

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"Our philosophy of life is one grand whole, every part necessary and fitting into every other part. . . . The spirit of Theosophy must be sought for; a sincere application of its principles to life and act should be made. . . . This will then raise in our hearts the hope that at least a small nucleus of Universal Brotherhood may be formed before we of this generation are dead."— *William Q. Judge*

THE GREATER KNOWLEDGE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IN connexion with the tercentenary of the birth of Pascal, it has been recalled how his vast thirst for knowledge found itself baffled by a sense of the limitation of our faculties. He depicted the world, as revealed by those faculties, as a sea of wavy lines without order or certainty; and declared that to nothing can we attain, unless grace come upon us from on high and reveal to us a new state of consciousness, transcending the world of our senses and thoughts.

Have we then a mind which can desire knowledge, and yet not attain it? If our mind has limitations, it has also the power to perceive them. It seems evident that such a mind must consist of at least two faculties, the one able to review the work of the other. Pascal, like so many others, was trying to make one side of his mind understand what the other side understood. One side of his mind gives him a picture of the world, which picture the other side rejects. He cannot make sense out of what his faculties and thoughts tell him; which implies that somewhere in his consciousness there sat a judge competent to determine what is sense and what is not.

Have we then to await a sudden dropping of the veil after death, conferring on us knowledge when we no longer have the power of enjoying it and using it on earth? This would seem but a sorry jest on the part of the Powers-That-Be; and moreover does not satisfactorily answer the question why, while on earth, we should have the thirst but not the ability to quench it. Or should we anticipate a sudden transfiguration or illumination while in life? From what people have said, such illuminations do occur, but they are evanescent and not attended by the power to preserve any effective recollection of the knowledge glimpsed during the transfiguration.

Such sudden, occasional, and evanescent illuminations are but a foretaste of what awaits man in the gradual and orderly processes of his evolution. The attainment, while in earth-life, of higher states of consciousness, has always been an object of belief and of endeavor by the mystics of all ages; and man possesses within himself at all times the power of conscious evolution along the Path of Wisdom. The attainment of knowledge is not the sudden dropping of a veil, but the gradual dropping of many veils. All natural transformations are accomplished partly by slow and gradual steps, and partly by more sudden leaps, as is seen in geological changes and in organic growth. The growth of our experience

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is usually gradual, but we can point to times when great steps have been taken.

In the Yoga philosophy of Patañjali the 'Soul' is represented as a faculty able to discern the truth, but prevented from revealing it to the mind or thinking principle owing to the imperfections of the latter. The attainment of knowledge therefore consists in a removal of these imperfections, which can be accomplished by the exercise of the will and by assiduous practice. In the Theosophical teachings as to the seven principles of man, the mind (Manas) is shown as standing midway between Buddhi (the spiritual soul) and Kâma (the principle of sensual life). The goal of evolution for man is to accomplish the perfect union between Buddhi and Manas; but in man's present state, Manas is more united to Kâma, although rays of wisdom from Buddhi descend into the mind, giving rise to conscience, love of truth, and high aspirations. The process of attaining this union (or At-One-ment) is called the Path of Wisdom or Initiation.

It is necessary here to bear in mind that the view of history, on which we have been brought up, and on which our ideas of human nature are based, is the view of a comparatively brief period included in the Dark Age or Iron Age of humanity. The characteristics of this age are strife, personal ambition, desire for material power and wealth, and a forgetfulness of things spiritual. History is therefore a drama of empires and wars; but even so it has been misinterpreted, the materialistic aspect having been dwelt upon, and the spiritual aspect lost sight of.

As stated by H. P. Blavatsky in her works, her mission and that of Theosophy was to reinterpret for modern times and peoples the ancient Wisdom-Religion or Secret Doctrine, which is the common root and parent of all religions and philosophies, which is universally recognised in cycles of spiritual enlightenment, but known only to the few and preserved under the guardianship of secrecy in dark ages. She traces the history of this Secret Doctrine throughout historical times, enumerating its various exponents and disciples, and showing the identity of their tenets. The essential tenet is that the path of wisdom is open to all who are willing and able to undertake what is necessary to attainment — that the conscious blending of mind and Soul is an attainable goal for the disciple. The mind is held prisoner in a state of illusion by its subordination to the senses and passions; and therefore these have to be mastered and subordinated. It is the teaching of the Christ — that wisdom and the celestial vision is to the pure in heart.

Such then is Theosophy's answer to Pascal's question. Ignorance is not an inevitable condition; and the bare recognition of the fact that knowledge is attainable is the first step on the road to attainment.

A NEMESIS

TALBOT MUNDY

THAT little wrong we do, and bury, lies
No deeper than the wire-grass spaded o'er
That under the smooth surface multiplies
And, ten times thriftier than before,
Crowds upward in the fertilizing rain.
No virtue lies in long forgetfulness.
The deed ill-done lives to be done again
Or undone, or to rise anew and dress
New difficulties in the graveyard hues
Of habit and accusing dread —
A nemesis — a phantom that pursues —
A foe to fight again, and courage dead.

H. P. BLAVATSKY'S "SECRET DOCTRINE"

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

PEOPLE whose privilege it was to know Helena Petrovna Blavatsky have recorded that they received the novel impression of a perfectly sincere person, of one who spoke that which she really knew, not merely believed. A great soul, genuine, actually endowed with superior force of character and extraordinary attributes of knowledge, cannot fail thus to impress anyone who has within himself the capacity to respond, and the ability to recognise. For people who have not known the great Teacher, there remain her works, from which can be received a similar impression of the genuineness of the author and the reality of her message. In this place we speak particularly of *The Secret Doctrine*.

Since this book is divided into two volumes, entitled respectively *Cosmogogenesis* and *Anthropogenesis*, its burden may be said to be evolution — evolution on a far grander scale than is contemplated in ordinary speculation and research — evolution in the widest possible sense. If we use the word 'evolution' in this wider sense, we must make it include what is ordinarily called 'evolution,' or unfolding, plus something else which science has not recognised, but which cannot be disregarded. This something else the author calls 'emanation.'

Modern science, she points out, in its study of evolution, begins with

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physical matter, in the form of the smallest and (apparently) simplest rudiment which scientific people are able to apprehend — an atom or a germ. But, if this physical rudiment is to be made the beginning of all things, it stands to reason that we must endow that atom or germ with the potentiality of everything which is supposed to proceed from it; and herein lies the difficulty.

“What gave the first impulse to those molecules and endowed them with that mysterious faculty of life?”

asks H. P. Blavatsky in *Isis Unveiled*, I, 420. On page 466 she quotes a man of science as to the immense difference between living and dead matter and the impossibility of finding any physical or chemical explanation of that difference. And the explanation is, that spirit and conscious intelligent life are the primal fact in the universe, everything being an *emanation* therefrom; so that science begins at a midway point, tracing the evolution of physical matter, but ignorant of the invisible intelligent ‘forces’ that promote that evolution and guide it.

This principle applies to all nature and to every grade of organic life. In regard to Man particularly, it implies that Man is primarily a spiritual being; and that, whatever may have been his biological heredity, the really important question is that of his spiritual and mental history. Thus we have, for one of the fundamental principles of *The Secret Doctrine*, that man is a spiritual being, inhabiting and using, while on earth, a physical vessel or instrument. And this is connected with the ancient truth of Reincarnation, according to which the immortal Soul (the real Man) inhabits many successive physical tenements in the course of its evolution.

Another fundamental teaching is that of the great antiquity of civilization. While science has for the most part contemplated a single upward progress for humanity, starting with a supposed ‘primitive barbarism’ and proceeding by degrees to the present level of intelligence, *The Secret Doctrine* enunciates the doctrine of *cycles*, declaring that there have been many rises and falls of civilization. Races, like individuals, are born, come to maturity, grow old, and disappear, to be succeeded by other races; and this process has gone on for long ages, according to a scheme the outlines of which are given in the pages of *The Secret Doctrine*. The corollary to this teaching is that in past ages the human race has often attained to heights of knowledge which it does not now possess, and that consequently we are the inheritors of a great heirloom of knowledge. Such a view is confirmed by archaeological discoveries, and the trend of these discoveries is in the direction of stronger confirmation as time goes on; while on the other hand archaeology gives no support to the theory

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of human history and evolution favored by scientific orthodoxy.

But the most important topic in H. P. Blavatsky's work is that which is indicated by its title — that there has existed from the remotest times a body of knowledge known as the Secret Doctrine or Wisdom-Religion, which is the masterkey to all branches of knowledge and the common source and parent of all religions, philosophies, and sciences. The author gives proofs of the existence of the Secret Doctrine and outlines its chief tenets. During most of the period commonly called historical, the Secret Doctrine has not been openly known and recognised, owing to the roughness of the times and the concentration of man's thoughts and endeavors upon ideas of material power and possession. It was taught to the few in schools of the Mysteries and veiled under the forms of symbolism and allegory, whereby its teachings were preserved from profanation. Meanwhile in the world at large dogmatic religions and speculative philosophical systems took the place of the one universal Wisdom-Religion. But the cycles move on, and the time has come for a revival of ancient forgotten truths.

It is an obvious fact that civilization has developed itself unevenly to a danger-point, as knowledge has advanced greatly in certain directions without an adequate corresponding moral improvement; and therefore our attainments lend increase to the forces of destruction and disintegration. This fact is better understood today than it was when H. P. Blavatsky wrote; but she was a pioneer, working for the future. It is in her teachings that we see that light which people are everywhere searching for today, now that we have come to a pass where no existing religious or scientific force seems able to help us. We realize that our civilization will disintegrate unless we can stem the forces that threaten it whether in war or in so-called peace. We know that this can only be done by reawakening a faith in the eternal moral values; but we do not see how to bring it about. The sanctions of morality are to be found in right knowledge as to the nature of man and the purpose of his life. So far we have had wrong ideas: that man is an improved animal; that he is a miserable sinner; that this life is the only one he lives on earth.

Timely therefore was the reintroduction of this great and ancient synthesis of all knowledge; and even a cursory study of *The Secret Doctrine* must convince an open mind that there really is such a system, and that its Teachers and Initiates are no myth. And here we touch a point which is at the same time most important and most delicate — the fact that there have always been men who have progressed to a level of attainment beyond the majority of their contemporaries, and who are spoken of as Masters of Wisdom, Adepts, or Initiates. Though it is impossible adequately to treat our subject without mentioning them, it has to be with

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great reserve that we do so; for it need scarcely be said that the subject lends itself readily to charlatanism and self-deception. It is these Teachers who, as H. P. Blavatsky herself states, were the source of her own knowledge; their influence is always exerted in the cause of truth and human amelioration; and the conditions prevalent at the present time render it desirable, for the accomplishment of their purpose, that they remain unknown to humanity at large. It is evident how much force is gained for the teachings as to the perfectibility of man, when we can point to the actual existence of such perfected men.

This again connects with the subject of the Path — the road which the aspirant to knowledge has to travel in order to attain to the Wisdom and power to serve which is the goal he sets before himself. On this point, another of H. P. Blavatsky's works, *The Voice of the Silence*, may be referred to.

As is now well known, the work of the 'Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society' is of an eminently practical nature; and the members do not engage in the attempt to acquire knowledge as a personal possession, but guide themselves by the belief that unselfish service in the cause of human weal is the indispensable condition of all true progress for the individual. Yet it is clear that all the undertakings of this society, having behind them the esoteric teachings, must acquire thereby an influence lacking in all other enterprises of the same nature but not thus supported.

In the Preface to *The Secret Doctrine* the author says:

"It is needless to explain that this book is not the Secret Doctrine in its entirety, but a select number of fragments of its fundamental tenets. . . .

"But it is perhaps desirable to state unequivocally that the teachings, however fragmentary and incomplete, contained in these volumes, belong neither to the Hindû, the Zoroastrian, the Chaldaean, nor the Egyptian religion, neither to Buddhism, Islâm, Judaism nor Christianity exclusively. The Secret Doctrine is the essence of all these. Sprung from it in their origins, the various religious schemes are now made to merge back into their original element, out of which every mystery and dogma has grown, developed, and become materialized."

And she states the aim of her work as follows:

"To show that Nature is not 'a fortuitous concurrence of atoms,' and to assign to man his rightful place in the scheme of the Universe; to rescue from degradation the archaic truths which are the basis of all religions; and to uncover, to some extent, the fundamental unity from which they all spring; finally, to show that the occult side of Nature has never been approached by the Science of modern civilization."

An introductory chapter is chiefly occupied with adducing proofs of the existence of buried civilizations, awaiting the spade of the archaeologist; and of secret libraries, wherein are preserved copies of books that were in bulk destroyed by various potentates or ravaging hordes. As be-

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fore stated, the work is divided into two volumes, treating of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis respectively. Each of these volumes is subdivided into three parts, dealing respectively with evolution, symbology, and science. It would be impossible here to attempt a summary: the table of contents even would occupy too much space. But enough has been said to convince many of the importance of the work, and to invite to further study.

PEACE

FRANK G. FINLAYSON



WITHIN the past few months a surprisingly large number of statesmen and practical men of affairs have publicly expressed the opinion that it is only by a spiritual regeneration of the individual that permanent peace can be assured to mankind. This is indeed a hopeful sign. The devices of statecraft for bringing peace to this sorely stricken earth of ours, such as the agreement for the limitation of navies and the international court of justice, doubtless have their merits. They are good, but not sufficient. Unless the spirit of peace reigns in the human heart, wars with all their horrors and carnage will recur as inevitably as night follows day. The devices of diplomacy are doomed to failure when the great crises come. For they are of the nature of mere mechanical contrivances which possibly may act as barriers between a rash desire for war and the actual accomplishment of the hostile purpose. But so long as animosities, hates, misunderstandings, and injustices find lodgment in the hearts and minds of men, wars are as inevitable as the ebb and flow of the tides.

Governments may scrap battleships, disband their armies, destroy their air-armadas and spike their cannons, but if, through misunderstandings and acquired or inherited racial antipathies, two or more nations shall be roused to fever-heat by the hot breath of the demons of hate and ill-will, they will surely fight — fight with clubs, stones, and fists, if more lethal weapons be not available. The greatest value possessed by statecraft's inventions of war preventives is to be found in their possible reactions upon the world's psychology. Because their very purpose is to make more difficult the declaration of war and the waging of successful hostilities, a contemplation of their *raison d'être* by the peoples of the earth may tend to breed a hate of war and love of peace. But however this may be, it is a fact, demonstrated by daily experience, that unless brotherliness and good-will be inshrined in the human heart and the demon of hate expelled, wars are ever menacing possibilities.

