

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1915

NO. 3

HE who does not feel irresistibly impelled to serve the Race, whether he himself fails or not, is bound fast by his own personality and cannot progress until he has learned that the *race is himself* and not that body which he now occupies.—*William Q. Judge*

MAN'S PRESENT OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE OUT A NEW LINE: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IT is sometimes said by people in a mood of despondency over the condition of the world, that humanity moves in a perpetual circle, and that mankind spends vast labors in acquiring things, only to fall back into barbarism. And these people refer us to the “lesson of history.”

But when, we may ask, within our historical knowledge, has the world been as it is now? Are not the conditions brought about by our progress in science and other things different from any that have existed within our knowledge of history? If so, how do the lessons of history apply to these conditions? May we not reasonably suggest that perhaps *now*, this time, humanity will not lapse back? And then again, the period we call historical is very small compared with the actual duration of man's past life on the earth.

There is no real reason why man should go round and round the circle, nor why he should not take the opportunity to rise to a new level. Let us consider the case as it applies to man the individual, with a view to applying it also to mankind in the mass.

The reason why so many geniuses fail is because they try to keep up their energy by perpetual stimulation of the brain, a process bound

to result in gradual deterioration and eventual exhaustion. Having achieved success in one direction, they try to repeat the process in exactly the same way; but each time the result is less successful. Thus their efforts become more violent, and their achievements less excellent; and the condition is analogous to that of a drinker who has to increase his dose of wine. More than this, they repeat themselves and thus weary their public. The natural laws of progress are violated, and they stagnate instead of progressing. And this is because they lack the necessary courage and aspiration to pass a certain critical point. They become so attached to the sensations they have cultivated and the ideas that are so familiar, that they cannot give them up. But the striking out of new paths must always involve sacrifices.

It is certain that, if we are to attain the higher, we must give up the lower; and this is where the difficulty comes in. For, if we seek to attain to the *real* life, we must rise out of the unreal life which all the while we have been mistaking for the real. And the first steps of this process will necessarily seem intolerably blank and dreary. It is stated by great Teachers that the moment when the world looks hollow and unbearable to a man is the very moment when he has a chance to step out into the real life; but that usually, when reaching this crisis, he succumbs to his fears, and instead of taking the step in advance, he rushes back to his old familiar sensations. So this is what makes the great genius repeat himself and strive hard to keep up in himself the sense of life. He does not realize that he can no longer achieve what he achieved before, that the past cannot be recalled, and that he ought to go on instead of trying to stand still in one place. And often he fails to keep up the illusion at all and gives way to despair, and we have the case of a genius who breaks down.

But one reason why individual men should thus fail is that they stand so much alone. The spirit of the age drags them back. For men are not so isolated from each other as we think. In order that great geniuses may flourish, it is necessary that there shall be many men all striving in the same direction as that in which the genius is striving. It has been truly said that great geniuses stand on the shoulders of their contemporaries.

This also explains why life is such a mystery to us. The mass of mankind has so persistently refused to soar out towards the illimitable sources of knowledge, to sound the depths of its own nature — has so

continually kept its thoughts and desires chained in a narrow circle — that a great illusion has been created. But how different it would be if a large mass of people were living in continual aspiration towards the higher possibilities of life! Then curtains would rise, and dark mysteries would be mysteries no longer.

There is great hope for humanity at the present hour. We have but to consider how long the dark shadow of lifeless creeds and all-denying theories has brooded over our minds, to realize that the mere purging away of all these would of itself be a great lift to humanity. And when we add that these delusions will be replaced by a belief — a sure faith — in the essential divinity of man, we feel still more confident of the great change that can be wrought in the mental and moral atmosphere of humanity — a change that may well be spoken of as a coming of the Christ-spirit.

Speculative people who imagine Utopias always find a difficulty in giving us an idea of what the people would do with themselves in those Utopias. A perpetual round of eating, drinking, sleeping, working, studying, and playing, does not seem to satisfy the aspirations of the soul; and the more well regulated this round might be, the more intolerable it would certainly become. Human perfection does not mean this; it must mean something more than a mere perfecting of the present notions of life. The blissful spontaneity and unquestioning acceptance of life which we see in the animal or very young child — these would be left out of such a Utopia, all filled as it would be with uneasy self-conscious people wondering what to do with their life. All the sublime hints of a grander life that we receive through music, art, and all expressions of the elusive spirit of **B**eauty — these too are unprovided for in the imaginary Utopia.

The stress of a highly complex life brings individual people to the point where they ask for something more than they have hitherto found in life. That is when they should have at their command the teachings as to the dual nature of man. That is the time when they have their best opportunity to take a step onward to life's larger possibilities. Theosophy has helped many people at this point, and it will help an ever-increasing number. Through the sublime teachings of the ancient Wisdom, more and more minds and hearts will be directed towards the light, and a great new force will stir the mental atmosphere of mankind, as though a new planet had dawned in the firmament. This force will overthrow the older forces, and the light will

dispel the mists. Such a state of affairs might well be expected to produce a violent state of unrest in the world; and perhaps that is what is happening now.

But the important thing is that mankind shall not fall back into the old grooves. Perhaps it will find itself so sorely perplexed by the task of avoiding this retrogression that it will seek good advice where it can be found and listen to the message of Theosophy.

If a man has reached that ripe point of experience where he feels that his life is of no more use to himself — then surely it is time that he dedicated that life to a nobler object. This would be better than blowing out his own brains or trying to drown grief in sensuality. And there are many people whom the trials of life have brought to such a point. Let them know that something better awaits them than an early tomb to be followed by eternal duration; let them try to think that they are just at the beginning of life, instead of at its end.

The continual search for satisfaction drives us ever to sound the depths of our being in the endeavor to trace joy to its source; and we find that that source is not within the personal man at all. We have the choice between giving up the quest or pushing on to something beyond the personal man. In other words, the only way to escape from the never-ending bitterness that comes from the attempt to achieve personal satisfaction, is to follow an impersonal motive. In fact, dedication to a noble object is the way out.

Though there will be a majority of people to whom the time of choice has not come, and who will continue to find satisfaction in ordinary ways of life, the case is otherwise with more highly developed people; and it is of the greatest importance for the welfare of the race that these leaders of thought should be on the right road. As it is, their superior energy has been venting itself in useless and even harmful directions. So much has been done in organizing the affairs of the animal man, and so little in organizing the interests of the higher man, that the possibilities of improvement in the latter give abundant promise of new hope for humanity, when its present troubles are over.

ART IN CHINA AND JAPAN: by C. J. Ryan

Part II



IN his delightful study of Oriental art,* Mr. Fenollosa treats Chinese and Japanese art as closely related methods of looking upon Nature, and by his historical method of treatment he keeps the reader's attention occupied with the great tides of national life which sweep backwards and forwards, carrying the crest waves of art to the highest levels and then dropping them for a while. According to the author, Japanese art, which appeared later in time than the Chinese, did not rise to a single overmastering wave like that of China, but appeared in five successive and distinct culminations of almost equal creative vigor. Having briefly considered some of the chief points in the development of Chinese art in the earlier part of this paper (see *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for July, 1914), we must now confine our attention to Mr. Fenollosa's appreciation of Japanese art and life.

The careful observer, who disregards the superficial differences between Eastern and Western art which arise from the variations in physical types and material conditions, soon learns that the Eastern artist is chiefly occupied with the soul of things; he suggests rather than portrays, whenever possible; he trusts to the intuitive or imaginative capacity of the spectator. The Western artist is more interested in the outer aspect of the casket, the physical vehicle, through which he presents his message. Not that the great Orientals could not render the true character of objects with immense force in their own manner, when they wished; some of the Chinese and Japanese portraits are marvels of characterization; but, while the Western artist is inclined to emphasize the material side, the tangible and the *personal*, the Eastern leans, as a rule, to the impersonal, the symbolic, and the typical. In the East the human body was seldom made the predominant feature; outside Nature was more fully recognized; Nature and Man were considered as a unity. Landscape and its allies took a place as free and independent arts a thousand years before Europe conceived of such things. To understand Oriental art we ought to realize fully and intelligently the true meaning of Mysticism, of Impersonality, not as a vague sentiment but as the key to the deeper laws of life, in the appreciation of which the East has always been ahead of the West.

* *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art; An Outline History of East Asiatic Design*; by Earnest F. Fenollosa (London, W. Heinemann)

With the advent of Buddhism from China and the consequent transformation of Japan in the 6th century A. D., came the rapid development of the arts, and from that time till the 20th century there has been a fairly steady stream of creative artists with fresh and original ideas reflecting the changing spirit of the times. The special qualities of Japanese art may be considered to be delicacy, grace, dramatic feeling and movement, reticence and self-control, and nearly always a keen sense of beauty. Only occasionally, and then only as a passing heresy, did the imitation of Nature as the basis of pictorial art exist in Japan. The Japanese actually accomplished what some of the more comprehensible of the "Cubists" or "Futurists" are straining themselves convulsively to attempt, i. e., they used the medium of art to convey interior mental states and spiritual ideas, but they never asked, as does the extreme modern Futurist, "What has Art to do with Beauty?"

In opening his consideration of primitive Japanese art, Mr. Fenolosa says:

Japan! What romantic thoughts and memories arise at the name! Set uniquely along the coming paths of traffic between East and West, endowed by temperament to become the interpreter of East to West and West to East, we have here an illuminated corner of history's scroll, a flash of human genius at highest tension, which in our records only the sensitively organized Greek, and that only for a few centuries, ever reached. The land itself—a fitting casket for the soul—is broken into islands, peaks, and promontories as the Greek archipelago, but swathed with a far richer garment of semi-tropical foliage.

The traces of what the author calls "Pacific art," a substantial unity in decorative design which we find widely scattered round the Pacific Ocean and in the islands, are seen as clearly in early Japanese art as in Chinese. Very little is known of the semi-civilization of Japan preceding the advent of Buddhism in the 6th century A. D., but what artistic relics have been found show the "Pacific" forms blended with some patterns derived from Corea and Go, the Eastern provinces of Southern China. A profound impression for subsequent ages was made when the Chinese written character was introduced in 285 A. D.; and when in 552 the Emperor Kimmei received a partial set of Buddhist scriptures and some images, probably bronze, from Corea, the beginning of the new age was apparent.

The reign of the great Empress Suiko (593-629) marks the first rapid rise of Japanese culture, and these thirty-six years may be spoken

of as we speak of the age of Elizabeth or Victoria in England. Suiko and her brilliant son Prince Shōtoku (who did not live to ascend the throne) resolved to make Buddhism the religion of the State and succeeded in establishing it and its art upon enduring foundations. Shōtoku built the enormous monastery-temple at Horiuji (616) some of which, though made of wood, still remains in good condition. A marvelous collection of art treasures is preserved there, including the exquisite Tamamushi Shrine from Corea, presented to the Empress Suiko (see *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, July, 1914, for illustration). The first bronze statues made in Japan are at Horiuji; they are rather formal and stiff but dignified and possessed of qualities that soon developed finely. Mr. Fenollosa says that one of these, the Chuguji Kwannon, shows great spiritual beauty and is obviously the work of a master-mind, probably Prince Shōtoku.

During the 7th century Japanese art rose by leaps and bounds. Some of the bronze statuettes of this period strangely resemble the Greco-Buddhist types which we find in China, but the definite and unmistakable Grecian wave had not reached Japan yet. Mr. Fenollosa thinks that although some roundabout impression of Greek art had possibly reached Japan from Bactria, it is more probable that the classical treatment was an independent discovery of Japanese genius.

The next chapter of Japanese history opens to our view the enormous influence upon Japan of the great Tang Empire of China, and now we find towards the end of the 7th and continuing through the main part of the 8th century, the unmistakable and dominant effect of the Greco-Buddhist canons of art which China had adopted for the time. Many splendid works of sculpture, showing the indirect influence of Mediterranean art very plainly, were imported from China and Corea. The Udzumasa clay Buddha, (illustrated in the July *THEOSOPHICAL PATH*) is a noble example. About this time copper was discovered in large quantities in Japan and so it became easy to cast large bronze statues. The gigantic Daibutsu statue of the Buddha of Light at Nara, belongs to this period. It was decreed by the Emperor Shōmu in 746, in Japan's first age of really imperial splendor, when Nara, the capital, had more than a million inhabitants. Wooden statues also became popular, and a new material for plastic sculpture, consisting of a mixture of Nara earth and finely shredded paper fiber, was invented. Hollow and very light figures of lacquer juice and powdered bark were introduced later in the Greco-Buddhist period. All these

materials have lasted wonderfully well. The height to which this first magnificent flowering of Japanese art reached — accompanied by a great literary activity — may be conceived from Mr. Fenollosa's remark that only to see the great bronze group at Yakushiji, near Nara, consisting of a Buddha flanked by two Bodhisattvas, is worth the journey from America to Japan. In his opinion the Bodhisattvas are "perhaps the finest standing bronze figures of the whole world"! The sculptor, Giōgi, called "Bosatsu" or Bodhisattva on account of his marvelous wisdom, was a great Buddhist prelate and statesman, the adviser of Emperors.

The author shows a remarkably just appreciation of the meaning of the word "Bodhisattva." He says:

The general Buddhist idea of a Bodhisattva is of a being who has advanced so far in the scale of wisdom and insight, and the renunciation of fleshly ties, as to be just on the point of entrance into Nirvāna and salvation. Spoken of human beings, it means their last earthly incarnation. But it comes to have a much more special sense in Northern Buddhism: namely, a being who, though having the right to enter Nirvāna, *deliberately renounces it*, electing to work under the conditions and possibly renewed temptations of the world, for the love of one's fellow-man or of the whole sentient world. It thus denotes a new kind of renunciation, the renunciation of renunciation, or rather the renunciation of salvation. In so doing it ceases to be negative and self-seeking, entering upon a positive and masterful path of love and help. The Bodhisattva vow in Northern Buddhism, especially in the Tendai sect, as we shall see in the next chapter, is a vow made as early as baptism to lead the strenuous path of battling for the right, to consecrate one's career throughout any number of necessary incarnations to loving service.

