

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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“REMEMBER that such was, and is, and will be the nature of the universe, and that it is not possible that the things which come into being can come into being otherwise than they do now; and that not only men have participated in this change and transmutation, and all other living things which are on the earth, but also the things which are divine. And indeed the very four elements are changed, and transmuted, up and down, and earth becomes water and water becomes air, and the air again is transmuted into other things, and the same manner of transmutation takes place from above to below. If a man attempts to turn his mind towards these thoughts, and to persuade himself to accept with willingness that which is necessary, he will pass through life with complete moderation and harmony.”

— *A fragment of Epictetus, translated by George Long*

KNOWLEDGE AND SELF-CULTURE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



THE view that our mind is simply the sum-total of the consciousnesses of the little cell-lives that compose the body is not so much in favor nowadays as it once was. A mind thus constituted would resemble a mob, as contrasted with a highly organized body of individuals; and it is seen that the mind must be a separate unity, presiding over all these little lives, and organizing their activities.

But, if the mind is something apart and by itself, the question arises, In what does it inhere or reside? The difficulty here was due to the supposition that the only real existence is ‘matter’ and its functions; and that hence mind must be either a form of matter or a function thereof. But we are not so sure nowadays as to what we mean by ‘matter.’ True, it had often been shown, by philosophical critics of science, that matter and force, as defined by physicists, were mere abstractions, neither one being conceivable apart from the other; but this was not a point that much troubled the physicists themselves. Recent discoveries however have brought the point into prominence. It is obvious that what was once called empty space is full of something that is able to convey action and energy for indefinite distances; and yet this something eludes all our physical senses. In view of this, what becomes of the argument that

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mind cannot exist apart because we cannot perceive it with our physical senses? What becomes of arguments against thought-transference? Is it not easy to imagine that the mind can quit the body, either before or after death, and even act where the body is not? Is this any more inexplicable than the established facts of wireless telephony?

As a matter of fact, the difficulty of a physical explanation of phenomena is radical. For what can we do but reduce the universe to a system of mutually isolated particles? And in that case how is action transmitted from one particle to another? So why make such a fuss about mountains when we cannot even surmount mole-hills (or molecules)?

The mind and the body act mutually on each other; but the mind is the prior and superior agent. In reality, the distinction between body and mind is misleading, if it conveys the idea that body is inert matter, and mind is unsubstantial energy. The truer view would be that everything in the universe is alive, and the body is a congeries of lesser and inferior lives. This explains better the fact that body can act upon mind. Our mind may be dominated by the desires and wills of the little lives or souls that inhabit the cells.

In the animal, the body and mind, in their reciprocal action, constitute a kind of closed circle, and the animal lives perpetually in an unvarying set of habits. But in man there is a factor not present in the animals. He is endowed with (or *is*) a superior mind, which can modify or control the lower mind, and through it the body. Thus the lower mind stands between two controls, and is influenced both by the intelligent will and by instinct and impulse.

The body sets up habits; because the little lives of which it is composed, having learnt certain acts, tend to go on repeating those acts. Habit may be an obstacle, but it can be turned into a help: we can set up favorable habits.

Neither biology nor psychology have sufficiently recognised the *essentially* dual character of the human mentality; a character which distinguishes this mentality utterly, not merely in degree but in kind, from that of all lower organisms. In Platonism this duality is recognised under the names *Nous* for the special higher intelligence of man, and *Psuche* for the lower passional and instinctual mind. And H. P. Blavatsky has treated the subject scientifically and in considerable detail in her work on *Psychic and Noetic Action*. In this work she quotes from the late Professor G. T. Ladd, Professor of Philosophy at Yale, who, in his book on *Physiological Psychology*, says this about the special human mind:

“If the question be proposed as to the physical basis for the activities of self-consciousness, no answer can be given or suggested. . . . From its very nature, that marvelous verifying *actus* of mind in which it recognises the states as its own, can have no analogous or corresponding

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material substratum. It is impossible to specify any physiological process representing this unifying *actus*; it is even impossible to imagine how the description of any such process could be brought into intelligible relation with this unique mental power."

This part of the human mind, then, is not derived by the ordinary processes or organic evolution, whatever may be the case as regards that lower part of the mind, which is different in degree only from what we find in animals. Witness the confusion of thought among the evolutionists, due to neglect of this distinction. The line of cleavage in man is not so much between mind and body as between the *self-conscious* mind and the *conscious* organism which it uses as a habitation and an instrument. Man existed as a self-conscious being before he became embodied in a visible organism: a fact which, being true, must sooner or later be admitted; for it will prove impossible either for psychologists to derive human self-consciousness from animal consciousness, or for biologists to discover any organism which is a connecting link between man and animal.

Owing to this peculiarity of man, he is able to conduct his own evolution consciously. He is, in fact, a god; inasmuch as the powers of reflexion and will, with which he is endowed, are infinite in their scope and in their possibility of expansion. The animal cannot stand outside itself as a spectator of its own mental processes, as can man. And in man we find individuals of various grades of development, ranging from those who possess but little introspective power or capacity for independent action of the will, up to those in whom these capacities are most highly developed. It is certain, moreover, that there are higher stages within the reach of us all, when we shall be able to stand outside of very much which we now regard as our *self*, and contemplate it from an independent viewpoint; thus achieving a great step in our evolution and winning *freedom* in a very real a sense of the word.

All this leads to the question of self-culture; as to which the first point to be considered is our motive therefor. It is possible for a man to take his stand on the basis of his own personality, and to cultivate bodily and mental powers, and even a good many moral virtues, without in the least getting free from the chiefest obstacle of all — his personality. In this case his self-culture cannot be a permanent contribution to the general trend of his evolution, for it will conduct him to a point from which he will sooner or later be compelled to recede. He will build up for himself a powerful and richly endowed *personality*, which will eventually prove an obstacle and which he will therefore be ready to sacrifice some day. Nevertheless this kind of self-culture would seem to be a quite necessary stage in the human evolution, a particular phase of growth, not destined to be permanent, but introductory to more advanced phases. If we are one day to be able to master our personality, so as to stand above and

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outside of it, in a position of power and peace, it stands to reason that we must first have developed that personality. But this is not the kind of self-culture with which Theosophy is concerned; for Theosophy did not come into the world for the purpose of enabling people to achieve personal conquests in the great arena of emulation, competition, and self-glorification. Its mission is a gospel of peace to a world already too much involved in the bitterness of conflict between antagonistic wills; and it proclaims anew the age-old truth that the road to happiness for man — the fulfilment of his destiny — lies in subduing the personality and transferring his consciousness to a higher wider sphere where personality ceases to reign. Hence, for Theosophists, self-culture means the culture of the Higher Self, not the lower self; or, as we may say, culture of the Individuality as distinct from the personality.

It is necessary, therefore, to have an *ideal*, which shall be impersonal, and toward which we may aspire.

So self-culture, in this better sense, means growth — growth along the lines proper for man. And it is said that we should grow naturally, like the flower. The reason for this injunction is that we are apt to try and grow unnaturally, by forced and spasmodic effort; and that the true method of growth is one of relaxation rather than of effort. We instinctively and mistakenly try to use forceful methods, such as we have been trained to use in the ordinary affairs of life. We are acquisitive; we try to get somewhere; we are impatient for quick results. A man who is grafting fruit-trees, and working on live wood, cannot behave like a carpenter hewing dead wood. We have to learn to use quieter methods, and to let our nature expand and unfold, rather than try to force it. Above all, the sense of acquisitiveness must be eliminated; because that merely works for personal gain, thus developing the lower self instead of giving scope for the Higher Self to manifest itself.

The conventional method of acquiring knowledge is to accumulate stores of information in the memory and to sharpen the wits. But the better method is to cleanse the mind, thus allowing it to reflect the light of wisdom. Ancient philosophies have regarded the mind as an instrument of the Soul, and as being obscured by the emotions that are allowed to play over it; and hence the means for attaining knowledge consist in tranquillizing the mind by giving up personal desires and fears.

DUTY has often been prescribed as the true medicine; and the reason is plain. The great difficulty is to escape the selfish motive, the sense of gaining something, the feeling of personal pride. Another motive must be found, and it is found in duty: which means doing what we ought rather than what we like.

Philosophical problems as to the nature of mind and will may seem

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hopeless and insoluble; but this difficulty may arise from the circumstance that such questions are pursued speculatively and apart from action. When we come to deal with action, the problem is simple. Here we are, with a life to lead, with certain difficulties that beset us, and with certain powers that we find available. We know by experience that, by placing our attention in the higher regions of our nature, we can thereby stand aloof from the lower regions and can control the forces that are agitating therein. We find that the 'personality' is a mixed and variable thing, which can be changed and purified by a process of alchemy, until selfish dross is purged out of it and true gold remains. The practical problem, therefore, is to understand the nature of the human mind — to understand it both by study of the teachings and by experiment — and thus, through knowledge, we shall gain power and freedom. But the chiefest thing to remember is that we are not striving to reach a separate pinnacle of perfection, but to find our rightful place in a great harmony of living beings.

THE HIGHER INTERNATIONALISM

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

"The whole wide ether is the eagle's sway;
The whole earth is a brave man's fatherland."— *Euripides*



THE higher internationalism is that state of world-welfare wherein harmonious and helpful relations of individual home-life are writ large enough for the whole human family. It is the practical expression of the ideal of Brotherhood, that tie of reality which links all men on inner lines. Far from being a poetic dream, it is the natural stage of healthy growth, where collective human evolution rounds out its mental and material growth with its essentially humanistic traits of mind and character. It is simply the higher mathematics of Individualism, which begins with the proposition of one times one.

The late World-War and its chaotic aftermath prove that we are suffering from the disorder of higher internationalism minus, and lower internationalism plus. The nations came together, as never before, not to act in harmony but in conflict. It was crude barbarism, ingrafted upon the tree of civilized knowledge. It was a costly experiment to let unreckoning materialism reverse the evolutionary machinery, and start us down the path of degeneracy, instead of up the natural road of progress.

Before trying to get the heavenly Mars on our visiting-list, we might attempt the more timely adventure of putting our own planetary house in order. It would be embarrassing to have a self-illuminated, starry

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stranger come down, to compare notes upon equipment in the finer forces of mind and heart. We could not hide our family skeletons — the bloody battlefields, the slums, the gallows and dehumanizing prisons, the exploited weaker brothers, the corrupt politics, the unemployed millions, and various other signs of civilization. In case the Martians are less evolved than we are, our example of progress would dishearten them; while, if they are our superiors, well,— at best, they would have little interest in a lot of headstrong, precocious, degenerate children.

The present disorganized state of world-affairs pictures the end-results of a provincial policy of self-interest in conducting racial business. All sentiment aside, the human family can no longer ignore the co-ordinating medium of the higher humanities in its practical interrelations. Both individual and general welfare demand a universal standard of ethical values, with a new coin of the realm bearing the imprint of man, instead of the golden calf. This mechanistic age, psychologized with its machinery of life raised to the *n*th degree of efficiency, is paying dearly for the ignored lesson that only the finer human forces can stabilize the operation of material affairs. In a current magazine, an able review of present European conditions strikes a note that rings true with the facts of four years of post-war experience. The author, a widely-experienced man of affairs and in personal touch with leaders of public opinion abroad, sums up the situation in this nutshell:

“More important to the rehabilitation of Europe than any conference, than any agreement between statesmen and financiers can be, is the exorcism of the spirit of hate which animates governments and peoples. Unless the peoples are moved by a Christian will to peace and by Christian comity there can be no real peace in Europe.”

The simplicity of this solution, honestly considered, strikes one as logical, expedient, and adequate. Moreover, it puts the responsibility upon that power behind the thrones,— the hearts of the whole people. Let imagination picture the nations turning from the past, and unitedly working to reconstruct a world with justice, mercy, and loving kindness for the international policy. Would there not be everything to gain and nothing to lose in such an alliance of the best forces in dual human nature? Surely, with the human-animal brain and its forces thus held in a moral leash, the world never could be betrayed again into the terrible blunder of war. The pity is that the longest and hardest way around should have been taken to learn this truth which H. P. Blavatsky uttered last century:

“To seek to achieve political reforms before we have effected a reform in *human nature*, is like putting new wine into old bottles. Make men feel and recognise in their inmost hearts what is their real, true duty to all men, and every old abuse of power, every iniquitous law in the national policy based on human, social, or political selfishness, will disappear of itself.” . . .

“Social differentiations, the result of physical evolutions and material environment, breed race-hatreds and sectarian and social antipathies that are insurmountable if attacked from

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the outside. But since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which center upon the human 'heart,' and appeal to the human intuition."

The peoples everywhere are weary of the futile efforts of diplomats and conferences and agreements. Surely there is no lack of able brains at command, if their hearts were truly in the work. Unhappily, the brain-mind is blinded to larger issues by self-interest. As William Q. Judge said:

"In an assembly where harmony is absent and brotherhood is not, the labors of those assembled are made almost nil, for an almost impenetrable cloud rolls out and covers the mental plane of all present. But let harmony return, and then the collective mind of all becomes the property of each, sending down into the minds of everyone a benediction which is full of knowledge."

The sick world is so infevered and infected with self-interest that it confuses the hallucinations of its delirium with the healthy reality. History, perforce, in recording the truth, must include the strange fact that during the great war — terrible and deplorable to all peoples — it was rated unpatriotic to talk of peace. Even discussion of internationalism led to suspicion of sentimental treason — or worse. Yet internationalism is the normal racial state of national maturity. It is the humanistic manhood, so to speak, of different peoples. It marks the time for individual peoples to put away limited ideals and to take on the dignity and duties of world-citizenship.

Patriotism has its place; but though more impersonal than love of family and friends, it is not the goal of character-building. One does not expect much active interest in national welfare from a child or a narrow, selfish nature, — though the first may prattle geography, and the other, politics. Small natures live and feel and think within small horizons. No one is wholly poor or ignorant who has the generous philosophy of unselfish impulses. But the cold-hearted can make an offense of his virtues, in recognising as his main duty what he owes to himself. He takes pride in his provident methods, when his neighbors go hungry; he is smugly satisfied with personal salvation, let who will be lost; he is concerned for his children's welfare, let childhood at large look out for itself. But with maturity — of mind and of morals — the child and the childish nature rise to higher levels, where enlarged horizons include new out-reaches of interests. So, with matured patriotism, as it reaches higher levels along its national path of progress, its horizon embraces more and more of the outlying world. It is the soul's urge for completeness which vitalizes all evolution, its innate longing for the perfection of its native homeland behind the veil of birth and death.

Evolution is no blind process of matter, but is an endless unveiling of the animating consciousness within. It is the triumphant march of spirit finding its way through the mazes of matter. It is an eternal

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process which cannot be defeated nor safely ignored. All nature engages to work out the ever-changing forms needed for the play of the law of progressive growth — the stone, the plant, the animal, and the man-form. And nature is ever on guard to check up law-breaking. The offenders appear first in the human kingdom, where selfishness perverts the use of free will to gain its ends. The primitive offenders, being less responsible, are less severely punished. Moreover, the savage is less guilty, for he lives up to his full mental value and to his moral code, such as they are. But his civilized brother is held accountable for his multiplied powers of idealism. He can make more demand upon the evolutionary law, but — the law makes more demand on his stewardship.

Now that civilized peoples have tied themselves together by every material and mental interest, have brought the ends of the earth together, nature and natural law demand that they reach a like solidarity in the higher humanities. Failing to do this, they sow the disintegrating seeds which the law ripens for their sowing,— new forms of disease, insanity, war, crime, vice, famine, bankruptcy, and fear and despair. The conscious quality must be worthy of its imbodiment; or the incarnating Self rejects it and engages Nature to scrap it, salvage what she can, and try again. All of which facts bring us up to date, where the law of natural growth is checking up modern progress for its spiritual failure to progress.

The way Nature works to upbuild physical man suggests a like process in the growth of the racial organism. The human body begins with a microscopic cell which divides and subdivides, the multiplying cells differentiating to form the various organs of a complex body. Each cell-group has its place and plays its part in the balanced economy. Local monopoly or poverty or perversion of cells, either in the embryo or in adult tissues, affects the healthy growth of 'unity in diversity.' The present point is, that the first cell divides and differentiates for the *purpose* of expanding its growth, then again uniting its active potentialities in a new, vastly larger, and more complex form, and with equal functional power.

Apply the cell-analogy to the division and differentiation of racial units into masculine and feminine forms and qualities. These, united in the family, develop individual character and expand human relationships. Families, in turn, being differentiated social units, unite in a national body politic. Each nation has its individual type of physical, mental, and moral make-up. The nations differentiate for the purpose of again uniting in the larger organism of the whole human family, with added powers in proportion to the perfection of the units which make up this union. The jurisconsults will find an international code in the evolutionary law, which is the court of last resort for nature and human nature.

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Is it not true that all our modern intellectualism reads less purpose and balanced plan into human life than Nature shows in the processional changes of her sub-human kingdoms? Have not specialization and sectarianism and divorce and analysis and monopolism and sex-antagonisms and war and lawlessness and competition and greed and ambition and mere brain-education and all-around rivalries been operating to carry the function of division beyond all normal and safe stages of growth? Evidently the natural *purpose* of such widespread differentiation should be some new and unusual organization of racial proportions. Instead of which, the abnormal, selfish quality actuating this gigantic process of division, is creating new-born monstrosities of evil, and malignant growths in the body politic.

