

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1914

NO. 5

FROM the gods, as the wisest of men have acknowledged, we derive our souls and enjoy their activities. As everything is infilled and pervaded by divine reason and eternal consciousness, of necessity it follows that the soul of man is influenced by its kinship with the divine. But when not asleep, the affairs and disturbances of life distract our faculties, and our body thus disguises our unity and intercourse with the divine. — *Cicero, On Divination*, xlix.

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



IN the *Hibbert Journal* there recently appeared an article on "Inspiration," by Professor W. Macneile Dixon, of the chair of English literature in Glasgow University. We notice it as being illustrative of the great changes taking place in contemporary thought, and as showing the way in which Theosophical ideas are permeating the air; and it will be shown how greatly the Theosophical teachings with regard to the septenary constitution of human nature, and particularly concerning the principle called *Manas*, illuminate the subject.

The writer begins by stating that inspiration is not confined to theology but pertains also to poetry and other arts. Humanity has favored the belief that certain people become at times the channels of divine wisdom or warning, communicated in divers ways. Nowadays the term is used more vaguely; and when we say that a poet is inspired, we have in mind rather the effects produced than the cause which might be supposed to produce them. Many instances are cited by the author in support of the proposition that such inspiration is occasional and not permanent; uninvited and uncontrollable, and not subject to the will; impersonal rather than personal, seeming to come from a source outside the personality. It has been compared to madness and called "demonic"; yet even so sane a person as Scott confesses:

I don't wonder that, in dismissing all the other deities of Paganism, the

Muse should have been retained by common consent, for in sober reality writing good verses seems to depend upon something separate from the volition of the author. I sometimes think my fingers set up for themselves, independent of my head; for twenty times I have begun a thing on a certain plan, and never in my life adhered to it (in a work of imagination, that is) for half an hour together.

Goethe gives similar testimony, saying that some of his poems came upon him suddenly and insisted on being composed immediately. Balzac said that the artist is not in the secret of his own intelligence. George Eliot said that in all her best writing there was a "not-herself" which took possession of her, while her own personality felt as though it were merely the recording instrument. Ribot says that inspiration is characterized by two qualities — suddenness and impersonality. Boehme, in whose interpretation of the experience we recognize the coloring of his theological bent, says: "I, in my human self, do not know what I shall have to write; but whatever I am writing the spirit dictates to me what to write, and shows me all in such a wonderful clearness that I do not know whether or not I am with my consciousness in this world."

Passing to a new point, we note what the writer has to say about the physical accompaniments of inspiration.

The favorite seat of an oracle was in a grove of trees, or in the hearing of a mountain stream, and it is remarkable in how many cases the responses seem to have been associated with rhythmical sounds — a murmuring of waters or a whispering of leaves, or, as in the case of the oracle of Zeus at Dodona, a chiming of metal caldrons.

At this shrine there appear also to have been doves, with their crooning music, and when Aeneas landed at Delos the sacred laurels trembled. These and other instances, some from the Hebrew Bible, suggest —

That in the early history of mankind the rhythmical sounds of Nature might be pressed into the service of religion, and might aid the priest or worshiper to attain that emotional exaltation and aloofness from the things of common consciousness which in modern days we seek in music or the melodies of verse. . . .

Such cases illustrate the compelling power of rhythm, which, disengaging the mind from its imprisonment in the web of customary associations, enables it to draw upon resources beyond its normal reach, the resources of depths not often and not strongly stirred. For there appears little room to doubt that the full powers of the mind are but rarely exerted. It appears certain that by

exclusive attention to the immediate environment . . . the mind is continually distracted to external issues, and becomes, so to say, a stranger to its own profounder and less familiar powers. Too little is asked of it, and the response is only equal to the habitual demand. Rendering us forgetful of the world of outer interests, rhythm, whether in music or poetry, gives the soul freedom to enter its own natural home, and draws around it a protecting screen.

Rhythm, he continues, is "in some sense the password which opens to us the gates of the unconscious mind." What is the *imagination*? he next asks; and in passages too long to quote he gives an answer which is equivalent to saying that imagination is the winged steed Pegasus, destined to carry us from earth to heaven, but restive and uncontrollable to the last degree. In short, the eternal problem of the relation between the two powers of *aspiration* and *control* is propounded — those two facets of our marvelous human nature, whose mutual opposition makes all evolution and growth.

A point which calls for special attention is that which deals with the test for the truth of an oracle. What is the criterion of an inspiration — whether it be true or false? " 'Therein the patient must minister to himself.' There is no other criterion than the answering impulse, and who will analyse for us the emotion of conviction, the mystic union of the mind with itself? "

Passing now to some comments on the above, we take them in enumerated heads, as follows:

(1) The relation between the inspiration of the genius and the laborious studies of the plodder. Here we are confronted by a duality, a pair of opposites, a couple of polar forces, both of them essential, indeed complementary and interdependent. We dare not disparage either of them, or extol one at the expense of the other. Without one, the other could not exist; they are as mutually dependent as light and darkness — as force and inertia. What could genius do in the total absence of technique? It could not speak a line or write a word or play a note. And if genius is intermittent, as said above, then here is surely the opportunity for technique. When the Muse is away, the poet can polish up his technique — a better employment than reacting to some extreme of pessimism or indulgence, as some geniuses have done. The greatest geniuses have gone on two legs, so to say; or, to put it another way, they have had feet upon which they could walk when their wings were tired. *Inspiration* and *technique* are both essential, and the greatest masters have excelled in both. They can

be used alternately. The plodder prepares a ready instrument for genius to play upon.

(2) The antithesis between "inspiration" and "reason." We write these words in quotation marks in order to indicate that we do not necessarily regard them as correctly defining the two things between which the antithesis actually exists; and that false antitheses may arise from an obscurity in the definitions of words. This antithesis is perhaps most familiar in religion: on the one side is placed what is called "reason" — namely, the slow but powerful argumentative faculty of the mind; on the other side are ranged inspiration, illumination, authority, dogma, and whatever may be considered as antithetical to the aforesaid reason. The problem is how to reconcile them. But they are merely the two polar forces that run throughout nature and are manifested in our own nature: one expansive, the other contractile; one reaching out for the new, the other setting in order the old; yes, and one often doing the work of the other. So in science there are the discoverers and the methodizers; in all arts there are the pioneers of new schools and those who adhere strongly to established methods. In conduct the antithesis is between *impulse* and *order*; in government, between *liberty* and *law*; in philosophy, between *freewill* and *necessity*; in morals, between *desire* and *obligation*. In all these cases the contradiction appears the stronger the more limited is our vision, and becomes adjusted as our vision expands. Our whole life is a perpetual adjustment of contraries, even from the smallest co-ordinated muscular movements. A portion of the consciousness that enters into a man may at some time in the past have spent years in the body of some small creature learning how to co-ordinate the movements of from six to a hundred different legs; and we are still learning how to co-ordinate the workings of our various faculties. Inspiration and genius are not contradictory of reason and calculation; the two are necessarily complementary. But the whole which includes two parts is necessarily greater than either. And here comes in that quotation from the writer, that "the full powers of the mind are but rarely exerted," "resources beyond its normal reach?" etc. How large and grand must be that mind when fully developed? — or rather, when we are fully conscious of it. For consciousness in man seems to depend on a union between some power which may be called "attention" and certain other faculties which already exist in him. It is thus that we

can have faculties of which we are not aware: our attention (whatever that may be) is elsewhere. It is occupied with other matters. It is concentrated on the lower mind, which is occupied with the upkeep of the body and with various interests, real or imagined. So we need special temporary circumstances to deaden the lower consciousness. Stimulants and drugs may do this temporarily, but at fearful cost. Music may do it, less expensively and more legitimately. But such a fitful elevation is like an elastic stretched; it will soon fly back; and our whole life needs to be remodeled, if we are to make both body and mind into fitting and permanent receptacles of the higher influences.

“ Gives the soul freedom to enter its own natural home.” Not to enter a state of temporary exaltation or delusion of the imagination, but to escape from a state of abnormal depression and habitual nightmare of the imagination; to return home. And music and rhythm do this. The power of music, rhythm, and sound seems to win more and more attention every day; it is one of the teachings of Theosophy. *Sound* and *rhythm* are two very occult potencies, both combined in music. The effect of music, acting both through the vibrations of sound and through harmony, is to harmonize the nature of the hearer. Music is a great teacher; but it must be rightly used, and used in conjunction with an earnest purpose and with other aids to self-knowledge.

(3) We now pass naturally to the subject of the accessories of inspiration — the trees, groves, fountains, hills, birds, etc., of which the author speaks. A study of ancient mystic ceremonial reveals the existence of a definite science, which at one time appears to have been matter of common knowledge, while in later times the knowledge paled into mere fragmentary memories and often superstitions. It would be out of place to burden the page with quotations to illustrate such ceremonials; and it is unnecessary, for the subject is so well known. No mere superstition could rest on such a broad and universal basis; these observances must have been *effectual*, or we should not find them unanimously adhered to by the races of men of all times and lands. But ceremonial alone will not achieve much; and in many instances today the ceremonial is all that has been preserved. Yet some true instinct bids keep it up, though the meaning is forgotten. Such ancient institutions as the dance and various rhythmic motions, the song, the symbolic drama, are receiving revived attention in our

day. The signs indicate a cyclic return of forgotten knowledge. Even athletics were connected with sacred ceremonial and with the cult of the Muse. *Sacred games* in ancient Greece included athletics with poetical recitations. The proper care and training of the body constitutes, with the training of the intellectual faculties and the culture of harmony, the triad of education.

(4) The meaning of the word *Manas*, as used in Theosophy. Broadly speaking, it denotes "mind," and so is used for both the lower and the higher mind. Used alone, and in contradistinction to the "lower manas," or "kâma-manas," it stands for the higher mind in man, and answers largely to what the writer attempts to describe when he writes about inspiration and genius. It is the source whence spring the inspirations that lead to poetic, musical, and artistic expression, and that fill the soul with lofty enthusiasms. The faculty is surely latent for the most part with us today. Our materialistic life has done much to prevent its manifestation. Referring to the table of the Seven Principles of Man, we find that Manas or Mind is dual, being capable of affinity with either the Spiritual Soul (*Buddhi*) or the animal soul (*Kâma*). The Manas is the characteristic human principle, making man what he is. It is the central pivot of his nature, wherein resides the power of conscious choice. And so his mind is dual, because in part it soars upward, and in part it gravitates downward; and we are reminded of Persephone, in the beautiful classic tale, who passed part of the time with her mother Ceres, and part with Pluto, lord of the nether regions. Verily we feel within ourselves the longing of the human soul for its Olympic home. H. P. Blavatsky wrote a celebrated article on "Civilization, the Death of Art and Beauty." The word "civilization," as thus used, is wrongly used. We feel that the ancient Greeks had something which we have lost—a joy of life, a sense of harmony and beauty that entered into everything. Yet this Greek spirit was but a brief afterglow or temporary revival of what had dwelt with men more permanently in still earlier ages. We are not fully awake. In pursuance of the destiny of mankind, we have gone far afield in order to develop certain sides of our nature that needed developing, and in order to gain fuller experience and greater responsibility; and in so doing, we have lost sight of the Eden from which we were self-exiled. Now we long for a return.

And the conditions of such return? They are *harmony*. Har-

mony has to be established in human life. The over-accentuation of personality militates against harmony. It is when we temporarily forget ourselves that we are happiest and nearest to the goal. Sympathy and sympathetic understanding must unite men's souls and hearts, as scientific invention has united their bodies and physical interests. Harmony and rhythm cannot subsist except among numbers, and harmony has been well defined as the equilibrium of opposites. Hence we do not want uniformity, but concord and singleness of heart.

(5) The impersonal character of inspiration. "Something outside of myself — a not-myself." A vindication of the Theosophical teaching that what is ordinarily called the self is not really the self. How people have got the matter reversed! They mistake their ordinary consciousness for their true self; and so the true, when it emerges, seems to them like somebody else. Sometimes, when there is a theological flavoring, this inspiration is deified; it is a heavenly visitation. If vanity is the keynote of the character, the notion of a special favor may obsess the mind. Another person may perhaps think he is in communication with some departed spirit. Delusions are manifold. But the real explanation is sober enough. We have called into use a higher faculty, but have not yet reached the stage of being able to recognize it as part of ourself or of being able to control it. All too frequently our nature is too infirm to stand the strain, and the nervous system seeks relief in some regrettable form of reaction. This new being that steps in is our Self, and yet not ourself; it is not our ordinary self. Personalism is an atmosphere which it cannot breathe. So here is the key to inspiration: *we must avoid personalism*. Also, any so-called inspiration that comes to a mind warped by personalism must be itself more or less colored like water after flowing through a dirty pipe.

The condition for developing higher faculties, like those of the higher Manas, is purification of the mind and body. Another thing is that there must be efforts on the part of many people co-operating together. We are so interdependent; we live and breathe in the same mental and moral atmosphere. It is perhaps not surprising that the Muses do not come to our haunts. Probably we might shoot them, as *the sporting parson is said to have shot an angel*. It is quite certain that some people would tabulate and classify them and subject them to test-conditions. Can't one imagine how some of these

people would prose about the subject at the meetings of societies, and write books, and get their names up! It would be very difficult for any one of the nine sisters to find a home; wellnigh impossible to find a brain that would not turn or a bosom that would not palpitate with excitement and vanity over the visitation. So no wonder we court the Muses in vain; yet it is just as easy to conceive of right conditions as of wrong ones, and the Muses *might* be induced to visit us if we could provide a courteous welcome.

(6) All is not gold that glitters, nor is all that comes into our mind from an unknown source necessarily magnificent. If it were so, then homicidal mania would be an inspiration. And between homicidal mania and divine afflatus there are many degrees! There are all kinds of "seership" and mediumship, automatic writing and so forth; and all kinds of fanaticisms, collective hallucinations, personal quips and cranks, etc. So we cannot be too cautious. As the writer says, we must judge by the quality of the product. Also, it is only the true that can stand the test of time, the great winnower. *We must sound the note of impersonality, solidarity*, as H. P. Blavatsky sounded it and all the great Teachers have sounded it. If we think that inspiration is worth having; if we would rise to greater heights in our own nature and realize greater possibilities in life; then surely we shall both expect and welcome certain inevitable trials. For we shall find that our habits have a life of their own, which they are unwilling to give up; and we shall be divided against ourselves and pass through storms of doubt and tribulation.

In speaking of the "development of higher powers," there is need for avoiding the narrow sense which this phrase has to some extent acquired through misuse. Clearly, if it means the attempt to stick additional feathers in our tail, the meaning cannot be correct; for this would merely amount to an accentuation of personalism, and so would narrow our nature instead of expanding it. What it should mean is the aspiration to live a truer life, to escape from the squirrel-wheel of our self-centered thoughts and interests, and to emerge like the butterfly from the chrysalis into the sunshine and air. But we can never achieve that so long as we make personal-ity the pivot around which our globe revolves; and therefore it is essential for the genuine aspirant that he should strive against the desire for personal aggrandizement of any kind. In stating this, we are merely stating what we believe to be the laws of nature; and

other people are of course at liberty to have other opinions. There may be some, for instance, who prefer the path of personal ambition to that of the Muses, and who may be anxious to justify their choice by philosophy. Let them make out their own case.

Our tongue needs words by which to define the inspiration from the higher nature of man. We have words which partially express it, but which unfortunately express also other and lesser things. Such words are love, beauty, harmony, enthusiasm, inspiration, and the like. It is a breath of the universal life; the universal life pervades every atom of our nature and takes on different qualities in each of the different parts which it pervades. Thus it might be compared with a breeze sweeping over the manifold chords of a great harp and evoking sounds of all qualities from the coarsest to the most sublime; or to the solar light passing through transparencies of different colors. Aspiration itself is a power, and we all have it; and this power can draw other powers to itself.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION: by Magister Artium



MUCH debated question at the present time is whether the Greek and Latin classics shall, or shall not, be taught in schools. We find extreme views taken on each side of the question. Nor can it be said that the views are defined by classes of people, for engineers are found arguing for the classics, and educators against them; and *vice versa*. A moderate view is that the classics should be taught to a few, but not included in general education.

If it can be shown that classical teaching, as now imparted, produces unfavorable results, this is no argument against classical teaching; for it may be reform that is needed, not abolition. On these grounds one might throw over education altogether. Hence we have to consider not what results *are* produced, but what results *might be* produced. We find some people arguing against the abuse of classical education, and others extolling the benefits to be derived from a right use thereof. But, most of all, we find (as usual in this age of hasty and facile publication) extremely partial, undigested, and local views,

based on a small modicum of facts and putting but one side of the question, like a speech in a debate.

Thus the controversy is in a very vague state and the issues much confused.

There has been a movement in favor of specialized education, and this is now tending to witness a reaction. Maturer consideration shows that teaching can be of both kinds, each useful for its own peculiar purpose. There can be general education — or “ education ” in the truer sense of the word; and special instruction — which is really not education at all, though some people confuse it therewith.