Now if such a soul should, not rising in evolutional course from man, but descending in special dispensation from a paradise already attained, devote itself to such loving service without the need of more than occasional incarnation, it would become a Bodhisattva of a higher type, still more Christlike — a perpetual Bodhisattva, so to speak — a great spirit making for love and righteousness, invisible to man, but assisting him, whose answer to man's prayer comes with every accelerating throb of human devotion. Such a Bodhisattva would become worshiped as a sort of personification of the great moral or spiritual principle for which he specially stood. Such a Bodhisattva would be Aizu, the spirit of love; Bishamōn, the spirit of courage; Jizō, the spirit of pity, particularly of care for little children; Manju, the Bodhisattva of wisdom, or spiritual interpretation. . . ."

Even faintly to trace some of the spiritual beauty suggested by such a noble conception of semi-personal Divinities required extraordinary genius, but some of the great Chinese and Japanese painters and

sculptors of the serene presences of the Bodhisattvas have fulfilled the task with admirable success.

The Emperor Shōmu, who ordered the colossal Daibutsu Buddha, has earned a deeper gratitude by the bequest of the total contents of his palace at Nara to the new Buddha. A great storehouse was put up in 749 to hold the extraordinary variety of treasures collected, and it stands today in good condition, the contents being looked after most carefully by the government. The daily life of a civilization of twelve centuries ago, as represented by thousands of articles of daily use and of aesthetic beauty, lies open to view. It is practically another and more complete Pompeii.

Some of the finest stone carvings in Japan belong to this period, and a series of mural paintings, semi-frescoes, at Horiuji, possibly painted by an imported Chinese master or an artist from Khotan or Turkestan, had a dominating influence upon the Greco-Buddhist style in Japan.

But the Greco-Buddhist style was not destined to last very long, though its indirect influence can be traced for centuries. Shortly after the middle of the 8th century a decline of virtue began in Nara, the capital, and rapidly spread; the good laws of Taihō, which guaranteed the land to the people, were falling into disuse; many abuses crept in; and in sympathy with the descending cycle the art became coarse and merely traditional. A great uplift was at hand, however, for with the accession of the powerful Emperor Kwammu a new spirit entered into the national life. To break the evil spell which seemed to have fallen upon the land, Kwammu took various drastic measures. He built a new capital at Kiōto and let Nara fall into partial decay, and he studied and endeavored to transplant the wonderful new civilization of China in order to create a new Japan. Mr. Fenollosa points out that at that distant date the Japanese were as willing to incorporate the best elements of a foreign civilization as they were in the 19th century. In his day Kwammu was what the late Emperor Mutsuhito was in ours.

While Kwammu was meditating his sweeping changes several distinguished apostles, sent from Japan to study the tenets of the mystical Buddhist sect whose center was on the Tendai mountain in China and which was then dominating the life of the people as described previously, returned with new ideas and hundreds of pictures and other works of art. The Tendai sect, which was inspired by the Indian philo-

sophical teachings of Nâgâjuna and others, was essentially practical, and was an expansion of preceding religious forms in the direction of healthy moral and social service. In both China and Japan it succeeded marvelously as a spiritual, intellectual, and moral impulse for many succeeding centuries. It stands out as an illuminated period in the drab history of the world. Included in the new cycle of achievement is the famous "Engi" period (901-922), generally called the high-water mark of Japanese civilization. In Japanese art, however, it is only the second of five nearly equal culminations. Mr. Fenollosa says:

In general culture . . . perhaps not in the world was there ever again anything so exquisite. Shōmu's day in Nara had been great, but it was a childish though overgrown patriarchy. Genso at Lōyang and Pericles at Athens had seen stronger, more daring creation. The later Florence of the Medici was to surpass it in sheer intellectual force and the Hangchow of Sung in naturalness and vitality of art. But in a delicate aristocratic culture on a scale comprising a vast city, and whose finest essences are original poetry and music, nothing before or since probably has possessed a more perfect flavor. It was like the production of a wonderful, unique, and unheard-of flower whose shape and color transcend the limits of all known species.

The age in which the Engi culmination was the most brilliant part lasted from about 881, when the head of the great aristocratic family or clan of the Fujiwara, Mototsune, became Prime minister, until the twelfth century. It is called the Fujiwara period because that family really controlled the Empire: its daughters were given in marriage to a long line of Emperors. In literature, as well as in art and music, great perfection was reached. The *Geni Monogatari*, a romantic novel by the Lady Murasaki, is —

almost the most perfect picture of refined contemporary life that the literature of any age has left us. Without any deep-laid plot it contrives to describe every phase of public and private life, showing especially how men and women are almost equally educated and stand on terms of perfect social equality. It may seem strange to some that any race of Oriental women can ever have been as free as are ours today. . . . The very individual training of the new Buddhism allowed women to essay the spiritual emancipation.

Influenced by the mystical and yet practical Buddhist Tendai school, religion became a powerful agency in the life of the people, and the art of Japan followed in the footsteps of the glorious Chinese Tang. Of the Fujiwara period Kanawoka is one of the leading figures, a *professional* painter, one of the first to appear. The age was more one

of painting than of sculpture, for the new Buddhism, with its interior form of worship or meditation, required no great altar-pieces with large carved figures, but rather small shrines with medium-sized pictures. Religious subjects were still dominant, but in some of the pictures of the Buddhist Hell, we can see, in their battle scenes and incidentals, the approach to the secular subjects that became characteristic of the next, or Feudal period. Towards the close of the Fujiwara age the mystical tendencies of the people were reflected in a new style of painting in which the splendor of gold was used with great effect to suggest the blazing glory of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas of the Boundless Light. A new school of sculpture arose also, headed by Jōchō, the first great sculptor of lay origin.

The bitter feuds which arose in the 12th century and reduced the Fujiwara family to obscurity, swept over Japan like a hurricane and changed the whole current of history. New conditions arose, and with them a new art. The later periods of Japanese art must be considered in the final part of this paper.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART ONE

CHAPTER I — THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY



WHEN you have to do with Man, it is time to walk warily; heaven knows in what sacred precincts you may be trafficking! Here, it must be owned, he is commonplace failure enough: a poor wingless biped — two-legged pig, fox, ass, or tiger, often: a thing walking erect and offending heaven. Even so; but beyond this *here* there is a *there*, internal and supernal: wherein you shall find him at one with the Hosts of Angels and the embattled stars. An animal, something lower than the others; and behind that a mind of sorts; and behind that — aeons on aeons, winged and flaming hierarchies; Olympus and Mount Meru and Sinai; Apollo, Angus Og, and Balder the Beautiful; Golden Age and Millennium and the whole Glory of God.

So when we come to the story of him, which we call History, we are to expect all manner of impossible incongruities. Here, Zeus

will be jostled by swineherds; there, out of a reeking, raving mob, Juno steps forth majestic, or Minerva with untroubled eyes. Take crown and purple from this one, or herdsman's smock from that other, and you shall find that it was reincarnate Osiris enthroned, or that Phoebus, banished from his mansions in the sun, was feeding the kine of some new Admetus. And human destiny was in their hands the while!

The Aryans, it has been said, sought and saw God in Man and in the Universe; the Semites, in the unfoldment of history; or, the field of research for the first was space, and for the second, time. We might, however, turn Aryan eyes on to the Semitic province; and behold the Divine crowding down into the affairs of men: events, as well as the starry systems, falling into a grand architectural plan; and a drip or seepage incessantly, of immortal waters into this mortal world.

The Tapestry of History — at first glance would not one call it a kind of futurist fandango of unfinished forms? High lights and dark shadows: a deal of lurid crimson for crime and bloodshed, lust and cruelty: bilious green plentiful; hard metallic bice, flarings of loud vermilion and scarlet, all the harsh pomp and externalities of color — God's truth, it is hard, unpromising work enough! Kings and dukes at it with mace and battle-axe, bishops lending a mailed hand on occasion; wars civil and uncivil; the appearance of some ambitious war-king, eager to subdue this people and that; Lollardry and Smithfield fires; headsman's axe, and great activities therewith on Tower Hill; hangman's rope, and an eternal procession to Tyburn — it is a garish, crude, unbeautiful tapestry surely. And you may take this as typical; what you shall garner in other lands will be a little better or a little worse; but the proud figure of headsman or hangman will still be stalking in sinister glory across the picture; here we shall do our work with the stiletto or Borgia's ring; there with gentlemanly rapier; there again with brutal smashing mace or pole-axe; but be very sure the work will be done, whether by Latin, Gaul, Saxon, or Teuton. We shriek at Spain, France, England, in turn, for their successes; while we are very weak, we are mighty virtuous; while our hands are bound, Lord, they know nothing of picking and stealing; *Meum and Tuum* is rigid, and if our eyes wander covetously in secret, our fingers move not openly to transgress. Then comes the day when we slip the handcuffs; and lo, those same fingers begin to

show a strange facility for searching in the pockets of *Tuum*. The picture is not exaggerated, is it? It is all very true . . . ?

Yes, it is all very true, but —. Some will see nothing but crude blue of sky, brown of earth, and green of vegetation in any landscape. The light will be mere white for them; the shadows no more than black or brown or gray. Others, looking out through eyes more instructed, will see wonder and glory everywhere: the darkest shadows, for them, glow amethystine, and where the sunlight falls, there will be flashing and whirling myriads of intoxicating colors. Magic is not dead for them; they will not walk abroad without expectation of happening upon some faun or nymph or fairy — indeed, dear knows whether haply between this and the post-office, one might not run against one of the Olympians themselves. In our excursions into history we must be alert, lest things transcendental and unearthly should escape us. They are there: he that has eyes to see, shall see. Let none wantonly accuse the Golden Age of having perished traceless, or the Woods of Arcady of being dead.

Let us say at once that we need Plato's method, and to understand the universal plan before examining the details. Aristotle-Bacon will not do, if only because too few of the particulars are ever available; beyond that there is the inherent imperfection of the logic of the brain-mind. All of which smacks of heresy, but no matter. Reinforce your reasoning with intuitive imagination: take that for telescope to the star-worlds, and quit peering upward through microscopes of inductive argument. "Except ye become as little children," says the Teacher. . . .

Could we but conjure men's minds into a healthy, glowing imaginative state — childlike, not childish — unperverted with dogmatic superstitions, not cribbed and cabined in materialism; we should have Archimedes' lever at our service, and straight might give this old world a fillip to send it careering gaily among the stars. We might dwell in altitudes that have a pure, spiritual ozone for atmosphere; our commonest clowns and clodhoppers might be poets, enchanters, heroes, proud kings. After the old theories which confined human existence in within the limits of six poor little thousand years, or let out the walls for it grudgingly by a meager millennium at a time, how lovely is that teaching of Theosophy which gives man freedom of the last eighteen million years, and bids us forget Adam and the apes, and behold ancient divine dynasties, and an ancestry of Gods, Sons of the

Fire Mist, and of Will and Yoga! Such a doctrine would be orthodox and proper to the great creative ages: which we might hurry back, indeed, by a return to generous conceptions, casting off the niggardry of current theories.

We can get no true historic perspective in the mere story of Christendom and the decadent pagan and Jewish ages immediately preceding: which is all the history we study, commonly. How are you to judge the merit and meaning of a drama, who have but watched one corner of the stage during the process of one scene? Plot there was, although you saw none of it: the cyclic evolution of man;— all that sound and fury, were it interpreted, is the eternal warfare of the Angels and the Demons. What seemed a stupid hodgepodge of lies, brutalities, and barbarism, could you see it all, and in perspective, would appear an orderly, intelligible unfoldment: a pageant of men and Gods marching; a decent, reasonable warfare of real opposites. Where you saw only hell's broth stirred by the witches: "eye of newt and tongue of frog," etc., in reality was Ceridwen's Cauldron, into which all essences and poisons are thrown, that at last the Three Drops of Wisdom may be brewed. We are at heart reasonable beings; Children of Cosmos, as you might say; although running wild here in chaos, and with perhaps an accidental dash of chaos in our veins. Look too limitedly, and it is only the workings out of this wild streak that appear, as in the helter-skelter story of Christendom; yet even there, could we look with anointed eyes — Where we sensed no more than the rude, obstreperous buffetings of kings and barons, had we the ken to penetrate to realities, we might catch glimpses of lights and shadows more than earthly; hear, not too faintly, echoes of the war-shouts of Heaven and Hell; and read our own internal struggles in Froissart or Macaulay or Carlyle.

For here is one thing we know, and theories and argument have no place in it: Good makes war on evil, light upon darkness; and we ourselves are the battlefield. Search within, and you shall surely learn to know where flames the sword of Michael; what champions, golden-mailed and winged with lightnings, lead the cohorts of Heaven; and where the princes of Tophet surge and gather in the gloom. And these intimate parts of man are the integrals of history. That force which, whispering within your heart, used your tongue this morning to sneer or speak traduction, brought down in its day empires in Anahuac and the Andes; stole provinces in Africa; forced opium

on reluctant China; warred with, burned, and slandered Joan of Arc. Within the silence of one's own heart at any time, one may hear the trumpets of the Gods ring out: who will, may ride with me this morning to Roncesvalles, where the Paladins shall not fall now; who will, may man the topless towers of Ilium, or go forth breaking the battle of the Achaeans; or, maybe, fight that last dim, weird battle in the west again to such a purpose, that Arthur shall not now be smitten through the helm, nor need rest beneath the trees of Avalon and Mystery. For the Battle of the World endures —

There hath been nothing else since time began:
 The battlefield is earth and sky and sea;
 The battle day is time, till God and man
 Dreaming, forget to be.

