Russia, there are some who without special training live to approach their second hundred years of age, it must be possible for others, commencing with an equally good constitution and intelligently employing special precautions and a lifelong training, to live beyond a hundred and still be vigorous and energetic, as St. Germain himself is so often said to have done. It is the elixir of life, to live reasonably without wasting one's energies, as most do, in civilized countries.

So too, he does not deny the statement of the Countess de Gergy. He only leads off the scent, by suggesting that she is in her dotage. All the listeners are apparently quite content with this simple suggestion. They are very easily satisfied, these Europeans, in comparison with the Oriental, and Count St. Germain was an Oriental by education. He simply adapted himself to his audience.

An example of this easy way in which the European mind works is that shown by frequent acceptance of the statement that St. Germain's Elixir of life was simply senna leaves. It is true he brought this then extremely valuable, and perhaps even now not fully known remedy, to Europe. The Russian fleet was helped with it, and even today a preparation of it is called "St. Germain's Tea." That it was

a good medicine goes without saying. It has been more or less superseded by more pleasant drugs; but who shall say in our present comparatively chaotic state of medical science that the modern drugs do quite the same work? To say that this was St. Germain's whole secret is childish.

Maynial repeats from Gleichen's Memoirs the story of the grant of the Chambord apartments to St. Germain for his experiments in dyeing and the allowance made to him for the purpose by Louis XV. But the details differ a little. This is quite natural; stories, especially about St. Germain, had a way of being diminished or exaggerated in value unless they were recorded at once. Fortunately in that age of diary writing, most things were recorded on the spot, and we are seldom at a loss for the truth of a story.

But in reality it is not very important whether the King gave St. Germain 500 livres or 100,000 francs for his experiments at Chambord. St. Germain's own statement was apparently the former figure. Probably other grants were given for this purpose of making the colors of the French cloth superior to those of any other country.

Then, too, St. Germain had given to the Favorite the Water of Youth and had persuaded the King that he could "melt" diamonds. We must not forget that the King knew very well who St. Germain was, and no power seems to have been able to drag the secret from him. Perhaps the King was the only man in France who knew. The Duke of Newcastle in England was said to know also, but he guarded the same in silence. In those gossiping days it must have been a strong reason that could hold men's tongues so silent; this fact is what makes the story of the Man in the Iron Mask so fascinating.

The Court jeweller was no visionary; he dealt in hard cash and its equivalent. But he offered an immensely enhanced price for a diamond that St. Germain had "cleaned" for the King. After the transaction was completed in good faith by the jeweller the King took the diamond back to keep as a curiosity worth more than even the increased price offered. And the King was a good bargainer, too. St. Germain tells of a funny incident where in order to beat him down over the price of a diamond, the King deputed an agent who employed a dealer to purchase it from the Count. The latter probably cared little in reality about the price, but he really did seem to take huge delight in making the agent pay far more than he would have taken from the King himself, had the latter not been so grasping.

(To be continued)

AT THE TOMB OF MÉNALA: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

HE yellow sunlight fell, in nearly vertical beams, on the hot shimmering sands and the rugged walls of rock in which a band of explorers were making excavation.

Many ancient Egyptian relics had been unearthed and now they had come upon a limestone sarcophagus containing the form of a young girl.

A couple of Americans, belonging to a party of tourists, from whom they had strayed, had come suddenly around the projecting cliff and stood watching the workmen with breathless interest, and listening to the comments and conjectures of the archaeologists who were conducting their labors.

A picturesque group of people, Arabs, were also looking on with grave, composed demeanor.

“Oh!” breathed the American girl softly to the man beside her, “it all seems so strange, and yet there is a perplexing sense of familiarity about it. Who was this girl? I feel as though I ought to know something about it.”

“Perhaps you will,” replied her companion, “when they have deciphered these inscriptions. She may have been a princess’ daughter or sister of one of Egypt’s great kings who ruled thousands of years ago.”

“No, she was not a princess,” murmured a sad and musical voice which caused the young man and the girl to turn around in some wonderment.

They were confronted by an Arab, a tall dignified man of venerable aspect and quiet, gentle bearing. His large, dark eyes were undimmed and clear and serene as those of a child. His brow was shaded by a yellow turban and a white beard fell over his tunic.

“No,” he continued, looking into the wide gray eyes of the girl with a grave sweet smile; “No, Ménala was not a princess; but she was fair enough and good enough to have been the greatest queen. She was a daughter of the people, her father being a builder of canals and irrigating works. But he was rich and he loved his only child, whose mother was dead. Tenderly as any princess was she reared and her education was all that could have been bestowed upon the highest lady of Egypt. And she was fair, very fair to look upon; but her beauty did not surpass the courage and devotion of her nature, nor the purity and goodness of her heart.

“Those were troublous days for Egypt — for the ancient glory of Khem was already departing, her sun descending toward the night that was at last to envelop her. The king and the leaders of his army had all they could do to hold their place and power.