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If grim-visaged armies are not now facing each other in the trenches of some European Armageddon it is not because the war-spirit has been laid, but because a deep-seated fear of the consequences of another great war and a dread of the horrors that still are living memories in the minds of this generation, palsy the arm that would strike, if it but dared. In short, not brotherliness and a love of peace born of good-will, but selfish personal considerations are today holding the dogs of war in leash. But some future generation, unmindful of the horrors of which it has had no personal taste, will not be thus stayed from rushing into armed conflict, if national hates and racial antipathies shall continue to sway the masses of humanity.

Is it not clear, then, that the only real remedy is the spiritual regeneration of mankind? Humanity has reached the crossroads. Another great war, and civilization as we know it will crumble into dust and its supporting columns come tumbling down upon our heads. But if peace, enduring peace, shall be the path upon which Man shall choose to set his feet, then the heights to which he may climb are almost inconceivable. Along that path lie his only real happiness and the only possible means for achieving his highest destiny. But permanent peace is possible only if and when Man is reborn spiritually — only when the spirit of brotherliness shall completely crowd out of the human heart the spirit of ill-will. Such a regenerated humanity implies, as a necessary postulate, that an abiding conviction that men of all races and all climes are brothers, shall burn as a living flame in the hearts of all mankind. How often the phrase “the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man” trips lightly from the tongue! But how seldom do we have a full, realizing sense of that brotherhood! So long as the doctrine of the brotherhood of Man is held as a mere theory, so long as we give it lip-service and refuse to open our hearts to it, so long will wars devastate the earth and hold Man in the bottomless pit of hell. Not until Man knows that brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and not a mere theory spoken of falteringly, will the earth cease to tremble to the tread of war’s embattled hosts. When a man knows, with all the conviction of knowledge, that he and all mankind are one — that what injures his neighbor injures himself and all the rest of his fellows — then, and not until then, will the spirit of peace reign on earth.

How shall Man acquire this knowledge? How shall he attain to a realization that there are invisible but indissoluble chains which link him to all of God’s creatures? How shall he escape the illusion of separateness? The sincere exponents of conventional theology may help him to a realization of his oneness with his fellow-man, and like Paul he may learn to be one with God in Christ. But to attain to the fullness of this realization


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he must first learn to know himself and his relation to the universe without. He must first know who and what he is. He must possess a knowledge of Man's constitution. That knowledge, long held by the Wise Men of the East and imbedded in the age-old Wisdom-Religion that is the root and germ of each of the world's great religions, was brought again to the western world less than four decades ago by that mysteriously wonderful woman H. P. Blavatsky, whose great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, unlocks the arcana of that ancient wisdom commonly known as Theosophy. Let Man once acquire even a partial knowledge of the truths inshrined in the 'Secret Doctrine,' and he will commence to climb to heights from which he will look down with dismay upon the utter futility of all the wars that ever were waged by past generations of Man in the darkness of his ignorance.

THE WESTERN CAPITALS DURING THE CHOW, CH'IN, AND HAN DYNASTIES

OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D.

IV

 HE earliest Chinese rulers who settled in the Wei basin were the Dukes of Chow from whom later on the emperors of the same dynasty arose. Their successive homes in this region are mentioned several times in *Shih Ching*, the Book of Poetry; the earliest seems to have been at Pin (in western Shensi), where they resided from B. C. 1796 to B. C. 1325. The life here is quite extensively described in one of the old ballads attributed to Duke Tan of Chow (about 1075 B. C.); it seems to have been that of a well-settled agricultural tribe who in the warm season lived mostly in the fields, while they had snug and warm houses for the winter. In another poem, attributed to the same famous man, it is said that they "made kiln-shaped hovels and holes in the side of the hills." But it is told that one day "the duke with his duchess rode away" and found a more suitable place for a capital on "the plains of Chow." The duke consulted the marks on the branded tortoise-shell, and as the answer was encouraging, the capital was moved to this new place, known as Fung and situated on the small river with the same name. This happened in 1325 B. C. The ancestral temple of the Chow clan was rebuilt here and here resided all the famous dukes of Chow including Wen Wang, the father of Emperor Wu and nominal founder of the imperial dynasty.

According to the Odes, he repaired the walls and the moat. "His making Fung was according to the pattern of his forefathers; in no haste

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to gratify his wishes, he repeated the filial duty which had come to him." The Changan Chronicle (Changan hsien Chih) contains certain traditions about buildings which Wen Wang erected at this place, to which also allusions are made in some of the old songs. Most famous among these was the Ling T'ai, a tower or hall on a high terrace built in the fifteenth year of Chow, *i. e.*, 1139 B. C. It stood in a park called Ling Yo. When the foundations for the Ling T'ai were made, some human bones were found in the soil; Wen Wang ordered that they should be properly buried. But the official in charge of the work remarked that it would be needless to go to the trouble of burying them, because the dead man was entirely unknown and had no 'head of a clan' (who could perform the proper ritual), to which Wen Wang replied: "How can that be; am I not 'the head of the clan' of all the men under Heaven? How can you say that he has no family head? He shall have a proper grave and a suitable coffin!" From this incident Wen Wang's nature can be realized, adds the Chronicle. He was indeed a true father or head of the whole clan, much praised in the Odes for his wisdom and justice.

In these poetic transcriptions of the old traditions we are also told that Wen Wang took the city of Ts'ung which he made "his home, and his kingdom's center." Some commentators have identified this with Fung; others take it as being a separate place. The name Ts'ung Ch'u means simply 'the great capital' and it is applied in the chronicles to the second Chow capital, situated at Hao, a place about 25 *li* eastward from Fung. It is possible that the place was conquered already by King Wen, but the capital was not moved here until the time of Emperor Wu. It became later known as Hsi Tu (western capital) to distinguish it from the Tung Tu (eastern capital) which was built at Loyang in Honan. It is also told in the Odes that Wu Wang divined by means of the marks on the tortoise-shell the proper place for his capital; and as he had removed it to Hao in 1133 B. C., he raised there a hall encircled by water. This building is spoken of in the Chronicle as a school, called P'i Yung, because it was round like a *p'i* (a badge of rank) and surrounded by water, the lake Ling Chao. Its peculiar form and situation were considered symbolic of the evolution or transformation caused by education:

"To the east of the city a river rolled;
'Twas banked by Yu in the days of old.
Where the people flock and allegiance bring
To Wu, their monarch, their mighty king.
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"By the river the millet was shining white,
To choose such a country was wise and right,
That his sons might enjoy the advantage too,
And bless their father the good King Wu."

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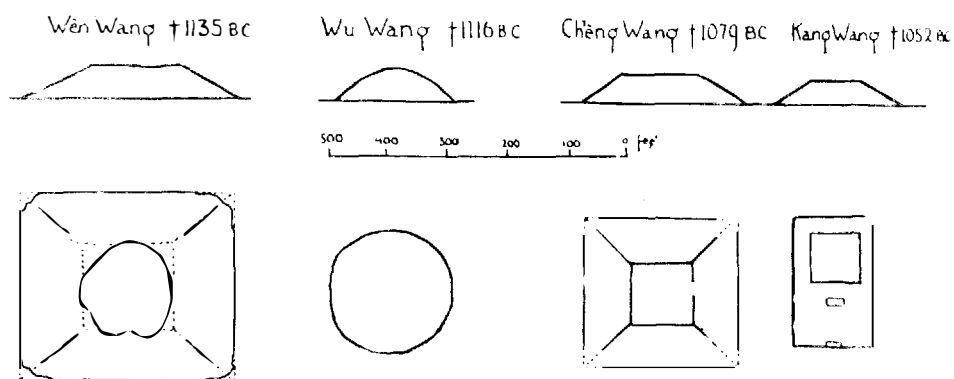
The information about these early Chow capitals is very vague, and we know only their approximate situations on the Fung river, which is a tributary to the Wei; but from the little we know, we have reason to assume that they were regular well-ordered cities — probably reflecting also in their plans something of that cosmic symbolism which is so characteristic of all the Chow creations. Besides the imperial palace-inclosure, with its halls and towers, there were altars dedicated to the sun and the moon and other nature-divinities; but hardly any temples of the kind that were introduced later on by the Buddhist religion. The religion was then essentially astronomical and cosmological, and its main concepts were expressed by geometrical symbols and numerical systems. Anthropomorphic or natural shapes were not in use for religious purposes; the ideas were altogether too abstract, too cosmic for such symbols. No proper representations of human figures appear on the sacrificial vessels or other objects which may be assigned to the Chow period, only highly conventionalized designs in which animal motifs have been translated into symbolic ornaments with ritualistic meaning. And just as these have remained the classic models for later creations of a similar nature, so probably also the city-plans and palace-buildings of the Chow period were arranged according to principles which we may study in the later capitals and imperial palaces of China. The strict geometrical arrangement according to the constellations of Heaven is something the Chinese have never lost sight of.

The only monuments of this early period that are now visible above the soil are some big mounds which, according to local chronicles and inscriptions engraved on stone tablets during the last dynasty, mark the tombs of the four first rulers of the Chow dynasty. They are all situated at a good distance from the sites of the ancient Chow capitals, on the northern side of the Wei river, ten to fifteen *li* from Hsien Yang hsien. The place is known as Kung Ling (the duke's mound) and is, so to say, only a section of a large area which is entirely dominated by the tombs of great men of past ages. They form a separate group among the great number of monumental mounds which are dotted over the high plateau along the river-bank. This is indeed the classical burial-ground of China.

There are tombs not only from the beginning of the Chow period — but also from the former Han dynasty, from the Tang period, and from later times. We shall have a word to say later on about the Han tombs. The mounds may be counted by hundreds, and there is a great deal of variation in their size and preservation. Some of the earlier ones are much battered by rain and worn by time; some have been reduced in size by the cultivation of the soil around them; some have been used as ramparts during recent wars and for this purpose have been provided

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with trenches, steps, and parapets. But wherever the old shape of the mound is preserved it is, at least in the case of all the larger and more important tombs, that of a truncated pyramid. The plan of the pyramid may sometimes be slightly oblong instead of a perfect square; but the four sides have an equal inclination and are correctly oriented north and south. All these mounds are covered by the same loess-soil as the surrounding country, and are largely overgrown with grass and shrubs. Considering the fact that the oldest of these mounds mark the tombs of emperors who lived some three thousand years ago, and that they are no less well preserved than those which are one or two thousand years younger, one can hardly avoid the assumption that they have been



TOMBS OF EMPERORS OF THE CHOW DYNASTY

restored in later times — possibly in the Han period, when the great majority of these tombs, north of Hsien Yang, were erected. But we have no reason to doubt that they stand on the sites of the original tombs.

The oldest of the tombs on the Kung Ling plateau is that of Wen Wang, who died in 1135 B. C. He never reigned as an emperor but was honored by his famous son, Wu Wang, as the founder of the dynasty and endowed with posthumous titles. The mound is not one of the largest, measuring about 400 by 450 feet; but it is quite well preserved and shows the characteristic pyramidal shape with truncated top. It is inclosed by a wall, and in front of it is a small temple-compound where some thirty memorial stelae have been erected. On the altar in the temple is a tablet bearing the following inscription: "Seat of the Spirit of King Wen of Chow." This tomb has evidently been particularly honored and well cared for, which probably also involved some restorations of the mound.

At a short distance to the northeast of the founder's tomb is that of his great son Wu Wang, the first emperor of the Chow dynasty, who reigned from 1122 to 1116 B. C. The mound is somewhat smaller and less well

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preserved; its shape is now more like a cut-off cone than like a pyramid; but it is difficult to decide about its original shape since it has deteriorated very much.

To the southwest of Wen Wang's tomb stands a very large pyramidal mound, measuring about 750 feet on each side. In front of it is a ruined temple, and there is a memorial stela (from the Ching dynasty) on which it is marked as the tomb of Cheng Wang, the second emperor of the Chow dynasty, who died in B. C. 1079. Further towards the southwest is another very large mound, marked as the tomb of Duke Tan, the emperor's uncle, tutor, and prime minister. He died in 1105 B. C. A fifth mound at some distance to the east from Wen Wang's tomb is marked by a stela as the tomb of Emperor K'ang Wang, who was the third of the Chow emperors and died in 1053. None of the later Chow emperors seems to have been buried here. It is recorded about the fifth, the famous Mu Wang, (who went to meet Hsi Wang Mu, the Queen Mother of the West), that he was buried somewhere in the neighborhood of the Chow capital, Hao, but the tomb has not been identified.

The interior arrangement of the Chow tombs is still practically unknown. None of them has been opened in modern times, and if excavations were made here in the Sung dynasty, when a number of old tombs were robbed of their treasures in order to enrich the imperial collections, no proper records as to their construction and contents have been handed down. Are these mounds huge solid piles of mud, or do they contain any interior rooms? Are they simply thrown up to mark the sepulchers of emperors and statesmen, or were they intended for any other purpose? The theories about them vary a good deal, as may be found in speaking with people who have seen them. The well-known American traveler, Nichols, reflects in his account of the tombs straight north of Sianfu some of these traditions. He speaks first about the pyramidal form and the orientation of the mounds and then adds:

"They have always been held in great veneration by the people of the surrounding country. . . . They are regarded as mysteries, and consequently it would be bad luck for anyone to attempt to dig into them. The Sianese explain them by saying that they mark the burial places either of some of the emperors or of the great characters in Chinese history . . . but to my mind this theory does not satisfactorily explain the mounds of the plain of Sian. If each of the Shensi mounds covered the tomb of an emperor, the fact would be generally known, and a tablet recording the fact would be placed near it. But such is not the case. . . . The shape of the mounds, too, is another objection to the idea that they are burial-places of emperors . . . but the pyramid or anything like it was never attempted (*i. e.*, with later tombs). . . . A member of our party on the Han river was a scholar and teacher from Sian who was exceptionally well informed on the history and monuments of Shensi . . . he said that they might have been the altars of the primitive religion that once prevailed all over China. I am not an archaeologist . . . but I confess that this explanation is the most reasonable I have heard. . . . As the oldest province, Shensi would naturally contain more evidence of the former faith than any other part of the Empire. Can it be that the nameless pyramids which for centuries

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have pointed upward from the Sian plain are a survival of the ancient universal faith that began with the race in Central Asia and found a manifestation in the pyramids of Egypt?"