On Kurukshetra, Camlan, Marathon,
 Still the two Hosts their endless warfare wage:
 Still splendid surge the Sun-God legions on,
 And still the hellions rage.

Truce hath not been since first the worlds were made,
 Nor any moment passeth, but therein
 The Angels in their battle-cars arrayed,
 Or else the demons, win.

Harken, this day God's Trumpeters do call
 His old time heroes forth to new renown;
 This day the Red Branch and the Paladins fall,
 And Troy's high wall goes down,

Or conquering Heaven sweeps on Hell's hosts entrenched,
 And Xerxes' fleet, and Philip's, break amazed;
 Lutzen is won, and Balor's eye is quenched,
 And Orleans' siege is raised.

One is the Host of Light, that shall not cease
 Nor suffer time forget his flame-bright goal;
 Ho, slumberers, rise! Shake off your bonds of peace;
 Ye are not dust, but Soul!

One is the Horde of Darkness: all the years
 Have drawn their sorrows from one fount of woe;
 But now the dawn of liberation nears,
 Sing, moments, as ye go!

For lo, the fields of dawn are all athrong
 With flaming champions; we may drift no more,
 Poor human froth and flotsam, whirled along
 Where hell's dark torrents roar.

Yes, in spite of all the *blessings* of modern civilization! In spite of this great black sacrament of Satan, at which our western nations kneel celebrant, with slums and sins for bread and wine, and ignorance for the inward and spiritual disgrace: ignorance, educated, highly cultured and refined, or the common brute sort with bludgeon and jemmy; ignorance begetting materialism, money-lust, armaments; sordid doctrines of expediency, when nothing worse, in politics; unilluminated realism in art and literature; here and there even Bacchanalian worship of the flesh! In spite of the weariness of humanity; the imagination of the world poisoned, perverted, or paralysed; and that we, the heirs to the haughtiest thrones, to destinies transcendental and supernal, go wallowing in the mire, filling our bellies with the husks which the swine do eat. Even if the glory of life has departed, and we cry not *Ichabod*, but rather take pride in our fall: are all materialists, and delight in dulness, so that no stars shine for us, and we hear no music in the winds and waters; even if we fall to deifying machinery; build nasty cities for souls to wither and grow sick in; and for the scepter of our spiritual kingdom, have little left but our cheating yard-wands —

Arthur, Arjun, Cucullain, Charlemain,
 Still flame immortal through the immortal fray;
 Glyndwr's bright Dragon takes the heavens again,
 No more to wane away.

Oh beautiful, and past endurance bright,
 They break and burgeon forth on the ages' gloom,
 And at their song the bastioned walls of night
 Go crumbling down to doom.

A thousand reckonings have them dight in arms,
 Innumerable, lightning-sworded; ne'er of yore
 So rang their battle-anthem o'er the alarms
 Of kings on kings at war.

For now no more will High God stand denied
 To see fulfilled His oath and compact, ta'en
 When Julian fell; when bright Hypatia died;
 When Joan of Arc was slain.

— He that has ears to hear, let him hear. We cannot despair, but instead are called upon to hope with the lustihood of giants refreshed. For this was ever the way with us, perverse creatures that we are: when all looks most hopeless, trashy, woe-begone, thoroughly smug

and mediocre, out of this swamp of unhuman humanity, suddenly will be appearing some Maid of Orleans, some Julian, some Blavatsky to confound the probabilities; and there where we thought all was placid, unshakable Gehenna, and ugliness comfortably enthroned on a throne of reinforced concrete — there suddenly revolting Heaven breaks through, Eternal Beauty leaps up flaming, and the world rings again with the gayety of the irrepressible Gods. No, no, there is something fiendishly persistent about the Soul! Though you bury it fifty cubits beneath the mountains; though you clamp it down with adamant and steel, and pile Pelion on Ossa on top, think not that you shall rest o' nights for its rumblings! Think not that you are safe from the Soul! — it will out yet, and gloriously overturn your dirty empire. Bury the Gods; level Olympus; shout on all the winds that Great Pan is dead; blaspheme the glory of Apollo; — and then look to it, you are not safe! Gather where you will in your Synods and Ecumenical Councils; scream down your opponents in the name of *homoousion* or *homoiousion*; to it valiantly, Athanasius and the Arians; Constantinople; Nicaea; loud-mouthed African Tertullian; astute Eusebius, refashioning the past; to it with your wrangling, your anti-heretical thunders, your burning-eyed, narrow-browed, hoarse bigotry! You Saint Cyril and your ragtag and bobtail mob of saints armed with oyster-shells, to your Eastertide murder in the Serapion: tear to pieces the Good, the Beautiful, and the True! No doubt ye be mighty warriors, mighty champions of the unlovely; but your terrible flaming zeal has become an object of scorn and pity; your machinations are all wasted away! Though you have torn up every bloom that blossomed by the Mediterranean, was there no vast and fertile Orient? no seeds winged with gossamer, nor winds to bear them eastward? You have built a rampart of sand on the seashore; you have raised a little hedge to exclude the wandering swallow! Now that the tide is ebbing; now that the bloom is dying on the thorn; consider your work very efficacious, praise it and magnify it forever! But the great waters will flow again, the daffodil will bloom again; and we shall hear again the old booming on the cliffs, the familiar sweet twittering under the eaves. A few centuries are to pass, and in place of waning Alexandria we shall have noon-bright Athens reborn in Florence; and meanwhile there are to be Bagdad and Cairo and Cordova —

The cypress groves of Rukhnabad, the rose gardens of Musalla,

— all the tulip plots of Persia, starred and lovely with Saadi, Hafiz, and Khayyam. Aye, and there are to be wonderful gardens in Cathay also: Willow-plate-pattern gardens at Loyang and Honanfu, where the poets of Song and Liang are to bloom, and the Tang artists are to make a splendor the like of which time remembers not elsewhere.

*Out of the seas and out of the mountain,
And from the waves of the rivers,
Some god is always appearing —*

and the gods you banished shall return, for gifts bringing beauty, art, learning — all those things that you tried so valiently to hustle and rout away over the edge of the world.

And then up in the north there is to be that strange bluff monk of Wittenberg, with a dash, surely, of the old Tacitus' Germans of Woden in his veins: no great apostle of the beautiful he; yet too, I think that Thor's hammer must have swung and pounded the anvil at the forging of him; for he comes with gifts from Valhalla and the Asgard; he opens somehow the gates of Europe, and it is a cold, boisterous, but disinfecting North Wind that blows in.

So too, this dark age of ours will pass. Our armaments and tomfooleries will be swept away; great god Mammon will go by the board; the bright hours will return, and the blue sky ring again with song. For endless machinery we shall have once more the sweet, bright enchantment of the soul, and a humanity made clean and illumined. The Olympian Lords of Beauty will have their say, and the Warrior Gods of the North, thundering forever on the walls of Niflheim; the Celtic Doniaid and De Danaan Races, robed in mysterious sunsets and dawns, and wielding the potent magic of song. O world, world, you shall awake and know great purity and delight by and by! You were a most complete fool to think that this present age of sordidness was destined to endure!

THREE KINGS MEET: by H. T. E.

"The conference of the three Scandinavian Kings and their Ministers at Malmö has," says the Copenhagen correspondent of the *Telegraph*, "ended after two day's proceedings. It has been very successful. All parts of Scandinavia are greatly satisfied. The meeting has strengthened further the ties and good understanding between the three countries and proved the three Governments' strong determination to keep neutral. . . ."

The *Pall Mall* says, "We believe it to be the case that such a meeting has not taken place since the Middle Ages."—(*Clipped from the Press*)



IN the long march of time, forgotten history fades into legend, and again legendary lore often proves prophetic. About the ancient town of Vadstena, on the shore of Lake Vettern, Sweden, cluster many famous legends. One of the most interesting of these tells of a future day when

SEVEN BEECHES WILL GROW FROM A COMMON ROOT, AND SEVEN KINGS WILL ARRIVE FROM SEVEN KINGDOMS AND FASTEN THEIR HORSES, ONE AT EACH TREE. UNDER THE CANOPY OF THE BEECHES THEY WILL CONCLUDE AN EVERLASTING PEACE ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE SEVEN KINGDOMS WHICH THEY REPRESENT. AND THIS WILL COME TO PASS AT THE END OF THE PRESENT AGE.

In the summer of 1913 was solemnized the International Peace Congress which Katherine Tingley had convened, and which met on the historic island of Visingsö, in this same Lake Vettern of the above legend; where its meetings were held under the auspices of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and under the direction of the Leader and Official Head of that organization — Katherine Tingley. No hint of the present European war was at that time in the thoughts of men, no idea of any particular significance attaching to Sweden as the locality for the Congress. But now, after a year and a half, circumstances then veiled from the eyes of the world are becoming apparent. This Congress was no ordinary meeting, such as are held in numbers every year in connexion with peace and similar causes. It had behind it the full force of Theosophy, the only philosophy which gives reality to life and furnishes the clue to the unsolved problems that confront us at every turn. The addresses by many prominent speakers of various lands at this Congress showed that the teachings of Theosophy point the way to the solution of the problems which, in most conferences, are merely stated but without a hint of solution. Moreover, Katherine Tingley was accompanied on her journey by a band of the famous Râja-Yoga students, whose match-

less bearing and exquisite music and songs spoke to the heart a message that penetrated where mere spoken words cannot go. Katherine Tingley and her party undertook what may well be called a crusade, visiting many places, notably the Netherlands, and evoking everywhere a most enthusiastic response from people who till then had never dreamed of the mighty possibilities that lay in the Theosophy of which heretofore they had only heard vague rumors, or (worse) travesties and perversions.

All who have seen the Râja-Yoga pupils or any department of the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, realize that some mysterious and mighty *power* lies behind it all. It is the power of many sincere and devoted lives lived in mutual accord with each other according to the principles of Theosophy. Undoubtedly that force, thus carried to Sweden and Holland — especially to the romantic and historic spot of Visingsö — lit up there one of those sacred invisible *fires* of which the ancient bards speak, and awoke once more the slumbering chords of a harp that, like the harp of Tara, in former days “the soul of music shed.”

Three kings already have met in the land of the prophecy, to confer for the future peace nations, and no such meeting has taken place since the Middle Ages. May it but be the preliminary to other meetings, so that the prophecy be fulfilled in its entirety!

There are sacred spots on this earth still, as there have always been; nor was it without significance that Sweden was chosen as the site for the Congress and that it has witnessed this memorable meeting of kings. No doubt Point Loma, that spot of wondrous beauty on sunny California's Pacific shores, is such a nerve center of old earth's electric organism; and no doubt but the work carried on there year after year with such devotion by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society under the capable direction of their trusted Leader has thrilled the soul of the world and is producing far-reaching results that will eventually initiate a new order of ages.

It was at Visingsö that the celebrated Earl Per Brahe, in the 17th century, built and established his unique school. This spot has been preserved in its natural beauty and sequestered charm, free from the corrupting hand of cities, to be once more the scene of like labors. For on that very spot Katherine Tingley has spoken of founding a branch of the Râja-Yoga School, on a site already purchased.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: by E. A. Neresheimer

III

MYSTICISM OF THE NEW FRENCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC

"There is a kind of knowledge whose acquisition is not restricted to experiment."



THE rising wave of spirituality of our day had its inception in the religio-philosophical truths given by the Masters of Wisdom through their privileged exponent, that genius and reformer, H. P. Blavatsky, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, whose work *The Secret Doctrine* contains more wisdom to the square inch than any contemporary book of any language. Nearly one-quarter century was spent in meeting the contemptuous antagonism which followed the publication of Theosophic philosophy. The teaching of the self-evident truths of the essential Divinity of man; the spiritual kinship of mankind with all that lives; the fundamental identity of all souls with the Over-soul; were too shockingly mysterious for a world steeped in sensuous concerns.

However, things have changed since then; a new order of mysticism in literature, poetry, painting, pregnant with these ideas, already holds a permanent place among us; likewise the younger French School of Music asserts its prerogative with uncompromising courage.

We do not contend that this new music is a universal solvent, nor that it is entirely free from the ravishing seductions of emotional flavor of the contemporary school, but it contains a message of no mean import. Imagination has taken on new flights into a domain suggestive of more enduring states of existence, wherein the mysteries of life are approached with great confidence and reverent solicitude. Deeper secrets of spiritual consciousness are explored and unfolded with no uncertain assurance and persuasion.

Claude Debussy and Vincent d'Indy are the originators and the foremost exponents of the school. Numerous works of the same character by other composers have appeared during the last decade in quick succession, whose style and construction similarly contain this mystic element and the same characteristics of structure.

At first, Debussy's orchestral compositions in their new form and substance were to his contemporaries an eccentric and curious phenomenon; his intentions could not be discerned; but now he is indus-

triously imitated. After twenty years the chorus of critics still hold aloof from mentioning it. His works consist of choral compositions, chamber music, piano pieces, songs, and orchestral numbers. Of the latter, the following are the best known: *Printemps*, (Poème Symphonique); *Trois Nocturnes*, (Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes); *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*; *La Mer de l'Aube à midi sur la Mer*; *Image*, (Gigue Triste).

In all his compositions there is a haunting beauty, a sort of dreamy subtlety, but of commanding distinction. There is no ostentation, no unwieldy complexity, no departure for an instant from the idea for the sake of purely musical effect, but an absorbing poetic phantasy and contemplation of transcendental reality. It resembles a sensitive and truthful record of inner vision, which gives us at once the sense of dwelling in a mystic atmosphere of purity, truth and beauty. His musical painting and phenomena of nature, landscape and sea, are marvels of truthfulness.

There is something wonderfully fascinating in this new music; we feel that we are adrift in another world, and at the same time are sensibly conscious that our own ideas are being illuminated, though their actual realization is beyond the ken of our ratiocinative faculties.

