

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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A Happy New Year to All!

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TALBOT MUNDY

(Mr. Mundy is a traveler, essayist, and writer of international reputation. This article by him was read at the Parliament of Peace and Universal Brotherhood.)

 HE word *international* has come on evil days, inevitably, since it was adopted as a panacea. In its very origin it presupposes the existence of a barrier between the nations. Every international theory hitherto invented has stirred more rancor than it healed, sometimes by denying the obvious, more often by asserting the absurdly untrue, always by raising material standards,

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which by their very nature invite conflict of opinions. *Quot homines tot sententiae.*

The so-called international control, set up by jealous governments to check the scramble for political advantage, resembles as much as anything a bandage wrapped around all the fingers of a hand, to prevent any one finger from acting independently; and the result is what might be expected — numbness and exasperation. Even international sports, conceived in the spirit of friendliness, develop into international rivalry, as instanced when an English crowd applauds the bad strokes of an American golfer, or an American crowd hisses an alien contestant — extreme instances, but neither rare nor on the wane.

Material standards, of whatever kind, inevitably lead to quarreling and chaos, because the standards in themselves are false. And nothing can be gained by calling black white, or by taking the result of false premisses and trying to force it into more convenient shape. Dame Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom, was acting no more illogically than the nations, the classes, the mobs and the dogmatists who seem disposed to strive forever to offstand Karma. In fact, she was wiser than they; for she made her experiment on a scale on which her finite human mind might grasp the absurdity of the attempt.

Truth is universal. Consequently all its proofs, if apparent at all, are universally apparent — as apparent in a bowl of water as in one drop of the same fluid or in an ocean. And it is easier for us to take the middle way, that our senses can grasp with least effort. There is no need to study drops under a microscope, or to sweep the vast expanse of the Pacific, in order to learn the elementary lessons of the Law. Its proofs, its demonstrations, its examples are all about us, in every move we make, in every sight we see, in every sound we hear. They always were; they always are; they always will be. There is no stage in our development as individuals, at which sufficient illustration of the Law as it applies to each one of us is not immediately at hand and comprehensible. It is impossible to invent a condition or a state of mind, out of which observance of the working of Universal Law can not, and will not, show a spirally progressive way.

A simple illustration is that one of the bandaged fingers. Loose them and the brain, which has no apparent connexion with them, controls them separately; but each finger serves the hand, the hand the arm, the arm the man, the man his fellows, his fellows the world — and so on, up to heights beyond our present comprehension. The absurdity appears at once of any jealousy between the fingers or between the left hand and the right; yet it is no more absurd than international rivalry. The same law applies in either instance.

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The United States' Declaration of Independence declares that all men are born free and equal; and that is a sturdy and honest effort to express a profound interpretation of the Universal Law. But to misinterpret that into the assumption that all men have the same grade of intelligence, that the same food, the same work, or even the same creed must suit all of them; that they all have the same ability, must speak the same language; that their immediate interests are all identical — would be, and is, as absurd as to say that they all experience the same weather and that the sun shines on all of them at once.

The fact is that, whatever their degree of present attainment, the same Universal Law applies to each, and that the possibilities for each and every one are absolutely limitless — beginning at the point at which he is, and progressing infinitely. The goal of us all is ineffable harmony. But to try to attain that harmony by preaching materialistic theories of internationalism resembles the advice of the man on one side of a deep chasm to a stranger on the other side:

“Jump. I think you will make it in two jumps!”

We are confronted by conditions. We are governed by unalterable Law. Knowledge is the proof of Law; wisdom its application. Theories of internationalism, being based on local points of view, can accomplish no more than to reduce all nations to one dead-level of suppression, leading ultimately to explosion more terrific than the outbursts of Vesuvius — matter seeking to imprison force.

It is Universal Law that makes possible the playing of Beethoven's magic compositions by an orchestra of a hundred pieces. To compel the first and second violins to use their bows simultaneously, and the players of the wind instruments to press their keys simultaneously, would accomplish a result as futile in degree, and in its way, as any effort to bind the nations in one man-governed league. It is enough, and difficult enough, that nations should govern themselves; and they will never attain harmony by all striving to be first violins. Order is attained by listening, self-government, and work; and not by listening to the next piece in the orchestra but to the universal symphony.

An illustration comes to mind from memory. On a night in the Ituri Forest in the Congo Free State, many years before the recent world-war, there met more than a dozen men of different nations in one of those great clearings made by the Forest Administration, into which paths led from every direction, and in which travelers might pitch their tents. It was a bright oasis in a gloomy wilderness of trees so dense as to be impenetrable except along the paths, two meters wide, that threaded the forest like the filaments of a gigantic spider's web.

The men met quite by accident. There was a German grand-duke

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with a Prussian friend and a Bavarian non-commissioned officer; a Swiss merchant; two Roman Catholic priests, one a Hollander, the other a Portuguese; two Belgians with a handcuffed Greek prisoner; an Englishman; an Italian; a man whose identity remained in doubt, but who might have been a Lithuanian or Russian; an American big-game hunter suffering badly from malaria; and one or two others, including an East-Indian trader, whose names and nationalities I have forgotten.

We met on territory then being administered by Belgium, subject to an international treaty expressly devised for the protection of the natives and to prevent rival nations from coming to blows for possession of the rich, then hardly explored area. The only discoverable points of agreement between the various nationals assembled in that oasis were, that the natives were being cruelly exploited rather than protected; that war undoubtedly would come for the possession of the so-called Free State; and that, whatever local laws there might be, any man with brains and sufficient lack of scruple might break them with impunity.

The latter subject of conversation was brought up by contemplation of the Greek prisoner, who boasted openly to his captors that he had sufficient influence of the right sort to procure his release, no matter what the evidence against him, and he more than hinted that the influence was international, to be brought to bear through more than one legation. However, for the time being, he was a helpless and a pitiable prisoner, with red sores where the handcuffs chafed his wrists.

The whole company was at loggerheads. The German grand-duke and his friend were suspected of political intrigue and kept themselves as much aloof as possible. One of the Belgians was an atheist and took malicious satisfaction in offending the two priests. The East-Indian trader was regarded by all and sundry as an unfair competitor. The Belgians came in for pointed criticism as the uniformed representatives of misgovernment, and naturally replied in kind. Hardly any three were on speaking terms; and the Congo native, who had charge of the clearing, was thrashed by the Italian for giving the Germans' orders precedence. There were all the makings of an international "incident," when the Greek prisoner produced his flute.

For hours after that, the stars looked down through the circle of tree-tops in the midst of those leagues of forest on a scene that illustrated almost perfectly the difference between the working of Universal, as opposed to international Law.

The Greek was a musician — so excellent a musician that his captors, who were afraid of him, removed his handcuffs, and he played, after the first five minutes, with two rifles pointed at him over the knees of guards

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who leaned their backs against trees to listen in comfort. At the end of ten minutes not a man was sulking in his tent; everyone came out into the open and lay, or sat, or sprawled, in a semi-circle around the Greek. The night became full of eyes, as the natives who had fled from the clearing to avoid contact with the terrifying white men crept back to swell the audience. And the Greek played Chopin, Mozart, Handel — until the very night seemed full of exquisite music, and he ceased, after hours of it, from physical exhaustion.

Followed proof of what he had accomplished; laughter in place of snarling ill-humor. He had changed an international tragedy into a chapter of the Universal comedy — he, who stood charged with atrocious crimes and who needed to brag lest his own unlawful hope should perish in him. Men had forgotten their evening meal, and mutual dislike along with it; now they made common contributions to a bivouac-feast, although none could have told who proposed that. Conversation, once begun on that new basis, lasted until the stars grew pale in the morning sky; and when day dawned, all went their separate ways with at least the feeling that they had lost nothing by the ebb and flow of good-will with their fellow men.

So works the Universal Law; and nothing less than that can ever overcome the international inharmonies. Whatever presupposes separateness leads to separation and to selfishness and all the strife inevitably consequent on that. The Universal, presupposing nothing, since it includes all truth, unites all life in the limitless scope of evolution, playing no favorites, excluding none. The time when it commences to unfold its eternal design, is now. The Path lies straight ahead. The guides, the illustrations, the examples, are so near that they can not possibly escape us, if we look.

Therefore we, members of this Theosophical Peace Congress, may in confidence pursue our efforts to establish universal permanent Peace.



“HARMONY is the Law of Life, discord its shadow, whence springs suffering, the teacher, the awakener of consciousness.”— *Gems from the East*

“NAY, friend, let not quarrel arise, nor strife, nor discord, nor dispute.”
— *Mahāvagga*

“FLY from wrath; sad be the sight and bitter front of war, and thousand furies wait on wrathful swords.”— *Spenser*

QUESTIONS NEEDING ANSWERS

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BY J. F. KNOCHE



HE thought has occurred to me that a more serious and a more general interest might be aroused in the public mind by putting into wide circulation a series of live questions, such as the following:

1. Is civilization headed for destruction, or is it passing through a transition-period, merely?
 2. Are you satisfied with the religious thought of the world?
 3. Are you satisfied with the philosophic thought of the world?
 4. Are you satisfied with the scientific thought of the world?
 5. Are you satisfied with present-day educational methods and their results?
 6. Is there, or is there not, a sound, practical basis for a Permanent World-Peace?
 7. Are you satisfied with present-day methods in philanthropy and reform?
 8. Are you satisfied that selfishness, greed, and lust for wealth are evidences of a true civilization?
 9. Are you satisfied that the conditions of suffering, hunger, death, and despair among so many innocent children in the world are unavoidable and without remedy?
 10. Are you satisfied that it is impossible to stem the ever-increasing tide of human wrecks in all walks of life?
 11. Are you satisfied that the apparently growing indifference in married life, in the home, and in social life generally, is without remedy?
 12. Are you satisfied that Humanity, as a whole, is fast losing its appreciation of spiritual force as a vital factor in life?
 13. Do you believe that Evolution as generally understood is a fact or a fraud?
 14. Do you believe that man is a spiritual force or an intellectualized animal, merely?
 15. Do you believe that a new and refreshing exposition in these fields of thought and endeavor is *necessary*?
1. *Spiritual Law underlies human progress*, hence the human race is not destined to be destroyed. Every man is a spiritual unit, with power to exercise free will; therefore, all progress depends upon his individual effort, his mode of thought, his conduct. If the individual is right, the family, the community, the State are right.
 2. *Brotherhood as a fact in nature*, which includes man, is inescapable.

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Ages of experience have shown that man cannot work independently; he must work with his fellow-man, must regard his needs, his right to exist. Man always has known that there is a spiritual bond or relationship between himself and his fellow-man, a bond which it is impossible for him to tear asunder.

3. *If man cannot work alone*, it follows equally that Nations or States cannot work alone. If individual must yield to individual, nation must yield to nation. As the individual must have rules of action by which to be guided in order to insure progress in civilization, so must nations have rules of action for their guidance in dealing with each other. Hence, as the world is daily becoming more and more closely tied together by modern means of communication, and as it is becoming more and more evident daily that there *is* an interdependence of nations, some form of *centralized world-government* becomes an absolute necessity if a state of peace is to be maintained. No union of states can long exist without a centralized form of government, and if such form of government is necessary for a section of the world, it is necessary for the whole; but such a government must be based on Theosophical principles of action and conduct if it is to be permanent.

4. In order to make possible a centralized form of government for the world, it is necessary to study the needs of each country and encourage the building up of an international citizenry, men and women who think not only in national terms but in world-terms. It also is necessary to call attention to the fact that a state of peace, in the larger sense, is not a state of innocuous desuetude, but rather that *Peace means progression* — the orderly operation of Divine or Spiritual Law with man's unselfish co-operation and help, free from his selfish interference.

FIDELITY TO MORAL PRINCIPLES AND WORLD-BETTERMENT

H. A. FUSSELL



IF we look out over the world today we find that there is no universally accepted theory of human life, no great moral principle universally acknowledged sufficiently strong to govern all our actions and relationships to other men and nations. In this respect conventional creeds have failed egregiously.

Knowledge has increased enormously in all spheres of human endeavor: materially, economically, and scientifically we consider ourselves

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vastly superior to our forefathers; but there has been no commensurate moral and spiritual advance. Consequently there is a general lack of moral purpose, of moral fiber. Few men nowadays have the courage to say: "This is right, and that is wrong; I will stand for what is right, come what may." No! Men have lost faith in themselves, and excuse themselves on the grounds of human frailty and insufficiency, yet it is loyalty to great ideas only which is the incentive to right action.

If men fail, then, taken individually, how can we expect the nations, through their governments, to take a decisive attitude in human affairs, to direct national and international policy in accord with lofty principle, and not to yield to expediency and self-interest? This is the alleged age of democracy, and no government can continue in existence unless it represents the consensus of opinion of the governed; it has been put in power, not to realize ideals, but defend and safeguard interests. Morally speaking, a government dare not, and cannot, be much in advance of the average man, that is, of the majority of the nation. We must not, then, expect too much from statesmen, however enlightened and willing; government measures depend upon votes, and constituencies may prove recalcitrant.

That is one of the reasons why peace-conferences have so often proved abortive; even there questions of peace are held subordinate to material and natural interests.

While, then, legislative bodies, handicapped as they are, are doing their best to check abuses of power and war by compromises and treaties, let those who have the great cause of Peace at heart concentrate their efforts upon the moral and spiritual education of the individual citizen, and so create such a consensus of right opinion among the public as shall compel governments to act in the interests of peace and justice to all. As the present Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world says: "Lasting Peace can never be attained until the spirit of true Brotherhood is manifested in the hearts of individual men and women." In a word, the only salvation for the human race in the present world-crisis, is to be found in the teachings of Theosophy, in the great principles of the Divinity of Man and Universal Brotherhood.

When nations are suffering from the evils of war they exert themselves for peace; but when these evils are mitigated or forgotten, the old weary round begins over again, self is again paramount, efforts for peace slacken, and projects for national defense and preparation for the next war are again the order of the day. Self satisfaction, want of sympathy, egotism, inertia in the cause of good: these are the real causes of lukewarmness and procrastination. And that is why Theosophy insists so strongly on the cultivation of the qualities of sympathy, compassion, and

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altruism, for these constitute the foundations of Universal Brotherhood and Universal Peace. Its great task is the education of the human race, beginning with loyalty to moral principles, self-knowledge, and self-control.

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ADDRESS BY MR. EMMETTE SMALL



MR. CHAIRMAN, FRIENDS: I speak to you tonight as one who lives away from Point Loma a great deal of the time, but whose thoughts are here most of the time, and I feel warranted in believing that you would be interested in what I conceive to be the thought of the business-world, of our American business-world, as it relates to war.

In every conceivable way, and it cannot be emphasized too much, we are opposed to war and its horrors, and all the spiritual and moral pestilence that it brings; and in the walks of life in which I move mostly, there is an outpouring cry for two things — Peace and Truth. Peace is sought in our economic work, in our worlds of finance, in our industrial world; but far above that is it being earnestly urged by the very best thinking people in our country in the sense of being opposed to war.

Surprising indeed it is to me how rapidly within the last few years has the peace-idea been borne in upon our people. You see it everywhere, you hear it everywhere; and men are addressing themselves to it with earnestness and dignity and thought that are indeed amazing. It should further be exceedingly gratifying to you — I know it is — that there is a responsive mood in this country — certainly I feel it here and likewise in all other countries — to this great effort that is emanating from the Peace-Congress here at Point Loma. It will be received with an amazing amount of sympathy. Your work is going to be made perhaps easier than you think. And in announcing myself in this way, please do not understand that I am too optimistic, for I am not; I feel that I am giving expression to the very best thought, as it is sensed in this country.

Another thing that we are crying for is Truth. Truth has never before been so sought by our people. There seems to have been borne in upon them recently a great desire for the real thing. They are not denouncing anything, but what they want is light, and it is coming.

In our political world it is recognised that war must cease, and in every way possible are persuasive elements being generated to make it more and more improbable. Through a League of Nations, some hope,

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or better, perhaps, through some other channel which is recognised and which will serve only as a vehicle and function as such in the hope of preventing war, will it be brought about. But we also know and believe that these vehicles of themselves cannot prevent, will not prevent war. You cannot do away with war around a conference-table. We know and people know, certainly it is found crystallizing in the thought of our people, that in order to have peace, you must have peace within. You must establish a condition where there will be peace between individuals, and it is to that end that we are working; and that thought being out in the world, you can readily see how much easier will be the great task that you are undertaking here.

And now may I say a word to the young men and the young women here taking part in this Congress of Peace; yet first I wish to express my personal gratitude to your Leader for what she has done for me and mine. Keep your courage high; always know that loyalty to your Leader and to the work here reflects the integrity of your daily action. Please know this: that you are building today the character of our nation; what you do today will be reflected in the work of tomorrow; and it is for you young people, you young men and women, to carry on this work, for it is through your efforts that the great Theosophical work, among other things urging this universal peace so necessary and desirable to us all, is to be brought about; and it is through your efforts that the beacon-light of hope, represented by Theosophy, will light the path of man.

ADDRESS BY MRS. SMALL

UNDER the inspiration of Lomaland and its wonderful Peace-Congress and the loving kindness of our dear Leader, I feel I should find it in my heart to say something. I would like very much to express my gratitude to all of the comrades for all they have done for me in so many ways, through all the years, in helping me to keep up my courage in a far away state, away from Lomaland. Your attitude has been a great help to me.

As for Peace, certainly we all believe in peace. I know I do, because I have fought for it for a great many years in my own heart, and I hope some day to bring it there forever.

I was electrified this afternoon by the Leader's words on sincerity. In the future I want to make my soul more positive, as I want to take a stand for the real things that mean so much at Lomaland. I felt I could do that by keeping a clean heart, a positive sincerity, and a devotion to duty.

RECONSTRUCTION AND PEACE

LEONARD LESTER



THE wholesale destruction which for a space of four years ravaged Europe in the name of civilization, justice, and peace, has been followed by four years of futile political and economic negotiations. A striking commentary on this eight-year drama is that while co-operation was maintained in the waging of war it has been strangely lacking in the efforts to establish peace. If the spectacle of the past eight years had been deliberately staged as a moving picture designed to expose the sandy foundations upon which our modern civilization rests, it could not have presented with more stinging emphasis to the world-audience how deep-seated and fatal is that weakness which threatens even now to complete the devastation it began. If the contemplation of this spectacle has aroused a latent perception of hidden causes in the more earnest minds of today, in this fact lies a clue to the work of vital reconstruction.

The recognition of the need for reconstruction is world-wide, but as to what this really means or how it is to be brought about, there is no such clear-sighted unity. Yet it is upon the nature of this basis for reconstruction and our power to rightly conceive of and build upon it that the vitality and permanence of all real constructive work depends. We have to face not merely the results of the war, but also the world-old causes which made that war possible.