The remedy for racial ills is to get back to nature, to cease the un-availing division and separation of interests, and to unite the differentiated men and nations into harmonious activities for progress and the common good. Already our race of incarnating souls have spent many lives of earth-experience. We have yet to learn to play many parts, to gain that self-knowledge which can know all phases of life. It would be a great adventure to take an intensive training in intuitive sympathy, by which an alien people might be understood more truly and easily than by spending several selfish lifetimes as one of them.

The possibilities and the benefits of unity are undreamed of by materialism. In a nation, the higher Self overshadowing each individual is so keyed to unity that, from the collective best and noblest in a people, is born a composite national spirit that broods over a country. It is no mere figure of speech, but a great reality that makes the very soil of a fatherland sacred and beloved. The more individually perfect is a people's expression of the national spirit, the greater is their power for international unity and understanding. Have not the sages more individuality and also more in common than the simpletons or the savages?

The indwelling national spirit is one and the same under all the varying guises of times and places and peoples. We get glimpses of its reality in the buried treasure-lore of antiquity; in the spiritual outreaching of a suffering world today; in the calm philosophy of the old Orient; and in the fresh, enthusiastic urge of western growth; in the classic line and balanced beauty of bygone Greece, and in the Latin idealism of a later day; in legends of heroic Norsemen, and in Celtic mysticism; in the red Indian's ceremonial devotion to the 'Great Mystery,' and in the simple African's melody, its penetrating pathos and appeal harking back to racial childhoods. Human life would be immensely the poorer in the loss of any single element of living history in the make-up of our world, which is the heir of all that has gone before.

THE DRUG-EVIL

H. TRAVERS, M.A.



AN article on Drug-Addicts appears in *The Saturday Evening Post*, by William McAdoo, who is responsible for the disposal of those unfortunates in New York City. Ninety-eight per cent. take heroin, a fearful substance, not needed in medicine, and whose manufacture ought to be prohibited. The habit is formed in a week, and is seldom, if ever, broken. After treatment, the victims relapse. A young man works at his desk all day, and passes a gay evening. He finds himself dull and sleepy. A 'friend' says, "Take a snuff of this"; he takes it and thinks he finds himself bright and cheerful. He takes another dose in the morning; his fate is sealed.

The addict becomes dead to all appeals, and can think of nothing but how to get the drug; for which purpose he is willing to do anything.

The treatment is medical and physical. Mr. McAdoo thinks it should be mental — the disease is *in the mind*. The only successful cases he knows of are where a doctor of fine character took charge of the victims and worked on their minds.

The disease may truly be called the climax of loss of self-control. Those who fall victim to it are young people who do not seem ever to have realized what self-control means — people accustomed to yield without thought or hesitation to their desires.

The drug-evil appears to us in the nature of a horrible ordeal, which civilized society has brought upon itself, and which is destined to act like a trial or test that will force people to choose one of two ways. It is one of the laws of life that a man may pursue middle courses of conduct, partly good and partly bad, for an indefinite period, as long as he does not go to extremes in any direction; but there must eventually come a time for every man when he will have to choose definitely between two paths. We go on developing both sides of our nature, through incarnation after incarnation, until both sides become so strong that a pitched battle (or rather a war with many pitched battles) must result. The story of Jekyll and Hyde gives a vivid picture of such a crisis. Jekyll goes on for years cultivating both sides of his dual nature, until he can compromise no longer, and is forced to choose one or the other.

And, as in individual lives, so in society, we see opposite tendencies developing themselves until each becomes so strong that compromise is no longer possible, and a crisis involving a definite choice is brought about. Thus, individualism in industry may develop to a critical stage that threatens the welfare of society; war has developed to a critical stage,

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forcing us to decide definitely whether we will keep it or abolish it: we can no longer go on compromising without a decision.

Without multiplying instances, which the reader can supply for himself, we may pass at once to the case of the drug-evil as a capital instance. Self-indulgence can be pursued indefinitely perhaps and with little visible harm, so long as it stays within limits and does not reach excess. Poor, hard-working people have not the means to do themselves much harm. But the case is far different with the highly civilized product of today. He is hemmed in and surrounded by temptations of every possible kind; and the facilities for self-indulgence are so great that they had liefer be called invitations or importunities. His magazines and papers are printed on the backs of colored advertisement sheets, inviting him to eat and drink every possible dainty and stimulant, and to indulge and pamper himself in a great variety of ways, with hot water, cold water, ice, delicate clothing, etc. Medicines for self-treatment are almost forced upon him. Not the body only (a comparatively trifling matter) but the mind is pampered. His reading-matter is carefully prepared to suit his slightest whims, and predigested so as to cause him the least possible labor in assimilation. At any corner he can turn into a picture-show, where all that is required of him is an attitude of negative receptivity. But it is needless to recapitulate all these facilities of invention which permeate the country as well as the town. The result is that self-indulgence is made so easy as to be scarcely avoidable. Our life becomes a continuous state of responding to stimuli; which is a way of saying that we live in a condition of mental and moral alcoholism. Under these circumstances, what wonder if the victim finds no opportunity for the exercise of self-directing power and will-energy from within.

The drug-evil is the same thing carried to its acme.

The drunkard and the drug-fiend have a body that will not act except under stimulus. The central vitality is gone; the nerve-impulses are no longer actuated from the vital core, or set in motion by the will. But this state of affairs is the outcome of a similar condition bred in the mind and in the moral nature. Hence the cure is in the place where the cause is — in the mind and moral nature.

What is likely to be the outcome of the drug-evil? It seems a sure thing that it will grow worse, until a point is reached when we shall be *compelled* to adopt the severest and most stringent measures — international measures. Thus, by all means, good and seemingly bad, the unification of humanity is eventually brought about.

The treatment is, of course, segregation; the patients being classified, not herded; and, first and foremost, moral influence and wise teaching and persuasion. The patient must be reasoned with and shown the deep-

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seated origin of his condition, and the consequent way out. The reality of his higher nature must be made clear to him; and he must be taught to appeal to this source of power. He must be shown that he has a unique opportunity for learning the greatest lesson of life, self-mastery. And how much better it would be if he could understand the immortal career of the Soul, in its journeyings through life after life; and the undreamed heights of attainment before man! This shows the need of doctors and teachers and helpers who are qualified to speak of such matters, and whose own lives are made bright and strong and pure by knowledge of these great truths about the Soul and Karma and Reincarnation.

Another ordeal and test for humanity: whether it shall continue to muddle along on a gospel of materialism or agnosticism; or whether it will accept the teachings of Theosophy. Experience teaches; the truth will prevail. We may be *compelled* to adopt a faith in Theosophical teachings.

The treatment of the question divides itself under two heads: direct and indirect. Direct treatment devolves upon our national administration, in conjunction (as said) with those of other countries; but it must have the backing of public opinion, which it represents, and without which it cannot act effectually. We find remedial measures failing for want of the necessary financial appropriations; these being diverted by other interests considered more important. Hence it is essential to bring pressure to bear, in order to overcome indifferentism and hostility.

As to indirect measures, they are the proper subject of the present writing. Drug-addiction ranks with many other evils as one of the effects of the prevalent weakness and chaotic condition in our moral fiber and understanding of the essential laws of life. It is undoubtedly connected closely with those other secret habits that weaken the vitality and moral stamina of the young. In the case of these weaknesses, we should remember that prevention is better than cure. They are the result of negligence and wrong treatment on the part of those in charge of the young. By proper care and treatment they are prevented from arising at all.

From the earliest age the struggle begins between the higher and lower nature of the child. Children are in many cases actually born with vicious propensities, which will be instinctively indulged if not watched for and prevented. From this it can be seen that the child may grow up in either of two ways: with his will and self-control continually weakening, and his self-indulgent propensities increasing in strength; or in the continual habit of exercising control over himself in every way, and with a strong, well-balanced physique. In the one case he is all ready to fall victim to evils like drug-addiction; in the other case, such temptations can have no influence over him.

When we see little children taken to soda-fountains and candy-shops;

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crying for things and receiving them instantly; always chewing peanuts and sweets; reading trash out of rubbishy papers; we can realize how the seeds are sown for future wrecked lives.

Hence all points back to the importance of Râja-Yoga education, and to the necessity for a knowledge of those truths upon which that system of education is based. And we must each and all try to realize the importance of individual action. No man can live to himself; we all shed around us an influence for good or ill; and it rests with us whether we shall remain one of the common herd of ordinary indifferent people, conspirators by our negligence; or whether by our personal conduct we shall rise to the plane of moral dignity whence our influence can be felt.

THE MORAL VALUE OF THE DRAMA

R. MACHELL



WIDE differences of opinion exist as to the moral value of the stage, ranging all the way from a declaration that the drama is totally independent of the moral code, being concerned with artificial creatures and imaginary circumstances, on the one hand, to an equally dogmatic assertion on the other that the real purpose of the stage is to provide a platform for ethical instruction and the display of the moral purposes of life.

At different periods in the evolution of civilization the drama has been treated from different standpoints which are not always recognised and defined, nor are they always distinct. Thus we have seen the triumph of the comedy of manners, in which the characters were purely artificial and the moral purpose was replaced by intellectual diversion. At such a time no one was shocked by a display of immorality on the stage because no one dreamed of looking on the play as other than a play, entailing no moral consequences in actual life, and so immune to criticism on the grounds of offense against public morality which could not be affected by the mimic actions of artificial puppets displayed for the amusement and distraction of a public that considered morality as concerning only real people.

At a more remote period of our civilization, there was a religious drama that thrilled the souls of whole nations imbued with love, or fear, or reverence of the gods. In that age the purpose of the drama appears to have been essentially moral and religious even in comedy. That is to say belief in the actual reality of the gods and of their direct ruling of the world was so general and so unquestioned that of necessity the drama

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was religious and moral, because no other basis of life was conceivable, even to the satirist.

This is not inconsistent with the fact that the morality of one age may seem unmoral in a different stage of social evolution. The word 'morality' means primarily customary, and the custom of one age may seem unethical in another. In the deeper sense, however, the word is generally taken as equivalent to ethical or the perception of fitness. In which sense it would be safe to speak of the artificial comedy of our great-grandfathers as unmoral; but it would not be fair to imagine that the morality of their lives was to be measured by the immorality of their plays, for they regarded the two as separate.

In our age realism has brought in the sentimental drama, the romantic drama, the problem-play, the moral satire, and so on, in all of which the moral purpose dominated, even in the most immoral dramas. The artificial drama disappeared. It was no longer possible to laugh at a display of immorality on the stage without seeming to indorse or tolerate a corresponding laxity in actual life. The stage had become a presentation of real life holding up examples of virtue or vice as models for actual conduct.

Now comes the revolution with all the 'isms,' futurism, cubism, and the rest, to give us a new artificial drama, out of all relation to actualities, except in this — that it expresses the chaos that has broken loose upon our civilization, and which announces its intention to destroy all previously established forms of art and standards of morality.

But the law of cyclic recurrence of all modes of mind brings back the great ideas that ruled the world in ages past. That is perhaps the reason why we call it revolution, the turning of a wheel. Evolution may be conceived as progress in a spiral curve, but revolution merely means returning to what was at some preceding age. So revolutions merely deal with forms, and while destroying those that now exist bring back as novelties the forms that were in use in former times. Revolution is retrogression. Evolution, or the unfolding from within, is progress, or growth, or the gradual manifestation of hidden possibilities.

A deeper knowledge of the past would enable us not only to appreciate the meaning of revolution, but also to predict the forms that will replace the latest novelty in human fashions — mental or social.

Thus we have seen the modern stage passing from artificiality to realism, from unmorality to moral purpose, from utmost realism to wildest fancy, and it is not difficult to see the wheel turning that will bring back from the far past, which to the revolutionist appears as future, the age of a religious drama based on the reawakening of the soul of man and the reassertion of his divinity, of his kinship with the gods.

There is no need for pessimism in this wider view of life. The revolu-

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tionist sometimes imagines that all will be well if only men will change the form of their government or their social system. But the evolutionist knows the turning of the wheel does not necessarily imply progress. As a matter of fact the wheel is turning all the time and revolution never ceases: but progress, which may be accompanied by change of form, depends upon the awakening of the soul to new activities. Evolution is spiritual awakening, an endless process including countless revolutions, in the course of which innumerable civilizations have been utterly destroyed, while yet the wheel turns on.

Let us not be disturbed at the apparent breakdown of the existing form of our dramatic art, but rather let us steadily maintain our efforts to awaken in the world a yearning for the light of true beauty and for the dawn of a new golden age, in which we may see music and the drama rededicated to the noble work of guiding evolution and of awakening the slumbering human soul.

It may be that the present revolution in dramatic art may bring back the long-forgotten Religious Drama; but it must be conceived in a new way; the old forms may be so modified by the new spirit of evolution as to be new in the best sense, though the Spirit of Art cannot be new or old; only its modes of self-expression vary; and time may reveal forgotten arts fit for the expression of a higher wisdom. So it is in no retrogressive spirit that we look for a rebirth of the undying spirit of the drama even if we use the word 'religion' for lack of a term more nearly fitting the occasion. That word so often has been used for forms and formulas, for rituals and dogmas, that it has almost lost its true significance, and has come to be denounced by men who in truth are naturally and actually religious, that is to say men who perceive the struggle of the human soul to free itself from the fetters of outworn traditions, and who feel, without understanding it, the awakening of their own spiritual nature.

So when I speak of the dawn of the religious drama I do not look for a mere revival of the mysteries, but for a new expression of the very soul of drama in new forms more capable than the old of carrying the current of spiritual energy and of allowing fit expression for a grander, freer, and more spiritual morality than the world yet has known.

Changes must come, for Life is change, and death is but a variation on the theme of life. It rests with man to raise the revolution that disrupts the fixed routine of life, and give it that upward movement that distinguishes evolution from revolution, ethics from morality, spiral motion from circular, progress from repetition, living drama from dead.



“PEACE rules the day where reason rules the mind.”— *Collins*

THE GLORY OF LIFE

RALPH LANESDALE

THE temple's steps were strewn with flowers: but the festival was past; the flowers had been trampled by the procession, and were now soaked with rain. The steps needed sweeping; and in a little while a diligent attendant would consign these emblems of joy to the trash-can, and so all traces of the festival would be obliterated. But yesterday, when beautiful children scattered those flowers before the celebrants, they seemed to be sowing the seed of future blessings as well as offering glad thoughts of love and voiceless messages of joy. And is it past? And is it all in vain to offer gifts that will not last beyond the moment, as emblems of enduring blessedness? Is happiness as evanescent as the freshness of the flowers? Why not? All things must change, all things must die. Is that a cause for sorrow? Why should we hunger for the enduring, where change is the law of life? The flowers of yesterday are faded, else there would be no use for those that are yet to be. Leave the blossoms on the plant and they will die, as surely as these trampled by the feet of those in whose honor the fresh flowers were gathered and scattered on the path. There is no permanence in a world where all things live by change, and die to live again.

Unless the flower die there will be no seed for future plants. Without change there can be no life. All is ephemeral on earth, where Time is master. "Time is the illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness, as we pass through eternal duration." Time lives by ceaseless change, like all his subjects. Arrest his flight; he disappears, lost in the infinite.

Man struggles against the law of life, which is eternal change; and he seeks to stamp some changing form with permanence, which is but a veil cast over his own mind, blinding it to the unceasing change that still goes on though unperceived.

And yet through all the interminable series of the passing moments that together make the span of life, there stands eternally the one reality, the mystery of Time veiled by his magic, the never-changing present moment, the eternal Now.

Wherever and whenever any human being lives and is conscious of his own existence, to him that time is NOW, the place is HERE. He says to himself with absolute assurance "I am here now." That is the one fact certain to him; and that certainty lasts while his consciousness endures. Eternity is but one moment multiplied by time's magic mirror into two long drawn pictures of the past and future, dreams both. The

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one *reality* is *now*. The most ephemeral flower that lives, lives now, and the most permanent creation of man's genius can do no more than fill the present moment, whose duration is immeasurable, because it is not a fiction of time's wizardry but is the one reality, and therefore incomensurable by the mechanical devices which man has created for his own deception by the pretense that time is a reality. That which he measures is his own delusion.

To realize the truth, to know the real value of the present moment is to have attained to wisdom. To know that this wisdom is beyond the grasp of reason, and yet within the possible attainment of that deeper consciousness we call the intuition, is to have taken one small step upon the path of liberation from the delusion of the brain-mind, which 'knows it all,' and yet knows nothing beyond supposition and assertion.

So moralizing on the mystery of time I sweep the withered flowers from the temple's steps and place them on the burning pile to be transmuted through the agency of fire into another and even more ephemeral mystery — flame. And so the glory of the blossom mysteriously born, translated into supersensuous significance by a ceremonial ritual, making life beautiful in a new way, finds its apotheosis in the fierce joy of fire; through whose open door it passes, whence it came, to the invisible regions of the universe. "Sic transit gloria mundi" should be chanted as a song of triumph: for the passing of the glory of this world is the attainment here and now of the greater glory of the inner life beyond the reach of Time.