The most important departure, however, is in the form and substance of the music-drama of which *Pelléas and Mélisande* by the same composer is an example. Here the mystic element is more pronounced than in his purely concerted music. A more perfect blending of music and text was never accomplished. The play itself (by Maeterlinck) is deeply mystical, yet animated by flowing action and logical dramatic unfoldment of incidents and plot, but leaving a certain reality suspended and undeclared. The music has a peculiarly suggestive persuasion and spiritual flavor which is as profound as it is evasive.

In conception and design the music is so intimately interwoven with the ideas and the unspoken feeling of the play that they seem inseparable and have the effect of inescapable fascination.

The voice parts are treated as a continuous recitative resembling speech, with due rise and fall of pitch, with little regard to set rhythm, though highly flexible in forms of eloquence, but without either Leit-motif or Melody. Orchestration is by no means simple, but with all its rhetorical power it is reticent and discreet, and particular effects are produced by mere harmonic hints and sometimes by moments of

complete silence. M. Maeterlinck asserts that the reservoirs of silence lie far above the reservoirs of thought. In his essay on "Silence" he says: "It is idle to think that, by means of words, *any* real communication can ever pass from one man to another . . . were I to speak to you at this moment of the greatest things of all — of love, death, or destiny — it is not love, death, or destiny that I should touch; and my efforts notwithstanding, there would always remain between us a truth which has not been spoken."

Richard Wagner, too, realized the limitations of language. He said: "The profoundest essence of our thoughts is unconveyable in direct ratio as they gain in depth and compass and thus withdraw beyond the bounds of Speech—of Speech, which does not belong to our own real selves but is given us second-hand to help our converse with an outer world, that, at bottom, can only understand us clearly when we place ourselves entirely on the level of life's vulgar needs. The more our thoughts depart from that level, the more laborious becomes the effort to express them. . . . Now music is indisputably the fittest medium for the thought that cannot be conveyed by speech, and one well might call the inmost essence of all vision, Music."

The New French School of Music without doubt aims at a higher degree of interpretation by means of its original tonal coloring (founded principally on the major triad with the augmented fifth) which latter is eminently suitable to the expression of solemnity and deep thought.

Of the sincerity of the movement there is no doubt, nor is the appreciative recognition hardly in doubt by a majority of the people who have a chance to become well acquainted with it. Its structure is artistically successful. What its future stability will be we cannot guess, but we know that there is a relation between the rising spiritual wave and the phantasies of truth which arise at the threshold of the borderland approachable through the arts, and especially through the most incalculable of arts — music.

The truth can never be wholly revealed; still there is much scope for that mysterious agent — music — to approach closer and closer to the uninterpretable things behind the veil, that the Sphinx — Silence — shall perhaps finally reveal in its utter glory.

THE ISLE OF ANOMALY: by A. L. Terego



IT was a small island in the midst of the great ocean. In many respects it was different from some of the other islands, in that certain magnetic currents prevented its inhabitants from going very far away from it, though they had devised birdlike mechanisms that enabled them to make short flights.

The island was well watered and so far as nature went a pleasant enough place to live in, capable of producing ample sustenance for all its dwellers.

Naturally, however, what interested me most was the people, their philosophy, belief, conduct — in short, their civilization.

The people lived mainly in groups of families, in clans or tribes, with different distinguishing features of language, dress, or custom, and in many cases of tradition and belief. Then, too, between certain of them there arose at times strong jealousies and even enmity.

Now I did not know this until I had lived with them for some time, as I shall presently relate.

It seems that in ancient times, as time is counted by the island dwellers, and as far as their historical records go, such jealousies and enmities had existed between many of the separate families, and in consequence there was much strife between them, often productive of great misery and wretchedness and even famine. After a long period the heads of the families came to see that such strife was the height of folly, destructive of all the finer fruits of industry and thought which they held as the marks of their progress.

Thus it came about that the tribe or clan was formed as a self-governing, and in most cases peaceful body, so far as internal conditions were concerned. Thereafter many of the clans also lived for long periods at peace one with another, though at times there arose friction and much jealousy between some of them, which caused tension and apprehension of danger, leading sometimes to open and terrible warfare.

As already said, however, I did not come to know this until some time after I began my sojourn on the island.

II

Now, a word about myself, though I can say but little, for the reason which will be presently seen to be good and sufficient.

I am an inhabitant of another land, albeit our race is not altogether alien to the people of the Isle of Anomaly.

Just previous to the time when this narrative begins, I was a student, still at school, though the time had arrived when my studies there were completed and I was looking forward to taking an active part in the life of the people. What this should be, however, did not lie entirely with myself, for obedience to our preceptors, even as to their slightest suggestions, is ingrained in our very natures.

The preceptors of our youth are chosen from among the wisest of our people, and although every occupation is considered honorable and worthy of the employment of our highest faculties, yet a peculiar reverence is paid to those whose duty it is to instruct the young.

One immemorial custom of our people, very different as I afterwards learned from that in vogue among the inhabitants of the Isle of Anomaly and also of other lands, is that our preceptors advise what occupation or line of work shall be followed by our youth after they leave school. In no sense is this given as a command, but the advice is invariably followed by the pupil and gladly acquiesced in by his parents; for it is beyond question with us that no one is so qualified to know what a youth is best fitted for as the preceptor who during all his early years has had charge of his training, comprising as it does his whole nature, physical, intellectual and moral.

Although fairly proficient in my general studies, yet I knew there were some traits of character that needed rounding-out and developing. I was not surprised therefore when my revered preceptor called me to him and said that while I had finished my course in the school, I was not yet fully prepared to take up the active duties of life among the people. He advised therefore that I should travel to other lands, and first to the Isle of Anomaly. In this way, he said, I should have the opportunity for that experience which would enable me to gain the knowledge and development which I lacked.

I knew that many others before me had received the same advice and had followed the same course in order to complete their education, but as yet I knew nothing about the Isle of Anomaly beyond its name, which for me had no meaning or significance, being untranslatable into our language. I learned afterwards that its history and the mode of life of its inhabitants, their manners, customs, intellectual life and morals, are well known to our wise men, though these things, interesting enough in themselves, are not taught in our schools.

III

My preceptor gave me many instructions and much helpful advice regarding my journey and my mode of life on the Island. Somewhat to my surprise he informed me that none of our people are permitted to go there except in the disguise of an inhabitant of the Island.

On my arrival I was to be met by an old man with whom I was to live until I had perfected myself in the language of the people, and in particular I was advised to study their sacred writings, philosophy, and science. I was also to keep a record of my experiences down to the minutest detail. That record I am not permitted to give out in full, but only the briefest generalization, to the end that such of the people of the Island who may read this writing may know that there are other inhabited lands, and that their own thoughts and deeds are not wholly unknown to the inhabitants of those lands.

Finally as a parting instruction, my preceptor bade me remember this injunction:

If thou would'st know the truth of a matter, look not at it onesidedly; regard it from within and from without and from all sides; consider not only the matter itself as it appears to thee, but its causes and its effects.

IV

The old man met me on my arrival on the Island, as I had been told. I went with him to his dwelling which was in a secluded spot, and very quickly came to look upon it as my home. From the first the old man's face seemed familiar; and I felt as though I had known him all my life, as if he were an inhabitant of my own land and a member of my own family. Yet not once did he speak of the land I came from, and as I had received the most positive instructions regarding my disguise, I could not speak of it to him. Still, he knew my language, and I quickly learned from him that of the Island.

For several years I lived as a recluse, seeing no one but my aged host. I easily mastered the language and became proficient in several dialects of different parts of the Island, so that it would have been impossible from my speech to detect that I was not speaking my native tongue.

Partly on the advice of my preceptor, and partly because I myself felt that to understand a people one must get into sympathetic touch with their best thoughts and aspirations, I set myself to study their philosophical and religious teachings.

It was with the deepest interest that I learned that in past ages

certain Wise Ones had come to the different tribes of the Island, and had given them moral and spiritual instruction. Some of these Wise Ones were held in high reverence as having been inspired and having spoken the very words of Deity. Their sayings were therefore held sacred and were handed down from generation to generation as embodying the highest wisdom.

Let me now enumerate a few of these teachings which are held in such high reverence among the people of the Isle of Anomaly, and are regarded by them as divine commands:

“Thou shalt not kill.” “Thou shalt not steal.” “Thou shalt not commit adultery.” “Thou shalt not covet.” “Thou shalt not bear false witness.” “Honor thy father and thy mother.”

Many of these were in no way unfamiliar to me, although at first I wondered why they should require divine sanction to make them effective, or be regarded in the light of religious teaching. Among the people of my own land they are held as embodying the most elementary principles of morality and conduct upon which the whole superstructure of civilization is based. These principles we recognize as being as self-evident and in the very nature of things, as that $2+2=4$, and as no more requiring constant reiteration than this simple mathematic formula, or that it is the nature of fire to burn, or water to seek its level. One statement is as fundamental and as scientifically provable as the other, albeit on a different plane.

Such were my musings at the time, but of my later conclusions I will speak anon.

Now there had been one great teacher, who, among the most powerful tribes of the Island, was spoken of and worshiped as the very Deity. He had not only reiterated the commands which I have just referred to and gave them his own sanction, but had taught his disciples many deep spiritual truths, though only fragments of these have been preserved, and but little is known regarding his life and mission.

From all that I could learn of this noble teacher, I was much attracted to him, and, I thought, happy indeed must be the people who are under his protection and guidance. And the name by which his worshipers most loved to speak of him was “The Prince of Peace.” Another name by which he was most frequently called was “The Christ”; and his followers and worshipers, as if to accentuate their love and devotion to him, called themselves “Christians.” Among the

teachings which were often on his worshipers' lips and were taught to the children were these — also well known to the people of my own land, and the very foundation of our happy and peaceful life:

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” “Blessed are the pure in heart.” “Blessed are the peace-makers.”

And one which I will put in the words of my own land, as I think them more forcible:

“Not words but deeds are the mark of the upright man.”

Above all he taught that all men are brothers.

But it was not only the religion of these people that I studied; I read also the writings of many of their most learned men on philosophy and science, for I desired to know their teachings in regard to man and nature, and to compare them with those of the wise men of my own land. Many treatises had been written regarding the evolution and development of the race inhabiting the Island, of the dawn of reason in primitive man, and how that godlike power had given him dominion over the whole of nature. Reason, their wise men declared, was the distinguishing mark of the civilized man; no longer was he swayed by the brute impulses of the savage; the pen was mightier than the sword. Disputes were no longer settled by personal combat; if a man felt himself aggrieved he must bring his grievance before a court of justice and the judge would render his decision upon the justice of his plea.

One of the greatest of their temples was called the Palace of Peace, and here the representatives of the different tribes would meet to decide any differences that might arise between any of the tribes.

Considering all these matters, I congratulated myself at my good fortune in coming to such a friendly land, and among such an enlightened and peace-loving people. I pictured to myself the glories of their civilization and their well-ordered and happy lives.

It was only later that I realized that I was forgetting my preceptor's parting injunction and was looking at the matter one-sidedly; and it was only later that I fully understood the wisdom of his advice first to study and become acquainted with the noblest thoughts and aspirations of these people; for in this way I learned their possibilities at least, even though, as will be seen, I received a rude shock when I contacted the people directly and witnessed their conflicting interests and antagonisms; in short, the accepted standards of ethical conduct by which the most of them actually governed their lives,

V

After some years of study, the old man with whom I was living, told me one day that the time had come when my secluded life as a student was to end, and that I must mingle with the people of the Island and see for myself the conditions of life in their cities.

I shall not now dwell upon these experiences or express my thoughts in regard to them, save to say that the truth of one of the aphorisms of my own land was brought very forcibly to my attention, viz., "The sins of a people are proclaimed by its laws."

In fact, I came to see a peculiar significance and force in the commands, said to have been divinely given: "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not bear false witness; thou shalt not covet." The necessity for the constant reiteration of these as a part of the ritual of their worship, to which many of them give only one or two hours on one day out of seven, was all too plain.

But while my observation led me to this conclusion as regards the people in general, I am indeed happy to say that I found many individuals of noble character and pure lives, to whom this conclusion did not apply, and these not only among the cultured and wealthy, but also among the poor. I further found that this conclusion, based as it was on my own observation and from direct contact with the people of the Island, was fully borne out by the records which were kept by these people, who spent much time in compiling statistics on every conceivable subject. These statistics dealt with crimes, diseases, lunacy, degeneracy, as well as with education, religion, natural and manufactured resources, and other things too numerous to mention.

I have made reference to the poor, and in view of all that I had read of the high philosophy and religion of these people, the existence of this class was at first one of the greatest puzzles to me. It was only when I came to see the many contradictions, exhibited by the people in general, between their professions and their practice that I realized the inevitableness of poverty among them. All the time I saw it was possible for the Island to produce enough for the welfare and happiness of all, and I was filled with a profound sadness.

To their honor and credit, however be it said, there were many among each of the tribes who heroically sought to amend these conditions, and who endeavored to put into practice the precepts of their

ancient sages, not only in their own lives, but in the collective life of the people. Many also *pretended* to do this, demanding and receiving money in return for their professions, and even accepting payment for rendering service to the distressed; but the true followers of the sages were few, very few. So slender, it seemed, was the thread that held back the people of the whole Island from slipping into the abyss of utter barbarism.

But, as said, I must pass by all this for the time, for while seeking to understand these strange conditions — totally unknown in my own land — there occurred an event which concerned and indeed threatened the destiny and well-being of the whole Island, and which gave me an unprecedented opportunity to observe some of the peculiar characteristics of its inhabitants.

It was one of the strangest and most terrible experiences that had ever come into my life. It seemed as though the inner character of the people was suddenly unveiled, and they stood out as they really were, with the veneer of conventionality ruthlessly torn away.