To admit that would be to carry the whole matter too far back; yet Nichols's lofty thoughts are quite natural reflexions of the wonderful impressions one receives in traveling over these vast and lonely tracts, where nothing but huge mounds breaks the horizontal plane, where men and dwellings are rare, and the spirit of bygone ages is much nearer than any sense of modern times. But Nichols was not well informed when he says, for instance, that there are no tablets recording the mounds as sepulchers of emperors. We have already pointed out some of those tablets and there are more tablets on later tombs; other written testimonies are found in the old Shensi and Sianfu chronicles. Only the largest ones are known as tombs of emperors and empresses; the great majority of the mounds mark the burial-places of military and civil officials in more or less prominent positions. We have no reason to doubt that the mounds have a sepulchral character, but this by no means excludes the possibility that they may have been used for religious worship as well, particularly in a country where the worship is largely directed to the spirits of the dead.

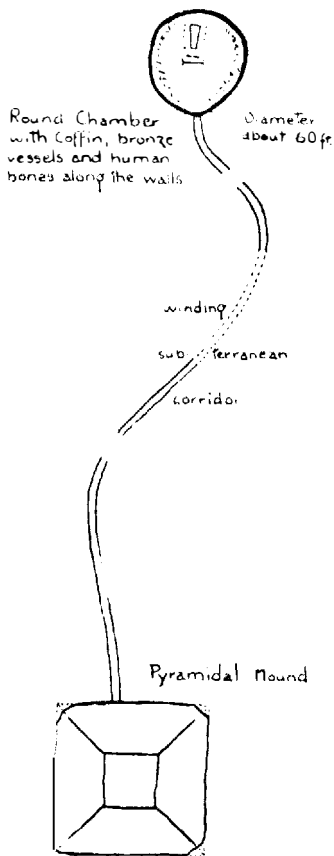
It may be that their terraced tops originally were intended for the performance of sacrifices. Such large earthen terraces erected for sacrificial ceremonies are by no means uncommon in China, as is proved for instance by the various large 'altars' around Peking, such as the Altar of Heaven, the Altar of Agriculture, the Altar of the Sun, the Altar of the Moon, and so on. Similar sacrificial terraces of various sizes were no doubt quite common among a nature and spirit-worshipping people. The mounds are, indeed, higher than these earthen platforms; but the larger of them have terraces of 60 to 80 ft. square on the top. Their height, which rarely exceeds 80 ft., seems to us to indicate that they were not simply piled up as solid mud-heaps; but erected over some interior rooms (except the quite small mounds in which there is no room for interior chambers). This assumption is borne out by what we know about the tombs of the Han period in China and particularly in Korea where excavations have been made to which we will return later. Yet there is a certain amount of evidence to prove that the actual tombs or sepulchral chambers were not situated beneath the mounds.

Some twenty years ago a large tomb of the Chow period at Pao Chi hsien (coast of Feng Hsiang-fu) was opened by order of the well-known Chinese collector, Viceroy Tuan Fang, who obtained from this tomb a most famous set of bronze vessels. These sacrificial vessels of which there were three very large and nine or ten smaller ones, are sufficient proof that the tomb was not later than the middle part of the Chow dynasty; though its situation so far to the north-west seems to indicate

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that it did not belong to any member of the Chow clan, but rather to some prince of the Ch'in tribe which at this time occupied the western part of Shensi. The room in which these vessels were found in their original position was not situated under the mound but at a considerable distance from it.

My informant, Mr. E. A. Newman, the postmaster of Sianfu, who visited the place, estimated the distance between the mound and the sepulchral chamber to be nearly one quarter of a mile. From the mound a subterranean tunnel or vaulted gangway sloped and wound gradually down to the burial chamber. This was round, measuring about 60 ft. in diameter, and was vaulted with bricks. The floor of the room was



Sketch of the general plan of a tomb at Pao Chi hsian (western Shensi) probably dating from the sixth or fifth century B. C. and erected for a prince of the Ch'in tribe

monarch, Shih Huang Ti,

also sloping, being at its deepest point at least 20 feet below the surface of the soil. Here stood the coffin which was about 7 feet long and made of hard wood. At each side of the coffin were placed five large bronze vessels, and in front of it (at the south end, towards which the dead was facing) stood the bronze table with the famous set of sacrificial vessels. An outer ring, close to the walls of the room, was marked by human bones. Perhaps a number of servants and wives had been buried alive with the man, a habit which seems to have survived longest among the people of the Ch'in tribe. To what extent it may have been practised all over the country in the early days of the Chow period, it is hard to tell. We notice however that it is mentioned not without a tone of disgust and regret in an Ode from the country of the Ch'in, referring to the interment of Duke Mou in 620 B. C.:

"Who followed the Duke to the other world
Through the gloomy gates of the grave?
'Twas the warriors three of the Tzu Chu clan,
Yen Hsi and his brethren brave.

"As they passed to the tomb, each face grew pale,
And a terror wrung each breast.
We felt that Heaven grew deaf to our prayers,
Was slaying our noblest and best."

The fact that some workmen and secondary wives were buried alive with the great Ch'in seems to have constituted somewhat of a sur-

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prise to the Chinese; the way in which Ssu Ma Ch'ien refers to it, indicates that it was something rather extraordinary, an act which appeared cruel to the real Chinese people.

But to return to the Ch'in tomb at Pao Chi hsien, I should add here that my informant had nothing to say about the construction of the mound, which he took to be a solid mud-pile raised in commemoration of the dead. The long distance between the tomb and the mound was said to be a contrivance for leading astray eventual grave-plunderers, an idea which is not so very far-fetched when we remember how anxious the Chinese are to protect their dead from any disturbance. Just how far this particular instance may serve as an illustration of the general mode of entombment in the Chow period is still a matter of conjecture. It may well be that the sepulchral chamber as a rule was not situated under the mound in those early times; but that the main reason for such an arrangement was to lead astray people with evil intentions seems less plausible. I should rather think that the placing of the mound at some distance in front of the actual site of the coffin was due to ideas similar to those governing the erection of temples and altars in front of later tombs. If so, the mounds may indeed be characterized as spirit-altars rather than as tumuli, and their flat tops would be most naturally explained as places for sacrifice. But if such an arrangement existed, it was certainly modified in the Han time (or before), because the tombs of that period are as a rule covered by mounds which may be either pyramidal or conical. Only properly conducted archaeological excavations can lead to a solution of these problems and to more exact knowledge about the burial customs and construction of tombs in the early part of the Chow dynasty.

(To be continued)



“PEACE To All Beings!

WE have worked too long in the shadows,

We have lain too long in the dark —

Let the light shine!

The nations have battled for glory,

The people have fought for food,

The strong have grasped at power,

Each against each has struggled, seeking his own salvation.

Let the strife cease!

The heart of the world is PEACE, and its light is LOVE.

A new year dawns, a new age opens;

It is a new order of the Ages!”— *Theosophical Teachings*

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

TALBOT MUNDY

THE theme of Universal Brotherhood is one that seems to grow as we consider it; since, being universal, there is nowhere, no circumstance, in which its essence is not evident. As a teaspoonful of earth may be shown to contain forty millions of demonstrably living and intelligent organisms, every one of which suggests from the mere fact of its existence undiscoverable hordes of even smaller ones, so every human action is alive with countless and immeasurable causes and results. A finger's gesture throbs with undying, if forgotten, history; its movement is a consequence, again productive of results, however insignificant to us; and we may safely depend on it that nothing — not one thought or thing or action — can be without an absolutely infinite relation to the universe.

But generalities, however accurate, are too vast for human comprehension. The imagination reels, or else the mind's inert unwillingness to think, fogs, as it were, the picture. As precept must be taught by parable, the measureless and omnipresent fact of Brotherhood can only be brought home to us by concrete illustration, and then only provided we remember that, in the words of Job, "these are [but] parts of His ways."

The smallest instances suffice. The rarest are least useful. It is from the point at which we are that we begin to grasp realities, and only as the theme grows real to us can we hope to understand it. *Experientia docet* is a proverb that was old incalculable centuries before the Romans gave it currency and, being absolutely true, is just as true today as then. In day-by-day experience, and nohow else, we learn. Unless in day-by-day experience we practise that which we have learned, we have no part as yet in self-directed evolution, which, as Katherine Tingley has told us, is "the way."

I remember a dying Chinaman, in the swamps of the Umbuluzi River near Lourenço Marquez,— an unlicensed dealer in illegal drink — who crawled from his sick-bed to help me because he had heard I had fever. We had never met until he staggered into my tent, and he died that evening without having accomplished anything — except to change one individual's whole concept of the Chinese race. Since that day it is impossible for me to think of Chinamen without remembering that one man's kindness; I remember it in spite of all the accusations of a hostile press, in spite of all-too-authentic fact, and in the face of frenzied prejudice. It is not in me to believe that the act of that unmoral, unrepentant

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'Chink' (for he died quite proud of his disgraceful traffic) was, as Shakespeare hints, interréd with his bones. I know the kindness multiplied and has more than once borne fruit.

Another man comes to memory — a coal-black, fuzzy-headed Sudanese, who had been a slave under the Mahdi and whose back was a mass of scars where his owners had flogged him. He understood Brotherhood better than most of us, although he was not a Christian and used to grow offended at the mention of the word. He found his way down to Uganda, where he was enlisted in the local troops. I remember his grin when he was patted on the back and told to be a credit to the company. He straightened himself, and went on straightening himself until he could hardly get his heels down on the floor; but it was weeks before he realized he was not dreaming. When it dawned on him at last that his white-skinned officer actually did regard him as a fellow human being he wakened to a new sense of responsibility. It happened quite suddenly; he fell lame on a long march, and his officer, dismounting from the only mule, ordered him gruffly and without a trace of sentiment to mount and ride. It was funny to watch the awakening consciousness of something he had never understood before.

Within twelve months of that he was a sergeant. Very shortly after his promotion, during a crisis, he was left with twenty-five men, all as black as himself and with almost equally humble origins, in a dangerous post about six days' march from the nearest possible support. It was at a time of almost general uprising, when premonitory symptoms of the great war were beginning to be felt from end to end of Africa. He was without ammunition, and his orders were to "keep the peace."

There was naturally some anxiety among the handful of white officers, whose task it was to scatter themselves at strategic points over an enormous breadth of country, but it was three weeks before the chance came to visit his outpost, and in view of the fact that it was almost the first time he had been trusted out of sight, not too much was expected of him. Rumors spread in Africa like smoke in the wind, and there was a story that he and all his men had been massacred.

But the flag was flying over the tree-tops when the relieving patrol arrived close on sunset. As the sun went down the flag descended with it to the music of a bugle, and the first the relief saw of the detachment they were standing at the salute with arms presented to the tree that did for flag-pole, "all present and correct." He had done what few white men could have accomplished; not one man of all the twenty-five had any charge against him; without bloodshed, and with no more force than that prodigious one of strict example, he had 'held down' a district notorious for its savagery, and unquestionably saved the lives of hundreds.

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It was not thought wise to compliment him in the presence of his men; that might have led to the inference that they had done more than their duty. But he was led aside and complimented by an officer whom he had never seen before, and who expressed surprise that he should have behaved so splendidly. The man's answer told the whole story in ten words: "Am I a dog? Nay, I am one of you!"

It is easy to say that he was no Theosophist, and I am quite sure he had never heard the word; but as a man who proved his claim to be part and parcel of a universal brotherhood he stands out as a landmark in my memory.

Life is crowded with similar instances, and there is no need to wander far for them. We can even read of them in books. It is the thrill that counts — that warning from within that we have touched the sacred, splendid chord that unifies all being. If the heart is touched, the intellect responds not too long afterwards; and no one who has thrilled to an ideal, however vague, can ever quite relapse into unrecognition of it, nor can fail to pass the regenerating thrill along, in some way, even if he does not know it.

How much unselfishness and willingness to sacrifice for the benefit of others has been poured into the world through the pages of what is called profane history? The very color of my school-days — the whole flavor of my later life — was brightened by the story of the Plataeans at Marathon. There must be thousands who have felt the same thrill, generation after generation. When the hosts of the King, the great King Xerxes, lay between Athens and the sea, the Plataeans repaid a debt. The Athenians had helped them once, and now that the Athenians faced what seemed inevitable ruin the Plataeans marched to their aid with all they had. They left their old men and the women to guard Plataea's walls and came eight hundred strong — a handful hardly a battalion. But no quarrels of historians, nor all the sins of Athens, nor the mists of time, can drown the echo of the roar that went up on the heights of Marathon when dawn rose on the spears of those eight hundred marching down to die beside their friends. No matter whether Persians or Athenians had the right of it; the Higher Law takes care of that. The Plataeans let some light into the world by proving what they understood of brotherhood. If they had known more and done less, there are nations today that would be poorer for it — poorer, that is, in the elements that count. For in the long run nothing counts but Brotherhood. Its highest unselfish expression from day to day, by each individual in his degree, is the only Path by which we may ascend the ever-rising rounds of evolution. There are more degrees of brotherhood, more phases of it, than there are living organisms in that spoonful of earth under the magnifying-glass.

TO A VASE OF ZINNIAS

KENNETH MORRIS

SINCE clouds and gems and blooms, I guess, with all their hues and
loveliness,

Were first conceived of joy or stress in deeds and dreams devised by man;

I think your sultry splendors were so mind-distilled and minted where
The glow of rose and ruby flows through all the lore of Farsistan;

And that, or e'er you bloomed as flowers, you thrilled through nard and
musk-rich hours

To bring down pearls and golden showers on Iran bard from Turan khan:—

Gemmed and enameled armor-scales of djinns that swim the perfumed gales
Which only blow through olden tales told in the groves of Ispahan;—

The gorgeous-plumed and sworded brood Firdausi wrought in wizard mood
To calm the pulse of dark Mahmud, hot with the gore of Hindustan:—

Some afreet's blood that Rustem shed to drip down sunsets glooming red
O'er mountains sard and turquoise-starred in demon-held Mazinderan;—

Some dragon, flaked with mail, that Zal saw fiery-winged arise to enthrall
The grim Khorassan dawn — and all his rose and cypress-sweet Iran;—

Or that weird silk and bangle-gleam Buhkaran witchcraft made to stream
Through the enchanted Caliph's dream, with spells and tincts mandragoran;—

Or some God-Fish that swam the skies where dizzy Median sunset dyes
Flamed Ormazd ere Zerdusht was wise, or the Achaemenian line began:—

It was from these you caught, I trow, your burning, deep, exotic glow,
Where rose and ruby heartfires flow, kindling the lore of Farsistan!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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MAN'S ORIGIN, CONSTITUTION, AND PLACE IN NATURE

E. A. NERESHEIMER



AN origin or a first appearance of the Absolute Supreme Principle cannot be postulated philosophically, nor can it be deduced from or compared with any known state of existence. The teachings of Theosophy on the subject are that the Eternal Unmanifested Kosmos is one with this Supreme Source, and that from these divine potencies the Universe manifests periodically, evolves, and returns into its bosom, to reissue again after an equal period of rest, since beginningless time and without end.