The results are not only such as are visible to the eye or to be calculated in terms of loss of life and treasure. Its influence on the plastic mind-sphere of the race: on the sensitive thought-matrix of the unborn and upon rising generations: the violence done to the homes and homemakers of the world: the unloosed deluge of hate and horror which has poisoned the blood-stream of the race — are an unseen picture that can be neither recorded nor effaced. This work of reconstruction, then, is something far greater than any problems of economic or political adjustment or restoration of devastated areas. It means a reconstruction in the lives of humanity and is an enterprise which challenges to the utmost our knowledge of man's nature, his destiny, and the laws governing his evolution. The bright spot in this menacing picture of world-affairs is seen in the opportunity which the awakened conscience of humanity makes possible through a right interpretation and right use of the grim

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object-lesson of this most horrible war known to history. It is not a problem merely for governments, which can never transcend the moral standards of the people they represent. It is an appeal to every living soul to realize his individual responsibility in establishing the solidarity of the race.

Man's future is in his own keeping; his rise or fall depends upon his willingness to invoke his spiritual resources of earnestness and life or drift effortless in the glooms of indifference and death. For there is, indeed, a deep-flowing soul-tide in the affairs of men whose universal rhythm urges him to earnest co-operation with the Law of which it is the cyclic expression. Taken at the flood it bears him into higher regions of consciousness and draws out, as in a native element, the finer energies of his being.

But there is an opposing tide, a treacherous current which disguises this grand harmonious flow of order and law. To the dual attraction of these opposing tides man's own dual nature responds. The one of these tide-streams is constructive Harmony; the other, disintegrating, destructive. It is as we identify our conscious inner life with the one or the other of these thought-tides that we become vital agents in the regeneration of the race, or moral laggards, derelicts, retarding its upward progress. Standing today at this confluence of the cycles, not to be measured by any historic yard-wand, Destiny points, with calm gaze questioning: "Wilt thou strive blindly, desire-driven, a prey to shoals and quicksands, or enter this silent tide of Duty whose silver stream flows onward calmly ever broadening from life to life?"

From the standpoint of Theosophy, all work of vital reform and reconstruction is part of a vast enterprise of rebuilding the structure of human life in its true, grand proportions. The war is seen as an incident in the self-forged chain of cause and effect stretching back for untold ages of the human story. As an event it is epoch-marking, calamitous; but more impressive is its deep significance as a commentary on the actual status of the inner nature of man; in the sharp contrasts of the duality of that nature and in its revelation of his lack of true self-knowledge and self-control. Witness his want of foresight, his powerlessness or unwillingness to avert the war, his illusory optimism, inspiring the noblest heroism or masking the basest passions; his science and invention dealing with one hand new resources and modes of healing and with the other scattering the most cruel and wholesale tortures of death.

Of what nature was the presiding human intelligence which made this inhuman conflict possible? What avails all our learning and culture if lacking the wisdom and vigilance to avert or control such world-wide disasters? What means this outbreak of spiritual callousness and wanton

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disregard for human life; this complacent readiness to commandeer and organize every destructive force of nature and of human ingenuity in a deliberate campaign of wholesale slaughter; this lack of sympathetic imagination, this impotence to summon and employ the agencies of harmony and good-will?

Such conception of human intelligence is an insult to man. No knightly ideal of chivalry or heroism has place in this picture; it is the nightmare vision of a huge Mephistopheles brooding over the destiny of the world. Through this war the lower nature of man has branded itself anew with the brand of Cain; the mocking tones of his "Am I my brother's keeper?" are re-echoed in the roar of cannon. We can no longer consider as sane, constructive factors in civilization the kind of intelligence and the kind of science which can deliberately blast at one stroke millions of lives of the humanity they profess to bless. Nor can we reckon as internationally constructive that kind of national patriotism which does not scruple to accept material advantage gained either through (so-called) peace or war, at the cost of loss or suffering to others. Such partial sense of justice is unworthy of that larger citizenship of the world which has the good of the whole world at heart.

All this tragic revelation of character — this chaos of human traits and motives, followed by exhaustion and the sequel which discovers the nations today, bankrupt, in a coil of perplexing statecraft, nothing secure, nothing solved, and with a sense of impending and even more terrible disaster, may well suggest the query: had this irrational display of conduct, in reduced scale, been enacted in the life of a single individual, would society permit him to run at large or would he find more fitting lodgment in a madhouse? And yet the human family is no less a unit in its interdependence and innate need for co-operation of its members than are the organized functions of a single individual. The moral integrity of both is the same in the basic relation of the whole to its parts and in the inherent duty of the higher to control and transmute the lower. As in the individual the right ordering of his life depends upon the conscious control of his higher intelligence so does the larger life of humanity demand in its noblest form the sympathetic co-operation of its higher spiritual intelligence for the harmonious working of its wonderfully varied and beautiful national groups and elements.

Intelligence which is sane and constructive must also be self-controlled and wise. To be wise and self-controlled it is necessary for a nation as for an individual to find its better self. To build fundamentally there must be self-knowledge, an understanding of the duality of human nature and the higher and lower aspects of intelligence. To be impartially just it is necessary to feel the underlying unity of all men. It is necessary

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to bring the weight of individual responsibility to bear upon the practice of international justice.

Are we willing to submit to the greater law of impartial Justice; to show to others that toleration which we demand for ourselves? Is our vision clear enough, our heart sympathetic enough, to sense those more subtil kinds of injustice which imprison the minds and embitter the lives of thousands by keeping out the light from the great mass of humanity that is living in the shadows, unable to plead for itself? If so, we shall be prepared to open mind and heart to the reception of a larger world of ideas, for the sake of the rising and unborn generations as well as for ourselves. We shall believe that it is possible to re-people the world with better types of manhood and womanhood than those represented by the school of destructive intelligence just alluded to; that unborn generations shall no longer be foredoomed and molded by past hatred and ignorance as present generations have been, their heritage of joy and peace and opportunities for growth mortgaged to the powers of darkness.

To 'safeguard our children against aggression' by sowing hatred is to invite, to perpetuate, the very calamities from which we propose to deliver them. How shallow is that reading of history, how self-destructive that culture, on the part of those who seek to ordain laws for and re-adjust humanity before they have learned to understand human nature or to know themselves! By creating such hate-venomed thought-atmosphere in national and international life can we expect souls of heroic nature to seek incarnation? Is it not rather demons we invite to a house thus garnished? True it is that "the enemies of a man are those of his own household," and it is these guests that all war shelters and entertains.

The average man's life is regulated largely by community-standards and external interests; place him in isolation and he degenerates; he is buoyed up by the kind of self-respect which desires to be respected. Looking outward his mind is outwardly dominated; but although convention may restrain it will also condone, and he is willing to do in the mass what, if true to his higher conscience, he would as an individual, scorn to do. Here is evidence of duality; character intermittently controlled, in the service of two masters. The lives of people so standardized and outwardly sustained are easily swayed and psychologized by the changing fashions in thought and conduct. Present tendencies in the conduct of life, especially those apparent since the war, are an evidence of this. Mankind is instinctively social, but the tendency to run in a herd, whether from motives of fear, self-interest, self-protection, or to deaden the sense of individual responsibility, is by no means a high one. That co-operation, whether of family, community, national or international, which is based upon material advantage alone, through some

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external bond, breaks up at once when that bond is broken or disturbed.

It is something deeper and more sacred that binds together and inspires with true harmony the home, the nation, or the human family. Every individual has within him an unguessed of fount of power and an unrealized responsibility as a character-builder in the larger life of humanity. This lies in a recognition of his divine nature. This gives man the power to dethrone the disruptive elements of his lower nature and to let in the light of a broader vision of life.

Our power to conceive of life greatly and fundamentally is limited by the narrow range of our sympathies, preconceived ideas, and personal, habit-born preoccupations of mind -- a condition fostered by false education which darkens rather than enlightens the mind, building barriers instead of removing them, choking the fount of inspiration in the heart so that thought becomes critical rather than imaginative and creative. Rarely does man rise to conceive of the human race as a unit; he habitually thinks of it as a collection of rival nations, judging the rest by the partial standpoint of his own.

The reconstruction which is to build a living Temple of Peace is from within, working through the thoughts and feelings of men. It is based on co-operation with universal law, it evokes self-knowledge and trust in that law. Man has explored his outer world from pole to pole and the world of his surface-consciousness; but the great inner world of his Permanent Self is unexplored. Man does not know himself. Yet within the shrine of this inner Self lies the power to reshape the world. Only in the knowledge of this Permanent Self can he attain Permanent Peace. In Theosophy is that knowledge, that Path. Its principles give us the structural basis upon which to build characters molded as beings *essentially* divine. It is the Path of Reconstruction.

Our modern education, reflecting the spirit of an age which wages war and urges peace alike for material ends, instills into the mind conceptions of human life and history that overshadow the soul's intuitive vision of a nobler race to be, and sully the light of those "trailing clouds of glory," which often touch the portals of birth with the promise of a golden age. With complacent assumption it upholds the defects and exaggerates the importance of our civilization and thus perpetuates the disruptive causes which have written their tragic history over every long-inhabited land.

In his efforts towards enlightenment man has been climbing with reverted vision; his short range of retrospect is distorted and obscured by the shadows out of which he is emerging. Only as he ascends to greater heights and the mind's outlook unfolds new and ampler horizons, will the vaster perspective reveal the true proportions by which the transitory landmarks of our time and place can be justly measured.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

That many time-honored, cherished ideals have failed us needs no reiteration. They stand self-condemned. It is time to face about, hopefully to confront the light and rediscover the path which its oncoming radiance more and more clearly reveals.

In the light of self-knowledge man finds within himself the same dual forces which, as causes, take active form in the outer stage-world of effects. Traced to its source the true work of reconstruction is an individual one; it must be worked out in the individual to become realized in the world. As all human action is an expression of the inner world of thought and feeling so is our power to think and act vitally and effectively in direct response to the harmony of this inner world which we create in ourselves. And according to the forces with which we energize our thought-emanations do we weave into the subtil tissues of the human thought-sphere pictures of joy and healing or blurred images of indifference and despair.

The path of reconstruction is the path of peace, but it is also a battle-field — that of self-conquest. In this inner battle-ground every effort at self-mastery is a stroke on behalf of reconstruction and spiritual peace. Here man meets evil at its source; invokes the spiritual will to deal with causes, not effects, through action which is beneficently creative rather than curative. This is the only true warfare; its watchword is eternal vigilance. It is service in an army which enlists no forces of hate or anger, wherein discipline is voluntary, and in which conquered enemies are transformed into angels of peace.

The disillusionment which follows the collapse of false ideals is but a prelude to a new awakening. There has been an orgy of devastation and destructive forces are everywhere at work — to good purpose if they clear the mind's highways of the débris and stumbling-blocks of ruined centuries. For the higher aspect of destructive forces is regenerative, and the clearing of the world's thought-currents of floating wreckage of error and ignorance permits the influx of new and vital waters of Truth. Every day reveals more clearly the need for the light which Theosophy alone can give.

Mankind seems to stand today halting, disillusioned, before a slowly widening crevasse which he must leap to recover solid ground. His great opportunity is now. At this juncture of the cycles, Theosophy brings him the light and guidance he so sorely needs. It endows him with self-knowledge and wisdom to use rightly that power which his lower nature has so long abused.

Our epoch has been characterized as one of transition. The deeper significance of passing events lies not in the events themselves but rather as indications of the direction in which humanity is tending, the under-

RECONSTRUCTION AND PEACE

lying spirit which they clothe. This spirit brings with it something vitally new, a suggestion of infinite promise. It is like the slow approach of dawn, a moving of the crescent human mind into the luster of full-orbed consciousness.

The enlightening teachings of the Wisdom-Religion show us man, nature, and the universe insouled. Evolution, through the indwelling life-spirit, developing and perfecting material forms as vehicles for the higher soul-endowments. Above, man's divinity like a luminous canopy infolding the human race, responding to its aspirations, waits to enkindle mind and heart with a larger vision and a grander hope. The larger understanding of the purpose and scope of the soul's evolution and the ampler conception of immortality made possible through a knowledge of Reincarnation, lifts the mind above transient interests and opens for it a luminous and spacious world of thought closed to those who conceive of life in the old material way. It unfolds before the mind larger vistas of the soul's pilgrimage, over which is shed the peace of the mountain-heights of thought, and where, above the din of transient issues, can be heard at intervals a far-off chant of victory — prophetic voices of the oncoming hosts of light.

Reconstruction from within means new light on old problems; it comprehends all special and diverse problems, religious, scientific and social. The multiplicity of these shows them but as aspects of long-existing defects whose shadows the oncoming light more and more clearly reveals. No longer can we suffer short-sighted remedies to blind us to the essential causes or be content with palliative reforms which drive the disorder from one stronghold into another merely drugging the symptoms to be revived in a future invasion.

United in this work of inner reconstruction are to be found the true Builders whose corner-stone the worldly-wise builders have ever rejected. It is the corner-stone of that edifice planned and founded by the Theosophical Leaders — a spiritual corner-stone, hewn in the silence of inner conquests and will yet be seen of all where it has been planted immovably — the head of the corner. Above it already rises that Temple of Peace through whose ample dome “shines the white radiance of Eternity” and whose shining pillars encompass the four corners of the earth.



“KILL not — for Pity's sake — and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.”

— *The Light of Asia*

THE BIRD IN THE HEART

KENNETH MORRIS

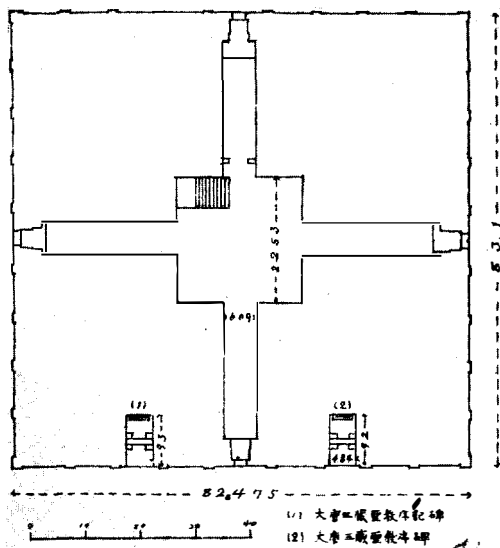
A FAR in the Heart,
And beyond the meads of the Mind,
There's a shining rush-grown mountain
Who seeketh shall find.
And there in a sunlit space
Is a white hawthorn in bloom,
And God filleth the seven worlds
Its blossoms perfume.
And round and about it
Is ever a flitter of wings;
For it's there that the Bird of the Mountain
Unceasingly sings.
I was under the stars,
And adoring them, name by name; --
Orion, Corona, the Dragon,
Arcturus aflame; --
And asudden I knew
The stars but the notes of a song
The Bird of the Mountain is singing
Eternity long.
And I was in town,
And full of the people there,
Till they seemed to me Cherubim shining
Through the murk of the air;
And afar on the mountain
The music awakened apart,
And the folk of the town were a song sung
By the Bird in the Heart.
I was out in the mountains,
And I surely must worship God
For his glory enthroned in the lone peaks
And his flame in the sod;
And the mountains broke in an anthem,
And they and the stars and men
And God were the Bird in the far Heart
At her singing again!

CHANGAN IN THE SUI AND TANG PERIODS — II

OSVALD SIRÉN, PH. D.

THE only buildings of the same epoch which still remain on the site of old Changan are brick pagodas. There are at least half a dozen of them forming a homogeneous architectural group of great historical interest. So far as we know, only two other pagodas in China can be ascribed to an earlier period, that is

the octagonal pagoda at Sung Yüeh *ssu* on Sung Shan in Honan and the low square pagoda at Shen Tung *ssu* in Shantung. These date from the Six-dynasties period. The Changan pagodas are all of the middle Tang period and not in the best state of preservation, but they form all together the most important group of Tang buildings preserved anywhere in China. The other Tang pagodas which still remain are scattered at different places in Honan, Shantung, and Chili and they are hardly more than seven or eight all together.



PLAN OF THE TA YEN T'A

'the great tower of the wild geese' — a name which it had inherited from an earlier tower carved on a mountain-slope and decorated with a wild goose. On this earlier tower were sometimes inscribed the names of the successful candidates in the examinations, and thus the saying: "to have one's name inscribed on the tower of the wild geese," became synonymous with 'passing the examinations.' The Ta Yen *t'a* which now stands at a distance of about 10 *li* south of the present city-wall of Sianfu was originally situated in a quarter called Chin Ch'ang (entering light) *fang*, and belonged to the famous temple of Ts'u En (mercy and grace) *ssu*, where the famous Buddhist pilgrim and writer Hsüan Tsang settled in 649. He was the first originator of the pagoda which was founded in 652, but the tower had then only five stories. It was constructed of mud and bricks. This pagoda suffered much in the successive wars and was completely rebuilt on the order of Empress Wu in the Chang An period, *i. e.*, 701-704, and was then made larger, — ten stories in height. Precious

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relics were placed in the tower and in the top story there was a stone chamber containing two tablets with imperial writings in praise of the Buddhist doctrine. In the later years of the Tang dynasty when Changan was burnt and pillaged more than once, this great pagoda was again partly destroyed; only seven stories remained when it was restored in 930-33. Later restorations in the Ming and Ching periods have hardly modified the general character of the building.*

The very imposing effect of this tower is enhanced by its position on a terrace which lifts it above the surrounding buildings. It is seen from a great distance and dominates the plain south of Sianfu which once was covered by the houses and the temples of the Tang capital. The tower is square and bulky, all the seven stories being treated alike, though gradually diminishing in size towards the top. The plan measures about 25 meters (about 82½ feet) on each side; the full height, excepting the glazed cone, is about 52 meters (about 190 feet). The walls are very thick, made of stamped mud, and outwardly coated with yellowish bricks (carefully laid, though not in any regular bond). The plainness of these walls is somewhat relieved by thin pilasters, of which there are ten on each side of the ground-story, eight on the next, and six on the three upper tiers. Each side has a vaulted doorway and answering to these are vaulted window-openings in the upper stories. There are furthermore two niches with memorial tablets on the façades flanking the main entrance-door. No special ornamental stones or molded bricks have been used. The cornices of the seven stories are simply made of successively projecting layers of bricks forming inverted flights of steps and bordered by zig-zag bands of diagonally placed bricks. The pyramidal roof is crowned by a high, glazed cone (probably of the Ming period) which is now partly concealed by the quite abundant growth of shrubs and grass which has found a firm footing on the broad cornices slowly but surely performing its work of destruction. If this tower is simply left to take care of itself, it will no doubt within a generation or two fall to pieces in spite of all its massive appearance. Then one of the greatest architectural monuments of old China will be gone; one of the very rare buildings that may be said to reflect something of that powerful spirit of unity and concentration which permeated the Tang empire.

*In the Biography of Hsuen Tsang, written shortly after his death by the Shaman Hwui Li, the pagoda is described as follows: "In the year 652 the Master of the Law caused a pagoda (To tu) to be constructed at the southern gate of the Hung Fu temple in which he finally deposited his sacred books and images for safety. The total height of this structure was 180 feet. It was built after the model of the Indian stūpas, and had five stages surmounted by a cupola. In the highest story on the southern side there was a chamber constructed in which were preserved copies of the two prefaces composed by the former Emperor and the Prince Royal, to the volumes translated by Hsuan Tsang."

