

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR


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"We live in succession, in division, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One."—R. W. EMERSON: *The Over-Soul*

THE SONG IN THE SILENCE

KATHERINE TINGLEY

N silence we must stand . . . to gather out of that solemn beauty the joy humanity needs. . . . Much more can be expressed through silence, always, than through speech. The inner life which is music — the overtones and undertones of the universal harmony — is only accessible in the silence. Music lifts for awhile the veil between ourselves and the Unseen, the Unspoken, the Unknowable; but there is a music that cannot be heard — that the heart can feel and the soul realize and the mind reach to — so potent that it is without outward sound.

Before ever man was on earth, Nature, dwelling alone in her beauty and secret mysterious power, felt the need of some grander manifestation of Divinity, and as it were cried aloud to the Higher Law to bring a new power into the world; and in answer to her prayer Man stepped into the arena of life — Man the Master, thrilled through and held and controlled by the Divine Spark, the spiritual center of his being. Then when thus the Human Soul was first incarnate here, out of its own inmost depths and out of the heart of the deep silences of Nature a glorious song arose that swept and echoed through the universe,—

*"The stars of Morning sang together,
And all the Sons of God shouted for joy;"—*

the Soul of Man and the Soul of Nature singing in harmony; and the song became assimilated with the silence of the stars and the mountains and the murmur of the forests and the seas, and has sung itself down since through all the reaches

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of time: its magical overtones, heard in our hearts, reminding us of our lost godhood, of our goal which is perfection, and of the unflinching courage proper to us as souls.

Only in the silent and secret recesses of our being can we hear it; only there can truth be fully known. When the outer senses are stilled, and self-control takes possession of the mind, listening inwardly, one may hear the deeper notes of the divine melody.

It works on inner and quiet lines; touches our consciousness here and there, quickening it to greater sensitivity.

Our outer ears are deaf to it because we have willed them away from hearing; our minds cannot perceive, because with our indifference we have rebuked the Higher Law, and allowed the confused thoughts of the lower man, mean or doubting, to keep us in the shadows; and yet I know that wherever we might be, in the darkest corner of the earth or the most beautiful, were our sense not dulled with the noise of the world we should hear the Grand Symphony.

Go back in thought to the time of your childhood, when the world was beautiful to you, and such appreciation of the fullness of life came over you that your inmost soul told you of its own divine nature, and you felt in your heart the presence of God: you caught the sound, inwardly, of the mighty undertones and overtones then! To all of us such moments of revelation come; and if they pass quickly it is because our thoughts run so in the grooves of self, and we hold our minds, which, divested of self-satisfaction, might become superb factors in the refashioning of human affairs, too often as if each day were eternity and our business in it nothing but to make trouble for ourselves.

As a child in the woods of my father's estate in New England I learned to love the silence. There was always a song for me in the noiseless waters of the historic Merrimac as they swept along the woodland shores towards the sea. The quiet of friendly pine-trees soothed my unrest: they seemed to me dear companions of my own, set there to guard the secrets of Nature. The birds in my imaginings were darling wood-fairies, messengers from some inner and lovelier land; the fragrance of the pines and laurels was the breath of the Great Spirit, the Love that brooded over all things. I felt as though I were some winged thing; at unexpected moments a Master-Power awakening within me filled my brain with pictures that came and went. It spoke to me through the silence of the pines; and when a bird chirped or a small breeze stirred the branches, the sound blended in my thought with infinity and became for me a message from the Divinity within.

It all came back when I went up into those same woods at 'The Laurels' again a few years ago. The old beauty was there, and the feeling of the infinite

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life above and about me and the Infinite Presence I could trust: God that is all-beauty; the Reality behind this world of appearances; the Supreme beyond the range of thought, 'in whom we live and move and have our being.' I never was so sure of the greatness of humanity, never so sure of myself, as I was then, out under the old pines and oak-trees, with the sun shining down through the leaves and gleaming between the tree-trunks on the Merrimac, until every ripple seemed sacred and a reminder of the warmth and glory of life. I felt through sun and trees and river the immeasurable joy that flows towards us forever through shining Nature and her silence. . . .

And then came a pang because humanity will not believe, since it does not hear and see; and will not listen for the great Song of Life, and is shut out from all this sacredness, and dwells exiled and oblivious in this radiant universe its spiritual home, and knows nothing of the inward beauty, the symphonies that are yet unheard, the divinity that thrills through ourselves and all things.

— From "The Wine of Life"

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.



THE accuracy and certainty of science in its legitimate sphere must command the admiration of all who have a practical acquaintance with it; but none the less there are some things going by the name of science that certainly do not exhibit those admirable qualities. We allude to those forecasts of the future of human society which are so rife that we can scarcely pick up a paper without finding one. The looseness of the inferential chain in these predictions reminds one of the predictions of rainfall, or of those astrological forecasts for the coming day or year, or for the fate of a child, which violate the rules of astrology itself.

Such forecasts are based on the assumption that any tendency observed today will continue to operate in the same direction for an indefinite time, thus leading to this or that extraordinary and lamentable result. The particular prophet in each case ignores all other tendencies but the one he is looking at. Thus we learn that mankind will become the slave of machinery; that he will lose all his teeth and hair; that civilization will become entirely commercial, with the United States at the head; that civilization will destroy itself with explosives and gases; that the Chinese will sweep the world; and so on with instances which

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the reader can easily supply. Sometimes the perusal of such a prophetic survey, written by a quick and teeming brain, leaves one with the impression that everything, physical, mental, and moral, is hopelessly fluid and loose; and that we are drifting about in a sea of perpetual and meaningless change.

Yet it is easy to discern beneath these pessimistic utterances the voice of protest, as though the writer were challenging himself and his readers to a denial of his own assertions; just as a Zeno might show, by his paradoxes, the insufficiency of mechanical reasoning; his apparent pessimism being actually an appeal for the recognition of surer means of knowledge. Perhaps behind the writing H. G. Wells there is another H. G. Wells peeping over his shoulder and saying: "See how preposterous things look when viewed by the light of *my* philosophy! See, and take warning."

It has often been said of physicists that they refuse to recognise the existence of anything non-physical; and so they are obliged to seek the causes of physical effects in the physical world itself; which results in utter logical absurdity, as so well shown by H. P. Blavatsky in the third part of volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, in quotations from Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics* and other writings. The ancient philosophers saw in physical 'forces' the *effects* of ultraphysical forces, these latter being conscious, and being *wills* rather than 'blind forces.' Science is now rapidly coming round to the view that the world can only be rationally conceived as animate.

The materialistic view in science has reflected itself into our views of human nature and into our philosophies — sociological, anthropological, religious, what not. We have been attaching too much importance to results and effects. To take an illustration. At the end of last century, physics and chemistry had reached a static condition; it was supposed that all the principles had been discovered and that only details remained to be filled in. Then radio-activity was discovered, whereby was revealed a new and inexhaustible source of energy and vitality in matter, upsetting previous calculations, including those about the heat of the sun and the age of the earth. Later still, new properties of the ether were found out. The Roentgen rays have given us a new range of vibration-frequencies, and there are still plenty more frequencies left to be discovered. The atom, once the bed-rock and last word of physics and chemistry, has been analysed — into constituents which cannot reasonably be called physical, since they are the rudiments out of which physicality is made. So that in science we have *suddenly and unexpectedly* overstepped a threshold, passing from a fully furnished room into a wide open space with trees and all sorts of other things not previously suspected.

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Why not apply the analogy to wider affairs? Tomorrow we may take such a step in our knowledge of human nature and in our vista of the possibilities before man. And we may soar to a point where Wells and the others will look like children playing with building-blocks in a parlor. New forces are stirring among men; the breath of the Spirit is moving on the waters, and no one can tell what a day may bring forth. The life of an individual may be profoundly changed by the Theosophical teachings. These give him a totally new conception of his own nature and possibilities, lifting him out of his previous groove of habits and fixed ideas, as though he had arisen and stepped across the threshold into the great out-of-doors. Why may not the same thing happen to the world of men, composed as it is of individuals?

It is true that things run in a cycle of birth, maturity, death; but rebirth and regeneration — resurrection — are equally a general law. We may throw ourselves exhausted on our couch at night; but despair has no power, because we know there is a new day. It is of no use treating the world as though it were a machine, running perpetually in the same course, and destined to run down. *Things are alive.* As to history, and its use as a possible analogy for forecasting the future, would it not be better if we knew a little more about history first? The expression 'a fluid past' may certainly be applied to our conceptions of the past, for they are continually changing. Always we are discovering some new evidence of what mankind has achieved in some remote epoch. So that, as far as analogy goes, we are justified in saying that anything is possible in the future. If anyone says: "That which has been, it shall be again"; we will ask him: "What *has* been?"