“One, the bravest man in the army, was young Seti who was distantly related to the royal family. His father was dead and he was the pride of his mother, the lady Amenthis, whose ambition for her son was the one passion of her life, and she was determined that he should rise to the place of honor and trust nearest to the king. Yet Seti himself cared not, except to be of noble and honorable conduct toward all men, and to faithfully serve his country and king.

“To further her schemes his mother had, while her son was still a child, entered into a contract with prince Ramessu, whereby Seti should wed with his daughter; for Ramessu had great wealth and was a power near the throne. The princess grew up proud and ambitious, though she was not beautiful, nor was she of a sweet or joyous nature.

“Now it came to pass that Seti wished not to wed with her. The builder’s daughter dwelt with her father in a house near the river, surrounded by a beautiful garden. Even as a child Seti had seen and admired her loveliness and gayety and as she grew up into a tall and beautiful maiden he loved her exceedingly. And she loved him and they knew each other well; for there was a little door in the garden wall near the arbor where Ménala sat, and it belonged to her alone and none went thither excepting herself and her maid, who loved her mistress too well to refuse her aught which she desired; and to Seti had been given a key to this door. And here many, many times met the bravest and handsomest man in Egypt and the loveliest maiden of the Nile.

“When Seti wished not to carry out his mother’s contract she was incensed beyond measure, and the proud princess was filled with the bitterest rage and humiliation: and she determined to avenge the insult put upon her.

“Now misfortunes were coming fast upon Ménala. Her father fell from a scaffolding and was brought home injured so badly that he shortly died; and thus was she left with no protector save an old aunt and her servants.

“Her father, knowing naught of her love for Seti had promised her hand to a young man, his associate in his business, and he now

came forward urging his suit and claiming her father's promise. Through the influence of his mother and prince Ramessu, Seti was sent away on a special mission. I had been his teacher in the use of weapons when he was but a boy and later and had ever since remained with him. Now he begged me to remain behind that I might perchance be of service to the orphaned Ménala.

"So great was my love for my lord Seti that I would gladly do aught he might ask; also, for her sweet graciousness, I loved the maiden. So disguising myself, I went into her service as a gardener. Thus I was always near her and able to listen to aught she might wish to communicate; and my sister, being maid to the lady Amenthis, let us know what plans were being set on foot against her. The lady and princess had sought out the builder, and promised to aid him in gaining possession of the maiden, Ménala.

"Finding they could not reach her in the midst of her own household of devoted domestics they laid a plan to remove her to some secret place where through her fears they could persuade or force her to renounce Seti and give herself to the other. But they counted not on a constancy such as they knew not, and a spirit as brave as that of the warrior Seti. They did indeed succeed in gaining possession of Ménala; but through my sister I soon discovered where they had concealed her in a lonely house far up the river.

"I went by as a wandering harpist, for I had skill with the harp; and the lady Amenthis gave orders that I should play in the garden near her windows, hoping that music might soften the heart of her prisoner and weaken her stubborn will; for Ménala had withstood all promises, threats, and persuasions. So I played the tunes that she loved and quickly she knew me. I knew that Seti was not far away and I sent to him a swift messenger.

"Quickly my lord came, but not too soon; for on the selfsame night the princess and the builder came also, determined to make an end of Ménala's resistance. I was watching, and when Seti came I led him to a breach which I had made in the garden wall: and then a servant, whom I had bribed, opened for us a door. Guided by angry voices, up the stairs we rushed, and Seti himself flung wide the door.

"The princess and his mother shrank abashed before his glance of burning scorn, and the other sank down upon the nearest seat. Turning from them all Seti held out both his hands to Ménala. But with a cry she sprang aside and threw herself between him and the

coward builder, who had seized a weapon and would have slain him as he stood, his back turned full upon him. The keen blade pierced the heart which that fair maid had thrust before it as her lover's shield.

“And thus she died; and in this tomb was laid the fairest flower of the Nile. And never more my lord looked on his mother's face. He went among the Libyans, Phoenicians, Greeks, wherever there was most incessant toil and action with the greatest danger. And soon his hair grew gray and many lines were on his stern, unsmiling face. While my lord Seti yet was young in years he died in battle, fighting with a strength and valor unsurpassed.”

During the latter part of his strange story the old Arab's face had worn the look of one who sees only the far past and his voice had the musing tone of one communing with his own memories. He ceased as suddenly as he had begun and turning away passed out of sight behind a jutting rock.

As the girl turned around she met the gaze of many eyes. A handsome young Arab offered the explanation:

“Abu Harrān; he believes that he lived then and knew Seti and Ménala, it may be so; Allāh knows.”

“It was a strange thing,” said the young man as they walked slowly away.

“It was,” replied his companion, “and the strangest part of it all was this; I thought—I felt—Oh, how shall I ever explain myself!”

“Don't try to, Marian. I was under the spell too, and felt so myself.”

“Yes, yes, Robert; just as if it were all true and we knew it as well as he did—as if we had seen and known and *acted* in the scenes he was recalling.”