CHANGAN IN THE SUI AND TANG PERIODS

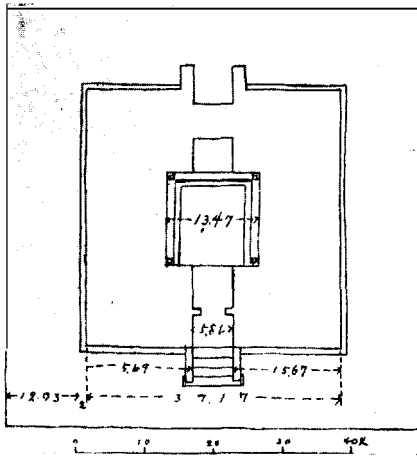
This famous pagoda has inspired several poets in the Tang period. One of these poems referring to the Ta Yen *t'a* by Ts'en Ts'an has been rendered into English verse by Kenneth Morris and previously published in *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*. Two verses may be quoted in this place:

"I climb thy high pagoda: clear
And clearer round me glows the sky.
Comes sound nor song nor sorrow here.
Hailing the White Sun drifting by'
I take my refuge in thy Peace!

"Low to me hills appear
Where ten proud kings of history lie
E'en the South Mountain, rising sheer
And holy, may not lift so high
His snows, as through my door to peer —
The clouds that over-float him fly
Far beneath me, fleece by fleece. . . ."

Not very far from this pagoda, a little nearer to the city, stands the

Hsiao Yen *t'a*, the smaller pagoda of the wild geese. It belonged to the temple Ch'ien Fo *ssu* which was situated in the quarter known as An Jen *fang*. The pagoda was constructed by order of emperor Chung Tsung after his return to the throne, in the Ching Lung period, *i. e.*, 707-709, and has since been restored at various times during the Sung and Ming dynasties. It is a thirteen-storied tower on a square base, considerably smaller than the Ta Yen *t'a*, but closely akin to this in style. It measures at the base about 11.25 meters on each side, and the full height of it seems to have been a little over 30 meters, but the top story is now



PLAN OF THE Hsiao YEN T'A

practically destroyed, only twelve stories remaining. The terrace on which the tower stands rises only to a height of about two meters, but the soil around it has probably been accumulating in later times.

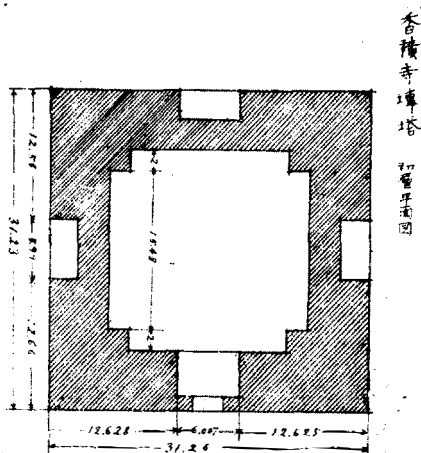
The walls are made of hard packed mud with a coating of yellowish bricks just as at the Ta Yen *t'a*, but they are thinner, the whole scale of the tower being smaller. The interior is quite narrow (only about four and a half meters square) and there are no facilities for mounting the tower. Only the south and the north façade have vaulted entrance-doors; in front of the former stands a broken *pailou* of the later Ming period, and the north entrance has been provided with a porch in similar

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style. Over the doors are vaulted windows in all the upper stories on the two façades but the two other sides have no openings. The horizontal divisions of the stories are marked in the same way as on the large pagoda, *i. e.*, with broad cornices, composed of successively projecting brick shifts, bordered at the foot of the cornice with two zig-zag bands of diagonally-placed bricks. The successive stories become gradually lower towards the top, where the space between the heavy cornices seems to shrink almost into nothing, particularly as these two topmost stories are much dilapidated. The roof has evidently been missing for centuries; the top is now partly hollowed out. The tower makes as a whole a much weaker impression than the Ta Yen *t'a*, not simply because of its smaller scale, but also in consequence of the very large and numerous cornices on the thin core and the elastic appearance of the general contour which curves rather than slopes pyramidally as on the great pagoda.

The Hsiang Chi *ssu* (fragrance gathering), which is situated about 40 *li* south of Sianfu outside the Tang city, is a still smaller structure, though also

originally possessing thirteen stories. It was built during Kao Tsung's reign in the second year of Yung Lung,— 681. It stands on a slight natural elevation, but no formal terrace is preserved. The plan is square as usual, measuring about nine and a half meters on each side; the present height is hardly twenty-five meters, but two top stories are now missing. The entrance is formed by a very narrow square doorway on the south side; the three other faces of the tower are provided with large vaulted niches in the ground story, while all the upper stories have the usual vaulted windows on the four façades. Besides the windows there is a framework made up of four pairs of pilasters and two horizontal beams to each story. It is executed in brick in low relief (just like the pilasters on Ta Yen *t'a*) but is evidently meant to give the impression of carrying the heavy cornices which are of exactly the same shape as on the two pagodas just described. The effect of the façades of the Hsiang Chi *ssu* pagoda is thus somewhat richer and more varied. The sides have an even slope and the proportions are on the whole more satisfactory than on the Hsiao Yen *t'a*. At the side of this stand two smaller brick pagodas: one in a very dilapidated condition, the other somewhat better preserved



PLAN OF THE HSIANG CHI SSU

CHANGAN IN THE SUI AND TANG PERIODS

and particularly interesting because it has two stone figures in high relief on the façade, representing the two guardian kings. These figures are of a very broad and powerful type, characteristic of the middle Tang period. Four other similar guardian kings from the same pagoda are now preserved in the Museum in Boston.

Still further in a southeastern direction lies the Hsü Chiao (island of teaching) *ssu*; it is almost on the slope of the southern mountains. This is the site of Hsüan Tsang's tomb. The pagoda was not constructed until the K'ai Ch'eng period, *i. e.*, 836-840. It is a square tower of about the same dimensions as the Hsiang Chi pagoda but with only five stories. The top is badly ruined and some of the façade-coating in the first story has flaked off, but the middle stories are fairly well preserved and unusually interesting from an architectural point of view, because here we find the characteristic constructive frame of the Tang buildings reproduced in brick relief. Each face of the different stories is divided by four polygonal half-columns in low relief connected by horizontal beams over which three-armed brackets project, supporting a thinner beam. Then follows the very broad cornice built of successive layers of projecting bricks both on the lower and on the upper side, which gives it some likeness to a projecting roof. The form of the brackets is exactly the same as on the *kondo* of Toshodaiji; the supporting columns are very broad; the whole framework gives an impression of heavy solidity. It would, of course, never have occurred to the builders of this pagoda to give the façades such a framework, if similar constructions had not been actually executed in wood. Most likely there existed a number of pagodas in China constructed of wooden columns, brackets and beams (with fillings of brick or plastered clay) more or less similar to those which still may be seen at several temples in Japan. But they have all perished, just as the temples and the palaces constructed in a similar style and of the same materials.

One more pagoda belonging to the same group and period as those mentioned above may still be seen a little further south. It is called Pai *t'a ssu* (the white tower) and stands quite isolated on the high plateau at the foot of the Nan Shan mountain-ridge. The tower is not much over twenty meters high and measures about eight meters on each side. The structure is slender but of very good proportions. It is divided into five stories by means of broad cornices of the usual type but there are no pilasters or other dividing elements on the façades. Only the south side has a vaulted entrance and, in the upper stories, window-openings of the same shape. The other façades show quite plain smooth brick walls. The pyramidal roof is in this instance well preserved and crowned by a high cone, rather like that on the Ta Yen *t'a*. Similar roofs have probably once existed on all these brick pagodas.

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As stated above, no genuine Tang building is preserved within the boundaries of the present city, yet there is one pagoda which should be mentioned in this connexion because it retains some interesting elements of Tang art, *i. e.*, the Hua T'a *ssu*. The temple-buildings are no longer used for religious purposes; they have been partly rebuilt as quarters for a division of the local police and partly occupied by a shop with its mule stable. The tower is in fairly good shape; it is seven stories high and of hexagonal form. The material is brick of the same light color as in the other pagodas; the lowest story has been coated with plaster which has in part flaked off. The dividing cornices are of a similar shape to those described before, but in addition to the inverted flights of steps, there are under the cornices of the two lowest stories rows of triple-armed brackets rising from thin band-like beams. The effect of these brackets is, however, rather impaired by the absence of any kind of pilasters or half-columns. Instead of such constructive members there are broad ornamental friezes with flowers and birds in low relief, which hardly can be said to fit into their place or to harmonize with the simple character of the cornices. They speak of a later origin and should not be dated before the early part of the Ming period. But in the niches which are placed somewhat irregularly in the second, fourth, and seventh stories, there are sculptures, mostly groups of Buddhist divinities in high relief, but also the bust of a statue, which reveal an unmistakable Tang character.

These mixed elements of the Tang and the Ming periods may be explained by the assumption that the present tower is a reconstruction of, or a substitute for, an earlier one which contained the still existing sculptures and probably some more in addition to these. It must originally have been a pagoda of the Tang time which was partly destroyed and rebuilt in the Ming period. This sculptural decoration was not limited to the pagoda; in one of the adjoining buildings there used to be a series of ten (or more) reliefs representing Buddhist divinities in three-figure groups, but these have all been sold to a Japanese dealer who brought them to Tokyo, where I had an opportunity of examining them in his garden.

These reliefs which measure about one meter in height are made of a very hard, dark stone, which with age has taken on an almost bronze-like hue. They all represent seated Buddhas in meditation under a canopy or under the branches of a tree. At the sides of the large central figure stand two Bodhisattvas on lotus-flowers, holding attributes. The central figure seems in most (possibly all) of these reliefs to represent Śâkyamuni in various acts of teaching and meditation; he is seated in a squatting position either on an altar-like pedestal, decorated with reliefs of worshipers or of guardian lions, or on a large lotus-throne. The variety in the composition is thus not very great but there is quite a marked difference of

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quality; a number of artists must have been at work on these stone reliefs. Some of them belong to a very high class of Tang sculpture; others are less refined, but they all bear the impress of a profound religious sentiment. The central figures are broad and powerful with large round heads and short necks, while the attending Bodhisattvas at the sides are more slender figures, though with equally large heads crowned by jewels or flowers in the very high headdress. The most valuable medium for the expression of graceful line and harmonious repose is the delicate, at times almost transparent, drapery falling in long curving folds from shoulder or waist, arranged in a series of soft rhythmic curves, slightly varied in the different figures, but always conducive to an impression of perfect harmony, inner repose, and attainment.

None of these sculptures from Hua T'a *ssu* is provided with any date or inscription but to judge from the very definite character or style I should say without hesitation that they belong to the Chêng Kuang period, *i. e.*, the reign of Tang T'ai Tsung. This may be confirmed by a comparison with dated sculptures of the same period. An excellent example in dark, bronze-like stone bearing the date, thirteenth year of Chêng Kuang (639), is to be found in Mr. Takahashi's collection in Tokyo. The owner bought the figure in Sianfu, and it may well be that it also once belonged to the Hua T'a *ssu*. The correspondence in style and workmanship between this figure and the best among the reliefs is close enough to make us believe that they were executed by the same master. It is not simply a general resemblance of types and proportions, but almost an identity in the treatment of the features, the hands, the folds and of the drapery as well as the ornaments. The statue may be still a degree finer in workmanship, more refined and exact in the definition of details, but the artistic form, the style with all that it involves of conventionalization, rhythm, and vitality, is the same. This figure may, indeed, be taken as a very good specimen of the Buddhistic art of China from the period of its highest development.

The seventh century, the beginning of the Tang dynasty, is the classical epoch of religious sculpture in China. Art reaches at this time full maturity, a richness of form and expression which lifts it above the creations of the preceding epochs, such as the Six dynasties and the Sui dynasty, and at the same time it retains a balance and dignity which no more are to be found in the sculptures of the latter part of the Tang period, not to speak of the very feeble products of the Sung and Ming periods.

This is not the place to enter into a more detailed account of the evolution of Chinese sculpture, nor can we stop to describe all the interesting figures (in stone and in bronze) that have come from Sianfu; we simply like to record the fact that Changan and the country around the old

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capital was an important center of artistic creation ever since the Chow dynasty. The finest specimens of Chow bronze have been excavated in that neighborhood and a large amount of bronzes and pottery of the Han dynasty. The earliest stone sculptures from the same region date back to the Northern Wei period, *i. e.*, sixth to seventh century; others bear dates of the North Chow period (middle part of the seventh century) and of the Sui dynasty. These are the steps that lead up to the early Tang art. They are creations with a great deal of power and dignity; strongly built, broad and commanding figures, sometimes imposingly monumental, but without that perfect harmony, ease, and beauty which make the Tang art truly classic. The figures of the North Chow and Sui periods are executed in a more linear style; the broad forms are enlivened by a more strictly conventionalized system of curving folds, the contours are rather tense, and the forms flatter. These figures with their enormous heads on very short, broad necks and compressed rectangular shape often seem to express great will-power and religious inspiration, but still they are cramped by visible signs of effort. The material means of expression are not fully conquered. This is accomplished in the art of the Tang masters without any loss of dignity or religious idealism. Religious sculpture blossomed into perfect beauty at the beginning of the Tang period.

The later Tang figures have a tendency to become heavy and clumsy, or they are overdecorated, or too much dissolved into light and shade. Their attitudes become more varied, the rhythm of their contours and folds of their draperies more restless. In fact, they are humanized according to ideals prevalent at a court that was highly refined. Some of these later Bodhisattvas are, indeed, like beautifully dressed court-ladies. The religious art becomes human in a more limited sense and thus the way is paved for the representation of purely secular motives. We know this genre-art of the Tang period mainly from the great mass of small clay figures which have been excavated from the tombs of prominent people, but isolated examples in stone have also survived.

Most remarkable among these is the statue of a lady playing the guitar, while her little dog toys with a cat at her feet. The statue now belongs to the Art Academy in Tokyo, but was bought in Sianfu. It is a perfect genre-figure, charmingly unconventional, full of a soft melodious rhythm, more reminding us of pictorial representations than of the contemporary religious sculpture of China, but there is in it at the same time a balance and a mastery of plastic form that speaks of high artistic culture and a creative power that no later epoch in Chinese sculpture has attained. This little musician is, indeed, a true representative of that spirit which created the unsurpassed lyrical poetry of the Tang epoch.

REINCARNATION

DR. RICHARD WILHELM

[The following article was written by the famous German translator of the Chinese classics, Dr. Richard Wilhelm, who has lived for many years in China, where he has met with ancient esoteric teachings still transmitted only orally. It is interesting to note how closely these coincide with the teachings of Theosophy, the ancient Wisdom-Religion. Translated for THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, by permission of the author, by E. L. N.]

LIFE between birth and death, as it is known to us, has from ancient times been looked upon merely as a fragment. Thus religion has sought from the beginning to trace the connexion of the visible with the invisible; for which two principal methods have been adopted. One postulates a continuation of the life of man in another world, the other that man returns again to this world. These two theories overlap each other, inasmuch as arguments used to prove the validity of one are also used to prove that of the other.

European thought has chiefly followed the first line of reasoning, *i. e.*, that the soul of man somehow continues its existence in another world, which was supposed to be a dark realm of shadows — dreamlike and unreal; where it was vouchsafed to a few privileged heroes at the most to dwell with the Gods, leading an ideal existence in an exalted Sphere of Light. From this conception, by reason of the ethical idea of a necessity for punishment and reward, the idea of Heaven and Hell was formed as well as a kind of intermediate state, — for it was felt that most people are ripe neither for heaven nor hell at the time of death. The Christian viewpoint has, on the whole, been dominated by this view of the immortality of the soul that has made people prone to look forward to a future life in contradistinction with this earthly vale of tears.

However, we also find another aspect of this question presented in the Bible, though at the present time it is not so frequently brought forward, *i. e.*, the idea of resurrection, which was only gradually developed to a comparatively clear conception. This idea originated not in Israel, but in the surrounding countries. It was adopted first as a symbol of the revival of the oppressed nation, and subsequently was embodied in biblical lore with reference to individual man. Jesus, we find, makes it the cardinal point in his hope for the future. He emphasizes the idea of a renewal of the physical body just as much as that of spiritual redemption. Immortality for the soul while the body remains in the clutches of death, was unthinkable to him. Not only do we find him confident of his own resurrection, but he takes for granted in all his disciples expectancy of a

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new life, and preparation for the same. Also Paul is in complete accord with Jesus in this respect. To him man's actions are the seed, the harvest of which he must reap when it comes to fruition. Paul lives absolutely in the belief not only of the resurrection of the soul but also of the body. This, however, does not preclude the conception of an interlude, a state of sleep and a certain measure of rest, before this reïmbodiment takes place. Only one thing is clear, namely, that after a not too protracted period of rest a reïmbodiment of the soul must take place in order that the reaping of seed sown in the past may take place in a new physical form.

These ideas were founded originally on a belief that the world was soon to come to an end. Men felt convinced that this evil abode of men would soon be destroyed, and a new heaven and earth arise in its place. A curious combination of the teaching of reincarnation with the popular conception of the passing of the soul to a better future world resolved itself into the following beliefs: a kingdom of a thousand years' duration which should precede the departure of man to the immaterial spheres of Heaven and Hell; the Platonic teaching of the depravity of physical existence, that made the release of the soul from the prison of material life the only goal worthy of attainment; and the idea of reincarnation in order that seed sown in the present life might be harvested.

When it was seen that the end of the world was repeatedly postponed, and it became clear that its destruction and a subsequent phenomenal day of judgment was not imminent, and could not be reckoned upon, two different solutions of the problem became possible: either faith in reincarnation was allowed to die out, while belief in a better world after death took its place; or the idea of reincarnation would take another form adapted to the course of world-progress, so to say, namely, it was believed that the individual would appear elsewhere after death, the sum of his experiences in a former life, in the shape of physical and spiritual tendencies and destiny, being the capital that he took with him for a future life.

As is well known, the Christian Church under Greek influence chose the first-named alternative. All faith in a future life was centered in the belief in another life after death, and the idea of reincarnation became a source of embarrassment to Christian dogma that it was found difficult to deal with.

But even then the ideas of a future life paled and grew meager with the passing of the centuries. Whereas in former days imagination vividly depicted a heavenly Jerusalem that it yearned for as a refuge from this world and its woes, the conception of life after death resolved itself more and more into a hope for the survival of the personality, and a meeting again with relatives and friends. That there was an admixture of much that is human, all too human, in all these hopes, is evident. The old

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widow who could not regard heavenly bliss as complete without her little chest of valuables, is but one example of such unreasonable beliefs. Many an illogical tenet flourishes under such conditions, as, for example, when misguided teachers tell children that men become angels in heaven. This is as foolish as if camels were to tell their young that they would be transformed into horses in paradise!