Let each individual take a new hold of his own life. When he finds himself apparently bound in an endless chain, let him consider to what extent that is due to the circle of habits and fixed ideas to which he clings — or which he allows to cling to him. Then, by stepping out of this mental bondage, he may find that his outer circumstances will change too; for our circumstances adapt themselves naturally to the requirements which we set up by our thoughts and habits.

Let us remember that the phenomena of death and rebirth are going on all the time; and it is open to anyone to give himself a rejuvenation, by simply calling in the higher forces of his own nature. It is his *personal* desires and fears that hold him down and close him in. It is little wonder if we are pessimistic when we chain ourselves down to the narrow cell of our personality with its ailments and grievances. Correspondingly, when we soar beyond those confines, we leave behind the reasons for pessimism; for we have hitched our wagon to a star, and cannot dare to forecast the possibilities that may lie before us in our new career.

THE CHANGPU BLOOM

After Li Po

KENNETH MORRIS

“WHERE dwell you, Sir?”
—“Where the moon shines
Yellow and large o’er somber pines
High up on Tsong Yuan Mountain breast.”

—“How shall I find you?”
—“Seek the crest,
Up there, of Jewel-Maiden Hill,
And then look westward.”
—“By the rill
Under that hill, they say, the blue
And purple wonder-bloom *Changpu*
Flowers, which who finds fears death no more.”

—“So the tale runs.”
—“When winter’s o’er
I’ll come.”
—“Why wait? ’Tis when the snows
Melt, that dark lustrous blossom blows.
I may have found the *Changpu* bloom,
And you, had all your climb in vain.”

—“How?”
—“If you found an empty room,
And me — flown with the Yellow Crane
Whither the Dragon Sages reign?”

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

“ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU”

T. HENRY, M. A.

“Ask and, it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.”



HE words of Jesus? At any rate those assigned to him in two of the Gospels. But whether he said them or they were assigned to him, in either case they are standard teachings of the ancient Wisdom, such as a Teacher declares to his disciples. A law of man's spiritual nature was thus enunciated. When we ask or seek or knock, we put in motion a force, and some effect or other must be produced. It may be that our force is too feeble to produce the effect contemplated; it is neutralized by other forces, it falls spent ere it can fulfil its purport. It may be that the force is strong enough, persistent enough, to generate its designed effect. If the wish was for some personal acquisition, we are really guilty of black magic, for we have used subtil forces for the attainment of personal ends. We have asked, and we have received; but the genie that sped to the beck of our incantation was dark and fell, fierce of eye and somber of brow. In return for his services he will exact a toll. Once summoned he cannot be got rid of; he will become a tyrant and taskmaster, bound to our back like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea. The personal quality of our wish caused the *lower* forces of our nature to be invoked; the heavens above were moved by no sacrificial smoke and heard not our petition; wingless, our prayer scaled not the heights.

Does the parable speak to you? Are you involved in the meshes of desire and frustration? Those bitter things that come to you, are they not perhaps the fruit of past mistaken wishes, vampires that you have attracted into the train of your destiny; no longer loved by you, but bound to their creator until laid by him to rest? Some day, some hour, some blessed moment, you will lay the burden down, cease desiring, and win a welcome peace.

Personal desire always brings disappointment in its train. Man was created for a higher destiny. By the use of his brain-mind, he intensifies his desires; the pendulum he sets in motion has a longer swing; but when it comes back, its impetus and duration are proportionate. Even more so if he has mistakenly invoked subtil forces to the aid of his desires.

But the Teacher's message — how different! On what another plane! To what a pure air are we lifted in hearkening to it! It comes in the

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midst of an inspired talk to his immediate disciples, and the atmosphere is pure and serene as he discourses of the sacred Path or Way to Truth, Light, and Liberation. He points out, as Teachers must point out, that the Higher nature of man stands ever ready to help those who truly ask for help. But their voice must be pure and free from personal desire, or it can never soar to the fount whence flow the waters of life. And how are we thus to ask, to seek, to knock? The power to do so comes in moments when, wearied with the delusions we have been surrounded with, we yearn from the heart for the clear waters of truth, desire the impersonal, shed our vanity, strive to reach a place where the personal motive, the love of approbation, the fear of being misunderstood, are absent. It is *now* that the Soul hears our prayer, now alone that it is *able* to answer; and how joyfully, how effectually does it respond! Think of the longing the Teacher must have to disclose this blessed truth to his fellow-men — to make them see it, experience it. Woe to them (as he said himself) who strive to thrust themselves in between the pilgrim and his goal, between the disciple and his own inner Teacher; woe to those who claim to dispense light and salvation for a consideration and dictated terms. Woe to those who permit themselves to be thus victimized.

Prayer is the pure aspiration of the exiled heart of man for reunion with its home. Man is a pilgrim (says our first Teacher, H. P. Blavatsky), on his way to regain that which he has lost. It is when he realizes what he has lost, and yearns to regain it, that he truly prays. And the prayer is answered; not by the gratification of desire (he wants not that — anything but that), but by the bestowal of *grace*. His feet are washed, the scales taken from his eyes.

Such experiences may happen to any earnest person, whatever religion he may own, or if he owns no religion. For every man is a Divine Soul incarnate, and religions are the professed and standardized faiths of bodies of people, founded originally on the teachings of a Teacher, but usually much modified and materialized by subsequent generations. True religion remains always the same, and the source of grace and enlightenment is open to every man. Today there is a great stirring to be free from the shackles of sectarianism and to bring together all who believe in the power of the Spirit in man. All who know such experiences as we have spoken of are *ipso facto* brothers in a Spiritual union. We can have our true prayers answered, and receive grace and wisdom, not because anybody has died for us, or because we have subscribed to any creed, but simply because we are *Man*, a Divine Soul in an animal body. We are entitled to this as a birthright; born, as we are, of the Spirit.

THE PATH OF CONTEMPLATION

E. A. NERESHEIMER

MAN is constantly compelled by Nature to be engaged in work of some kind, employing his bodily, mental, and moral faculties in various ways. While engaged in his usual activities, his mind, at the same time, follows an inherent tendency of its own, somewhat akin to a meditative continuity of thought, which has but little if any bearing upon the work he may be engaged in at the moment. This is due to the fact that the mind has two different aspects; the one purely introspective, intuitional and contemplative, usually called the 'Higher mind,' while the other, designated the 'lower mind,' is analytical and argumentative. The former concerns itself mostly with intrinsic moral relations and values, pertaining to the inner consciousness, while the latter, the lower mind, is more concerned with obvious facts, and things relating to men's material and mental interests, not necessarily regulated by ethics.

The intuitional element is primarily connected with the presiding center, or the Real Inner Self of man, which, in its highest aspect, is identical with the Divinity that animates the Cosmos; while the lower mind has, thus far, but a reflected existence, dependent upon the false or temporary self, called the 'personality.' However, it is just this personality, the lower self, insouled or rather overshadowed by the Higher Self, which must evolve and reach perfection, like unto that of its 'Father in Heaven' — man's own Divine Ego.

The 'path of contemplation' involves the operations of both the higher and the lower mind, and their simultaneous presence in man is one of the causes for the contrary tendencies which he has to contend with throughout his life. The interaction of these activities is so swift that it is difficult to determine with certainty whether an impulse emanates from the higher or from the lower, until sure knowledge is established by long practice. A knowledge of such interactions is attainable only when the personal self is utterly controlled and calmed. Ordinarily the mind is attracted by all kinds of objects and impressions, physical, emotional, and intellectual; flying from one to the other alternately in ceaseless activity; its perceptions being colored by the feeling or mood that happens to be uppermost for the time being. But there is always present that peculiar underlying line, that continuity of deep reflexion, which, though the less apparent factor, is the actual molder of the character.

This particular line of consciousness forms what has been called the

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‘Thread-Soul’; the individual we are acquainted with — differing radically from every such thread-soul in others — but persisting and remaining the same throughout a life-time, and life after life. Herein lies, according to Theosophic teachings, the secret of continuity, and the succession of tendencies brought over from incarnation to incarnation. It is only when man realizes the thread-soul as this underlying line of deep reflexion, that he actually finds himself, and can go forward understandingly, through self-devised efforts, towards the goal of his aspirations.

When an individual has reached the point where he inclines towards self-analysis and introspection, it at once marks a departure towards the ideal world which is solely within, where things experienced are perceived as they are, stripped of all illusive appearances. The Higher Mind, or Manas, then comes into action, which heretofore only overshadowed the evolving self, whose most efficacious tool and instrument, par excellence, is the lower mind.