“Yes, indeed; and I have felt that way before. I have often had the feeling that places and people and things were perfectly well known to me, although I certainly had never before met with them in this life. And this is by no means an uncommon experience. In fact I believe nearly every one has, at times, experienced this feeling to some degree.”

“And how do you account for it, Robert?”

“I know of no theory that will account for it except that we have

lived other lives and these feelings are fleeting memories—momentary glimpses — of scenes in those former lives.”

“But how lovely it would be if we only could remember it all clearly.”

“I don’t think so: probably it’s best that we cannot. We have enough to bear in one life without the burden of the memories of all the trials and tragedies, mistakes and perhaps crimes of other lives.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean all that, Robert. I was thinking only of pleasant things.”

“But you know, dear, in our upward journey we have to pass through many places; otherwise how could we gain a perfect knowledge of life? And until we have accomplished this we cannot leave this earth, except to return again.”

There was a pause, then Marian said softly:

“Poor Ménala and Seti! Do you think they knew then?”

“I do not know; but we know now.”

“Yes, Robert, and we will make the world brighter and better by putting our knowledge into practice.”

And they passed on over the glimmering sands.

SEISMOLOGY AND JOHN MILNE: by D.

IN the March bulletin of the Seism. Soc. Amer, is a scientific summary of the life-work of the founder, as he may be called, of present seismology; although Milne’s work in Japan was perhaps at first greatly aided by that of Sir James Ewing. Some of his general views will be of interest. “Inquiry into the more profound causes did not preoccupy his mind, for he believed they are beyond our reach.” In 1885 he pointed out that earthquakes originate mainly in regions of geologically recent elevation. Ten years later he drew attention to an apparent relation between seismicity and slope steepness. Through his exertions, the records of fifty-nine stations all over the world were regularly assembled at his laboratory in the Isle of Wight. “Never had a geo-physicist been the leader of such a worldwide network of observations.” He was the first to announce that an earthquake can put in vibration the entire terrestrial mass.

IMMENSE AUDIENCE ENDORSES KATHERINE TINGLEY'S APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Extracts from the Theosophical Leader's Address

(From the San Diego *Union*, April 6, 1914)



LAST night at Isis Theater, which was filled to its capacity, the whole audience save six responded to Katherine Tingley's appeal for a standing vote in support of resolutions for the abolishment of capital punishment.

In a stirring and eloquent appeal Katherine Tingley spoke right to the hearts of her audience and by the force of her arguments won them over to complete sympathy with her. The meeting was opened by the singing of songs, exquisitely rendered by the Râja-Yoga international chorus of some fifty voices, and the reading of appropriate quotations.

Following are extracts from Katherine Tingley's address:

"While we are in this atmosphere of music, of brotherly love, of compassion for all that lives, we are obliged to admit, if we think at all, that human society is morally bankrupt. The sooner thinking people of the present generation admit this the sooner will they reach a point of discernment whereby they can see things as they are and apply the remedy.

SOCIETY MORALLY BANKRUPT

"How can you read your newspapers daily, as you do, and feel satisfied that all is well? How can the so-called Christians of the present age go to their prayers and to their homes satisfied? How can they do it? I ask this in love, with all due consideration for their beliefs: but I say, how can they do it? Is it not true, if we think well, that we have missed the real meaning of the teachings of Christ and of the sages of old? If we had them in their simplicity and clearness and force of spiritual life, we should not have to admit that society morally is bankrupt, and that the conditions of the world point to a degeneracy in human nature that one scarcely dares to think about.

"So when we take up the subject of capital punishment, before we look at it with unfriendly eyes, we must consider why it is that with all the so-called education, culture and the prosperity of the twentieth century, there is this great gap between ourselves and the unfortunates. Can you recall anything that Christ ever taught, or any of the Great Teachers, that could sustain you, or the people at large, in taking a position that because a man sins he is to be condemned? That because he has sinned he is to be punished through the laws of man? I find nothing in the teachings of Christ to support any such position.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

"You have a perfect right to feel that it would be a most unwise and injudicious thing for us to attempt at this moment to open all the prison doors and to

let the unfortunates go free. You certainly might say to me: You have a theory that capital punishment should be abolished, but where is your remedy? What are we to do with these unfortunates? What is to become of them? Must they be allowed to go at large? Must they be permitted to continue their vices and their crimes? No, Theosophy answers, no; but Theosophy says: Treat them as something more than mere mortals. . . .

“If you had studied your own lives you would long ago have reached the causes of these things and then you would have been able to apply the remedy. Your remedy would not be unbrotherly, it would be Christian-like; because, if you had knowledge of the Divine Law, the heart and mind would be illuminated by its light, by that power of discernment that would bring about conditions so that all humanity, knowing its responsibilities, would know how to treat the unfortunates.

“All down these years that you have come, in your soul’s experience, you would have been teaching and working and serving, and today there would not be a prison in the land, not a prison, not a man caged and bound and hunted down, held in like a caged animal. No! Mercy, compassion, knowledge, wisdom and discrimination would be in your lives; you would have realized before this time that those in prison and out of prison who have sinned — indeed, who has not sinned? — are entitled to that kind of treatment that is in harmony with the Higher Law, with the Divine Law; they would be treated as invalids.