With the decline of real faith we can always trace the way in which a conventional mythology, whose forms (such as feminine angels, Father Christmas, the hare that lays the Easter-eggs, the stork that brings the babies) are introduced into the nursery, on the principle that the most superficial of ideas are good enough for children. The result is, of course, the general unbelief that is so prevalent. Parents tell their little ones what is untrue with delicate regard for their childish understanding; and the children pretend to believe these fables out of consideration for their parents, in order not to spoil their pleasure.

The need for something that is reliable and credible in this direction is probably the chief reason for the various secret teachings that are being spread abroad at the present time. Through spiritism first-hand evidence is sought of the continued existence of the departed, and of their fate after earth-life. Although Science was formerly ready to declare everything that appeared at spiritistic séances to be charlatanism, it has recently adopted a more rational and reserved attitude with respect to these matters. It is also true that owing to the obscure nature of these phenomena it is very difficult to subject them to scientific research, for it has been proved that in this land of shadows both intentional and unintentional fraud is practised.

However, certain psycho-physiological facts appear to exist that tend to add to our store of observations of psychic occurrences. The question whether we are dealing with the momentarily reembodyed dead, or with so far unexplained manifestations produced by the living medium, is still a problem unsolved by contemporary science. The utterances of the departed 'spirits' are in the majority of cases of such a nature that they do not impress us with a type of mentality that is worthy of our regard. The proceedings generally result in very trivial attempts by the 'spirits' to prove their own identity, and it is a matter of repeated observation that they by no means attain the high mental level of those great ones whom they claim to be. It is quite likely that inferior spirits might seek to adorn themselves with the borrowed plumes of great names, as is the case with living human beings. However, we may as well leave spiritistic research to scientists, or to those who feel edified and attracted by the same.

It may be said that the question of Reincarnation, as generally under-

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stood in religious circles in Europe, has not gone beyond the postulate of a survival of the personality after death, nor has it sought for any moral or emotional grounds therefor, or made particular efforts to ascertain the why and wherefore of the theory. But this does not preclude the fact that there have always been individuals who have intuitively seen clearly in this matter, even if they have not given expression to their convictions.

Another aspect of Reincarnation, with respect to the question of immortality, is presented to us by natural science, which proves that even the lowest forms of life experience constant regeneration. The one-celled amoebae unite, and when the cell thus created has increased to a certain size, it splits into two, and each part continues to live its own life separately. One can actually speak of a continual rebirth of the protoplasm in these cells. If left undisturbed by extraneous conditions they are imperishable. However, the idea of individuality here remains absent; from two cells one is created and from one proceed two, and so on interminably. Individuality is only a temporary condition that changes with circumstances.

The same process that affects the one-celled entities as a whole, is also to be observed in higher forms of life, beginning with the plant, in the formation of the seed at certain times and in the special grouping of cells in the individual plant. However, in the cells of the seed we find that invisibly the tendencies of the whole plant are represented in the most wonderful way, so that each of its offspring may be regarded as a reincarnation of the mother-plant. In this example, we must observe the remarkable fact that the mother and child-plant exist at the same time. We here find a reimpodiment in which the birth and decay of the old and the new generation overlap, so that in contradistinction with the one-celled lives, where the mother-cell is completely absorbed by the offspring, not only the group but the individual has a part to play. This is the case with all the higher forms of life, up to man.

The question now to be considered is, what significance may be attributed to the individual and the permanence of his existence apart from the propagation of his species? Is the individual simply the residue after such propagation is accomplished, useful, at the most, for the purpose of caring for the young,— as, for instance, certain insects, where the mother shields her young from the cold: or has the individual a separate value of his own that makes the propagation of his kind a mere episode in his life, often not one of decisive importance? In the vegetable and animal kingdoms it may perhaps be said that the individual is, on the whole, subservient to the preservation of the species, though we already find instances here in which at least a measure of independence is given to the individual. In the human kingdom the unit becomes a personality,

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and we find that the more developed the man the more independent and important is the position he takes with respect to the rest of his kind. This is evident when we think of the heroes of the race. The significance of the lives of these great ones does not lie in their often quite insignificant progeny. Only the life of the most insignificant could be summed up in the words — he lived, took to himself a wife, and died.

The question of reïmbodiment is thus transferred from the species to the individual; and here the Orient steps in with its teaching of reincarnation — the rebirth of the soul. The foundation of these teachings is the idea of Karma, that coincides with the Christian teaching that every act is a seed that must bear harvest, and the conception of progressive states of existence on different planes of being. These planes of being are the field of action for individual entities in which each successive plane can only be reached as the duties of the preceding one are accomplished. Within the limits of each plane certain laws of growth, development, and retrogression prevail that are limited as within a circle, and from which only those emerge who progress unto the next higher plane. Our world of birth and death is one of these planes by means of which imbodiment is made possible. Reïmbodiment is proved by the propagation of the human species, for through generation conditions are provided by which an entity seeking incarnation may be reborn; since it is impossible that such beings should come into existence fortuitously.

The cycle of creation and dissolution is pictured in Chinese imagery in the following manner:

1. Birth and growth — the ushering in of new life.
2. Baptism — everything that is newly born requires water to quicken and purify it.
3. Clothing — Matter gradually fills up the form. Man grows into his body.
4. Work — by degrees the body becomes the instrument of the soul.
5. The Blossoming — the time of the realization of its possibilities.
6. The Fading — the gradual decline of the faculties; the life-force begins to withdraw from the form.
7. Sickness — foreign destructive elements come in.
8. Death — the cessation of physical life.
9. Burial — concealment in the earth.
10. Disintegration — the dissolution of the material and psychic principles.
11. Embryonic reïmbodiment in the human kingdom.
12. Growth in the womb.

The first ten steps are unquestionably open to observation, and certainly this can also be affirmed of the twelfth. The only point that

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appears doubtful to us Europeans is the eleventh, the mysterious passing of the life-force of the individual from the disintegrating body to a new one that is in the process of formation. It must of course be admitted that an exact, empirical, and scientific proof for this conjecture cannot be given. All such questions are unknown territory to science, nor can it be demonstrated that the soul continues its existence in another life or that the life of the soul is extinguished at the time of death. All that we can hope for is some more or less significant indications for the solution of the enigma of universal coherence in which we are involved.

It is worth while to follow the thread of probabilities presented to us by the Oriental teaching of Reincarnation, as distinguished from its coarse and clumsy popular interpretation. We will at the same time get a glimpse of a psychology that is not without interest.

Man is a complex being. He is constituted during earth-life of Body, Soul, and Spirit, each of which three divisions is again composed of other subdivisions. The body has its various organs, in which inhere more of individual life and tendencies than we usually recognise. Each of these organs has relationship with the objects of the outer world through which we are affected, and by means of which we not only act upon, but are influenced by, extraneous objects and conditions. The body is a complex organism, so also is the soul. The Chinese teaching postulates that the soul has seven centers, each of which has the power of more or less independent development, though over-development of any one of these causes under-development of some of the others.

Even the spiritual Ego is not a unity, but a trinity. This complicated organism consisting of body, soul, and spirit, is illumined by the 'I'-consciousness. This 'I'-consciousness is a secondary, and by no means the original, source of the individual. Indeed, this self-conscious 'I' can only be conscious of one part of its organism at a time. The great majority of people are in a state of unconsciousness. It would seem that this conscious 'I' is bound down and limited by the degree of development of the brain-mind. It asserts its continued existence by means of the continuity of the memory. It awakens and is extinguished (as for example during sleep), but nevertheless, this 'I'-consciousness persists by reason of the coloring that memory gives to all our experiences. Circumstances can arise that cause a complete change of the whole psycho-spiritual organism, which bring the 'I'-consciousness into contact with entirely new layers of consciousness. These are similar to the conversions through which those conditions by which the Ego previously had found itself are overcome, and the 'I' identifies itself with an entirely new sphere of being. In truth, not only 'two souls dwell in one bosom,' but many more. The only question is to which do we accord supremacy?

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Thus man, by means of this 'I'-consciousness of the higher Ego that in truth is of the Realms of Light, must dominate his complex unconscious self of the world of shadows, and transmute it into a harmonious centralized personality. This can only be accomplished when the center of gravity of the Ego is transferred to such depths that it is removed from all contact with shocks or disturbances from without.

There are immutable eternal laws throughout the small universe that we call man — for every man is a miniature universe like the Heavens and the Earth. These laws are not extraneous punitive restrictions, but they are the expression of existence in time and space. Every act is complex in its nature and spreads out in time and space like a plant. What a tree actually is cannot be ascertained from one point of view alone, but can only be determined from its extension in space and its duration through the changing seasons. But in the blossom the fruit already lies hidden. It has only to develop. And so it is also with the laws governing human action. Every act consists of a complexity of causes and effects that spread over time and space. While the operation of our Karma affects others, it more especially concerns us and affects ourselves, entering the 'I'-consciousness by means of experience. No experience is ever lost; indeed, nothing in the Universe is ever lost. However, as the plant passes on through existence in time and space, from the seed onward through its evolution on the physical plane finally to pass again to purely spiritual activity in the seed, in which the experiences of the past invisibly subsist, so also man goes through periods of existence in spheres of Light for the purpose of gathering in invisible latent potentialities for future development in the world of material existence. Everything good or bad thus becomes a part of the germ that will unfold.

The realms of time and space are not the only ones that are open to us; in fact, the possibility exists for us to rise to higher planes of being. But those souls that are so drawn hither and thither by the different operations of their various principles are unable to get far enough to be able to enter upon higher states of being. Automatically therefore the experiences of the past are transformed for them either into abilities and powers, or defects and passions. Dissolution is the disappearance of the outer form through decay, when it retires into the realm of actuality of the Monad.

So long as individual monads cannot rise to higher spheres, they must still seek to master their unlearned lessons on earth. No Oriental ever doubts that the spiritual germ is indestructible. Even as fire causes atoms to disappear, only to appear again in new combination of atoms; so also the body disappears when it decays, to serve as nutriment for other forms of life, while those lives that inhered in it pass on and con-

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tinue their existence elsewhere. Earth and water transform those forms of life that draw their sustenance from them, in a special way of their own. Nature is not so lavish as to squander the labors of a whole life-time. Nothing dies. Birth and death are only the portals between two worlds, through which all created beings pass in and out.

Through reincarnation, the monad acquires another body, the shaping of which in the womb is to a degree influenced by the mother, while the material and conditions are provided by the ancestors. The monad that is entering upon a new life thus finds certain conditions in readiness for it, and it takes part in the fortunes of the family into which it enters. This entering into a family is, however, determined by mysterious laws, that work on invisible planes, so that every monad finds the family connexion that is the best suited for the working out of its destiny.

Let us now consider what attitude to take towards this idea. In the first place we must insist that, from the viewpoint of Christianity, it is absolutely feasible. Christianity, it is true, lays stress only on the law of Karma, though it remains silent as to the working of its operations; looking only to its ultimate consummation, it does not touch upon the intervening stages.

The following is an important point, however: heredity evidently plays a part in the life of man, but does not adequately account for every phase of the question. Children of the same parents, in spite of family likenesses, show entirely different traits of character that cannot be accounted for by heredity alone. Indeed, the fact is irrefutable that in one and the same family more and less advanced souls are born. It is Karmic Law undoubtedly that plays the most decisive part. Unprejudiced observation and reasonable reflexion lead us to the conviction that this law actually exists. However, in one life, bounded by birth and death, we can only experience a part of the whole of existence. We live through certain occurrences in which one tangled skein of Karmic effects is unraveled, while at the same time new threads of Karma are spun that cannot be worked out in this life, because their disentanglement is cut short by death. On the other hand we see results come to fruition, the causes of which are not to be found in this life. There are the great problems with which a Job battles, and to which — in spite of all faith in a hereafter — only the words “and yet?” of the Psalmist must be uttered, if the Wisdom of the East is not called to our aid.

And so it is easy to understand that many of our deepest and clearest thinkers, as for instance Lessing and Goethe, look upon reincarnation as a theory well worthy of consideration. It must, however, be observed that the Oriental does not look upon the question of individual reincarnations as of paramount importance. He does not center his thought and

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imaginings on considerations of the time and manner of rebirth. In any case the question of reincarnation is bound up with complete dissolution finally of the personality, so that all that pertains to rebirth cannot be determined any more certainly than a heaven in which we may meet all our neighbors and friends again. The idea serves rather to solve the oft-repeated questions: "Why should this or that just happen to me, and not to someone else?" "Where is the justice of it all?" — and to induce us to center all our energies in freeing ourselves from the wearisome cycle of necessity in order that we may enter the peace and bliss of an impersonal life, in which all conflict comes to an end.

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KENNETH MORRIS

POETRY," says someone, "is increasingly written to be read, not heard." The implications go farther; we are growing to consider it, like little boys in the nursery saw, a thing "to be seen and not heard"; to exist in print on the page, and appeal, if to the mind at all, only through the eye. But poetry is not poetry until it is heard; any more than the printed score is music until the orchestra gets to work on it. By all means let's have a picture-gallery where they show nothing but tubes of paint!

This threatened loss is one result of what we funnily call education — *a non educendo*. We have all learned to read; but very few have learned to read to any purpose. In place of minds we have grown a kind of mild inward irritation that calls for perpetual scratching; to meet which demand the newspapers exist, and the enormous business of the publishing houses, and the magazines that dish up nullities month after month to be nice on the palate and nothing beyond. But food that is not food becomes poison.

Here we see the Law of Cycles at work, and have opportunity to study its methods. Civilization is the fruit of mental activity. At a certain period in the growth of a race, minds get busy and invent and devise and discover things which make life easier to live. Ideas, strangely absent before, fly in from God knows where and set things humming. For example:—

Somewhere at the end of the Middle Ages a notion was blown westward across two continents, and fell to ground among a race quick with the first stages of its growth, in a mind eagerly active. Until then a

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book was a treasure to be possessed only by a rich monastery or such; churchmen could read, and here and there a learned king. But something had stirred the race-mind to look about the world for a means of knowledge and learning, and in response this Chinese notion came; and presently there was no longer need laboriously to transcribe the precious things of literature with hand and pen: here were types; here Gutenberg, Fust, Schöffer, Caxton, who could print a thousand copies whilst the scribe was making one. So books became no longer the privilege of the few rich and learned, but accessible pabulum for anyone who could read.

Whereupon naturally the numbers of these increased, and minds went on awaking, and as they woke, demanded what food was to be had in books. Came the Renaissance, a tremendous mental stir, all touched into activity by books. Kings, who of old time, if learned, could make out to sign their names, now read Greek and Latin for their pleasure; there were schools in which even the commonalty learned the classic tongues,—wherein alone good reading matter so far had been to be found;—though now new literatures were being born, in Italian, Spanish, French, English, and German, to delight the upper classes in those lands, and even some strata below. But the Renaissance came and went, and left after all only a smallish number greatly affected. The millions were still illiterate, with no mental food except what they might chance to draw from life and the moving world around them; a book the reading of which brings no outward manifestation of mind-quickening, no efflorescence of culture, but rather induces quietness and what riches cannot be calculated or seen.

The men of the Renaissance wished to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but not for amusement merely, or to help them wade unbored through the weary waking hours. They saw in the classics ideas and the seeds of ideas which they might bring in their own minds to efflorescence; they hungered after blooms of the spirit; and knew their own mentality, richly fertile already, waiting only the quickening from without to yield crops a thousandfold. They longed for Plato and Aristotle, to touch their thinking into fire. They went to Plutarch, Plautus, Terence, for the plots and inspirations of dramas of their own; they had the genius in themselves, and their need was for that which should show them how to express it. The human spirit was burning to have its say; and it pulled in the classics from the oblivion that had covered them, and with them awakened the minds it was to function through.

And then the human spirit became tired, or had other work to do; perhaps after visiting this world and figuring here opulently it had to turn for refreshment to the world of the Gods; perhaps was where the sun is after his setting. "These two, day and night, are the world's

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eternal ways." It had said its say for the time being, and no longer was avid for expression; --and the classics ceased to inspire. We went on, however, busily teaching them in our schools. Young minds were drilled in ablative singulars and genitive plurals, in *tuptos* and *tuptomais*, *men ouns* and *men nuns*; not because discipline might lead to Plato and Thought, but because it was understood that sawdust enforced with penalties, mostly corporal, was the right diet for a growing mind. A habit once started in a living age is very tenacious of its life in the succeeding dead one. The classics were no longer useful; their inspiration was gone; the quickeners of the spirit had become deadeners thereof. Something had to be done.

The value of the classics had been only for a few at any time: only for those who had the leisure and peculiar kind of wits to fight their way through the *men ouns* and *men nuns*. And meanwhile there were the great modern literatures and, in a world rapidly sinking into boredom, the millions who had never been touched by any inspiration at all. And there were the printing-presses, and publishers desiring a lucrative business: a supply being created that demanded a demand. Why not bring to the common people the great quickening that books can give? Here a waning or waned inspiration might be filliped into life again, and vast new mental fields made productive. By all means let the whole world learn to read! by all means let us build schools and teach them!

No sooner (in a broad cyclic sense) said than done. Heigh presto! -- and here were the school-houses and the whippers-in; and the children of long generations that had read nothing and had nothing to read but nature and the four seasons and their own town or village, all in the way of reading Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe -- all the printed wisdom of time. Now undoubtedly the Millennium was to begin.

But see how the material means fails forever and ever to accomplish the spiritual end. Bless you, it wasn't Shakespeare or Racine or Goethe they wanted; the printed wisdom of time was caviare to them. They had exchanged their birthright -- what they ever had of it -- for a rather nasty mess of pottage. The quiet -- if empty -- mind was gone, and an itch was growing in its place. They wanted, mostly, something to keep the mind scratched withal: something to fill the time; some substitute for thought, observation, all the quiet that had gone. And the presses and publishers and all they that could wag pens began serving it out to them liberally. The great mass of printed matter is simply so much mental anodyne; the gift of literacy, like the lamp-posts for which the poor of Edinburgh "blessed the good Duke of Argyle," intended to illuminate, is used for quite another purpose. It tends less to culture

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than to mental deterioration. While one is filling the mind with substitutes for thought, the power to think is being atrophied. Civilization arose out of the vigor of minds; the vigor of minds brought it into being, and has kept it alive and in growth. And reading, which was the first stimulant of that vigor, and a long while its food, becomes ever more and more the thing that saps it away.