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E. A. NERESHEIMER

 HE inner life of man represents the philosophical aspect of the sum of assimilated knowledge acquired partly during his present earth-life, and from the epitomized experience of past lives. Man thinks, feels, and views himself and his surroundings by the light that has become focused to a point that is a sort of synthetic understanding of the sum of his aggregate knowledge. This point is not strictly located in the brain, but chiefly in the causal center, supported by the Ego. No general standard for judging one's exact status can be employed that would be effective except for brief periods of time, on account of the varying factors of man's complex mental and psychic make-up, of which no one part is completely in touch with the Ego; and also because of many unexpended Karmic causes whose effects,

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when they are met later, may bring about unforeseen changes. While the inner life should be the guiding power, it is the outer man or personality that mostly does the thinking and the acting, irrespective of the promptings from within; hence the standard of judgment is always a movable quantity in undeveloped man. Nevertheless, in spite of this shifting position, everyone has a certain stability of ideals, faiths, notions, and a particular way of thinking, acting, and feeling, peculiar to himself, that admits of nothing similar to itself.

Nothing could be more practical, more instructive, or more interesting than a study of oneself. If there are so many parts of man's nature that lay claim to the consciousness 'I am myself,' at different times, then it is time to look into the heredity of each of these claimants, their right of title, and their relative position towards each other, with as much exactitude as we can muster. There is the higher Self and the lower self, to be sure, both incessantly alternating, according to varied aspirations and circumstances, moods, digestive disturbances, etc.: during waking or sleeping, whether fighting or at peace, before and at the time of birth, during life and after physical death. In the appointed order and harmony of universal symmetry, wherein everything and every creature has its rightful place, and where all is related and bound together in some inscrutable way and form, Man, the Thinker, with his wonderful faculties of mind and his physical organism, is certainly challenged to use his powers in order to find his proper place.

At present we will confine ourselves to the personality, and the three centers through which it works, and to the Ego, who contacts the outer Cosmos through both the personality and its three centers.

In a previous discourse we have shown that each man, as a personality, has attained a development that enables him to function in varying ways through three centers, or states of mind, *i. e.*, the physical, astral, and causal bodies. These centers are the vehicles of the Ego, for whose purposes they exist, and the Ego is practically also their fashioner, providing itself with this means for experiencing consciousness in matter in all its innumerable forms. It is important to remember that the three centers in themselves are not the personality; they are only the instruments through which the personality works. In every other respect the personality is only a sort of reflected consciousness from the Ego.

The physical center or body, though a decidedly centralized agent as viewed from the standpoint of man, who uses it as his instrument, is in itself no independent factor. Its functions of all kinds, circulation, assimilation, excretion, etc., are entirely conditioned by the conscious creature inhabiting the body, though its harmonious operations are governed by special laws of organized energy and matter that man cannot violate

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with impunity. Its aspects in connexion with the conscious personality are described elsewhere. The subtil (astral) center is the ethereal model-body, changes in which precede all the visible physical changes of organs and exterior forms that take place before birth and after, and throughout the span of one single imbodiment. Organized and acting on its own plane of matter, in man as in corresponding states of the Cosmos, this astral body provides the appropriate vehicle for the functioning of states of mind much finer than those that can be expressed by the physical vehicle. The causal or mental center is still more subtil in its atomic construction than the other two centers, and furnishes wider opportunity for the display of conscious action. The chief characteristic of this center is its dual structure as an instrument of the personality on the one hand and of the Ego on the other. The 'I'-consciousness of the personality inhering in this center can identify itself with the lower propensities of the astral and physical centers; or it can respond to promptings that come from the Ego.

The personality long since started on its career as an independent entity, and now has become the real evolver, the fellow that is good today and bad tomorrow, the metaphorical 'base metal' that is to be 'transmuted into gold.' This one sometimes lives and acts entirely in the physical center, feeling to a degree that it is just that and nothing else: and in that state it exhibits chiefly the characteristics of organized physical matter plus certain human consciousness appropriate to that physical state. It is respectively the same in the subtil and the causal centers or bodies, only in a somewhat different and less material degree. If it is asked why the Ego does not control these vehicles or the personality to such an extent as to cause them to do its bidding, we repeat that the Ego is not so much attached to the lower centers that it should care either one way or the other. The Ego is not in need of attaining perfection in our sense of the word; it lives on another plane of consciousness, and one of its purposes is to have a vehicle, or vehicles, through which it can experience contact with matter. It is the business of the personality to do the transmuting; or rather, we would say, the Ego is the sacrificial victim because of its presence and measure of responsibility so long as its connexion with one personality persists.

In the causal center the closest contiguity with the Ego is formed through a certain link, called in the Teachings the *Antaskarana*, composed of kindred aspirations that establish and permit of such a connexion. Such reciprocal intercourse generally only takes place by flashes of intuition, rather than in a continuous flow of action, at this present time. No doubt every person will remember moments of great lucidity of mind, when certain difficult problems suddenly become very clear, or intuitive acts of heroism are performed by even very ignorant people, who some-

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times instantaneously perform the right act in a dangerous situation. When ethical aspirations are maintained long enough, and supported by a personal life that is consonant with these, there is no lack at any time of the nearness and influence of the Ego being felt; and this attitude can be fostered and sustained to the extent of permanent continuity.

In order to trace the history and the connexion of the Ego with its source, we must go back to fundamental principles and endeavor to put into readable terms some of the very abstruse teachings of the Secret Doctrine, which are indispensable for a comprehension of this profound subject. While the involution of spirit into matter proceeds upon its slow journey through the seven kingdoms of Nature, prior to the human kingdom, certain divine hierarchies emanating from an earlier life-wave of Spiritual Energy send forth messengers whose function it is to help forward the wave of evolving self-consciousness in infant humanity. Upon these messengers, the 'Sons of Mind,' thus devolves the duty of supplying the link of Mind to the upcoming mindless monads, upon entering the human kingdom, inasmuch as Nature alone and unaided could never evolve a Divine Being. It is these 'Mind-born Sons' who incarnate in the physical tabernacles that have become sufficiently perfect to serve them as vehicles, or, rather, from their own divine flame they light up the inherent potential divine spark latent in each of the newly-evolved entities, that thus becomes the Ego or Egos of the human units. In other words, incipient man became human after the mind had been quickened to the first stages of self-consciousness by the 'Sons of Mind.' By this means is established the triple assemblage of

- (a) Spirit and Matter (Cosmos)
- (b) The Sons of Mind,
- (c) Potential divine man, who has to win his immortality henceforth by self-devised efforts.

CO-RELATION OF COSMOS, SONS OF MIND, AND MAN

(a) With each periodical rebirth of the Universe out of the bosom of the Divine, *Īśvara*, the Logos, passes from Its absolute dimensionless consciousness, which is equivalent to non-existence in our sense, into a state of existence insouling the forms and modifications of matter of the manifested Universe. Simultaneously with this Cosmic birth, Spirit and Matter join in a union (so-called) lighted up throughout by a supreme supervising Intelligence (proceeding also from the Logos) that provides the impulse through which every conceivable combination in the ensuing cosmic drama comes into activity, producing such a Universe as ours,

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which then unfolds according to an eternal plan termed a 'cycle of necessity.' During the first half of the evolutionary program, Spirit and Matter produce the three successive degrees of the elemental kingdom, thence the mineral kingdom, expanding successively into the vegetable and animal kingdoms up to the human kingdom. In this last-mentioned stage of involution the greatest density of matter and perfection of form was reached, marking the completion of the first half of the grand Life-cycle.

(b) Parallel with the cosmic involution of Spirit into Matter, the Angelic Hierarchies, called the 'Sons of Mind' or guardians of the 'Tree of Knowledge,' the 'fashioners of the inner man,' evolve on a higher and more spiritual plane. These Solar Angels, in their original 'absolute' state, are part of the dimensionless consciousness of, and identical with, the Logos. After descending into the labyrinth of relative existence, they become active in causing the infinite differentiations of the finite Cosmic Mind. When they have reached a certain point concurrent with the entry of the Monadic Energy into the human kingdom, they meet the senseless human units that have just emerged from the 'animal' kingdom incased in the lowest degree of matter, and the blending of the two potencies will finally produce the terrestrial symbol of the 'Heavenly Man in Space,— Perfect Man.'

(c) Simultaneously with the above-mentioned two combinations of causes, *i. e.*, the consummation of the involution of Spirit into Matter and the descent or incarnation in man of the 'Sons of Mind,' comes the entry of the third factor, namely the human monads, just emerged from the 'animal' kingdom, completing the fall of Spirit into Matter. These divine potencies converge at the important juncture when the differentiation of the Monadic Energy into individual units takes place. Man, the personality, becomes the vehicle by means of which the Ego, through the cosmic factors, may gain conscious realization of the purpose of manifested existence; when Man (the personality) succeeds in identifying himself completely with the Ego, then he becomes immortal and at-one with the Deity. The complete man is henceforth a Cosmos within himself. Through the awakening of Mind, the Ego becomes aware of the limitations of Matter and Form by which it is hemmed in on all sides, and *nolens volens* overshadowing Man, begins through him to realize Self-consciousness.

We can now truly say that the Son of God has descended into the human tabernacle. The Logocic Energy, as the basis of Individuality, both in the Cosmos and in man, is quickened in the latter by a ray from the 'Sons of Mind' that is now the overshadowing Ego of the human

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entity. It fans into flame the heretofore latent divine spark of the personality, the spark being derived from Spirit in its downward course, and therefore also has its origin in the Godhead. All that was, all that is, and all that shall be, may now become Man's heritage for the taking. The Ego is now the potential Redeemer, the Christos within individual man (the personality), in whom the transmutation from the Corruptible into the Incorruptible must take place.

By identification of the individual spark with the Ego, the Divine is said to mirror itself in the Universe, on the return upward-arc of the evolution of the whole Cosmos through individual sparks, wherein the true end and purpose of Life is achieved, and every atom is seen to be united in an indissoluble Bond of Union, from beginningless time and without end. This teaching will be found in some form or other to underlie every great system of religion worthy to be so called, the world over.

The unfolding panorama of the manifold combinations of Nature's operations, as it appears to be displayed before the vision of evolving Man, is seen to be in a constant state of flux and change in its transit from one state of centralized energy to another; wherein all things tend towards the same goal of ultimate perfection, which is also the destiny of Man. A continuous 'series of awakenings' of consciousness is in store for the budding soul, increasingly evoking wondrous fresh interest from first to last, as it proceeds on its arduous pilgrimage through constant mutations in the crucible of evolution. Infant humanity is like a babe that at first, in spite of its sublime potentialities, recognises its limitations but slowly, for want of adjustment between its mind and the bodily instrument through which it has to advance, the stimuli of vibrations from without not being very rapidly translated over into terms of consciousness. Both child and infant-humanity respectively live for comparatively long periods of time almost altogether in the Tamasic Nature-quality,— the quality of resistance to consciousness. However, the inner centralized consciousness presses forward towards self-realization, urged by the other Nature-qualities, Rajas and Sattva, developing action, stimulation of the senses, appetites, bodily functions, etc.; for long periods of time, in semi-drowsiness and indifference. In the reactions of sleep, rest, and change, alternating with the forward pressure, it assimilates and learns to adjust itself to natural limits, from without and from within, and in due course the mind expands, becomes acquainted with, and begins to acquire the necessary skill with which to handle its bodily instrument.

IS PEACE A CHIMERA?

LUCIEN B. COPELAND

WHY can't we have peace? War was never welcome to anyone, except to those who waged it — and not always to them. Those who *create* it may feel differently; but the world has always wanted peace; and it is impossible to believe that this should be the one thing we want and cannot have.

And it is so available! In one respect it is quite different from almost everything we crave, and the difference is this: we don't have to *do* anything to have it. It need not cost a moment's effort or a cent of money; it is as free as the air we breathe; it is a universal right; and it is available everywhere by everyone. Yet it must be made avail of everywhere and by everyone, it cannot be an isolated possession.

There surely must be something wrong with our methods, that we do not reach concert of action, or rather, of attitude. If peace were something we could lay physical hold of, everyone long since would have had both hands full. If it came in tabloid form and could be eaten, even if it cost a pretty price, few would feel so poor they could not buy it. If it had as much tangibility as the end of a rainbow, pilgrimages would never cease until it were located.

But peace is none of these things. In itself it can have no physical existence, because, in the main, it is simply a moral attitude and conviction. Isn't it strange that the world should cry — even pray — for peace and keep right on sustaining the thing that takes its place?

Is the reasoning foolish? No more so than the blind mental gropings of centuries to find a way out. Or is the trouble with our hearts instead of with our brains? Perhaps with both, because of their failure to cooperate better.

Still, it isn't fair to discredit the brain's capacity, even when lacking the spur of heart-impulses. Of itself and unaided it can clearly see the economic value of peace; and the fact that it has not solved the problem of establishing peace may be partly accounted for by its attitude toward the problem rather than because of any lack of inherent sufficiency. Isn't it a fair general statement that our habit in thinking — our *keenest* thinking — is mainly in the direction of our own personal affairs? What *I* need, what *I* want, what *I* feel would be desirable for *me* — is the habitual mainspring of incentive and the focal point of most individual thinking. The splendid results that can flow from united *physical* action are fully appreciated; but it does not seem to have occurred to us that there may

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be equal potency in united *mental* action,— in co-operative thinking, if you please. Our habit of thought has been so exclusively personal and of our own affairs, that what should be everybody's business is proved indeed to be nobody's business,— nobody who is capable. . . .

Of all the doctrines that go to make up the 'articles of faith' for the average occidental mind, there are few more deeply implanted or regarded as of broader application than that of Demand-and-Supply. And a well justified doctrine it is, too. If anything be needed or wanted, some agile brain can usually supply it. Necessity or Convenience points to a new desideratum, and human intellect seldom fails to produce it. Ingenuity may even leap ahead to the creation of supply in advance of demand, and then with equal facility creates the demand also. Elijah was no more faithfully served by the ravens than is man by human genius; his chief concern being, not to create — someone is sure to do that for him — but to acquire "the goods that the gods provide."

It is a safe generalization that the one field in which personal ability is counted a primal necessity, a *sine qua non*, is the realm of finance. Given success in this adventure, however, all other things "shall be added unto you." So we address ourselves to the art of making money, knowing well it is the one thing each must do for himself,— legacies being just enough of an exception to prove the rule. But, the barriers of this field safely passed, we feel we can browse at leisure when and where we will, and with very little concern over the herbage of those few fields whose barriers money cannot lower.

Such ready means to an end, whatever end be sought, naturally lend spurs to specialization. Greater skill can be developed in a single line of endeavor than in two, and the greater the skill, the greater the patronage; the greater the patronage, the greater the returns,— the greater the means for obtaining whatever is desired. So we have naturally converted ourselves into human cog-wheels, as it were, each confined to a single orbit; but the gigantic machine that has resulted from their intermeshing and has made possible our wonderful material development has done so at a very considerable loss of individual initiative and self-reliance.

Someone has smartly said that "the unnecessary is the immoral"; but few are guilty of that immorality, if measured by such an unnecessary thing as broad efficiency is deemed to be. Still, there is no legitimate quarrel with singleness of purpose and effort. Success *can* lie in one direction, it is not so often found in two. "Stick to your last" is an excellent adage, and the usual fate of the 'jack of all trades' is equally proverbial. So our habit of life is to rely on ourselves for just one thing, and to rely upon others for everything else. We must be self-dependent in securing the single commodity that has universal acceptance at its

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face value; but, with that in hand, we entertain little anxiety about satisfying all our other wants.

In the main, this is a quite excellent system, so far as material things are concerned. For a price I contribute to just one need of others, and for a like consideration others supply all of my requirements. Everybody does the same, from chief-executive to office-boy, from the highly-trained professional to the unskilled laborer. Each sells his single service to the best advantage and buys from others for the multitude of his own wants. Nor does there seem to be any conceivable want which someone does not stand ready to supply. It is the most undeviatingly universal arrangement that we have.

I need to be housed, clothed, fed. Someone will attend to it — for a price.

My children need to be educated. Someone will attend to it — for a price.

Illness occurs in my family. Someone will attend to it — for a price.

Health, comfort, necessity, every need, whim, or desire, from birth to death, from the cradle to the casket, can be supplied by someone — for a price. Even that special preparation for what is expected after death — spiritual counsel, education and other prerequisites, are also supposedly attainable — for a price. And this principle of acquiring by purchase what we cannot or will not do for ourselves goes to the extraordinary length — so we like to believe — of being able to buy, for the great Settlement-Day in the hereafter, a substitute debtor for all the moral obligations we have not canceled.

How natural it is, then, to expect that any and every emergency, however great, is bound to be adequately met by those in whose special province it happens to fall! What a vicarious shift as well seems given to the burden of all personal responsibilities!