THE ETERNAL SELF FORGOTTEN

“You treat your bodies with such gentleness and consideration, but you forget the eternal self, the soul, the Christos within you; and so, forgetting it in your own lives, you forget it in the lives of those who naturally look to you for help and example.

“So you see I am not so far away from the truth when I tell you that human society is bankrupt; that the moral and the spiritual life is not a living power in our midst today, and only a very few men and women can be found who are really working unselfishly; only a few.

“If we are to discuss this subject of the abolishment of capital punishment, we must be prepared to state what remedy to apply in its stead; not asking for the freedom of the prisoners, not presuming to interfere with the law of justice in any sense, but declaring and demanding that every man and woman under the sun shall have their spiritual rights.

HUMANITY IS INDIFFERENT

Last Friday a man of twenty-three years of age, with not a very bad record in the past, was hanged in this state. Oh, when I think of it, when I think of it! And that any mortal, any human being can think of it and can look on the picture for even a moment, and be at ease! That is what alarms me — to find the human family forgetful — worse, indifferent! That is the horror of it; and the hardest work that a real helper of humanity has in carrying the spirit of reformation to the world is with the public; it is with the minds of men; it is with the people

who support the laws. It is they who must be pleaded with and cared for and also, in varying degree, treated as invalids.

A DARING SPEECH

“This is a daring speech of mine, but it is true. All humanity is in a state of invalidism, and so again that statement supports the idea that human society is bankrupt, morally and spiritually. And so with the different aspects that are presented to me tonight, of humanity going along in a half-interested way, some totally indifferent, some pretending that they are happy, satisfied as long as their little squirrel cage is not interfered with, satisfied as long as their interests are not touched. The picture is appalling — humanity in its unrest, ignorance, despair and indifference, with its weaklings going down to degradation, and then ending up in prison; and we humans, we of God’s great family, supposed to have intellects keen enough to discern right and wrong, permit them to be sentenced to death — to be executed.

“Think of it! That we dare to support laws that will allow such brutal and inhuman work; that we dare to interfere with God’s laws; those wonderful, divine laws that guide us in spite of ourselves.

“But to think of presuming to take God’s laws and to defy them and to let a soul go out in the darkness, in the shadows, in the despair, feeling that all the world is against it; to take a life, the rope around the neck; cut down the body to earth; but, oh, ye men and women of the twentieth century, what about that soul?

BLAME YOURSELVES

“Are you not, and is not the whole human family responsible for that act that I am now referring to and for all acts of injustice? Should you blame the governors and the law-makers? No, blame yourselves. Oh, be courageous and blame yourselves! May this blame sink so deeply into your hearts that your consciences will take new life, that a freedom of thought will come to you, an enlightenment, discernment, the power to see the injustice of things as they now are.

“When you reach that point, a new life will come to glorify, and the Christian spirit will begin to work in your lives, and you will not have to sit down and discuss and worry and be afraid. Afraid of what? Afraid that if capital punishment should be abolished we should have more crimes. Let some one bring me some proof that capital punishment has lessened crime. What evidence have you? None at all. You cannot bring any evidence at all, none at all.

“If we are to stem the tide of vice and degradation, we must treat these unfortunates, these weaklings, as souls; not intimidate them, not arouse their lower natures, not create a larger revenge, more passion, more hate for the world and the laws of men. But we must change these conditions through our spiritual effort. You may think and talk, and you may strain your intellects to the utmost, you may have your societies and your systems; you may make laws and laws, and yet not reach a solution of this problem. I tell you that I know this, and I know it, because I am a Theosophist.

MUST HAVE COURAGE

“ I know, largely from my association with criminals, in trying to help them, that we never can restore society to its dignity, we never can restore the unfortunate to his rights, until we have reached that point of spiritual attainment, where we shall know right from wrong, and have the courage to declare the right, to sustain it and to uphold only those laws that make for the betterment of human kind. And when we say the betterment of human kind, we must include something more than the physical life, or our worldly interests, or our society aims, or our pride.

“ So now to go back to our unfortunate and the type he represents: Let us think, at the present time when our prisons are overrun with criminals, when our youth are going to the dogs so fast that we cannot count them, and so many appalling things are happening in our own state and other states, let us see, what can we do?

WORK ON MIDDLE LINES

“ It will take time, because as humanity has been going on the downward path so long, we cannot get back to the old position of soul-life in a day. So we must be wise and work on middle lines, on lines of least resistance, endeavor to do the best we can, according to our opportunities; but we must grasp every opportunity, and we must have the courage born of the Gods, to work out our opportunities in this direction.