Right reading — reading as a mental exercise — was the stimulant and the food. But nine tenths — an ever growing proportion — of reading nowadays is not for mental exercise at all, but for relaxation; and nine tenths of that — an evergrowing proportion again — is sheer brain-rot; nor does one refer to the lascivious putrescence that stinks: there is enough of that heaven knows, and it infects to a deeper corruption:— but to the mere snappy waste of words, the interminable waste of words, the incidents recorded that mean nothing, the printed gossip that leads to nothing; the click-click-clicking clank-clank-clanking of the senseless endless unwearying printing-presses; the news, the stories, the articles that are as if those soulless mechanical things had created and composed them, and no mentality touched them at all. We fritter away our forests into paper, to carry the stuff by which our mental vigor is being sapped. The vigor of the racial mind, the thing which keeps civilization in being. Let the process go far enough — and perhaps it has not so far to go — and civilization is bound to collapse.

A sign of this devigoration is to be found in the masses of “poetry” published. Anything will do to read, so there be “nothing to it” as they say,— when all that reading is for is to keep a mind that hardly functions at all just faintly palpitating, not thrown back on itself and commanded by stern boredom, *Now think!* Hence, if it will serve this purpose and you can gull editors into publishing it, anything can be called poetry; and you can get éclat and the wherewithal to plume and puff yourself by producing what would take in no one were it written as prose; what indeed in that case might put you in the alienist’s clutches. So we lose sight of values, and poetry comes to be a meaningless term.

But something with the name — an art, a method of expression,— has come down from most ancient times; we have no record of an age when it was not, or was not in some degree thought highly of. What has no value may endure for a thousand years or two; but to live long like the art of Poetry, a thing must have its practical uses. — ‘Practical uses’ — you interject — suggests soap; will you compare such fal-lals with honest soap? — *I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!* With soap by all means. Soap, which is all to health, is for cleaning the body; poetry is all to health likewise, for cleaning a part of you just as necessary (to say the least) though less conspicuous perhaps. . . .

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The Athenians, who sat all day in the theater to listen to rhythmic chanting of the stern difficult stuff of Aeschylus: who found it good statesmanship to employ men constantly chanting Homer: knew this very well. They knew that the vibrant rhythms had a definite power on human consciousness: as, to quiet the restless mind and free men from its mordant tyranny; to loose and awaken the imagination and impel it towards its great ends; to attune the unrhythmic personalities of mankind to the universal harmonies and rhythms that do play through that greater and secret part of ourselves which we may call the Soul. They understood, or behaved as though they understood; and so, won their Marathons and grew their Phidiases and Platos. The Elizabethan English felt it, and sought their entertainment in the rhythms and high poetry of Shakespeare.— A common rather brutal lot no doubt, as coarse as you please; yet the thing that brought delight to them was to hear grand-voiced Burbage mouthing out grand magnisonant lines,—

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine —"

"Wherein the majesty of buried Denmark —"

on the stage, and to drink in those rolling rhythm-glories and be transmuted into spacious daring stuff thereby; letting the inner self, so quickened and set vibrant, do its work with them and convert the grand poetry into capacity for large action — daring clean-cut action and vigorous life.

Poetry is a piece of the Magic of Old, the last left piece that has come down to us. What were the ancient Mysteries for? What the Religion of Magic that has given place now to the religion of self-saving (a mean aim)? It was to make men great those older systems were devised; great for their work and duty in this world, that mankind might have its dues from them. It was to take the stuff of common humanity—this mortal machine with its trivialities and passions and corruption — and make it a noble instrument for the human spirit. Not to have you sneak into paradise after death, but to bring the winds of paradise, magnificent winds, blowing through the world of men and cleansing it. There was a time when men knew about the Divinity which is man's Soul; and from that time Poetry came. They knew the two worlds whose orbits so strangely intersect within the being of man: the God-world with its gracious power and majestic beauty, and the personal man-world, the food for contempt. And Poetry they knew for the link between the two, the bridge of silver that spans the gulf; the news given here of the grandeur there up-treasured; the celestial music here set sounding, which there is common speech and the method of life.

In this world we have our daily being; in that, our moments that

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live. We are not all these ineffectual things. Silence the mind of its gibbering and squeaking; let none of the lower voices rave; and the ear can yet catch nobler rhythms than those born in time. To be that greater thing; to live in that august joyous life: these are the possibilities for mankind; because man as we know him is but a sort of diseased excrescence on his real being, the Soul. And what else should be the object of life? Do we not need great impersonal Men? Did we not need them in 1914, to shout one stentorian commanding *Stop!* to the statesmen and armies of Europe? And again four years later, to make peace instead of hell at Versailles? And now; good God, do we not need them now?

Crawling selfishness shoots out its fanged head, and the hopes of men and the bright things that might be fall stricken and perish; and yet thousands feel within them — ineffectually, but they feel it — the stirring of that which should redeem and change all this. It is the army of the Gods camped just beyond our horizons; it is the Divinity in man crying *Justice!* and seeking to be heard. That Divinity is there; it is in each one, beyond the tangle and mazy aches of self. A wide, free uncontaminated life, beautiful as evening over calm seas; a life untroubled, clean and spacious, glowing like sunrise over the mountains: is not this what we have felt to be the due of man? With the ploughman at his plough, the minister of state in his chancellory, the clerk at his desk, and all of us, doing our work as if we were Plato writing *The Republic*, or a constellation singing on its course through time. . . . As if we were Gods and the sons of God that shouted for joy. . . . But indeed that is the truth about us: not the actual but the potential truth; it is what we have the call and the right to be; and are in that world behind the veil of which now we catch drifting glimpses in our brightest times. “Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven”: there you have the cry of Religion, on the lips of one of the Master-Geniuses of Religion. And Magic, before it is debased and misconceived, is all to this same end. Its fundamental thesis is this: Man may manifest himself a God; the seed of godhead is in him; let it grow. It can be made to grow.

The ages forgot all this; but they did not forget Poetry; they were ever reminded by experience what Poetry can accomplish. It has a way of its own of keeping these shining truths alive; not necessarily in the mind, but in the imagination: in the supermind, from which the mind is fed. Thought produces a vibration of the brain-stuff which tends to repeat and repeat itself. We rarely give our brain-cells consciously and deliberately a new vibrative impulse: a thought wanders our way and comes in and sets the cells vibrating or modifies their dominant and accustomed rates; and then another and another:— our brains are rooms played through by the stuffy airs of the common life, and stir feebly with

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these spent sicklinesses — or whirl with the violent gusts of wicked thinking — not our own,— no private property, — no creations of ours. Creations of whose, who can say? The thought-storm that moved to crime his arm who was hanged yesterday originated, I guess, in the night of time somewhere with some trivial exuviation of selfishness; that wandered from mind to mind and grew as it was welcomed. Tut! the Great War began like that — before Nimrod kinged it in Nineveh, or ever the Pyramids were built. . . .

But use Poetry rightly, and into these vitiated rooms our brains the sweetening airs of heaven are blown. Here are rhythms magical; here the music of the spheres,— the great rhythmic vibrations of superpersonal life that can set the brain-cells vibrating superpersonally and make an ordered march, a movement as of star-systems, where before was a crawling anarchy. Ability results, and efficiency, and wholesomeness; consciousness finds itself purged, and the megrims of self blown by. Honorable soap can do less well for the body! — This magic is, on the material side, simply that the brain-cells have been set vibrating to the beautiful rates and rhythms of the Soul. The Soul took hold upon the poet's brain: there was a moment of synchronous vibration: and sent those rates and rhythms rolling and singing through it; and if he recorded them like one worshipping a well-loved God, — why, there, here in this world, was a clean message from Olympus-top, a clue thrown down from the God-world, a living embassy from heaven, immortal, well-equipped. The music this universe moves to had registered itself on his brain.

Thought had been made one with that music; so the music had won entry into the world of thought. A picture had been made and expressed; so the music had been united with the world of imagination and could go in there and quicken it, infecting the pictures it must always be making, if it is alive at all, to brightness, rhythm and beauty. So here is the cure for the dark exuviations of passion: the transmutation, not the suppression of them. Here is allayment for the ache of self: using a poem rightly, you become one with a universal self and taste moments of what the Buddhists call Nirvâna. There is no argument like a poem; there is no contesting it nor answering it; you may dodge, come away, and forget it; but against its uncontentious contentions there is no word to say. What use all statesmen's discussions, when that little grimy lurking personal self is behind them, and nation meets nation at conference intent on grabbing what it can? But Poetry substitutes for the unbeautiful personal the beautiful Cosmic Self. It can do so; it exists for no other purpose. When you say you have no use for Poetry, you merely say that you have shut one door between you and God,— between your daily self and that Diviner Self which could make you greatly effective,

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among the best of men. Were they at Lausanne to chant a poem or two before ever they dared to discuss! . . . Well, but yes! — to get their brains vibrating in unison, and an atmosphere beyond self in the room. I have no doubt such things were done — by races more civilized than we are, in times less stult with ignorance.

Of old, that was Poetry which came from the Divine Soul and beat to the divine rhythms. The verse-form, in lines of equal length, metrical and symmetrical, was the form it most naturally took. As grains of sand, strewn on a drumskin, marshal themselves under the vibrations of a musical note into stars, crystals, blossoms, regular patterns,— so thought and words, moved in a brain excited in those synchronous moments by the vibrations of the Soul's music, naturally fall into the patterns of verse. But of course you can turn verses without any excitement from above or synchronous moments at all. And the result will do just as well to fill up a half-empty page in a magazine; and, if clever in one way or another, or meeting or inviting some one or another of the elementary impulses of the personality,— it will not fail of its demand. One of these elementary impulses is towards sheer waywardness.

Look at the brain: is it (altogether) a rational thing? do thoughts move there (always) in order and sequence? Must they be beautiful, useful, logical, true or even plainly and honestly wicked to gain admission? Oh dear no! there is also a fellow inside there — one among many — who welcomes the most impish topsy-turvy irrationalities; a tricky sprite, an unaccountable jack-in-the-box, without discourse of reason, whose thought-guests must be of its own kin and calibre, and speak no tongue but gibberish.

When books were few, printed matter scarce, and poetry, if contacted at all, was mostly heard, its hall-mark, rhythm, was easily recognised; what did not possess or imitate that sign of divine origin might go whistle for an audience; it took in none. But universal literacy has caused it that we have now little but our eyes to guide us; few hear or have opportunity to hear rhythm, or have any sense of it at all; there is a vast public that knows no difference between it and its absence; — which public also must be catered to; and here obviously the rhythm-making enchanter, the Soul, has no protecting tariff against anything else in man's make-up: none against Master Jack-in-the-box, for example; whose wares, costing nothing to make, are so much cheaper; and now actually do flood the markets.

Let but that queer goblin thing turn out what he calls poems, and he may be certain of some worthy magazine-editor somewhere on whom he can "put over" his goods. He is very busy nowadays.

The various inanities in the mind no doubt have supplied a deal of

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the current verse of every age. But since the Soul had long ago established the verse-form as that natural to poetic expression, anything that pretended to be poetry found it wise to put on that livery, and declare itself in metrical lines; so guised it might win to some satisfactions, and have its run for its money before time found it out. When any cycle of inspiration is exhausted, you find the Soul no longer speaking; but many brain-minds still persuading themselves and others that theirs is the authentic speech of the Soul. The forms are still produced that the Soul was wont to use; as when in England poetry ran dry on Chaucer's death, and again on Milton's, men persevered to write, in the one case banalities in doggerel, in the other satirical or philosophic prose-matter in polished verse. Possibly for these ages the verse-form in itself, though no waters of life flowed through it, had its virtue; there was at least the rhythm to carry on the tradition that the Soul does speak, and rhythmically.

But now a more absolute reaction seems occurring; as if it were not towards sleep, but the rarer and major quiescence. Walt Whitman found that the great rhythms of the Soul might express themselves in lines meterless and of any length: a discovery, by the bye, that Chu Yuan had made in China in the fourth century B. C., and Mohammed in Arabia some time since; though Chu Yuan's method all but died with him,* and Mohammed vigorously denied that his Koran was poetry at all. Of Whitman it may be said that, in theory at least, he went away from metre to protect his rhythms from falling into mechanism and brain-mind substitutes for Soul-speech. Anyone can *cerebrofacture* verses, whether he hears the rhythms or not; but none unhearing could write

*"Come, lovely and soothing Death!
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving!"*

Such lines are chanted, not said; they were chanted in his consciousness at the inception; he never spoke, but chanted them; they carry their

*Chu Yuan had some three or four followers in his time, after which Chinese poetry became rigidly metrical, only growing more complexly and refinedly so when its great age in the eighth century A. D. came in. He and his school stand to Chinese poetic literature not quite as the alliterative Anglo-Saxon poets do to English; for Chinese poetry was metrical before them. They were remote and isolated experimenters, a handful of names out of thousands. And yet one often hears the Free-verse writers claim Chinese poetry as an argument for their method, and insist that its form being free-verse, it can only be rightly translated in free verse. It is so intricately metrical that our most intricate English metres and forms are almost free verse in comparison to it. The Welsh "*mesurau caeth*" (bond metres), with their extraordinary balancings and correspondences of sound, may give those who know them an idea of the difficult intricacies of Chinese verse. They would be the best medium for translation; but they nor anything like them can be used in English. This illustrates what atmosphere of humbug surrounds this whole free-verse movement.

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own music inherent; he would have hated to hear them spoken like prose. Whitman was perhaps never forgetful that the first most radical characteristic of poetry is that it is a chant to be chanted; an incantation,— a thing to do holiest magic with.

But the imp in the brain knows nothing of chanting, nothing of magic (which is the great serious interventions of the Soul). Chant? — Squeak, my dear sir, squeak! — Dear me, its one need is to *show off!* Whitman, it thought, had pointed a grand way for it: here was a form — if form it could be called that form had none — that called for none of the honest brainwork that must go to the making of a metred line or verse. Of old you recognised poetry through the ear; then, when ears went out of use, you recognised verse through the eye. But now Whitman had put the eye out of commission by writing unquestionable poetry that looked like something else. So now the bars are down: to it, helter-skelter! Hurrah for anarchy! Down with everything, and do as you please! — This is not to say that there is no “free verse” that, stripped of its pretensions and printed properly, would be honorable and even excellent prose. One often sees bits that look like prose translations of foreign lyrics, or like the raw materials of a poem that have not been made into a poem. The brain conceived and thought them, but without that excitement from above that made them sing. And that, the tone and resonance of that excitement, is the essential quality of poetry. Without it, the recorded spiritual thought, and clear image or picture, remain only prose; they lack the magical carrying power, and wings to bring them down through time. You may translate the Greek, or the Tang, Anthology with absolute accuracy; but unless each lyric is a new poem, the materials of the old set singing during synchronous vibratory moments by the divinity behind the translator-poet’s brain — the result will not be poetry.

Now the imp in the brain has his place in the scheme of things. Who would quarrel with Ingoldsby’s tumultuous rhyming, or the keen absurdities of Bab? Such matters are the Batrachomuomachian pendent to the great Iliad of poetic literature. The rhythm is elemental, not divine; but it helps life to be lived. It is a rhythm, and it smoothes out kinks and asperities. We go to them again and again when the need arises; lines of them live in our memory, to be used very prettily upon occasion. They demand to be made vocal: are for pat quotation in company, spoken aloud. A great deal of honest brainwork went to the making of them; the Soul did not compose them, but you may say ordered and presided, chuckling, over their composition. The imp in man was employed; but an imp that knew his master, a quite obedient Ariel.

But with these *freeverts*, half the time, Prospero has gone from the

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island altogether; their stuff is joint Ariel and Caliban,— or an Ariel that never was controlled. It comes from the imp alone, and to the imp alone is dedicated; it is not meant to be heard; there is none of the magic of sound in it; no one remembers a line of it after putting the book down. The imp in man, the sole part of man it pleases, is tricky and inconsequential above all things; must have something new always; what of his own unaided production tickled his fancy once, will not tickle it again; and his fancy may be tickled by anything *outré*, *bizarre*, preposterous, — by anything that flouts the dignified processes of human thought. So the sole uses of this kind of thing are to supply the demand for printed matter at any cost, and to please idle and anarchic brains, just once, by its contempt of reason as of rhyme, its revelation of the guideless irrational psycho-analytical elemental antinomian reaches of our nature. And it stalks abroad with its trumpeters, proclaiming itself the New Poetry.

Mind, I say *half the time*. There are many honest brain-minds at it — who, however, have forgotten or never heard the spiritual rhythms of Poetry. But it is distinctly to this mad jack-in-the-boxery that "free verse" opens the doors.

The literature of an age is a finely indicative symptom of the age's inner condition. No man can serve two masters; civilization and anarchy cannot coexist. You cannot follow the elemental in man to greatness, nor the divine in man to ruin. If our present standing-ground is untenable, the remedy is to take a better one, and not indiscriminately a worse. The frying-pan is too hot for you? — then do not jump into the fire. The cure for oppression is order, not anarchy; law, not confusion. We may have come to the end of an age of inspiration, and to the point where necessarily reaction must occur. But need we react into limboes of inanity? In the heart-life of man that great Enchanter the divine Soul lives. If we can no longer catch his grand rhythms, it is because we have moved too far from where they sound. The refuge and the remedy are in the stillness of the Higher Nature. The twilight of an expiring cycle is the dawn of an extraordinary opportunity. We need not go down; we may go up. Literature arises out of life; if there is anything wrong with it, make its source right; labor there. If the bloom withers, take no paint or varnish to the petals; look for that which is gnawing at the roots, or enrich as you may the depleted soil.

That is to say, find the high levels of thought where truth and poetry inhere. You won't get poetry by regarding man as an imp; you will get it, eventually, by regarding him as a God. As the Soul,— a Prometheus you yourself can liberate from Caucasus and the vultures; as a Christ you may command to come down from his cross.

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C. J. RYAN

PERHAPS by the time these lines appear in print the world may be thrilling with excitement aroused by new discoveries in the tomb of Tutankhamen in the weird and solemn Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Everything so far discovered may be surpassed by the wonders yet to be revealed. But even if not so, and no mummy swathed in royal robes enriched with jeweled and golden insignia of kingship be found, what has already been brought to the light of day exceeds all tomb-contents previously discovered in splendor and refinement of artistry. The few photographs so far published are said to give a most inadequate idea of the beauty of these articles.

It is unnecessary to repeat the story of the discovery, and the tragic fate that overwhelmed Lord Carnarvon — everyone has read the romantic account as it appeared in the daily press — but a few statements by leading archaeologists are of such interest from the Theosophical standpoint and so confirmatory of the attitude taken by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley as to the exceedingly high standard of the ancient Egyptian civilization that no apology is needed for drawing special attention to them in a Theosophical journal.

Professor Jean Capart, the eminent Belgian archaeologist, writes:

“Even now I feel choked with the emotion which I felt at the sight of what at that moment lay before my eyes. A door, cut somewhat low in the rock, gives access to a moderately-sized chamber which was filled with all the objects that were placed there nigh on thirty-five centuries ago. No one has entered there, no plunderer has snatched any booty or has displaced a single article. In the center is a square chest of most elegant design, which is guarded, or better still, protected, by four exquisite figures of goddesses, with arms outstretched in a charming attitude. . . . I have seen caskets of a beauty which I am quite incapable of describing; another chariot, several models of boats copied from the royal fleet, and many other articles which the excavators will bring out one after the other, all destined to astound us and make us realize our own inferiority. We believe only too readily that we, the latest born of civilization, are entitled to look back on past ages with the contempt of upstarts for their more simple and modest ancestors. In the tomb of Tutankhamen we realize better than anywhere else that all must be begun over again, that the forces of decadence often operate as strongly as the forces of progress, and that at a period when our civilization is tottering all our respect is due to those giants who had attained the highest pinnacle and retained it so long.”