If we aim directly at an object, we aim too low. Or, to put it in another way, we do not know how to aim directly; we aim straight, as we think, but a defect in our vision causes us to strike a line that misses the mark. Should we teach a man to play a musical instrument without his having a knowledge of the theory of music? Results of a kind may be obtained in that way, but of how inferior a quality! Or should a man learn the practical technique of a mechanical trade without a knowledge of abstract mathematics? Again we get results, but of an inferior kind. These illustrations — and readers can cite many more — suggest some principles for consideration:

(1) Branches of study blend into one another.

(2) The abstract underlies the concrete; and the general the particular.

(3) The part should be studied in connexion with the whole.

The study of the classical languages is a part of the study of language, and classical literature is a part of literature in general. It is possible to study language in general, or a language in particular. The former is abstract, the latter concrete. If we are to study language itself, we can do so but very imperfectly through the medium of a single tongue. With more than one tongue, we can make the study more effective, as we have a larger scope of particulars from which to draw general principles. If the languages we study are all modern, our scope is limited in comparison with our range when we include ancient languages in our *répertoire*.

The study of language is the study of the relation of thoughts to words and to word-grouping. Words and phraseology are the formal expression of thoughts. A more important feature of general education than this could hardly be imagined. It is easy, however, to

imagine how much is missed by the one who has not studied language through the medium of ancient languages. And this is said, of course, on the understanding that the classical teaching is not such as to petrify the mind. It is not pertinent to the real issue to point to the futile products of a wooden academicalism, for it is not classical education that is to blame for this result, but other things. The same kind of fatuity could be produced by the same method of education applied to other subjects; and it were well, by the way, that we took care lest we produce it in business, science, technology, or any other subject we may be pleased to regard as "practical."

It is often pointed out by maturer minds that the hastier critics of education methods do not seem to have understood what education is. They have confused it with special training. Education is a preparation of the faculties, without any other definite object in view. If there is such a definite object, then the education becomes to that extent tinged with specialization, and thereby loses its distinctive character.

Should education be imparted with a view to the calling into life which the pupil is expected to follow? One obvious drawback to this is that it may be too early to decide upon the calling. The views of a parent as to the future of his child are not always the wisest or most practical, and thus there is danger that too early specialization may have a cramping effect. Again, the champions of true education claim that the whole essence of it is that there should *not* be a definite vocational aim; such would interfere with its general and unrestricted character. A good foundation is the best basis for any superstructure; indeed it is the indispensable basis. And while laying the foundation it is not necessary to pay much attention to the character of that superstructure; at least, not in the earlier stages.

The argument that the details of school teaching are (as is alleged) forgotten, can only be regarded as valid on the assumption that the teaching was given with a view to these details being *remembered*. But is it essential that they should be remembered? If the mind has been trained, that fact alone may be all-sufficient. This argument would seem to imply that the purpose of education is to "load the mind with facts" — the very thing against which the critics of education cavil. Is a young person taught history for the exclusive purpose of storing his memory with the facts concerned?

That may be one purpose, but it is surely not the only one; perhaps not even the chief one.

It is thus easy to see the basis of many of the criticisms of education, and also how wrongly these criticisms are founded. In a school the pupils may be taught, not only history, but geography, mathematics, music, and science. But it is not expected that every pupil will thereby blossom into a combination of a musician, historian, geographer, mathematician, engineer, etc. No one ever expects that all the children who learn music will become musicians. Consequently it would be foolish to deprive a child of his lessons in drawing, on the ground that he is not going to be an artist or an architect. What then shall we say of the argument that a child must not be taught the classics because he will never speak Latin or teach it or study it in after life?

The purpose of education is to open the mind and make it receptive, to give it ampler spaces over which to roam, to enrich it, to endow it with new faculties. The mind is thereby refined and given a chance to escape from things material, things present, things commonplace. A person who has had his mind rightly educated is fitted to apply himself successfully to any calling that requires intelligence, method, precision, concentration, patience, or any of the powers developed by a good education. The mere technical details will cause him no trouble.

Is it sad to see University men engaged in humble, commercial, or mechanical callings? Not necessarily, for they might have been doing those things without the university education, so they are the richer for having had it.

The too narrow one-pointed view of study leads us to many absurd conclusions. Take the case of some dull young lady who practises the piano assiduously for many years, and then gives it up without ever having acquired proficiency. Has her time been wasted? Not from any point of view. To begin with, it is a mistake to look always to the *end*, because there never is any real end; our great mistake in life is that we are always running after something and never catching it. She has had all those years of occupation, and what else can be expected of life but to be occupied? Again, even if we do look to the end, we must realize that all that patient work has trained and developed a whole host of faculties besides the mere ability to strike

the keys. And in view of reincarnation, this circumstance becomes most important.

Or take the case of shorthand. It would well repay anyone to learn that, even if he never employed it. For it is a most valuable training in concentration and many other things. But instances of the kind might be multiplied indefinitely.

Another delusion which distorts our opinions on the value of education — we take a too personal view. This is a fallacy that enters into life in general, and education is only a particular instance. It has often been said that Western civilization over-accentuates the personality. True, strong individuality is characteristic of progressive races, and may be contrasted with a certain abeyance of individuality held to be characteristic of stagnant races. But individuality and personalism have become rather confused together; and we have carried the ideal of a strong individuality too far in the direction of mere self-assertion and personal rivalry. In this way our life is narrowed and limited. In a school a boy is often greatly benefited by the mere fact of being taken from a home atmosphere where he is a little king or god, and made to mix with many others on an equal footing with no special favor from anybody. He learns that he has an existence as part of a body, besides his existence as a personal unit. And the teacher teaches classes rather than individuals. After all, education is for the benefit of humanity, rather than for the advancement of individuals. They are happiest whose personality does not occupy a large space in their horizon. *Mind* is to a great extent common property, like the air; it is not nearly so individualized as we think. A student may fulfil one of life's greatest duties, and earn one of life's best privileges, by discharging his functions as one member of a class or corporate fellowship. If it seems good that students in general shall be taught the classics as part of their general education, then those who desire to share in the opportunity will do well to observe the conditions; otherwise they may get what nutriment they can out of a private tutor. This line of argument throws light on the question of teaching many subjects to girls: in doing so, we are helping to educate the *race* and to refine it. This is surely advantageous; for what is the alternative? If appeal is to be made to the wishes of men, let us ask whether they prefer that their woman-kind should be cultured and refined or the reverse.

It would take too long to enter at length into the many advantages

to be derived from a study of the classics; for this we must be content to refer to extant literature on that topic. But we would take the occasion to enforce the idea that the classics are a good instance of the kind of study that yields most profit when it is studied in dissociation from the utilitarian idea. Even great and practical men of science admit that discoveries spring most fruitfully from the garden of science pursued as a labor of love. The paradox arises that, the more some critics say that we shall not teach classics, the more necessary it becomes to teach them; and that the very arguments they use for their case are really the most convincing arguments against it. If classics are not practical in their sense of the word, they are *ipso facto* eminently practical in another and better sense. They should be studied for the very reason that they are not practical in this fallacious sense of the word. For, however important the utilitarian side of education may be, that importance is dependent upon the equivalent development of the other side of education. These higher aspects of education should be special for a few, but all should have a grounding in them.

Finally — most of the objections made against classical education saddle it with faults for which it is not to blame. The faults of our race in general bear ugly blossoms in the school and in our other institutions, and in our confusion of thought we wrongly assign the blame. The home is largely responsible for the shortcomings attributed to the school, as educators know. Most of the apparent drawbacks to classical education are due to these other causes, and would disappear if these other causes were remedied. Many people are writing books on education, blaming existing systems as producing a useless product, and claiming success for some new method, which perhaps they themselves have successfully tried. But we cannot judge from such early and partial results; what is gained in one way may be lost in another.

But a recognition of reincarnation, the dual nature of man, and allied truths, changes the whole aspect of this, as of other questions.

CAIRO: by C. J. Ryan

He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world: its soil is gold; its Nile is a wonder; its women are like the black-eyed virgins of Paradise; its houses are palaces; and its air is soft—its odors surpassing those of aloes-wood, and cheering the heart: and how can Cairo be otherwise when it is the Mother of the World?—*The Thousand and One Nights*



CAIRO, the romantic city of the "Arabian Nights!" The very name brings up visions of the Pyramids—though they are six miles away; glorious mosques; the Tombs of the Khâlifs; El-Azhar, the ancient Moslem university; the famous Citadel of Saladin (Salâh-ed-dîn) dominating the city; houses with wonderful carved woodwork; the Bazaars; the Coptic churches; the hoary Nile; museums of priceless antiqui-



Cairo, Ancient Street in the Native City

ties; and the picturesque cosmopolitan life of the streets. Lane-Poole, in his standard work on Cairo, writes;

It is not merely the quest of the sun that takes us to Egypt; the total change of scene, of ideas, of manners, attracts us. We are glad to shake off our stereotyped habits and conventions, or at least to see how others do without them; and this it is, as much as its picturesque confusion and its romantic associations, which lends Cairo its imperishable charm. For Cairo is still to a great degree the city of the Arabian Nights.

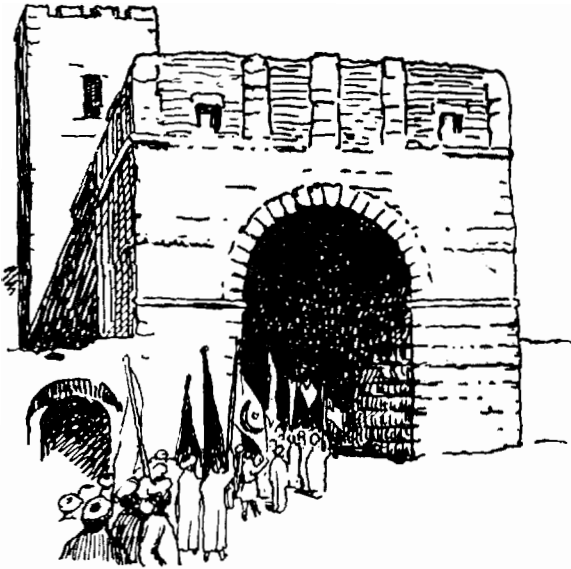
The history of the city does not go beyond Mohammedan times;

it is an entirely Mohammedan creation; there is not a vestige of the ancient Egyptian empire within its boundaries. In the seventh century A. D. the army of Khâlif 'Omar under 'Amr vanquished the weakened forces of the Romans. 'Amr founded his capital, Fostât or Old Cairo, two miles south of the present site. In 969 (358 of the Mohammedan Era) El-Muizz (El-Mo'izz) transferred the seat of government to new Cairo. Under the dynasty of the Fatimites, to which El-Muizz belonged, Egypt prospered exceedingly. Universities were richly endowed and provided with libraries, and the greatest toleration was shown towards other creeds. The Mohammedan Khâlif El-Muizz even rebuilt a church for the Christians. The country was so well governed and peaceful on the whole that even Christians were able to amass immense fortunes without danger of being despoiled or oppressed. It appears that this happy state of affairs, which lasted for over two hundred years, arose mainly as the result of the domination in religious affairs under the Fatimite dynasty of the subdivision of the Shi-ite branch of Islâm called the Ismaili sect. This remarkable body of advanced thinkers finally lost its control after the close of the Fatimite period, but a strong branch of it, the Druzes of Syria, flourishes today. The essential teaching of these philosophers was that the exoteric doctrines of Islâm are merely symbols, and that the wise man must learn the true and allegorical meaning from a real Teacher. The Qur'ân is not the last and final word of God to man, but only a partial revelation mainly intended for the uncritical and simple intellects of the crowd. Man is the Microcosm of the greater World, and the numbers Seven and Twelve, which are written plainly in the universe and in the body of man, are keys to great mysteries.

The name Cairo is a European corruption of Masr-el-Kâhira, "The Victorious"; the natives still call it Masr. Originally it included little more than the residence of the ruler and the quarters for the garrison. During the reign of En-Nâsir- Salâh-ed-dîn ibn Ayyûb, the great "Saladin" who opposed the Crusaders, the Egyptian empire became a far greater power, and Cairo was enlarged and beautified. Saladin combined in an unusual degree the genius for war and love for the beautiful. The Walls, the Citadel, and other remains amply testify to his encouragement of architecture. After the death of his son, El-Kâmil, the country was overrun by various factions, until in 1250 the Mamelukes became strong enough to establish their dynasty on some basis of relative permanency. Lane-Poole writes:

It is one of the most singular facts in Eastern history, that, wherever these rude Tartars penetrated, there they inspired a great and vivid enthusiasm for art; it was the Tartar Ibn-Tulûn who built the first example of the true Saracenic mosque at Cairo; it was the line of Mameluke Sultans, all Turkish or Circassian slaves, who filled Cairo with the most beautiful and abundant monuments that any city can show. The arts were in Egypt long before the Tartars became her rulers, but they stirred them into new life, and made the Saracenic work of Egypt the center and headpiece of Mohammedan art.

There was a true Renaissance of the antique spirit of Egyptian art though under different conditions, and it seems actually as if some of the Pharaohs, the mighty builders of old, were reborn in the persons of the famous art-loving Sultans.



The Bâb-en-Nasr, or Gate of Victory
built by Saladin

Wherever we find traces of the conquering Saracens; in Syria, Persia, North Africa, Egypt, Sicily, or Spain, we see the characteristic and individual style of architecture and ornament that should properly be called Saracenic. It was not entirely Mohammedan, for much of the finest work was produced by Copts and Greeks. The Copts are supposed to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

The Mamelukes, who were originally common slaves, then cup-bearers and officials to the Sultans, controlled the fortunes of Egypt for almost three centuries. The strongest rose to power, and finally to kingship. The great Sultân Ez-Zahîr Beybars (1260-1277), though born a slave and, owing to a cataract in the eye, sold for only \$100, was a man of extraordinary courage, force of character, and diplomatic ability. He distinguished himself in the wars against the Crusaders under "Saint" Louis of France, and seized the throne with little difficulty. Marco Polo relates many interesting particulars of his picturesque career. He built up the Mameluke empire so strongly that it survived all attacks until the Ottomans swept down upon Egypt

in 1517. He built irrigating canals, bridges and causeways, established a postal service, and encouraged art. The manners and customs of the Mamelukes are faithfully depicted in the glowing pages of the "Thousand and One Nights," and the magnificent articles of luxury of this age preserved in the National Museum fully support the accounts of the splendor of the life of the wealthy classes.

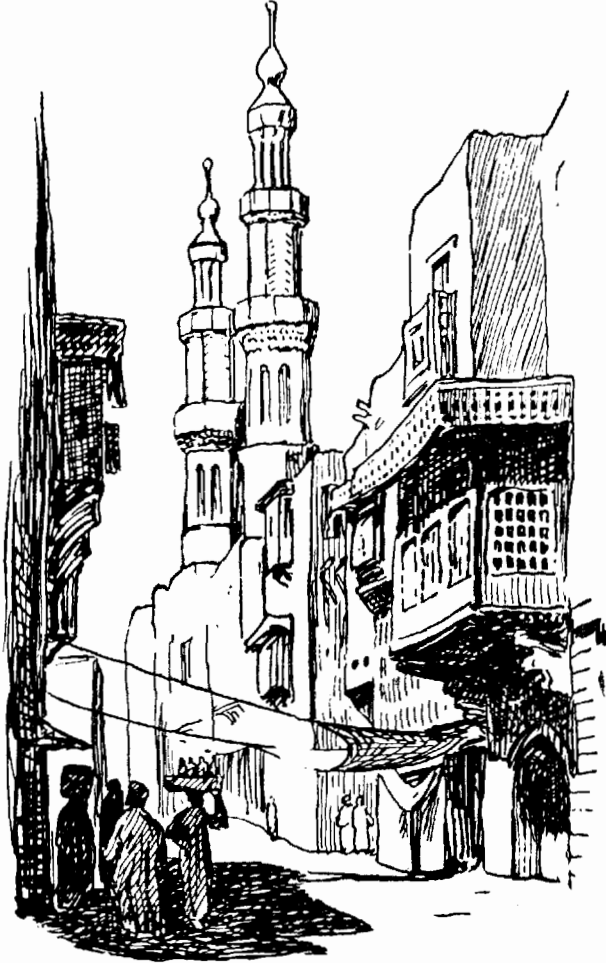
After the Turkish conquest there is not much of interest in Egyptian history until the Napoleonic wars at the end of the eighteenth century, followed by the dramatic story of Mehemet 'Ali's reign. Since then it has chiefly consisted in an account of the efforts to restore the former prosperity. The building of the Suez Canal and the construction of the gigantic Assuân Dam are two great outstanding events of modern times. Some of the methods of Western civilization and science were introduced by the immediate successors of Mehemet 'Ali, but under pressure from the holders of Egyptian Bonds the Great Powers interfered in 1876, dethroned Ismail, who had been too extravagant, and Egypt practically became a big estate with the Powers as landlords. Since 1882 the country has practically ceased to be a part of the Turkish Empire, for England then established a veiled protectorate under which prosperity has greatly increased and even-handed justice been enforced.