Brief surveys of how the One manifests as the many have been sketched in these studies in various ways; also it has been shown that the origin of 'Man' is confirmed in the Kosmic Self, the Divine Flame, from which have issued forth the countless individual Sparks, now on their journey towards liberation, whose privilege it is to win immortality during their pilgrimage through the crucible of evolution. The Spark or Ego in 'Man' truly is the divine and reflected image of the One Self, the Flame.

Having been cast into the physical body of man, the Spark finds itself in a condition of blank negation concerning its spiritual estate; a veritable stranger in an unfamiliar land, almost without a point of contact. At first there is but little relationship between its native sublimity and the region composed of divers combinations of matter, force, and unindividualized consciousness called Non-Ego, which is the field for its future development. Unable to realize self-consciousness on this plane through its unresponsive bodily vehicle, it seeks, consciously or unconsciously, to identify itself with the divinity of its parent Flame, intrinsically present everywhere in the outer Cosmos. Within Nature's workshop of ceaseless action, there arises in each newly-centralized personality, termed man, a certain strong I-notion, moved to constant action by the mere presence of the Ego, that lustily takes hold of the situation in the belief that it is the sole master 'in the premisses.' Growing stronger in this belief, through an increasing appreciation of its power, it loses touch, more and more, with its divine companion, and plunges recklessly into a sea of new sensations. Desire, willfulness, vanity, and egotism rule supreme, and we have a sturdy, guileless personality, completely submerged in an ocean of material attractions, defying the law of Karma regardless of consequences.

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THE UTILITY OF PLEASURE AND PAIN

Although his journey has already been long through the field of experience and evolution in the various kingdoms of Nature, wherein considerable automatism of bodily functions was attained, yet man is still prone to fall again and again to the seductions of the grossest of sensations. Lured by the excitement and newness that he now finds in conscious physical enjoyments, he lives on, life after life, showing but little progress. While it is perfectly natural that the process of 'successive awakenings of the soul' to the realities of existence should be slow in view of the complete mastery over phenomenal desires which is demanded of a fully rounded-out human being, yet it is surprising that the great majority should remain so long and so firmly fixed in a desire for a repetition of the gross sensations of the material vehicle. And indeed there is little prospect of a change of mind until we have learned to observe more closely than is our present habit, the destructive effects that come from the repetition of experiences that have to be constantly intensified in order to afford satisfaction. It is plain that there are rigid laws of Nature that set limitations to an all-too-free exercise of our every desire.

Pleasure and pain, the two agencies for sense-experience, are inseparable twins. Every pleasure is pain-wombed from its inception, and pain also must in time give way to its opposite — pleasure. They are of the nature of the realms in which humanity is at the present time a component part; and, be it remembered, this realm or type of existence as such remains always the same, although it is man's privilege to gain his experience from it, and then to rise above it. There is no fixed point of time for this to take place; but whoever wishes strongly enough to change his relation to that realm can do so, by taking hold of himself and moving on to other conditions.

Now pleasure and pain, it will be granted, come solely from identification with objects and forms; they are admittedly indispensable for the experience of life on earth. Like air and food, they stimulate the body and the senses. Desire causes the mind to vivify images with divers feelings, giving rise to pleasure under one set of circumstances, and pain under different circumstances. The personality with its three centers of the body, the lower mind, and the senses, has a tendency to move outward towards objects and to scatter its forces; whereas the Ego and the discriminating part of the mind indraw, with the aroma of experiences gained from its contact with the outer world, thereby conserving energy and storing it away as knowledge.

The personality and the lower mind, after repeated experiences, should come ere long to the point of recognition of that second law of its relation-

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ship to objects and forms; *i. e.*, that these things are not in themselves pleasurable or painful, but that they are only effects produced on our consciousness. When the vibrations of our body are in harmony with the things we perceive, then we have pleasurable sensations, and when the vibrations are incongruous to us in any way, then we feel pain. Happiness and its opposite, although felt within, are nevertheless also objects of the mind; but they always spring up from the impact with external things and conditions.

However necessary pleasure and pain may seem for the expression of life, they are not essential to the I-consciousness of the Higher Mind that remains constantly the same 'I,' unchangeable through all conflicting emotions — showing that pleasure and pain are not essential to the 'I,' and that it is possible to rise above them. By analysing the details of this experience, we cultivate and develop the germs of knowledge.

The true source of happiness is Bliss; a state of being that is reached only in the highest moments of exaltation and in the contemplation of subjects of an entirely impersonal nature; it is in the domain of the Ego, that lies back of the flickering moments of delightful sensation that we call happiness, but which belong solely to the realm of the phenomenal world. The short-lived flashes of happiness that we occasionally feel at times of harmonious interaction between our outgoing tendencies and the vibrations of the outer world, are the mere reflexions of that transcendent state of being that is the permanent condition of the Ego. At such times, 'outpourings' from the Ego occur, that transfuse the whole personality with delight.

Pain and distress are merely the reverse process. If it were not for pain that drives us inward, the personality would finally exhaust itself in low desires. Being checked by hard knocks, we learn to forbear, and to balance up our mental assets and liabilities, incidentally gaining knowledge through the necessity for self-adjustment. By pain we are thrown back upon ourselves and again indraw sufficiently to re-establish equilibrium from the excessive outgoing tendencies produced by pleasure; for neither happiness nor pain are states of being from which the Ego can extract real knowledge of the laws it seeks to fathom, and for which it more or less consciously puts forth its powers. Looked at from this standpoint, pleasure and pain are not nearly as important as they seem to be. They are merely incidental; they come and go, and even personal man himself soon forgets all the exhilarating or depressing sensations he has experienced while they were present.

The inner Self goes much deeper within these forms of pleasure and pain, drawing from them their essence, the real values thereof, translated into knowledge, which otherwise would remain hidden from the per-

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sonality who is submerged in the torrent of conflicting momentary emotions and thoughts. It is only long after the mental agitations have passed from the mind of the person concerned, and if and when, the actually assimilated experience has become a part of his nature, that the substratum of knowledge contained in the temporary incidents of pleasure and pain becomes a permanent asset of character.

Thus we can see how Karma constantly goads man onward by visiting upon him the just effects from the causes he has engendered. He may not be aware of it at the time, but who knows that he is not unconsciously sensing some connexion between the effect and the cause when he is suddenly confronted with combinations of circumstances, making it obligatory for him to fulfil certain duties that have fallen to his portion as it were 'out of a clear sky'? The duties that fall to our lot are always the expression of Karma; they may be regarded as an index of the experiences we most need. If a duty is perfectly performed, some part or all of the cause that brought it into being is thereby neutralized; but if not thus fulfilled, this duty will reappear to be performed in one form or another again and again until Karma has been satisfied.

Various duties lie before each man. Besides the duty of making his body eventually a fitting instrument for use under all circumstances for the realization of his highest ideals, he also has responsibilities to his closest associates, his community, country, the human family, and, above all, to his Highest Self. Duties are the wombs from which are born the materials for growth. The smaller personal duties may engender small results, but well-performed duties to humanity open up avenues for the operation of cosmic forces that bring with them larger views, good judgment, knowledge for the solution of world-problems, and ideal possibilities without limit. It would be difficult to suggest the extent of the precious inner developments that would follow upon a habitual pursuance of so high an ideal. Nor are the duties falling to a man alone the expression of his Karma; this good and just law has also brought about the states of mind with which he approaches his duties and the disposition he brings to bear toward their performance.

Personal tendencies arise from the unification of assimilated experiences which formed the keynote in previous lives, and cause the person to take a certain position in making such decisions as conform most closely with his character, in which all his peculiarities have become concentrated. This constitutes what we call his 'nature,' that draws him firstly to his present birth and secondly to the surroundings in which he drifts or into which he grows at any given time. Should he earnestly desire a decided moral improvement of his condition, then he may be sure of attaining practical results by practising self-directed evolution. The fact is that

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each time one consciously yields to stimuli from without, they set up vibrations having a tendency to repeat themselves, as can be readily observed. Thus it becomes clear how important it is to be able to discriminate with regard to the kind of thoughts and desires we entertain, and that stimulate the mind to action.

Knowing in a general way what is right and wrong, we should decide firmly upon the kind of impressions that deserve the hospitality of our minds, and those that should be rejected. Being once assured that an impulse is the right one, and serious effort made to hold and cultivate it, then with the same tendency for repetition asserting itself, we attune ourselves imperceptibly and with little effort to an atmosphere of vibrations in which we shall find helpful associations. It would not be long before conquest became much easier, opening out to us untold new ways for further progress. Sooner than expected we shall have built up a new and finer body, wherein vibrations of deleterious tendencies can affect us no longer.

Owing to the powers born of Nature, the whole human economy is incessantly; active the mind is goaded by the Rajas quality, the driving power, forcing man involuntarily to embark on the surging sea of sensations. While he is on this plane of, and of a necessity still in the throes caused by, the lower propensities, he is somewhat handicapped. Yet the Rajas quality serves him here also as a means to rise to the finer layers of the material plane, if through conscious effort he takes himself in hand. Indolence is a defect under whose influence man becomes impotent to cope with the powers of Nature; but Nature is not responsible.

THEOSOPHY AMONG THE MAORIS

T. HENRY, M. A.



THE Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world," says H. P. Blavatsky (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, xxxiv). And, in establishing this proposition, she adduces evidence drawn from the mythology, folk-lore, and symbolism of many lands, and demonstrates their derivation from a common source. Interwoven with this proposition is another — that the scheme of human evolution and past history contemplated by the run of modern anthropologists is conceived on far too narrow a scale, and will ere long prove to be inconsistent alike with the facts discovered by research and with the conclusions reached by other lines of inquiry.

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Especially is this the case as regards the races called aboriginal. There is naturally a wish, on the part of anthropologists, to represent such races as an early stage in their scheme of human evolution. On the other hand, Theosophy regards them as the last surviving remnants of very ancient races, which in ages long gone by were widely spread and highly cultured, but have now reached the old age of their cycle. Which of these views is supported by the evidence is a question which students may decide for themselves. A New Zealand publication which has reached our hands affords much interesting material for the formation of such a decision. It is *Spiritual and Mental Concepts of the Maori*, by Elsdon Best, Dominion Museum Monograph No. 2, Wellington.

From this pamphlet it is evident that the Maoris possess an analysis of the human constitution which is almost infinitely more subtil and complex than any with which we modern occidentals are familiar. Viewed from the standpoint of our own notions of culture, these people may seem very lowly and backward; but change the viewpoint, and consider the question of these 'spiritual and mental concepts,' and the relation between the two races is reversed. The writer is evidently much hampered by the meager outfit of ideas, and correspondingly meager vocabulary, with which our modern attainments furnish us; and also by a want of familiarity with the Theosophical teachings as to the Seven Principles of man, and with the exemplification of these teachings to be found in the various systems, classical, oriental, etc., which H. P. Blavatsky interprets. He is further hampered by the inadequate theories of human evolution just alluded to.

Of this last we find instance on the first page, where he says that

"The mental concepts of a barbaric race must ever possess an element of interest to the ethnographer, and in studying those of the Maori folk we encounter much evidence to show that they had evolved a belief in many singular abstractions."

But *we* say they had derived these ideas from remembrances of the great knowledge once possessed by the great race of which they are the remnant. It is also questionable how far the word 'barbaric' is of suitable application to a people capable of such a complexity of abstract ideas.

With regard to the feebleness of our modern assortment of ideas, and modern vocabulary, on the subjects dealt with, we may refer to the author's citation of definitions from the *New Oxford Dictionary*, which work he describes as 'the last word in definition.' It defines such words as 'spirit' and 'soul' with a vagueness which may easily be imagined. Spirit is "the animating or vital principle in man (and animals) -- the breath of life, the soul of a person that leaves the body at death, the disembodied soul of a deceased person, etc." In short, spirit is everything and anything you please; and soul is "the principle of life in man and animals, the principle of thought and action in man, the spiritual part of man, the

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seat of the emotions, intellectual power, spiritual power; the vital, sensitive, or rational principle in plants, animals, or human beings; the spiritual part of man considered in its moral aspect; the spiritual part of man as surviving after death; the disembodied spirit of a deceased person, etc.”!!! Thus spirit and soul are indistinguishable, and it is more difficult to mention anything which they are not than anything which they are.

Contrast this loose and vague classification with that given in the Theosophical teachings:

- LOWER QUATERNARY: 1. Physical Body (*Sthûla-śarîra*)
2. Astral Double (*Linga-śarîra*)
3. Vital Principle (*Prâna*)
4. Animal Soul (*Kâma-rûpa*)
- HIGHER TRIAD: 5. Human Soul (*Manas*)
6. Spiritual Soul (*Buddhi*)
7. Spirit (*Âtman*)

According to the definitions in the Oxford Dictionary, the words ‘spirit’ and ‘soul’ cover all these principles except the first. This is an example of confusion and poverty of thought in a non-barbaric people. The book we are noticing is an example of clarity and comprehensiveness among a barbaric people. The author says that such races “often assigned a greater number of spiritual potentiae to man than do more highly civilized people”; and that we are confined to three: spirit, soul, and mind. He gives a list of twenty-five Maori terms denoting spiritual and mental agents and activities, physical organs, and abstract conceptions; and proceeds to deal with them seriatim. The book is too ample and detailed to lend itself readily to an abstract; but we may give some illustrative quotations:

“The *wairua* of the Maoris is a sentient spirit, the soul of precise anthropological nomenclature. It leaves the body at death, but it can also do the same during the life of its physical basis. Thus it leaves the body during its dreaming hours to wander abroad, apparently with the object of detecting any apparent danger to the body. It will hasten back to the body to warn it of any such impending danger.”

It can be seen by the eyes of seers. All things possess a *wairua*; and a native once said: “If all things did not possess a *wairua*, then they would all be lifeless, and so decay.” Even stones possess one, otherwise they would not be entities and could not be seen.

“The *mauri* is the activity that moves within us, and, like the *wairua*, is not located in any organ of the body. It is a vital principle. . . . Some have defined it as the spark of life.”

Everything possesses a *mauri* — sky, sun, moon, stars, wind, rain, trees, stones, animals, etc. The word also applies to certain talismanic objects, used to protect crops and other properties. Either this life-

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principle or the talisman loses its virtue if defiled; hence the necessity for preserving the *tapu* or sanctity of one's *mauri ora*. The *moa* became extinct because its life-principle was defiled by early Maori settlers. The abandonment of *tapu* was the cause of the misfortunes of the natives. The adoption of Christianity involved the voluntary sacrifice of *tapu*, by a ceremony which the natives performed with the greatest fear and reluctance.