THE LOWER MIND AND THE SENSES

Although the lower mind is, through its origin, closely related to the higher mind, it nevertheless generally acts in such a decided, self-sufficient, and independent manner that it appears to be the sole arbiter of every situation in which man finds himself. In the mental and emotional fields it can play, and evoke the most subtle of harmonies, or it can render a most confusing cacophony of feelings, for the sense-loving personal self. It applies itself lustily to the discovery of new seductions, to satisfy the ambitions through riches, pleasure, and power, and not infrequently also by gratifying brutal and utterly perverse tendencies; all of which only bind and chain man to the slavery of material things for longer and longer periods of time. On the other hand, when man reaches a point where he is eager to examine the workings of his mind, something entirely new comes into his life. He gradually finds all the links that connect his higher mind with his earthly tabernacle, and the results that are gained through contemplation of this kind are self-perpetuating.

The senses are the feeders of sensation of all kinds, but in themselves they are only neutral psycho-physiological adjutants of the self; the mind giving them the coloring that is the result of the physical and mental life led by their master — the self. Indulgences set up tendencies which crystallize into habits that leave their mark first on the sense-organs, and then on the whole body, tending to induce sluggishness of mind, heart, brain, muscles, etc., so that the self often becomes only an impotent vehicle for the expression of all kinds of fruitless and even harmful impulses. Were it not for the ever-present friendly admonitions

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of conscience, the voice of the Higher Mind impelling to vigilance, it can well be imagined that the personal self would, ere long, so completely lose its hold on the higher mind that all further progress would be endangered.

How easily the senses when indulged finally can encroach upon the whole fabric of the finer sensations heretofore cultivated, may be seen by the way they clamor for ever more and more gratification, even after the point of satiety has been reached! Desire, when pandered to, becomes craving, then insatiable passion, seeking ever to explore new fields of sensation. In such cases ordinary pleasures can no longer satisfy the demands of the personality, which finally resorts even to cruelty, barbarism, and inhumanity in order to attain its ends. Vanity, greed, and lust grow ever crescendo, until finally the senses themselves give way, failing to register facts correctly, and the mind becomes a mere blank — an empty shell.

This shows how easily our natural powers, intended to be used as fitting instruments for our progress, can, through ignorance or indolence, be misapplied to our detriment. But even a little practice in trying to check the workings of the mind will help to curb and regulate the impetuosity of sense-desires. It is true that we are exposed to many temptations, especially in contact with our fellow-men; but man cannot live alone, and, at the same time get the experience needed, and the benefits that ought to be derived from human association. Man is wedged in between familiar associates and a multitude of promiscuous and unknown people, no one of whom is actually his friend or his enemy. In the last analysis all are his teachers. Through any one of them it may be his fortune to gain some helpful and wholesome life-experience; provided he is sufficiently self-controlled to take advantage of each opportunity, when it presents itself to him. Untold harm often comes to us through irresolute action and through dependence on those unworthy of our trust, whereas, if we had the requisite stability that is gained through introspection and contemplation, it is more than certain that no harm at all could come to us.

We are physically, as yet, little more than a bundle of senses, plus the lower mind, presided over by the temporal, evolving, personal 'I'-consciousness, predisposed to view everything it contacts through the emotions that happen to be uppermost for the moment. Our chief instrument of cognition — the lower mind in which we live nearly altogether — colors our feelings and establishes capricious changeable moods, inclining us now to a lofty motive, and then towards an unworthy one. This variable state of mind will undoubtedly subsist until we have accustomed ourselves to a more stable mode of thinking, which can only come from the firm conviction that it is possible to realize a life of ideal beauty and perfection

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as an actuality; such as is realized by us in momentary flashes of truth projected into the lower from the Higher Mind.

The senses are but the messengers that register their findings in the mind which takes them up and passes judgment on them. Since there is no permanency in external sensations, nor any stability in our physical form, no absolute reliance can ever be placed on anything that is recorded by the senses. Not only does that which is cognised by them change continually, but the keenness of the senses is apt to change also, according to the use we make of them. To be sure, each of our faculties has its proper place and use, but it is always the mind, supported by the will, that must discriminate between them, select and nurse the things that are needed, and check and reject those that are useless or harmful.

When the sense-desires assert themselves with overpowering urgency, then the moment is at hand to exercise the will and break the spell, by calmly though firmly dwelling on the thought of some high ideal, or noble example; and should the attack of the lower powers again recur, then the same process must be repeated, until the desired result is attained. No worthier victory was ever won, by even the greatest hero, than that attained by him who has conquered the dominant senses 'beyond reanimation.'

INTROSPECTION, THE KEY TO THE 'PATH OF CONTEMPLATION'

True happiness is to be sought for entirely through our inner resources, since there is no external object, combination of objects or conditions, that could give complete satisfaction and contentment. In the science of self-development every element of human nature is of importance, and none may in the least be overlooked. Body and Mind are closely connected, and interdependent, and their mutual influence on each other is reciprocal.

Thoughtful people are naturally disposed to be calm and silent, rather than addicted to much speech or outward demonstrations of feeling; they are therefore less exposed to the pressure of the passions and the lower desires, which limit all higher mental and spiritual proclivities. Calmness is an indispensable prerequisite for concentrating the mind, and when allied with patience, induces an attitude of firmness towards external things. From this presently arises an introspective and self-analytical tendency, which opens the door to the chambers of the mind itself in its dual aspect, and the principle of discrimination, or Buddhi, gradually begins to function.

Since in self-development nothing can be neglected, it is important to observe everything connected with both mind and body, in which our

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motives, habits, and inclinations inhere; seeking to ascertain how and why the latter arise, and how we can discriminate between those that serve us to advantage, and those that have to be driven out and avoided. The body is not only a physical but also a psychological instrument, since the organs of sense and of action, the plexuses, nerves, and a host of other transmitters of conscious impulses, are all contained and sheltered within it. And how closely the mind is connected with all these physical factors and agents may be judged by the mutual interdependence of the body and the lower mind. So if we really desire to control our 'lower nature' we must begin by studying the body first, and seeking to know all about those forces with which we have to deal; and secondly by applying ourselves to check sufficiently the lower mind by contemplation.

No exact rules or methods can be laid down for general application in this endeavor on account of the dissimilar proportions in which varying qualities brought over from previous lives assert themselves in different individuals. They have to be dealt with by each individually from within, under the direction of the mind, the positive will, and by self-devised efforts. Patience, calmness, concentration of mind, self-analysis, introspection, and contemplation, are the prerequisites for the achievement of this end. The ancient scriptures have summed this up in recommending moderation and 'meditation.' In the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* we read:

"For him who is regulated in food, in waking, in exertion of work — regulated as well in sleep and waking — meditation becomes the destroyer of all suffering."

The gist of this is reasonable moderation in all things; minding one's own business; not assuming imaginary duties; the observance of one's limitations; meditation as to the intrinsic merit or demerit of every occurrence; doing resolutely all that has to be done, putting aside purely personal considerations and leaving results to take care of themselves, or rather leaving them to the equity of Universal Law.

The contemplative mind, when so equipped, can alone reveal to us our true relation to all things. Knowing this we shall find calmness and serenity of mind; the senses, appetites, and desires can then be regulated and assigned to their proper functions and places (as vehicles). Thus mental tranquillity is attained, even in the active performance of our external duties, and we shall be able to see and feel things as they really are, undeceived by appearances.

Could we but recognise an infinitesimal part of the truly sublime significance of even the meanest of objects, could we but know its long history, the processes of its evolution, its real import in the grand scheme of the Universe of which it and we ourselves are in reality integral parts, we should go well-nigh mad with joy at the revelation of the One-ness, the One-Life underlying all things and all existence.

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Says the holy Krishna-Avatâra, in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, representing the Logos:

“Whoever, relying on spiritual Oneness, sees Me everywhere and sees everything in Me, who am in all creatures, he, the sage of contemplation, in whatever condition he exists, is present in Me. Howsoever men approach Me even so do I serve them. In every case and condition men follow but My path, O son of Prithâ.”

How surpassingly marvelous is Man! Could we but imagine him, revealed in all the beauty of his intrinsic perfection, the crown of combined Spiritual and Material evolution, we should know the value of searching and searching unremittingly within, where the knowledge of these wonders lies hidden. This will reveal itself to us as, one after another, the grosser vehicles which hinder the realization of our birthright fall away through concentration of the mind, the ‘path of contemplation.’

TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

FRED. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E. I.