Speaking of the same square chest, Lord Carnarvon said:

“The first thing that struck the gaze was one of the most wondrous objects that had ever been unearthed in Egypt or elsewhere. It is probably the shrine containing the canopic jars

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of the King — that is to say, the jars containing the viscera and parts of the body removed before embalming. On the top is an open-work motif of 'Uraei' (royal serpents), and on the four sides are figures of four goddesses which are simply marvelous in their modeling and refinement. One of them is in a position which, I think, has never been represented in Egyptian art before. They seem to be protecting the contents of the shrine, and the expression of the faces is extraordinarily realistic. This remarkable monument stands perhaps five feet or five and a half feet high, and is gilt all over."

Professor Breasted, of Chicago, speaks with equal enthusiasm of the shrine and of the impression produced, saying:

"We were the first group of archaeologists to look into the burial-chamber of a king's tomb still remaining essentially as it had looked when the priests and royal officers closed it up 3,250 years ago. To step between the King's two sentinel-statues still guarding the doorway, to pass along the front of the magnificent catafalque and look through its open outer doors at its closed inner doors, upon which the royal seal was still unbroken, and to realize that the august dead still slept within,— these were experiences which make one keenly aware of the feebleness of language.

"Even the marvels of the antechamber to which we had by a few weeks' familiarity grown somewhat habituated had not prepared any of us for the amazing revelations of the inner chamber beyond the hall of the sepulcher. I carry with me an imperishable vision of the winsome grace of the four lovely goddesses who stand with outstretched arms and hands, charmingly poised, on one side as they guard the sumptuous gold-covered shrine containing the King's canopic vases. These exquisite figures are quite equal to anything ever produced in Greek sculpture, and rival the greatest works of art of any age.

"At last a great civilization in a land which was the earliest home of refined culture ever brought forth by man is adequately revealed to us in works of supreme beauty and power. They form the greatest revelation of this kind ever recovered in the entire history of archaeological discovery in any land."

What a remarkable change in scientific appreciation of the grandeur and power of the ancient Egyptians is shown in the above extracts when compared with the tendency to sneer at them as "semi-barbarians ruled by brutal tyrants" that was popular not so many years ago. H. P. Blavatsky eloquently pleaded the cause of that great and mysterious nation, especially in that magnificent chapter fourteen of the first volume of *Isis Unveiled*, and also in *The Secret Doctrine*.

In our admiration aroused by the wonders of Tutankhamen's treasures, we must not forget that other discoveries have been made which show that thousands of years before his time the Egyptians possessed almost incredible skill in decorative art. How ridiculous it seems to talk of 'barbarism' in connexion with a people who have left such traces of their culture as are referred to in a recent lecture by Professor Sir Flinders Petrie at King's College, London. The following quotations are from a report of his address in the *Daily Telegraph*:

"Professor Petrie said he had measured work in Egypt which was true to the straight within four-thousandths of an inch, yet it was entirely hand-wrought, and was not even intended to be seen, but to be buried away in a tomb. The finest modern appliances could not equal in trueness the products turned out by the skilled eye and hand of the old Egyptian craftsman . . . and [Tutankhamen's treasures] remained through the ages to prove that there

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existed in the mists of antiquity a rich degree of culture and an appreciation of beautiful and artistic things unsurpassed even at the present day. . . .

"Speaking of the oldest craftsmanship so far discovered, he showed photographs of 'ripple-flaking' in flint for decoration, and said: The regularity of the work was marvelous and has never been approached, yet the specimens illustrated were executed 7,000 years before Christ, or about ninety centuries ago.

"Photographs of ancient and modern woven fabrics were shown, one taken from an Egyptian tomb about 7,000 years old, and the other a piece of the finest modern cambric handkerchief. The ancient fabric was superior in evenness of thread and regularity in weaving, yet the modern one was the product of the most perfect machinery that could be devised.

"Professor Petrie said that one of the pieces of inlaid metal and colored stone-work shown was recently taken to the most expert jeweler in Paris who was asked to make a copy of it. The jeweler said he could not do so, and that it would take years of specialized training before even the most expert workman could even attempt it. The same minute perfection was observable in Egyptian statuary-work, where small anatomical details that modern sculptors ignore were reproduced with complete fidelity."

It has been a subject of speculation whether the Egyptians possessed any but the most primitive means of doing mechanical work. It certainly does not seem likely that they used steam-power, but there are certain curious facts which suggest that they had very powerful methods of producing the mechanical results that we obtain by the most modern machinery - in fact they surpassed us in exactness and perfection in handling enormous masses of the hardest stone. Professor Petrie once found a discarded stone near the great pyramid which contained a hole two inches in diameter bored by cutting a circular groove to the required depth, the hole to be completed by the removal of the core. The core, in this instance had not been removed, but the helical line running round it showed that the *depth cut at each revolution of the drill was so great that diamonds set in our toughest steel would have been torn away in cutting such hard material.* He also found that the 'coffer' had been hollowed by cutting holes five inches in diameter with an astonishing depth-cut at each stroke. He imagines that the engineers used saws and drills made of diamonds set in hardened copper much tougher than steel! The Egyptians knew and possessed iron, but they appear to have preferred to use copper; whatever the explanation may be the startling fact mentioned remains to prove their marvelous skill at the earliest dynastic age. Dr. Petrie gives an array of demonstrations of the "optical accuracy" of the pyramid stone-cutting in his *The Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh* which, if generally known, would completely destroy any belief that the Egyptians of the earliest historical periods were a 'primitive' semi-barbaric race. It is hardly surprising that some writers have been driven to assume that the great Pyramid was "built by a deified architect assisted by deified workmen."

A national ideal which flourished for so many thousands of years as that of Egypt, a mighty civilization whose works are still the wonder of

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the world, must have had some dominating principle of illumination, a well-understood spiritual wisdom, which inspired and sustained its remarkable mental and physical vitality through so many cycles!

That such was the case becomes plain when we consider the essentials of the religio-philosophic teachings which formed the basis of the national consciousness. Even without the assistance of the Theosophical key to the meaning of Egyptian symbolism, unprejudiced students have found the highest morality and spiritual wisdom in the records. In regard to the strange symbolic representations familiar in Egyptian art, Mr. Howard Carter, codiscoverer of Tutankhamen's tomb, writes:

"These are not the creation of a crazed brain, but symbols possessing a dignified and recondite meaning of which only the ancient colleges of priests could furnish the true key."

The keys, however, have not perished with the ancients, for there are still custodians of the old Wisdom-Religion, Theosophy, which inspired and illuminated the Temple-Colleges of Egypt; and it can hardly be long before the deeper meaning of Egyptian symbology, set forth in part in *The Secret Doctrine*, will be fully recognised as the required key. The priests of Isis, mainly, perhaps, centered at the immeasurably ancient shrine of Dendera, sustained and protected the purest teachings for centuries after the exoteric forms — more or less superstitious dogmas — had established themselves as the end of the long cycle of Egyptian glory approached.* Forms of religious belief, such as we find afterwards in Christianity and Mithraism, originated in Egypt. In *The Gods of the Egyptians* (II, 220), Dr. Budge, speaking of the Egyptian symbolic carvings of Isis nursing the Divine Child, says:

"There is little doubt that in her character of the loving and protecting mother she appealed strongly to the imagination of the Eastern peoples . . . and that the pictures and sculptures wherein she is represented in the act of suckling her child Horus formed the foundation for the Christian figures and paintings of the Madonna and Child . . . and if the parallels between the theological history of Isis and Horus and the history of Mary and the Child be considered, it is difficult to see how they could avoid perceiving in the teachings of Christianity reflexions of the best and most spiritual doctrines of the Egyptian religion. . . . The knowledge of the ancient Egyptian religion which we now possess fully justifies the assertion that the rapid growth and progress of Christianity in Egypt were due mainly to the fact that the new religion . . . in its essentials so closely resembled that which was the outcome of the worship of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, that popular opposition was entirely disarmed."

But not only the outer forms of ecclesiastical Christianity had their

*"The priests of Isis were the only true initiates, and their occult teachings were still more veiled than those of the Chaldaeans. There was the doctrine of the Hierophants of the *Inner* Temple; then, the half-veiled Hieratic tenets of the Priests of the *outer* Temple; and finally, the vulgar popular religion of the great body of the ignorant who were allowed to reverence animals as divine."— H. P. BLAVATSKY, in *The Theosophist*, August, 1883

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place in Egypt: thousands of years before Jesus restated the fundamental laws of spiritual life — Theosophy — those teachings were known and followed by the Egyptians. Consider, for instance, the basic principle of the message of Jesus and Paul — the living presence in man of the divine, the immortal Christos, of which the ordinary personality is but the shadow. Texts innumerable in the sacred writings of Egypt enforce the all-essential teaching that union with the higher Self is the true goal of man. The object of the “Book of the Dead” is to lead man to the knowledge of his divinity; in symbolic and mystical ways it partly reveals, partly conceals, the Path of Light, but it clearly defines the “strait and narrow way” of pure living and thinking and unselfish brotherly conduct leading thereto.

The Egyptians firmly believed in the resurrection of the Dead in Life through the at-one-ment, — the union with the Christos, called Osiris. When purified, the candidate for Light received the name ‘Osiris,’ the seal of his triumph over the lower nature. How clearly this suggests Paul’s “My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you,” and Jesus’s “Neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you.”

To the unprejudiced mind it looks as if the Egyptians succeeded to a large degree in living according to their high principles, their faculties of heart and mind working in sincere co-operation, for they lasted as a great and coherent civilization for many thousands of years, and we have definite proof on more than one line of research that their moral life was as clean as their wisdom was profound. Christianity came as a means of salvation from the corruption and disorder into which Roman civilization was falling as the great cycle neared its close, but ancient Egyptian literature or other evidence gives little suggestion of the vices which Paul so frankly denounces as existing even among his followers. Dr. Budge, speaking of the *average* ancient Egyptian, says:

“His *morality* was of the highest kind and he thoroughly understood his duty towards his neighbor. . . . His conscience was well developed, and made him obey religious, moral, and civil laws without question. . . . His deep-seated interest in religion had a very practical object, namely, the resurrection of his *Spirit-Body*.”

The teachings of Jesus were intended to re-establish the virtues and spiritual knowledge which the ancient Egyptians practised. Here is a significant passage showing strong testimony in favor of the morality of the Egyptians; it is from Professor Elliot Smith’s recent address before the Royal Society of Medicine, London. *The British Medical Journal* report says:

“At the time he began his investigations in Egypt certain French observers had expressed the view that the appearances seen in bones from some pre-dynastic bodies were due to syphilis.

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His own examination of the specimens, however, showed that the damage to the bones had been inflicted by beetles after death. Altogether, with his collaborators, he had examined some 40,000 bodies in every part of the Nile Valley belonging to every period of Egyptian history; in no single case was evidence of syphilis detected."

We may safely say, with Professor Jean Capart, that

"at a period when our civilization is tottering, all our respect is due to those giants who had attained the highest pinnacle and retained it so long."

The photograph of Cleopatra's beautiful little temple at Erment, the ancient Hermonthis, herewith reproduced, is one of the earliest camera-pictures taken of the Egyptian monuments; it is dated 1857. It is of special interest because the building has since been almost entirely destroyed; the few remaining parts have been obscured by being incorporated in a sugar factory. The length of the whole temple was 190 feet, the court with columns shown in the plate being 55 by 65 feet. Erment was formerly an important city, the capital of a nome or administrative district, and the temple was a famous shrine of the sacred bulls. It stands on the west bank of the Nile, about seven miles south of Thebes, from which place it may be visited after a ride over the rich plain, covered (when free from the water of the inundation) with interminable crops of beans and the small Egyptian pea, and also abounding in quails and partridges.

The great Pharaohs of the XVIIIth, XIXth, and XXth dynasties, who were buried in the mysterious depths of the cave-tombs cut in the limestone cliffs on the western side of the Nile, built their mortuary chapels at some distance from their hidden graves, apparently with the intention of keeping the location of their mummified remains more secret. Many of these mortuary temples, in which rites in honor of the deified monarchs were celebrated and in which their great deeds were represented in painting and sculpture, are highly interesting and, even in their ruin, show traces of extraordinary magnificence.

The main granite temple of Gurneh, shown in our plate, is the mortuary temple of Seti I, father of Rameses II. Gurneh was the northern district of the western half of the great city of Thebes, and the temple stands near the opening in the hills through which passes the road to the desolate and solemn Valley of the Tombs of the Kings in which Tutankhamen's burial-place has so unexpectedly been found. Much of the temple has been destroyed, including the great pylons at the entrance, but the remainder is beautiful and interesting. It contains portraits of Rameses the Great, who completed the work left unfinished by his father Seti. More than a thousand years separate this temple from the comparatively modern one of Cleopatra at Erment, and a comparison of the capitals of the pillars of the two buildings reveals a change of style. Those at

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Erment somewhat resemble the Greek Corinthian, which was at that time employed in classic architecture, but they display the more ponderous and monumental character which contrasts with the lighter and more elegant — and less spiritual, shall we say — feeling of Greek art.

The temple of Gerf Hoseyn is in Nubia, sixty miles above the first cataract of the Nile, and it greatly resembles Rameses' famous rock-cut temple of Ra at Abu Simbel, farther up the river; but it is smaller, and, in its present state, less interesting. It also was built by Rameses II, who is responsible for so many temples in Nubia. It was dedicated to Ptah, to whom the neighboring territory was sacred from very ancient times.

The front part of this temple was originally surrounded on three sides by an open court with columns. Rows of colossal figures of Rameses with the divine attributes of Osiris stood against the north and south sides, but only five remain. This court was cut out of the solid rock, and a portal at the west end (at the left in the plate) leads into the great hall, entirely hollowed out of the cliff. In front of the six pillars supporting the ceiling statues of the king stand in solemn dignity. One wall-carving brings up the question whether the Egyptian Pharaohs were monstrous egotists or whether some other explanation better meets the problem, for here Rameses is shown sitting between two of the gods as a divine personage, *receiving homage from himself as a mere human being.* We know that the Roman emperors — very undivine individuals as a rule — were flattered by being endowed with the title of Divus and having temples built to their honor, but we cannot feel confident that the Egyptians, with their habit of symbolizing great truths in singular forms, meant to display only the supposed arrogance of the rulers and the insignificance of the multitude by deifying the Pharaohs. The belief in the divinity of man was strongly held among the ancients, and it appears much more probable to the student of Theosophy, that the initiated priestly builders meant to indicate in the worship of the deified king by his own personality the all-important fact of the duality of human nature — the temporary personality and the immortal Self which incarnates from time to time in human form. This is a far more rational explanation of the problem and one more in harmony with the information we possess of the Egyptian knowledge of the seven principles of man than the guesswork hypotheses based on mere appearances read in the light of modern ignorance.



“HE that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against.”— *John Selden*

MAN'S DUTY TO LESSER BEINGS

T. HENRY, M. A.

BOTH biologists and psychologists are fond of comparing human traits with animal instincts, and either stating or assuming that the former have been derived by evolution from the latter. Thus our traits are represented as improved or sublimated animal instincts, and upon this basis ethical and moral doctrines may be founded.

But the mere fact of the analogy between man and animals does not prove that man descended from animals, or that human traits have originated in animal instincts. So far as the analogy alone goes, it might equally support the contrary conclusion — that the animals have descended from man, and that animal instincts are a dwarfed product of human traits.

If we should adopt either of these two opposite views, we should be going to extremes and making a narrow dogmatic statement, which, as such, would not be likely to be true. Nature is big enough to comprehend explanations which appear to be contradictory of each other; for such explanations are but partial views of the whole truth. It is idle to dispute whether a certain road leads uphill or downhill, or whether it is colder on the ridge or in the valley. It is both ways, according to circumstances.

MAN is the type towards which evolution is tending. But we see retrogressive processes as well as progressive. Thus we have three possible theories regarding man and animals: that the animals precede man; that they succeed him; that some of them precede and some succeed.

Science has traced the analogies in the structure of the various animals, and established a graduated scale rising from simple to complex in structure, and from rudimentary to highly perfected in function. According to the principle of progress, the high ought to be evolutionary products of the low. The opposite principle — that of retrogression — would lead to the inference that the low are remnants of the high. On examining the palaeontological record, we find, on the whole, the evidences of progress; but there are also instances of retrogression — of the degeneration and extinction of types.

What science lacks is evidence of the process of transformation by which one form must be supposed to pass into another (higher or lower, as the case may be). Available evidence shows a marked fixity in the

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types; with a tendency, wherever local or temporary circumstances have induced a variation, to revert to the original form as soon as the modifying influences have been removed. The theory that one species is produced from another by the gradual accumulation of small variations, these modifications being transmitted by procreation, lacks confirmation. The explanation of this difficulty is given by H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, and is that the physical organisms which appear visibly to our physical senses are discrete degrees in the scale, the connexions between which are not visible to our physical senses. The causal process of transformation takes place on a plane of objectivity other than the physical plane. It is the plastic astral models of the animals that are molded so as to engender new forms; and it is not until they have been thus altered that they appear on the physical plane.

Here, then, we have a sort of atomic theory; and indeed, to such a theory we are bound to reduce all attempted physical explanations of nature. Atoms, or units of some kind, separated by intervals, which, so far as physical matter is concerned, can only be described as empty. Atoms of physical matter, separated by space, to fill which we conjure up a new species of matter. Electrons and protons swimming in a sea of who knows what. Atoms of energy, called quanta. Time, separated into atomic moments, convenient for obtaining a clue to the paradoxes of Zeno regarding the nature of motion. The faculty of attention, separated by some psychologists into discrete atoms or moments, in the intervals between which our consciousness is elsewhere. We can analyse no farther than a congeries of units.

Therefore it is quite in order that the scale of animal forms should be a sequence of discrete units, united by an undiscovered medium of intercommunication. The teachings given by H. P. Blavatsky are confessedly outlines and fragments only; moreover one's own studies, even of those fragments, are fragmentary. Hence one must not venture on definite statements. But it would appear from what has been said that new forms must appear suddenly and ready-made (so to speak); and, judging by the general analogy of natural processes, this might occur at certain epochs in the world's history, or at any time, a question which we prefer to leave open.