TO AROUSE THE WORLD

“ So in my opinion the first thing is to arouse the whole world, this great family of humans that we are associated with, with the idea that it is savagery for us to support capital punishment; that we must take a stand and make the first step, remove the first stone, so to speak, and arise in our righteous wrath and in the dignity of our manhood and womanhood and declare: No capital punishment in the state of California! Let us not take up the question of other states tonight, because we cannot make the world over in a minute, but what a glorious thing it would be if California, under the pressure of just our efforts here — this small body of people — would abolish capital punishment; if we could arise to that point of discernment of knowing what is our duty at this moment, not tomorrow — not to think it out or work it out by the brain mind — but let us find our consciences!

“ Let us get right down to that point, and stop and think a moment! Think just how we should feel if *our children* were in prison today, or if *our children* were to be executed! That is the way to get home to the truth! That is the way to arouse the hearts of men; to bring the sorrows of others into our lives, feel them, understand them.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS SAVAGERY

“ When that power comes, that knowledge, that love, that compassion, that the Nazarene and others taught ages ago — when that comes — well, there will

be no questioning. Your minds would repudiate the necessity of discussing the question. You would declare that it is savagery, that it is brutality, that it is a great disgrace to the human race today — that any man or woman would support such unjust measures. It is your duty; it is the duty of all humans to come closer to the realization of what human responsibility is.

“I have said it over and over again, and these words are always singing in my heart like a beautiful mantra: ‘I am my brother’s keeper. I am my brother’s keeper,’ and surely if we are our brothers’ keepers, then we can very quickly see how we have failed and how our dear ancestors have failed in doing justice to humanity, and particularly in doing justice to those who are condemned to be hanged or electrocuted.

“I could conceive, and I always try to control my imagination when I am meeting a mixed audience, but I could conceive the psychological influence of a body like this, agreeing with me that capital punishment was wrong — it would affect others, and before long we should take another step in helping to change unjust laws.

A NEW PICTURE

“It would be our heart work, the voices of our souls speaking, we might think ahead ten years or fifteen and see the picture of some of our hills and our valleys presenting a new feature in the twentieth century civilization. A something so splendidly remedial — and that is, that we should have our hospitals for the weaklings, for the more unfortunate, whose unbridled passions have carried them so far beyond the pale of society — we should have institutions of reformation with the name unprinted — hospitals with the name unprinted.

“There would be the gardens and the fields. There would be the houses and the homes. Do you know that I dare conceive and have written it all out, that those prisoners should not be separated from their families! That they should be placed in these Institutions of Brotherhood that I speak of, and cared for in such a way that they would understand quite well that they were under a certain amount of restraint, but no more, perhaps — if we are very thoughtful — than that we give to invalids. They would feel that they were in a hospital, in a school, with everything so helpful that there would be no inducement to rebel.

“If we can now send out from the prisons on parole a certain number of men, put them on their honor, send them out with only five dollars, some of them with no understanding, with no friends — if we can send these out on parole and trust them to society, surely we can take our unfortunates and give them the advantages of reformation in the helpful environments I have described to you. They would be self-supporting, and in the end there would be less cost to the state — and less crime.

HUMAN POSSIBILITIES

And I know that in such environments it would be possible that most of these unfortunates, through the suffering that they had endured that you know nothing about, would arouse the strength of their higher natures and become in the course

of time valuable citizens, and some ultimately law-makers, teachers, and reformers. How dare we stultify the possibilities of the soul of man? Can we not let our imagination soar so far into this broad arena of spiritual life and picture the future?

"Is my picture so far-fetched? If you can take men and let them out on parole now, with everything to contend with, striving for the dollar and their bread and butter, with no end of difficulties, everything to discourage them — if you can do this now, surely you could support a scheme of brotherhood reformatories, leaving out all creeds, making them a universal expression of the hearts of the people, held down by no special system, except that of the laws of the state; but those laws would have been made by you, and so you would have become a part of them.

NO MORE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"I can feel your hearts pulsating with the thought of this picture. There are only a few here who are so held in and limited and prejudiced, who cannot break the bars and look out, who will ever advocate capital punishment after this. You can't do it. My heart, the persuasion of my heart and my voice, my love for humanity and my hopes for the unfortunate, certainly will be enough to move you to concerted action; and concerted action, when hearts are united, is like one great throbbing ocean of spiritual force.

"When hearts and minds are united, then the soul speaks, and then my prayer, my earnest prayer, is that ye men and women of San Diego will arise to the occasion and that you will find yourselves in a new way, that you will study your duties in a new way, that you will realize your responsibilities in a new way, that you may feel the touch of that divine life, the divine law, that you may feel so truly, so splendidly, so fully, so generously, so divinely, that you will declare that California must take the lead. California can no longer support capital punishment."

Resolutions Accepted

At the close of Madame Tingley's address the following resolutions were read, and were received with hearty applause. Katherine Tingley then said:

"I wish to thank all present for their splendid attention, and the spirit of sympathy which I have felt in your presence tonight. But I cannot let you go until I have made just one more plea. May I not ask you that there shall be a standing vote in support of these resolutions, that Capital Punishment may be eliminated from the statutes of the State of California?"