Closely identified with the great Sultâns who built them, the mosques of Cairo are a perpetual joy to the lover of architectural beauty. No two are alike, and many that stand in out-of-the-way corners neglected by travelers, are full of interest. India may possess buildings equal in beauty and historical interest to those of Cairo, but no other Oriental country can show anything like them in number, size, and nobility. A mosque is, fundamentally, a very simple structure, planned on the outline of the traditional mosque of Mohammed at Medina — a plain edifice of brick with columns of palm-trunks. Sacred buildings, as we understand them, seem to form no part of the original Mohammedan dispensation. The main purpose of the primitive mosque was to provide a walled-in enclosure for prayer. This soon resolved itself into a courtyard with a fountain, surrounded by a cloister with many rows of columns, the part towards the east being deep enough to provide shelter from the sun at all times. There is a pulpit but no altar, and frequently the tomb of the founder occupies a conspicuous position in a recess screened off from the main part of the building where there is a niche marking the direction of Mecca.

The imposing domes which we generally associate with the idea of a mosque are not found in Cairo until about the twelfth century, but the great mosque of Ibn Tulûn (876 A. D.) possesses the earliest minaret. It is generally believed that the Cairene minarets of the twelfth and two succeeding centuries have never been surpassed in beauty by any

other towers in any part of the world.

The earliest known mosque in Egypt is that of the conqueror 'Amr; it stands in Fostât, or Old Cairo, and dates from 643 A. D. It has been largely restored on account of the prophecy that if destroyed Egypt would be lost to Islâm. When 'Amr was setting out to attack Alexandria, which remained faithful to the Emperor Heraclius, a dove was observed nesting on the tent of the general, who gave orders that it should not be disturbed. On his return, the supposed sacredness of the spot caused him to choose it for the site of his mosque. The marble columns are spoils from



The Twin Minarets of the Mosque of El Moayyad

early Christian churches and possibly from ancient temples.

Interesting stories are told of Ibn Tulûn, the builder of the great mosque that bears his name. The hill upon which it stands was the site of citadel and city before Saladin's majestic Citadel was thought of, and it was considered especially sacred as being the place of the "burning bush" where Moses communed with Jehovah, and being close to the Kal'at-el-Kebsh, the Castle of the Ram, where Abraham

is said to have caught the ram he offered in place of his son Isaac. The Sultân's palace, his race-course, the residences of his great officers, and the main fortifications were here, and, after accidentally finding a great treasure in a cave, he decided to build the finest mosque in the world. The Coptic architect desired to rob the ancient temples of the 600 columns needed, but, fortunately for posterity, the Sultân was a man of culture and had a scholar's reverence for the great works of antiquity, so he forbade the vandalism. A bright idea struck the architect, who substituted brick piers covered with the marvelous Arabian cement which is as indestructible as stone. The result was a great artistic success, and the mosque of Ibn Tulûn is a perfect museum of exquisite modeling. The view from the summit of the curious minaret with its outside winding staircase is celebrated. The



The Mosque of Ibn Tulûn

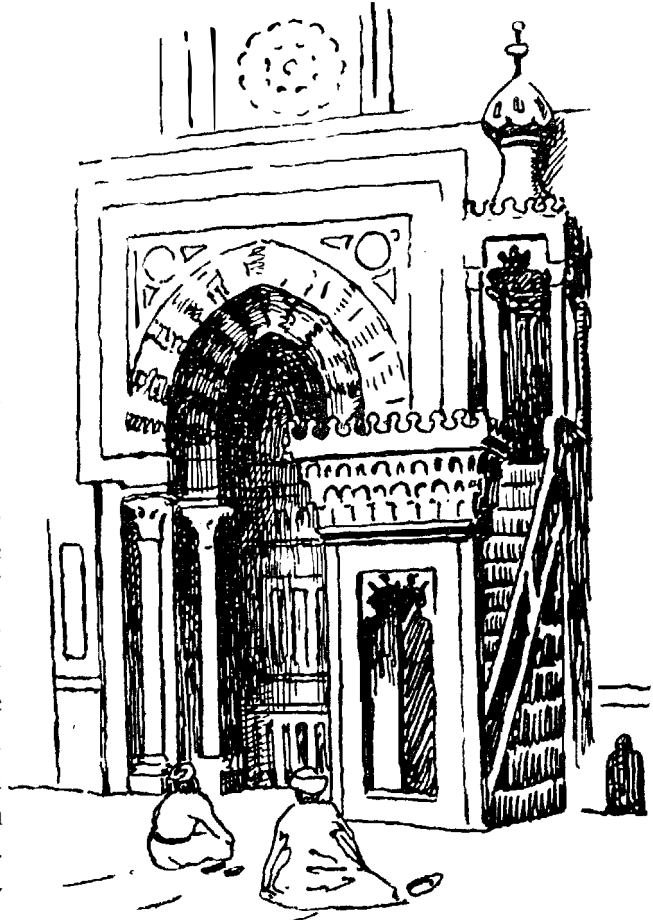
almost deserted mosque, surrounded by half-ruined palaces and gardens, lies at one's feet; towards the north and west the innumerable domes and minarets of Cairo rise from the mass of houses, farther away the shining Nile with the pyramids on the edge of the mysterious desert can be seen, and to the east are the fantastic domes and minarets of the Tombs of the Khâlifs and the Citadel of Saladin with the barren Mokattam hills for background.

The mosque of Sultân Hassân (1356) is admitted to be the finest and most perfect existing specimen of Saracenic architecture. It possesses a magnificent dome, 150 feet high, which rests upon particularly rich and well-designed pendentives. The dome marks the spot where the tomb of the Sultân is placed. The larger of the two minarets is 280 feet in height — the highest in Cairo. The mosque is cruciform in plan, and the interior court is remarkable in having

no colonnades. The walls are nearly 100 feet in height, and are so thick as to remind one of the great temples of the early times. Hassân used the casing-stones of the great pyramid to build his mosque, and it is related that he cut off the right hand of the architect so that the building should remain unrivaled. This story is told of other rulers too!

One of the latest mosques of the great period is that of Kait Bey (1463) which stands outside the city among the Tombs of the Khâlifs. It is small, but nothing can exceed the grace and poetry of conception of this little gem of Saracenic art.

The so-called Tombs of the Khâlifs are really the tombs of the Circassian Sultâns of the Mameluke dynasty and mostly date from the fifteenth century. Their charm is twofold; their own intrinsic beauty is enhanced by the beauty of their position on the heights at the edge



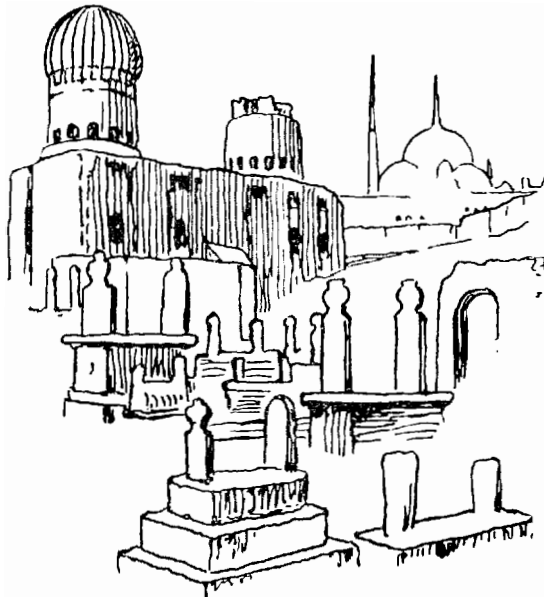
Pulpit and Sanctuary of Mosque of Sultân Hassân

of the lonely desert. Some of the domes are enriched by bands of white and colored porcelain, and the vision of fantastic color and form they present, particularly under the splendor of an Egyptian sunset, can never be forgotten by any one fortunate enough to have seen it. Nearby there is another group of notable tombs, correctly named the Tombs of the Mamelukes; and a little to the south are the mausoleums of the Khedivial house.

Among the hundreds of mosques of interest and beauty in Cairo,

there is one, El-Azhar, that must not be overlooked. Three hundred professors and ten thousand students from all parts of the Moham-medan world are assembled in this fountain-head of learning which bears a striking resemblance in many ways to European universities of the Middle Ages. Theology and Law are the chief subjects taught. The students pay no fees, and even get free board and lodging, such as it is. The teachers are poorly paid; in fact most of them must find their chief reward in the privilege of imparting instruction in the faith of Islâm. It is a

curious spectacle to Westerners, accustomed to the dignified class-rooms of their great schools, to see the thousands of pupils of all ages and many nations and ranks, sitting or lying on the ground or on sheepskins in the open air or in the arcades, listening to the Sheikh reading and explaining some holy book. El-Azhar is an enormous building; it was begun in 972 and has been so frequently altered that there is little left of the original.

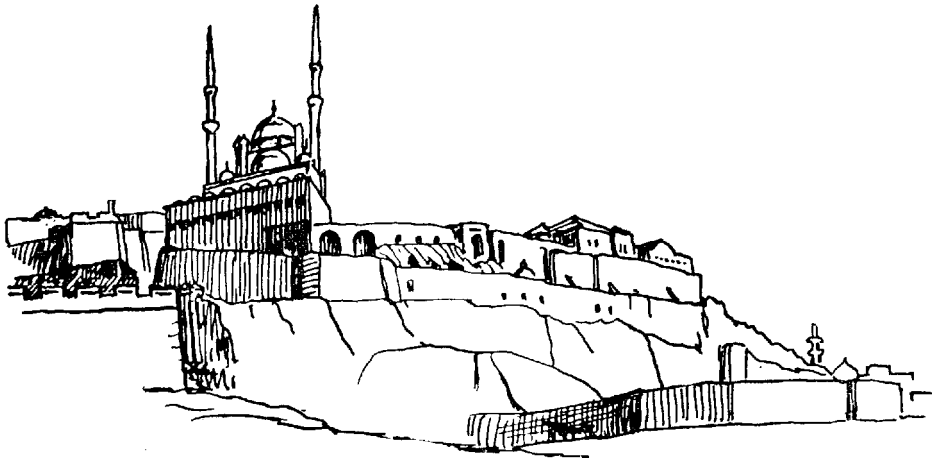


Tombs of the Mamelukes
Mosque of Mehemet 'Ali in the distance

The Citadel of Saladin, the romantic and chivalrous

foe of the Crusaders, was begun in 1166 and is still in use as a military center. The small British army of occupation has garrisoned it since 1882. This Akropolis of Cairo is really a city within a city, and presents curious contrasts, for it contains several mosques, a hospital, and a palace, in close juxtaposition to the barracks, mint, arsenal, and other Government buildings. The immense mosque of Mehemet 'Ali, though atrociously ugly within, is from a distance a striking landmark as it stands out against the skyline crowning the mighty mass of masonry formed by the ramparts, and the round towers of Saladin and the Bâb-el-Azab, a portal with a stately flight of steps. The closing of the Bâb-el-Azab was the signal for the massacre of the Mamelukes in 1811 by Mehemet 'Ali's orders. Born

in the same year as the great Corsican, and of very humble parentage and quite uneducated, Mehemet 'Alî, the "Oriental Napoleon," had a marvelously adventurous life. After many intrigues and much fighting he obtained the support of the Mameluke chiefs and was named Viceroy of Egypt under the Sultân of Turkey in 1805. The great blot on his career is his treacherous slaughter of the 460 turbulent Mameluke Beys whose plots he suspected. After courteously receiving them in the Citadel, he suggested that they should ride through the city in state, escorted by his troops. Just as they were about to pass through the Bâb-el-Azab gateway it was shut in their faces and, caught in the trap, the troops shot down every man but one, Emin Bey, who fled to Syria. To remind himself of this enemy Mehemet 'Alî ever afterwards kept his portrait in his bedchamber. The determined attitude of the Great European Powers prevented Mehemet 'Alî conquering Mahmûd II, his Turkish suzerain, and founding a



The Citadel of Saladin

new dynasty in the Ottoman Empire, and he had to confine his energies till his death in 1849 to the development of the natural resources of Egypt, the creation of a Civil service, and the introduction of Western manners and customs. He is often called the greatest ruler of Egypt since the Ptolemies, though perhaps Saladin was really greater.

Among the many curious things to be found in Cairo, the Coptic Christian Churches are noteworthy. The finest are situated in Fostat or Old Cairo, the town occupied in turn by Cambyses, the Romans, and the victorious 'Amr. With few exceptions they are buried from

view behind masses of houses. The Mo'allaka, in Fostât, which dates from the third century A. D., is an exception. It is one of the most beautiful churches in Christendom, with an imposing exterior resembling the Roman basilicas, the prototypes of the Christian places of worship. In the richness of its marbles, its wonderful ancient carved woodwork, the swinging lamps with tiny flames gleaming in the "dim religious light," and the golden ikons, it invites comparison with St. Mark's in Venice. A Coptic church is divided into three compartments separated by wooden screens. There is no organ, but cymbals and brass bells are loudly sounded with strange and weird effect. No images are allowed, but there are plenty of stiff Byzantine pictures. The fact that the Coptic Christians were tolerated by the Mohammedan conquerors for all these centuries of Islâmîc rule, and even permitted to worship in their own churches during the times when the Crusaders were harrying the "infidel" Saracens, speaks volumes for the broadmindedness of the Mohammedan rulers and people of Egypt. The limited amount of persecution they endured seems to have been aroused by their own conduct.

The bazaars, in which no tourist can help spending time and money, offer a striking contrast to the stately mosques, and the dim, mysterious Coptic churches. As is customary in Oriental cities, each bazaar is mainly confined to the sale of one class of article or the products of one district. Though there are many bazaars devoted to the traffic in fraudulent imported goods from Europe or sham curios and "antiques," really genuine Oriental products are obtainable in the right places. The vendors have, of course, different prices for different customers, and to get a real bargain at a price not much above the market value requires much tedious chaffering on the part of foreigners. For those who wish to feel the true Oriental atmosphere of trade, the ceremony which hedges in the important matter of buying and selling will prove sufficiently interesting to make up for the loss of time. The contest of patience is helped out by sundry cups of coffee, or even sweetmeats.

The streets of Cairo afford endless entertainment, for Cairo is cosmopolitan *in excelsis*. A greater variety of types is found here than even in Constantinople, and the kaleidoscopic flashing of color and form is perfectly bewildering at first. Picturesque Bedawîns from the desert, solemn Turks, lively negroes from the Sudân, fierce Albanians, kilted Greeks, Egyptian ladies in white with veiled faces, water-

carriers with goat-skins, fortune-tellers, dervishes, camel- and mule-drivers, pilgrims in all manner of costumes, and numberless other varieties of the human family jostle one another and the foreign tourist from Europe and America.

To speak of the street life of Cairo and not to mention the great religious festivals would be impossible. The processions of the Holy Carpet — which is not a carpet but an immense piece of embroidered black silk, of the Birthday of the Prophet, of the *'Āshûrâ*, the wedding processions, or the procession at the return of a Hâjji from Mecca, are resplendent with spectacular effects, blazing with color and picturesque beyond description. The British rule has put an end to the ceremony in the procession of the Birthday of the Prophet during which his Descendant used to ride on horseback over the prostrate bodies of hundreds of devotees, without harming them.

The new order of things in Egypt is changing many of the old customs. The traffic in slaves ceased in 1877; a modified parliamentary system has been lately introduced, and the cry for emancipation for women has reached the country to such effect that the mother of the Khedive has formed a "Woman's Educational Union," and a great change in public opinion has taken place. Monogamy is increasing, and as the men become better educated they are looking for women of equal intellectual attainments. The newly-established schools for girls are not sufficient for the demand. In 1907 the population of Cairo, including the suburbs, was 654,476, of which 46,507 were Europeans. The death rate has been reduced to 35 per 1000, and as modern sanitation spreads this will be greatly lowered.

In the space of a short article on such an immense subject as Cairo no reference can be made to many important and interesting things. It would require pages to touch even lightly upon the museums of priceless antiquities, the ancient ruins in the neighborhood, the native customs, the system of government, the climate, or the contrast between the native and the European quarters. To the artist, the archaeologist, the student of human nature, and the mere curiosity seeker, Cairo is a wonder-city, a new world, a perpetual delight.