VI

The event that I have just referred to was a terrible war, so great, involving so many of the tribes, and so fearful in its slaughter, that no war in all the historical records of the Island could compare with it. It came therefore to be known as the Great War. Several of the most powerful clans were ranged on each of the opposing sides, engaged in a death grapple.

When I sought to learn the causes of the war, so many conflicting opinions were presented by the opponents that it appeared impossible at the time to determine what were the true ones. So terrible was the strife and so prolonged, that the lands they fought over, and back and forth, were devastated, and their cities, villages, and hamlets destroyed. Most appalling of all was the heartrending suffering that was caused to aged people and to women and children. Famine and pestilence stalked through the lands.

In spite of my recent experiences of the everyday life of the people, I had to confess myself puzzled at the fearful picture, when I recalled the story of the Prince of Peace, and the learned treatises of those who in each tribe had been looked up to as wise men, with the oft reiterated proclamation that reason was the dominant factor in the life of their people and that brute force was merely the resort of

savages, meriting forever the scorn of the enlightened and the civilized.

But, thought I, although temporarily these warring clans have dethroned reason, and forgotten the distinguishing mark of true manhood, it cannot be so with the other clans which have not become involved in the strife; for it must be known that several powerful clans took no part in it. So it was with profound interest that I sought to learn how they were affected, what was their attitude, and what they were doing. These other clans or tribes were mostly separated from the warring clans by a great water, and one of them in particular was regarded by its own people and also by some of the other peoples as one of the most powerful and enlightened of all the clans on the Island. In fact, so powerful was it and so great its influence that the opinion generally prevailed that in any action that might be taken towards a restoration of peace it rightly should take the lead.

In the language of the people of the Island those tribes which were not engaged in the fighting were called neutrals.

One other distinguishing feature of the people of the Island which should be mentioned, was that they were inordinately given to speaking and writing, and many of them appeared to do little else than spend their time in debating and arguing. The value of silence and of few words seemed to be utterly unknown. At the same time, let it be understood that some of their leaders were men of earnest purpose, who, according to their knowledge, sought to guide the destinies of the people wisely, looking oftentimes beyond the good of their own clan to that of the whole Island.

So I turned to see what the leaders of the great neutral clan, of which I have just spoken, and their wise men were doing. Surely they were devising some plan to recall the people of the warring tribes to a state of reason and to put an end to the fratricidal combat. But let me tell what I found.

First it had become evident that the war was affecting the whole Island and not alone the people of the warring clans. Both trade and finance suffered. Some of the smaller neutral clans even found themselves face to face with ruin and starvation. Even in the great neutral clan it seemed as though some of its industries would suffer irreparable loss. The leaders of the great clan realized this; they held many meetings and published many writings discussing it. They said such a great war must never happen again, lest it mean ruin to

the whole Island; and they gravely discussed what they should do after the war was ended, and how such a terrible strife should never again occur. And yet all the time even their own land was becoming affected and the people beginning to suffer, although as yet in a minor degree. And I became greatly discouraged, for I had made many friends in nearly all the tribes, both the warring and the neutral; and I asked myself, What are they doing to end the war? Why do they make no friendly effort, even if it fail?

I investigated further. I found that many kind-hearted people were contributing money to equip nursing expeditions to care for the wounded, and many even themselves volunteering to go as nurses. Great quantities of food and clothing were collected to be sent to relieve the suffering and supply the needs of the destitute. But the war still continued; each day the number of the sufferers was added to; more villages destroyed; more people rendered homeless, driven out without shelter or food. And not one direct word to show that the great neutral clan or the other neutral clans had moral fiber enough or courage to demand that the unhuman and insane slaughter and devastation cease; not one direct word to remind the warring clans that they were reasoning men, and not wild beasts that they should rely on brute force to settle their differences.

Some of the leaders of the great neutral clan were busily engaged, even while the terrible slaughter was going on across the great water, in drawing up writings with the intent of cementing bonds of friendship between their clan and other clans, including not only the other neutral clans, but those engaged in the war. A laudable endeavor! And yet there were some, also regarded as leaders by certain of the people of the great clan, who declared such writings as useless, and they had no faith in these new writings.

It came to my knowledge afterward that the head of the whole clan, a learned and good man, had signified to the warring clans that he would gladly offer his services to adjust matters between them when they were willing.

But in the meantime the slaughter went on; every day more and more of the aged, of the women and children, often homeless and desolate, were facing not only starvation but despair.

Regarding all these things with sadness in my heart, a picture drifted before my mental vision. Instead of the tribes and clans with their many thousands, I saw a number of families all joined

together by ties of relationship, having the best aims and interests in common, and many of the members of the different families mingling one with another and forming the closest ties of personal friendship. Suddenly a quarrel arises among some of them who range themselves some on this side, some on that. All the aims and interests that they had held in common, and they were the noblest and the best in life, without which life is as naught, were thrust aside and forgotten, nay contemned. The quarrel grew more and more bitter, until the men of the opposing families fought savagely with one another. And the other families who did not take active part in the quarrel looked on. It was not their affair, they said.

That was the picture that came to me in my musings, and I thought, What are the tribes and the clans of the Island if not great families? Now in my own land it is well known that "*the same law that governs the small governs also the great.*" Can it be, I thought, that the people of the Isle of Anomaly are so ignorant that they do not know this, or are they so deluded by the miasmatic mists of evil, that they forget the teachings of their sages that all men are brothers?

And the worship of their God, "The Prince of Peace," was it all a sham, a pretence? I went into their temples, I heard their priests pray for peace; but not once did they call upon their fellow-Christians among the warring clans to remember that they were fellow-worshippers with them of this "God of Peace"; not once did they call upon them in compelling tones to remember that they were brothers. Was it that they had not the moral power and courage to do it, or that they lacked sincerity and their worship was a sham? True, their warring brothers had lost their balance and had renounced reason for brute force, but then surely there was all the greater necessity for those who still held that reason was the mark of a civilized man to, at least, protest — and protest.

Who is there that has not seen a calm strong man, not in brute strength, but in character and moral power, come into a room where men are quarreling, and by a word, spoken with authority born of moral power and high motive, recall the combatants to a sense of their dignity as men? Aye, but he must have moral power, his motive must be high and pure; still, if he have but a sense of his duty to his fellow men he will at least *try* to utter the word; and if he do that he will have done his duty.

For a moment, thinking thus, I forgot my own land, my own her-

itage, the object of my visit to the Island, I felt the despair of utter desolation creep over me and begin to numb all my faculties, as there came before me the picture of the devastation and the horror of the war. Is there no one, thought I, who can arouse the people of the neutral clans to this golden opportunity, to this responsibility that is theirs? Is there no voice to cry, Halt! and in the name of Humanity and Mercy demand that the warring clans shall cease their strife; that they shall bethink themselves of their divine heritage of reason, and take counsel together *as men*, and not fight as do wolves and wild beast?

And yet bodies in the warring clans held strong to their belief in humanity, held to their trust in the sublime teachings of the sages of all time, later repeated by their Prince of Peace. In the midst of their agony and tribulation, "If these divine teachings be true," they called out to the noble-hearted among the powerful clans across the great water, "why is not the word spoken that shall end this strife?" "Come," said they, "it is you that must speak, it is you that have the power to act. Will you forever let this golden opportunity pass?"

And I heard a mighty appeal, gathering new power, as others and still others took up the refrain. "Peace!" it said, "Peace! This insane war must cease. Those with whom you strive in deadly warfare are your brothers."

And my heart took new courage and new hope. The head of the great neutral clan was called upon, in tones that would not be denied, to call all the peoples of the Island to take counsel together and to meet as men and brothers in the Palace of Peace.

How that call was responded to, how the Great War ended, and how finally a new era was begun for the whole Island, is fully told in the archives of its people. My task is done; and here I end this brief record of my visit to the Isle of Anomaly.



ACCORDING to some recent estimates of the age of sedimentation on the Earth, it lies between about eighty and a hundred and thirty million years. From other considerations based on radioactivity, it seems to lie somewhere between one hundred and seven hundred million years. According to occult data, the true age of sedimentation is 320,000,000 years. At the time this was published (1888) the extreme estimate accepted by science was about a hundred million. J.

PLATO'S CONCEPTION OF THE FUNCTION OF TRUE ART: by F. S. Darrow, A. M., PH. D.



ACCORDING to Plato, each man is born furnished with innate ideas — the inheritance garnered by the Soul during former existences. The object of education, then, is to uncover these ideas, or in the words of Katherine Tingley, the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:

The real secret of true education is rather to evolve the child's character than to overtax the child's mind: it is to bring *out*, rather than to bring *to* the faculties of the child. The grander part is from within. . . . It means no less than the development of the Soul, with all the capabilities which belong to it. . . . It is the power to live in harmony with our environment, the power to draw out from the recesses of our own nature all the potentialities of character and divine life. . . . *It is not so much a something which is imparted. It is a liberation from the powers of the lower forces which hinder and check a growth which ought to be unchecked and spontaneous.*

This characteristically 'Theosophical attitude of Plato toward life and education makes it imperative, in interpreting the philosopher's statements, *to read between the lines*. Consequently, his conception of the function of true art has been sadly misunderstood even by excellent scholars, for not a few have gone so far as to declare that he showed himself entirely unacquainted with the essence of art by accusing the arts of being imitative.

The truth, however, is that Plato did not criticise the arts from any misunderstanding, but, strange as the paradox may at first seem, because of the very keenness and intensity of his appreciation of the artistic ideal. To realize Plato's position, his declarations regarding art in the *Phaedrus*, the *Philebus*, and the *Symposium*, are fully as important — if not more important — than the criticisms contained in the *Republic*. In the *Republic* he criticises the degenerate arts of his own day, but in the *Phaedrus*, the *Philebus*, and the *Symposium*, he reveals glimpses of his conception of the ideal or heavenly art.

In Plato there are two men, the man of imagery, the poet; and the man of fact, the moralist. Temperamentally he was endowed with the keenest appreciation of art, and his real doctrine as to the function of true art, that of harmony within and without, is both moral and aesthetic. His criticism of the arts, as ordinarily practised, arises from no indifference to beauty but in very fact from his great love of beauty. His idealism goes hand in hand with his criticism.

Although Plato's idea of the Good was influential in determining the character of his criticism of the arts, he did not confuse ethics with aesthetics, for in the *Republic* he says:

The man is a fool, who laughs or directs the shafts of his ridicule at any other sight than that of folly and vice, or seriously inclines to measure the Beautiful by any other standard than that of the Good. (*Book V*, 452, e)

The same thought has been nobly expressed by Katherine Tingley:

● Only that art is true art that leads the student daily nearer the golden portals of the Life Beautiful.

An important factor in Platonic philosophy is the recognition that human nature is essentially imitative, naturally assimilating itself to its surroundings.

Did you never observe how imitations beginning in early youth, at last sink into the constitution and become a second nature of body, voice, and mind? (*Republic*, Book III, d)

Man is like a plant which having proper nurture, grows and matures into all virtue, but if sown and planted in an alien soil, becomes the most noxious of all weeds, unless saved by some divine help. (*Republic*, Book VI, 492, a)

Let our artists rather be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of beauty and grace; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and beauty, the effluence of fair works, will meet the sense like a breeze, and insensibly draw the Soul even in childhood into harmony with the beauty of reason. (*Republic*, Book III, 401, c-d)

To the ancient Greeks, and to Plato pre-eminently, rhythm and harmony, law and order, were closely allied to reason. Thus the outer world, when rightly interpreted, speaks in the same language as the inner; and the inanimate, so-called, holds communion with the animate. Environment has a suggestive influence upon the Soul. Hence the importance of art and the necessity for an ethical censorship over all the arts from painting to poetry. The arts, rightly regulated, must express something worth expressing, and poetry and music, ordinarily regarded merely as accomplishments, become integral parts of education. This is one of the great lessons of Hellenicism, which Theosophy is re-incorporating into the life of today, for Katherine Tingley has said:

Music is usually regarded as an amusement, a relaxation, and nothing more. At Point Loma it becomes a part of life itself, and one of those subtle forces of nature which, rightly applied, calls into activity the divine powers of the soul.

There is held to be an immense correspondence between music on the one hand and thought and aspiration upon the other, and only that deserves the

name of music to which the noblest and the purest aspirations are responsive. Music is a part of the daily life at the Point (Point Loma), not merely as an exercise which occupies its stated time and seasons, but as a principle which animates all the activities.

There is a science of consciousness, and into that science music can enter more largely than is usually supposed.

The Theosophist, therefore, agrees with Plato who conceives of art "not as a collection of canons of criticism, but rather as a subtle influence, which pervades all things."

Is not this, I said, the reason, Glaucon, why musical training is so powerful: because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, bearing grace in their movements, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated and ungraceful if ill-educated; and also because he who has received *the true education of the inner being* will most keenly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over, and receives into his soul the good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason of the thing; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar? (*Republic*, III, d; 402, a)

Therefore Plato, the Theosophist, maintained that all true education has for its object the improvement of the soul, and conceived of it as consisting of

all the spiritual influences by which the Higher nature is nourished and quickened. (L. R. Nettleship: *Plato's Conception of the Good*, page 383)

It should be noted that this conception of Plato is in entire agreement with *art as practised at Point Loma*, where in the words of Katherine Tingley:

It follows faithfully upon the lines of the Science of the Soul which it is our mission to revive. Under this Science it becomes the true expression of the Soul ideals, and both art and decoration are no longer adventitious or capricious additions to our environment, but they become integral parts of that to which they belong.

Whatever has in any way a right to exist must contain within itself the possibility of existing beautifully. The power of beautiful expression is not an affair of custom, nor convention, nor from books. It comes from the arousing of the inner powers of the Soul which are in sympathy with whatever is high and pure.