An instance of retrogression is afforded by certain anthropoid apes, of which we read:

"The pithecoids . . . can and, as the Occult Sciences teach, *do* descend from the animalized Fourth human Root-Race, being the product of man and an extinct species of mammal — whose *remote* ancestors were themselves the product of Lemurian bestiality — which lived in the Miocene age."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 683

As to the relation of man to animals, we quote the following:

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"From the beginning of the Round, all in Nature tends to become Man. All the impulses of the dual, centripetal and centrifugal Force are directed towards one point — MAN.— II, 170

"Archaic Science allows the human physical frame to have passed through every form, from the lowest to the very highest, its present one, or from the simple to the complex. . . . But it claims that in this cycle (the fourth), the frame having already existed among the types and models of nature from the preceding Rounds—that it was quite ready for man from the beginning of *this Round*."— II, 660

"When it is borne in mind that all forms which now people the earth are so many variations on *basic types* originally thrown off by the MAN of the Third and Fourth Round, such an evolutionist argument as that insisting on the 'unity of structural plan' characterizing all vertebrates, loses its edge. . . . The human type is the repertory of all potential organic forms, and the central point from which these latter radiate. In this postulate we find a true '*Evolution*' or '*unfolding*.'— II, 683

"The mammalia, whose first traces are discovered in the marsupials of the Triassic rocks of the Secondary Period, were evolved from *purely* astral progenitors contemporary with the Second Race [of mankind]. They are thus *post-Human*, and, consequently, it is easy to account for the general resemblance between their embryonic stages and those of Man, who necessarily embraces in himself and epitomizes in his development the features of the group he originated."— II, 684

"The evolution of animals — of the mammalians at any rate — follows that of man instead of preceding it."— II, 168

"The occult doctrine maintains that, in this Round, the mammalians were a later work of evolution than man."— II, 180

For further details the reader is referred to the work quoted. But this is enough to indicate the scope and complexity of the subject. It is not surprising that the truth should be far ampler and richer than our speculations. But now we come to the point to which all the above has been introductory. This point is indicated in our second paragraph.

We understand that, though "man's physical frame has passed through every form," nevertheless "all forms which now people the earth are so many variations on *basic types* originally thrown off by the MAN of the Third and Fourth Round"; also that, in this Round, man preceded the mammals. This, therefore, makes man an elder brother (shall we say?) of animals, whom he guides, and who look up to him as to a leader. It is legitimate to infer that their humble instincts are imperfect imitations of man's character and doings. This gives quite an altered point of view.

The archaic teachings tell us that there was a time when man was pure and spiritual, followed by a time when he 'fell,' or yielded to the attractions of Matter. It is figured in the story of Eden and many another ancient allegory. After his fall he acquired gross passions; and now he is a creature with a dual nature, hovering between spirituality and materiality. He can allow himself to be debased by his contact with inferior nature; or, contrariwise, he can play the part of savior and instructor to the inferior orders of nature, which is his true duty. It has been prophesied that, when man has returned to his golden age, "the lion shall lie down with the lamb." Gross passions are a degenerate form of refined instincts; but matters are generally represented as the other way round.

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Man is in truth the great pattern and leader in nature; but he does not realize his privileges and responsibilities. By yielding to gross passions, he enslaves himself to nature; when, by resisting, he might assume his proper relation to her; thus he would become a harmonious coworker.

BAMBOO-AND-ORANGE POEM

After Li Po

KENNETH MORRIS

WHILST I sit by my window here
A breeze all sweet with orange-bloom,
Blowing by me, fills the room;
And I hear orange-venders near
Crying their wares, and see the glow
Of gold globed fruit on the trees below;
And take my brush and ink, and clear
On the white paper page let fall
Glyphs like orange-blooms,— and all,
Fall'n, become scent, bloom, trees, fruit, call
Of the orange-venders where they go,—
A poem the ends of the earth shall know.

And whilst I sit by the window here,
I watch the bamboos sway to and fro,
And hear their swish and whispers low
Like gray raindrops drifting drear,
Or a far stream o'er mountain stones,
Or a far scythe the reaper hones;
And take my brush and ink, and strew
Glyphs like sprigs of young bamboo,
That by some witchcraft echo again
Bamboo-sounds.— scythe, stream, drift of rain;
And when the page is covered, lo,
A poem a thousand years shall hear!

And time shall lay the bamboos by,
And bloom, fruit, scent, trees, groves shall go,
And they that cry the fruit shall die,
And I. . . . But the poem has naught to fear.

SCIENTIFIC GLEANINGS

BY THE BUSY BEE

MAN AND APE



THE following confirms an important point insisted on by H. P. Blavatsky in her writings on evolution. In a report of British Association proceedings, we read that Professor Elliot Smith said that some of the traits once regarded as distinctive of the higher races of men are found in newborn members of the lower races and are by them subsequently lost; and that certain features considered peculiar to man are found in newborn gorillas and chimpanzees, but not in the adults of these animals.

Now H. P. Blavatsky is arguing that the anthropoid apes are to be regarded as degenerative side issues from the human stem, not as links in the upward growth thereof; and she cites certain scientific authorities to the effect that this view is borne out by the fact that the young animals are more highly developed than the adults. As to man —

“His intellect develops and increases with age, while his facial bones and jaws diminish and straighten, thus being more and more spiritualized: whereas with the ape it is the reverse. In its youth the anthropoid is far more intelligent and good-natured, while with age it becomes duller; and, as its skull recedes and seems to diminish as it grows, its facial bones and jaws develop, the brain being finally crushed, and thrown entirely back, to make with every day more room for the animal type. The organ of thought — the brain — recedes and diminishes, entirely conquered and replaced by that of the beast — the jaw-apparatus.”

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 682

What is said above about the human races which lose certain traits after the young have grown up, is borne out by the remarks made by H. P. Blavatsky on races which are dying out. As discovery goes on, we have to admit that many types which we had sought to include as links in the chain of human development are only branches diverging from the main stem. What then is this main stem? We still lack evidence to show that man was ever anything else than the complete being he now is; and all apparent evidence to the contrary is found to be merely proof that man has often made temporary divergences, or has degenerated from, the main type.

ANCIENT MATHEMATICS VINDICATED

THE quantum-theory in physics is, roughly, that energy is not infinitely divisible, but is conveyed in certain minimum quantities, which

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might be described as atoms of energy. This theory has been arrived at inductively; it was found to fit the facts better.

We see in a newspaper report that G. N. Lewis, of the University of California, said that this theory is producing one of the greatest revolutions in the history of thought; and that the classical theories have regarded Nature as being continuous and interpretable by the infinitesimal calculus, while the quantum-theory goes back to the older and simpler methods of counting in measureable units. The continuity-theory, he said, failed to correspond with results, which latter however could be explained by the supposition that all action takes place in measurable jumps or by the accretion of units. Dalton's atomic law was one illustration, and the division of electrical quantity into units called electrons was another.

Another tribute to ancient mathematics! It has been said that "We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow"; but it seems we may grow wiser yet and realize that our fathers were not so foolish after all.

The neglect of the truer principle leads to such results as that gases at -273°C . occupy zero volume, or that 1000 men can build a house in a few minutes. Numbers begin with unity, and any attempt to divide unity by fractions or decimals is a feeble subterfuge.

In tracing the development of ideas through the centuries that comprise the emergence of the present civilization from preceding dark ages, we do not always remember that there were ages of enlightenment before those dark ages. Day both follows and precedes night; and this analogy will be found to hold good in the history of humanity. We are the heirs of a long and varied past; and our present intellectual career is largely marked by the unearthing of portions of that past.

PROTONS AND ELECTRONS

THE material universe is built up of less than 100 chemical elements. Every chemical element is built up of protons and electrons. Therefore the material universe is built up of protons and electrons. So we get to the Yin-Yang, the masculine and feminine, positive and negative, and many another duality recognised by philosophy in all ages. Chemistry is one of the magicians of the future, said H. P. Blavatsky. Science, faithfully pursued, discovers truth — what *is*.

The electrons and protons, by their older names, are units of negative and positive electricity respectively. But these words, negative and positive, are arbitrary, and, if used at all, were better interchanged. Some early investigator of electricity chose to call one kind negative and the other positive. He would better have chosen the other way, since his negative electricity is the more festive and skittish of the two. The

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negative unit is now called the electron, and the positive the proton.

These attract and repel each other. As we have chosen to regard them as separated, we have to explain why they are not. Having postulated a *distans*, we have to account for the *actio* across it. Hence the necessary ether, needed as a medium for the transference of energy (whatever that is) from one unit to another.

We are told, however, that the protons and electrons are probably not strangers swimming in an ethereal ocean, but actually coagulations (in some sort) of the ether itself. Hence we get right back to one primal element for the entire material universe. It is all made up of ether. And so we have the One, and after that the Two. No doubt it would be easy to build up analogies to the whole system of hypostases given in the early pages of *The Secret Doctrine*.

But somehow we are not appreciably nearer the problem of tomorrow's breakfast or where we go after death. The universe could be resolved into thoughts or emotions as easily as into physical elements. Matter is just a way of looking at things. All the same, we may blow ourselves up with it, if we are not careful.

The proton and the electron are about the same size, but the proton weighs about 1830 times as much as the electron. What becomes of one's notions of density? Then we are told that the proton weighs about as much as an atom of hydrogen, but is a million-million times smaller.

THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

XIII

THE philosopher Demetrius,—so noted for his independence and outspoken manner, for which he afterwards suffered banishment, although characterized by Seneca as an example of exalted genius uncorrupted in a world of corruption,—came to Rome about this time. He was so devoted to Apollonius that suspicion was aroused. Even that devotion was whispered to be the result of selfish magic. Then it was supposed that Apollonius might be behind his acts, of which an example is quoted.

Nero was celebrating the anniversary of the completion of his wonderful gymnasium, the admiration of Rome. The senate and the equestrian order were assembled, and the sacrifices performed with full ceremony. It was a great triumph for Nero. Then Demetrius entered and pro-

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nounced an oration stigmatizing all who bathed in it as effeminate; he declared that the expense was an extravagant waste.

Undoubtedly he would have lost his life, but Nero that day was vastly pleased with the world in general for he had outdone himself in singing, not a very difficult matter, one may suppose, for a man with such an unpleasant discordant voice! This he had done in a tavern, a public house — a saloon,—near the gymnasium, naked but for a girdle tied round his waist, which scanty clothing distinguished him from the dram-shop habitués, since they had not even a girdle.

Tigellinus, however, who was practically the Chief of Police, banished him from the city for his daring. This Tigellinus was a type of the average corrupt office-holder. He kept a “vigilant but silent eye” over Apollonius, having every little word and deed however small or innocent reported to him. One fact was held to be very suspicious when a clap of thunder occurred during an eclipse. The great Cappadocian raised his eyes at this unknown prodigy and said: “A great event shall or shall not happen.” Not exactly what one might call a committal statement, but when three days later a thunderbolt fell on the table while Nero sat at supper and smashed the cup he was raising to his lips to drink from, it was understood.

Tigellinus did not know what to make of it. He supposed Apollonius must be deeply skilled in divine matters and was afraid, but kept it to himself in silence. He still maintained his spy-system, however, so that he was informed if Apollonius said anything, or if, on the other hand, he said nothing. If the Cappadocian went for a walk, it was immediately reported. If he didn't go for a walk, but stayed at home, that was reported too. If he had his dinner by himself, Tigellinus was kept posted by his sleuths, but if Apollonius had a guest, ah, that was something that had to be reported and entered in his dossier; if Apollonius sacrificed, it had to be told; if he did not sacrifice, then there was something suspicious about it, never a doubt. In fact the secret police of Tigellinus did what secret police have always done when dealing with a man whose life is so absolutely and philosophically straightforward that he differed from the folk around him, from the time of Socrates to the *sbirri* of the Bastille with their net around the innocent Cagliostro. In short, whether Apollonius did anything or did not do anything, the spies noted it carefully for their chief. Of course, as always happens in such cases, they condemned him on some utterly futile charge.

This time it was an outbreak of asthma or ‘flu.’ The physicians thought they might as well call it a catarrh as call it anything else. But when the raucous divine voice of their prizefighting Nero was affected, then the matter became serious. The temples were crowded with votaries

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offering prayers for his recovery. That dreadful fellow Apollonius, however, never said a word; he did not even rebuke these hypocritical devotees of their vaudeville Emperor, the ruler of all the world that mattered. Menippus was not so indifferent. He could hardly contain himself with indignation.

"Restrain yourself," said Apollonius. "The gods may be forgiven if they take pleasure in the company of clowns and jesters."

Reported to the chief of police, of course. This time they had caught their man. Immediate arrest on a charge of high treason or *lèse-majesté* followed, and one of the cleverest of the informers or spies or shyster lawyers in the place was ready with his cunningly contrived accusation which the innocence of a baby could not escape. This man was an artist, a specialist, a detective *par excellence*. Had he not brought ruin to many and many a man, and was he not full of such Olympian triumphs?

What a scene in that Roman police-court! The cards were packed, the case was forejudged, and yet none could say that it was not a fair trial, since all the forms of law were there, exactly as in the case of the child Joan of Arc centuries later. But Apollonius was not a child and Tigellinus was not Bishop Cauchon.

The lawyer was in high spirits. He flourished his scroll of the accusation before Apollonius as though it were a sword. "This weapon has a sharp edge," he boasted. "Your hour has come at last!"

Tigellinus took the scroll and unfolded it. *It was a perfect blank.* So were the faces of his accusers!

Tigellinus was impressed, as well he might be. He took Apollonius into the private room of the court where the most solemn business was conducted. He cleared the court and interviewed his prisoner alone.

"Who are you?" he asked.

Apollonius told him his name, and that of his father and his country; also the use he made of philosophy, which was to know both gods and men. "But to know oneself," he said, "that is the most difficult of all things!"

"How is it you discover demons, and the apparitions of specters?" asked his interlocutor, who was an impious man and one who encouraged and supported Nero in his cruelty and debauchery and his murders.

"Just as I do homicides and impious men," said Apollonius, not without a suspicion of sarcasm in his tone.

"Will you prophesy for me if I ask you?" went on Tigellinus, quite willing to change the subject.

"How can I? I am not a soothsayer!" said Apollonius.

"But it is reported that you were the one who said that a great event would or would not take place?"

"True enough," said Apollonius, "but that had nothing to do with

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the art of divination. It is rather that wisdom that Jupiter makes manifest to the wise!" — This is precisely the reasoning of the inspired girl-warrior of France before her ecclesiastical blood-seekers. The parallel is not without its interest.

"How is it," said Tigellinus, "that you have no fear of Nero?" It certainly was a puzzle.

"Because the same Deity that made him formidable, made me bold," said the philosopher.

One more question to catch this wily reasoner in treason, if he could not be tricked into admission of the use of 'magic arts.' "What do you think of the Emperor?"

"Better than you do! You think he ought to sing, and I think he ought to hold his tongue!" was the calm reply.

Tigellinus had no more to say to this wonderful man.

"You can go where you please, only you must give security for your appearance when called upon." It was rather an unusual condescension for Tigellinus.

"Who can go bail for what cannot be bound?" asked his prisoner.

"Well, you can go where you please!" replied Tigellinus. He gave up the contest. His authority could not cope with what he saw was a divine power. It is no use fighting the gods, he concluded, not without reason.

RAISING THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER

A girl, of consular family, died at the time she was about to be married. The man who was to have married her followed among the mourners, who were many, because of her social position. "All Rome condoled with him."

Apollonius met the funeral procession. He stopped and desired the bearers to set down the bier.

"I will dry up the tears you are shedding for the girl," he said. "What is her name?"

The spectators were touched. Here was this foreign philosopher, a strange man, truly, but one whom many regarded as a god, and who was welcome in every temple, stopping to deliver a funeral oration, to soothe the feelings of the relatives and mourners, and to enlist the compassion of the passers by.

He did nothing of the sort. He bent over the girl and merely touched her as he spoke a few words in a low tone of voice over her body; none apparently heard just what he said.

The girl sat up and began to speak. The whole party returned to her father's house, as the tale swiftly passed through every gossip in Rome that Apollonius had raised a high official's daughter to life, adding marvels as the tale grew, until it probably became utterly unrecognisable.

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The recorder of the history shows his good sense, however, in his comment:

“It is as difficult for me as it was to all who were present, to ascertain whether Apollonius discovered the vital spark, which had escaped the doctors, for it is said it rained at the time, which caused a vapor to rise from her face, or whether he cherished and brought back the soul to life, which was apparently extinct.”

It would be well if all historians of great lives were as judicious in their relations. The fact that Philostratus makes such a remark shows that he himself was a student of the philosophy of Apollonius, which was that of Pythagoras, which was that of Iarchas himself and his school.

MUSONIUS IN PRISON

The brave attitude of the philosophers in the face of persecution is shown in the correspondence of Apollonius and Musonius, “who excelled most others in philosophy.”

During his confinement he deprecated all intercourse with Apollonius lest it might endanger both of them. The letters that passed were taken by Menippus and Damis, who both had access to the prison. Here are several of those that passed.

“Apollonius to Musonius the Philosopher, Greeting.

“I wish to go to you and enjoy your conversation and roof. I wish to be in some way or other useful to you. If you doubt not that Hercules delivered Theseus from the shades, write your pleasure. *Vale.*”

“Musonius to Apollonius the Philosopher.

“Your proposal is worthy of all praise. But the man who is able to clear himself and prove he is guilty of no crime, will deliver himself. *Vale.*”

“Apollonius to Musonius the Philosopher.

“Socrates the Athenian refused being delivered by his friends. He was guilty of no crime cognisable by the court which tried him. Yet he died. *Vale.*”

“Musonius to Apollonius the Philosopher.

“Socrates died because he did not defend himself. But I will defend myself. *Vale.*”

Who shall doubt that the diamond spirit of these grand philosophers shone in that corrupt age with such a light that it gave comfort to those who suffered for the sake of truth in still darker ages, and yet suffer, with a joyful heart?

The next time Apollonius heard of his unselfish friend was at the Corinth canal which Nero “did or did not cut.” He was digging in a convict-gang, but his spirit was unbroken. The fact is a proof that

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Apollonius was running a very real danger in his visit to Rome and that the eight who followed him needed all their courage. Apollonius was right when he refused to blame the twenty-six who left him on the way.

Now Nero went down into Greece and so great was his fear of magic and of philosophy that he first decreed the banishment of all philosophers from Rome.

Apollonius decided to visit the Western world, said to end at Gibraltar and Cadiz. He would see the ebb and flow of the ocean-tides, and the city of Cadiz whose inhabitants possessed a philosophy, it was said, that approached divine wisdom.

All his company went with him, praising not only his determination in making such a journey, but also the object for which it was made.

This appears to have been about the year 66 A. D., when Apollonius was nearing seventy years of age.

(To be continued)

DESCRIPTION OF A JOURNEY IN AMERICA

[Translation of an article written by Mr. N. A. de Vries of Groningen, Holland, who toured America in the spring of 1923 on behalf of the Dutch Society for the abolition of alcoholic liquors, to study the subject of Prohibition in the United States. Translation by Madame A. M. de Lange-Gouda.]

Los Angeles, May 1923.