A GROUP OF ST. LOUIS IDEALISTS: by Lilian Whiting



ST. LOUIS is fortunate in possessing an order of citizenship of exceptional quality. The latter half of the nineteenth century was especially enriched by a Philosophical Club, (founded by Dr. William Torrey Harris in 1865, and which continued until 1880) that to this day is yet unrivaled among all similar literary or philosophic societies in the country. Its youngest member, Denton Jacques Snider, the author of a philosophic series that is now attracting the attention of European savants, has become in some measure its historian; and the stately splendid St. Louis of today owes much to that remarkable group of Idealists who were, by some spiritual magnetism, drawn together during those years. Professor Snider has achieved world-fame as a psychologist; nearly all the others have passed on to "the life more abundant." Hegel was the tutelary mind of the group, and the ardent Dr. Harris was the German philosopher's chief interpreter. The mysterious and inscrutable personality of Henry C. Brockmeyer; Dr. Thomas Davidson, later distinguished as one of the greatest interpreters of Dante; Miss Susan Elizabeth Blow, philanthropist and scholar; Miss Anna C. Brackett, one of the greatest of educators; Professor Halsey G. Ives, later the Director of the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts; and a Raphael-faced young artist, Carl Guthertz, destined to win fame as one of the leading artists in mural decoration of the magnificent Congressional Library in Washington; Louis James Block, poet and musician, with a few others, were all linked by their mutual interest in Hegel, and by the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* which served as a focus for the coterie with its followers. This Journal was initiated to provide a channel for philosophic and abstruse discussion whose trend did not appeal to the literary hospitalities of the current periodicals. The initial number appeared in 1867, and it continued until 1895. Its advent was precipitated by an amusing circumstance, humorously narrated by Professor Snider:

Harris, the strenuous secretary and ambitious student of Hegel, had his own personal scheme for the Philosophical Society, and that was to make it the means for working up his *Journal*, which he was already planning in 1866, or before, as he always had a journalistic strain in his mental constitution. I recall the pivotal turn, or psychologic moment, when he started on the war-path. An article of his upon Herbert Spencer, of whom he had a high opinion, had been rejected by the *North American Review*, whose editor, Charles Eliot Norton, wrote to him a disparaging letter, declaring the article to be

"unfathomable, unreadable, and especially unliterary." To a group of us assembled in Brockmeyer's office Harris read this letter with sarcastic comments that made us all laugh; then he jumped up exclaiming, "Now I am going to start a journal myself."

William Torrey Harris, (born in Connecticut in 1835) had gone out to St. Louis in 1857, with two years of Yale life behind him, and became successively a teacher in the public schools, Principal of the High School, and Superintendent of the school system. In 1869 Yale gave him his Master's degree; in 1870 the University of Missouri conferred on him her L. L. D.; Brown, her PH. D. in 1893; and later the University of Jena also conferred on him the same honor, while the universities of both Pennsylvania and Princeton bestowed their Doctor's degree upon him, in recognition of his pedagogical genius, and his valuable work as an interpreter of the Hegelian philosophy. His lectures before Washington University on philosophical themes, on the "Fates" of Michelangelo, on the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, or on the second part of Goethe's "Faust," were, in those days, about the only approach to art open to the students, and the very limitation of privilege and opportunity not unfrequently quickens the ardor of appreciation. In the Mercantile Library there was Harriet Hosmer's statue of Beatrice Cenci, representing her as she lay in her cell the night before her execution, the gift of Miss Hosmer's princely patron and friend, the Hon. Wayman Crow; but St. Louis had little to offer then in the resources of art. The devotees that hovered about the little group of Idealists, and eagerly listened to the university lectures of Dr. Harris; who haunted the Saturday morning talks of Miss Susan Blow; who were as a cloud of witnesses at any rudimentary art exhibition as arranged by Professor Ives; and whose special Sunday privilege it was to listen to the discourses of the Rev. Robert A. Holland, made up in zest what they lacked in breadth. There was a "Paint and Clay Club," of which Mr. Ives, Mr. Gutherz, Mr. Kretchmar, and others were much in evidence, and at one time the men of canvas and clay took, their theme to illustrate, Mr. Longfellow's poem, "The Golden Legend." Its scenes lent themselves to sketches and modeling, and to a letter of inquiry as to the origin of this poem the poet replied that he took the *motif* from *Der Arme Heinrich*, of the German. The letter was read in reverential delight; given to the Mercantile Library for safe keeping, and all the illustrations made by the club were presented to Mr.

Longfellow, who acknowledged the gift with his characteristic charm of courtesy.

Meantime Dr. Harris' "Journal of Speculative Philosophy" became the idol and the oracle; Miss Blow translated for it Goeschel, "On the Immortality of the Soul"; Denton J. Snider served up the "Iliad" in alluring guise; Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, of Boston, (the sister of Mrs. Hawthorne and of Mrs. Horace Mann) contributed her cryptic papers, in one of which (on "Primeval Man") she thrilled her readers with the statement that when she read Bunsen's "Antiquarian Researches," she "confirmed them with astronomical, philological and physiological proofs," — an assertion that revealed the typical erudition of the Boston woman. This dissertation filled some nineteen pages of the Journal, and into its unfathomed abyss many of the "best sellers" of the present might disappear and be forever lost. Another devoted contributor offered unnumbered pages of reflections on the "Idiopsychological Ethics" of Martineau; another tackled the "Spatial Quale." "The Trinity and the Double Procession," "The Spectrum-Spread of Ideas," and "Man, a Creative First Cause," are topics illustrating the contributions. Not one of the writers, it is safe to say, ever received, or dreamed of receiving, any compensation, aside from the felicities of their own ardor; and while copies of the magazine were on sale at seventy-five cents a number, the generosity with which Dr. Harris gave away these, or gave entire yearly subscriptions, to anyone who seemed interested, but who did not abound in this world's goods, could only be realized by those who knew this ideal friend, educator, and inspirer of life. The clientèle of the contributors also included John Albee, of New Hampshire, poet and friend of Stedman; Rowland G. Hazard; and Frank Benjamin Sanboru, the well-known publicist (and everything else noble and great), who was closely associated in Concord with Emerson and Alcott. In one paper on "Jonathan Edwards and the Puritanic Philosophy," Mr. Sanborn pointed out that there were four distinct philosophic phases in this country: The Puritanic (from 1620 to 1760) culminating in Edwards; the Philanthropic (1760-1820), with Franklin as its type; the Negation of All Philosophy (if that may be called a period) from 1820 to 1850; and the Ideal Philosophy, from that date onward, with Emerson as the type of idealism.

In all this unique group Dr. Harris became the best-known figure, but in the shadowy background (his throne veiled and shrouded as

became a god) was the mysterious and all-potent presence of Henry C. Brockmeyer, to whom even Dr. Harris freely acknowledged allegiance. Such, indeed, was the powerful personality of this man that he is wittily referred to by Professor Snider as "University Brockmeyer." No one knew, and if he himself knew he never told, what order of life he sprang from. He held as little converse with the social amenities as might a god, descended from Olympian heights. He was invested with a Mephistophelian quality that would annihilate any offender at an instant's notice; he was perverse, fantastic; but he was great; he was profound; and he could be, on occasions, the very ideal incarnate of social courtesies. To "University Brockmeyer," the chief end of life was to dwell in the regions of thought sacred to Goethe and Hegel. He was an authority on "Absolute Mind," and was believed to speak in "sporadic outbursts from the depths of being." His logic was "a succession of Jovian thunderbolts." This rather alarming personality was born in Germany about 1826, and ran away from his home because his mother, a pietist, burned his copy of Goethe's lyrics. He fled to this country, arriving in the early forties; he worked in a tannery, but emerged in Brown University, then under the eminent presidency of Dr. Francis Wayland; he combatted the president on his views of the Higher Law; he devised his own course of study, with little benefit from accepted curriculums, and he altogether appears to have been then, as in later life, a law unto himself. He plunged with characteristic German ardor and German affinities into the Transcendental Movement in New England, and became a close friend of Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman, the poet, and special friend of Poe.

It was in 1866 that Denton J. Snider, then a young man of twenty-four, fresh from Oberlin, and engaged as an instructor in the school of the Christian Brothers, in St. Louis, chanced to meet a man who introduced himself as a member of a philosophical club consisting of a few members who met at a private house, and invited Mr. Snider to one of the meetings. It is in the Talmud that the messenger is synonymous with the angel, and are these casual and undreamed of messengers that come, unrecognized at the time, into all our lives, the angels commissioned to guide us? It sometimes seems so. They are sometimes imperative. "You must believe my beliefs — be moved by my reasons — hope my hopes — see the vision I point to — behold

a glory where I behold it!" as George Eliot phrases the attitude of these people who come and go in our lives, and whom we only recognize retrospectively. "Each order of things has its angel; that means the full message of each from what is afar." The pre-figured friend signals to us from the golden background, and, as by the wand of an enchanter, all the conditions of life are changed, even as the particles of sand dance and re-adjust themselves to musical notes.

We cross another line,
And lo! another zone.

Be this as it may, the stranger turned out to be Mr. Brockmeyer. The club met that day at Dr. Harris' home, in a room designated in the phraseology of the times as the "front parlor." It was redeemed by being a scholar's haunt, lined, as it was, with well-filled book-cases, and with a few fine engravings from classic subjects. Mr. Snider records the exceeding cordial grace with which Dr. Harris, as the host, welcomed him, and the company seated themselves to listen to a translation that Dr. Harris had made from Hegel's "History of Philosophy," any doubtful point being immediately referred to the only Mr. Brockmeyer, as to an oracle. In later years Professor Snider has said:

Brockmeyer became for me that day the interesting, all-dominating personality of my earthly existence. I saw that he was the man who knew philosophy as the supernal science; he called himself an Hegelian, but he could re-create Hegel; could even poetize the German philosopher's dry, colorless abstractions in a many-tinted display of metaphorical scintillations.

This "Olympian Jove" sat aloof; Dr. Harris was eager to impart. This ardent and unflinching instinct of his pedagogical genius was the trait that all his life gave Dr. Harris that almost unparalleled personal influence. Brockmeyer, Dr. Snider recalls as "divine, indeed, but like Aristotle's god, dwelling *movens non motus*." At this first introduction of the young tyro invited to sup with the gods, Dr. Harris put into his hands a volume of Hegel, asking him to begin translating it as his first discipline in Philosophy. The initial problem hurled upon him was that of Hegel's primal forces of nature. The thesis assigned to him was a "History of the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul." It is interesting to see now how the future author of "Psychology, the New Science Universal," in sixteen volumes, a work which many European savants are now holding to be the greatest philosophic word yet spoken, was thus unconsciously

led to anticipate his task. Graduating from Oberlin (with highest honors) at nineteen, and giving the Valedictory in Latin, his ardent patriotism led him at once into active service in the Civil War, in the interval between his leaving college and appearing in St. Louis. In 1894, the president, (Dr. John Henry Barrows) wrote to the former student saying: "Oberlin wishes to do herself the honor of conferring a degree upon her greatest scholar, Denton J. Snider." Dr. Snider's *Psychology* is held to be the most completely organized system ever presented, as it reveals the inter-relations of all the sciences, held to the key-note of the Psychosis, the ultimate principle of mind.

An event that chronicled itself in the early history of the Philosophical Club was that of the appearance of Mr. Alcott, "the acorn-eating Alcott," as Carlyle designated him. This is ascribed to the year 1866; and the old prophet (then in his 68th year, but seeming older), with his gray hair sweeping his shoulders, his pale face with blue eyes upturned as if seeing invisible realms, "would read his oracular message in a rather sepulchral voice as if it were issuing from the sacred cave of Trophonius himself; then throw down the written slip and cry out; 'What say you to it, gentlemen?' The Orphic utterance," said Dr. Snider, "was often dark, tortuous, yet with a content of some kind. . . . Before him sat Brockmeyer, acting as chief interpreter or hierophant, . . . and finally he picked up one slip, with a Mephistophelean chuckle, and exploded it into mist as if it were a soap bubble filled with explosive gas. Mr. Alcott, who had begun to suspect that his oracles were being made to contradict themselves by some Hegelian process which he did not understand, now exclaimed, 'Mr. Brockmeyer, you confound us by the multiplicity of your words and the profusion of your fancy.'"

Naturally this group became allied with the transcendentalists of New England then led by Amerson and Alcott. Margaret Fuller had long since passed away by that fatal shipwreck in the July of 1850; but Emerson was then in his full power as a lecturer, and Alcott was making excursions to the middle west where he told his hearers that he was riding in "Louisa's golden chariot." Emerson came out to St. Louis to give a lecture, and the philosophers, to the number of three or four, gathered at his hotel to give him greeting. His attitude towards these worshipers of strange Teutonic gods was as characteristic as it was inimitable. "I cannot find," he said, "any strik-

ing sentences in Hegel which I can take by themselves and quote." As all Emersonians know, the epigram was Mr. Emerson's touchstone in literature. He is himself essentially epigrammatic. "I always test an author," continued the New England oracle to the assembled philosophers, "by the number of single good things which I can catch up from his pages. When I fish in Hegel I cannot get a bite; but I get a headache." Dr. Snider, who was one of the faithful assembled, records that on this he kept silent; but that "Harris took the word; he ran off into things remote and obscure, larded with his Hegelian nomenclature; he became as much of a Sphinx to his associates as he evidently was to Emerson."

One can gleefully imagine the incomparably detached serenity with which Mr. Emerson observed:

My preference is that the hideous skeleton of philosophy be covered with beautiful living tissues; I do not enjoy for my intellectual repast the dry bones of thought.

The specters of the Brocken could not conjure up more horrors than any allusion to system and organization could incite in Emerson. The most intuitive and spiritually penetrating of idealists, he could least give any definiteness of reason for the faith that was in him. "Mr. Emerson had little of the Titanic or Demoniac in him," says Dr. Snider, "though he seemed once to recognize applaudingly some such quality in Walt Whitman." On this occasion Emerson was invited to Dr. Harris' home, where he listened with unfeigned interest to a reading of the Hegelian philosopher's paper on Raphael's "Transfiguration," and his appreciation of this masterly lecture is attested by his invitation to Dr. Harris to repeat it, some years later, before the School of Philosophy at Concord. Dr. Harris, as a native New Englander, doubtless had some occult affinities with Emerson that he felt as different from the German Brockmeyer and also the German proclivities of Dr. Snider, who is of mingled German and English descent, although born in Maryland, and reared in Ohio. As one of the most brilliant psychologists of the present day, the originator of the system of applying the scientific method to Psychology, he is winning a world-wide fame. The death of William T. Harris, a few years since, leaves his name not only as the greatest Hegelian of this country, but as a National Superintendent of Education (which office he held for some twenty years) who invested the position with hitherto unknown prestige from his own genius in Pedagogy.

IS REINCARNATION A "CRUEL DOCTRINE"?

by Kenneth Morris

Theosophy

Nay go thy way and teach thy creed
 Another pilgrimage on earth;
 I would not tread its paths again,
 Not even on a higher plane,
 For all it gives of good and gain,
 Theosophy.

Nay, not for me, another birth,
 To those who have abnormal need,
 Of fragments of barbaric thought.
 Fantastic dreams and visions wrought,
 Theosophy.

Are not life's suffering, sorrowing dole
 Enough for one poor human soul?
 Why, when its tabernacle dies,
 Should it again materialize
 And bear, in some unwonted form,
 Through summer's sun and winter's storm,
 The burden of life's toil and care;
 Its weary waiting — ruthless wear,
 From helpless babyhood to youth,
 Maturity, old age? In sooth,
 A thing so cruel could not be
 Save in thy cruel creed,
 Theosophy.

— Sarah T. Bolton, in *The Review*, (Pomona, Cal.)



THIS is one of the characteristic effusions that come occasionally from folk who have failed to understand the import of the teachings of Theosophy. They suffer from a little knowledge — a very little; always a dangerous thing. And they base their philosophy of life on a kind of sentimentalism: what is most comfortable must be most true. You might call it a doctrine of salvation by featherbeds.

We will not ask where is the spirit of poetry, impatient of delay or soft living, enthusiastic for the heights. What message or what mission is there in this, to speak from the soul to the soul of man? It is not the soul that fears trouble or seeks ease; but it *is* the soul that apprehends truth. This personality that desires coddling at the hands of the universe, is an excellent thing, let it but be held in subjection, for housekeeping, cooking a dinner, running a business, and the like; but it needs a deal of training before it shall be qualified

to sit in judgment on the affairs and destinies of the soul. It is our personal egotistic selves that shrink from the idea of reincarnation: well, they never will suffer it! That in us which thinks this world so bleak, and life so burdened with toil and care, need not fear; it never will awaken to life again; Earth has finished with it when it dies. Aye, but there is something above and within, a starry and fearless something, that shall not consider its responsibilities over, or its work in the world accomplished. The personality does not reincarnate; that which *we think* we are, will, I make no doubt, go to heaven in due course. And we shall have a pleasant time there, and a comfortable; we shall have our thousand years of Sabbath; we shall rest, and no fear nor grief shall take us; there shall be no burden of toil nor care —

*Weep not for me now, weep not for me never;
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.*

— as the good washerwoman had her tombstone inscribed. But do you think she was a true prophet? For ever and ever, you see — it is such an eternally long time. Even the delights of doing nothing might pall, after, say, a million centuries or so. . . .