THE hieroglyphs in old Peru — for Tiahuanaco was in the highlands of old Peru — that cover whole walls and monoliths were as much a dead letter to the Incas as to the moderns. The Incas attributed them to their *unknown* predecessors. And yet the Incas must have had a long history, and their traditional beliefs, in the form they have reached us, were not improbably derived from those predecessors, unless we extend the meaning of the word ‘Inca’ to include the earlier peoples. Thus their Sun-god, with Mama Ocollo Huaco, and their child Manco Capac, were the counterparts of Osiris, Isis, and Horus in Egypt, as well as of the several Hindû gods, etc. One story relates that for the purpose of restoring order among the warring Incas, the Sun-god and Mama Ocollo Huaco appeared on an island in Lake Titicaca and then proceeded to Cuzco, where they began to disseminate civilization. Manco Capac taught men agriculture, legislation, architecture, and the arts; Mama Ocollo taught the women weaving, spinning, embroidery, and house-keeping.

Thus, though claiming descent from the archaic celestial pair, the Incas were ignorant of the people who built the ruined cities that covered their whole empire, extending over 37 degrees of latitude, and including the eastern slopes of the Andes.

The temple of the Sun at Cuzco was the latest of five distinct styles of architecture in the Andes alone, and with the possible exception of some things at ‘Macchu Pichu,’ the mountain-city some fifty miles north-

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west of Cuzco discovered by Professor Bingham, it is perhaps the only known important Peruvian structure that can be safely attributed to the Incas.

Lake Titicaca, 160 miles in length, is nearly 13,000 feet above the sea, being the highest lake of similar size in the world. Its waters once were, relatively speaking, 135 feet higher and thus surrounded the place where are now the ruins of the temple of Ak-kapana, Tiahuanaco, which undoubtedly belong to the pre-Inca period, "as far back as the Dravidian and other aboriginal people preceded the Aryans in India." Doubtless, however, the whole of the Titicaca area was much nearer sea level at the time the now ruined city first was built.

The monolithic doorways, pillars, and 'stone-idols' — so-called — are sculptured in a style wholly different from any other remains of art found in America. D'Orbigny, like Messrs. Stübel and Uhle, the authors of that splendid monument of archaeological research, *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, held these ruins to have been the work of a race far anterior to the Incas. Of course the tradition belonging to the place — that it was inhabited during, as well as after, days of actual darkness and suffering — proves nothing as to the actual date of the ruins.

But I venture to say the famous 'Doorway of the Sun' at Tiahuanaco *does* prove that the Wisdom-teachings of Antiquity were known to the designers of that doorway; or at all events that some of the principal aspects of the ancient teachings were known to them, probably brought over from Atlantean times. And perhaps no other ancient stone relic evinces this more clearly. For this reason, the Bolivian government are to be congratulated on their decision to forbid the deportation of further relics from that country.

Before considering some features of this doorway in the light of H. P. Blavatsky's writings, such as *The Key to Theosophy* and *The Secret Doctrine*, the following extract from the latter work may help to clarify the subject.

"Atlantis and the Phlegyan isle are not the only record that is left of the deluge. China has also her tradition and the story of an island or continent, which it calls Ma-li-ga-si-ma, and which Kaempfer and Faber spell 'Maurigosima,' for some mysterious phonetic reasons of their own. Kaempfer, in his *Japan*, gives the tradition: The island, owing to the iniquity of its giants, sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and Peiru-un, the king, the Chinese Noah, escapes alone with his family owing to a warning of the gods through two idols. It is that pious prince and his descendants who have peopled China. The Chinese traditions speak of the divine dynasties of Kings as much as those of any other nations.

"At the same time there is not an old fragment but shows belief in a multiform and even multigenetic evolution — spiritual, psychic, intellectual, and physical — of human beings, just as given in the present work.

"Our races — they all show — have sprung from divine races, by whatever name they are called. Whether we deal with the Indian Rishis or Pitris; with the Chinese *Chim-nang* and

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Tchan-gy — their 'divine man' and demi-gods; with the Akkadian *Dingir* and *Mul-lil* — the creative god and the 'Gods of the ghost-world'; with the Egyptian Isis-Osiris and Thoth; with the Hebrew Elohim, or again with Manco Capac and his Peruvian progeny — the story varies nowhere. Every nation has either the *seven* and *ten* Rishis-Manus and Prajâpatis; the seven and *ten* Ki-y; or ten and seven Amshaspends (six exoterically), ten and seven Chaldaean Annedoti, ten and seven Sephiroth, etc., etc. One and all have been derived from the primitive Dhyân-Chohans of the Esoteric doctrine, referred to as the 'Builders' in the Stanzas of Book I. From Manu, Thoth-Hermes, Oannes-Dagon, and Edris-Enoch, down to Plato and Panodorus, all tell us of seven *divine* Dynasties, of seven Lemurian, and seven Atlantean divisions of the Earth; of the seven primitive and dual gods who descend from their celestial abode and reign on Earth, teaching mankind Astronomy, Architecture, and all the other sciences that have come down to us. These Beings appear first as 'gods' and Creators; then they merge in nascent man, to finally emerge as 'divine Kings and Rulers.' But this fact has been gradually forgotten. As Basnage shows, the Egyptians themselves confessed that science flourished in their country only since Isis-Osiris, whom they continue to adore as gods, 'though they had become Princes in human form.' And he adds of Osiris-Isis (the divine androgyne):— 'It is said that this Prince (Isis-Osiris) built cities in Egypt, stopped the overflowing of the Nile; invented agriculture, the use of the vine, music, astronomy, and geometry.'

"When Abul-Feda says in his *Historia Ante-Islamitica* that the Sabaeen language was established by Seth and Edrith (Enoch) — he means by 'Sabaeen language' astronomy." — ●p. cit., II, 365-6

Enoch refers to a certain hierarchy. It is no digression to point out that astronomy is thrice mentioned in the above passage, which suggests some reflexions. Firstly: real astronomy is a science of incredible antiquity, brought over from Atlantean times, and retaught to portions of mankind. Secondly: there were men in the remotest times capable of learning and appreciating both the details and the true meaning of genuine astronomy. Thirdly: the 'Sabaeen language,' that is, genuine astronomy, was taught as part of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, something of which there is ample proof. Fourthly: modern science has hardly yet the key to this astronomy, despite its own wonderful achievements of the last few centuries. Fifthly: there must have been good reason for keeping this 'language' from the multitude. Sixthly: because it had to do with cycles of human destiny, it was also profoundly connected with Archaic Symbolism. Seventhly: even on the physical plane, contemporary science neither knows the truth about the motions of the Earth — to say nothing of their causes — nor about the Sun. How could it, when its 'exact' observations only began less than two centuries ago, as against ancient observations covering hundreds of thousands of years? Finally: the carving on the gateway of the temple of Ak-kapana at Tiahuanaco (Plates I, II) faced the *interior*, reminding us that this symbolism belonged, and still belongs, to the mysteries of human life and death.

On the last page of *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco*, after having given their own tentative conclusions regarding this monolithic gateway, the authors cite Cieza's *Crónica del Peru*, cap. 103, with italics as follows:

"Certain Indians relate that it was of a surety affirmed by their ancestors *that there was no*

TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA, AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

light for many days, and that all being in darkness and obscurity, the Sun appeared resplendent on this island of Titicaca, for which reason they regarded it as something sacred."

Of course the present 'Titicaca Island' was then submerged, and the island would be where Ak-kapana is. Then they again quote from the same work, ii, cap. 5, where the Indians are reported as saying that, far preceding the time of the Incas, there was once

"a long period without seeing the Sun, and, enduring great labor by reason of this deprivation, the people made great offerings to those they held as gods, begging the light they needed; and that being in this condition, there appeared on the island of Titicaca, in the midst of the great lake of Collao, the Sun most resplendent, at which all rejoiced."

Other similar legends are referred to, but there is a circumstantiality about the foregoing which, with the teachings of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* before one, illumines the Sun-portal of Ak-kapana in a way little dreamed by most archaeologists; although the fact that Stübel and Uhle italicized these passages, at the very close of their arduous and protracted labor of research, indicates they had an intuition of their truth.

When Berosus informed Callisthenes that 403,000 years before his time the axis of the Earth coincided with the plane of the ecliptic, he probably knew well enough that the latter had never been initiated. But there is plenty of evidence to show that this very important factor in astronomical movement was always part of the temple-teachings in ancient times, as is clearly shown in *The Secret Doctrine*. Titicaca must have been for a considerable period annually in complete darkness, at that epoch. And knowing the Sun to be the giver and sustainer of life, possibly in more senses than the moderns suspect, it would not be very surprising if, when the days of darkness there began to diminish, the people rejoiced, and then or subsequently erected a 'Temple of the Sun' at the place.