But something suddenly happened to this wonderful system, this heretofore readiness of supply, and suppliers, for every demand; and the harrowing years since 1914 have tried the sufficiency of the theory as it had never been tried before. It still remains to be proved whether man's faith in himself is well grounded, whether it really is true that he actually is equal to supplying whatever be demanded of him. Perhaps it is a weakness even to question it. But it would be more of a weakness to ignore the present imperative demand for substantial peace, and the finality of humanity's fate, that can be halted but briefly in the absence of its provision.

The application of the law of Demand and Supply to the critical question of War and Peace may at first seem farcical; but it is not so at all. Never was there a more adequate illustration of the possibility

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of creating an artificial demand than is presented by the world-war; nor of how the demand could be met,— aye, fully met. Whether the demand for Peace — and it is no *artificial* demand — can be equally well met, is now the world's problem.

The man in the street, who is the ninety-nine per cent. majority, is not expected to have much grasp of international affairs and the ways of diplomacy. Under our Demand-and-Supply system he pays others to attend to such things.

In the heyday of things, when every wave in our sea of life is crested with sunshine and only fair winds are blowing, the more serious questions of existence are not apt to trouble us very much. Yet there do come times to everyone, when the great underlying substratum of things claims attention, even commands it; and though we may not be able to fathom its depths, still we know in our inmost consciousness that it *is*, that it exists, that law — divine, undeviating law — is the order of the universe, and that truth, honesty, and due regard for others are fundamental principles. We sense all this, we *know* it; and yet we dare at times to forget it, dare to make compromises with it for the sake of gaining some hoped-for advantage or of avoiding some anticipated ill. But whenever we make such compromises, whenever we venture to override this innate something that can tell us what is right, and therefore wise, we do so, not simply at an ethical and moral expense, but at distinct loss to the inestimable power of discrimination — the extravagant cost of blunting its edge, as it were. Like any delicate instrument, it must lose its efficiency when dull: lack of use dulls all our faculties, by the way; and so it happens, when some great emergency arises, some crisis that calls for our best judgment, fear and cupidity — always prominent at such times — usurp the place of silenced discrimination and with such clamor that its 'still, small voice' cannot be heard. With the atrophy of discrimination our pole-star of guidance is obscured, the confusion of hope and fear does its blind reckoning, and our course is charted for troubled waters.

How amazing it is that the principles and faculties which are accounted of prime importance in shaping our eternal future, should be reckoned of such small value in fashioning the temporary present! What a monstrous delusion to justify seriously, even applaud, the doing of things *en masse* that would horrify and revolt if done individually! How mortifying and humiliating, that we allow unreliable emotions to delude us at such terrific cost!

The last decade of human experience is indeed illuminating. No longer is there need of painting the horrors of war; the canvas of everyone's memory carries too indelible an imprint of all its horrid entirety, its worse than uselessness. Yet, bad as conditions are, an attitude of pessimism is

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a distinct menace, except as regards the factors contributing to present conditions. These factors should not be difficult to recognise; and in their recognition should be included the impossibility of longer continuing insensible to the essential solidarity of the human family, its mutual interdependence and inevitable common-sharing, whether of good or ill.

As intelligent beings, therefore, how can we delay the marshaling of our common sense for Peace? War could never have become a fact without acceptance by the mass. The possibility of peace can be assured by no lesser authority. War we can have or not, as we please; and the preparation for war is its own incentive, without which it cannot be. No one can force either upon us, if we will otherwise. No one can disrupt peace, if it abides in our hearts. The decision of technical questions is rightly the province of the specialized few. Moral questions are for our own decision. We have no right, nor need, to allow others to decide them for us.

So why not try to mobilize our souls? For the instruments of the soul are both the heart and mind; and its creations are not chimeras.

ARE CHILDREN SPIRITUALLY STARVED?

MAGISTER ARTIUM



READ is spoken of in the Bible and other sacred books as a synonym for the wisdom which maketh man immortal; and a distinction is drawn between the bread which feedeth the body (or the 'shadow') and the bread of wisdom that cometh from heaven. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." We are told to ask for this bread, and we shall receive, for there is no man who, if asked by his children for bread, will give them a stone.

But how often do children ask for this bread, and receive in return — a stone? Is it not pitiful to think that a child may go to a loving parent, to whom he has been taught to appeal in satisfaction of his needs, asking for help in some real difficulty; and receive — nothing? He has discovered within himself some fault of temper, which has scared him; he unfolds the trouble, with mute appeal, to the parent; and is met with some trifling platitude. How long is it before he makes another appeal? Does he ever make another? The parent has failed at a test: he or she has proved bankrupt — has had nothing to say.

But, if this can be called a sin of commission, how about the far more numerous sins of omission, which consist in withholding the bread of wisdom at times when there is no outward asking for it? We would not

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starve our children; yet the bread of wisdom is more important than the bread that feedeth the body.

Man is a compound being, with a spiritual soul and an animal soul; and his conscious life is an arena of conflict between these two forces. His destiny is to identify himself ever more and more with the spiritual nature, until the animal nature is finally dominated and put into its right place. Until that is done, the animal nature will be continually trespassing upon the mind and filling it with futile ambitions and destructive passions.

Parents not only feed the body with ordinary bread, but they feed the lower nature of the child by ministering to its desires and yielding to its passions. Yet the child has a spiritual nature, and this also craves for sustenance. The appeal is usually mute. The selfish nature may resist that appeal. Hence the dutiful parent must often deny the pleadings of the lower nature in the interest of the more urgent pleading of the child's higher nature. So curious is the psychology of human nature, that we all, children and grown-ups, often ask for indulgence of some desire, while at the same time cherishing a secret hope that we shall be refused, and being disappointed when we are not refused.

Have you never gone to a friend and unloaded on him some complaint or harsh criticism; and then gone away disgusted because he sympathized with your dark mood, instead of recognising your real mute appeal for help, as a true friend would have done? This illustrates the psychology of a child. The point is that he is indulged *against his will*. He was 'trying it on' -- if we may use a colloquial phrase -- and was taken too literally.

Parents who are negligent in this duty may suffer from two faults -- won't and can't. Their fault may be of omission or of inability. Perhaps they do not give the bread of life because they have not any to give: they find themselves bankrupt. Yet there must be plenty of cases where they would be able to give, if only their mind and will were called to the duty of doing so.

A child is an immortal Soul newly incarnated. The parents are the privileged and responsible guardians of that pilgrim in the early stages of his journey through life. Do they realize this responsibility; do they value their privileges? What use will they make of their glorious opportunity? How will they train the sapling, so as to determine its future growth? Which side of the nature will they feed, the spiritual or the selfish? What kind of love will they bestow -- and receive in return? The weak love that pampers and fondles does not usually meet with the desired return; it is notorious that it breeds ingratitude. And the reason is clear: the child has been taught to love, not his parent, but himself. On the other hand the parents who command filial love and respect are

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those whose love has been of a truer and purer stamp, refusing to pamper the child's weaknesses, and consulting his real interests.

It is essential that the parent should recognise his own spiritual nature, as well as that of the child; for this recognition is the real source of sympathy and union between parent and child; or, in other words, it is the source of right discipline. The appeal is made to an authority recognised by both parent and child — the spiritual nature; in this there can be no clashing of interests and wills, as there so often is between personalities.

We thus see how necessary it is that the parent should be really sincere and in earnest as to the reality of the spiritual nature. Affectation and insincerity is felt at once by the child; and with equal directness is genuineness recognised and respected.

Recently, among a gathering of children in the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma, I saw a little tot working hard at buttoning on the coat of another tot: a sort of thing I never was taught to do. A single visible instance is worth any amount of general talk, even when reported; hence it is worth while to record it. The children are allowed to experience the beauty of helpfulness; and, by contrast, the ugliness of selfishness.

It is impossible to dissociate the training of the parent or teacher from the training of the child; for, as said, the child can only be trained properly by one who is earnestly striving himself for self-knowledge and self-mastery. The recognition of man's spiritual nature is the masterkey to all the problems of life; just as all the difficulties arise from ignoring it.

On the cars I see many school-children; and they are usually eating something from paper-bags. Their complexions are often muddy. Perhaps there is no connexion between the two facts; and perhaps there is. In the Râja-Yoga School I have seen such pale children grow rosy in a short time; and I know they do not eat out of a bag between meals, and do not want to. The atmosphere of a Râja-Yoga school-room does not suggest ill-health of any kind.

I speak of bodily and physical matters, not because they are unimportant, but because they are so important. Very often some physical defect is all that is the matter, and the sole cause of defects of temper or understanding. Every part of the nature must be tuned up; all is sacred and nothing profane. And here again it will be essential that the parent or teacher should be able to add to his precepts the force of example.

Yes, in our age children are spiritually starved, and ourselves too; we cannot give what we have not got. However much animal and biological nature we may have, the spiritual nature thrills through every atom, and is the bottom fact in the universe. This is a fact, whose recognition is urgent upon us, at the cost of retribution if we try to ignore it.

THE THEOSOPHIST'S PERSPECTIVE OF PERMANENT PEACE

M. M. TYBERG

FROM the Theosophical point of view, permanent peace, the condition in which the elements which make for conflict are under control by those which make for harmony and co-operation, can come about only when the permanent principle of human nature, the Soul, becomes the directing power in the life of mankind. Sympathy and tolerance, unselfishness and compassion, the fruit of experience in many lives on earth, are attributes of the Soul. Consciousness of the inner Divinity and of the common origin of Humanity, unflinching desire to work with all other beings in furtherance of the great purpose of life, intuitive perception of the Higher Law governing all that lives — these dwell in the Soul of man. When this higher principle becomes dominant in groups of human beings in all parts of the world, irrespective of religious belief, of nationality, or of any external difference, there will be moral stability strong enough to prevent the lower desires of mankind from creating the state of discord which can shake the social structure and produce war. How could there be anything permanent until man has found in himself a permanent principle and made it the ruling power in his life? The triumph of the Soul will lead to the awakening of the conscience of Humanity, to the recognition of the true purpose of life, and to a state in which compassionate ideals as contrasted with narrow personal or national demands, will at last find widespread expression in human life. Only so can permanent peace be established.

In the conditions which exist at present the student of Theosophy sees a critical stage in the evolution of the human race. During this period the lower elements of the dual nature of man, selfishness, greed, and hatred, are making a desperate stand against the heart-forces which are stirring everywhere in preparation for the coming of a new age. These lower desires create the barriers between human beings, directed as they are by minds keen enough but unilluminated by any light from the Soul. Never was a deeper truth uttered than Katherine Tingley's statement that "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age," for the greater part of Humanity is completely under the influence of the delusion of separateness. The Theosophist recognises these qualities which blind men to the fact of Brotherhood and impel them to engage in war, as springing from the illusory, impermanent part of human nature, the part to be finally reduced to submission by a superior spiritual Self existing in every one. The Theosophist has supreme faith in this inner Warrior whom every

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man can challenge to help him to overcome the lurking foes of peace and harmony. He finds the true field of action in this dual nature of each individual and sees in the Soul's victory the triumph of permanent peace.

Who among us doubts that Humanity's heart is sound? Who does not know in moments of calm insight that there awaits us a great common joy in working out human destiny in accordance with laws inherent in the universe itself? Men and women may be broken with toil and sorrow, may starve and suffer and die in terrible conditions forced upon them by their own evil doings in previous lives on earth; but, even as they perish, the Soul makes fresh effort, a new life springs up for them; and those who have delved deep into themselves and found the Self that lasts through all the storms and conflicts gain an ever clearer and clearer vision of the real heart of joy in life. It has to be recognised first in oneself. It is a force of such surpassing power that it calls into the field as antagonist not only all the lower desires but the lower mind. This combination of mind and desire is the most terrible of human foes. It cannot be defeated by any number of other minds and desires. It waxes strong in contact with its like. If one half the world in an army met the other half in a contest about any object of material desire or advantage, no permanent result would be attained but another war would inevitably follow. An appeal, however, to that in human nature stronger and far superior to mind and desire, namely the Soul, the very kernel of heart-life, the source of spiritual fire and will, must in time call out a moral might before which brute-force and selfish desire will retire vanquished without a drop of blood shed.

Amid the turmoil and despair of the years of war through which we have recently passed a voice was heard challenging this Spiritual Warrior to come to the defense of suffering Humanity. A record that can never perish, for it is engraved upon the screen of time, is that of Katherine Tingley, fortified by her own knowledge of the Divine Self in every man, standing bravely before the world calling to arms the one Warrior who knows the real issue at stake, knows who the real foes are, and alone has the power to overcome them. Great rifts in the psychological shadow which clouds human vision must have been pierced by her heroic utterance of Theosophic truth at a time when the thought of the world was being wrapped about with error by the monster Mind-and-Desire. Who shall say how many have been awakened to a knowledge of their God within? to a feeling of real kinship for their brothers arising from the recognition of that divine ancestry they have in common? Who can tell what strong and sweet currents are already flowing from hidden sources in that so little known heart-life of Humanity to purify and give a new direction to the desires and energies of mankind?

For as Katherine Tingley declares, there is a new life — *a new life*.

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It is now nearly fifty years since H. P. Blavatsky, in restoring the knowledge of Theosophy to the Western world proclaimed the message of Universal Brotherhood and gave men and women a new view of their duty to Humanity. Since 1875 many changes have occurred that enable us to form a conception of Humanity that was impossible in the former state of ignorance. It cannot be said however that more intimate acquaintance between nations and peoples has led to the recognition of a common purpose for which all of them can work in harmony. Interests, material and intellectual and religious, are seen to conflict. Relations between large groups within the great body of Humanity are characterized by the same duality that exists in the individual and leads to inharmony in his own nature and in his associations with his fellows. Improved physical conditions, more intellectual opportunities, intercommunication with widely different peoples, enormously broader theories of human advancement and culture, have no more eliminated strife between the larger groups than they have in the individual himself or in the family. What is the meaning of it all? Shall we be compelled to acknowledge that we believe harmony and co-operation between the members of the human family impossible? The shock and bitter disappointment brought by the world-war were greater because of the expectation of better things that had been growing in men's minds. And despite the shock and the horror and the grief, men have not lost their faith in the coming of a new life on earth. It cannot be destroyed; even the menace of a perishing civilization does not drive it away. It is budding and bursting forth even in the most sorely stricken hearts.

The new and higher order of life that is in its inception is that of the organism Humanity. Just as in a complex physical structure lesser lives that have learned to perform certain functions combine with others, in response to some evolutionary urge, to form a vehicle for some greater intelligence than their own, so, at the present time, there is a call for individual human beings and groups of human beings to co-operate in furnishing an organism for the greater mind and Soul of Humanity. Because he is possessed of mind and is a Soul, man can voluntarily and consciously adjust his life to the higher order. Those who rise to their full responsibility as conscious co-workers with the Divine Intelligence in further unfolding the Great Plan of life, have intuitions and glimpses of the greater things to come for Humanity. For them the promise of a World-consciousness, a recognised World-purpose, an active World-conscience, is a reality. A new inspiration, a deep love for their brothers, a great longing to bring to all the Truth, a living sense of "the best that is to be, the last of life for which the first was made," is their daily portion henceforth.

The heart-life of Humanity is one. The separateness is created by

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mind-and-desire. Every human being who recognises the duality of his nature and achieves spiritual conquest enters the life of union and of a higher will. As the moral organization of Humanity is strengthened and increased by additions from every nation and every race, ideas of justice and of compassion must prevail in the affairs of the world. The great attributes of the Soul, imprisoned as yet by the barriers created by the sense of separateness, will be free to inspire and bless mankind. A new individualism, a new nationalism, will be nourished by currents from the Divine Self.

The Theosophist's perspective of permanent peace is therefore a prospect made fair by moral striving, a union made strong by a close kinship based upon common divinity, a life enriched by the Soul's compassion and beauty, a further unfolding of the Great Plan in a new organism, born upon earth, the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

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BY THE BUSY PEN

EVOLUTION OF CIVILIZATION

"A primitive culture, said the lecturer, may supersede or be concurrent with a high state of civilization, although it was obvious that civilization as a whole had evolved from barbarism."

— Mr. David MacRitchie at Edinburgh; reported in the *English Mechanic*



HIS lecturer admits a fact that has sometimes been cited as an argument against the general theory which he enounces. He places the fact in the category of exceptions to a general rule. What the evidence for that general rule may be, is not stated; still, we do not regard it as 'obvious.' Civilization has always been *passed on* from race to race: from Greece to Rome, from Rome to many uncultured peoples in northern Europe and elsewhere; from Asia to Europe; and so on. A particular form of culture is being passed from the West to certain Eastern peoples, who would never have evolved it for themselves. Historical research shows us civilization thus being passed on from people to people until we lose ourselves in antiquity. Wisdom descends on earth from higher spheres, brought by Teachers; and the universal traditions as to Gods, Demigods, and Heroes, are not myths. Archaeological discovery tends ever to confirm this view and to refute the other. What is a 'primitive culture'? Do not the races called primitive show signs of having degenerated, and preserve memories of a greater ancestry?