No; long before that forever and forever is exhausted, we shall find something in us, longing for a land that is not always afternoon — and Sunday afternoon at that. We shall remember that at one time there was the sweet fervor of effort; a tingling in the limbs and blood at the rising of those wholesome things, difficulties. There was a man once who rode away into fairyland; over the foam of the tides he rode, and came to the delicate islands of fairyland, and a hundred years he dwelt there with all delight for his portion, and no memory on him of the distressful, warlike little island he rode out from. Before the hundred years were over he came to be aware of a strange lack in his life; but there was nothing in all his memory to suggest to him what the lack might be. And he was wandering by the seashore at one time, and what did he see thrown up by the waves but the one thing lacking fairy beauty in all that world: a spearhaft of ashwood, such as they used in the wars and hunting of the Fenians in Banba. “Ah,” he said, “it is effort that I have been lacking”; and with that desire upon him, rode away over the tide again, and was without rest or pleasure till his foot was on the familiar human shore.

To accuse this universe of cruelty — to accuse the Law of lack of

compassion! Why, just think what we deserve! We are in this classroom of life presumably for some intelligible reason: let us say, to get what we can in the way of education out of it. The term's work has been laid out by the great Head Master: so many chapters of this to be read and construed; so many rules in that to be learned, and their examples to be worked out; so many territories to be mapped and studied in the geography of the human heart. Very well; and what if we, (being, if the truth should be told, little better than rank idlers), in place of these chapters read and construed, do but scamp ten lines or so; for learning those rules, exercise ourselves in breaking rules; instead of expanding ourselves in that geography, cramp and limit ourselves more and more within selfhood? Might there not be very properly something akin to chastisement? Ought we to complain if there should be remedies rude and rough? If there were an irksome detention-school, and docking of half-holiday afternoons? We might be sent down, without vacation, break, or intermission, to the foot of the class again: *Bide you there, until your lesson shall have been learned!* No one could reasonably complain; since without doubt we are a fearful drag on the universe, which yearns to be up and doing, and evolving, and *getting things done*.

But no; these are not the ways of the Law, which has devised mercy for us, truly, which passeth all understanding. After life's fitful fever we are to sleep well; and it is not to be, mark you, eight hours of sleep to the sixteen of so-called activity; it is not to be six or eight weeks of summer holidays to the thirteen or so of term; it is to be a thousand years, fifteen hundred years, a great, indefinite period — it is to be 'ōlām as the Hebrew Scriptures says, *a long time* — which our English versions mistranslate *eternity*. As long, in fact, as shall be needed for the healing of every wound.

We ought to be blessedly thankful to Theosophy for ridding us of that nightmare conception of an eternal heaven. Just fancy: to carry the burden of one's memories for ever and ever and ever. . . . O God, better a thousand times, after an age or so, would be almost anything . . . to distract one's thought! . . . This personalism that we so prize is a most intolerable burden; one ought not to mind existence; it is personalism is the curse. Could one get rid of that, life would be a gay adventure enough — even the same old life, to live over and over again. Lord, we shall do better next time: we have learned something from the times we made fools of ourselves of old

. . . Could we but come to those cross-roads again, where we took the wrong turning, at the place between youth and manhood! We know better now than to go down that blind alley — ah, could we get the choice again! We shall get the choice again; and we shall not be hampered by mournful memories; we shall not be encumbered by a nervous consciousness that we have failed there, and can only expect failure of ourselves. But we shall be fortified by a knowledge ingrained in our being: *this* path is right, *that other* is wrong. Cruel creed? Let me have this cruelty for the tenderest kindness.

Why blame Theosophy for promising that you shall live again? There is the other half of it: it never occurred to you to bring an action for libel against it for saying that you had lived before? In fact, you do not feel any the worse, do you, for having lived before? And yet Theosophy goes the length of declaring that you have not only lived before, in the same sense that you will live again, but that you are actually indestructible, increate, and of the essence of Godhead. When you were a child, you were not oppressed with the memory and scars of old lives; you did not dread the years that were to come; you were not, as they say, “born tired.” And yet, according to this teaching, you have been incarnating during many millions of years. But when you were a child there *was* for you a sweet familiarity about this dear old home of ours, the Earth; the growing things had an exquisite and well-known fragrance; there was a music, for which we should be homesick in any heaven, with the wind in the pine tops or among the reeds, with the sound of the flood waters in the valley. Ah, could we know those things again, the magical nights and days! . . .

Well, we shall know them again: we shall have the lessons of childhood to learn, and that sweet, airy class-room to work and play in, until we know the dear Earth as she is, and coming of age will not rob us of the magical vision. Then we shall look out on things and events with eyes grown sensible: we shall see into the heart of them: we shall not be deceived by appearances. We shall think then that this Earth and all her bright companions in the vast space are but drops of joy solidified, and the intense wonder and beauty of God's dream. We shall tackle life with laughter, and consider that day wasted which has offered us no heroic adventure or difficulty, or sorrow, or obstacle to overcome. And then — ah, then we shall be qualified to write *Poetry*.

THE FOX THAT LOST HIS BRUSH: by R. Machell



So be caught in a trap is a humiliating experience; and that is what the fox thought, when the steel jaws of a gin closed on his fine brush, for that is the pride of a fox. The pain was slight in comparison with the shame of being caught so ignominiously. To be hunted by a pack of hounds is good sport, particularly when the country is in good condition for the fox; there is some real satisfaction in reaching the top of a hill and sitting down unconcernedly to take a quiet look at the streaming pack laboring up the slope and the string of horses with, or without riders, popping over the fences, or scrambling through gaps, or galloping along by-roads, scattered far and wide in the distance. Then when the leaders of the pack appear in the last field, it is very pleasant to make pretense of arranging one's fur in a leisurely fashion before disappearing into the adjoining covert. And even if overtaken and pulled down by the pack one feels no sense of shame in such a natural end, any more than one feels compunction in inflicting death on a fat fowl, that is fool enough to come within reach of a fox's jaws. But a trap is a degrading device, that wounds the dignity and self-respect or actually mutilates the graceful figure of a fox, and leaves him open to the scorn of his fellows if deprived of his brush, or at the mercy of any cur dog if it is one of his pads that pays the price of his escape; for a fox will tear off the entrapped limb to escape, and will go on three legs after, until caught too far from covert to make good his escape with but three of his black feet remaining.

The fox in the fable lost his brush. Other animals only have tails, but it hurts a fox's feelings to hear his beautiful brush called a mere tail; though of course that is all it is. And yet there is

something in having a brush with a silver tip that makes life more pleasant, and that places its possessor higher in the social scale than the ownership of a mere tail. It is a difference such as lies between a royal coach and a donkey-cart, or between a diamond set in pure gold, and a bit of cut glass set in brass by way of jewelry.

The mutilated animal got home unnoticed, and made excuse for not getting up early next day, lying there pondering on some way of mitigating the disgrace of this humiliating loss.

There was to be a meeting that day at which he would be expected to be present, and it was necessary to decide quickly. He thought it best to try a bold bluff and managed to reach the meeting-place unobserved. Taking up a position where it was not easy for any one to see that his honorable appendage was missing he began to hold forth on the beauties of the simple life, advocating most eloquently the reduction of the labor of life by dispensing with all that was superfluous in personal adornment. He pointed out the absurdities of men, who in that day wore false hair powdered and hanging down like a tail in the wrong place, and said that if foxes were to rise in the social scale they must be prepared to make some sacrifice; self-sacrifice being a mark of superiority.

His eloquence was quite convincing to the younger generation, who at once agreed to his proposal to inaugurate a new era by the sacrifice of the ridiculous encumbrance, which had hitherto been their pride. But their enthusiasm so worked on the speaker that he incautiously rose from his sitting position to drive home his argument by a final call for volunteers to start the new fashion by then and there biting off their own tails, (he called their brushes tails, to show his contempt for such evidences of vulpine vanity.)

The enthusiasm of the young generation was immense; but an old vixen, wise in vulpine character, had crept behind the speaker and detected the absence of the appendage in question. She also saw at a glance that this loss was not self-inflicted, and she acted promptly. She bit the hind-quarters of the speaker so sharply that the mutilated orator bounded into the air displaying to all the bleeding remains of the mangled brush. The sight was so pitiful that the whole assembly was scandalized. A howl of scorn and execration greeted the desperate attempt of the speaker to explain that the mutilation was self-inflicted in a good cause as an example to others and as an evidence of sincerity. The tide of enthusiasm was turned into ridicule and

abuse, and the poor creature fled from the assembly, thankful to escape with his life; to live henceforth an outcast from his tribe.

Far be it from me to suggest that men resemble foxes. Do not men walk upright (more or less)? How can they be said to have any likeness to a quadruped? Have they tails to be caught in traps? Do they ever find it necessary to hide some accidental mutilation by an ingenious artifice? Is it possible that some of those who denounce the use of mere melody in musical composition have themselves lost or never possessed the power to create a melody of their own? Do some of the artists, who profess such a contempt for beauty or mere prettiness, come within the category of those, in whom the sense of beauty has been dulled or destroyed by habits of life more fatal to the finer faculties of the mind than traps are to the anatomy of foxes? Are any of the literary critics, who denounce the introduction into poetry or art of anything resembling a purpose or a message, perchance themselves shorn by some trap of destiny of the delicate mental antennae, that sense the vibrations of higher ideas, or blinded to the light of the soul, that makes life noble to those who see a divine purpose in existence and a sublime purpose in man?

May it not be that fate has traps for men as well as for foxes? May it not chance that ignorance of the laws of life may blind mankind to the consequences of courses that seem seductive to the senses, but that may be dangerous to the soul and to the psychic system by means of which the mind receives and transmits those finer vibrations that are referred to sometimes as intuition, inspiration, illumination, or genius?

Do we not know indeed that vicious life may deaden and destroy the higher possibilities of the mind? And what is a vicious life but just such a life as many people lead with the veils stripped off. It is hard to believe that our habits can be vicious, or that they can really be destroying our inner life, and closing the doorways of the soul, so that we live in a cold bleak world of facts (?) unbrightened by the soul-light of joy and beauty, blind to the light of the spiritual sun, and deaf to the music of the Gods.

Blind with wide open eyes, deaf with our ears most sensitive to earthly noises, sleeping with brain and senses all alert and active, dead, or as yet unborn, we live, and fear the death that sets us free from the delusions that we wrap ourselves securely in to shield us from the knowledge of our true self.

Yet there are those, the dead in life, who teach their dupes that spiritual wisdom can be worn without that health of soul we call morality. Not so can man ascend the stairway of the Gods, the mystic ladder, that symbolically pictures the path of evolution. To tread that path man must be strong in soul, and strength is won by following the path of nature's law, which is the basis of morality. It may be that the fable has some lesson yet for us.

“A NATURAL BODY AND A SPIRITUAL BODY”:

by H. Travers, M. A.



THIS is an essential part of the Theosophical teachings as to the evolution of man that there was a double process. Evolution first produced the perfected animal form, ready to become human, but so far uninformed with the human intelligence. The Divine Spark was unable to manifest itself more fully in that organism, unless a certain *link* were supplied. This link was the *mind* (*manas*, in the Sanskrit terminology). It was bestowed upon the incipient mankind by the elder brothers of mankind — that is, by perfected men pertaining to a previous cycle of evolution. By this gift of mind, man became endowed with his self-conscious intelligence and power of choice. This, as frequently stated in Theosophical writings, is outlined in the Biblical narratives; the first creation being described in chapter II of *Genesis*, and the second in chapter I.

Paul seems to refer to this in his first epistle to the Corinthians, where he writes:

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthly; the second man is the Lord from heaven (XV. 44-47).

The word translated “natural” (*ψυχικόν*) is given by Young in his Concordance as “animal, sensuous,” and is rendered by the word *animale* in the Latin version mainly by Jerome, called the Vulgate. The noun (*ψυχή*) from which this adjective is formed occurs in verse 45, where it is translated *soul*, but really means *animal soul*, as given

by Young. Thus the first Adam was a living animal soul; the second, a life-giving spirit (*πνεῦμα ζωοποιόν*). This agrees with the Old Testament account, where the word translated *living soul* means *animal soul*.

The dual nature of man is here very well defined; and it should be noted that the last-quoted verse states the essential divinity of man by saying that the second Adam is the Lord from heaven.

There seems little doubt that, to Paul, the “Christ” meant the divine power incarnate in man, and that he understood the words of his Master to mean that all men have this divine power; and that, though latent in most men, it can be made manifest by living the life which that Master enjoined. We may refer to the Master’s private teachings to Nicodemus, a Jewish leader who came to consult him, as recorded in John’s gospel:

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother’s womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. (xiv.)

It was this second birth that Christ taught so frequently, urging his hearers to prepare themselves for it by following his instructions as to their attitude of mind and mode of life. He teaches that to follow the dictates of the animal or earthy man leads to destruction, and so does Paul in the chapter quoted from. But man is saved from this by clinging to the spiritual life within him. Thereby he is “resurrected; the mortal must put on immortality, and the corruptible be made incorruptible.” This, the original teaching of Christianity, has been obscured during intervening ages, but is now coming to the fore again. If Christianity is to be a living power in our midst, it must bring forth these original teachings, or how can it continue to affect the life of men and keep pace with the age?

There is a tendency to regard this divine nature of man as something supernatural and to expect sudden advents or transfigurations, thus overlooking the fact that the divine nature is with us always, being an essential part of us. It is the same with immortality and with things spiritual in general: they are deferred to the future, the

dim and hypothetical future, after death perhaps. This postponement leaves the all-important present moment in the exclusive possession of inferior powers.

It is above all things necessary to be practical. Whatever philosophy of life we may hold, the fact remains that we are here, in this world, and in the present time. Each man is confronted with the two facts of his own existence and his surroundings. We cannot escape from these two radical facts. In short, man is a spirit in matter; a being in a world; an individual living in time and space. He has to know what to do with his life. The above doctrine, therefore, must be considered practically and not made into a mystical formula. This divine power in us is the power which knows what are the true laws and conditions of human life, and which is able to fulfil them. It is able to regulate and control all the other forces that move in our nature. We have the same animal forces as the animals; but we cannot remain balanced in them, as the animals do, because we have also the intellect. Only by becoming absolutely imbecile could we do this. The combination of animal propensities and intellect is unstable. By following its bent to the limit, we are pulled off our balance, and our nature becomes twisted out of shape. This is the reason why our youthful enthusiasms lead to disappointment and we realize in later life that we have been pursuing shadows. Thus do dogs pursue their own tail.

What is the condition of stability and balance? We must discover the pernicious ingredient that enters into the composition of our motives, and eliminate it; otherwise we shall go on chasing our tail indefinitely. The old teaching says that personal ends lead ever to disappointment, for the man who follows them is the bondsman of unintelligent forces. He is trying to satisfy his soul with a diet that is like strong drink and gives temporary stimulation without nutrition.

Biology can tell us much about the house in which we dwell and the machinery which we use (or which uses us, if we are weak); but, unaided, it cannot satisfy our mind as to the nature of the dweller in the house. For that, we have to look within and study ourself. The biological birth of man is only a part of the process; unless something else happened, he would never be more than an idiot. It can truly be said that most of us never do succeed in fully incarnating; some hardly seem to get beyond the vegetable stage!

But if we regard ourselves as Souls, endeavoring to express themselves through bodies, we can infer that the process of birth may be more or less continuous, and that it may be possible at any time of life for a man to enter upon an entirely new stage of his existence, and to become “as one reborn.” In many people there comes a time when the conscience is born, and they realize in one way or another that they have stepped out of an old life into a new. The conscience is a higher power; it is a vague name for the voice of our better self. When regarding humanity in the mass, one can easily see and readily admit that conscience is the best ruler; but it is not so simple when one applies the rule to one’s own individual case. For then personal desire steps in. Yet we are ready enough to accept the benefits of social life; we desire that other people, in their conduct towards ourself, should follow the dictates of conscience and kindly regard. Is it logical to refuse our own share of this mutual obligation? Selfishness, in fact, has not a leg to stand on; its only argument is, “I will, or I won’t”; a cogent argument often enough, as we find it to be; but scarcely reasonable. We have therefore, if we would be reasonable and logical and sensible, to rid ourself of an insistent but utterly foolish propensity.

The false philosophy of selfishness has given rise to a contrary doctrine, which is much better but yet is not the truth. This is the notion that we have got to be somebody else, as it were — to leave off being ourself, to act from an extraneous center, violate our rational instincts, assume an artificial holiness, and generally adopt a constrained and unnatural attitude. But people are always apt to make mistakes when setting out on a new path; and it will not do to upbraid them for errors that time and practice will rectify. Still it may help to indicate the true ideal, the real aim. What we have to do is *to find our real Self*. We have many false selves; we are continually slaying them, as we wear them out or get disgusted with them; but we create new ones. Which is the real I? In early life, what we call “I” is apt to loom large and fill the horizon; but as we grow older we begin to wonder whether he is so important after all, and what place he fills in the universe anyhow. But this “I” is a mere excrescence, like a mask that we wear over our real face. It exists largely in the imagination; and when we forget ourself and act normally in the spirit of mutual service, then we more truly live.

Paul’s use of the word “body” (*σῶμα*) indicates that in his view

spirit was not a mere abstraction. The purified thought of man could, as he views it, create for itself a temple, spiritualize the body so as to make it a fitting instrument. This agrees with Jesus' statement about being born again. But we do not realize that we are dying and being reborn all the time. Yet even biologists will tell us this is a fact. Our thoughts build up our bodies; and our lusts and passions increase the catabolic or self-destructive power of the body. The complement to this is that the consistent and loyal practice of calm strong pure thoughts will build up a steady, equable and useful body.