The *hau* is another important principle, which the author also defines as a vital principle, again showing the poverty of modern terms. In order to discriminate between these various principles, careful study of the information given is required. The *hau* seems to be a sort of aura; a man leaves it in his footprints, whence it can be scooped up, so to say, and used by a sorcerer to the detriment of the person.

But we cannot go through the multiplicity of principles recognised by the eminently practical Maori philosophy and considered in much detail in this valuable brochure; and, referring the curious thereto, we must content ourselves with a few general remarks. Like ourselves, the Maoris use many of the terms in a double sense, as applying to a bodily organ and also to some property or function of the mind or soul; and thus they recognise the universal *correspondences* that play so important a part in occultism. They recognise the sentience of all nature, and the omnipresence of genii or elementals; which modern scholars have summed up in the word 'animism.' Modern scholars first deprive nature of its sentience, and then accuse the 'barbarians' of *adding* nature-spirits thereto; whereas it is probable that the notion of dead matter never occurred to the native mind at all. One cannot read of these ancient folk, with their marvelous philosophy, their practical applications of it in daily life, their numerous rites, without feeling great respect for them. The conviction that they are the inheritors and preservers of an ancient wisdom, which we have not yet acquired, grows upon the reader. The author speaks sympathetically of the Maori's powers "of introspective thought, his long developed faculty of abstraction," which "have resulted in some of the most interesting concepts known to man"; but he speaks of these powers as having been 'evolved.'

"In his endeavors to conceive the marvels of life, the Maori, as we have seen, evolved the belief in several spiritual and intellectual potentiae. He not only endowed man with these principles, but also assigned them to animals and to inanimate objects. His belief in the ever-present and ever-active powers of evil led him to protect such life-principles by means of material and immaterial symbols or talismans. The vitality of land and forest were protected in a similar manner. In infancy our Maori was dedicated to the Supreme Being, or to departmental gods; in the serious crises of life he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his gods, with such a simple remark as 'To thee, O Rehua!' And in face of all this evidence cultured writers have told us that the Maori has no power of abstract thought!"

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One does not necessarily indorse all the views expressed by these Maoris. For instance:

“A Tuhoe woman once said to me: ‘O friend! I went to spirit-land last night and saw Kiriwai. . . . She no longer looked old, but young, as we were long ago. So now I believe that we regain our youth in the spirit-world.’”

Surely this seer passed during sleep to the astral plane of consciousness, there seeing, as real objects, the thought-forms in her own mind. In dreams we see people as they were when we knew them long ago. A medium describes my father, not as he was when he died, but as he was when I last knew him.

The following will interest students of the ancient teachings as to the twofold nature of man — divine and terrestrial. In reference to a principle called *toiora*, we are told:

“It expresses the spark of the Divine in man, inherited from the god-sent soul implanted in the Earth-formed Maid. . . .

“Perhaps the most interesting spiritual concept of the Maori folk is that of the *awe* of the *wairua*, or refined essence or spirit of the human soul. Presumably the exponents of the higher cultus saw that the commonplace conception of the soul was much too materialistic. A spirit that appeared to possess a material body in the spirit-world, and that could be destroyed, did not satisfy the higher minds, hence they evolved the concept of the *awe*. After the lapse of a certain time after the death of the body, the released soul gradually sloughs off its gross elements, and this process leaves a refined, immaterial, and immortal essential spirit called the *awe*.”

Here we have the teachings familiar to students of H. P. Blavatsky’s *Key to Theosophy*; wherein we are told that the astral remains persist for a while after the decease of the body, undergoing a sort of second death, which releases the Ego for its Devachanic rest. Light is thus thrown on the nature of certain alleged communications with the deceased.

It is sad that, in quoting the final words of the author, we must bewail that

“The life-weary Maori will never again break out the trails of new realms, never again turn his mythopoetic mind to seek the secrets of the universe. For his sacred life-principle is befouled of man; he has lost caste, and there is no health in mind or body.”

Yet there is promise, for —

“Even so his *wairua* will desert his ‘tapules’ body and fare out in search of the Daughter of the Sun, who ever stands between it and misfortune.”

The race may die, but the souls that tenanted it pass on, and may be the means of bringing to more matter-sodden races a glimpse of real life.

MIRROR AND MOONLIGHT

SORS DILYA

HIGH up in the midnight sky, the big feathery cloud that hid the Moon suddenly sailed away, and the full, round lamp shone out among the stars. The flood of moonlight swept over houses and fields and highways and byways, and fell in little soft splashes through the swaying tree-tops on to the shadowy ground beneath. It poured out over everything in city and country, on the rippling lakes and flowing rivers and far, far out to sea.

Now it happened that on the corner of Observatory Street, in Homeopolis, the moonlight poured through a high window and came up against a fine, tall Mirror.

“What is this I see?” it cried out, startled.

“Keep calm, my friend,” said the Mirror. “I am only showing you yourself. I am the Mirror, you know, a distant relative of yours in the Reflector-Family.”

“Yes, yes,” said the Moonlight, brightly. “How fortunate to find you. Don’t mind my paleness — it’s not fright, — only my complexion. I never thought of seeing myself, always being so busy helping people to see.”

“Glad to have your company anyway,” murmured the Mirror. “I’m a bit lonesome this evening. It is rather jolly of you to drop in, so that I can reflect the Reflector.”

“The jolly joy is all mine,” returned the Moonlight politely.

“I see you make light of more things than the night-hours, Madame Luna. Let me congratulate you on the good use you make of the Sunlight. Some globes would wear dark frowns if they had no personal bank-account of brilliancy, and had to do business on a capital of borrowed gleams. It is a pity that the Shiners’ Union limits your working hours. It is awkward on earth when you are off duty. And the way the Almanac blacks your eye then must be bad for you too. I wonder some one does not get out a patent for canning moonlight. It is about the only thing down here that has not been put up. But tinned stuff is never as satisfactory; so if you *could* keep going right through the month, it would be such a convenience, and still give you lots of time for rest and day-dreams.”

“Excuse me, Miss Mirror, but that shows your one-sided view of things. You ought to go up in a balloon or an airship, and then look around and up and down and over and across, to develop your perspective muscles. I supposed you had learned in the Moonology Primer, when you were a mere midget of a Hand-glass, how I stay on duty every minute. It is

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the stupid Earth that gets in its own light — though I hate to admit it. It is so dense that even the Sun cannot shine through it, and it is not happy enough to give any light of its own. It is no petty Union but Universal Law that regulates the industries in Skyland. As to Time — well, now, you Earthlings make me smile. Why, bless your bright face, the Moon is the old Earth's Primitive Progenitor in the cosmic genealogy. The Earth was my baby, some few aeons ago. It wasn't a tar-baby, either, as you might think from the black shadow it casts on me; it was a soft, floating, fuzzy-wuzzy mass of beginning stuff, at first, with no solid bone or firm skin to it, at all. But for all that, it had to live its own life and learn how to grow up, just like any baby must do. But being my only child, I have always followed it up, and do now, though I am so old and used up. Little by little, all my live interest was centered in my child; and though it has rocky ribs of mountain-chains and a thick skin now, yet its responsive emotional ocean-nature still thrills twice daily to the tie of kinship."

"Dear me!" said the Mirror, "I had no idea you were so old. You are not credited with all your years in any heavenly 'Who's Who' in the scientific library."

"That's the trouble. Now in the very beginning — the time that Earthlings vaguely refer to as the Ancient Days,— they knew about the baby and its mother. But the child seems to have inherited periods of darkness, when it forgets and blunders along through dark ages, before it moves on out of its own light and begins again to see more of the forgotten light of Truth. It is hard to see your own child so afflicted. Why, the dark of the Moon is not even a sample of the periods the Earthlings spend standing in their own light, where they can't see where they are, or where they came from, or where they are going. Then they make up all kinds of stories about themselves, and invent all sorts of ideas and isms and dogmas and delusions, to peddle around and pretend to believe. None of these really satisfies anyone, because there is a live spark of heavenly light hid in each heart that only feels satisfied and at home when blended with the great Sunlight of Truth, which always shines and always will."

"Ah, now I begin to understand from these reflexions you cast on mere brain-brightness, how learned ignorance comes from knowing too many things that are not so. That's a new idea for me to reflect on. You know, it seems to me as if the more people talk, the more mixed they grow, and they act as if they could settle things by proving them to someone else. Personally, I am helpless to change all this, or to start any new way of finding out things. I have to stay where I am put, and can only show what is brought before me."

"You are right about the Brain and the Tongue; and when the World

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was young, infant Humanity knew that even the "Mind is like a Mirror; it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of Soul-wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions," they learned. You see the Mind can only reflect what knowledge comes before it, just as you report the appearance of things, whether they are right or wrong, and as I only reflect the light that falls on me. But that spark of Wisdom hid in the human Heart is Knowledge itself. Heart-Light actually is the Sun-light of Truth, being a child-ray from the universal parent that knows everything intuitively, without having to reason things out. All of my Life and Light have been put into my one offspring to help it find its way; but I must admit the Earth-child is backward, and is not aware of all that is within its nature. Still, sometime, I hope —"

"Please do not go yet."

"I must go, much as I would like to stay. My time here is up. If all goes well, though, and it is clear tomorrow night, I'll see you just an hour later," and Madame Luna slowly withdrew, softly trailing "the garments of the night" across the room and over the window-ledge.

THE HUNTER'S PRAYER

RALPH WYTHEBOURNE

F those who kill the wild creatures of the field and forest for 'sport' could once comprehend the estimation in which they are held by the real woodsman, they would never put gun to shoulder again, unless compelled by hunger. There is a law, as old as the hills, that those who need flesh to eat, whether they be beasts or men, have the right to kill for food, but no more. A race of guides has arisen who, feeling that a man has a right to hunt, and not realizing how utterly needless the game really is to the wealthy hunters who employ them, will, to some extent, betray the forest-folk to death. But even they will not tolerate wanton slaughter, when no pretense of use is made of the game; while the true denizen of the wilds is strictly careful not to permit any needless killing.


It is said that Indians, and some white men, will ask pardon of a deer before killing it, and tell it that only need of food would lead them to such an act. Whether this is actually true or not (we believe that it is true), there certainly is a feeling of reverent awe and responsibility which grows upon one who lives in the wilds. He may never be able to name it nor explain it, but he will not cut a tree needlessly, will step aside to avoid crushing a worm; he feels that all Nature is a Temple and that its furnish-

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ings must not be profaned by careless or irreverent handling. Yet he has no soft sentimentality about it. If he finds an animal badly injured he promptly kills it, and he puts down with grim determination any reckless hunting by beasts of prey. Small wonder then that he regards hunters' 'sport' as merely cold-blooded murder, and has small use for folk who indulge in such amusement.

MODERN ART IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

L. LESTER

HE soul of Art has been long submerged by a deluge of materialism, and its true power and beauty are still obscured by the slough which clings to it and hampers its free expression. Not until our life regains its greatness, its harmony and inspiration will our arts express these qualities in joyous freedom and power.

There are those who assert that Art has nothing to do with morals, and others who condemn certain of its manifestations as lacking in moral restraint. Both viewpoints incline to regard art as an embellishment or relaxation but without vital importance in life. But from a Theosophical standpoint, true Art, far from being a mere ornamental addition to life, far from needing the patronage and support of conventional morality or to become the ward of official censorship, is inherently a messenger of human enlightenment, and mankind's great ally in the cause of constructive education and character-building.

As we conceive of Man, his nature, destiny, and the laws governing his being, so do we conceive of Art. The ideals and motives which we permit to control our lives find corresponding expression in our arts. For the Art of Living is the great Art, all lesser shoots are nourished at its fountain. Man's dual nature and essential divinity must be fundamentally recognised: for both Life and Art are witnesses to their presence everywhere.

The creation of a work of art is a putting into practice the structural laws of the universe; the expression of a presiding harmony shaping plastic material according to an ideal plan.

In the light of a true philosophy of life, man recognises his body as a 'temple of the Holy Spirit.' His inner, higher consciousness, his true Self, uses this body as an instrument. In life it is for the gaining of experience. In art he summons and trains its capacities to express and image forth in some form a fragment of the vision of Beauty which illumines his inner life. The true artist is one in whom this inner vision is a living

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inspiration; he can rise to its sphere, there renew the mind with its radiance, and endow with this inner quality all his creations.

The love of Beauty is inborn in all men. True Beauty is forever aglow with a living flame of inspiration. We cannot define it any more than we can define Life, nor fathom its heights and depths; but we recognise it, to use Michelangelo's words, as something essentially "godlike, divine." The man of aspiration and the man of desire are alike moved by Beauty, but their widely differing perception and interpretation of it mark the contrast between the higher and lower tendencies of their nature.

As "the proper study of mankind is Man," so his physical body, harmoniously developed and self-controlled, whether used as the medium in the dance, the play, in sculpture, painting, or in other fields of representation, has always been regarded as the most powerful instrument of human appeal in the whole range of visual art-expression. In the dance, the play,— in all forms of representation, rhythmic, dramatic, plastic or pictorial, in action or repose,— it stands as a living symbol of universal harmony, and speaks a universal language with a power and range of expression reaching from the depths to the heights of the soul's experience. Generations of men of all nations have thrilled to Shakespeare's glowing tribute to this physical imbodiment of the soul's character and beauty, which one may be pardoned for re quoting here:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

and in Miranda's enamored vision:

"O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!"

The current art of today reflects the tendencies of the age in the emphasis it gives to physical personality and its corresponding psychological range of interests and emotions. Its power of personal characterization is particularly rich and varied and the realism of its representation has probably never been equaled.

But real greatness of life and character is in proportion as the personal and physical are able to embody and interpret the impersonal and universal; and the higher powers of imagination in actor or artist, which alone can voice the greater language of art, demand for their interpreter a mind and heart possessing broad and universal sympathies.

With this impersonality and breadth of sympathetic imagination in the heart of an artist equipped with the necessary physical attributes and powers of expression, what great things may not be possible? With all

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the trained resources of the artist at command,— voice, bearing, gesture, stateliness, poise, ordered rhythm of movement, balance, self-control,— how, through all these endowments of beauty, talent, and training, a higher significance may instantaneously shine forth through a word, look, or gesture, when personal charm and prowess, playing their part, not for themselves, but inspired by some high impulse, become insouled with a heroic significance,— transformed as by an invisible splendor made visible! Here, accomplished artistry, based upon simple truth and inspired by pure motive, is crowned by the unconscious grace of a little child. Art, so inspired, has its place in the higher service of humanity, and carries an authentic message which is absolutely convincing, insuring for itself a response in the great heart of mankind.