In response, the whole audience, with the exception of but half a dozen out of the twelve hundred and fifty present, arose and gave their enthusiastic assent with loud applause. While the audience were still on their feet, Katherine Tingley said: "It is the desire of the Râja-Yoga students who come here almost every week to entertain and to help you, that you join with them in singing that beautiful hymn, *Lead Kindly Light*." To this request the audience enthusiastically responded, and at the conclusion, the Râja-Yoga International Chorus sang, *There is Music by the River*.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY CLUB
RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

“Judge Not, That Ye Be Not Judged.”

The members of the Helena Petrovna Blavatsky Club, a representative body of the students of the Râja-Yoga Academy, a department of the School of Antiquity, of which Katherine Tingley is Foundress-Directress, on hearing of the death sentences of J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and others, to be executed during this month of April, 1914, have unanimously adopted the following resolutions, to protest against this infringement of the Divine Laws of Justice and Mercy.

WHEREAS: The Râja-Yoga School was established to educate the youth in accordance with the spiritual laws of life, and one of the essential teachings of Râja-Yoga is the duality of human nature, and the continual warfare between the Lower and the Higher Self; and

WHEREAS: This knowledge has been lost to the world, and these men were not taught to rule the Lower by the Higher Self, and therefore cannot be condemned for their mistakes; and

WHEREAS: We are our Brothers' Keepers, and are responsible for their welfare, and the death penalty destroys all chance in this life of a man's squaring himself with the world; and crime has not been lessened by capital punishment; and the death penalty creates misery and poverty in many homes; and

WHEREAS: The psychological effect of the fear of death adds to the despair which may lead others to crime; and such a death liberates evil influences beyond human power to control, which could be held in check if the man were given another chance; and

WHEREAS: Capital Punishment makes Death a horrible nightmare instead of the entrance into the Larger Life, as it is under the workings of the Higher Law; and

WHEREAS: Life is heaven-given, and man cannot give it, and so has no right to take it away: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That not only should the present sentences be removed, but the death penalty should be forever blotted from the records of our civilization.

RESOLVED: That in order to accomplish this, we appeal to the Divine in Man to arouse itself in protest against this inhuman act.

RESOLVED: That to follow Christ's teaching, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it is our duty to help these men, not put them beyond the reach of help.

RESOLVED: That we appeal to His Excellency Governor Johnson to commute the death sentences of J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and the other condemned men, in

AN APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT 351

accordance with the spirit of the Higher Law, and thus be a helper in the work of placing California in the ranks of our most enlightened States.

In behalf of all the members of the Helena Petrovna Blavatsky Club, founded July 1913, among whom are represented six nations.

Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

KARIN HEDLUND
President
MARGARET HANSON
Secretary

Râja-Yoga Academy, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914.

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB

RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

"Fortune's Favored Soldiers, Loyal and Alert."

PRIMARY OBJECTS:

1. To form a nucleus of dependable Râja-Yoga workers for Brotherhood, under the guidance of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley.
2. To aid in raising the standard of our Râja-Yoga College, by the example of our daily life.
3. To put into practice at all times, the highest ideals of manhood, and the teachings of Râja-Yoga.

SECONDARY OBJECTS:

1. To acquire a greater knowledge of, and facility in, public speaking.
2. To gain a more thorough mastery of the English language.
3. To study and practice Parliamentary Law.

"Thou Shalt Not Kill."

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR HIRAM JOHNSON,
State House, Sacramento, California.

Honorable Sir:

The WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB was organized in June, 1906, by the students of the Boys' Department of the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, which college is a Department of the School of Antiquity (Incorporated), and of which college Katherine Tingley is the Foundress-Directress. This Club is the central one of many Boys' Brotherhood Clubs that have been established by Katherine Tingley throughout the world since 1898.

At a special meeting of this Club, held on this, the Second Day of April, 1914, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: J. Allen, Ralph Fariss, and others, have been legally condemned to be hanged during this month of April, 1914, and they are, in the sense that we are all essentially divine, our brothers; and moreover, *they have probably*

been deprived of the opportunities that we have had of learning the invaluable lessons of self-control; and had we not been afforded such opportunities, we do not know to what temptations we ourselves might have succumbed; and

WHEREAS: It is the aim of the members of this Club honorably to meet life's responsibilities, and thus prepare themselves to better serve humanity; and we believe in putting into practice the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"; and in our opinion, every man worthy of the name, must instinctively throttle the voice of conscience and humanity, in order to permit a fellow-being to be hanged or otherwise executed; and

WHEREAS: The WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB has been given the opportunity of co-operating with Katherine Tingley in her efforts to abolish Capital Punishment in general, and in her protest against the execution of these men in particular; and has also been given the opportunity of co-operating with the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, in the Resolutions unanimously adopted by that Body on March 31, 1914: Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB appeal to His Excellency, Governor Hiram Johnson, to commute the sentence of our condemned brothers, and thereby give them another chance to learn their lessons from their serious mistakes, and thus possibly become in time worthy citizens; and that in no sense do we presume to ask that our condemned brothers be set free; but that we repeat the words of our Teacher, Katherine Tingley: "They should have another chance in the most humane environments."