Organic evolution proceeds upward, from simpler organisms to more

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complex. Man is the meeting-point between two contrary streams of evolution: organic evolution, moving upwards; and the progressive incarnation of self-conscious Mind, a process which has been called involu-tion. The lowly races are the remnants of civilized races, which have reached the close of their cycle. But the individuals composing these races may be on the upward arc of evolution, and may contribute to the formation of new races. We find that individuals from such lowly races are susceptible of culture from more civilized races; but that, in adopting this culture, they cut loose from their own race and become adopted into the customs of the new. Thus it is true in a sense that civilization has evolved from barbarism; but not in the way that theorists usually suppose. This evolution is always due to the imparting of light from some source which is already endowed with it. The history of evolution which is outlined in Theosophical teachings shows that organic evolution alone could not produce anything more than a perfected animal; and that Man was formed by the work of higher intelligences (the *Mânasaputras*), who imparted to this perfected organism their own quality of the self-conscious (or divine) Mind.

“NATURE RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW”

“‘Far too much has been made of the old tooth-and-claw theory of nature,’ said Professor Arthur J. Thomson, who lectured in the Manchester Houldsworth Hall last week. No natural-ist had yet done anything like justice to the way in which creatures worked for no immediately profitable or pleasurable end, but for the good and safety of their progeny, of their kind and race.”— *English Mechanic*, February 16, 1923

Nature does not drop explosive and incendiary bombs on the huts of ‘savage’ tribesmen. Possibly tigers may be degenerate humans!! The mystical poet and artist Blake depicts a man who was so bloodthirsty that his soul was shut up in the body of a flea, so that he could glut his bloodthirstiness without depopulating the earth. So, if nature is red in tooth and claw, man may be responsible for it. Perhaps the day may come when the lion will once more lie down with the lamb. Nature stands, in regard to man, in the position of a child; from whom he may learn much, but who looks up to him for guidance. How responsive is a dog to your sympathetic look! He feels, though he has not the mind to interpret his feelings. He responds by attachment and fidelity. In Lomaland the birds hop nearer, because they know they are safe. Let us try to understand nature by quietness and sympathy.

One finds in that external world which we call Nature an infinite responsiveness, as though it were a great treasury of riches. It shuts itself up tight to the unsympathetic observer. He who walks through it self-absorbed and unheeding sees nothing. The despoiler of Nature robs

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himself. But the sympathetic heart confers the seeing eye; and verily we see in proportion to our capacity to see. Unable to find beauty in the world around us, we talk of higher planes; but we must first find beauty in ourselves. And that means that we must cultivate the disposition which sees the good in other beings.

We see many things in nature which seem brutal; but we should remember that these lower beings are not endowed with our own prerogative of self-consciousness; and that what would be deliberate infamy for us is merely the obeying of a natural law for them. But, as said, there is so much in nature that we may gain a wholly false impression by exaggerating a few special circumstances and erecting them into a general law. If there is a general law, it is surely that of harmonious working, yielding results of excellence and beauty. There has flourished among us a gospel of 'individualism,' for which justification was sought in nature. But now that this doctrine has been somewhat blown upon, we may find time to seek and discover something else in nature.

EVOLUTION IS MIND WORKING IN MATTER

Evolution is the gradual coming into manifestation of something that has previously existed in potentiality. The oak-tree exists in potentiality in the acorn, and becomes physically manifest when the tree has grown. To say that the tree exists in potentiality is only a way of speaking, meaning that it does not actually exist on the physical plane, but is going to exist; and meanwhile it exists on another plane. Everything which appears on the physical plane must previously have existed on the astral plane; and, before that again, it must have existed as an idea in the cosmic mind. It is thus that nature so persistently breeds true to type. The intimate investigation of nature, which continually goes on and makes such strides, will inevitably yield results inexplicable on any other hypothesis than the right ones, as indicated by Theosophy. To understand evolution, it is essential to regard organic nature as a collection of conscious living beings or souls. It is these souls ('monads') that evolve, by passing on from one organic form to another. We do not find in nature an infinity of intermediate types, shading off imperceptibly into one another; we find discrete intervals between the different kinds. All the connecting links are not to be found by physical investigation. There can be nothing in evolution to conflict with religion, though science may hold mistaken views. The chief of these is the attempt to derive man from the animal kingdom alone, without reference to his status as a self-conscious individual. Organic evolution is but a subdivision of the whole vast subject of evolution; and, to understand the nature of man, it is

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necessary to take into account other lines of evolution besides the organic.

Man himself is a part of nature, and is obliged to use the same methods in his creative works. He takes a lump of clay and molds it to a work of art. What would be thought of a theorist who, unable to discern anything besides the clay, should try to explain how the clay evolved itself into the work of art? There is always the Mind operating on the material; and in that mind is the thought that is to be expressed. The thought did not evolve from the material; it proceeded from the Mind. We see in organic evolution the work of Mind operating in matter and expressing its Ideas.

TRUSTY'S HILL

JAMES H. GRAHAM



ROUND the foot-hills of Galloway, as the southwest corner of Scotland is called, there are numerous remains of bygone peoples, ranging over a considerable space of time. An interesting record of one period, of unknown date, is to be seen on 'Trusty's Hill,' near the village of Anwoth, which is situated a couple of miles to the north of the town of Gatehouse of Fleet. The hill is in the middle of a region of rugged country and is supposed to have been at one time fortified with vitreous material. Whether or not, there remains at what could have been the gateway on the southern side, a set of remarkable inscriptions. They are now protected from the activity of the initial-carving youth of the district by an iron grille, and it was thus not possible to photograph the stone as a whole. The incised portions are, however, illustrated, with a sketch to show their relative positions. The lower right-hand portion of the stone has had its surface smashed, so that it is now uncertain whether any further markings were present.

There are a number of inscribed stones of this character also in the northeast of Scotland: they are usually detached boulders. The inscription at Trusty's Hill is the only known example south of Edinburgh, and is engraved upon the natural rock-surface.

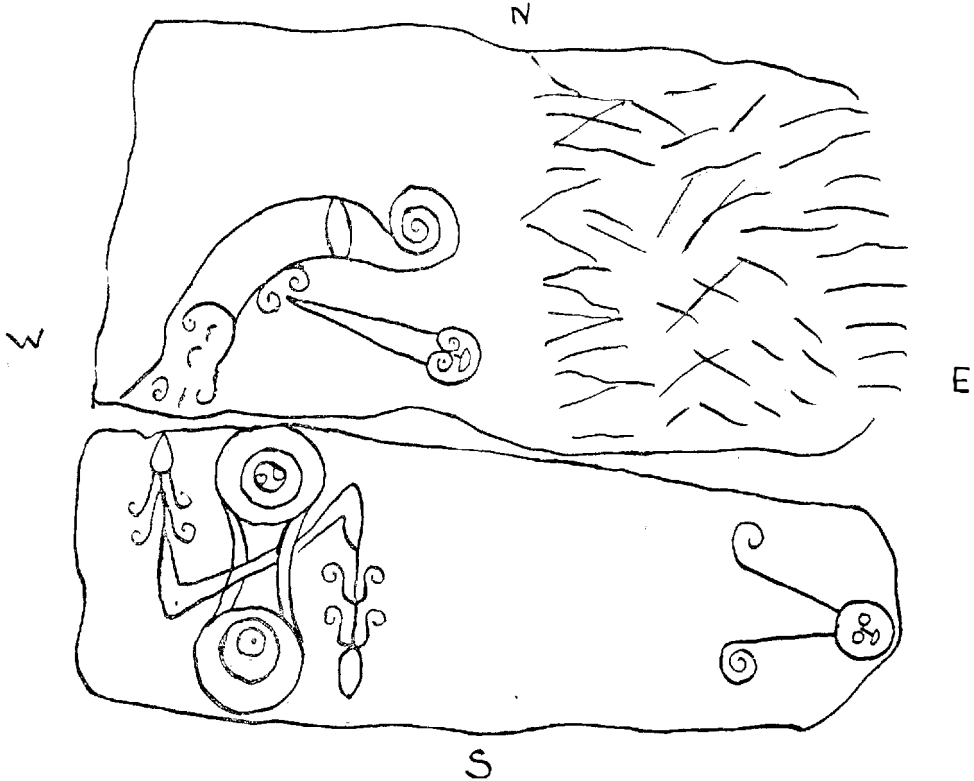
In the official *Inventory of Ancient and Historical Monuments in Scotland*, issued as a Government publication, it is said that the symbols are usually associated with the early Celtic church.

In his book, *History of Paganism in Caledonia* published in 1884, the author, Mr. Thomas A. Wise, suggests that these inscriptions are relics of a time when Buddhism was taught in that country. He likens the spectacle-ornament as seen on this example to the *dorje* of the East.

TRUSTY'S HILL

He also suggests that, if Buddhism was not actually taught,

“whoever traced them might only have done so as those companies of priests do at the present day in Tibet, who, supported by rich and zealous Buddhist laymen, travel the country, chisel and mallet in hand, engraving their sacred formulas on the rocks and stones in all quarters.”



SKETCH OF INSCRIBED ROCK, TRUSTY'S HILL

Portion of the surface has been broken.

He also says:

“In the sculptural stones of Pictland, the dorge [dorje] symbol appears in the form of two circles, representing the principles of spirit and matter, united by a belt and crossed by scepters, indicating sovereignty and connected with a third symbol below or above in the form of a segment of a circle, or crescent, an elephant, a serpent, a flower, etc.”

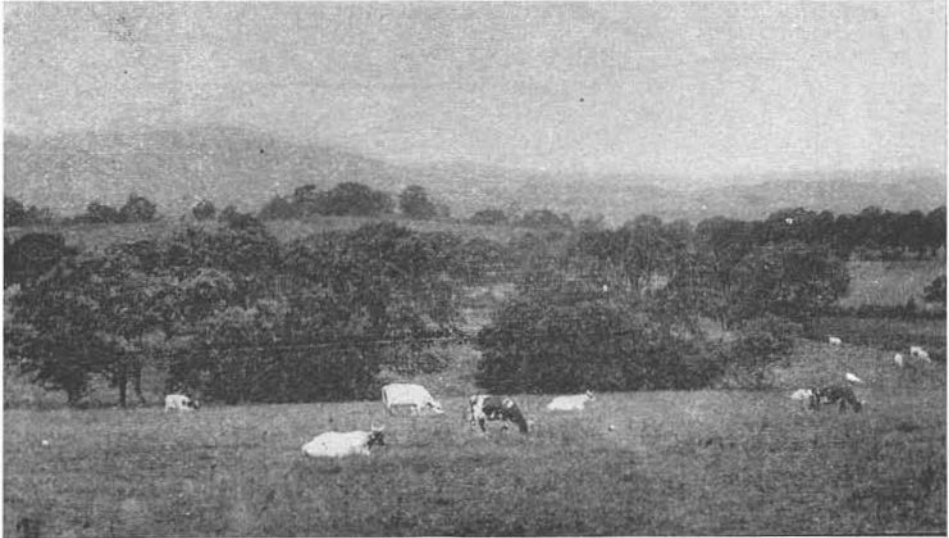
The dimensions of the two circles at Trusty's Hill are given as ‘matter’ eight inches, ‘spirit’ seven and three quarter inches.

“The two balls, or the circles, of the dorge [dorje] the one representing the material element of the world, and the other the spiritual element, form, when united, at once the organized universe and the Deity by which it subsists. . . . Stones with these symbols are invariably without reverse, or any symbol of Christianity.

“It was usually objects from organic nature that represented the third member of the

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Buddhist triad. The symbols used, too, such as the segment of a circle, or cornucopia, like that upon the hill of Anwoth in Galloway, were representative of living nature either in some section of it or of the whole."



A TYPICAL GALLOWAY SCENE, SOUTH-WEST SCOTLAND
Trusty's Hill in the middle distance

THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

VI

APOLLONIUS IN INDIA (*Contd.*)

IN passing over the Caucasus (Hindû Kush?) Apollonius by a conversation with Damis declares the true road of philosophy. By making his first questions seem absurd and then point by point showing their inner meaning, he makes the lesson more easily remembered. Discoursing on the beauty of the mountain landscape, Apollonius asked Damis whether he thought that the previous day's journey in the valley was really on a lower level than their present lofty path.

"Of course it was, unless I have lost my reason," replied Damis.

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"How do the two paths differ, then? In what lies the advantage of today?" asked the Master.

"Today's journey has been made by but few, while yesterday's was through a country frequented by many travelers besides ourselves."

"Yet one may live far from the noise of men and in places frequented by few, even in a city," said Apollonius.

"I meant more than that," said Damis. "Yesterday we passed through populous villages, but today through regions untrodden by human foot; regions esteemed divine and holy. Even the barbarians, says our guide, call them the dwellings of the gods." Saying which he lifted up his eyes to the lofty summit of the mountain above them.

Apollonius asked him: "What knowledge of the divine nature have you acquired by being nearer to heaven?"

"None at all. What I knew yesterday of the divine nature, that I know today, without any addition at all."

"Then you are still *Below* and have learnt nothing by being *Above*, and my question is not so absurd as it looked at first."

"I acknowledge I had some vague idea that I should be wiser than when we ascended, on coming down," said Damis. "I have heard of various philosophers who made their celestial observations on eminences and lofty mountains, but I fear that I shall not know more even if I ascend mountains higher than any of them."

"Nor did they so learn more," said Apollonius, "no more than any goat-keeper or shepherd who sees the heavens from the hill-tops. But in what manner a supreme Being superintends the human race, and how he would be worshiped, the nature of virtue, justice, and temperance, neither will Mount Athos show to those who climb its summit, nor hymned Olympus, if the soul does not make such studies the object of its contemplation. But if it does engage in such topics pure and undefiled, I tell you that it will rise far above Caucasus itself."

So they traveled, Master and Disciple, over the mighty peaks and passes of Caucasus, where the drama of the world and chained Prometheus left so deep an impression on the unlearned dwellers of the plain that they showed the bolts in the mountain-side, where the mighty Titan had been held in bonds that humanity might rise to heights 'Above' all the cloud-capped peaks of earth 'Below,' while yet engaged in daily duty truly done. For that is true philosophy.

Of the use of meat and drinking wine Apollonius told Damis, when they met a tribe of wandering Arabs who received them with pleasure and gave them wine and honey and lion-meat. They rejected the meat, but Damis took the date-spirit and prepared to drink, pouring out the usual libation to God the Savior, Jupiter Salvator.

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Damis was so unversed as yet in the spirit of his master's teachings (he had not known him long), that he offered some of the date-wine to Apollonius himself, saying it was not the product of the vine, therefore need not be refused. Apollonius tried to bring the Assyrian's mind to realize that the material was nothing, but the spirit everything; that the love of money does not cease to be love of money because the thing desired may be coin of another metal or country than the Greek, or money's worth; that the insult to the soul of intoxicating liquor is not lessened because it comes from another tree than the vine.

"Besides, you do in reality look upon it as wine, for you have made the usual libation to Jupiter. But what I say is in my own defense and not a rebuke to you. I do not prohibit you or your companions from drinking it. Even more, so little do I see that you have profited by the abstention from eating meat that I give you permission to eat it. I see the abstention from meat has profited you nothing at all. As to myself, I find it suitable to me in the practice of that philosophy to which I have devoted myself from my youth."

So gently did the great philosopher declare the matter that Damis, who had not seen the grain within the husk, was pleased at the permission given to eat and drink with his companions. He had approached the mountain, but his mind was still Below, far below.

The sight of elephants aroused much interest and discussion. The work in life of Apollonius was to practise philosophy and to teach it to those willing to learn. Therefore he draws moral lessons from the natural history of these wonderful animals, so gently as not to offend by seeming to preach to one who was not strong enough of character to take his wisdom neat, as one may say.

The Master leads Damis to considering the wonder of an animal as powerful as a living fortress being guided by a little Indian child not big enough to bear a spear or shield. Damis confesses it is so wonderful to him that he would buy the boy if he could, for if he could rule an elephant, surely he could rule a large household even better. Yes, he would put him in charge of racehorses, but not a warhorse, because the little fellow could not carry the armor. Not a doubt of it, the boy was one of the most wonderful children in the world!

Not so, declared the Master. It is the elephant that is wonderful, because he possesses such self-control as to govern himself, for love of the boy. "Of all creatures the elephant is the most docile, and when once accustomed to submit to man he bears all things from him; he conforms to his taste, and loves to be fed out of his hand like a favorite dog. When his keeper comes you will see him fawning upon him with his trunk, and letting him put his head into his mouth, which he keeps open as long

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as is desired. This we saw practised among the Nomads. Yet at night he is said to bewail his servitude, not with a loud noise, as at other times, but with a low and piteous murmur. And if a man happens to surprise him in this situation, he restrains his sorrow, as if he were ashamed. Therefore it is the elephant which governs himself, and the bent of his own docile nature, which influences his conduct more than the boy on his back who seems to manage him."