In accordance with the above views, man must have a threefold nature; for, besides the animal nature and the spiritual nature, there is the man himself, who hovers between the two and conforms to the one or the other. The man himself is the Ego or "I" — that is, the real Self and not any of the transitory and factitious selves. This Self did not arise by evolution from the animal kingdom. It is essential to consider man's mental and spiritual evolution as well as the evolution of his physical body and its appetites. Unfortunately there is a fad to the effect that nothing is real except what can be handled and weighed. Mind can exist apart from the physical body; it is the molder and creator of the body. Body acts on mind, and mind acts on body; but the mind is the ruler. Science now realizes better that there can be other grades of matter than the physical; and, once this is admitted, there is no reason why we should stop at any particular stage.

There is in man a stronger law than self-interest and appetite; it is a law that impels him to choose the "painful right." If he does not make this choice, he slides down the abyss of self-indulgence and futility. He had better follow this law willingly and knowingly than by compulsion. But let us not make the mistake of supposing that duty is painful, and right and good mean gloom and austerity. When gloom intrudes into religion, then joy steps over to the side of unlawfulness; and so we get the evil contrast between austerity and license. If the spiritual life is to be born in us, there will doubtless be birth-pains; but they are only the prelude to a deeper joy.

THE ANCIENT AMERICANS: by T. Henry

II



CHAPTER III (in Brinton's *Myths of the New World*) is on "The Sacred Number," which we gather to be in this case the number Four. As admitted, however, by the author, Seven was always the sacred number *par excellence* among most nations. It is the sum of the Three and the Four. Among the red races he finds the Four alone to be prominent. His first explanation refers to the four cardinal points. On this we may say at once that there can be six cardinal points, if we include the up and the down, as some races have done. Also, by adding a central point, we get the Five and the Seven respectively. In primitive geography, he tells us, the figure of the earth is a square plain; in the legend of the Quichés it is "shaped as a square, divided into four parts." In Égypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, India, and China, as also in the New World, territorial division was on this plan; and this again gave rise to tetrarchies in the government. The idea was carried out in architecture. In the ceremony of smoking it was ordained that the first puff should be to the sky, and then four puffs to the cardinal points (which makes five). There were four divine creative powers corresponding to the four quarters, and these were summoned by magicians when initiating neophytes into the mysteries. They were asked to a lodge of four poles, to four stones that lay before its fire, there to remain four days and attend four feasts. The Aztecs of Mitla celebrated their chief festival four times a year, with four priests officiating, and used the number four in all the ceremonies. And so on with many more instances which we cannot here quote.

The calendar common to the Nahuas, Zapotecs, and Mayas, divides the month into four weeks, and recognizes other quaternary cycles. The year is divided into four seasons. All the peoples on the continent seem to have traced their origin back to four ancestors. Among the Algonkins and the Dakotas these four personages were identified with the four Winds. The Creeks tell of four men who came from the four corners of the earth, bringing with them the sacred Fire from the cardinal points and pointing out the seven sacred plants. Each quarter of the compass was distinguished by a color; the east by yellow, the south by red, the west by black, the north by white; but this assignment of colors is not uniform.

We reach something more philosophical in the quaternary that

lies beyond that of the four regents of the cardinal points. The one supreme cause of all, Hurakan (the breath, the wind, or divine spirit), is made up of four personages or four modes of action: he who creates, he who gives form, he who gives life, and he who reproduces.

We come now to the connexion of this sacred Four with the idea of the "Garden of Eden." It is familiar to Christians that the Garden was watered by four rivers, and this circumstance seems to be common property with many Eden stories, the world over. The author cites some instances. Thus, in the myths of ancient Irân, the celestial fountain Arduisur, gave forth four nourishing rivers towards the cardinal points; among the Tibetans it is held that on the sacred mountain of Himâvata grows the Tree of Life, Zampu, from whose foot flow the waters of life in four streams; and the Chinese tell of the mountain Kuantun; the Scandinavian Edda, of the mountain in Asaheim, whence flows the spring Hvergelmir; the Brâhmans of Mount Meru; and the Pârsis of Mount Albors in the Caucasus. This glorious center, with its mountain and rivers, was always well-favored, the place of joy and repose and eternal youth.

The Aztec priests never chanted more regretful dirges than when they sang of Tulan, the cradle of their race, where once it dwelt in peaceful indolent happiness, whose groves were filled with birds of sweet voices and gay plumage, whose generous soil brought forth spontaneously maize, cacao, aromatic gums, and fragrant flowers. . . . The myth of the Quichés but changes the name of this pleasant land. . . . This was "an excellent land, full of pleasant things, where was store of white corn and yellow corn, where one could not count the fruits, nor estimate the quantity of honey and food." . . . In the legend of the Mixtecas we hear the old story repeated of the garden where the first two brothers dwelt. . . . "Many trees were there, such as yield flowers and roses, very luscious fruits, divers herbs, and aromatic spices."

And so on indefinitely. The Eden story in varying form is world-wide. Lately certain clay tablets brought to the University of Pennsylvania from Nippur have given us the Bible story of Creation in a form dating from pre-Semitic times. But this last fact sinks into relative unimportance beside the fact that a similar story is found all over ancient America. It is also found in Africa. Its reference is to the state of bliss and innocence in which the early sub-races of the present Root-Races lived. After the dispersal of races, each division carried the stories along with them and adapted them to their own geography and natural products. The story also symbolizes Golden Ages in general; and so, in a wider sense, it refers to the con-

dition of the earliest human Races, which lived in innocent happiness until the "Fall," whereby they acquired responsibility, which they misused. Thus Eden is in the past, but it is also in the future; for the legends are always completed by the sequel which foretells the regaining of the lost Paradise, when man shall have learned how to use his powers aright — when he can use his power of choice without marring his own happiness. We shall have occasion again to refer to this universal diffusion of stories found in our Bible; the present occasion refers especially to the "sacred number," Four, as found in the four rivers of Paradise.

We are reminded in this chapter that the number Four gives rise to the Pythagorean *Tetraktys* ∴ which is ten points made by the continued addition of one, ∴ ∴ two, three, and four; and that this, multiplied by four, gives forty — another sacred and ceremonial number.

The Four of course suggests the Cross, and accordingly we find that the author numbers this symbol among his striking parallelisms. But to say that it is *merely* a symbol of the four cardinal points and the four winds is simply to connect the two ideas together without giving an explanation of either. What is the common origin of both the Cross and the fourfold division of the Circle? In short what is the essence and meaning of the number Four? Why should all races have agreed to attach so much importance thereto as to symbolize it everywhere by the Cross? Or why should the Tree be similarly employed as an alternative symbol to the Cross?

We can only find the satisfactory answer to this and many other puzzling questions by putting in what the author has left out — by remembering the ancient Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine with its Mystery-language. In these universal symbols we find the symbolic characters employed in the teaching of that Esoteric Wisdom. The Cross is a good deal more than a symbol for the cardinal points, nor has mankind been universally so infatuated with the dawn and the sunset as to deify them and carve up symbols on all the rocks in honor of them. In fact dawn and sunset are rather commonplace and conventional events, when one comes to think about it. Also it is pertinent to ask why others venerate the Cross, not to mention our various coats of arms, national emblems, masonic signs, and numerous other devices. What cosmic events do we symbolize in them? Why not apply the same reasoning to the Freemasons as to the Red

Men? Obviously there is much more in a symbol than the author sees in it. We simply do not know why we so venerate and keep up our own symbols, but we do it nevertheless in obedience to an instinct we cannot fathom.

Freemasonry should surely help us to understand; and it is certainly more reasonable to regard these symbols as those of a universal cult than as the vagaries of primitive people. But this cult dates back from an antiquity that has to be reckoned in geological time. What is said in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 434; see also THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, July, 1914, "Studies in Symbolism") about the division of Root-Races into Sub-races enlightens us here. As we are part of the fifth Sub-race of the Fifth Root-Race, we were preceded by four earlier Sub-races of the Fifth Root-Race. And as the fourth Sub-race (out of seven altogether) stands at the bottom of the cycle, it follows that we have only just commenced the reascent towards spirituality, and that the earlier Sub-races had greater knowledge in some respects. More than this, each of those Sub-races had run its entire cycle, whereas we are still in the middle of ours. This explains why we should find the remnants of traditional knowledge, preserved and venerated all over the globe, and by races which we, in our primitiveness, call primitive. But these races are in their old age, and their childishness (if indeed they are childish) is of the second order.

We should try to realize that all this symbolism had a practical value. The ancient Mysteries were taught by symbolism and the drama, and even now some of the tribes celebrate sacred rites and initiations in secret crypts, preserving the memory of what went before in the golden age of their race.

Four is the number of Matter (more accurately of manifestation) and signifies incarnation. Three is the number of Spirit, and the two together make up the septenary nature of man. The Cross is the material life, to which the incarnating Soul is bound, only to win a final triumph and resurrection. The Tree is often used instead of the Cross, and sometimes with a Serpent twined round it. All these symbols are pregnant with meaning for him who has studied symbolism in close connexion with the study of life's mysteries.

There is little doubt that these people, like others, had (and still have) both exoteric and esoteric teachings, and that the former only would meet the eye of the ordinary investigator. Hence the prevalence of the number Four — the number of Matter or outward

manifestation. The Three, and its relation with the Four in making the Seven, would be part of the secret teachings. Yet we observe that every quaternary has a central point or master-principle, and by regarding the unity as essentially a triad we get the septenary even in the Four. The Theosophical teaching of the Seven Principles of man, divided into a (higher) triad and a (lower) quaternary, is simply the ancient teachings restated.

The next chapter is on the symbols of the Bird and the Serpent. This introduces the subjects of "animal gods" and Totemism. Deific powers can only be expressed by some form of symbolism, and the animal symbol is more pregnant with significance than symbols drawn from any other department of nature. We may recall the ancient Egyptian animal deities. In an animal we find summed up some particular trait of character, which in man exists in subordination to and admixture with many other traits. The Lion is courage; the Eagle, aspiration; the Bull, brute strength; the Serpent, wisdom; and so forth. These several powers of the Soul have to be cultivated and duly co-ordinated. In the well-known symbol of the fourfold Sphinx, we find combined the Man, the Bull, the Eagle, and the Lion; which signifies that the Bull (brute strength) is overcome by the Eagle (aspiration), which in turn is inferior to the Lion (representing the heart); while the human face stands for the divine-human intelligence which rules over all. The natural objects symbolizing certain potencies were always regarded as focuses for the respective potencies, and so were venerated as talismans or protective objects. This has been particularly true in America of the snake; in India we see the same thing in connexion with the bull. It may not be superfluous to mention the better known religious symbols of the dove and the serpent. These two are complementary to each other, as indicated in the text, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

The fact that —

In many legends these animal gods created and directed in their course the heavenly bodies and established the institutions of human society —

proves that the animal was the symbol of a *type*. It is easy to understand the meaning in most cases. The Lion is a good instance. "Man, the paragon of animals, praying to the beast, is a spectacle so humiliating that it prompts us to seek the explanation of it least

degrading to the dignity of our race," thinks the author. But is there not a confusion of ideas in this? Does man pray to a beast? What is a beast? It is not the beast that he venerates but the qualities symbolized by that particular animal. In the same way he might venerate the diamond and use it as an amulet or sacred object, yet we would not say that man worships stones.

Therefore it was not the beast that he worshiped, but that aspect of the omnipresent deity which he symbolized under its form. The Bird and the Serpent are mentioned as having attracted particular attention and as playing an important part in all myths. The Serpent has always been held sacred—except, for some peculiar reason, among Christians; although the text, which is quoted by the author, runs: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Is not the Serpent a symbol of wisdom and knowledge? This would explain the double meaning, for knowledge can be abused so as to become cunning. It would seem that the Serpent represents a power in man which continually challenges him and which has to be mastered. A dragon is always represented as guarding the golden treasure, so that no one can take the treasure except he who is brave enough and strong enough to subdue the Dragon.

Many interesting details of this veneration for the Bird and the Serpent are given in the book; but as such details can readily be obtained by any reader for himself in this age of books and free libraries, we may pass them over in order to say something more pertinent as to their meaning. The classical student will not



forget in this connexion the *caduceus* or wand of Mercury, which has a pair of bird's wings on the top and two snakes entwined around the stem. (In *The Secret Doctrine* is given a picture of a caduceus in which the rod itself is also a serpent, so that there are three serpents). The ancient arms of Sicily (Trinacria) are a figure composed of a central human face, surrounded by two wings, three legs, and four snakes; and thus we get not only the Bird and Serpent symbols but the Tetraktys of Pythagoras. Again we may refer to the Dove and Serpent of Christian symbology, as also to the various

dragons and similar figures compact of bird and serpent. The Bird is a symbol for the human mind-soul, also sometimes represented by a butterfly. With the Chaldaeans, and hence with the Hebrews, the Bird represents an angel or spirit; it builds its nest in a tree. The Bird can fly away, however; it is not bound down; it is a symbol of immortality and of that in man which is immortal. The snake, on the other hand, is represented as being wound around the tree. It is evident that in all this we have parts of a profound system of symbolic teaching, known at one time to all the world, and preserved by the scattered offshoots of a once entire civilization. But if we study these things merely from the curious point of view, we simply amass loads of odd information which will lead us nowhere. There are many such books on ancient cults and symbols, which are crammed with facts whose significance does not seem to have dawned on their authors. All this has to be related to the practical philosophy of life, as is done in *The Secret Doctrine*. We have to learn in what way man may be regarded as a Serpent and also as a Bird, the relation between these two aspects of his nature, and how we can turn the knowledge to account. But this does not form subject-matter for an essay. So we must be content here to make our chief point, which is that all this universal symbology is not superstition or fancy, but ancient Wisdom, being so much testimony to the reality of the Wisdom-Religion and its universal diffusion.

COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

X

(From the Memoirs of Prince Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel)



LEFT Berlin for Leipsic with M. and Mme. de Dieden, my intimate friends. At Leipsic I obtained exact information about the famous Schröpfer from several people, amongst others from Professors Eck and Marche, who told me the details of his magic operations, at which they had been present, and in which he raised "spirits" which not only showed themselves but even spoke to the spectators. I had already heard much of them from Prince Frederick of Brunswick and Bischofswerder, and also through the worthy Colonel Frankenberg, who had not seen him personally but knew one of his followers at Goerlitz. I strongly advised the latter to abandon this dangerous connexion and to keep only to our Lord, in which he followed me faithfully and died shortly afterwards. I went

from Leipsic to Hanau where I surprised them completely. I returned by Witzenhausen and next to Schleswig.

On my return to Altona I saw the famous Count de Saint-Germain, who appeared to evince a growing attachment towards me, above all when he heard that I was not a hunter, and had no other passions contrary to the study of the higher knowledge of Nature. He then said to me: "I shall come to see you at Schleswig and you will see the great things we shall accomplish together." I gave him to understand that I had very good reasons for not accepting the favor he wished to do me, for the time being at any rate. He replied: "I know that I must come to you, and I must speak to you." I knew of no other means of evading all explanation than that of telling him that Colonel Koepfern, who had stopped behind on account of an indisposition, would follow me in a couple of days, and that he could speak to him about it. I then wrote a letter to Koepfern to tell him to warn, and if possible dissuade, Count de Saint-Germain from coming here. Koepfern arrived at Altona and spoke with him. But the Count replied to him: "You can say what you like; I am going to Schleswig and I shall not delay. The rest will come out all right. You will please have an apartment prepared for me, etc."

Koepfern told me this result of their conversation, which I could not approve. Besides this I obtained much information about this extraordinary man from the Prussian army, for I had spoken particularly with Colonel Frankenberg, my friend, with regard to him. The latter said to me: "You can be assured that he is by no means a deceiver, and that he possesses extraordinary knowledge. He was at Dresden: I was there with my wife. He wished us both well. My wife wanted to sell a pair of earrings. A jeweller offered her a trifle for them. She mentioned it in the presence of the count, who said to her: 'Will you show them to me?'

"She did so. Then he said to her: 'Will you entrust them to me for a couple of days?' He gave them back to her after having improved them. The jeweller to whom my wife showed them afterwards, said to her: 'What beautiful stones! They are altogether different from the ones you showed me before.' And he paid her more than double."

Saint-Germain arrived shortly afterwards at Schleswig. He spoke to me about the great things he wanted to do for humanity, etc. I was not particularly desirous of doing so, but in the end I had my scruples about rejecting knowledge which was in every way important (from a false idea of wisdom or of avarice) and I became his disciple. He spoke much of the *improvement* of colors, which would cost almost nothing, of the *improvement* of metals, adding that it was absolutely necessary to adhere faithfully to this principle. Precious stones cost money to buy; but when one understands their improvement, they increase infinitely in value. There is almost nothing in Nature which he did not know how to improve and use. He confided to me something of the knowledge of nature, but only the introductory part, making me then search for myself, by experiments, for the means of succeeding, and rejoicing exceedingly in my progress. That was the way with metals and precious stones; but as

for the colors, he actually gave me them, as well as some very important information.