RESOLVED: That His Excellency, Governor Johnson, be reminded that we are to make the future citizens of this State; and that we—and we feel all the people of our State, who have the true Christian Spirit—will ever cherish his memory for any act of clemency he may show to erring fellow-beings.

RESOLVED: That the following words from Shakespeare fittingly express our own sentiments:

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.*

AN APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT 353

In behalf of all the members of the WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE CLUB, among whom are represented nine different nations.

HUBERT DUNN

Censor

Approved: KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

MONTAGUE A. MACHELL

President

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.

Secretary

Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, California, April 2, 1914.

AN APPEAL

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR,
Sacramento, California.

Dear Sir:

The members of the Woman's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian) of Point Loma, California, associated with other Leagues throughout the world under the Leadership of Madame Katherine Tingley, their Foundress-Directress, and organized to protect the homes and to safeguard the interests of civic and national life and harmonious international relations, at a meeting of the Council of said League on this date, March 31, 1914, do hereby adopt the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: We learn that the fate of J. Allen and Ralph Fariss and others now in San Quentin penitentiary legally condemned to death, is in your hands and their cry for mercy is in your heart; and know that the influence of your decision is a responsibility that will react upon many lives and that it will be far-reaching and potent in its effects for good or ill; and

WHEREAS: We hold that, in view of the tie of human brotherhood as a fact in Nature, we, as intrinsic parts of the body politic, enjoying its rights, also share in the responsibility of its wrongs; and that, in the eyes of the Higher Law, we also share in the guilt of evil-doers who may be more blindly led and more sorely tempted than we ourselves, through the influence of environmenting conditions for which we hold that we are, in part, responsible; and

WHEREAS: We believe that nothing which is morally wrong should be considered legally right; that the common law should be an instrument not of *destruction* but of *instruction* and that its mission should be not to destroy but to fulfil; that no beneficent purpose can be served, either for the men now condemned or for others in like case or for Society, by thus cutting short the lives of these unfortunate men and removing them by force from the School in which Nature has placed them, but that, on the contrary, in so doing we miserably shirk a sacred responsibility and cruelly deprive them of whatever opportunities for improvement this life might otherwise have to offer; and

WHEREAS: We hold that all men have the God-given right to correct their mis-

takes and do what they can to restore the harmony their acts have violated, no less than the harmony within their own natures; that this, in short, is the Divine End towards which all are struggling, and that the greater the sin the greater the need for help and opportunity for readjustment; and

WHEREAS: We believe that in every man, even in those who temporarily lose all control of their passions, there resides an inner Divine Power which, if appealed to in the spirit of true brotherliness and strengthened by discipline and co-operation, enables even those who have failed many times to conquer the evil impulses which impelled them, and transmute the evil into good; and

WHEREAS: It is our conviction and belief that if he who has done the evil deed does not himself atone by transmuting the evil in his nature into good, these wicked impulses live on after the man's body is dead and constitute a menace to weak and innocent persons, poisoning the atmosphere of thought and feeling in which we all live and breeding crime by their unseen influence — thus accounting for many of those sporadic outbursts of crime which are as yet neither controlled nor understood; and that a living man, guarded within prison walls, is better than a disembodied evil passion seeking a victim to satisfy its desires; and

WHEREAS: As law-abiding citizens, we believe in restraint and correction for wrong-doers, but believe that our beloved commonwealth of California is powerful enough to impose the necessary restraint upon those who are dangerous to Society; and that fearless mercy will lead to an intuitive understanding of even the criminal's nature, to the end of true reform, while his death warrant must ever bear, when challenged, the stamp of social ignorance and weakness; and

WHEREAS: It has been our good fortune to assist Katherine Tingley for many years in her efforts to reform and to uplift the discouraged and the fallen, in and out of prisons and among both men and women; and

WHEREAS: We have observed the effect of her teachings of Man's essential Divinity and the Brotherhood of Mankind upon erring men and women — in particular upon the unfortunates in our prisons — and have seen many a hardened criminal reformed through the knowledge that there were those who believed in his Divine power to redeem himself and who, while not condoning his guilt, still looked upon him as a brother; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That, whatever the guilt of these condemned men may be, or of other condemned men in other States or nations, they are human, like ourselves, and are our brothers, with like need of merciful judgment; that shameful death will not undo their crime while it will act to prevent them from learning needed lessons in Life's great School of Experience; that their execution serves no purpose of reform in their embittered fellow-prisoners or in the ranks of hardened criminals at large, while the shadow of the scaffold that ever darkens the saddened lives of a wide circle of innocent ties would, in some measure, surely fall with deepened horror upon us all,

AN APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT 355

since no man can sin or suffer the effects of sin alone; that the signs of the times point to an awakening of the public conscience regarding the unrealized horror of Capital Punishment, and that it were well for the fair name of sunny California that it early abolish the outgrown barbarity which our children will be embarrassed to explain; and, be it also