To the great mass of humanity the effective appeal of art is through the heart. The co-operation and judgment of the higher intellect is essential in all true art both in its creation and interpretation, but its *vital* appeal is to the heart. “Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Of one truly cultured we use the term ‘a man of feeling’; of a work of art we say that it shows ‘feeling’; we speak of ‘receptivity’ of ‘right attitude,’ and so on. Do not these and similar phrases give a hint, a clue, to the mystery of man’s inner life and its responses of awakened chords of feeling? Is not the heart of man as a resonant sounding-board, vibrant with the voices of contending hosts of harmony and discord? For in no department of his nature is its duality more clearly shown than in the higher and lower responses of the emotions. It is the kind of appeal made to these that determines the character and influence of a work of art.

A true work of art is such because it is insouled. It is pervaded throughout with the character of the creative urge that inspired it. The subtil underlying intention which shaped it cannot be disguised, and its quality and power for good or evil will reveal itself in the kind of responses it evokes in the beholder. The spirit in which it was conceived consciously or unconsciously will be distilled into the psychic atmosphere which it creates, bearing the germs of health or disease. A play inspired by honest, high-minded purpose, and wrought with forceful art, although marred by crudities, or by an over-frankness of expression which may shock or scandalize the little judges, will override these defects by the strong tide of its appeal to the higher manhood, its clear note of courageous optimism, or its incentive to generosity and self-sacrifice. On the other hand, in a play infected at its source by a cynical pessimism, a lack of faith in humanity, a morbid imagination, or by a desire to exploit or pander to the animal instincts, no exhibition of artificial virtue or veneer of respectability can disguise its real nature. In spite of its display of intellectual brilliance, of flippant or cynical humor, its barrenness of true

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inspiration is felt, and it remains a degrading or disruptive force, thrown out broadcast to poison the already overburdened atmosphere of the world.

The current art of our day naturally reflects the mixed motives and average of its ideals. Rarely today does an art-work strike a clear note of power and inspiration that can be heard above the clamor of our generation, with its restlessness, its smothered aspirations, and nervous onrush for new sensations. Handicapped as it is by the coils of compromise, of commercial interests, of personal ambitions, the greater part of the world's creative talent, so far as inspiration is concerned, is commercially molded at its source. No wonder that degeneracy infects the art of the stage and the moving-picture; and that instead of leading and educating the public they follow and pander to its caprices.

The intense realism of the moving-picture lends itself to a class of productions the main appeal of which is the lower psychology of sex. The grosser specimens of these are a direct appeal to the lower mind, and are duly shorn by the censor. But there are others more subtil which manage to avoid the scalpel of official censorship, yet are entirely empty of wholesome character and pervaded with an atmosphere teeming with morbid or vitiated suggestion. Others again, invest with the glamor of romanticism and spectacular heroism ideals which are trivial or outworn and incapable of supporting the tests of real life.

Such productions, unworthy of being classed as art, dissipating or degrading in effect, yet equipped with technical resources unknown to periods of greater art, are dealt out to a wearied public starving for a message of real power and inspiration. But when the producing talent is as barren in principle as it is greedy of profit, is it surprising that its productions should issue, not only commercially tainted, but morally poisoned at their source? As the tree so will be the fruit. It is at this post, here at the source, that the higher, inward censorship of conscience should stand on guard.

The criterion of this enlightened censorship applied to works of art in general and the picture-play in particular, would be, not their freedom from evil, but their positive power for good. For creative art is positive, it clothes some vital idea of growth or healing in forms of beauty. Its only true claim to a sphere of public influence lies in its power to recreate and contribute to the harmonious upbuilding of character. In bright contrast with the prevailing tendency are the few magnificently produced picture-plays dedicated to a noble purpose. The great success and telling effect of these proves how powerful is this agency for public enlightenment and reform.

Not until a higher sense of man's responsibility as a creator is aroused will efforts at outward restraint be anything but a tinkering with effects —

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mere cosmetics concealing the bad complexion but leaving the blood polluted at its source. The exercise of this higher vigilance is, in fact, an interior act of reform, it is causative, preventive, and makes outward reforms unnecessary.

All reform begins from within. The greater ideals of art which are seeking expression demand agents who can rise to the larger conception of the meaning of Life and Art. And in the true artist this larger conception includes this sense of creative responsibility.

What a marvelous instrument is this — the moving-picture, with its vast resources! Does it not call for a corresponding greatness, a higher dedication in the talent and creative genius which uses it? For the unworthiness, the triviality of the ends to which it is frequently devoted, are in glaring contrast to the extent of its power. Here we have a gigantic organism with a giant's might for good or ill. Nobly inspired and guided, who can measure the tremendous power it may wield for the regeneration of society and of mankind?

For indeed, a magical loom is this, weaving its graphic imagery of intensest realism with rapid-moving shuttle upon the walls of the mind! — a visualization of the great drama of human life, with the power to summon the pageant of past ages, to banish in a moment time and space, to transcend the limitations of the material, to arouse into living action slumbering realities, to place in telling contrast or bring out in vivid relief the tragedy, the comedy, the inner significance of the great drama of the soul's experience! It can impress with unerring precision some vital fact — some inner state — inexpressible by other means: as through the instantaneous appeal of a vast, living sea of up-turned faces; the dark silhouette of some significant group; the revelation of some bright, expanding vista, glimpsed with the rapidity of thought. It can make even the power of silence and darkness visible; or make beauty live in flowing rhythms of grace and motion; or blossom in harmonies of life, light, and color. And in the field of practical instruction or information, how constructively helpful and impressive is its power of impersonal suggestion and advice! It is a majestic visual orchestra awaiting the conductor's bâton. An altar-beacon for humanity awaiting the kindling flame; a shining weapon in man's spiritual armory — one of the most formidable ever forged for human liberation.

Is it decreed that this splendid organism shall remain but a ministrant to the thrills of sense, a goad to worldly strife and ambition, deifying the images of desire and power, — entrancing, entertaining, diverting, yes, — but without a soul? Or is it decreed that, with the advent of greater Art, — and, following the law of evolutionary progress, as taught by Theosophy — that the soul of Art (an aspect of the Soul of Man and subject to the same

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laws) waits like a vast overshadowing Presence, urged by the tide of spiritual *involution*, to insoul the vehicle which long processes of *evolution* have created for its use? For whom does it wait? Does it not sound an alarm to the slumbering art-genius of the world to awake to a consciousness of its divine power and responsibility? Is not the condition of the world today a challenge to that higher chivalry which lives in the true artist to seize this living opportunity of the hour?

But why should this enslaved condition of art exist? The soul of art may be still submerged, but the outline of its bright form can be divined through the subsiding waters. It is not that we can forcibly bring back living art: if we provide the conditions it will come of itself, for it is native to the heart of mankind.

Standing above all discouraging signs and argument is the great truth that man is a spiritual being. He is hungry for light, for guidance, for true peace. This hunger for harmony, for truth, for beauty, for brotherhood, is beneath all the restless urge for the life of sensation.

How much of man's energy is dissipated and wasted in fruitless effort! Unconscious of its true powers, the mind of man, that noble instrument for interior enlightenment, is constantly distracted, overcharged with the outer things, and diverted from its higher uses. Outwardly nourished instead of inwardly controlled and purified, it becomes like a shallow rushing stream of sensation turbid with the desires which engross its personal or intellectual life, rather than like a well, in whose calm depths is mirrored the fathomless light of the blue canopy of Truth shining within and above it. But with self-knowledge, born of right thought and right action, based upon a true philosophy of life, it gains the power of true reflexion, of discrimination, and can live above the sway of emotional or intellectual unrest, no longer carried away by every changing psychological current of thought.

We have come to realize, today, that the thought-life of humanity is constantly interchanging and renewing itself. Each individual is contributing to this mental atmosphere the impress of his inner life of heart and mind, being in turn influenced by its states. It is being renewed by the ideals, the thought-pictures, we weave into it; the plastic minds of the rising generations are affected by it, taking its impress.

This condition of mind with its natural desire for recreation and mental relaxation is keenly sensitive to all forms of entertainment affording imaginative stimulus and suggestion. To escape for an hour or two from the prosaic life of the actual into an illusory world of romance or idealism — this longing in all its forms is testimony to man's inward thirst for a deeper, more lasting reality. For man is a soul; behind all the disguises and illusions of sense-life it is this higher reality that he is seeking.

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One of the closest analogies of the art and the life of man is found in the drama. In the drama or the moving-picture, he builds up an illusion whereby to give living form and presence to some idea or concept of life's meaning. His mind knows it to be an illusion but is gripped by the reality of the idea that animates it. So too is man's physical life and also his personal mind-life an illusion; its reality lies in the permanent essence or wisdom he wins through its experiences. In each case it is a reality beyond the material he is seeking. Herein lies the true purpose of the drama, so clearly voiced in Katherine Tingley's words: "True drama points away from unrealities to the real life of the soul. As such, the drama should lead and guide the public taste, providing it with ideals towards which it can aspire."

Let a man glimpse but for a moment of time some larger vision of Truth, something better, some hope, something worth living for, and that moment becomes for him a center of illumination. In the mystery-dramas of ancient Greece there were certain great background ideas figuring the eternal things: the evolutionary progress of the soul, the battle of the higher and lower natures in man, the path of self-conquest,—masked it might be in the garb of myth or history, but in which the vital idea was spiritual enlightenment. They interpreted in one aspect or another those fundamental truths of the Wisdom-Religion of the ages, around which all our specialized branches of knowledge center. All the undertones vibrate to those dominant keynotes. These teachings, unfolded in the form of majestic tragedies or spectacular performances adapted to the life of the people, appear to have been a powerful molding influence in the education and character-development of the nation. They presented living truths as grandly simple ideals, clothed in forms of beauty and animated by a spirit which could be inbreathed in the atmosphere of daily life.

But the spiritual background out of which they came invited to further exploration. Beyond the surface-teachings lay a world of profounder meaning. Unlike most of our modern plays which cease to interest when their novelty is exhausted, these ancient dramas were endowed with the vitality of all great art. They fascinated with the foreshadowings of hidden meaning, awakening in the spectator latent powers of intuition and the higher discrimination necessary to the apprehension of the deeper secrets of Nature. With deeper acquaintance, new aspects, new lightings were suggested to the consciousness through the sublimity of an art whose reserve reveals its richest treasures only as the maturing insight, self-directed, and self-convinced, is prepared to fathom their significance; deep answering unto deep. Surely art of this high order shall not for much longer remain banished by that which merely satiates the emotional

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or intellectual appetite or tickles the artistic palate. The revival of its spirit in the dramatic presentations by Katherine Tingley and the Râja-Yoga students in the Greek Theater at Lomaland is an event of far-reaching import, and signalizes a new era for dramatic art and the art-life of the whole world.

Together with an awakening of the greater responsibilities of the drama will come the awakening of a higher receptivity and a new attitude on the part of the public. It is in the nature of creative art to recreate in the spectator something of its spirit — a new understanding and interpretation — and this, in the deeper sense, is nothing less than the kindling of light from light. This may seem like anticipating a higher standard of appreciation than can be expected of the average present-day audience, but the experience of those who witnessed the presentation of *The Eumenides* of Aeschylus, by Katherine Tingley and her Râja-Yoga Players, proves that the public is at least eager to respond to an art-work of the highest order. The fact that an audience of 2500 people came from long distances and sat in silent, absorbed attention for nearly three hours witnessing the performance of a classic Greek drama, generally supposed to be of interest only to the scholarly and elect, showed how impressive is the appeal of great ideas when shaped by an art which has the vision to understand and the power to interpret the secrets of the human heart. It gave convincing proof of the truth of Katherine Tingley's words: "We are within sight of the day which will restore the drama to its rightful position as one of the great redemptive forces of the age."

Today our theater-audiences gather preoccupied with their various affairs, not particularly imbued with any idea except the common one of being entertained. But what might not be possible, in the light of this deeper, wisdom-guided appeal of influences — of their power of suggestion, of awakening — when a vast assembly is gathered in a spirit of receptivity attuned to some great uplifting idea? Are not the gates of a new world opened in the presence of such an attitude? Conceive of the subtil influences at work in this united, silent solicitude of a great assembly witnessing some powerful dramatic creation. Conceive of it not merely in its outer pageantry of action, words, music, scenery, but rather of the vibratory influences pulsating in the mental atmosphere which thrills in unison under the powerful spell. We touch here the mystery of man's inner life; some veil falls; for a second of time — perhaps at some climax of the play, in the breathless harmonious attitude — a mystic communion may take place, a momentary revelation through which a spiritual event has befallen, to a greater or less degree, in the lives of all present.

Particularly must this be so in such works as call into play the intuitive vision of the audience — the awakening touch of a cleansing, consuming

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element, foreshadowing a new and unrealized life; a spiritual transmutation with a power to transform the outer world because the inner has caught a glimpse of higher vision. Thus a certain baptismal spirit may insoul a great play in its creation and presentation, and in the case of a dramatic production in which an impersonal spirit animates players whose actual lives are in harmony with the ideals set forth. And if this is supported by a right attitude in the audience, what magic pentecostal benediction might it not bestow? Hardly anything seems too great to prophesy of those whose art is an expression of ideals which have become a living power in their lives.

The spirit which inspired the great dramatists of old is accessible today. It is to be found through a study of and living of the teachings of Theosophy, for these are "the basic principles for the betterment of human life." These basic principles, once grasped, have as H. P. Blavatsky declared, the power to shed light on all the problems of life.

The material power of our civilization is enormous; it is a soulless monster that threatens to destroy its maker, man, if not speedily controlled and used by a spiritual greatness proportionate to such giant endowments of brain and brawn.

Similarly, the material for great art-dramas, moving-pictures, lies about us everywhere; great mechanical agencies are developing out of all proportion with our wisdom to use them greatly and with the responsibility which such power imposes.

What is needed is an influx of new light,— a broadening and deepening of the inner life. The path is shown by Theosophy, but not as commonly understood — studied out of a book only. Nobody ever became an artist by reading about art or merely enjoying works of art. It is the same with Theosophy: it must be known vitally, by *use*. The power of Theosophy is constructive, awakening and setting free the creative energies of the higher mind; unfolding the character; practically changing the mind's outlook; opening new and ampler horizons; relating old established landmarks to a larger scale of proportion; leading away from narrow conceptions of life and nature into regions which the miserly brain-mind, guarding its personal treasure-chest of cherished opinions, fears to enter — for all its hoarded coins are counterfeits in that higher sphere of truth!