L. R. Nettleship has pointed out that Two feelings struggle in Plato: the feeling of what art may do for men, and the feeling of the evil that is often associated with it; and the result of this

conflict is the idea that art can only be made serviceable in the world by limiting it. (*Lectures on the Republic of Plato*, page 169)

In this limitation it is the artistic Greek who is dictating — the man in whom the principle of proportion and moderation is predominant — the man swayed by the sentiment of “nothing too much.” The idea of limit, of defining principle, pervades all Greek thought, and is a strong motive influencing Plato in his criticism of the arts, which he sought to purify by the aid of the ideal art which instinctively discerns “the true nature of beauty and grace.” Therefore the arts are of superlative importance in Plato’s eyes because of the imitative character of human nature and because of their inherent power.

By nature Plato was an artist, by reflection a moralist. Therefore in his criticism we have an artist criticising the arts and his judgment is that of an Initiate. Since the philosopher possesses the wonderful and rare power of a double imagination, an imagination which is both sensuous and metaphysical, the proverb is right: “if Zeus should descend to the earth he would speak in the style of Plato.”

The wise man will always be desirous of preserving the harmony of the body for the sake of the concord of the Soul. (*Republic*, IX, 591, d)

A conclusive proof that Plato is no harsh and unsympathetic critic of the arts, no narrow-minded Puritan, is given by his Hellenicism, his liberal-mindedness, for Hellenicism is the consideration of the essential interests of man, the distinguishing between accretions and organic members, a lesson in rationality. Says Emerson: “Perpetual modernness is the measure of merit in every work of art,” and this quality is pre-eminently Plato’s, whose “broad humanity transcends all sectional lines.”

Plato arraigns the arts, as ordinarily practised, on two bases: first, philosophically, because they are imitative; and secondly, practically, because they over-stimulate the emotional element of the Soul at the expense and to the detriment of the rational element. He declares that the proper end of art is ethical, and that the artist stands in the position of a teacher. Therefore he condemns in no uncertain tones the deteriorated forms of the arts on the ground that they are governed by no rational principle. Consequently they must be limited and must act as handmaidens to philosophy, the love of wisdom, for the function of the Soul is to synthesize life and to exercise rationality.

“Since the interest of each of the arts is the perfection of each of them, (*Republic*, I, 341, d) — a profound thought of great beauty —

the science of life, which stands supreme over all the arts, must be in itself the art of life, and the function of the true artist is to express the beauty of the world as a rhythm and a harmony expressing rationality. Platonic ethics are inseparably linked with Platonic aesthetics. The true art of life is to live well, and not, as some have supposed, to do away with all art. The ultimate is not only the Good but it is also the True and the Beautiful. Plato's aim is to establish the heavenly beauty on earth.

Therefore he criticises the existent arts because of their lack of principle and their aimless variation, their miscellaneous empiricism and their failure to conform to a standard of truth and nobility. He applies four criteria in purging the arts, namely, the standards of consistency, truth, proportion, and simplicity. Art which merely panders to pleasure and which is not under ethical jurisdiction is a specious flattery, a false rhetoric.

The only true art in Plato's ideal is the art of living, which, when practised, will produce the all-beautiful. He protests against the arts as disconnected features in experience, and declares that they must be organized, synthesized.

The function of true art is to convey a knowledge of the truth. (*Phaedrus*, 262)

The outcome of this censorship of the arts is to make mind the king of both heaven and earth. (*Philebus*, 28, c)

Knowledge is one; yet the various parts of knowledge have each of them a particular name, and consequently there are many arts and sciences. (*Sophist*, 257)

If we are not able to hunt the good with one idea only, with three we may take our prey: beauty, symmetry, truth are the three. (*Philebus*, 65, a)

The mind of the philosopher alone has wings. (*Phaedrus*, 249, c)

He is a lover of the sight of truth, (*Republic*, V, 475, e) and unlike the mere sight-seer or curiosity-seeker has a vision of absolute beauty. (*Republic*, V, 476)

Therefore he alone, who is able to perceive the eternal world where ideas dwell, is the true artist, and art should be subordinate to philosophy or the love of wisdom.

Beauty is certainly a soft, smooth, slippery thing and therefore of a nature which easily steps in and permeates our souls. And I further add that the Good is the Beautiful. (*Lysis*, 216)

At length, the vision is revealed — of a single science, which is the science of beauty everywhere. (*Symposium*, 210, d)

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

XIV

(From Franz Gräffer's work)



HAT is understood by Alchemy was a disease of the time at the end of the past century, especially so in Vienna.

One of the most zealous adepts was the bookseller Rudolph Gräffer, a man of many acquirements, an experienced traveler, universally informed. He was acquainted with the most notable men, not only of Europe, but also of other countries as well. His services in regard to general knowledge, literature, and national book-lore were at one time much valued by writers on travel. Among other things he was the first in Austria to manufacture silk paper. If one sees, tastes, or rubs this "Albert Denis" between the fingers, the paper really does seem to be "skin." So much for Rudolph Gräffer, but one ought to add one point which is not the least important in this connexion. He was what people call rich.

Next was a Baron Linden, a tireless genius in technical matters; he had a passion for Turkey red, practised medicine, published all sorts of arcana, and also "Handbooks for the Friends of the Secret Sciences," etc. He was a terrible gourmand and the keenest and most inveterate skater who ever laughed at Klopstock as such; day and night he skated on the Danube canal, on the Vien, in the Belvedere, and even on the canal harbor Tialfisch. On moonlight nights that was his "bed."

Besides, there was a certain Calvi or Calve, no longer a young man: big, lean, dry as a hedge, but voracious as a wolf; he had the face of a hyena; eternally sighing, gesticulating, dancing, making faces like a lunatic. Calvi was a man of spirit, but a poor devil, a charlatan, one of the worst and most interesting tellers of boastful stories. He was a male witch, full of astonishing tricks; he was what people call in a respectable sense, a "damned smart fellow." He himself did not know what was his native country; I always thought he was a Portuguese Jew, but I don't know why. However I must say this: Calvi was also a fool who was smart enough to be able to pull out the teeth of people who stopped in the street with his thumb, in a jiffy, without their knowing it. But he used his own talents to the full. He and the Baron invited themselves to dinner with Gräffer twice a week to feast on poppyseed rolls and honey! Each of them devoured a peck.

Then there was a certain Stubitza, a pretended Baron, who died a few years ago in the Vienna charity-house; an imaginative sort of man, not without information, of unlimited experience, but also a fool, and a poor fool; at least he ended up as such, which is the fate of most fools. Stubitza could set people by the ears; in the Seven Years' War he literally caught a Prussian battalion on a birdlimed twig. But he was really well versed in metallurgy and in lithological matters. He showed a carbuncle of the size of a gaming die; and there was another. A man with a rage for collecting pictures, named Lammer, had one of them. Twenty years ago this fantastic pair met by chance in my shop, chattered about old times. Lammer drew the stone out of his pocket; he wanted to sell it for 4000 ducats. Stubitza was a tall lean man, with the face of that

ancient eagle in Schönbrunn, which has not been dead for so very long, that eagle which Prince Eugene used to feed daily in his Belvedere Menagerie.

These men had their laboratory in the Landstrasse behind the Invalidenhaus (properly Invalids'-*Palace*; for the retired defenders of the country are so honored amongst us, that they live in a *Palace*, in an old house standing in its own grounds). There they worked away their ducats. Meanwhile there came also a tall, stout, customs officer, Bacciochi, Gräffer's father-in-law, a man of insight who even now was renowned for making gold-salt, a little invisible bottle, for two florins. Bacciochi had an idea that later on he was destined to become a prince, if not a duke or something more; he was very nearly on the point of becoming related to Buonaparte. Bacciochi wrote to the Buonaparteish Bacciochi: Bacciochi and the Gräffers, all of them, were already nothing less than great noblemen, at least Gräffer, already Gräffer, and not yet Graf (Count). But things did not go quite right with the genealogical probation; they all remained just what they were. Bacciochi helped in the laboratory in the Landstrasse and took his delight in the ducat-factory.

Many a time too, the poet Blumaur slipped into the company at Gräffer's book shop, not to work, but to sample a glass of Tokay and to laugh over the crucibles and retorts. He peeped into every corner, bending and stretching over the different instruments; nosing and stretching his neck, he found all sorts of faults, scribbled verses on the walls with his pencil; drummed with his fingers on the window pane, and if he saw a chambermaid such as Rautenstrauch described, he was out on the instant, with his sword to the front, tripping and hopping like a dancing master on tip-toe.

Also Councillor Born was there, but not often. He really came more to be able to make experiments on his own account in a regularly appointed laboratory. He frequently gave good serious instruction from his own great physical knowledge, on which account they all thought him very courteous, without ever following his advice.

One day the rumor spread abroad that the Marquis Saint-Germain, the most enigmatical of all incomprehensibles, was in Vienna. An electric shock passed through all who knew his name. Our adept circle was stirred to the innermost. Saint-Germain in Vienna!

Saint-Germain! Without doubt he is known to our readers. But what am I saying? I mean, most of our readers have without doubt already forgotten him. What is to be done, then? Nothing less than to prompt their memory a little.

First as to his age. Well, Saint-Germain had no age. He is indeed sixty years old, that is he looks like a man of sixty; but he was already sixty a couple of thousand years ago. He has been a contemporary of the very oldest men in the history of the world; in his autograph book, Tiberius, Josephus, and Charlemagne have written with their own hands. Saint-Germain has been all over the world; Saint-Germain knows everything; he does the most wonderful things. He makes gold, but out of nothing; not nothing out of gold like the others; from little diamonds he makes big ones; he prepared an Elixir of Life which

he himself apparently does not use, although he is already a couple of thousand years old. He has a quite private secret, all to himself, a little arcanum. He takes it every hundred years or so, lies down to sleep, and sleeps as a rule for fifty or a hundred years. There you are; Montaigne, who lived three hundred years ago, speaks of him as of a contemporary. What more can you want?

Something of that more which may be demanded I leave to the unforgettable Max Lamberg to tell. This learned, much-traveled man knew him personally. Here are some extracts from his "Memoirs of a Man of the World."

"A person worth seeing is the Marquis of Aimar or Belmar, known under the name of Saint-Germain. He says he was born at Vitry. Cardinal de Lenoncourt, the then Bishop of Châlons, gave him the name of Germain. The story is related in the 'Essays of Montaigne' thus: All the inhabitants of Vitry had known and considered him as a girl until his twenty-second year, and called him Maria. Then he grew a great beard, became manly and vigorous. When one day in running he exerted himself somewhat, he suddenly became a man. There is also among the girls there a song still in vogue, in which they warn one another by turns not to jump too much in play from fear of turning into boys like Maria Germain.

"This Marquis Saint-Germain has lived for some time (1769) at Venice, and is occupied with a company of a hundred women whom an agent employed for him, making experiments with flax, which he bleaches and makes to resemble the red Italian silk. He thinks he is 350 years old, and gives out, perhaps that he should not seem to exaggerate too much, that he knew Thomas Kulikan in Persia.

"When the Duke of York arrived in Venice, the Marquis desired the Senate to give him precedence over this Prince, and gave as the reason that they already knew who the Duke of York was, but that the titles of the Marquis de Belmar were still unknown. He has a balsam which restores youth. A lady of a certain age who had a greater portion of it applied than was necessary, became an embryo again.

"He gave one of his friends a jewel; a money-changer who did not even know the Marquis paid him 200 ducats on the spot for it in cash. I asked him if he would return to France? He assured me with a positive look that the flask which maintained the king's present health, must be nearly finished; later on he would again appear on the scene with great éclat, and have himself recognized by the whole of Europe.

"He must have been in Peking without having any name at all, and when the police asked him to give his name he excused himself by saying that he himself did not know what he was called. 'In Venice,' he says, 'they call me the man with his hand on his chin, in Hamburg, Mein Herr, in Rome, Monsignor, in Vienna, Pst! Pst!; at Naples they whistle for me when they want me; in Paris they direct their lorgnettes towards me and at this sign I approach those who are looking at me. Don't seek for my name, MM. Mandarins; as long as I remain with you I will behave as though I had one of the highest renown; whether I am known as Kunz or Benz, Piso or Cicero, my name must

be a matter of indifference to you.' He received at Venice letters which had only the single word 'Venice' on the envelope; the rest was unwritten. His Secretary had only to ask at the Post Office for letters which belonged to no one.

"When the king presented him on the death of Marshal Saxe with the Castle of Chambord, he embraced him at his departure. Saint-Germain was received in all good houses with distinction and especial pleasure. He very often called on her Serene Highness the Princess of Anhalt, mother of Her Majesty the present Czaritza. 'Princess,' said he, 'I must certainly find your company delightful to find myself forgetting as I have done that my carriage has been waiting for me these two hours, to take me to Versailles!' No one knows who this wonderful man is; he is taken for a Portuguese; he has a thousand talents, which are not easily to be found united in one man; he plays exceptionally well on the violin, but behind a screen; and then you think that there are five or six instruments playing together.

"He speaks much, very well, and asks of all he speaks to such cleverly posed questions that they are at first astonished.

"He showed me in a kind of autograph book, in which there were the signatures of several famous men, two Latin words written by my grandfather Kasper Friedrich, who died in the year 1686, with his painted arms and the following inscription:

"'*Lingua mea calamus scribae velociter scribentis,*' Psalm 44 & 2. The ink and paper, which were very brownish and faded, appeared to me to be very old. The date is 1678. Another extract from Michael Montaigne is of the year 1580:

"'There is no man so honest that if he put all his actions and thoughts in the scales of justice he would not deserve the gallows ten times at least in the course of his life; even those whom it would be a great disadvantage and the greatest injustice to punish and fully judge.'