RESOLVED: That, in the name of thousands of humanitarian women throughout the world, who are united in seeking to understand better their own responsibilities to their homes and to the world, we earnestly entreat you to use the power of your honorable position in staying the executioner's hand in the case of these condemned men, that you may give to human brothers what is yours alone to give; that you may make your act a signal response to the cry for *another chance* that pleads in every human heart;

That, as Women, many of us mothers of sons, we plead for the condemned; as workers for humanity, we plead for the good name and the protection of Society; that, as members of God's great family, we plead for all those who, in spite of their mistakes, are still our Brothers; and that, in addition, we declare it our conviction that Your Excellency, as the First Citizen of our fair State, by resolute courage in stepping out in defense of the Higher Law of Compassion, would invoke its protection in a new and Divine expression that would benefit all the world.

In behalf of the members of the Woman's International Theosophical League, (unsectarian, humanitarian) among whom are represented twenty-five different nations.

KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

(MRS.) ELIZABETH C. SPALDING
President

(MRS.) ESTELLE C. HANSON
Secretary

Dated March 31, 1914, at the Headquarters of the Women's International Theosophical League (unsectarian, humanitarian), Point Loma, California.

A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND AN APPEAL FOR ITS ABOLISHMENT

*The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, iv. 1.

Every man who errs, no matter how seriously he errs, deserves another chance.

KATHERINE TINGLEY

The Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity is a world-wide body, unsectarian and non-political, established in New York in 1897 by Katherine

Tingley, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society throughout the world, for the purpose of aiding and uplifting Humanity along practical lines; in which work it has been actively engaged since its foundation.

Among its objects are the following:

"To abolish Capital Punishment."

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

In pursuance of these objects and to make an appeal to the public of California and of other States of America which still retain the death penalty among their statutes, and to the enlightened public throughout the world; and in particular to appeal to the Governor of the State of California mercifully to exercise his power of clemency and to commute the death sentences in all cases that may come before him, a special meeting of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity was held at its headquarters at Point Loma, California, this day, March 31st, 1914, at which the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: Among the enlightened and seriously thinking people of all civilized countries there is a growing recognition of human solidarity and the Brotherhood and mutual interdependence of all men, and a recognition that Society as a whole is responsible for the conditions that result in crime; and further, that being responsible it is the duty of Society and the State to reform and not merely to punish the criminal — which responsibility is virtually denied by the execution of the death sentence; and

WHEREAS: Society as a whole, represented by the State, has an equal responsibility with the individual to display those attributes which distinguish man from the brute, and to follow the highest dictates of virtue and of humanity as well as those of divine law; and hence the divine command, re-echoed by Jesus, "Thou shalt not kill," applies to and is equally binding on the State as on the individual, the State being equally bound with the individual to respect the laws of the State, and not to commit an offense against any of its laws, such as the taking of life; and

WHEREAS: In retaining the death penalty among its statutes the State virtually arrogates to itself supreme right which belongs to Deity alone; viz., the taking of life, man's sacred possession and inalienable right; and

WHEREAS: There is a growing distrust of the efficacy, humanity and common-sense of Capital Punishment, and a growing revolt of thinking people against this method of dealing with the heinous offense of murder by repeating it judicially, in cold blood; and

WHEREAS: By executing the sentence of Capital Punishment the State commits an act which, committed by an individual, it condemns, which act is irrevocable and in many instances has been inflicted upon persons who have afterwards

AN APPEAL TO ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT 357

been found innocent, in which instances the State stands convicted of crime, not merely of blunder; and

WHEREAS: The protection of Society can be assured and safeguarded by the proper restraint — by incarceration — of the criminal, permitting the exercise of humane, remedial and educative measures for his reform and possible restoration as a useful and honorable member of Society; Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That, and we do hereby most earnestly protest against the infliction of the death penalty, and make this appeal for the Abolishment of Capital Punishment, which violates the sacredness of human life;

RESOLVED: That we appeal to and call upon every enlightened citizen of the State of California, of the United States of America, and of the whole world, to unite in a solemn protest against the enforcement of Capital Punishment; and to abolish from the statutes of all States and Countries the death penalty;

RESOLVED: That we call upon the humanity of the Twentieth Century to arise and proclaim itself in recognition of the duty and obligation of man to man, and brother to brother;

RESOLVED: That we call upon the people of the State of California to support this appeal to His Excellency, the Governor of California, to mercifully exercise his prerogative of clemency and commute the death sentences of those men in San Quentin penitentiary now awaiting execution;

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Governor of the State of California and other officials, and that the same be printed and sent to the Governors of every State of the United States of America, and to the Heads of Governments and their Ministers throughout the world, and be published broadcast among the peoples of the earth.

On behalf of all the members throughout the world of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, among whom are representatives of twenty-five nations, resident at the International Headquarters at Point Loma,

KATHERINE TINGLEY
Foundress-Directress

C. THURSTON
President
FRED J. DICK
Secretary

Dated March 31, 1914, at the Headquarters of the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity (unsectarian and non-political), Point Loma, California.