AT THE THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS ON THE PACIFIC

WHILE in California we paid a visit to Mme. Katherine Tingley, the well-known Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, at Point Loma, near San Diego.

Nearly everybody has heard about her and her Theosophical work and School, or has seen illustrations of the beautiful surroundings of these Headquarters and the Râja-Yoga College where large numbers of students are trained and educated.

In general, we are very unfamiliar with the teachings of Theosophy, though to a certain extent we all have some notion of what is meant by Reincarnation, Universal Brotherhood, and Universal Peace. A great many feel a sympathy when they hear about Theosophy, yet they fail to find the inner urge to go further into the study of this doctrine in order to try and discover this mysticism, peace, and happiness. At first glance the teachings appear to be intricate, so Oriental, so very far-away. We are striving and are taken up with our own battles; and for these we wish to live, and these continually bring us back to ourselves and to the 'realities.'

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Now that we are so near to this center, with its ideal view of life, we have made up our minds to try and see a little bit more than just a glimpse, and to hear somewhat more about it; in fact we wished to be allowed to enter the grounds.

So be it; we have succeeded, and we have been received in a manner far, far beyond our expectation. We have enjoyed such hospitality that no words of praise will be good enough to do justice to our impressions.

The trip [from Los Angeles] started by automobile and we drove a good many hours along the coast of the Pacific and through semi-tropical California; all along the road there were beautiful palm-trees, pines, and olive-trees, orchards of lemon and orange-trees, the fragrance of which filled the atmosphere. Then cypresses and eucalypts and fig-trees; in fact, endless variety completed that wonderful picture of nature, and everywhere the wild flowers greeted us.

We first stopped at the foot of the hills of Point Loma, where from a far distance the domes of the temples of the Theosophical Society were to be seen. Before us the deep-blue Pacific, and above our heads a flock of big pelicans; here we feel indeed how far away we are from the Low Countries! Our common Dutch frogs would be startled to death at the sight of such extravagant bills; their respect for a stork is already more than enough!

And now we have reached the main gate, and we get out and walk between two rows of wonderful, majestic palm-trees to the top of the hill. There we are greeted by a number of gentlemen in khaki uniform. They are some of the higher officials, as we understand.

One is an artist, a painter: the symbolical cover of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* is from his hand, and so is the carving-work of the two figures on the doors of the Temple of Peace. He is a man full of the purest simplicity, sweetness, and modesty. Then there is the General Secretary, who is ready to show us around. We are welcome; we feel it by the smiling faces and the amiable way in which they greet us. A third gentleman is a Dutchman; well, there was something pleasant about it to meet once more with a genuine countryman.

The different buildings, the Temple of Peace, and the open-air Greek Theater with the Pacific for a background, are shown to us. It is all far, far finer than illustrations could ever render it; it is beauty in its greatness.

Before Katherine Tingley purchased the land, it consisted of bare hills, but within about twenty years, energy and the talent of organizing turned it into a paradise. Then we are invited to see Mme. Tingley's home where products of art are collected by her on her trips around the world and are to be seen; the art of the Buddhists was finely represented.

And now we wondered. Will there be a chance to see her personally? Was there anything that could make us believe it to be possible? But suddenly a message was brought in. "She could not meet us at once, but in case we could stay, it would be agreeable to her to see us at supper, and after supper a concert would be arranged, given by the students of the Râja-Yoga Col-

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lege." I need not mention that we accepted this invitation most eagerly; it appeared to us as something not quite real, for we heard that such an invitation was extended only very occasionally; in the meantime distinguished guests entered into the drawing-rooms of the home which was so cordially opened to us. For a moment the conversation flagged, for our hostess had not yet arrived. . . . This was the long-expected moment!! Everyone rose from his seat with a most distinct and great respect. One looks up to her with a simple and as it were a childlike courage. She is a wonderful woman, there is a quality of real nobility in her, but it is the absolute ease of manner and the true refinement which impressed us most of all. Her eyes are bright, always moving and alert, and her whole appearance marks sweetness and amiability. Yet it seems to me that she could not be imposed upon, and that she is fully conscious of her position.

She is one of the very rare women who participate in the public life of America; or, better, of the whole world, for she is far from merely national. In the most difficult ultra-nationalistic period, when America entered into the world-war, she held to her principles of internationalism and worked for peace.

Many times she spoke about Holland in a most friendly way. That we owed her hospitality to the fact that we came from Holland and in connexion with our work was soon clear to us. Mme. Tingley and all the members view the cause of prohibition from the proper standpoint; they are all total abstainers.

At supper the conversation was characterized by delightful ease and charm; a short debate with a clever Swiss professor added to the enjoyment. Mme. Tingley told of her experiences and how the dream of her youth had come to a realization. She thoroughly enjoys her own hospitality and this makes her a hostess *par excellence*.

Later we left the house. It was a most unusual, delightful evening, such as we read about in books.

Far in the distance below were the many thousand brilliant lights of the city. Above our heads the twinkling stars, and all along the road to the temple of music, the big palm-trees. We feel the atmosphere and pure expression of peace and rest all around us.

As we entered the concert-hall the audience was seated, the men in khaki, and the women in their white dresses. A young student came to the front and told about the Wisdom-Religion and the work of the Leader. He is full of devotion, convinced of the ultimate triumph of the Theosophical principles.

Then the concert opens — a perfect harmony. These students have all good faces. At the close we were courteously invited to speak; no time there is to think it over: at once we face the audience, and hear ourselves say a few words which are intended to convey our feelings and impressions. This *is* an environment of purity, here *is* atmosphere. All is friendliness in our hearts; how could we express a word of doubt? The world is so different

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from this ideal environment. Is it possible that from this place the world is to be regenerated? Each individual? So to speak, one by one? Yet, "those who have faith, do not haste" (Bible verse).

But there are millions waiting for aid; they cannot wait so long. Life's battle is a quicker weapon than the force of persuasion. Cooperation, mutual understanding, these must be, if we are to meet the future.

After we finished, the Leader rose and addressed us. With her eloquence she knew how to find the right word, she knew how to express her friendliness for our country, its social workers and its educators.

The whole atmosphere of this wonderful place has been won by the warm sympathy expressed; we were introduced to many of the members, and their warm hand-clasps convinced us that the people living on the hills of Point Loma are good people.

The auto is waiting for us to see us quite safely to our hotel in the city, and we take leave of these friendly people. The General Secretary saw us off, with a package of literature for each of us, and before the hotel we bade farewell with a sincere hand-clasp.

It was a glorious day. Once in a while we get an opportunity in this world to breathe in something humane. — N. A. DE VRIES

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R. MACHELL

(Continued from the December issue)

EISDALE and Mary left the house together. She accepted his escort gladly, as she was eager to hear more about his visit to Lansdowne Road, the account of which had been interrupted by the arrival of George Chesney.

They strolled across the park, and on through Kensington Gardens, forgetting time, absorbed in the interest of the subject, and feeling as if they were old friends or actual relatives. As they were parting Mary remembered the miniatures, and asked pointblank:

"Who did you say gave you those portraits?"

And Eisdale answered frankly: "An old man who calls himself my uncle; though I rather doubt his word. His name is Romanetti."

Mary thought for a moment, with her eyes bent down, and said with a shake of the head: "I never heard the name. What could have made that man suppose that they were portraits of my mother? Of course all miniatures of that date have some sort of family likeness to one another. I never saw a picture of my mother, and I was too young when she died for any reliable memory of her or of my father. You must come and be introduced to my

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aunt, Mrs. Fairfax, who is my foster-mother. She does not approve of my artistic efforts and treats me as an amateur. I mean to convert her when my big picture is exhibited."

Eisdale was equal to the occasion, and expressed a keen desire to see the great work, but Mary fully understood the value of mystery and said that if he came to tea at the studio he would be welcome, and need not fear that she would show him any of her paintings. Eisdale's reply was interrupted by Mary's sudden exclamation: "Oh, there's old Abdurrahman," as she waved her hand to an old man in a red fez and carrying a pack, who was standing at a crossing on the other side of the road, and who returned the salute respectfully. She hastened to explain:

"He is an old friend of mine. Do you know him? He tells me wonderful Arab stories."

"And sells you oriental tapestries," laughed Eisdale. "Yes, I have heard of him, but I have no use for models, as I am painting portraits all the time. I shall take your invitation literally; and I hope that some day you will bring your aunt to see my studio."

So they parted with a frank regret; for each of them had felt that mutual confidence that is usually found only between old friends or near relatives. It seemed so natural to be together, that they almost wondered why they had to part.

When Eisdale reached his studio he took out the miniatures and studied them more closely. Certainly there was a likeness between Miss Sinclair and the painting of his aunt Jeannette, whose name was evidently Sinclair. Could it be possible that Mary was daughter to his aunt? If so she evidently knew nothing of her true parentage. To question Romanetti would be useless, and would but produce some new and quite impossible version of the story, the truth of which was probably well known only to Mrs. Fairfax, Mary's foster-mother. Eisdale had never heard her name from Romanetti; yet she must be sister to his mother as to Mary's.

That there had been a scandal seemed evident, and nothing was more probable than that it had been carefully hushed up. But the truth must surely be known to Mrs. Fairfax, had she, if questioned, would undoubtedly deny all knowledge of the scandal if there were one.

And that was precisely what happened that same evening, when Mary without warning asked her aunt if she had ever known a man called Romanetti. Mrs. Fairfax froze up stiff and cold, and answered icily: "I know no one of that name."

Mary was silent for a while, watching her aunt's attempt to regain some semblance of her usual good-tempered equanimity; and, wondering if it would be excusable to ask another question on a forbidden subject, which had been so long buried between them, ventured to inquire: "Have you a portrait of my mother? Surely there is one. I should like to see it."

Her aunt was visibly distressed by this insistence, and grew impatient. She drew herself up with dignity, and, as if speaking to a child, said: "Your

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mother is dead. I think that you should let her rest in peace; if there is peace for such as her."

The last sentence was to herself, but still distinctly audible: and Mary resented the harshness of it. Controlling her feelings she said simply: "I want to see a picture of my mother."

Mrs. Fairfax hesitated; then with an air of pained submission she rose and swept out of the room in silence.

Mary had known that her mother was supposed to have in some way forfeited her sister's good opinion; but she was shocked at the condemnation in her aunt's voice, as well as in the words used. Was it possible that her mother could have so disgraced herself as to give warrant for such severity?

When Mrs. Fairfax returned she carried a small square case containing a miniature-painting of the three sisters in a group. She opened the case and offered it to her niece with the cold remark: "The center figure was your mother: the fair-haired girl was meant for me, and the other is your aunt Anne. You may keep it."

"Thank you," said Mary graciously; and added: "I don't remember seeing her, aunt Anne; what was her married name?"

Mrs. Fairfax considered herself strong-willed and looked upon her niece as still a child; so now she took a firm tone of assured authority attempting to stop all further questioning by an unusual display of stern displeasure.

"You know my desire that this subject should be allowed to remain buried. When people are dead their names should be unmentioned, if we are not able truthfully to speak well of them. I have been a mother to you as far as I was able. . . ."

Mary was overwhelmed with penitence and shame for her ingratitude to her foster-mother: she put her arm round her aunt's shoulder, begging forgiveness and promising never to question her again. "We'll let the story die. I am content to know no more than you may choose to tell me. Forgive me, dear."

Which the good lady was ready enough to do, for such an effort of authority was an unusual strain upon a will so seldom exercised that it had almost lost even a show of strength. But Mary was not satisfied. She fancied she could trace the likeness of these early portraits to the later ones in Eisdale's hands and she was forced to ask herself if one of these two was wife to Romanetti; and if she herself were cousin to the painter calling himself Hubert Eisdale. She could not let the story of her mother pass into oblivion as she had promised: yet she was most unwilling to speak on such a subject to any of her aunt's friends, none of whom had seemed to know that she ever had a mother.

She wondered if Eisdale knew anything about the history of the two sisters, who were said to be his relatives. Was he too born with a shameful shadow on his parentage? Who was this Romanetti? She brooded upon the subject to no purpose; and then wondered why Emily Macmillan had not been near her for so long. Emily might help her to a solution of the

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problem: her range of information was wide, and her knowledge of the world peculiar. So Mary decided to call on her erratic friend; and found her polishing a curious little oriental chest, that she had bought from Abdurrahman recently.

"That old charlatan," she said, "persuaded me that I should find a secret drawer somewhere hidden in the bottom or the sides, and I was fool enough to take the bait and give him more than it was worth. But no matter. I am polishing it up; and then I know a man who will buy it for a good deal more than it cost me. That old idiot said he had seen you coming out of Kensington Gardens with your brother. I told him that you had no brother, but he is obstinate, and I could see he thought that I knew nothing about the matter. Whom were you with? He said you waved your hand to him. Do you remember it?"

"Oh yes!" said Mary laughing. "That was Hubert Eisdale, the portrait-painter, a man I met at Lady Loseby's. I like him; but I think he has no more relations than I seem to have. Did you ever see my mother?"

Emily looked up astonished at the directness of the question and answered thoughtfully: "Not that I know of. Probably I did in India when I was a child; I don't remember."

Mary did not stand on ceremony with her friend, nor did she apologize for questioning her, but asked with the same blunt directness: "Did you ever hear the name of Romanetti?"

Emily Macmillan admitted that she had, but gave no further explanation; and her friend persisted in the same manner, demanding:

"Who was he? I want to know all about it. My aunt refused to tell me anything; and I have a right to know. Was he the husband of my aunt Anne? Did you ever see her?"

Emily was silent for a moment and then said rather more gently than usual: "Why not be content to let the dead rest in peace? Why dig up old histories which may be all false after all? I never met your aunt Anne. I understood that she was married to a Colonel McIntyre, who was killed in Corsica, I believe."

"Then who was Romanetti?"

Again Miss Macmillan hesitated and protested, saying that she was too young then to know what happened, and that scandalous stories were always unreliable.

"But what had my mother to do with the scandal, if there was one? Tell me what you have heard, and I will decide for myself how much to believe."

"Well," answered Emily reluctantly, "she was supposed to have married Romanetti when her husband died; and then her sister Anne went to visit her, and fell in love with Romanetti, who got hold of her money and gambled it away. But that was after your mother had left him, and taken her first husband's name again. I believe she died soon after and your aunt Mrs. Fairfax took you in an infant. That is about how I made it out to be: of course there were variations in the stories. You know how old cats gossip:

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that generation lived on scandal, I think. Not that our times are much better."

Mary, however, was not listening; her mind was busy trying to link up what she had heard before with what her friend had just told of the story. One more question she asked: "How did my father die?"

Emily Macmillan tried to avoid answering by suddenly suggesting tea, as if the subject was closed; but Mary paid no attention to the proposal and repeated her question. The answer was what she expected.

"Captain Sinclair shot himself at Baden-Baden, at the gambling-tables there, you know." But she did not venture to suggest that losses at the tables were the cause; nor did she press her friend to stay, when she got up to go. What could she say?

When Mary got back to her studio, Jessie informed her that a gentleman had called and that she had taken upon herself to say that Miss Sinclair would probably be home for tea, if he would call a little later. His name was Eisdale, she explained, holding his card in her hand.

Mary exclaimed at the idea of the girl giving such an invitation; but Jessie excused herself by adding that the caller was "a very nice-looking gentleman," which seemed a sufficient explanation; and Mary accepted the inevitable, wondering if this were a mere chance, or a scene in a set drama in which her part was as yet a mystery. Jessie was making tea as if the caller's return were sure; and Mary was lost in speculations on the story she had heard, when the knocker sounded, and the girl hurried to the door. But the visitor was Abdurrahman, and Jessie asked him to wait while she inquired if Miss Sinclair was at liberty to see him.

"Certainly!" said Mary. "Show him in," and rose to greet him with a smile that was a genuine expression of welcome. There was something in his presence that seemed to clear the air of the unpleasant influence left in her mind by the story of her mother's life, and her own doubtful parentage. But almost before she had finished her greetings another knock came, and the old man smiled, saying:

"Ah! that will be your brother. I saw him across the road as I turned the corner of the street."

Mary was about to protest, when suddenly the full import of her friend's story flashed upon her; and she stood staring in front of her in a dazed condition as Eisdale entered. She tried to greet him naturally and turned to Abdurrahman, saying: "This is Mr. Eisdale who was with me the other day when I saw you across the road."

Abdurrahman saluted the painter, looking at him attentively and accepting Miss Sinclair's correction of his mistake without comment, but with some mental hesitation. Jessie had set the tea-tray on an oriental tabouret, and Mary invited her guests to sit down while she officiated. Eisdale could not but look upon the old pedlar as a superfluity, but he was evidently a welcome guest here, and so the young man forgave the intruder for spoiling an interesting tête-a-tête. Mary called his attention to several of

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the rugs and brasses she had bought from the Arab, and said laughingly:

"You came just in time to save me from temptation. I cannot resist those eastern embroideries and things. They seem to suggest home to me. I don't know why, unless it is a reminiscence of some former life."

"Why not?" asked Eisdale. "We must all have had such associations some time. The wonder to me is that we recall so little from our past."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," quoted Mary sententially; then added a little bitterly: "Would it be well to remember our former lives, when we are mercifully allowed to forget so much that should be forgotten? I think that the desire to dig up the past is so strong, and is so foolish, that nature must have invented death as a veil to shut out our former lives. Else we should all be lunatics. Why, the memories of one lifetime are enough sometimes to drive people to insanity and suicide; and yet we want to know more. 'What fools we mortals be!'"

"Perhaps," said Eisdale thoughtfully, "if we knew more, we should understand more, and should not be so upset by mere memories of the past, any more than we should be alarmed at what the future may have in store for us. Some people commit suicide to avoid the future, because they fear it so; but if they knew that they had lived through worse things in past lives than they anticipate in this one, surely they would not worry about the future. Knowledge is good; and we must accept the unpleasant side of it, if we want to know more than the bare facts of life. The desire for knowledge is natural to man, and he must take it as it comes, or close his mind altogether. Ignorance is a kind of death."

"But ignorance may be bliss; and death may be release, as the epitaphs say," suggested Mary.

"But if the people who put such epitaphs on the tombs of their dead friends really believed what the inscriptions say, why should they mourn and lament, as if death were a catastrophe?"

Mary laughed, and asked: "Would you have human beings act consistently?"

"Why not?" asked Eisdale puzzled. "Are we all lunatics?"

"Until we attain to wisdom, I think we are," answered Mary with a half sigh, adding thoughtfully: "And those who have become illuminated pass on to other spheres. Is it not so? What do you think about it, Abdurrahman? Is this world a heaven or a hell; or is it a great lunatic asylum?"

The old man had been listening in silence, as if such speculations were beyond his reach; and Eisdale thought that Mary Sinclair had appealed to him more as a way of turning the conversation on to a line in which he also could take part, so the artist was silent, and sipped his tea abstractedly. But Abdurrahman took the question seriously, and replied, courteously apologizing for his peculiar point of view.

(To be continued)