It is the power to grasp the blended harmonies of these great principles and make them vital in forms of constructive thought and action that we need to invoke. True Wisdom enamors the heart with the inward spiritual glow of Beauty; and all the living art that has graced the crest-waves of civilization was brought from this treasure-house of the Soul.

THE MILKY WAY

F. M. P.

TREADING in thought the dome-flung Milky-Way,
Its starry curds for worlds in arched display
Across the abysmal heavens, I did behold
Wreckage of stars and planets, dead and cold.
And from that starry stuff and latent powers
New worlds in making, seen as fiery bowers
Of swirling nebulae in darkened space;
While others formed, sailed off to take the place
Allotted each to course the heaven's span.
Creations wrecked and building to the plan
Of space-immensity — wherein the Man,
The Son of God, to mastery should rise,
Evolving all in his space-wide emprise.

In awful wonder, pausing there a while
To see spent worlds on other ruins pile;
And from these, mighty Builders fabricate
New planets, stars, and worlds for heaven's estate
When these as nebulae should cease to swirl —
Terrific Flame! — and on their courses whirl
Sedate and passionless on ordered run
Through space while circling round their central sun.
Then, weary seeing near, I looked afar —
As one from earth peers past the farthest star.
And then a blindness barred my sight to show
The mysteries I was not yet to know.
For, curious, great truths not safe with me —
The infinite Beyond I might not see.
But first to learn and know the truths below;
How things I reach and feel by law do grow.

So then withdrawing sight from far to roam,
I saw come hurtling to their natal home
Far trains of tired worlds, like weary souls,
Paying with changeful death their entrance tolls:
Their bodies dropt to Nature's useful keep,
Their lights absorbed in Light's unchanging sweep.

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The life of change, a rest, and then re-birth.
All Being one — as man shall find on earth.
Eternal change in the abiding life:
The peace in this to win — risen from strife.

Returned instructed to this earthy plot,
And more contented with the nether lot:
Now seeing oneness in the spacious Whole,
And one the ordered process to the goal.
That lowly being and unfathomed high
Is all about us here as in the sky.
Spirit in Matter in Life's ceaseless stream,
Building superbly, serving Love, supreme.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

IX

IARCHAS ON FOREKNOWLEDGE

THE discourse between Iarchas and Apollonius sometimes fell upon foreknowledge, a subject which, as the latter was greatly addicted to it, often gave rise to much conversation. Iarchas praised him for it, and said: "They who take pleasure in the art of divination, most excellent Apollonius, become by it divine and useful to mankind. He who possesses within himself the power of foreknowledge, and is capable by it of instructing the ignorant in what can only be acquired by having recourse to the oracle itself, I consider to be most happy, and equal to the Delphic God. You know the art of divination enjoins all who consult the oracle to approach it with pure hearts, otherwise to depart from it.

"For my part, I think that he who wishes to learn the secrets of futurity, should keep himself pure, and free from all mental stain and turpitude whatever. And it is my opinion that a man of this character will utter predictions which he himself and the tripod within his own breast will clearly understand; and that the oracles which he delivers will, on

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account of the purity of his life, be the more to be relied upon. Hence it is not surprising you, whose soul is filled with such a portion of the divine ether, should possess this kind of knowledge.”

They were no dull sophists, these divine philosophers, but had a lively sense of humor, as all true philosophers have, for use in its right place. To relieve the conversation, they asked Damis what knowledge he had of futurity after having been so long a disciple of Apollonius, and there was some quiet fun over his claim that he knew about as much as the old women fortune-tellers who uttered predictions as to stray cattle and the like; enough for himself, though not enough to help others. They all laughed heartily at the quaint manner in which he said this, which need not have prevented him from seeing that there was also a concealed hint in the question that he might learn a good deal from Apollonius if he chose.

Divination is not a science to be despised, though it is utterly misunderstood and degraded in so-called learned circles and universities. Iarchas goes on to show that it is responsible for the whole science of our medicine. Nor does this refer alone to ancient times, for much of our most efficacious modern medicine has been so discovered, as history shows. Divination, declared Iarchas, had rendered great benefit to mankind, of which the greatest was the knowledge of medicine.

“For the learned sons of Esculapius could never have known their profession so well, had not Esculapius, who was the son of Apollo, in obedience to his father’s sayings and predictions, prepared the medicines most proper for curing each disease. These remedies he showed to his children, and taught his scholars what simples were best to be applied to every species of ulcer, whether new or old. Who will deprive divination of the discovery of the exact proportions of medical potions for every kind of disease and the fittest medicines to be applied in the case of persons poisoned, and the manner of converting poisons themselves into remedies? I do not think that mortals without some knowledge of futurity would have had courage enough to use the most dangerous poisons in the curing of disease.*”

Discussing the strange mysteries of nature and of science with Iarchas, Apollonius had many erroneous notions of the Greeks corrected, and others deemed fabulous confirmed. Philostratus considers that of such accounts “full credit is not to be given to, nor withheld from them.” A wise con-

*Much importance lies in number and proportion in medicine, such as Iarchas speaks of. The precise hours of changes and doses are calculated to a nicety. They are not so well known in Europe today, though crises are recognised to some extent and partly brought into calculation by physicians.

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clusion, seeing that though many absurdities are held in the popular mind as to the wonders of strange countries, not a few of the most absurd are symbols covering in an unforgettable way most important and far-reaching truths of science.

The fountain of golden water to which such wonderful properties are ascribed is declared by Iarchas to have been unheard of in his country. Possibly he used other symbolism for the same thing. The magnet he possessed, and showed its properties; but the pantarba (mentioned by Roger Bacon in later years) does not appear to be popularly identifiable. It seems to be a combination of the magnet and the diamond, with properties superior to those of both. Described as a small stone, the largest of which is about the size of a man's thumbnail, it is generated in the cavities of the earth about four paces below the surface. It possesses the hidden virtue of causing the ground to swell, and sometimes to open, in the place where it is produced. But search for it is not permitted, because it is acquired only by art, the performance of certain rites, and the utterance of certain words. By night it gives a light like that of fire of a radiant shining quality, but when seen by day it dazzles the eyes with a thousand glittering rays. This light contains within it 'a subtile spirit of ineffable power,' which attracts whatever is near it, or even at some little distance. If many stones are cast into the sea or any running stream haphazard, this stone or gem, if immersed where they lie, will draw them all to itself by the influence of this spirit, and make them form a cluster like a swarm of bees. When Iarchas said this, he showed the stone and demonstrated its powers. It appears to have been either electrical or alchemical, or both.

Griffons are described as actual beasts with membranous wings, slow of flight, but formidable. The account is detailed, but appears to be as symbolical as that of the phoenix, which is just as detailed and yet is all symbolical. The latter visits Egypt every five hundred years and during that time is said to fly all over India. There is never more than one. It emits rays of the color of gold and resembles the eagle in shape and size. It sits on its nest, which it makes for itself with spices, near the fountains of the Nile. What the Egyptians say of its coming into their country, is said also by the Indians, with the addition that while burning itself in its nest, it sings a farewell dirge, as swans are said to do.

The symbolism is very beautiful and ingenious, and the mention of the Swan has the significance that that bird is employed in Indian symbolism to express much the same thing on a larger or smaller scale. Possibly the real old Rosicrucian pelican is the same, and the duck of the Kalevala may be related.

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JOURNEYINGS IN ASIA MINOR, GREECE, AND ITALY

ON coming into Ionia, Apollonius visited Ephesus, where the artisans and tradesmen immediately left their work and followed him; some admiring his wisdom, others his beauty; some his way of living, others his singular dress; and many admiring him in every way. Prophecies of the Oracle at Colophon were quoted, announcing him as a man possessing some of Apollo's wisdom, being a man truly wise, and the like. The



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS

(From an old engraving—painting by Thomas Allom)

oracles in the temples of Didyme and Pergamus said the same, and all who needed assistance were commanded by Apollo to go to Apollonius, for such was his will and the decree of the Fates. Ambassadors came from several cities offering him hospitality, since they considered him the best guide of their lives and the fittest person to advise them in erecting altars and statues. These things he attended to by letters and by word of mouth, saying he would visit them. Smyrna sent ambassadors urging his presence, but without giving a reason. He asked them their business, and they replied, "To see you and to be seen by you!"

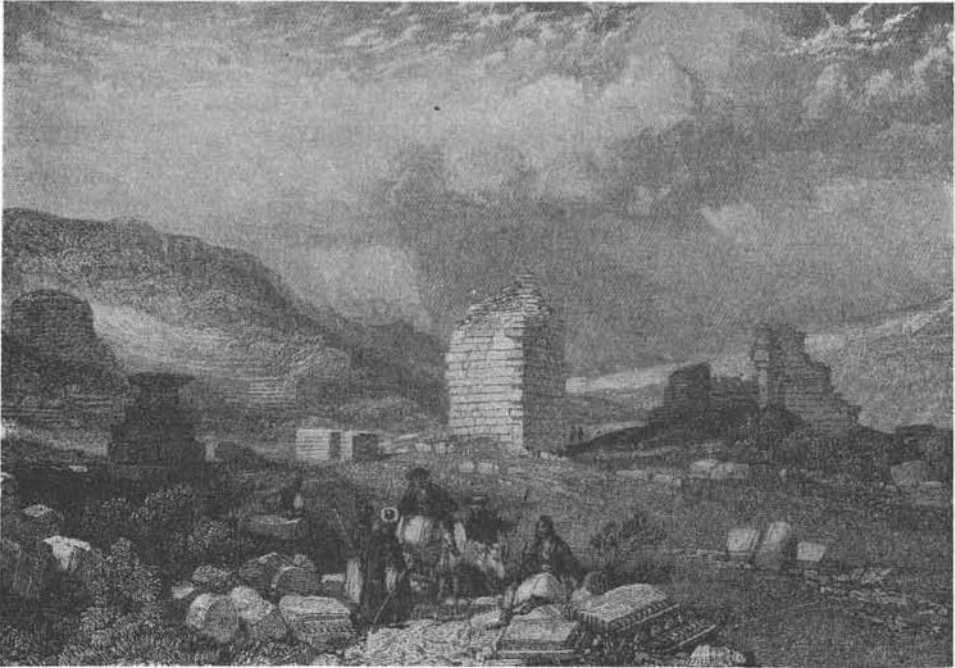
"I will come," said the Sage, "and may the Muses grant a mutual affection between us!"

His first speech to the Ephesians was from the porch of the temple;

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not in the argumentative manner of Socrates, but as one having authority. He advised them earnestly to study philosophy and to turn away from their present manner of living in dissipation, occupied with cruel sports, extravagant shows, pantomimes, dances, noise, and debauchery. "Though by these remonstrances he alienated from him the minds of the Ephesians, yet he would not wink at their depravity, which he tore up by the roots, and made odious to the people."

He utilized the love of omens and prodigies in an effective way to illus-



EPHESUS

(From the collection of G. Virtue, Esq.— from an old engraving)

trate a speech on the community of goods. While he was talking, a flock of sparrows sat silently on a tree near by. Suddenly one sparrow seemed to be telling the rest of something and they all flew away in the same direction. Apollonius noted that many of his audience watched them to see the cause of the prodigy. Without pausing, he went on to tell how there was once a sparrow which saw a boy let fall some corn in a lane. The bird immediately went off to tell its companions, and they all went together to share the banquet. The Ephesian crowd saw the drift of his tale and many ran to see if what he had said was really the case. Meanwhile he went on with his speech about community of goods, as he had begun. When the men who had gone to verify the tale had returned,

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shouting with joy and amazement because they had found it correct, Apollonius proceeded to emphasize the lesson of his talk.

“You see,” said he, “what care these sparrows take of each other, and with what satisfaction they divide their goods — a doctrine which is despised by you: for if you see a man who relieves the wants of others, you consider him idle and extravagant; and those who are fed by his bounty as little better than flatterers and parasites. What else, then, have you to do but shut yourselves up at home, like birds to be fattened for the table, and indulge your appetites in darkness till you burst with fat!”

That was the way with Apollonius. His work was to teach, and teach he did — even though the lessons might be unpopular or alienate people of selfish and idle habits. The little homely incidents of daily life were text enough for his discourses.

Soon came the confirmation of his urgency in preaching against the worldly ways and idle dissipation of the Ephesians. They had not liked the rebuke; they liked less the result of their manner of living. For that is precisely what he was trying to demonstrate: that the law of cause and effect is immutable; and the plague was upon them. Apollonius saw it coming, and again and again spoke as though forbidding some monster to enter the land or to pass.

The Ephesians, probably much the same as any ‘modern’ crowd, treated lightly these exclamations in his discourses, as though they were the effect of fear and superstition. When they saw him visiting the temples and attempting to avert or deprecate the evil, they were confirmed in their careless idea. Apollonius saw that there was no change in their conduct, and thought he was no longer of any use among such a people. Therefore he resumed his travels through Ionia, redressing what was wrong, and always speaking on topics most useful to his hearers.

At Smyrna he took the cup of the city council and made a libation of part of the contents, making a supplication to the gods that Aegeon, the shaker of the earth, might not destroy the cities of the Ionians. In after days it was supposed that he foresaw the calamity that was going to befall Smyrna, Miletus, Chios, Samos, and many other Ionian cities.

The Smyrniotes took much pride in the magnificence of their city, its wealth and buildings, its art-treasures and natural beauty of landscape. All this Apollonius compared to a statue of Jupiter by Phidias, very beautiful but merely an immovable statue; while a city of good and great men may be compared to Jupiter himself who is not on earth in one place like a statue, but everywhere in the heavens.

Understanding that the people in Smyrna were given to idle disputes, Apollonius declared that a well constituted state should have a ‘discordant concord.’ The phrase aroused curiosity and discussion which he

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satisfied by saying that there should not be rivalry but emulation for the common good; not a striving for excellence in one thing alone like the militarism of the Lacedemonians, but the variety of effort to make all professions honored and all share in their contribution to the general good of the state. Using a homely simile, he pointed to a ship getting under weigh in the harbor: as each of the crew did his work in his place to the best of his ability, so the ship prospered.

The plague now raged at Ephesus, and at last the people saw what Apollonius had tried to do. They sent an ambassador to him and he agreed to go to Ephesus, which he did instantly by one of those methods of personal transport he sometimes used. He gathered the Ephesians together and assured them: "Be not dejected, for I will this day put a stop to the disease." Leading the way to the theater he pointed out an old beggar, with a wallet in his hand begging for crusts. This object was in a filthy state and constantly blinked his eyes.