Damis records this conversation, and Philostratus publishes it. The discourse of Apollonius is so full of wonderful lessons that it seems a pity that there is no indication whether Damis saw the application or not. However, as the teachings of the Indian school of philosophy which Pythagoras practised are not unknown, we can see the drift of much that may have appeared to many, little more than philosophic chatter. In this simple talk about elephants, which it seems Apollonius knew better than his disciple, though they had both seen them for the first time on this journey, Apollonius is using an exoteric illustration to portray the doctrines of universal brotherhood including all that lives and breathes, and not only mankind; also the life of the philosopher who submits himself to the laws of nature of his own free will, and not as a slave to a master, doing his duty in his present position until he grows out of those circumstances in course of time, the wiser for the experience. So many of these conversations show the method; the situation is put colorlessly before the pupil, and if he is wise, his intuition will show him the application, to be followed or not as he pleases; the Teacher never forces him at all, one way or the other, and often conceals propositions of immense importance beneath a seemingly trivial conversational exterior.

As Philostratus says: "Many philosophical discourses they had together of this kind, most of which were taken from such occurrences of the day as deserved to be noticed."

In other words -- the words of the Indian School of Philosophy -- "Life is the Great Teacher."

On arrival at the Indus, they asked their Babylonian guide if he knew about the crossing. He said he had never passed over and therefore did not know whether it was fordable or not.

"Then why did you not provide yourself with a guide?" they asked him.

"Because I have one here that will direct you," he said as he produced a letter written by Bardanes. This mark of kindly thoughtfulness on the part of their host was much appreciated. He reminded the Indian Governor of the Indus of former favors which he had never desired should be recompensed; it was not his custom to expect requital for favors done. But if he would treat Apollonius well, and convey him wherever he desired, the debt would not be forgotten. Also the guide had been given

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gold, that there might be no necessity to apply for help to strangers.

On receiving the letter, the Indian Governor expressed himself as valuing it highly, and promised to treat Apollonius as though he had been recommended by no less a person than the king of the Indians himself. The royal barge was placed at his disposal, with ferries for the camels, and guides for the country of the Hydraotes. The Governor provided him in addition with a letter to his own sovereign, entreating him to use this Greek, this divine man, with the same respect as he had been used by Bardanes.

KING PHRAOTES

THE king invited Apollonius to be his guest for three days, as the laws of the country did not allow strangers to remain longer than that time in the city. The Greek philosopher was then conducted to the palace by the messengers and the interpreter sent by the king.

No pomp or pageantry was visible in the palace; no spearmen or life-guards appeared; there were merely a few domestics, such as are usual in any good house, and not more than three or four persons in waiting who had constant access to the king. Apollonius was more pleased with the simplicity that reigned throughout the palace than with all the proud magnificence of Babylon. He judged the king to be a philosopher.

Through the interpreter, Apollonius addressed the king: "I am happy to see you study philosophy!"

"And I," replied the king, "am equally happy that you think so."

"Is the moderation I see established everywhere the effect of the laws, or is it produced by yourself?" asked the Greek.

"The laws," said the king, "prescribe moderation. But I carry my idea of it beyond the letter, and even the spirit of the laws. I am rich, and I want little. Whatever I possess more than is necessary for my own use, is considered as belonging to my friends."

"Happy are you," said Apollonius, "in being possessed of such a treasure, and in preferring friends from whom are derived so many blessings, to gold and silver."

"But it is my enemies," replied the king, "on whom I bestow my riches. By their means I keep the neighboring barbarians in subjection. Formerly these used to infest my kingdom, but now, instead of making raids on my territories, they keep others from doing so."

Apollonius asked, with reference to the great Indian King conquered by Alexander nearly four hundred years before, if Porus was accustomed to send them presents.

"Porus loved war, but I love peace," was the king's answer.

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So delighted was Apollonius with this reply that when in later times he rebuked one Euphrates for not behaving like a true philosopher, he said, "Let us reverence Phraotes."

A provincial governor was desirous to crown Phraotes with a rich diadem in token of his great obligations towards his benefactor. The king refused. "Even if I admired such things, I would cast it from me in the presence of Apollonius," he said. "To wear ornaments to which I am not accustomed would show an ignorance of my guest and a forgetfulness of what is due to myself."

As to diet, the king informed Apollonius that he drank no more wine than he used in his libations to the sun. Satisfied with the exercise alone, he gave all the game he killed in hunting to his friends, and was himself well content with vegetables, the pith and fruit of the palm-tree, and the produce of a well-watered garden. In addition, he had many dishes from trees he cultivated with his own hands.

Never forgetful of his duty in preparing Damis for a life of true philosophy, Apollonius cast many a glance at Damis while the king spoke, showing his pleasure at the recital of such moderation of life in eating and drinking, and doubtless hoping that his disciple would appreciate the indirect lesson in the 'science of life,' which is true philosophy.

After settling everything relative to the journey to the 'Brachmanes' (Buddhist philosophers and adepts), seeing the Babylonian guide well looked after, and the guide from the Governor of the Indus on his homeward way, the king, taking Apollonius by the hand, told the interpreter he might depart. Then in Greek he asked Apollonius, "Will you make me your guest?"

"Why did you not speak to me in Greek at first," asked Apollonius, in some astonishment.

"Because I might have appeared too presuming, either from not knowing myself, or from not remembering that it has pleased fortune to make me a non-Greek. But now, overcome by the love I have for you and the pleasure you seem to take in my company, I can no longer conceal myself. I will give you many proofs of my acquaintance with the Greek tongue."

"Then why do you not invite me to be your guest, rather than ask me to make you mine?"

"Because I regard you as my superior in virtue; for of all gifts a prince can possess, I deem wisdom the brightest." When he had said this, the king took Apollonius and his companions to his own bath. This was a garden, about five hundred feet long, in the middle of which was a tank fed by cool and refreshing streams. Running-paths were on both sides

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of the pool, and here the king often exercised with discus and javelin after the Greek fashion. A young man of twenty-seven years, he was of a sound and robust constitution, much given to physical exercise. Afterwards he would plunge into the bath and amuse himself with swimming. After the bath they went to the royal banquet, crowned with flowers, as was the custom whenever the Indians were invited to the feast in the king's palace.

The manner of dining is described: the king reclining with not more than five of his relatives in his company, and the rest of the party seated round the central large table, to which they go and help themselves as they need. Jugglers amuse them, such as the boy who leaps from a height at the moment that a very sharp javelin is thrown upward from below. So well calculated is the aim and the leap that he only misses falling on the point by a somersault which appears to keep him suspended in the air, for a moment almost touching the point of the spear. Then there was the man who would hit a hair with the sling, so accurate was his aim. Also the acrobat who would outline his son with javelins as he stood stiffly against a board, without wounding him.

Damis and his companions were vastly taken with the skill of the acrobats, but Apollonius, who had a seat among the king's relatives at his own table, took little notice of these circus tricks. He asked the king how he had learnt the Greek language and philosophy, as he supposed there would not be any teachers in that part of the world.

The king smiled at the philosopher's persistence in questioning all as to whether they were philosophers, just as his ancestors used to ask every arrival by sea if he were a pirate, so common was the practice of that great crime.

"I know with you Greeks the profession of philosophy is considered a kind of piracy," said the king. "I am informed that there is none like yourself, though there are many who, like common robbers, put on the dress of a philosopher and strut about in loose flowing garments which belong to other men. And as pirates, with the sword of justice hanging over them, give way to all manner of excess, so do these self-appointed philosophers indulge in wine and love, and dress in the most effeminate way. The cause is in the laws, which punish adulteration of the current coin with death, and suitably punish the crime of substituting a spurious child; but if the same man imposes on the world a false philosophy, or adulterates it, no law restrains him, and there is no magistrate appointed to take cognisance of it."

Evidently King Phraotes knew more about Greece and about Apollonius in Greece than might be expected of any ordinary man. His description of the candidature for the philosophical life in India is in vast contrast

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to the state of affairs he speaks of in Greece, yet he had, with a twinkle in his eye called himself a 'barbarian.' This is what he says:

"With us there are but few who make philosophy their study; and they who do, are tried and examined in the following manner. A young man, when he has reached his eighteenth year (which, I suppose with you, is the age of puberty) must go beyond the river Hyphasis, and see those men to whom you are going. When he comes into their presence, he must make a public declaration of studying philosophy; and they have it in their power, if they think proper, to refuse admitting him to their society, if he does not come pure. What is meant by his coming pure is 'that there be no blemish on either his father's or mother's side, nor on that of any of his forefathers, even to the third generation; that none of his ancestors be found to have been unjust, or incontinent, or usurers.' And when no stigma or mark of reproach is discovered, the youth's character is then examined into, and inquiry made whether he has a good memory; whether his modesty is natural or assumed; whether he is fond of wine and good living; whether he is given to vain boasting, to idle merriment, to passion or evil speaking; and lastly, whether he be obedient to his father, and mother, and teachers; and above all, whether he makes a proper use of his beauty. What information concerns his parents and ancestors is collected from living testimony, and registered tablets, which are hung up for public inspection. Whenever an Indian dies, the magistrate appointed by the laws goes to the house of the deceased and writes down an account of his life and actions. If the magistrate so appointed is discovered to have acted with duplicity, or suffered himself to have been imposed on, he is punished and forever after prohibited from holding any office, as one who has falsified the life of a man. Such information as relates to the candidates themselves individually is acquired by a minute investigation of their looks. We know that much of the human disposition is learnt from the eyes, and much from examining the eyebrows and cheeks; all which things being well considered, wise men, and such as are deep read in nature, see the temper and disposition of men just as they see objects in a mirror. In this country philosophy is esteemed of such high price, and so honored by the Indians, that it is very necessary to have all examined who approach her. In what manner the teachers are to act, and the pupils be examined, I think has been now sufficiently detailed."

The story of Phraotes himself shows that he had been a pupil of the philosophers. His grandfather was a Râjâ of the same name, Phraotes. His father being left an orphan at an early age and not used to official life, the kingdom was governed according to law by two of his relatives as regents. They were so despotic that they were murdered by the chiefs

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of the country, who seized the kingdom. The young king was sent by his friends to the court of another Râjâ over the river Hyphasis, who had a large and rich kingdom. This Râjâ would have adopted the exiled king, but Phraotes's father declined the honor. He requested that he might be allowed to study philosophy with the wise men. When the friendly Râjâ heard this, he attended the wise men in person and highly recommended the fugitive, Phraotes's father, as a pupil. The physiognomic examination proving satisfactory, as they found something remarkable in his looks, he spent seven years with the sages. Then the Râjâ, his friend, fell sick and sent for him, making him joint heir of the kingdom with his son, besides promising him his daughter in marriage.

This arrangement was short-lived, for the new Râjâ loved to associate with flatterers, and was addicted to wine and other vanities. So, asking only the Râjâ's consent to his marriage with his sister, Phraotes's father left him in sole possession of the kingdom and dwelt in one of the seven villages left by the old Râjâ as a dowry for his daughter, near the dwelling of the sages. Of this marriage Phraotes was born, and his father taught him Greek. There was an object in this, since it was regarded as a useful accomplishment for a candidate for the life of philosophy. Phraotes was accepted by the sages as a pupil, a chela, at the early age of twelve years, being brought up by them as a son.

After seven years his parents died, and the sages, though he was only nineteen, sent him to his mother's seven villages to attend to his estate. But they had been taken by his uncle the reigning Râjâ, and Phraotes had to live as best he could with only four domestics, and a small pittance coming from his mother's freedmen.

One day, while he was reading a Greek play — the *Heraclidae* of Euripides, concerning the restoration of the sons of Hercules to their country — a messenger came from his father's friends to say that if he passed the Hydraotes river without delay, there was hope he might regain the kingdom from the usurpers. Accepting the omen, Phraotes returned to his father's kingdom and found one of the usurpers dead, while the other was besieged in the palace, inactive and helpless. Though, as a pupil of the sages, Phraotes begged for the wretched man's life, he was unsuccessful in saving him.

Apollonius heartily congratulates Phraotes on the omen given by the gods, and later declares in a discussion that the use of wine is antagonistic to any true oracles or visions, for which reason one oracle well known in Greece would not give any information except to those who had abstained at least for the day.

Speaking of Alexander's invasion, Phraotes declared that he had not advanced against the mount of the sages, never having passed the Hy-

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phasis. If he had it would have been useless, for ten thousand Achilleses and thirty thousand Ajaxes could not have helped him to master the place. The sages make no war, but if attacked, drive off the enemy with thunders and tempests, while they themselves remain under the protection of the gods. The Egyptian Hercules and Bacchus once attacked them but they remained absorbed in meditation until the actual advance on the hill was made, as though they were unaware of the attack and danger. Then, in a moment, fiery whirlwinds and thunders from above fell on the heads of the attacking army and they fled, Hercules even leaving his golden shield behind in the flight. This, on account of its design and its origin, the philosophers kept among their sacred treasures. The shield represented Hercules fixing the boundaries of the earth at Cadiz and forming two pillars of the corresponding mountains to shut out the ocean. These are the Apes' hill in Africa and Gibraltar of today. The symbolism is obvious.

A curious case was to be tried before Phraotes. A man sold a field to another. The latter found in it a pot of gold. The first claimed the gold, as he had sold only the field. The second claimed that he had bought all that was in the field. The Râjâ would not descend to so cheap a solution as dividing the money, but decided to try the case. He asked what Apollonius would do.

"Without a doubt the man who bought the field ought to have the gold," said Apollonius. "If the seller had deserved it of the gods, he would not have lost the field. If the buyer had not been a good man who deserved well of them they would not have given it to him. Examine their conduct and see if this is not correct."

Next day the men came to plead, and it was found that the seller was neglectful of the sacrifices, while the buyer was devout and a worshiper of the gods. He went away satisfied that the gods had favored him when the case was given in his favor. In this way Apollonius taught his principles.

King Phraotes declared that as Apollonius had arrived in the afternoon, that day did not count, and he was invited to stay until the completion of the third complete day. "If on any account a law should be dispensed with, it should be so in your case," said Phraotes when Apollonius expressed his delight. He insisted on supplying new camels in place of the worn-out Babylonian ones, sending the latter back to Babylon. He provided a guide and a letter of introduction to Iarchas, the eldest of the Sages, requesting him to receive Apollonius as a man not inferior to himself, treating his followers as philosophers and his disciples. In addition, he ordered them gold and precious stones and linen garments. Apollonius declined the gold because Bardanes in Babylon had secretly supplied the guide with sufficient; he accepted the linen; and taking

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one stone in his hand, remarked "O rare stone, how fortunate have I been in finding you, not without the favor of the Gods!" — seeing as I suppose some secret virtue in it — ingenuously adds the recorder Philostratus, as if he did not perceive that Apollonius was really referring to Phraotes himself in that symbolical way. A diamond was ever regarded by the Indian philosophers as the symbol of a true philosopher; some of their pupils have been noted for the 'art of making diamonds.' After all, is not the 'philosopher's stone' the human heart made perfect?

Damis and his companions declined the gold, but took plentifully of the precious stones that they might dedicate them to the gods on their return to Greece.

This is the letter of introduction to Iarchas given by Phraotes:

"King Phraotes to Iarchas his master, and to the wise men with him, health!

"Apollonius, a man famed for wisdom, thinks you have more knowledge than himself, and goes to be instructed in it. Send him away learned in all you know, and believe that nothing you teach him will be lost. His power of speaking is above that of mortals, and his memory good. Let him see the throne on which I sat, when your father Iarchas gave me my kingdom. Moreover his followers are deserving of praise on account of their respect for the man. "Farewell and be happy!"

THE JOURNEY TO SIANFU

OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D.



HE journey to Sianfu, the capital of Shensi province, still has to be made in the old-fashioned traditional way with springless carts or in mule-litters, if one does not prefer to walk or to ride on a donkey (as a good many of the poorer natives do). The so-called Pien Lo railway which is intended to become the connecting-link between western China and the coast-lines at present ends at a small place in western Honan, called Kwanyintang. This in consequence of its temporary importance as the railway-head and a stopping-place for all travelers to and from the western provinces (Shensi and Kansu) has developed into a busy market-town, dirty, crowded, and confused to a degree that hardly has been attained by a back-country town in any other part of the world. Republican China, or Ch'ung Hua Ming Kuo (the People's Flowery Middle Country) as it is officially called, has accomplished wonders in the way of dreary small towns, if

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these commercial settlements with deep mud-roads and a few semi-foreign cement-buildings scattered amongst mud-huts and rickety sheds may be called towns.

But we are not out to study the architectural glories of Kwanyintang; we are glad if we can move on without losing a shoe in the ankle-deep sticky mud and find a room in one of the many hotels with flowery names which usually are crowded with the most care-free type of commercial travelers, soldiers, and singing girls who keep up their chattering for the greater part of the night. It is practically impossible to proceed the same day that the train arrives, because the hiring of cars and litters involves a great deal of bargaining; and the start must be made in the morning, so as to reach the stopping-place by evening. The experiences of a night in the Grand Hotel of Kwanyintang may vary a good deal according to circumstances; but if you are provided with your own camp-bed and your own food and some odoriferous stuffs like camphenol; and if you can keep your peace of mind in face of all uninvited guests who come to watch your preparations and the soldiers who come to examine your passports (which they may or may not be able to read), you may get some sound sleep which is desirable in view of the long journey ahead.