Probably there are those who would be glad to know his history, and I will trace it with the greatest exactitude according to his own words, adding the necessary explanations. He told me that he was eighty-eight years old when he came here. He told me he was the son of Prince Rágóczy of Transilvania and of his first wife, a Tekely. He was placed under the protection of the last of the Medici, who made him sleep, as a child, in his own room. When he learnt that his two brothers, sons of the Princess of Hesse-Rheinfels or Rothenburg, if I am not mistaken, submitted to the Emperor Charles VI and had received the names of St. Charles and St. Elizabeth, after the Emperor and the Empress, he said: "Well then, I will call myself Sanctus Germanus, the Holy Brother!" I cannot guarantee the truth of his birth; but that he was greatly protected by the last of the Medici I have learnt from another source. This house possessed, as is well known, great knowledge, but he claimed to have learnt those of nature by his own application and his researches. He knew thoroughly all about herbs and plants and had discovered medicines which he continually used and which prolonged his life and his health. I still possess some of his recipes, but the physicians strongly denounced his science after his death. There was a physician there named Lossau, who had been an apothecary, and to whom I gave twelve hundred crowns a year to work with the medicines which the Count of Saint-Germain gave him, among others; and principally with his tea, which the rich bought and the poor received gratis. This doctor cured a number of people, of whom none, to my knowledge, died. But after the death of this physician, disgusted with the proposals I received from all sides, I withdrew all the recipes, and I did not replace Lossau. Saint-Germain wanted to establish a dye factory in the country. That of the late Otte at Eckernförde was empty and neglected. I thus had the opportunity of buying these buildings of the town cheaply, and I there established the Count de Saint-Germain. I bought silks, wools, etc. It was necessary to have many utensils suitable for a factory of this kind. I there saw dyeing operations (according to the method I had learnt and carried out myself in a cup) — fifteen pounds of silk in a great cauldron.

It succeeded perfectly. So one cannot say that there was nothing done on a large scale. Unfortunately, it happened that the Count de Saint-Germain on arrival at Eckernförde lived in a basement room that was very damp, and he had a very bad attack of rheumatism from which, in spite of all his remedies, he never fully recovered.

I went often to see him at Eckernförde and I never left him without new and very interesting instructions, often noting down the questions I wished to ask him. During the latter part of his life I found him very ill one day and believing he was on the point of death. He was visibly perishing. After having dined in his bedroom he made me sit alone by his bedside and then spoke much more clearly to me about many things, prophesying much, and told me to return as soon as possible, which I did, but I found him ill on my return; nevertheless he was very silent. When I went to Cassel in 1783 he told me in case he died

during my absence that I should find a sealed letter written by him which would suffice me. But this letter was never found, having perhaps been confided to unfaithful hands. I often pressed him to give me during his lifetime what he wished to leave me in this note. He was much distressed and said: "Ah, I should be unfortunate, my dear prince, if I dared to speak!"

He was perhaps one of the greatest philosophers that ever existed. A friend of Humanity; only desiring money to give it to the poor; also a friend of animals; his heart was never occupied except with the good of others. He thought he was making the world happy in providing it with new enjoyments, the most beautiful fabrics, more beautiful colors, much cheaper than previously. For his superb dyes cost almost nothing. I have never seen a man with a clearer intelligence than his, together with an erudition (especially in ancient history) such as I have seldom found.

He had been in all the countries of Europe, and I scarcely know of any where he had not made a long stay. He knew them all thoroughly. He had often been at Constantinople and in Turkey. France, however, appeared to be the country he liked best. He was presented to Louis XV by Madame de Pompadour and was a guest at the "little suppers" of the King. Louis XV had much confidence in him. He even employed him privately to negotiate a peace with England and sent him to The Hague. It was the custom of Louis XV to employ emissaries without the knowledge of his ministers, but he abandoned them when they were found out. The Duc de Choiseul had wind of his doings and wanted to have him carried off. But he saved himself just in time. He then gave up the name of Saint-Germain and took that of Count Weldone (*bien fait* — Benefit; kindness). His philosophical principles in religion were pure materialism, but he knew how to put it so well that it was very difficult to oppose successful arguments; but I often had the pleasure of refuting his. He was by no means an adorer of Jesus Christ, permitting himself remarks which were not very agreeable to me in regard to him. I said to him: "My dear Count, it depends upon yourself what you wish to believe about Jesus Christ, but I tell you frankly you distress me much in making suggestions against him, to whom I am thoroughly devoted."

He remained thoughtful for a moment, and did not retort.

"Jesus Christ is nothing, but to distress you, that is something, so I promise never to talk of him again."

On his death-bed, during my absence, he told Lossau one day to tell me when I returned to Cassel that God had given him grace to change his opinion before his death, and added that he knew how much pleasure that would give me, and that I should do still more for his happiness in another world.

THE ORIGIN OF WAR AND TWENTIETH CENTURY MORALITY: by H. A. Fussell



THE present war in which nearly all Europe is engaged is not only appalling in its magnitude and the immensity of the interests at stake; it is also very disquieting to the conscience, for the moral issues involved far outweigh the economic and the political, great as these are.

Is it all a terrible nightmare, or has a great disaster really overtaken Western Civilization? And what, after all, does that civilization amount to, the "blessings" of which we have so long been urging upon the unwilling nations of the East through our missionaries and our armies?

Only two years ago the question was asked: "To what moral and social state have we attained in Europe [and America] at the present time?" It has been affirmed that "we have advanced to a degree of moral and social excellence such as the world has never known." On the other hand it has been asserted "that the advance has been largely neutralized by regressive forces and that we have made but little progress" (*The International Journal of Ethics*, July, 1912). The present state of Europe compels us to acknowledge the truth of the contention, and it behooves us to look well to the foundations upon which modern civilization is built.

Pious people will say that it is founded upon Christianity. If it were, war would have been abolished long ago, and there would be no ravening nations to engage in the work of slaughter and destruction. We would not belittle the influence of Christianity on the world; but considering that whole nations profess Christianity more progress might reasonably be expected, for Christianity "claims to rule the whole man, and leave no part of his life out of the range of its regulating and transforming influences." As a matter of fact, there are many individual Christians, but no really Christian nations, and it is a pious delusion to say that modern civilization is founded upon Christianity, or that twentieth century morality is Christian in principle.

The present war is the direct result of the system of "free industrial competition," which has been well defined as "the wasteful striving of human beings with each other," and of the ruthless egotism on which the seemingly fair fabric of modern society is based. Even the evolutionist school of ethics admits this; and Darwin felt that

important as the struggle for existence has been and still is, yet as far as the higher part of man's nature is concerned, there are other agencies more important.

Says Ira Woods Howerth, of the University of California, who quotes these words :

Chief among these agencies is co-operation. Co-operation is therefore, the more significant fact in human evolution. It exerts by far the stronger socializing and moralizing influence. . . . Every step in civilization has meant a modification of the competitive struggle. (*The International Journal of Ethics*, July, 1912)

Strife between nations has its origin in strife between individuals, and strife between individuals originates in the strife within each individual human being between his Higher and his Lower Nature. Make the Individual good and the Nation will be good, and Humanity as a whole will be good. As Madame Blavatsky said years ago:

The deadly strife between spirit and matter, between Light and Goodness and Darkness and Evil began on our globe with the first appearance of contrasts and opposites in vegetable and animal nature, and continued more fiercely than ever after man had become the selfish and personal being *he now is*. Nor is there any chance of its coming to an end before falsehood is replaced by truth, selfishness by altruism, and supreme justice reigns in the heart of men. Till then the noisy battle will rage unabated. It is selfishness especially; the love of *Self* above all things in heaven and earth, helped on by human vanity, which is the begetter of the seven mortal sins. (*Lucifer*, March 15, 1891)

Until now peace between nations has been of the nature of a compact. How little such a compact is binding, when self-interest gets the upper hand is only too plain to all students of history. Once a war has been entered upon every means of crippling the enemy, by which is understood the hostile nation, is employed, on the theory that the greater the suffering and terror among the non-combatants, the sooner will it be possible to impose terms of peace—a peace disadvantageous and often humiliating to the vanquished. War is a reversion to barbarism; and unless some unprecedented moral and spiritual force can be brought to bear upon the combatants, the present war, like all others that have preceded it, must be fought to an issue.

One thing is certain, this war is the outcome of years of persistent wrong thinking, during which the nations assumed a wrong mental attitude towards one another, an attitude of distrust, even

of hate; and this found expression in the unnatural condition of "armed peace," a condition which every increase in armaments made yet more unnatural and intolerable. What wonder that men asked themselves whether actual war were not preferable to this endless preparation for war, to the dread and fear slowly settling down over the nations of the earth! What wonder that such an accumulation of destructive forces, mental as well as material, should at last break every barrier and reveal the hidden antagonism! It is this spirit of distrust and fear that has rendered abortive the efforts of Peace Congresses and Peace Societies and which will continue to do so until it is removed.

It must be borne in mind, too, that while material and economic interests are largely responsible for this war, there exists in each nation engaged in it the feeling that it has been undertaken from a sense of right and duty. The fact that differing views as to right and justice are involved makes judgment extremely difficult. We are not, however, called upon to judge, but to protest in the name of outraged humanity against its continuance. To our shame our twentieth century morality is not sensitive enough, not spiritual enough, nor the feeling of our Common Humanity, of Universal Brotherhood, intense enough, to unite us in a protest sufficiently strong to halt the war, to afford time to the warring nations to come to their senses. They one and all express disgust at the butchery in which they are engaged, and regret the devastation they cause, even while continuing it. They are not dead to moral feeling. They would be saddened and indignant if their own little ones suffered the privations and misery they are inflicting upon the little ones of the enemy. They are hoping in their hearts for the day when all this rage and fury shall be over. With what joy they would hail the voice that should awaken the Divinity in their nature and bid them lay down their arms.

Have we, as neutrals, no duties beyond contributing to the nursing of the wounded and the succor of the distressed? Cannot we begin, here and now, to prepare the way for peace—a true and lasting peace—by educating public opinion, and by teaching the young a loftier morality that shall render war impossible? The lifting of humanity to new and higher levels of thought and feeling is an arduous task. First of all the mental inertia and moral apathy that weigh down the human mind have to be overcome; and there are

timid souls to reassure who believe that general disarmament would leave us a prey to the forces of anarchy. To such we commend the words of Katherine Tingley who says:

I cannot conceive that any one could have such an absurd idea that, without due preparation, we could bring about peace, or that we could immediately dispense with our armies and navies. I know too much of human nature for that. But I know that there lies in the heart and make-up of every human being a divine power that can change present conditions, and in time bring about wonderful results for the whole human race—a permanent peace. (Address at Isis Theater, on the occasion of “The Sacred Peace Day for the Nations,” September 28, 1914)

It is to this work of preparation—the creation of new conditions—that we must bend our energies, in the endeavor to bring about mutual understanding and good will by emphasizing the basic principles of the Common Origin of Man and his essential Divinity, as well as the truth that all religion worthy of the name

binds not only all Men but also all Beings and all Things in the entire Universe into one great whole . . . and that therefore any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a Universal Brotherhood. (Madame Blavatsky in *Lucifer*, November 15, 1888)

Viewed from this standpoint all war is fratricidal and a blot upon the fair name of humanity.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the wide-spread discontent with present conditions, and the recognition that the welfare of each nation is dependent upon the welfare of the other nations of the world. An instance of this, on the material plane, is the well-nigh universal dislocation of trade caused by the present war. The idea, too, is gaining ground that it is in vain to look for lasting peace among the nations until they recognize the truth that they are indeed members one of another, necessary parts of one great family, each having determinate functions to perform in the body politic which includes the whole of mankind. It is this wider outlook, this growing sense of solidarity, that distinguishes the morality of the twentieth century from that of preceding centuries, and gives us hope that when the European war is ended, we shall enter upon an Era of Conciliation, when a new orientation and systematization of world-work will be possible, which will eliminate the causes of strife and be conducive to the well-being of all.

Nor dare we overlook the fact that the Peace Movement, to be

successful, must be universal. Wars will not cease until the causes of war have been done away with, and that will not happen until mankind as a whole has advanced to a higher level of moral, social, and political development. For long ages slavery was regarded as the very foundation of society. But we have outgrown slavery. Our moral sense would no more permit us to be slave-holders than it would permit us to be cannibals. In like manner we shall outgrow war, even though nations still call upon "a God of Mercy and Compassion" to bless their armies.

The only way in which mankind can attain the higher moral and spiritual altitudes that lie before it is for individuals, one and all, to learn to restrain the lower by the Higher. In the last resort it is the individual, who seemingly counts for nothing in the countless millions of his kind that form the sum total of humanity, who is the fulcrum on which rests the whole process of evolution. Let each individual do his or her part and the Cause of Peace is won. Paradoxical as it seems, the Power of the Individual is limitless. But he must be in earnest, and act in accordance with the Higher Law.

Another distinctive mark of the twentieth century is the faith that we have in law and in education. For some time past enlightened men have devoted much time and thought to the formulating of a body of International Law, hoping thereby to adjust the conflicting claims of nations and settle their differences. We must not forget, however, that laws are the expression of the public conscience, and are dependent on the moral status of the age for their sanction. The public conscience has to be aroused, not only before a law can be formulated, but that it may be made effective. Law ever lags behind the prevalent moral ideals. The question of education becomes then all-important, for any action on these lines in the immediate future will be the outcome of the ideals actuating the rising generation. That is one reason why Theosophy lays so much stress upon right education, and why the Râja-Yoga School and College were founded, in which the true principles underlying human development are taught, and where the youth of the different nations may learn to grow up in mutual esteem and true brotherhood. As Madame Blavatsky says:

All good and evil things in humanity have their roots in human character, and this character is, and has been, conditioned by the endless chain of cause and effect. But this conditioning applies to the future as well as to the present

and the past. Selfishness, indifference, and brutality can never be the normal state of the race; to believe so would be to despair of humanity, and that no Theosophist can do. Progress can be attained, and only attained, by the development of the nobler qualities. . . . It is only by all men becoming brothers and all women sisters, and by all practising in their daily lives true brotherhood and true sisterhood, that the real human solidarity which lies at the root of the elevation of the race can ever be attained. (*The Key to Theosophy*, pp. 230, 231)

It was to make these principles effective in the life of humanity that Katherine Tingley founded the Râja-Yoga system of education. Among all the systems of education actually in vogue it is the only one which has as a definite aim and object the lessening and final extinction of national and racial antagonism. In regard to education the twentieth century stands at the parting of the ways. The fathers and mothers and teachers of today have in their hands the destiny of the race, for they must answer the question: Shall we educate for Peace or for War?

THE HORRORS OF WAR: by Alice Copeland



It has been said that "peace is the virtue, war the crime, of civilization," and Grane no less truly maintains that "war is not only crime, it is sacrilege." It will be difficult for the heirs of the present age to explain the marked strains in the blood of their ancestors—in ourselves. Even now it is hard to understand this riot of bloodshed which has suddenly turned Europe and her dependencies into shambles.

The effect of the war upon this country is felt quite beyond the financial and commercial circles which measure values in dollars and cents. There is a peculiar strain and expectancy in the very air, as though nature herself was shocked at the pictures of humanity thrown upon the screen of time by the old world's foremost nations. Men and women feel an inner tremor of impending danger, just as domestic animals often apprehend coming disaster and seek means of escape. The shuddering roar of the guns from regular scheduled target practice along the coast of late, has made our homes and our hearts alike vibrate unpleasantly to this symbolic message, voicing the spirit of destruction which shatters a nation's hearth-stones and undermines all natural relations of life.

The institution of war makes attempts at progress a mockery.

What is gained in building up institutions of the arts and sciences, and preserving historic treasures which are international assets of inspiration, age after age, if the war spirit is to be given the power to sweep all this away at a blow? How may man hope to prosper in the humanities when he puts his trust in War, whose motto is written in blood: "We kill to conquer"?

Meager as the accounts from the front have been, the oppressive horror has been felt in this country like a vivid nightmare.

War cannot be squared with any consistent purpose in life. Why should a mother suffer that a soul may come to her in the sweet body of a babe, why should she serve and love and hope and plan for long years, through which the little feet are led up to manhood, if the purpose of his life be but to help punctuate one of the historic pauses when civilized progress is halted in battle? Her very motherhood is treason to her cherished child if, in his prime, he is to be pledged to a cause of strife, and to be enlisted in the ranks where passion, famine, and pestilence fall alike upon both sides. Mother Nature herself, who, with subtle chemistry, has combined the forces of sunshine and earth and air to feed and clothe and shelter the body of the man-child, does not calmly permit such violation of her creatures. She will not allow the blood of a nation's manhood to be poured out recklessly upon the earth, and the bodies so mystically builded up out of it, to be heaped in masses of reeking flesh. She works in continued harmony to supply man's wants, while he, by violations of the natural laws of brotherhood, causes famine, pestilence, and misery. If not a sparrow falls unnoted, a like account must be rendered for man's faithful helper—the horse, thousands of which perish on the battlefield often after hours, perhaps days of agony. What must be the moral and spiritual reckoning?