Apollonius called upon the Ephesians to stone him, as being the enemy of the Gods. This amazing order shocked them, especially as the old man was then doing all he could to excite pity and seeking alms. Apollonius demanded instant compliance with his order, and when it was carried out he bade them remove the stones. The old man had seemingly turned into a furious maniac immediately he saw they were going to attack him. But under the heap of stones they found no man at all, but a huge mad dog, foaming at the mouth. With the disappearance of this foul monster the plague was stayed, and the city erected a statue on the spot to Hercules, as being the god who had wrought through their deliverer.

(To be continued)



"THE one terrible and only cause of disturbance of harmony is selfishness."

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

"WE think that when we are driven out of the usual path everything is over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins."— *Tolstoi*

"WHEN we do not find peace within ourselves, it is vain to seek for it elsewhere."— *Anon.*

"YOU serve humanity best by living, not by dying for it."— *Anon.*

THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

(Continued from the August issue)

MY dear Mary, there is no right," replied Emily Macmillan; "life is a farce; and the world a lunatic asylum. The best thing to do is to take it as it comes and not try to understand it, any more than you would try to understand the schemes of a lunatic. And, after all, it is really very amusing, or at least it would be if one had enough money to be able to live without being continually reminded that one's bank-account is overdrawn. And then rents are so high.

"But I am going to build a studio for myself and be my own landlord: in fact I shall put up a whole block of studios and keep the best myself, and let the others, so as to live rent free. I've got the land and found a builder who will carry out my plans. I shall do without an architect and that will be a great economy. That is what brought me here today. I want to build a studio for you. I know just what you want. Come and see the plans. I am working at them night and day. Come to tea. I can't ask you to dinner; if I want to dine decently I have to go to a restaurant. That girl of mine is the worst apology for a cook I have had yet, and you know what I have gone through with the others. Well, I must be going. Give my love to your aunt. I am really sorry she disapproves of me. She thinks I shall corrupt your morals. People never seem to understand me. Perhaps they are right, after all. The truth is terribly demoralizing to respectability. Good-bye, dear. If you want to part with that old mirror I will give you what it cost you. I know what to do with it. I could easily persuade people that it was a real magic mirror, and then make them see in it just what I like. They are such fools. It would be fun anyhow. What did you pay for it? Look here, I'll give you that old fire-screen you admired so much in exchange; it would look well here; and that mirror is wasted on you, my dear Mary. You are too good for this wicked world: it suits me pretty well, I think, on the whole. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I shall invite young Erskine to meet some people at my studio for tea and forget to invite them, then I will get him interested in the mirror and make him see things. Will you come? Do! It would be a virtuous deed to show him what a fool he is with his occultism. Not that I could not do it just as well with an ordinary looking-glass, but he would refuse to try that. Those kind of occultists are nothing without a lot of paraphernalia. They have to fool themselves first."

But Mary was not inclined to part with her treasure. She was a little curious to know how much of her friend's talk about her own psychologic powers was based on fact; and laughingly asked her to look in the old mirror and test its magical character. Emily Macmillan was willing to test any

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new experience; and taking the mirror in her hands sat down to gaze into the metal surface, while Mary stood watching her from a little distance.

She saw the laughing face of her friend gradually darken with a look of deep concentration, that signified an intense desire to see. Mary herself was caught in the force of that desire, and felt as if she were being drawn into a vortex by the swirl of some etheric current. She saw the picture of her friend sitting there, but knew that what she saw was an illusion: the woman she was watching was not Emily Macmillan. She was old and haggard, and was dressed in some oriental robe that Mary could not classify, and that yet seemed quite familiar. The old woman was her nurse, and Mary was a child again. The nurse spoke:

“There is danger to the child — an enemy — a man — an evil man. I see him putting spells upon an image he has made — her image.”

Then there was silence, and the figure of the old woman changed; but still held the mirror and gazed into it intently, saying nothing. Mary stepped quietly up behind and looked over her shoulder into the cloudy surface of the metal, which seemed veiled. Gradually the veil grew luminous, and two centers of force appeared resembling two deep-set eyes which had no flash of light in them, but were like vortices with power of attraction and absorption, as if they could suck out the life of one who was not strong enough to resist them. Emily Macmillan was fascinated by what she believed to be the reflexion of her own eyes magnified in some strange way and transformed. She wanted to see more; but Mary felt that this was some delusion and would have wiped it out if she had held the mirror; but she hesitated to interfere, and waited curiously to learn what was revealing itself to her friend's sight.

She had not long to wait. An exclamation convinced her that something was happening that escaped her vision. She felt that a struggle was going on in which she had a vital interest, but from which she was shut out so far as sight or hearing were concerned. She had no fear for Emily Macmillan, who would have welcomed a fight of any kind at any time; and she had no doubt of her friend's power to defend herself. Indeed, she still felt as if she herself were but a child, and Emily was her Indian Ayah, who was consulting an oracle of some kind or practising some magic rite for the propitiation of the evil powers that haunt the earth. There was a strange oriental atmosphere in the room and a low hum as of a muttered incantation which seemed to come from behind the metal. Again the eyes appeared, this time more recognisable as human eyes, but lighted with an expression that was repulsive; and then the one who held the mirror raised her hand and struck the metal violently. Some one cried out in pain and anger, and Mary thought she knew the voice. But Miss Macmillan tossed the mirror on the divan scornfully, exclaiming:

“The man's a fool! But you have no business to keep a thing like that here. He can't hurt me, and he won't try; but you are a child. Sometimes I think I must have been your mother, and I don't want any harm to come to you. I'll take that foolish thing along with me. There's nothing in it;

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but you might imagine things, and get yourself involved in matters that are better left alone. You tell old Abdurrahman that I have the thing, and if he comes my way I'll tell him what I think of him for trying to teach you sorcery. If I were really your mother I would take better care of you. You are a child still."

Mary was about to protest when the other, recovering her usual tone, said: "I'm going to have some fun with that thing. I'll teach that young man a lesson in magic that he won't forget. If I send for you, mind you come and I will show you what kind of a charlatan he is — I mean young Erskine. If your aunt were less prejudiced against me I would have a talk with her; but it is useless. She thinks me utterly abandoned. If she does not take care of you, I will."

And so she went, and the magic mirror went with her, though she much disliked carrying a parcel. And Mary kissed her affectionately as if indeed she was a child bidding good-bye to her mother. Nor was she altogether sorry to be rid of the mysterious talisman.

The doors between the seen and the unseen, that remain closed perpetually to ordinary people, had opened voluntarily to her so often that the mere change of vision from the familiar world to some less usually visible state of matter was not a subject of any great surprise, though she would often wonder at the uncertainty of the occurrence, which certainly was not controlled by her will or desire alone. Hitherto she had imagined these experiences to be like dreams, attributable to unknown laws of nature rather than to the interference of any personal will or magical operation.

The pretensions of spiritualistic 'mediums' had to her appeared foolish or fraudulent; and yet she saw nothing extraordinary in the phenomena, even if genuine. They would result naturally enough from the interpenetration of different states of matter, some of which are normally visible to the human eye, others only occasionally so, and others still more rarely perceptible to the normal individual. This theory of matter was developed out of her own experiences, illuminated by some study of the teachings of Theosophy, still very little known to the general public. Her own inclination was to regard nature as vastly complicated, and human nature as extremely limited in its understanding of life. So the most unusual phenomena only appeared to her as evidence of the general dullness of the human senses and the human intelligence. As to the existence of other worlds within possible reach and contact she had no doubt, and needed no evidence to confirm her conviction that the limits of the world we live in are to be measured alone by the limitations of our own senses, which normally reveal but a very small part of the 'great illusion.'

Emily Macmillan had no interest in philosophy of any kind; and professed a superb scorn for religion in all its forms. She had no taste for study, and decided all problems by intuitive perception, or by a simple negation; sometimes the two were combined with amusing ingenuity and delightful disregard of logic and reason, but also at times with a startling lucidity that

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was akin to genius, for which, however, she expressed an utter contempt.

Mary was not therefore altogether unprepared for the scathing criticism of Ronald Erskine, or for her friend's immediate perception of the relations that had sprung up between the two. It was not the first time that this eccentric bohemian had read her inmost thought like an open book and spoken her mind with uncompromising directness: and Mary recognised the wisdom of her friend's advice, as well as its futility.

There was no denying the fact that, in spite of this confirmation of old Abdurrahman's warning, her interest in Ronald Erskine grew rather than diminished, and became more tolerant and sympathetic. She excused his attempts to influence her, the more readily that she believed herself quite able to protect her mind from thought-suggestion. The more she thought about him the stronger grew the impression that there was some old tie that linked their lives and had brought them together again to work out their destiny: she was convinced that this idea was a product of her own imagination and reason, and not at all due to any outside suggestion.

But this same idea had been constantly present in the mind of the man who most ardently desired her to think herself bound to him as a disciple, if nothing more. He saw in her a means to accomplish one great desire: knowledge. For she could be used if only she would accept him as her teacher; and by her aid he hoped to lift the 'veil of Isis,' and see through her eyes the beings that were invisible to his own, and which he was ambitious to control. The craving for power, which prompted his search for knowledge, blinded him to his own weaknesses and deceived him as to the nature of the tie that drew his imagination to the girl with the seeing eye, and made him long to bring her under his influence.

Emily Macmillan had called him a prig, and her criticism of men's characters was seldom far from the truth in so far as their weaknesses were concerned. She had known Ronald Erskine long ago, and did not take his austerity very seriously, for reasons that she did not think it necessary to mention to her friend Mary, for whom she had a kind of mother-love. No man of her acquaintance was good enough in her eyes to mate with Mary; least of all one whom she regarded as more than half charlatan, and hypocrite, though dangerously plausible and generally attractive. He irritated her unaccountably: she felt as if she had some old grudge against him brought over from the past. Not that she would admit the theory of reincarnation, if presented under that name; but she fully believed in pre-existence, and in fact in all that the term Reincarnation usually implies, merely reserving to herself the right to criticize and denounce the doctrine as a degrading superstition imported by the Theosophists from India.

When she learned that the young engineer had been sitting to Mary Sinclair for the portrait of his father, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Fairfax, she understood the situation in a flash; and as promptly decided to take a hand in the game. As she thought about the position, her impulse to save Mary from some rather indefinite danger took form as a purpose, and in-

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tensified her vague mistrust of Ronald Erskine which from a mere instinctive suspicion thus grew into a positive aversion.

Feeling the need for action she wrote an invitation to Mary to come to tea, and, taking her acceptance for granted, invited Mrs. Erskine and her son to meet Miss Sinclair and some other mutual acquaintances at her studio. These other invitations were not sent, because she wanted to have Ronald and Mary alone, and felt sure that his mother would excuse herself and send him to represent her, which she did.

Miss Macmillan made a pretense of expecting the uninvited guests, and meanwhile started an animated discussion on the subject of astral visions, clairvoyance, thought-transference, and such superstitions, as she called them, doing her best to stir up her visitors to a defense of their own views.

Ronald Erskine fell into the trap headlong, vigorously protesting against the materialistic skepticism of his hostess: he quoted authorities and mentioned incidents that might be considered authentic, but avoided allusion to his own experiences.

She made fun of his authorities and ridiculed his incidents, forcing him to defend the study of the unseen universe, which to his great disgust she called spook-hunting, and astral body-snatching. Mary said nothing, but listened attentively. The young man was conscious of her interest, and was anxious to show to advantage. It was a moment when he felt that he would be justified in performing some feat of magic to demonstrate the reality of the astral world. But his studies had not gone far enough for him to venture on an attempt to open the eyes of such a hardened skeptic as his hostess; for though he pitied her intellectual aberrations he suspected that her will was unusually strong.

Just as he was searching for some crushing argument, there came a ring at the door-bell, and Mary expected the belated guests to enter, when the servant announced the old model Abdurrahman.

Emily Macmillan laughed at the girl for her mistake, and was about to say, "Not at home," when Mary jumped up and said:

"Oh! Do let him in! He knows more about these things than any of us."

"All right!" agreed the lady of the house; then to the servant: "Send him up, and bring some fresh tea!"

Abdurrahman entered, carrying his pack as usual, courteous and dignified, apologizing for calling, explaining that he had just got some of the oriental embroidery that Miss Macmillan so much admired. But he was told to take a seat and have tea before opening the pack; and as soon as the girl had brought the tea and departed, Mary turned to him and said:

"We were talking about the spirit-world. Miss Macmillan thinks that we can never see those who live there. What do you say?"

As it was certain that the uninvited guests would not come now, Miss Macmillan considered it safe to produce cigarettes for the old man, as a help to the discussion of such a subject; and Mary, watching the old Arab, thought

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that perhaps the true use of tobacco was not as an indulgence of the senses, but rather as a mystic rite which might perhaps open a door between the seen and the unseen.

For a few moments there was silence, and then the old man laid down his cigarette and said with a humility that was not affected but was still obviously meant rather as a polite form adopted to soften any appearance of authority: "there are people who see more than others at times; and some of them think that what they see is all true. I don't know. It may be so. There are things that we can talk about, but there are others that must not be told. It is so. There are different kinds of dreams: some are true. And there are dreams that may be seen without going to sleep."

"Have you ever seen a spirit?" asked Miss Macmillan bluntly. The old man laughed gently as he parried the question:

"What is a spirit? I don't know. There are jinn, that some people can see: at least they say so. I don't know. Have you ever seen such things, m'am?"

But Miss Macmillan was not to be caught in her own trap and asked: "What are jinn?"

Abdurrahman was pensive, and answered cautiously: "there are jinn, and peris, and other things; the peris are bad. I think you might call them spirits. I don't know. There are so many stories told."

"Yes! But we want to know if any of us can see them," answered Miss Macmillan, hoping to draw the younger man into her snare; but he seemed to sense danger and kept silence. It was one thing to speak authoritatively to two women, but to do so to this old Arab was risky: he might have real knowledge of the subject. So he spoke cautiously:

"The Arabs generally believe that the spirits may be controlled by men who have knowledge, I believe?"

The old man agreed deprecatingly, as if rather admitting that his people were given to some such superstition, but not committing himself to any definite opinion. Seeing that he was on guard and wishing to draw him out, Miss Macmillan told a highly colored ghost-story, largely invented for the occasion, and which did not deceive the old man who merely smiled politely. But it irritated the younger man, who launched into an explanation of the difference between ghosts and elementals, drawing his information from various authors, but not venturing on any personal statement. Miss Macmillan listened attentively and treated the speaker quite respectfully, so that he was gently drawn into a false position by his desire to display a knowledge that was really only borrowed from books. He spoke of certain experiments that he had made, with rather definite success, in inducing vision in his subjects; and went further than he intended in his wish to pose as a teacher.

(To be continued)