The distance from Kwanyintang to Sianfu is not much more than 180 miles, but the condition of the roads and the traditional mode of traveling make it almost impossible to accomplish the journey in less than six or seven days. Heavier carts with great loads or many people usually take several days longer on the road, particularly in the rainy season, when the high cart-wheels sink down to the hub in the soft mud. At such times the journey becomes absolutely exhausting to the animals, whether mules, donkeys, oxen, or cows; one may see them lying down in the mud unable to move a step further until they are unharnessed from the carts. The easiest manner of traveling is in mule-litters, such vehicles being less influenced by the condition of the roads than carts, but it requires, of course, a certain amount of dexterity to get up into these swinging cages. The safety and comfort that one may find in a litter depend largely on the nature of the mules and the driver; if the animals are jerky in their gait or given to kicking, one gets well shaken up; and if the driver is careless, the poles of the litter may slide over the back of one or other of the mules with the result that the whole cage turns over (as happened to me once); but otherwise one may find more comfort in reclining in a litter than in sitting on the bottom of a springless cart. On the whole I found, however, that the easiest and most comfortable way of traveling over the mud-roads of northern China was to walk at the side of the road, on the edge of the fields which usually form terraces high above the level of the road. A narrow path is here kept up by pedes-

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trians and wheelbarrows. It gives also the best opportunity of studying the country and contemplating the wide views over the almost continuous high plateau which spreads from the Yellow River on the north to the mountain ridges on the south.

This is a characteristic section of what is called the loess country, a geological formation which covers most of northern China. It has been variously explained by different geologists, most thoroughly by the German geographer Baron Richthofen.

“The loess is among the various substances which would commonly be called ‘loam,’ because it is earthy and has a brownish yellow color. It can be rubbed between the fingers to an impalpable powder, which disappears in the pores of the skin, some grains of very fine sand only remaining. By mechanical destruction such as caused by cart-wheels on the road, it is converted into true loam. . . . It is not stratified but has a strong tendency to cleave along vertical planes. Therefore, wherever a river cuts into it, the loess abuts against it or against its alluvial bottom-land, in vertical cliffs, which are in places five hundred feet high; above them the slopes recede gradually, in a series of terraces with perpendicular frontfaces. Where the river washes the foot of such a wall, the progress of destruction is rapid; the cliff is undermined and the loess breaks off in vertical sheets which tumble into the stream, to be carried down by the water. Such is the case along the southern bank of the Yellow river near Kung Hsien (in Honan) and in many other portions of its course.”

And not only rivers and streams of various size cut deep and narrow gulches into the loess-soil: the roads do the same, as they are gradually hollowed out into deep ruts by the carts and the rain. They become like narrow corridors between steep walls of hard loess-soil where it sometimes is absolutely impossible for one cart to pass another. It is consequently necessary to stop at the entrance of such a narrow pass, while the driver shouts loudly in order to find out if anybody is coming from the opposite direction; and if the approaching party consists of a long and slowly-moving row of heavy loads, one may have to wait for hours. Worse than the long rows of slowly-moving carts pulled by mules or oxen are the camel-caravans, consisting of hundreds of animals, coming down from Kansu and Tibet, loaded with skins and medicinal herbs; they not only block the road but scare the mules. As these are quite frequent, it would be almost impossible to make headway along the roads of the loess-country, if not for the rule that the caravans are allowed to travel only at night. But this rule, like so many other laws and rules in China, is modified by various considerations and consequently one meets many caravans particularly towards evening or in the early morning. Such a meeting is quite impressive to a new traveler — the long string of tall and stately animals moves slowly, steadily, absolutely noiselessly, and with an undulating rhythm. They seem to glide out of the morning mist like a row of huge shadows; not a sound is heard, except the tinkling of a small bell on the leading camel. Their pace is never altered, their

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heads never lowered until they lie down for the day's rest. Their whole nature seems to be an expression of silent perseverance.

The loess-country presents many peculiar features; one of them being that it seems quite devoid of human dwellings. You may travel for miles and miles without seeing a single house, but as you approach the steep terraces which rise precipitously near some river, you may find them full of holes, the entrances to caves which are arranged in rows at the different terraces. A great part of the population lives in these excavations, which, besides being very cheap, are quite satisfactory as they keep fairly warm in the winter and cool in the summer. They are made more or less according to the same principles as the cliff-dwellings in New Mexico and Arizona, where some corresponding formation of hard, packed loam and sand probably exists.

The vertical cleavage in the loess reminded me also sometimes of the canyons in California and Colorado, but the vegetation was, as a whole, very scanty; trees were seen practically only along the river-beds, or at isolated spots around some old temples; the main table-land was used for raising cotton, millet, wheat, and barley, the harvests being entirely dependent on the amount of rain falling at the proper time. Richtofen points out the important fact that this soil is very easily percolated by water; it needs more frequent and prolonged rains than most other kinds of soil, but if rain falls at the time of sowing, then the tilled ground will be carried away by the winds and the seeds exposed to the sun will not germinate at all. And as the rains tend to become more and more uneven and insufficient in these sadly deforested regions of northern China, it is easy to understand why famines quite often occur in a country which is very fertile when properly irrigated.

"If it were not for the loess, northern China would already be a desert, with some fertile valleys inclosed. Even this beneficial formation, which is the principal seat of agriculture and more than other kinds of soil capable of storing up moisture, is undergoing a rapid destruction, this being the result of the deterioration of the climate which is probably due to the extermination of the forests."

There is not very much variation in the landscape in western Honan, except when you pass some river, which usually can be forded by the mules without the aid of ferries, or some old city inclosed by monumental walls. These cities are always most beautiful from the outside: the walls endow them with an aspect of dignity and greatness which soon vanishes after one has passed through the gates into the dirty streets. The most important river-crossing is at Lingpao, where a tributary to the Yellow River has to be forded; the western river-bank rises very steep to the height of 400 or 500 feet, and the road cuts through in a very narrow pass which is fortified by a gate-tower. It is called *Han Ku-kuan*, and said to

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be the pass where Lao-Tse disappeared on his journey to the mysterious West, after which he was never seen again. This was also the border of the Ch'in kingdom, up to the time of the great emperor Shih Huang Ti. The Yellow River is quite close by on the northern side and there is no possibility of climbing the steep mountains which inclose the gate. This is the only road by which an army can be marched through from the east to the west, or vice versa, and is consequently a point of great strategic importance. The mountains on both sides offer excellent vantage-ground for defenders of the pass and also for robbers who nowadays have taken upon themselves to supervise the traffic along this road and to stop it once in a while, when they are in need of silver, clothing, or other useful articles. An old missionary-lady who went a little ahead of me from Sian-fu was stopped here and relieved of what cash she had in the litter, but was not further molested.

Ling-pao is usually the second night stop, being at a distance of about 180 *li* (60 miles) from Kwanyintang. The first night was passed at Tzu-chung where I had the experience, by no means disagreeable, of sleeping in a loess-cave, made in the back wall of a dirty inn-yard. There was a door to the cave but no window or other means of letting in fresh air, so it had to be left open in spite of the coolness of the weather, which gave me the additional pleasure of watching the beautiful starlit sky of the clear autumn night, in which no sound was heard except the champing of the mules at the entrance to the cave. — At Ling-pao it was still harder to find night-quarters than at Tzu-chung. All the inns in this busy market-town were crowded with travelers and soldiers. The mules walked, of course, straight to the inn where they had been before (as they always do) and the drivers followed, but as there was no shelter available where one could put up a camp-bed, I went with my company in search of some other place where we might pass the night. After some vain attempts at different mule-inns we came to a grain-shop of rather decent appearance, and as the owner stood outside the shop, we made polite inquiry if he possibly could help us out in view of the crowded condition of the inns. He at once responded in a most friendly manner, asking us to be his guests for the night. We brought in our camp-beds and it was agreed that I should sleep in an inner room where there was a large *kan* (brick bed with channels for hot air) usually occupied by the owner and his sons. It seemed to me quite a princely apartment compared with the mud-huts of the common inns, and I arranged my bed there, deciding to sleep in spite of the closeness of the air. But this had hardly been done, before I found that the worthy man and his sons, one of whom was covered with scrofula, were arranging themselves for the night on the *kan*, which made the air a good deal closer. With the least possible

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noise, so as to arouse no polite remonstrance, I moved my bed into the outer shop where I found a place between sacks of rice and millet and finally fell asleep, somewhat troubled about the offense I probably had given to the good man by not completely accepting his offer of hospitality. But the start next morning was marked by renewed assurances of high esteem and admiration and absolute refusal of any monetary remuneration. The incident seems to me worth recording as an illustration of the kind and hospitable nature of many Chinamen, who with all their disregard for soap and water and similar essentials of western life, are intensely human creatures.

The mornings always were the busiest times because we had to accomplish all such preparations as eating and packing before sunrise, so as to allow sufficient time for the stage of the day. Traveling after dark was considered unsafe on account of robbers, of whom everybody was talking but whom very few actually had contacted. Of all the peculiar characters I met along the roads of northern China none ever approached me with evil intentions, as far as I could see, but there were some fellows who clung to me as companions for hours, trying to awake my sympathy in order that they might be taken along as servants. The ordinary Chinaman still believes in the power of sympathy which he sometimes is quite anxious to show towards foreigners from whom some return may be expected.

After passing the Han Ku-kuan gate the road winds up to the high tableland which rises to a height that seemed to me 700 or 800 feet above the Yellow River. There were no deep canyons; the view became grandiose and imposing. To the north lay the broad, muddy river which at places attains a width of half a *li* or more. It is quite majestic when seen from a distance, though the view becomes somewhat monotonous, as it is practically the same for two days; there are no trees and seldom any buildings on the low northern shore, which in the rainy season is more or less flooded, only wide fields of loess which abut on the high mountains of Shansi province further north. Small flat-bottomed sailing-craft glide slowly over the dirty water, while the heavily-loaded barges which are pulled with ropes by men on the shore hardly seem to move. But no larger boats or steamers ply on this river, the bed of which is continually changing as it becomes choked by the loess-soil washed down from the shores. It is, indeed, 'China's sorrow'; shallow and slow yet extremely dangerous, as it sometimes rises quite suddenly and washes away not only the crops but whole villages with all that live in them. No wonder that the people dread it and avoid settling along its shores!

The next night was passed at Pen Tow-chin in a barn with mud-floor and wonderfully large cobweb draperies in the corners. It was one

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of the best quarters I had during that journey, spacious and well aired, and it cost only about ten cents for the night, including hot water and all other comforts. The journey from here to Tung-kuan takes another half day, the distance being about 50 *li*. The road for the most part lies across wide stretches of open tableland, lonely fields of cotton and millet,— a land where one may travel for hours without seeing a human dwelling or any living creature except occasional flocks of wild geese sailing through the clear autumn air. But the further one proceeds towards the west, the more distinct become the mountains on the southern side — high violet ridges sharply silhouetted against white clouds. It is the Fung Tiao-shan range which continues as far as the Tung-kuan gate. Here the road slopes downward again into deep loess-ravines where the view is closed by steep walls. If the wind is blowing, one is choked with the fine loess-dust which fills every pore, penetrating one's clothing and finding its way even into well-closed boxes and suitcases; no protection is sufficient against this airy substance. The road is so soft and deep that the carts often are stuck; and one carter may have to borrow animals from another further ahead in order to get his load pulled out of the depths of loose sand. The lowest point is reached just before the Tung-kuan gate which rises imposingly on the high terrace above the river.

This ancient fortress lies at the point where the three provinces Shensi, Shansi, and Honan meet and the Wei river joins the Huang ho. The historical importance of this place can hardly be exaggerated. It is the eastern gate of Shensi and Kansu, the key to the whole classical territory of the west. Nobody could control that part of the country without possession of Tungkuan. Today it is hardly in condition to serve as a fortress, but its gigantic gates and walls still give the impression of impenetrable strength, as they stand on the steep hill above the river. It is only after passing through the gate that one finds that the city has lost its former importance; it contains no buildings of any consequence, only the usual small shops and huts. But the situation and the outer aspect are just as commanding as ever. And it is particularly from the eastern side that the view is so monumental and the approach so difficult. Richt-hofen, who had traveled over many different parts of China, characterizes the Honan road as a

“series of the most difficult crossings of loess-ridges and loess-ravines, one of the most trying pieces of cart-road in China. The Huangho washes alternately the steep banks of loess on either side and leaves no room for a footpath along its banks. Some circuitous trails may exist which allow one to go from the Wei basin to Honan-fu without passing the Tung-kuan gate, but they are certainly too difficult for commercial traffic and too unsafe for military purposes because a garrison at Tung-kuan can easily defend the narrow passage which the gorges in the loess may allow between it and the Hua shan”

— that is, the mountain-ridge to the south. There is still a good deal of

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truth in the old saying: Tung-kuan is the lock, Sian the key, and Peking the treasure (though the treasure-house may be rather empty). In ordinary times, when at least officially peace prevails, the Tung-kuan gate has its main importance as a customs-frontier between Shensi and Honan. When you pass it, you know, indeed, that you come from one country into another; your passports are examined and your luggage searched, particularly when you come from the west, when everybody is supposed to carry opium which is prohibited.

The opium-cultivation has been the main source of income in Shensi for several generations, and though it is now officially very much restricted, it is still kept up on a large scale, because the trade is most lucrative. The last governor of Shensi used all his influence to stop it but the financial situation was such that it could not be done thoroughly, yet the supervision became stricter and the duties on opium very much higher than they used to be.

The general aspect of the country changes entirely after one has passed the Tung-kuan gate: instead of the wide tableland formed of loess-terraces divided by steep gulches we find low meadows and soggy fields on both sides of the broad river. The road is lined with willows and white-stemmed silver poplars; it is the old imperial road which no doubt has followed the same straight course for centuries, nay, millenniums. The very low level of the land and frequent inundations of the Wei river which lies quite close by to the north have, of course, necessitated repairs and repairs, but none of them seems to have been very thorough. This is also true of the very extensive repairs which were being made when I traveled over the road. The people from the surrounding villages were occupied in rebuilding one side of the old road to what was supposed to represent an automobile road; but this was simply done by shoveling up mud from the field around and digging narrow ditches at both sides. No proper foundation, road-terrace, or drainage was made. Along higher stretches where the soil was hard, this kind of road might serve all right; but at the lower spots where the water accumulated, the road became like a quagmire so that not even a Ford car could pass. It will hardly survive a period of heavy rains.

The autumn colors over the landscape were beautiful, the sky clear, pale blue, the fields covered with the light green of the wheat and millet just beginning to sprout, the deeper green and yellow on the trees, the persimmon-trees spotted with red fruits, and the silver trunks of the tall poplars. And the farther one moves towards the west, the nearer draw the mountains on the southern side. These form the Hua-shan ridge, one of the sacred ranges of China, veiled in a light mist that gives a violet, almost transparent tone to the high peaks. — This is certainly a country

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blessed by nature, and it would be hard to understand why the people here live in such destitution, if one did not know something about the frequent rebellions, internal warfare, and more or less complete state of lawlessness which have prevailed in Shensi during the last two or three generations. During the Mohammedan rebellion in the eighteen-sixties large portions of the population were simply exterminated, whole districts devastated, cities completely burnt and leveled to the earth, nothing remaining of them except the walls. Thus, for instance, when one passes through the gate of Hua chow, one does not enter a thronged city but a large empty inclosure where no human being lives. The people who still cling to the place have settled in a suburb before the western gate.

But in olden times, ever since the beginning of the Chow dynasty, (about 1100 B. c.) this was one of the most thickly-populated and most productive districts of China. And it was more than a source of material wealth; it was the real home of the Chinese civilization in the great epochs of the early Chow, the former Han, and the greatest Tang emperors. Richthofen has given an excellent characterization of this district in one of his letters of 1872:

“The Wei basin is the greatest agricultural country of the northwest. To this circumstance, next to its geographical position, it owes the prominent part which it has played in the history of China, and chiefly in its early epochs. Immediately on entering the Wei basin from the east the impression of its peculiar position is vividly conveyed. In the provinces of Honan, Chili, and Shantung the interest and the relations tending in the direction of the seaports and the marts on the lower Yangtze are largely prevailing. In vain the traveler attempts to get any but the most superficial information as regards the regions of the far west. In northern Shansi he looks, following the lines of practical interest, towards Mongolia, while on the Han river they are turned to Central China. On the Wei river he finds himself suddenly at a point of view from which he believes to see spread out before him, like a map, an immense portion of Central Asia, with its roads of commerce to Turkestan and Ili, its peculiar and quite exceptional political conditions and its turbulent history, marked by the periodical fluctuation and displacement of nationalities, and spasmodic events, many of which resulted in an unparalleled destruction of human life. Most of these gigantic movements reacted powerfully upon the region of which the Wei basin forms the central and most important portion, and some of them actually extended with all their terrors to the Tung-kuan gate.”

The evolution of history follows as a rule the geographical conditions of the country, and it was considered since olden times that the Wei basin formed one of the safest districts in China. It used to be called ‘within the passes,’ because it is bordered on the east, south, and west by high mountains or loess-ravines, while the northern side opens towards the Mongolian plains. And here the Great Wall was built to protect this coveted spot from the intrusions of barbaric tribes. Nowhere can the pulse-beat of the Chinese history be felt more distinctly than in the chronicles of this region. And when this soil has yielded more of its hidden memories, Old China will certainly be brought much nearer to us.