"I conclude from all this that it is just as easy to make two specimens of writing so much alike as it is to find two men exactly similar in their actions. Herr le Vayer produces examples which would make us believe that there was once a time when it was a merit to be able to imitate handwriting. Antonius possessed this talent, as Cicero reproaches him with it in his second Philippic, *habes scientiam quaestuosam* (You understand the art of falsifying writing). Being in doubt I will withhold my opinion. *Id est verius, quodcunque prius; in omnibus veritas imaginem antecedit.* Whatever precedes action is therefore considered to be true, because the action always follows such combinations, as are considered infallible; the truth in every thinking head has already preceded the image in the mind.

"Consequently by the two inscriptions in question one almost ought to believe the age of the Marquis, if the nature of the man did not prove the opposite. With all the ideas that he brings forward one is seldom in a position to be able to tax him with an error; he supports everything with well-founded data of every sort and asserts nothing with conceited arrogance; he is a strange man who awakes your wonder, and what creates the greatest enjoyment—he holds his ground; he unites the art of convincing with a critical spirit; and with a

learning that is not to be encountered every day he has a wide though detailed memory.

“ Saint-Germain says he taught Wildmann the secret of taming bees and making serpents attentive to music and song. Both of these things, if they are supported by definite facts, give the peculiarity of the Marquis no other luster than that which the novelty of the matter produces; an advantage he often likes to take from others. I have copied a very interesting letter which he wrote to me from Mantua in the year 1773.

“ ‘ I saw him (Wildmann) at the Hague,’ says Herr v. Belmar (Saint-Germain); ‘ when I was arrested there I insisted before I gave up my sword that I should be allowed to speak with Herr d’Affry, the French Ambassador to the States-General. They took me in my carriage in company of the officer who was appointed to keep watch over me. The Ambassador received me as if he were astonished to see me; but very soon he told my guardian to go, and above all to inform the mayor that I enjoyed the king’s protection, and consequently had extended to me the protection of His Majesty while I stayed in Holland. I thought I might offer this officer a diamond of the finest water and of a weight such as are seldom found, but he refused it; and since neither my offer nor my insistence bore any fruit, I smashed the stone into many pieces with a hammer, and the lackeys picked them up to their own profit. The loss of this diamond, which in Brazil and in Mogol was considered as such, was not a matter of indifference to me, especially as it had cost me an infinity of trouble to prepare. Count Zobor, Chamberlain of the high-souled Emperor (his sublime qualities and the protection which he granted to the arts, make him immortal) made it with me. Prince T—— paid 5500 louis for one which came out of my factory about six years before; he has since sold it to a rich fool for a thousand ducats profit. One must indeed be a King or a fool, says the Count von Barreto, to spend considerable sums in the purchase of a diamond. Since the Fool (“ bishop”) in Chess stands next to the King, no one is any more annoyed at the Greek proverb, (*βασιλεὺς ἢ ὄνος*), “ either a king or a donkey,” or the other “ *aut regem aut fatuum nasci oportet*,” (one must be born either a king or a fool).

“ ‘ Frau von S—— has a similar one with bluish color, which was cut just as badly as the first and appears to be made of a rough Bohemian glass with triangular marks. But now, mein Herr, a man like myself can often be uncertain in the choice of his acquaintances, and if the first is decided that they alone are fools or kings who can offer one a large diamond, then I deserved this refusal on the part of the officer, and all the fault was mine.

“ ‘ He who leaves himself to fate gives meanwhile to Nature a certain amount of play in artistic matters, which is peculiar to the artist alone. A Pot . . . , a Marggraf . . . Rouelle . . . choose anyone from Dreyfuss down, none of them have made diamonds, because they did not know the basis, the principles that must be followed. Let all these gentlemen (there is a big army of them) study men more than books and they will discover secrets which are not to be found in Homer’s golden chain, nor in Albertus Magnus or Parvus,

nor in the secret-laden volume of Piscatrix and so forth. Important discoveries reveal themselves only to travelers. . . .’

“A talent which the Marquis von Belmar alone possesses and which deserves to be learned and cultivated in all families is that of writing exactly in the same way with both hands; I read to him about twenty verses out of *Zaire* which he immediately wrote down on two sheets of paper at the same time. One would have been able to say that the two papers when placed together exactly coincided: ‘I am not worth much,’ he said to me, ‘but you must acknowledge that I do not support my secretary in vain. The Arts are slow in their growth and they are making experiments with me from which a System can be finally built up.

“‘I have seen a spinning wheel with two spindles, which were used with both hands at the same time; our organs accustom themselves to everything, and if the habit is the cause from which they originally sprang, then that which formerly was amusement becomes a necessity.’

“The *Notizie del Mondo* for July 1770, informs us that Herr v. Saint-Germain was traveling in Africa at the time that Herr v. Belmar wrote to a friend in Leghorn from Genoa that he intended to proceed to Vienna to see Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz again, whom he had known in the year 1745 in London.”

So far Count Lamberg.

So “to travel to Vienna.” There we have it. The “when” is not expressed. The when is now. Good.

Scarcely has Gräffer recovered from the astonishing news, when he flies to Himberg, his family mansion, where he has his papers. Among these papers there is a letter of introduction from Casanova, the genial adventurer whom he had become acquainted with in Amsterdam, addressed to Saint-Germain. He hastens back to his shop (the present Tauerische Local), and they told him: “An hour since there came a gentleman whose look astonished everyone. This gentleman was not tall, nor was he short; his build was full of pleasing harmony; nobility was stamped upon him. His face was beaming with charm and nobility of character. His nose was long and curved, the full mouth was godlike; the dark eyes full of inexpressible animation. His suit was of silver-gray silk; the great buttons were of single brilliants. He walked three steps into the room and without taking notice of any of those present, as if to himself, spoke in French only these words: ‘I live in the Felderhof; the room where Leibnitz lodged in 1713.’ We wanted to speak, but he had already gone. So you see us, sir, we have been in a state of astonishment for the past hour.”

Meanwhile the post messenger brings a letter. It is from Casanova’s brother, the famous battle painter, written in the swamp at Modling, where he died in 1805. The letter had an enclosure addressed: “To pst, pst!” Very well!

In five minutes we were at the Felderhof. Leibnitz’ room is empty; nobody knows when the “American gentleman will be home.” Of baggage there is nothing to be seen but a small iron chest. It is dinner time. But who would then think of dinner? Gräffer mechanically goes to seek Baron Linden; he finds him at the “Ente.” They drive to the Landstrasse; a certain something, a dim premonition, tells them they must drive instantly along the Landstrasse at full

speed. The laboratory is unlocked; a simultaneous cry of amazement is heard from both; at a table sits Saint-Germain, quietly reading in a folio; it is Paracelsus. They stand staring on the threshold; the mysterious guest slowly closes the book and slowly rises. The two surprised men well know that this apparition can be no other in the world than the "Wundermann." The description of the clerk was a shadow in comparison with the reality. It seemed as though a bright illumination surrounded his whole figure. Dignity and loftiness of character were marked. They are powerless to say a word.

The Marquis steps forward to meet them; they enter. He says slowly, without affectation, in French, but with an indescribable, harmoniously sonorous tenor, which charmed the very heart, to Gräffer: "You have a letter of introduction from Herr von Seingalt (Casanova), but there is no need of it. This gentleman is Baron Linden. I knew that they would both be here at this minute. You have still another letter to me from the swamp. But the painter is not to be saved; his lung is gone; he will die on the 8th of July 1805. A man who is still a child, and is called Buonaparte, will be indirectly responsible for it. And now, gentlemen, I know what you are doing. Can I be of use to you? Tell me!"

But we had nothing to say. Linden prepared a small table, took confectionary from a cupboard, placed it before him and went into the cellar. The Marquis signed to Gräffer to sit; he sat down himself. He says: "I knew your friend Linden would go out; he had to do so. You alone will I serve. I know you through Angelo Soliman, whom I aided in Africa. If Linden comes in again I will send him away." Gräffer shakes himself together. But he is still too much affected to do more than utter the words, "I understand you; I have an inkling."

Meanwhile Linden comes back and puts two bottles on the table. Saint-Germain smiles at this with an indescribable loftiness. Linden offers him refreshment. The smile of the Marquis becomes a laugh. "I ask you," he said, "if there is a soul on earth who has ever seen me eat or drink?" He pointed to the bottles, and remarked, "This Tokay is not direct from Hungary; it comes from my friend Catharine of Russia. She was so pleased with the paintings of the battle of Modling made by the sick man that she sent him a case of it." Gräffer and Linden were astonished; it was actually so; the wine had been bought from Casanova.

The Marquis asked for writing materials. Linden brought them. The Wonderman cuts two quarters from a sheet of paper, lays them side by side, and takes a pen in each hand. He writes with both hands at once, half a page, signs it, and says: "You collect autographs, mein Herr; choose one of these sheets; it does not matter which; the contents are the same."—"Now that is magic!" exclaimed the two friends. "Stroke for stroke both the handwritings agree, there is not a trace of a difference. It is unheard of!" The writer smiled, laid the two leaves together, held them to the window; people would think they were looking at one writing, so exactly did they fit one another. It was as if they were printed from one and the same copper plate. They were dumb.

Now the Marquis says: "I want this one sheet taken to Angelo as quickly as possible. In a quarter of an hour he is going out for a drive with Prince Lichtenstein; the one who takes it will receive a little box."

Linden goes out with the letter. The Marquis bolts the door, and says: "Mein Herr, understand that I have long known and I see from the condition of your chemical apparatus and arrangements that you will not accomplish much with your gold-making. I have something different for you. Look at this pearl."

With these words he drew out a cravat pin in which was set a pearl as big as a hazel-nut.

"This jewel," says Gräffer, who had looked at it for quite a long while, "must be worth more than the famous historical pearl of Cleopatra."

The Marquis replied, "In any case I could dissolve it in vinegar without having to grieve much over the loss. Even more. A coming poet of the German nation, whom people will sometime set almost above all poets, is already carrying in his head the plot of a drama in which a Princess Éboli will say: 'To the rich merchant even, who unmoved by the gold of the Rialto, returned the rich pearl to the richer sea, too proud to let it go at less than its value.— That very pearl was produced by me. In short I alone among living men understand the art of making mussels produce pearls as large as I wish.'"

The astonishment of the listener was boundless. But suddenly he remembered something; he says: "Master, when I was in Sweden, they told me that the great Linné understood this art." Saint-Germain replied, with a light smile: "I was his friend. I let him copy my recipe; but he did not take time to compare it with the original. The copy was inexact, the thing could not succeed. Meanwhile the report of the arcanum spread abroad. When Linné died, the widow took it to the Government. They could not agree. The widow with her goods and chattels was already on board ship, on a voyage abroad. Then the Government sent after her and paid her the whole price. But as I said, the recipe is not right."

The Marquis now drew from his breast-pocket a quarter sheet of paper and gave it to Gräffer to copy. Then he compared it with the original. "Good," said Saint-Germain, "good, you have a calling in that direction, it is quite correct. In four minutes Linden will return bringing the little box. Only keep the powder to use as the instructions say." Gräffer found no words to express his astonishment, his gratitude. He had looked at the time. It was still half a minute to the time. He looked to the window; Linden was only some steps away. He brought the little box.

Saint-Germain gradually had passed into a peculiar mood. For a few seconds he became still as a statue; his usually energetic eyes become dull and colorless. But soon his whole being took on an appearance of animation.

He made a gesture with his hand as a sign of departing; then he spoke; "I am leaving you. Refrain from visiting me. You will see me once again. Tomorrow night I shall travel. I am needed in Constantinople, then in England, where I have to prepare two discoveries — railways and steamships. They will be inventions which you will have in the next century — railways and steam-

ships. In Germany they will need them, for the seasons will gradually lengthen out. First the spring, then the summer. It is the gradual cessation of time itself, as the announcement of the destruction of the world. I see it all. The astronomers and meteorologists know nothing, believe me. One must have studied in the pyramids, as I have done. Towards the close of the century I shall disappear from Europe, and go to Asia in the neighborhood of the Himâlaya. I want rest; I must rest. Precisely in 85 years people will see me again. Farewell! I love you!" After these solemnly spoken words, the Marquis repeated the sign with his hand. The two adepts, overpowered by the power of such unexampled impressions, left the room in a condition of complete stupor. At this very moment there fell a shower of rain, accompanied by a thunder clap. Instinctively they return to the laboratory to seek shelter. They open the doors. Saint-Germain was no longer there.

The next day they went to the "Stephanshof."

Here I end my tale. It is entirely from memory. A peculiar, irresistible feeling has impelled me to write the preceding once more after so long an interval, just today, 15th June, 1843.

Yet another remark: there is reason to believe that no one has yet been able to report this incident.

And with this I have the honor to bid you good-day!



THE recent transmission of telephonic speech between New York and San Francisco was an event of considerable importance and possessed some features that ought to be better known. One was the fact that the instruments actually used at both ends for sending and receiving the transcontinental messages were those in use forty years ago. This proves that whatever advance has been made by the transmission of speech over 3400 miles of wire was not due to the instruments at the ends, the original work of Mr. Bell.

The unprecedented feat is in fact due entirely to the work of Professor Pupin, of Columbia University, who, by simple and inexpensive arrangements, made long-distance telephony a possibility. Moreover, simple though the devices are, their design was only reached after the most painstaking and elaborate mathematical analysis. Thus while the final result is thoroughly practical, it is based on work of the highest order in pure mathematics.

The reflection, however, occurs that the great majority of the real workers and inventors in applied science remain in the background. That is to say, the men who conquered the enormous difficulties connected with the inception, design, and development of the wonderful appliances in the industrial arts, and those which have linked the outer world, across land and ocean, in marvelous ways during the past century, are mainly utterly unknown. Mostly men in subordinate positions, their sole reward was pure love of their work. F.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER VI

DR. DESMOND'S PATIENT



Y dear," said the doctor to his wife one morning at the breakfast table, "I am going to have another patient in the south wing for a few days or perhaps weeks."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Desmond, "I wish you would not bring your patients into the house!"