And so this Inca tradition points out one of the clues to the extraordinary climatic changes to which all lands have been subjected, and which have so greatly puzzled both geologists and astronomers up to the present.

Now, as to the famous doorway at Ak-kapana. On its interior is a central figure of remarkable design. Could it be that this simply represents Humanity?

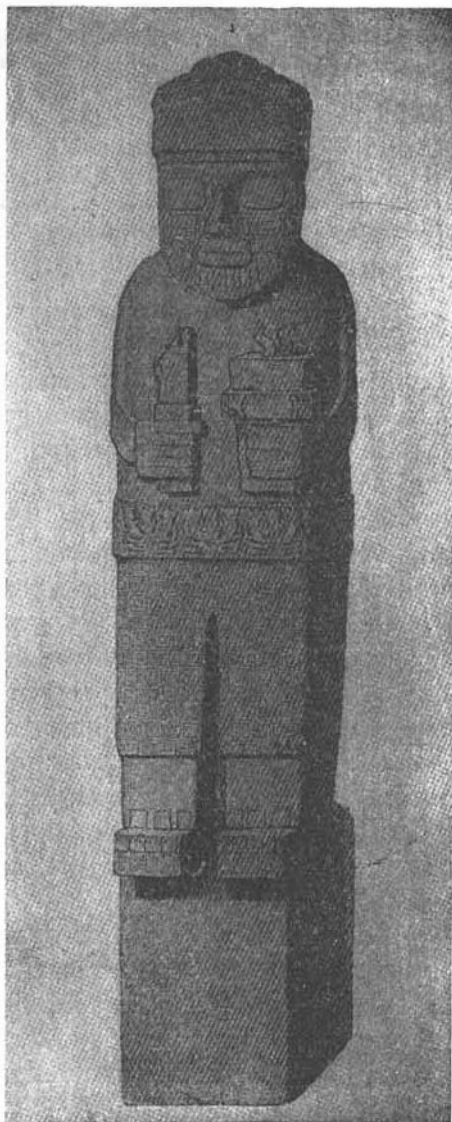
If so, then the multiform and multigenetic involution and evolution — spiritual, psychic, intellectual, and physical — of human beings stands symbolized there, *and has so stood for ages*, plainly to be seen. Its preservation is due to the fact that for a long period it had been completely buried, face downwards.

The Seven Principles in Man, inculcated by ancient Wisdom, and once more proclaimed to the modern world by H. P. Blavatsky, are seen

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as six, each in three principal aspects synthesized in the seventh or central division — radiating round the head of the central figure. The dual ascending and descending evolution and involution are typified by the living serpent-trees grasped in either hand. The Aeon so far reached is shown by the shape of the head and of the three Inner Planes of Nature from which it protrudes. For these are in the form of a square, signifying the Fourth Aeon, or Round, as it is called in *The Secret Doctrine*. The Root-Race of the Aeon passed and completed is plainly shown by the left hand covering the Fourth division of the Scepter, while the right hand and Scepter shows that the Fifth has commenced, with two more still to come before this Aeon ends; all exactly as the Secret Doctrine teaches. The divided head of the left scepter shows that Man is, physically, still in the condition reached toward the end of the Third Root-Race of this Aeon. Above three divisions on the girdle in the central figure is the Heart, on which rests the tripartite Sacred Bird — an eloquent symbol. For the Wisdom of Antiquity taught that the true doctrine is to be found in the heart of man, and not in the head. The head must become the servant, and not the master.

A glance at the 'winged' figures (Plate II) *surrounding* the central figure on the doorway reveals the clear distinction drawn between the three Higher Principles and the Lower Quaternary. The divine nature of the Higher — which at a certain epoch descended to inform the Lower — is beautifully suggested by the independent winged branch descending from above (or within) and leading directly toward the Inner Eye in the



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head, while the astral and physical evolution is distinctly and separately shown connected with body and feet, *i. e.*, the astral and physical forms. The Svastika, symbol of the correlations of spiritual and material cycles, is frequently repeated in these figures, even in the attitude of the lower extremities. A close examination of the figures, which reveal many points of a surprising symbolism, should well repay comparison with "The Evolution of Symbolism," and other Sections in *The Secret Doctrine*.

The statue at Ak-kapana, Tiahuanaco, shown in Plate III, is especially noteworthy. Humorously, yet most effectively, does it portray the main teaching of the ancient Wisdom-Religion, namely, that Man is the subject of both Evolution and Involution — Involution of the higher spiritual and mental powers from the inner planes of Being; and Evolution of the astral and physical vehicles forming the lower Principles, in the regions of Objectivity.

Man's Duality is emphasized by the belt of flame, beneath which is depicted the garment of the Objective, composed of minute Lives — imperfectly conceived of by modern science as built of electrons, etc. — which under the directing Intelligences, guided by Fohat, build up material from astral and psychic forms. Their true supra-physical nature is well typified by the further detail seen in Plate 31a of Stübel and Uhle's *Die Ruinenstätte von Tiahuanaco* — threefold on the spiritual side, and fourfold on the objective.

Reverting to the central figure of the doorway, below the girdle one discerns humanity in the physical world. The scarf falling across each shoulder, the right and left 'Pillars,' 'Serpents,' or 'Trees,' should interest Freemasons and lovers of Symbolism. Below the central figure we find outlined the Fourfold Manifested Powers.

Why should we hesitate to concede that some at least of the peoples of pre-historic antiquity were our superiors in more than one respect?

PEACE

RONALD MELVILLE



HAVE sometimes wondered why pacificism should so often seem to raise storms. At first one might suppose that so violent an opposition to peace-propaganda could only be inspired by a love of war. But this seems hardly probable.

On the other hand, militarism generally claims to be the most rational mode of establishing peace, and this in spite of the obvious paradox involved. To establish a military system for the maintenance of peace would be absurd, if the kind of peace aimed at were anything more than

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a temporary suspension of war. Is such a conception of peace the only possible ideal on earth?

The real question is, what is peace? Is peace to be regarded as the normal and proper condition of life on earth, or is war the natural state of man? Is peace the maintenance of a state of social and racial sanity? Is peace international health of mind, or is it a dream unrealizable on this earth? Is peace no more than an interval between eternally recurring wars, or is it the right state of man, from which he has fallen?

If peace is sanity, and the world is suffering from lunacy; then how can the madness be cured? Can it be cured? Is war inevitable? Apparently the answer to the last is easy. War certainly must be inevitable so long as the mass of mankind accepts it in that light. And this view of the matter will continue in the public mind so long as it is supported by individual experience. That is to say, so long as men and women think that life for each one must be a struggle against the rest, so long will war appear inevitable to each individually and to the human race collectively. If this is a misconception of the destiny of man, how can it be rectified?

By Brotherhood, of course. But how can brotherhood be established in a world where each man thinks himself his brother's enemy?

Co-operation has been tried commercially and has failed to interfere with war, because the co-operative societies were all established on a commercial basis, and modern commercialism is based on competition. The co-operators were but larger units in a competitive system. The principle of brotherhood must be universal to be effective; and the possibility of this must be established and demonstrated practically, as well as in theory.

The deepest thinkers of the world are realizing these simple truths; and many of them, who have made contact with Theosophy and the work of Katherine Tingley, know that the first step in this direction has been taken successfully at Point Loma.


From this garden the seed of brotherhood is being scattered far and wide, and the fields of human thought will soon display the promise of a harvest such as shall change the pessimism of the world into optimism, and Universal Brotherhood be the accepted *basis* of the social state.



“MAKE a beginning towards the Theosophic life! Take the first step. All will follow in natural order and at the right time. Make a beginning, therefore, and why not make it now?”— *Katherine Tingley*

THE SPIRIT OF THE MODERNISTS

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

HE Farewell Sermon of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, to the First Presbyterian Church of New York." Such forms the subject of our present writing, and we feel sure it is matter of interest to most, if not all, of our readers.

The attitude of a dignitary responsible for maintaining the integrity of a religious establishment is easy to understand. Apart from his convictions, he has his vows. It is his sense of duty which impels him to remove whatever he thinks will impair the integrity of that committed to his safe keeping. It may be hard to decide where to draw the line, but he feels the need of drawing it somewhere. He argues that a retiring pastor is self-expelled, through failure to live up to his own undertakings. He was ordained to teach certain things which the church teaches. When he finds he can no longer do so, he *is po facto* abdicates. The bishop merely gives legal enforcement to the abdication.