But at present no province of China is in a more dilapidated condition

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than Shensi, the country of empty cities, broken bridges, and doorless houses; the great country of the past and of the dead. Nowhere are the dwellings of the living more inconspicuous in comparison with those of the dead than in the province of Shensi, seldom are human beings forced to live closer to the state of animals than at the inns along the Shensi road.

It was at Chus-way, where we stopped for the fifth night — the fourth had been passed in tolerable comfort at Hua yuan-hsien near the sacred mountain — that I came to a realization of how infinitesimal the difference between a man and an ass may become when they are forced to live under the same conditions. There we slept actually in the same shed with the mules, which was the only available space in the whole inn-yard. The small mud-rooms around the yard were all occupied by native travelers, if not filled with too much dirt even for them; and the outside space was literally packed with donkeys and mules and the heavily-loaded saddles which had been lifted from the animals. The drivers slept on the bare ground (wrapped in their padded cloths) between the animals which to them seemed to be just as satisfactory as sleeping on a spring bed. Their continuous association with the mules seemed to have molded their nature into something similar to that of the animals. It struck me quite often that there was a peculiar correspondence between the individualities of the men and the mules: a quick and humorous driver always had frisky and frolicsome mules; while the animals of a slow and dull man were apt to have a very slow gait and phlegmatic nature which could not be changed either by coaxing or whipping. These correspondences were not only of a general nature but could be observed in many details, as, for instance, the position of the heads, the movement of the legs, etc. Most people will, of course, say that the men trained the animals to comply with their individual ways and habits, but I could not help feeling that a continuous association with the asses and mules during nights and days exercised a powerful influence on human nature. The peculiarities of these animals seem to be very firmly set and hard to modify. And I was quite satisfied that the close association with the mules in my case did not last for more than a week at a time; because, if it had been kept up as intimately for many weeks or months, I might have become only too well fitted to play Bottom's part in the forest outside of Athens!

After all that has been said, it may be easily realized that the hardships or discomforts of a journey to Sianfu do not result so much from the bad condition of the roads or the primitive nature of the vehicles, but from the dirty and crowded inns where you are forced to pass the nights: as sleeping outside somewhere along the road would be too much of an invitation to the robbers, besides being practically impossible from the mules' point of view, which really is decisive during the whole journey.

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The road from Chus-way to Lin-tung is nearly 100 li long and it leads mostly over a rather arid-looking tableland, bordered on the south side by high mountains and on the north by the Wei river. The most important place along this road is Wei Nan-hsien which looks like a very fine city from the outside, but within the walls consists simply of empty fields. It was here that the Mohammedan rebellion started; the dead city standing thus as a fitting memorial of one of the most thorough devastations that lately have swept over the country. At Lin Kao the southern mountains draw quite near the road; the whole neighborhood is very stony and covered with big boulders. The people here tell a story about a magnificent castle which in ancient times was situated at Lin Kao and which in consequence of the extreme cruelty and avarice of the owner was destroyed by the gods, all the treasures of the palace being turned into stones. Between Lin-kao and Lin-tung is a small village called Sin-fung and close to this is the magnificent mound of the great emperor Shih Huang Ti — which will be described later on. It belongs to the district of Liu-tung-hsien, the place famous for its hot springs. The view is here magnificent; the steep mountain rises quite abruptly from the flat tableland, and at its foot lies the walled city with the famous imperial baths framed by tall silver poplars.

The water which issues from a cave in the Li-shan is too hot for use at its mouth, but baths have been made a little further down, consisting of various canals and basins, through which the water flows, the temperature gradually decreasing as it descends. Yet it was all steaming when I visited the baths one fresh autumn morning and was thoroughly enjoyed by the soldiers who occupied this beautiful establishment. The old imperial buildings, elegant pavilions, bridges, and balustrades, private bathrooms and large basins, high terraces with hanging gardens etc., were all still in situ though much broken and ruined. Outwardly the establishment had a rather curious aspect: the main entrance-gate had been rebuilt in a kind of semi-gothic style, reminding one of a church-façade, and it seemed as if there had been an intention of vying with the tall poplars and the mountain-peaks in the background. This strange innovation must have been introduced in the nineties when the imperial court fled to Sianfu from Peking and stopped for some days at Lin-tung. This was the last time that the hot springs of Lin-tung were honored by an imperial bather, but in olden times it happened quite often. It is told that Shih Huang Ti, the great Ch'in emperor, enjoyed these baths. The emperor Wu Ti of Han who appreciated comfort and beauty more than any of his predecessors, extended the buildings and decorated them lavishly. The Tang emperors also frequented the baths, but after the capital was moved from Changan to Loyang it was more seldom that an

imperial visitor came to this beautiful spot. But it was always a favorite resort for rich merchants and officials, as the waters were supposed to cure many bad results of a luxurious life.

A few miles west of Lin-tung the road passes over a long stone-bridge across a river, and after traveling for another hour or two one arrives at the eastern suburb of Sianfu — the city of western peace.

THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the May issue)

APPARENTLY absorbed in her occupation Mary saw Ronald tilt and turn the mirror till he seemed to find its focus. Then he gazed earnestly into it in silence. Mary held her breath, watching him in the cheval-glass. His back was towards her, and he held the metal mirror in both hands, so that the face of it was inclined but visible to her sight. It seemed cloudy, and a mist came from it filling the room with an opalescent haze that changed its whole appearance.

She forgot what it was that she was watching, but became interested in a voice that seemed to be calling to her from beyond the courtyard, where the fountain plashed and the white roses blossomed. Gathering a flower as she passed she crossed the little garden towards an open doorway. An oriole flew up into the branches of a rustling palm.

Standing a moment at the entrance she looked into the room which was adorned with oriental tapestries. On one wall was hung a metal mirror, before which stood a man with a black beard and piercing eyes. He turned as she entered and looked at her severely. She felt resentful, and asked indifferently: "You called me?"

He answered with a question: "Why did you not come before, since my call reached you?"

His assumption of authority aroused her indignation. She had answered his call, though even that was done protestingly. She was still a pupil, but one who had outgrown her tutelage. She resented his authority, even while admitting it by answering his call. He appeared anxious to test his power by a protest against her insubordination; and said in a reproachful tone:

"You heard my call, and yet you did not come at once, nor willingly. Have you forgotten the respect you owe your master? Is that conduct worthy of a disciple?"

She threw up her head and laughed defiantly as she retorted scornfully: "Disciple? No! not so! Pupil perhaps, but not disciple. You were my teacher, certainly, appointed by the hierarchy; and I have listened to your teaching; but master and disciple, that is another story. I am not your disciple, and you know it. One day perhaps I will be able to convince you that your science is no more than mere scholasticism."

As he watched her his eyes gleamed with an admiration he could not conceal, but he answered haughtily: "When that day comes I will perhaps ask leave to share your higher wisdom. Then I will be your disciple, to come at your call. Meanwhile there are still some things that I can teach you, if you will listen and obey."

His voice was soft and winning and the girl felt its charm. She seemed affected by his influence, and for a moment wavered, as if with difficulty resisting a constraining will. But she answered firmly:

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“Listen I must, while I remain your pupil, but obey I will not, till you have won the right to issue orders. I do not recognise you as my master in such a sense.”

She spoke calmly and scornfully, facing him steadily, and his eyes wavered as he tried to hide the anger that flashed out in answer to her scorn.

He felt that his authority was gone. In yielding to his passion he had lost dignity in his own sight; and now he made effort to regain his hold, relying on his personal magnetism. Speaking more gently, as if pained and misunderstood, he said:

“My child, you are too rash defying the authority of your teacher. But let that pass. You know that I would serve you, and could do so, if you would listen to me. You have the seeing eye, and are devoid of fear. Trust me, and I will raise you to honor and authority in the temple. I must assume some semblance of authority at present: my office requires it; but between us two there should be such a bond as makes the word authority unnecessary. Come! sit you here and let me hold the mirror up, for you to read the answers to my questions. You shall be teacher, I the disciple. Come!”

The music of the voice almost obliterated her resistance: but the magic of the spell was marred by insincerity; and she heard the warning jangle of discordant notes. She did not stir, but coldly faced the teacher, who had forfeited his right to her respect.

He waited for some token of submission, but none came from the proud and graceful woman with the white rose in her hand; and suddenly the passion of the man flamed up, as if it would consume the flimsy barrier of his self-control and scorch his soul with its unholy fire. He moved as if to grasp her; but she saw his purpose, and with one swift gesture swept the white rose across his eyes to blind him. . . .

She heard the mirror crash upon the floor, and found herself standing by the color-stand in her studio, turning to see the reason of the noise, and why her sitter should appear so agitated.

She was the first to speak. Still holding the white rose in her hand she asked what was the matter; and her visitor could only apologize for his clumsiness in letting fall the mirror. Then he caught sight of the rose and could not remember what had happened before the shock that brought him to his senses. He knew that he had looked into the magic mirror, and that it had fallen from his hand in a moment of dizziness. He thought he had been struck violently, but there was no sign of anything unusual, nothing except the mirror on the floor and the white rose in the artist's hand. His heart was beating most unpleasantly, as if he had experienced some strong emotion; but his memory was paralysed, and before he could regain his balance the door opened and the miniature-painter, Mrs. Cadogan, entered with voluble apologies for her absence, and with the miniature in her hand to report progress. Ronald was grateful for the diversion; he needed time to recover his composure. Mary was watching him curiously, having stuck the rose in her dress while Mrs. Cadogan was showing the miniature to the bewildered

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man, who seemed to have forgotten that he had ever asked to have it painted.

Mary wondered if he had seen the picture that had presented itself to her as an actual experience. She took it to be a memory from some past incarnation that the magic mirror had made visible to her imagination. But it concerned them both equally, and she thought it probable that the one who held the mirror would have seen at least some part if only a distorted version of the picture he had evoked, although he might not understand it or be able to remember that which he had seen.

So it is with dreams, which are mostly attempts to visualize subconscious emotions or impressions associated with some act or incident, but which may be fantastically distorted by a failure to visualize correctly what has been experienced. Just as an event may be most variously reported by truthful witnesses reporting their own impressions of the incident in what must seem to the hearer to be a mere perversion of the facts.

Mrs. Cadogan was hardly flattered by Mr. Erskine's lack of interest in her work but attributed it to personal preoccupation, and remembered her neglected duties as chaperon. She looked at the two young people, and noticed a certain coldness of manner between them that suggested a quarrel, and implied an intimacy which it would be her duty to report to Mary's aunt.

As she showed signs of having come to stay, the young man excused himself, and said good-bye to the artist, who made no suggestion as to future sittings.

When he was gone Mrs. Cadogan complimented Mary on the progress she had made with the portrait, and was congratulated in turn on the success of the miniature; and if there was not much enthusiasm in the praise of the younger woman the lack was not discovered by the egotistical chaperon.

Mary was distinctly preoccupied and was not in the habit of confiding her more intimate thoughts and feelings to her neighbor. So it was not long before she was alone and free to reflect upon the strange experience that had seemed so real while it lasted, and that still lingered like the memory of an actual occurrence, with none of the evanescence that belongs to some very vivid dreams, that scarcely survive the return of waking-consciousness.

What she had seen was a picture perhaps, but what she had felt was an actual experience, a memory, or a mental dramatization of an emotion. The result was a conviction that Ronald Erskine was an old acquaintance of former lives, who had attempted to assert an authority over her which he could not justify or maintain. At some time perhaps he had stood to her as a teacher; but not now. She had outgrown his influence, or he had lost his authority. She was anxious to know what he had seen. It must have been sufficiently startling to make him let fall the mirror. The warning of the Arab came back to her, and she smiled at the memory of his serious tone, strong as she felt in the assurance of her ability to protect herself.

But Ronald Erskine was at least equally assured of his superiority in point of will to any woman, no matter how brilliant might be her mind. He was quietly convinced of the moral weakness of women, which makes them natur-

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ally subservient to men. In Mary Sinclair, however, he had met an opposition that surprised and puzzled him. Her friendly interest in him was obvious, but it was not the kind of interest that he naturally expected as his right. She did not seem to recognise him as her appointed master nor as her natural superior.

What he had seen on looking in the mirror was a whirling mist, and in the mist were eyes that mocked, and laughing lips, and an austere commanding presence, indefinable and invisible, that rebuked him; and then a blinding light that made him fancy he was struck by lightning; and he heard the mirror fall. Recovering himself his first impression was that the girl had struck him in the face, repelling his advances; but he had not left the place in which he stood, and she was on the other side of the room and seemingly unmoved. Try as he would to recall that momentary experience, he failed, and had an uncomfortable conviction that something had happened while he was unconscious, and that Miss Sinclair knew what it was, while he was in the dark.

(To be continued)

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH TO PEACE

[Translation from *Het Vaderland*, April 7, 1923 — an important liberal paper of The Hague, Holland]

WE have received the March issue of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, the periodical edited by Katherine Tingley, Foundress and Directress of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma, California. Like the educational institution, this magazine is unsectarian and non-political, devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient and modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science, and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

The present issue has been devoted entirely to the great cause of Peace. For over twenty-five years, Katherine Tingley has spoken and written in behalf of permanent peace. Before the beginning of the twentieth century, she made an appeal to the men and women of every nation to come to a realization of the needs of the time and ever since she has been active in that direction. She tried to encourage all those who listened to her by declaring that in themselves there was the spiritual energy to invoke the higher forces in human life to such a degree that instead of the sanguinary confusion of war, "a wonderful, overwhelming, inspiring power of unity" could come. The International Theosophical Peace Congress which was held in June, 1913, at Visingsö in Sweden was convoked and directed by her. This issue contains a letter from Israel Zangwill in which he saluted this Peace Congress "as a ray of hope in the darkness of our era of blood and iron." In June, 1922, on her lecture-tour through Europe, she was also in Holland, accompanied by

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a group of her Râja-Yoga Students. And she is now preparing a second Peace Congress, this time at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. A Permanent Peace Committee has already been appointed for this purpose of which Katherine Tingley is President and the date for the holding of the Congress will be announced in the April issue of the periodical.

The Peace Number opens with a short article by Katherine Tingley about 'The World's Conscience,' to which, as she says, every human mind must now appeal. War is a symptom — the effect of an inner cause that began ages ago among those who were yet the creatures of inborn savagery — having its sole origin in human selfishness or fear, or both. Hence its cure and abolishment lie not in conferences more or less sincere or insincere, but in a radical regeneration of the human heart — "a change of spirit" — as the Vice-President of the United States has recently said, echoing what the Theosophical Leaders have always taught. This cure is not difficult or far away, or impracticable, but actually the most real and most ardent wish of every normal man and woman. Nothing so stirs the masses as does an unselfish appeal directed equally to the heart and to the intelligence. . . .

During the war, like all others, she of course read about the horrible things that were being done. Last year she was also in Germany on her tour. "Nobody really knew," she says, "what I was after at all. But there I heard dear generous people speaking of our country with sympathy. More than that, strong men and splendid women said with tears in their eyes: 'without America our children must starve.' In thinking of the needs of those persecuted people, while we must avoid war, that does not prevent us from protesting publicly . . . and from sacrificing in order that we may feed those starving children. . . ."

At the close of her article in the magazine, Katherine Tingley repeats that everyone who is a lover of justice is making an appeal to the conscience of the world, because war is a deathly curse to civilization. "Is it ordained," she asks, "that children must be born to be sacrificed in blood as tributes to greed and fear? Take warning, ere it is too late!"

The Peace Number further contains several short articles written in the same spirit by members of the permanent Peace Committee, members of the Cabinet, and professors of the Râja-Yoga College and the Theosophical University, and personal pupils of the late H. P. Blavatsky. Professor C. J. Ryan writes, for instance, about 'Making the World Safe for Humanity.' According to him this must in the first place happen by broadening the ideas about the meaning of brotherhood and also by educating the children with the definite object of bringing into activity the higher and more spiritual side of their being. Professor F. J. Dick closes an article about war and peace with the observation that the words: "I came not to bring peace on earth but a sword," should be taken in the sense that we must draw this sword against domination by the lower part of our own being, in order to win peace. Professor H. T. Edge, another of the pupils of H. P. Blavatsky, writes on 'The Higher and Lower Psychology.' Lydia Ross, writes on 'War and Race

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Suicide,' in connexion with the following words from General Pershing: "As we contemplate the causes of the World-War and realize its horrors, every right-thinking man and woman must feel like demanding that some steps be taken to prevent its recurrence. We may well ask ourselves whether civilization does really reach a point where it begins to destroy itself."

R. W. Machell argues that universal brotherhood means universal peace and discusses in this respect the work of H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. An extract is also given from an address which Dr. Henri La Fontaine, President of the International Peace Bureau at Berne and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1913, delivered at San Diego, California in 1916. A splendid protest is thus added by this authority on International Law. Among the illustrations of this important issue there is a photograph of the Theosophical Permanent Peace Committee, and beautiful pictures of Chinese temples, dedicated to Confucius and his pupil Yen Tzû, in connexion with an article about China by Osvald Sirén, formerly Professor of the History of Art at the University of Stockholm.