"Hardly into the house; you know I added the south wing on purpose to keep them out of the house as much as possible. You need not be troubled in the least with them."

"Oh, you say that! But there is the nurse to care for, or meals to be sent. I don't like strangers eating with us, and it all increases the care and worry of housekeeping."

"Is that so very heavy, Louise? I am sorry if you have too much to do."

"Oh, of course you never think I have anything to do! You are so interested in other people that you never have any time to think of your wife."

"My dear, I do all for you that is necessary; I have told you often that all you need is more care in your diet and plenty of exercise."

"Is that what you tell other ladies who come to you for advice?"

"Most certainly, if that is the advice they need."

"And that is the way you have driven away your wealthy and best-paying patients."

"Well, Louise, I am too busy to waste time on the fads of foolish women; women whose lives are aimless and useless and who employ a physician to prescribe for fancied ailments, just to while away idle time."

"But other physicians grow wealthy on just that class of patients; and become very popular, too."

"They may if they wish; but I hold my profession as a sacred trust, and I cannot degrade it in that way."

"Oh, dear! That all sounds so foolish to me," exclaimed Mrs. Desmond. "Sacred indeed; it is simply a means of making as much money as possible, as any other profession or calling."

"O mother, don't let us talk more about it! It isn't pleasant to Dad," said Hylma.

"No, Louise," said the doctor, "it is useless to argue this question, for we shall never agree."

"Well, Hylma," said her mother, "you may be thankful that Edgar has no such silly scruples about his profession; and he is rapidly rising in it. I suppose we shall be having a wedding soon."

Her father looked at Hylma and she looked at her plate.

"Daughter," he said, "I am going to ask you to assist me in the care of the new patient, who is a young lady of education and culture. Though of course we must have a nurse. I expect good results from your attentions and companionship; that is if you can spare the time."

"O father, I shall be so pleased to do anything to help you," replied Hylma. "I should so like to be useful in some way."

"What nonsense!" interrupted her mother. "Hylma will find enough to do in fulfilling her social obligations. She scarcely accepts half her invitations, and doesn't wish me to give a dinner, dance, or reception. I believe college spoils girls."

"I do not feel, mother, that I have any serious duties in that line."

"Oh yes!" said Mrs. Desmond. "I know; Miss Edison's slum work and Mrs. Weitman's fads. But after your marriage you will have to give up those absurdities."

"I am not thinking of marrying, mother."

"Well, Edgar is thinking of it; and I must say I think he has waited long enough. He was ready to marry a year ago, if you had not decided to go to Europe. He behaved very nicely about it. We have all expected the wedding to take place as soon as you returned; what is there to hinder?"

"It was certainly very praiseworthy for him to behave himself when I chose to travel a year. But I am in no more haste to marry now than I was then."

"Well, of all stubborn and unmanageable people, I think I have the worst lot to deal with! It's first your father and then you. And all this about nursing a patient; it's simply absurd."

"I'm going to help nurse this one for Dad, anyway. I think I should like to be a trained nurse. Dad, why couldn't I study with you and be a physician? Would you let me do it?"

"Why, daughter, you are of age and have a right to choose your own life-work. At any rate if such as we should approve."

"O Husband!" cried his wife. "How can you encourage Hylma in such foolish notions. It is wrong."

"I do not think so, Louise. I can see no reason why a woman shouldn't wish to do some good and benefit her fellow creatures as well as a man."

"Father, I really do want to do something useful, something worth living for."

"I wish I had a family who cared just a little about being useful to *me*," sighed Mrs. Desmond.

"Now, mammy," said Hylma rising and leaning over her mother's chair, "you know I want to be useful to you as well as to Dad. Shall I go to the cook and order dinner for you?"

"No indeed!" cried her mother also rising. "I think I can manage my own household. You had better go with your father. His fads and your whims seem to suit each other."

"There now," said the girl, "just see how you put an extinguisher on my good intentions! and you also imply that you couldn't trust me to order a dinner. Dad, will you take me with you?"

"Surely; I should like to have you come. I am going to put up some prescriptions and you can put on the labels for me. I should like to have you see that the south wing is put in order, too."

"Who is the lady, Dad, and what is the matter?"

"She is Miss Hazel Reade, and her ailments are more mental than physical, though she needs treatment on that plane, too."

"Do you mean that she is insane, father?"

"No, not insane; but she has become the victim of a hypnotist, and has, in a measure, lost the power of controlling her own mind and actions."

"How shocking; but what can you do for her, Dad?"

"I do not know yet; but I shall try all possible means. I wanted her to come here so that I might have a better opportunity of studying the case. These things are becoming unfortunately common. I think laws should be enacted to prevent the practice of anything so dangerous as hypnotism."

"But father, I read the other day of clergymen who were hypnotizing all who came to them, not only for the cure of physical ailments but to turn them from evil thoughts and ways to those which were moral and upright."

"I have heard of it, too; but if those men knew anything about

the real inner man, the mind, soul, and constitution of the human being, they would stand aghast at the consequences that might and must ensue from their meddling. Miss Reade is a case in point. I wish all those who ignorantly believe hypnotism to be a beneficent power could see to what it has brought her. Its effect upon anyone who yields to it is evil, and only evil."

"Even if it cures them of sickness and pain?"

"Yes. It does not cure — it only makes the patient think he is cured; or rather it drives out his own thought and substitutes for it the thought of the hypnotizer. Besides, if they *could* cure diseases would it be well to heal the body at the expense of the mind and will? Yet even reputable physicians are advocating the practice. It is a pity they cannot go beyond the study of the body and bestow some attention upon the real man, the mind and will."

"Father, I don't see how I am going to be of any use to you or to Miss Reade. I am altogether ignorant on all these matters."

"You will have opportunities of learning. I think you can help to divert and interest Miss Reade in many ways and direct her thoughts into wholesome channels; keeping her from dwelling continually on her own condition and troubles."

"Has she had great troubles, Dad?"

"The death of her mother was a great trial to her. They were living in New York and Mrs. Reade was an invalid for several years. The daughter nursed her with the greatest kindness and devotion. One evening her mother insisted upon her going out with some friends for a little change and recreation as she was well enough to remain alone and quite able to attend to her own wants.

"According to her mother's wishes Hazel went out; but during her absence, by some mischance, a lamp was overturned and Mrs. Reade was so severely burned that she only survived a couple of days."

"Dreadful!"

"It was. To Hazel the shock was so great, and her self-reproach for leaving her mother alone was so agonizing, that a complete nervous collapse followed."

"But, father," said Hylma, "I don't see how she was at all to blame. She only did what her mother wished her to do."

"That is true; yet she could not help thinking that if she had remained with her mother the terrible accident would not have happened. There is no torture like that which an extremely fine strung,

sensitive nature can inflict upon itself. Under this strain loss of appetite and insomnia followed. In order to relieve her the attending physician resorted to hypnotism."

"Did that help?"

"It was apparently successful for a time; but, as must certainly happen in every case, in the end the remedy proved worse than the disease. After the death of her mother she resided with an aunt and in a few months, to the terror of both, they found that the girl was becoming a prey to all sorts of strange influences. She did not know from what or whom they emanated; but suddenly she would find herself urged on by an impulse which she found more and more difficult to resist, to say or to do things which in her normal state would have shocked her.

"One day when she was shopping with her aunt the latter observed that a good-looking, well-dressed man had kept near them for some time and that Hazel was showing signs of uneasiness. She immediately left the shop with her niece, intending to hasten home. But the man was at the door and to Mrs. Forest's horror Hazel refused to accompany her, but turned to the man and followed him down the street."

"Why, father, the girl was crazy! What did Mrs. Forest do?"

"When she found she could not restrain the girl she took her arm and walked with her. She clearly perceived that she was acting under the influence of this stranger. He led them to the side entrance of a theater and turning around paused as if inviting Hazel to enter. In her terror and anger Mrs. Forest seized his arm and shaking it violently ordered him to leave them instantly and never approach them again."

"Why, Dad, what a thrilling story!"

"Well, I am telling it as Mrs. Forest related it to me. She said the man had a most evil look. He smiled triumphantly at her, freed his arm and disappeared within the building. He had evidently released his victim for that time; for when she turned to the girl she was standing with the dazed, frightened look of a sleep-walker who is suddenly awakened. When she recognized her aunt she clung to her and begged to be taken home.

"When questioned afterward she had no recollection of anything that had occurred after entering the shop where Mrs. Forest had first noticed the stranger. Probably she could not even identify the man."

“Well, that is the strangest thing I ever heard,” commented Hylma.

“It shows the peril of this baneful power,” replied the doctor. “If she had not yielded to her physician willingly at first, neither he nor any other could ever have gained such an influence over her. Her aunt thought it best to remove her from New York so they came here. From her grief and anxiety, and the constant watchfulness she has been obliged to maintain, Mrs. Forest has become almost a nervous wreck herself. Then, owing to this baleful influence, the girl often seems to regard her aunt with suspicion and dislike. So she has begged me to bring her here; and of course I shall employ all proper means for her recovery.”

“I do wish, Dad, I could help the poor girl.”

(To be continued)



THE object of the Neo-Platonic School, founded by Ammonius Saccas, was to prove a system of Theosophy antedating Ptolemaic dynasties, and which at the beginning was essentially alike in all countries; to induce all men to lay aside their strifes and quarrels, and unite in purpose and thought as the children of one common mother; to purify the ancient religions, by degrees corrupted and obscured, from all dross of human element, by uniting and expounding them upon pure philosophical principles. Hence the Buddhistic, Vedântic and Magian, or Zoroastrian, systems were taught in the eclectic theosophical school along with all the philosophies of Greece. Hence also the pre-eminent feature among the ancient Theosophists of Alexandria, of due reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human race; and a compassionate feeling for even the dumb animals. While seeking to establish a moral discipline which inculcated the duty to live according to the laws of each one's country; to exalt people's minds by the study and contemplation of the one Absolute Truth; Ammonius' chief object in order, as he believed, to achieve all others, was to extract from the various religious teachings, as from a many chorded instrument, one full and harmonious melody, which would find response in every truth-loving heart. Theosophy is, then, the archaic *Wisdom-Religion*, the esoteric doctrine once known in every ancient country having claims to civilization.—*H. P. Blavatsky* (in 1879)

FLING WIDE THE GATES: by W. D.



AN opening gate has long been figuratively used to represent the experience of entering upon new and untried conditions of life. You come to a closed gate; willingly approaching and knowing very well what you are about, or pushed along, somewhat against your will, by the force of the progress of those human affairs of which your doings are a part. The gate opens. A change has come to you.

There are the silver gates of beautiful wise speech by which a teacher leads you into new places; and the Greeks left stories of the ivory gates of sleep. There are the black portals of hell and the white doors of the morning. There are gates of iron that shut one in with affliction; and there are gates of gold that bar us from the light.

A gate pictures change. You cannot open a door without the consciousness that you are about to let go a portion of your former ways of life; you cannot close a door behind you without becoming in some respects a different human being from the one who, within the moment, turned the knob. You go from room to room, from house to house, from city to city, opening a new way for yourself with the opening of every door.

The human body has been compared to a walled city, within whose lonely barbican sits the Soul, stern judge of the gates but a prisoner as well. He looks upon sun-gold and sky-blueness; knowing that out beyond the walls there is for him free passage; remembering that once he came in as he would and went out as he willed, the companion in swiftness of the wide-circling winds.

The gates stand closed. Within the porters sleep, their keys lost or misplaced. A throng of thoughts pulse through the city's streets. Passing and repassing, they surge now to this gate and now to that; and a few at times taking to themselves strength from the strength of the silent One whom they all obey, press up to the very bars; but the drowsy old gatemen nod their heads, and, even if they open their eyes, will be too sleep-besotted to turn the locks.

On a day when outside there is a fuller glory of light and a deeper call of song, there rides up to the ancient eastern gate of the city of the body's life one whose face and raiment proclaim his recent journey from the sun's heart. Striking his sword upon the solid walls he calls in ringing, thrilling, piercing-sweet tones:

“Fling wide the gates!”

The cry resounds; the porters wake and seek their rusty keys; thoughts that ran disordered find they have each his place; even those that crept in darkness grow bold in protest: Not yet! *Not yet!* NOT QUITE YET!

The judge of the gates arises; he who is lord of the city puts on his robes of office and descends from the gate-tower whose loneliness he has almost learned to love. Calm, somewhat triumphant, resplendent too with a long-forgotten, suddenly remembered majesty, he goes out to meet his guest. Hark! he answers now, echoing the lately challenged cry:

“Fling wide the gates!”

Pass out, O thou long-held Soul, to meet that change! Death stands there at the portals of the city of life; and as was known from the beginning of the beginning, before the world was, the new has just grown old; the old has come to its new again; and all is sweet with change and growth and life and light. Pass out! Pass on! Fling wide the golden gates!



It is due to the unremitting labors of such Orientalists as Sir W. Jones, Max Müller, Burnouf, Colebrooke, Haug, St. Hilaire, and so many others, that the Society, as a body, feels equal respect and veneration for Vedic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, and other old religions of the world; and, a like brotherly feeling toward its Hindü, Sinhalese, Pârsi, Jain, Hebrew, and Christian members as individual students of “self,” of nature, and of the divine in nature.

Born in the United States of America, the Society, which is also called the “Universal Brotherhood of Humanity,” was constituted on the model of its Mother Land. The latter, omitting the name of God from its constitution lest it should afford a pretext one day to make a state religion, gives absolute equality to all religions in its laws. All support and each is in turn protected by the state. The Society, modeled upon this constitution, may fairly be termed a “Republic of Conscience.”—*H. P. Blavatsky* (in 1879)