Such is the conservative aspect of the case. The other side will command our greater sympathies as pioneers of a great movement of emancipation of thought. The spirit of religion, ever and everywhere the same, based as it is on facts and laws of human nature, has to find adaptation to existing conditions. It must help progress, not hinder it.

What will be the upshot of the conflict between Fundamentalism and Modernism? We err to look too far ahead. When did things ever turn out in the way we anticipated? What we mostly see ahead of us is an inextricable dilemma, but somehow things always solve themselves. We shall doubtless see in the religious world new forms shaping themselves and old forms giving way, now gradually, now in sudden bursts.

Dr. Fosdick belonged to the Baptist denomination, but has been for some years associate minister of the First Presbyterian Church of New York, where he formed a center for toleration and attracted crowds of sympathizers. The sermon we are reviewing must have been much more impressive when spoken than even it is in print; its style is rhetorical rather than literary, and we have to supply in imagination the presence and gestures of the preacher which we miss in actual vision. He prints on a fly-leaf an extract from the address, which constitutes a declaration.

"These are the things we have stood for: tolerance, an inclusive Church, the right to think religion through in modern terms, the social applications of the principles of Jesus, the abiding verities and experiences of the gospel. And these are right. I am not sorry we tried this experiment. It was worth trying. We have lifted a standard that no one will put down.

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We have stated an issue that no man or denomination is strong enough to brush aside."

He compares his case to that of Paul, saying farewell to the Church of Corinth. "Paul tarried there yet a good while and then took his leave of the brethren and sailed thence." What did he say to them? He must have talked to them about the things which they had stood for in Corinth against controversy. In Corinth Paul had had a stormy time. Must Christianity go its way or carry with it the observance of the old Jewish laws? Hence arose Fundamentalists and Modernists those who wished to carry along with their Christianity circumcision, clean and unclean foods, Sabbath-observance, and the temple-ritual and sacrifice; and those who did not believe that these things were part and parcel of Christianity. Paul was a Modernist, who saw that Christianity could never be a universal religion on such terms, and that it was no use preaching such dogmas to Greeks and Romans.

"Nothing mattered to him except living faith in Christ of the kind that transforms a man so that the spirit of Christ lives in him."

Heretics grow respectable under the healing hand of time. The preacher enumerates some: Whittier, Beecher, Knox, Calvin: now pillars of orthodoxy, but once heretics. Knox was sent to the galleys, and Calvin thrown into prison, both for preaching liberty and tolerance. Paul himself, now a haloed saint, was a determined heretic.

Following these great names, Dr. Fosdick and his adherents started an interdenominational church. Exclusiveness has been the tragedy of Protestantism, causing everyone with a new idea to go out and found a little church of his own, confined to the few who agreed with him. But "we have built an inclusive church." The Doctor does not see why ideas about baptism should divide; individual affairs need not interfere with basic unity. He rejoices in his name of heretic.

Commenting on the above, we would say that Dr. Fosdick, as an earnest believer in Christianity, feels the weakness of that faith before the world, by reason of its internal dissensions. If Christianity is to command the respect of people of all races and creeds, it must be able to show its superiority to one at least of the failings of religions—the failing of sectarianism and mutual intolerance. He rightly finds the essence of Christianity to consist in a mode of life, a mode founded on the sense of the Divine Spirit incarnate in us, as the Christos. This is a point in which people of other religions will be at one with Christians; so long, that is, as those people in turn are true to the essence of their own religion. For the essence of all religions, the foundation of Religion itself, is, as we understand it, the essential Divinity of man—the fact that Divinity is incarnate in man through the Christos, which is man's

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own Divine Self. Jesus continually (speaking as a Teacher) represents himself as the intermediary between the Father and man.

“For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him.”— *John*, v, 21-3

But we find the same in other religions, as where in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, Krishna (speaking as the Logos) says:

“I am the Ego which is seated in the hearts of all beings. . . . In whatever form a devotee desires with faith to worship, it is I alone who inspire him with constancy therein.”

Both Jesus and Krishna, too, speak of themselves as the Way or Path. When a Teacher speaks thus, it is not as a mere mortal personality that he speaks, but in his character as one who has attained to Self-knowledge. Unless this is understood, we are apt to regard the Teacher as claiming an exclusive prerogative; but Jesus himself was very emphatic on the point that his disciples should follow the path he pointed, and themselves attain to knowledge of the Father through the Son. And here again we find the same thing in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*. To misunderstand these words of the Teacher would be to make our religion exclusive, the very thing which the preacher is warning us against.

However, the important thing is that each man shall follow the behests of Truth, as revealed to him through the voice of his own conscience; and then there is no doubt that a truer knowledge, based on sympathy and not on controversy, will dawn upon him. The spirit of charity, and the true discernment it brings, will empower him to recognise in people of other religions that which is really important, that which in them is akin to himself; and to sink controversial differences.

The spirit of the Modernists, if it may be judged by the views of Dr. Fosdick, must claim our sympathy; and there need be no fear that it will carry its adherents away from the real fundamentals of religion.




“THERE is but one Eternal Truth, one universal, infinite and changeless spirit of Love, Truth and Wisdom, impersonal, therefore, bearing a different name in every nation, one Light for all, in which the whole Humanity lives and moves and has its being. . . . But the universal religion CAN ONLY BE ONE if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of that word. We Theosophists so accept it; and therefore say, we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, and also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions.”

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

HOLD THE FORT FOR PEACE

KENNETH MORRIS

N the hillside, the sea was always audible: a murmur one forgot to be aware of except when it gave place, as it did at regular intervals, to the long-drawn meditative hoarseness of the shore-waves. But down in the canyon, hoarseness and murmur alike were all shut away, and there was a silence in which one could feel . . . the Earth's heart beating, as one poet has said, or (according to another) the everlasting wings. Out of that silence, and enriching not disturbing it, the gay or plaintive phrase of a meadow-lark's song broke occasionally like the sudden blossoming of a rich flower; or it seemed like a revelation of the treasure the silence contained, which was "the peace of God that passeth all understanding."

The sun shone very bright and warm on the narrow sandy canyon bottom; the grasses, and here and there an indian-paint-brush or a yellow sea-dahlia, were quite motionless, and had an air of intent listening that tempted one to listening too. They were unpreoccupied with self, and all alert to receive; hence the mysterious something that flowed into and fulfilled them and made them what they were, vessels of the eternal beauty.

If no God-world were, behind the veil of the phenomenal, men could never have imagined it. If there were no consciousness flowing through these natural things, how could they have been shaped? or how could they awaken, as they do, some answering ripple in our own? Here is joy, but no personality; delight, but incognisance of passion: here is the undisturbable thing at the center of life, Peace.

That is what Peace is: Reality. It is that from which all proceeds and to which all must return. They talk of the struggle for existence; but the essence of existence is Peace. That forgone, we are as branches lopped off from the trunk of being: life and all is forgone, and we are exiled wholly into unreality and cut off from the sources that nourish us. If a man would live, and come into the heritage of divinity which life, in any true sense of the word, is; he must hold the fort of his soul for Peace. He must defend that offshoot of the Divine within himself, giving some portion of each day to loving contemplation of it, and indeed dedicating all his moments and thoughts to its preservation. As one heard the meadowlark singing in the canyon, he shall hear at times the Eternal singing through that place of peace within himself.

For we should be unhappy in not believing that there is Divinity

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within, or that these solar systems were not the container and manifestation of that quickening All-Joy, All-Beauty, which for convenience we call God. We should be unhappy in not sensing a high and beautiful purpose behind our existence here, or in conceiving that purpose to be otherwise than the evolution of perfect and noble life. This may seem a dogmatic statement, perhaps; but a moment of peace will always proclaim it, not as a dogma, but as a revelation — *the* revelation that any statement in words must always bungle and echo only imperfectly. Men make a great pother about proofs of religion, of the existence of God, of the existence and immortality of the soul,--- of the truth of anything in the unseen and supersensuous that should fortify our moral sense and keep mankind from tumbling into crime and ruin. Such proof is to hand: a moment of peace reveals it. It is not the 'return and communications' of the 'dead'; it is no thunder on Sinai or any material mountain; but the true Sinai is in the heart, and the road to it and the light on it is peace. The sign in heaven — the flame by night and the pillar of cloud by day --- to lead us into the Promised Land: --- this is peace.

There is a Promised Land for mankind: so much we may assert, for all the ages have been strewn with visions of it, and merchandise and rare treasures from it have passed current with all races of men. Does not divinity manifest in men's actions? have we not proof enough of the beautiful possibilities of our race? There is nothing noble, but some men have achieved it and many men have conceived it in their minds. The Platos, the Buddhas, the Shakespeares, and the Christs that have starred the spaces of time, are there only to tell us what splendor may be wrought of the common stuff of man; and we are advancing to a point when all men shall be as they were. At least it is a possibility; we must admit that: that is what man can be; --- and why should not man be that?