The heroism and self-forgetful valor displayed in war are inherent in the soldier's character and could be called out in greater measure by the inspiration of a high purpose. No military victory can offset the cruel and desecrating spirit which war evokes.

War is a passion—a reversion toward the animal. With these pictures before us, can we refrain from voicing our sentiments in a vigorous protest against war and the manifold evils flowing therefrom? We are neutral; we take no sides; we oppose but War itself.

THE MODERN PEACE-MAKERS: by Lydia Ross, M. D.



OMEWHERE in the world today there must be forces of light and peace equal to the power of the millions drawn up in battle-array. But where are the peace-makers? When the present war came like a bolt from the blue, the armed troops of nation after nation appeared upon the scene as if by magic. It seemed as if all the power of the modern world, as well as the money, had been focused upon the military phase of life. We have suddenly learned how completely organized are the fighting forces. The peace-makers must be equally wise if the dove is to lead the Eagle in the march of final victory.

The forces of light and peace are at work everywhere, striving to make life better through charitable, philanthropic, religious, political, educational, and civic institutions. Never has there been more alert and strenuous effort for human betterment: but the helpful forces, diffused over so many fields of endeavor, are not acting concertedly in their individual attempts.

The clew to the situation is the knowledge of the dual nature of man — a potential god in an animal body. The enemy must be recognized in the lower nature of every individual, and the powers of human divinity must be consciously and confidently called forth, and marshaled into order. Men and women must believe in themselves, as veritable “sons of God,” and challenge the divinity in others to come forth, and fight the good fight of faith, which wins by the sword of spiritual knowledge.

Only thus can the enemy be captured, and all his ammunition and fighting force be utilized for warring a good warfare. Then each one will guard and control his own lower nature, whether he be in prison, in politics, upon the throne, or in the ranks of private life.

With the knowledge that all men are brothers there will be one test of valor in the eyes of the higher law, for all, from the leading men to the least of the weaklings. He who conquers himself will be counted greater than he who taketh the city. The repentant tears of the many Magdelenes will be as sacred to the cause of lasting peace for faulty humanity, as all the preaching.

“We must have **units** before we can have **union**,” but harmonious units with inner peace would inevitably result in world-unity. The power to win lies hidden in the human heart; it must be challenged to come forth and act in “peaceful mobilization.”

There is a long line of Torch-bearers of Truth who have marched through the ages, molding thought and working according to their times for human betterment. The Sacred Peace Day for the Nations has come, when those who are true Peace-Lovers shall not only stand for it, but shall marshal their forces upon the common highways of life and unitedly march in living protest against war.

SCIENTIFIC AND OTHER JOTTINGS: by the Busy Bee

PRE-SEMITIC BIBLICAL STORIES

DR. LANGDON, the Assyriologist of Jesus College, Oxford, has translated important early Babylonian tablets, found at Nippur by the University of Pennsylvania, and has recovered a pre-Semitic account of the Deluge and of the Fall of Man. This is regarded as the source of the Old Testament narrative. More revelations are confidently expected from subsequent work in translating these tablets.

These stories are obviously symbolical, and we must always remember that similar stories are found in the folklore and religious myths of many races. The admission of this fact cannot in any way detract from our interest, but must increase it. The two extremes to be avoided are that of a literal acceptance of allegories, and that of a total rejection of them as fables. The right course is to understand their symbolism and profit by it.

But, as regards the story of the Deluge, it is more than symbolical, for it is also largely historical. There have been many Deluges, and all races have preserved traditions of them. One of the greatest of these occurred at one of the cyclic periods in the history of human races, and ushered in a new configuration of continental and oceanic areas. In the traditions we find that a remnant of the old race, together with the seeds of all kinds of life, are preserved in an "Ark," or in some similar vehicle. This story has evidently been topographically adapted by the various races who have adopted it, as we find that many have their own sacred mountains upon which the vehicle of life rested.

The story of the "Fall" has often been dealt with in Theosophical literature. It is at once an epitome of very early human biological history and of what takes place throughout all history in the lives

of individual men. We see man "tempted" by the proffered gift of knowledge, which he accepts and at first misuses, thus bringing about his own exile from his primitive state of innocent happiness. But the "gift" was divine, and in the end it is man's salvation after much tribulation. This has been the history of mankind, of the races of mankind, and of the individuals composing the races. Evil, for man, means the subordination of his mind to his uncontrolled lusts and passions; but Knowledge is divine and is man's savior. Let not these two be confused. And let us remember that other Temptation, recorded in our New Testament, where a Master rebukes the tempter in the name of Divinity.

NEUROSIS AND CRAZES

THERE is a tendency among some writers to regard many of our modern "crazes" as morbid or pathological conditions, similar to those which accompany alcoholism and other forms of excess. In other words, they are manifestations of nervous and cerebral excitement, seeking some outlet; and when this outlet does not take the form of an ordinary disease or vice, it may take the form of a "craze." No doubt it would be possible also to diagnose the crazes as forms of toxæmia — a poisoned condition of the blood.

Such expressions of opinion raise the question *whether the mind can poison the body, or the body the mind*. The fact is that mind and body react on one another, but the mind is the prime mover. When a diseased body influences a mind and causes morbid mental manifestations, it is because the body tends automatically to repeat whatever impressions have been stamped on it; but it was the mind that first stamped the impressions and started the chain of action and reaction. The mind acts on the brain, and the brain rouses the bodily centers, and thus desire is awakened. The bodily cells and organs are creatures of habit, and tend to repeat impressions, good, bad, or indifferent, that have been stamped upon them.

In extreme cases of mental craze, all sight of the original object is lost sight of, every rule of reason and commonsense is violated, as well as every canon of good taste and normal feeling; and the outcome is sheer chaotic excitement. The moving power is destructive. It is the letting loose in society of a disintegrative force, which tends to spread to other circles and to induce destructiveness and lawlessness everywhere. The ostensible motive counts for nothing at all, except as a blind to mislead people and gain their sympathies.

But how are we to overcome such outbursts of destructive psychic force? It would appear that we simply do not know — we have not the means. This is owing to the prevalent ignorance as to essential laws of nature and human life, and our civilization seems to have evoked goblins which it cannot lay.

Referring to what has been said — since the mind is the instigator, the cure must be applied chiefly to the mind. And since the body plays a part in the evil, that must be treated also. By cleansing the mind we can prevent it from setting up any further evil causes in the body, and then those already set up will gradually expend themselves. This may be a work of time; but that is only natural, if the acquisition of the habit was also a work of time. Nevertheless we may count time as fighting on our side, and time is another name for patience. The first thing to do is to eliminate perversion of the imagination, for it is the very life-sap of the evil habit; yet even this may be difficult, owing to the powerful reaction of the body on the mind. But on one side fights will and determination, while on the other side is only the inertia of matter; so time and persistence must win.

As regards society as a whole, the first thing to do was to sow the seed of wisdom, which was done by H. P. Blavatsky when she founded the Theosophical Society. The result of that has been the gathering together of a united body of convinced and determined people, who are diffusing all over the world the teachings of the ancient wisdom. This constitutes a nucleus for the regeneration of society, and makes a point from which it is possible to begin. Next to this comes education, and this has already been started in the Râja-Yoga system, founded by Katherine Tingley on the lines laid down by H. P. Blavatsky.

The rottenness in us starts in early life. There it exists in subtle forms that are usually only named by their symptoms — neurasthenia. How are we going to deal with this? The only answer is, education. If there is any other solution, we have yet to hear of it.

It has been said that geniuses are always unbalanced, but this is not true of the highest geniuses. It is only true of the "one-legged" geniuses, who have a weak spot in their make-up, so that they oscillate between strength and weakness in accordance with the cyclic flow of the life-forces. They live on their nerves, and have to do their work at fever heat, because the reaction will soon set in. They cannot control their inspirations, but have to work when the mood

is on, and stop when it is off. Neurasthenia is said to be particularly apt to accompany bright minds.

Some people are saying that a new morality is needed to deal with the changed psychological conditions that have grown up. This is true and untrue; it needs to be taken with a large pinch of salt. It is so very evident that it can be used as an excuse for claiming license for particular cravings or fancies. And it is so fatally easy to undermine the foundations of a building while trying to repair the faults in its superstructure. Human nature is more sensitive and highly evolved, and the conditions of life have been rendered more complex by science. But desire is desire, and rectitude is rectitude, now as ever. And desire will lead to destruction, as is its eternal nature; for it can no more be fed to satiety than can a fire. It is just because our desires are so accentuated and refined that we need a greater firmness and moral integrity than ever before to balance our nature. Because the superstructure is so elaborate, the foundations must be dug deeper and planted more firmly. People rebel against what they call old-fashioned morality because it is so often mixed up with stagnation and a rejection of aspirations and enthusiasms. Thus society is faced with a choice of evils. The thing most lacking seems to be *strength*; for we must remember that the neurotic nature manifests itself as much by irregular and spasmodic outbursts as by stagnation and lassitude. These are its two alternating phases; in neither one of them dwells strength.

So many of the problems attributed to new psychological necessities are really due to neurosis engendered by faulty upbringing that half the problems would be solved by right education.

FUTURIST MUSIC

THE comments on this are many and various; so that if the readers of periodical literature want to know what they are expected to think, they have plenty of choice. Some of the criticisms we have seen are appreciative; or rather they seem to be striving under difficulties to be so. But most of the opinions expressed are — candid; perhaps the others are too, but we are not quite so certain in this case. All revolutionary changes involve destruction and construction; but in some innovations the former predominates to such an extent that it is difficult to discover any of the latter. But it may be argued that there can be no such thing as complete evil; for either it must con-

tain an admixture of good, or else it must be *consistently* evil — and consistency itself is a virtue. And so with some of this new music: we can trace the presence of a careful and successful effort to avoid any inadvertent use of the triad; and it may be argued that this consistency constitutes in itself a species of harmony. A succession of notes struck on the piano, with the simultaneous use of most of the fingers on both hands, is bound by the scientific law of probabilities to result in occasional harmonies; but not so with some of the futurist music. However we must not condemn the general with the particular; for in other specimens the constructive element may predominate. The task of discriminating we prefer to leave to others.

One reason for the chaos of opinion is the vagueness as to what music is, and what is the function of this art in particular or of art in general. Suppose we throw out the suggestion that the purpose of art is to manifest the Real. (We offer it as an alternative to the theory that the purpose of art is to create a pleasing illusion.) In this case it would naturally be impossible to *define* the influence of music or its purpose; for the Real is not the definable; but why should we wish to define it? Do we not wish to escape from the definable?

Again, perhaps we make a mistake in trying to consider the art of music in isolation from the great art of life. Perhaps we destroy the part by trying to sever it from the whole. The process of abstraction turns realities into concepts. There is danger of our thus reducing music to a mere concept — to an abstraction. It may be that the arts and sciences, and other sundry components of our life, have somehow segregated, as though something like the Babel of tongues had set in; and that satisfaction and completeness cannot be achieved in any one of them so long as they are separate. In other words, life must be unified, *harmonized*, in order for a full appreciation and understanding thereof. When a musician strives to express something — what is he striving to express? Thoughts that cannot be spoken, emotions that cannot be expressed and conveyed in any other way; or something that is neither thought nor emotion? Perhaps it is the inner life that he strives to express, or that is trying to express itself to him. And then what of the listener? Of what use is it if the feelings which music brings to him are such as he cannot grasp or use? If music speaks to him of unrealizable ideals and an impossible world full of indefinable experiences, to what purpose is its ministry?

Our life is only a half — less than a half — and full of uncom-

pleted meanings. The solution lies beyond. If music can help lift us out of our narrow sphere to a region where these questions find their answer, it will have supplied its own answer to the questionings it raises. But realization must ever be in action, for no thought is completed as long as it remains a mere thought. Therefore we must make harmony in our lives, if we would realize the meaning of music. And music should inspire us to achieve this. Beauty cannot dwell amid sordid and selfish surroundings such as obtain in our disordered lives. So long, therefore, as we keep our temple thus occupied with money-changers, we shall have to be content with the continual wistful beckoning of music, without ever being able to answer the call. This will go on until one day we rise up in our strength and shake off the fetters that keep us from our Soul's desire.

PERCEPTIVE POWERS OF PLANTS

"ONE of the most sensational facts that have recently come to light . . ." So begins an article in *The Scientific American*; and we have left the quotation incomplete for the purpose of keeping our readers on tenterhooks, so that they can better appreciate the postponed revelation. And what is this sensational fact? We continue the suspended quotation: ". . . is the discovery that plants appear to possess a special sense." Well, well; a good many people have discovered this before; and as for the rest, it is never too late to mend.

The instance of the sundew is mentioned. Not only will this plant "eat" flies placed on its leaves, but, if a fly is suspended half an inch from a leaf, the leaf will slowly move towards the fly, grab him with its tentacles, and complete the customary process. Question: how did the leaf, or the plant, know about the fly? Then there are the cases where roots go forth in search of water. The dodder, a virulent parasite, germinates as a seed in the soil, sending out a thread-like growth. This thread wriggles in and out through the grass stalks, seeking for a victim; and when it comes near a clover plant, it quickens its pace and soon secures a hold. Within a few weeks the thread-like shoot is multiplied by the thousand, and each hydra-head carries a sucker, so that the life sap of the strongest plant is quickly drained. A trailing cactus, on the roof of a shed, came to a rust-hole in the galvanized iron, and at once sent down an immense

quantity of roots nine feet to the ground beneath. A fern in a pot sent out a special root on the outside of the pot, for the purpose of fetching water from a saucer in which the pot was standing. Finally is quoted a case observed by the botanist Dr. Carpenter. A wild service tree grew in the top of the shell of an old oak, and after a time sent down roots to the ground. But about half a yard above the ground these roots fork and enter the ground in two different places. Had they not forked, but gone straight down, they would have hit a large stone.

Everyone knows that plants can do these things; the fact is *too* familiar. The conclusion is quite inevitable. The plants possess an appropriate sense. We cannot class this sense under any of the five ordinary senses. Undoubtedly the plant has its "ethereal double," upon which the physical structure of the plant is built like a weft upon a warp. Some day a new development of *x*-rays or *y*-rays may enable us to see this viewless ethereal plant, stretching out in all directions beyond the physical plant, and contracting and expanding like tentacles. At all events it is evident that the sphere of perception of the plant extends far beyond the physical plant itself. And this being so, we must presume that these distant perceptions are inherent in some substance, which we may provisionally call an "ether," after the usual custom. But let us always remember that when we come to explanations, it is rather difficult to really explain the action of *any* sense or faculty.

Plants are alive and have a consciousness of their own, not at all like our consciousness, but still a consciousness.

FREE WILL

WITH reference to the question of the freedom of the will, the following is from a review in the *Athenaeum*, of "Natural Law in Science and Philosophy," by Émile Boutroux.

Ancient philosophy was based upon a dualism which prevented determinism from becoming absolute, but the tendency of modern science is to abolish this duality.

The reviewer mentions some scientific inferences and continues:

M. Boutroux, however, who is not a believer in modern determinism, extricates himself from this impasse. For, in his opinion, there is a hierarchy of sciences and a hierarchy of laws which we can compare with another, but cannot

blend into a single science of external things and into a single law. A correct idea of natural law, he says, "restores to man true self-possession, and at the same time assures him that his freedom may be efficacious and control phenomena."

Man refuses to be told that his will is not free. The subject is ably and conclusively treated by H. P. Blavatsky in her "Psychic and Noetic Action," where she shows that eminent scientific opinion can be quoted in support of the freedom of the will, both from the psychological and physiological standpoints. There are in the main two centers in man: the center of the personal ego, and the center of the impersonal or non-finite and non-mortal Ego. The former is a center of self-interested impulses, ideas, and actions. If man's sphere of thought and conduct were limited to this center and its radiating lines of force, his will would certainly not be free, for it would be conditioned by the various physiological, psychological, and other influences that actuate those forces. But the existence of that other center in man enables him to override these lower forces. To this extent, then, his will is free. In fact, his will is not conditioned by these lower laws, but only by higher laws. Our will is free beyond all ordinary conception — free to do right, free to escape from the bondage of sense and habit. Biology and physiology are bound to vindicate this view, for it is a truth. Dogmatic insistence on the simple universality and inviolability of law cannot affect the question. The power to act is not circumscribed by a certain set of laws. Yet it may be, and necessarily is, limited by another and higher set of laws. We cannot conceive of an action without a law; perfect spontaneity means nothing.



A PHILOSOPHER will not speak of the goodness or cruelty of Providence; but, identifying it with Karma-Nemesis, he will teach that nevertheless it guards the good and watches over them in this, as in future lives; and that it punishes the evil-doer — aye, even to his seventh rebirth.—*H. P. Blavatsky*