The road to it is peace. To be the greatest he can be, a man must have peace within himself: he must have that silence in which the divine qualities in him can grow. He must fight for it, obviously: the enemies he must fight are within himself: he must hold the fort against all the noises and lower influences that rise within himself.

So it is with the nations and with humanity: the one thing essential is peace. You have only to regard the war-time nation to know how true this is. It is divorced from all things that were true and beautiful in its life; a demon-self in it battens on lies and unrealities; and even the divinest qualities are sucked in to swell the force of a maelstrom whose bottom is destruction, utter ruin and death. It is not that progress is hindered; it is that all possibility of progress is scotched; the soul of the nation lies wounded, distorted and limp, and heaven knows when it will recover. War calls for self-sacrifice, they say; but to what end?

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Is any people the happier because of the grand-scale murder that was done of late? Because the nations sacrificed their first-born to Moloch, and immolated their hope for a vain desire? Is there anyone without a sense of loss, or without regrets for the years before nineteen-fourteen? Are even the profiteers happier, who have gained the world and paid their own souls for it?

But the heirloom of each nation is the treasure of beauty and divine life it might contribute to the world: the great poetry, the great art, the revelations of spiritual and scientific truth; and these are conceived in peace, and brought forth from the glowing silence where the soul is. When there is noise in the world, and the misery of wholesale hate and killing, the gates of that Temple are shut in which all the treasure of the Gods and men is stored. The soul stays from creating then; only the mind creates the implements of hell and destruction. I do not mean only the material implements, the gases and machines that destroy men's bodies; these are innocent enough in comparison with the hell-things that then breed in hearts. Better to lose a limb or two, and walk all awry and twisted physically, than to go with one's inner being contorted with hate, and know no ease for its cancerous gnawings in the mind, and a supreme unhealth there that lays waste all possibilities of good. Where such unhealth is, hideous germs breed; a rank infection mines all within; moral corruption is assailant everywhere; look to your prisons, they shall be full; look to your asylums, they shall be overcrowded with things that once were men!

All might have been averted, if there had been preparedness — for peace; if there had been self-sacrifice — to hold off war; if there had been valor to hold the fort of the world's life for Peace.

But because there is a Divine side to our nature, there is room for hope, and indeed a duty to be optimistic. Every individual can hold his own soul for peace; enough doing that, and war would be chased out of the region of possibilities. It could no longer hold a place in the affairs of men, such a wholesome atmosphere would be against it; such a sunlight would pour into the world, destroying its poisonous germs. No one can say what beauty and divinity man may evolve to; only give him peace to evolve! We should keep our eyes on that light; we should hold our minds to it, not letting them wander into the places where war is bred. To save the world demands concentration, and effort: and this is really the only self-sacrifice that is worth while.



“A GREAT hope is dawning for humanity. We seek to voice that hope.”
— *Katherine Tingley*

IMPRESS OF MIND ON MATTER

L. ROSS, M. D.

IT is no figment of the imagination to say that mankind is so impressed upon the physical earth that it partakes of his nature. Not only do the virgin soil, the woods, and the weather respond to the material changes of settlement, but the frontier is modified by the presence of new mental conditions. Lovers of nature note the different feeling which pervades a cultivated park or private grounds from that subtil lack of human impress where nature speaks her 'varied language' in the wilds of forest or mountain.

The skill of architect, builder, and furnisher can complete a beautiful house; but only the imprint of genial thoughts and feelings can make it 'feel like home.'

Who has not noticed a distinct mental tone in a household, an audience, or a community? Does not the arrangement of a room almost tell the type of its occupant? If the mental quality operates along lines of daintiness or disorder, of conventionality or comfort, of harmony or crudeness, the very furnishings take on the coloring of the mind. The persons capable of an orderly top-bureau drawer can almost be detected on sight,— perhaps because of their scarcity. The piled-up office-desk correctly indexes a versatile, unsystematic mind.

Build with new bricks or stones or wood a tenement-house for the poor, whose want, ignorance, and vice jostle each other at every turn. The freshly cut stone or wood from quarry or forest comes to upbuild this habitation, filled with the clean, sweet, wholesome breath of nature. But before the building grows old, the very structure is so saturated with its associations,— is so tainted with the thought-atmosphere— as to impress the passing stranger with the human misery which it covers but cannot hide. Mark you, it is not the smoke and dirt — the inert particles of earth, — which have changed these building-stones, now crying out their degradation to the passer-by. It is the human quality speaking through them the language of unhappy location. The air and odors from a den of animals may nauseate us; but we grow heart-sick with the hopeless sense of misery from the breath of the tenements. The vulture reeking with carrion inspires a disgust for a rottenness which is physical; but no wild beast or bird of prey or reptile can convey a sense of the sin and misery which salute us in the haunts of men. That is a human quality!

There are places,— rich and poor,— that are filled with vicious miasma, and one is strongly impressed with the evil air present. Some rooms,

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even unoccupied, seem tainted with moral microbes, and what is graphically called a 'tough place,' has often a tangible mental taste of its own. Such influences are both depressing and degrading, and they not only contaminate the vicinity, but, like disease-germs, the evil poison travels through the air of the thought-world.

Each one may prove from his own experience this ability of mind to stamp itself upon matter which, in its turn, transmits the impression to other minds. Think of the character in an old shoe, a threadbare coat, a delapidated hat, my lady's glove, from which the inductive reasoning of a Sherlock Holmes can unravel a story. And remember these things carry the imprint of the wearers, however blind our eyes are to them. A man's thoughts and habits not only wear wrinkles in his countenance and in his clothing, but his character leaves its impress upon his neighbors, whether or not they read between the lines.

Directly or indirectly, the individual reacts to the stimuli of his surroundings, and this is especially true of the unthinking, negative masses. One has need of a positive, clear-headed, strong-hearted idea of right and wrong to avoid the inoculation of evil minds. Most persons occasionally have thoughts out of all keeping with the moral tone of their lives,— thoughts that wander in like a stray dog. The morally courageous can drive them away; but the negative, drifting characters, wavering with every breath of influence, may not so easily dispel them. Minds already inclined to evil, but hesitating between a bad deed and a better impulse, may tip the moral scales by just such a hair as these stray thoughts of harm.

But the magnetic power of mind is no less powerful for good than ill. Every kindly, compassionate, aspiring thought goes to swell the currents of helpfulness which, sweeping round the earth, will surely flow into every mind which offers the channel of its own aspiration.

THEORIES OF LIGHT

T. HENRY, M. A.



AS to the way in which light is transmitted, Newton's theory was that it is by the emission of particles; and Huyghens, Young, Fresnel, and others superseded this by the undulatory theory, according to which light is propagated by undulations in a conjectural medium, the aether. This latter hypothesis has held the field uncontested until recently, from its consistency with observed facts and its ability to explain phenomena. But now the emission-theory

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comes into favor once more; not, however, as disposing of the undulatory theory, but as supplementing it in some mysterious way. New facts have cropped up which are better explained by the emission-theory; nevertheless the old facts, which are better explained by the undulatory theory, still remain. The problem is to find out how both theories can at once be true. Herein we find illustration of the philosophical maxim that the truth is more likely to lie in the 'both and' than in the 'either or.' In other words, when confronted with seemingly irreconcilable alternatives, do not choose one and eschew the other, but try and find a way to accommodate both.

Ordinary light, and the X-rays, are undulatory; cathode rays are emissive. The latter are a stream of electrons moving with enormous speed. When they strike a target, they give rise to the undulations of X-rays.

It naturally grows increasingly difficult, as our investigations grow more refined, to frame a mental picture of what happens in these secluded paths of nature. As we are taken beyond the region of ordinary geometry and mechanics, into the region where these things themselves may be said to be in the formative stage, it is not surprising that such a difficulty should be found. Have we not been offered a new kind of universal container, called space-time, wherein to build our frameworks? Has not the good old formula of double-you equals half em vee squared been upset by making em a function of vee? Verily we are become as gods, and are striving to plant our footsteps in the sea while riding upon the storm!

The above lucubration was inspired by reading a report of Dr. Millikan's account of his researches at the California Institute of Technology. We do not propose, especially with nothing better than a brief report to rely on, to venture on our bladder into such a sea of electrons and quanta; we would be far beyond our depth in no time. But we ask credit for our candor, when we might have blamed the ignorance onto our readers and dissimulated it in ourselves. A few of the statements however may be noted.

There are just 92 chemical elements, each of them composed of nothing but positive and negative electrons. These latter are atoms, or quanta, or doses of electricity. But what is electricity? We must not say that electrons are electricity, and electricity electrons, as we should then merely gyrate in an orbit like the electrons themselves, and get nowhere. But however many things there are, there must always remain something that is made of nothing because there is nothing else but nothing for it to be made of. One wonders whether science will ever analyse the electrons into something still smaller. The astronomers are extending the universe in the direction of the immense, and there is evidently infinitude in both

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directions. If lines, carried far enough, eventually meet, then we ought to expect Professor Millikan to discover in his glass tubes the ultimate nebula, while the astronomers find out what the electrons are made of.

If the positive and negative electrons are made of aether, we get down to only one element; but we have to recognise also a living force, without which the whole mass would be inert.

Dr. Millikan is studying the relation of electrons to aether-waves. It was discovered ten years ago that the energy with which an electron leaves an atom is in direct proportion to the vibration-frequency of the light-ray which ejects it; and this discovery is being made the basis of a new theory of light. He confesses that

“The physicist finds he is farther than ever away from a satisfactory mechanical picture of the mysterious processes by which atoms throw out energy in the form of aether-waves, whose absorption by the earth makes existence possible.”

We should be sorry to reduce everything to a mechanical picture. We have no desire to pass our existence in a mechanical picture, however satisfactory. One still finds, after these new discoveries, that the attempt to get along with a mechanical picture results in finding everywhere *actio in distans*. We beg therefore to offer a new theory: The physical universe is compact of two ultimate elements — *actio* and *distans*.

SACRED BUDDHIST PLACES IN INDIA

ARVID DAHLGREN

I: THE MAHÂBODHI TEMPLE AT BUDDHA-GAYÂ



THE oldest and grandest of all the sacred places of Buddhism is without doubt the magnificent temple at Buddha-Gayâ in Behar, India. It is one of the four great sacred places of the Buddhists. It is not only the grandest of them all but also, according to my humble opinion, the most important, as it was here that Prince Gautama lived for six long years and became a Buddha.

The great Mahâbodhi temple with the courtyard covers an area of about 335 by 370 feet. The temple is built of bricks and the surfaces are covered with sculptured sandstone. It stands in the center of the courtyard and is surrounded by numerous Stûpas and Vihâras more or less in a ruined condition. The base of the temple is 77 by 85 feet. About 25 feet above ground is a terrace with a tower at each one of the four corners. In each one of these towers there is a statue of Buddha. We

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reach the terrace by a staircase in each one of the two front towers. From the terrace the central edifice of the great temple rises up to a height of about 165 feet from the ground.

On the east side is the entrance to the great temple, with a Buddha-statue at each side. Through this entrance we reach the sanctuary in the basement, which room is of a rectangular shape, 13 by 20 feet. Against the wall opposite the entrance stands the Vajrâsan Throne (Bodhi-mandâ, the Seat of Buddha) with a large Buddha-statue. There is nothing else in the room.

At the west side of the temple and close to it we have the outer Vajrâsan Throne. Back of this, in a niche in the temple-wall, is a statue representing the Buddha, and in front of the throne stands the sacred Bodhi-tree (Bodhi-druma, Tree of Wisdom). Close to and in front of the Bodhi-tree stands a gate of stone which I take to symbolize that golden gate through which every pilgrim must pass in order to reach the 'Tree of Knowledge and Wisdom.' It was on this very spot that Gautama found the Middle Way and received perfect spiritual enlightenment and thus became a Buddha.

At the north side, alongside and close to the temple, we notice Buddha's Walk, where Gautama used to walk to and fro during his six years of penance. It is said that when Gautama had attained Buddhahood he remained for seven days in meditation under the Bodhi-tree. He then rose and walked for seven days up and down where Buddha's Walk is now represented by a stone wall 3 feet high and 25 feet long covered with nineteen circular plates indicating his footprints. The walk is supposed to have been covered formerly by a roof of some kind, as remnants of pillars still remain in two rows, one at each side of the walk.

The great temple is surrounded by a high stone railing partly destroyed. A part of this railing is said to have belonged to the Aśoka temple which occupied the place before the present temple was erected. Some of the sculptures on the railing are believed to be types of the oldest kind of sculptures found in India.

The great courtyard contains a mass of Stûpas or small and large monuments erected by pilgrims in order to preserve the memory of the great Savior. Many of these Stûpas have been destroyed. There are also many ruins of Vihâras or smaller temples erected to commemorate some incident in the life of the great beggar-prince of India during his struggle for spiritual emancipation or Buddhahood at Buddha-Gayâ, which in his time was nothing else than a jungle.

Of the most important ruins of Stûpas and Vihâras we notice the remains of a temple where the Buddha sat for seven days gazing upon a

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pipal tree (*ficus religiosa*) in deep contemplation. This Vihâra was known as the Vihâra-Animisha-lochanam (Temple of the Unwinking Eyes).

The remains of two Stûpas are to be seen where Mâra and his beautiful and wicked daughters tempted Gautama and were defeated.

We also notice a temple-ruin where Brahmâ himself is said to have exhorted the new Buddha to 'turn the Wheel of the Law,' which Buddha fortunately and willingly agreed to do, and thus started the most peaceful and most remarkable work for spiritual enlightenment that the world's history is able to show as having been started by a single man.

The sides of the great temple and the smaller corner-towers are all covered with a great mass of sculptures in sandstone. Most of these belong to the period of the Pâla Kings (813 to 1200 A. D.), and many of them represent the Buddha sitting in a state of meditation. The Tântrika system of medieval Brâhmanism is revealed in many of the sculptures.

All the Buddha-statues inside the great temple are covered from the neck down with a red cloth. This has been done by the Mahant and his disciples, who are not Buddhists but belong to a Śivaite sect, which has been in charge of the temple for more than five centuries. The intention seems to be to make Hindû pilgrims believe that the Buddha-statues represent Hindû gods. I removed the red cloth from one of the Buddha-statues at the entrance and tried to induce the keeper of the temple not to put it on again, but only a few minutes later the cloth was there again, although none of the statues of the Buddha is sculptured naked. These red cloths will probably remain until the Buddhists again become custodians of their most sacred temple.

It is said that the great Mahâbodhi temple dates back to about 140 A. D. It is built on the same spot where the great Buddhist king of Behar, Aśoka, erected a temple about 250 years B. C. The Mahâbodhi temple has been ruined and restored several times. In the eleventh century (1035 to 1079) the Burmese under order of the king of Burma carried out extensive repairs, but since the Mohammedan invasion (1199 A. D.) the temple was deserted for more than 600 years, and fell more and more into decay. The temple as it stands today, as shown by the pictures, was restored during the eighties of last century, when it was found in a very ruinous condition by Sir A. Cunningham who visited it in 1879.

The sacred Bodhi-tree (*ficus religiosa*) at the back-side of the temple has been cut down, uprooted, and destroyed time after time, since the Buddha lived there. Again and again a new tree was planted there — at one time it was growing on the terrace — today it is a beautiful tree, large and shadowy, under which every pilgrim may find rest and peace.

LOVE BEYOND THE GRAVE

Most of the pilgrims who come here to worship are Hindûs, and these are of course in ignorance of the true meaning of the place.

True wisdom and knowledge were, by the great Gautama-Buddha, the glorious 'Light of Asia,' and the 'Light of the World' as well, unveiled again in order that a misled and suffering humanity might find the Middle Path, which is the true way to spiritual emancipation and salvation.

LOVE BEYOND THE GRAVE

H. TRAVERS, M. A.



THE following letter from a mother is quoted in *The Literary Digest*:

"I won't be separated from any of you, dear children. I'll just be closer to God and will understand better the ways in which prayers and faith can open the ways through which God can help you; and I'll be able at least to love you with all my heart and without anything in that love that will make you feel as if I wanted to control you or bother you."

This illustrates a well-known passage in *The Key to Theosophy*, which is as follows:

"Again we say that love beyond the grave, illusion though you may call it, has a magic and divine potency which reacts on the living. A mother's Ego filled with love for the imaginary children it sees near itself, living a life of happiness, as real to *it* as when on earth, will ever cause that love to be felt by the children in flesh. It will manifest in their dreams, and often in various events—in 'providential' protections and escapes, for love is a strong shield, and is not limited by space or time. As with this devachanic 'mother,' so with the rest of human relationships and attachments, save the purely selfish or material."—Chap. ix

The same theme is treated by Katherine Tingley in *The Wine of Life*, from which we quote the following:

"Love is eternal! The essence of love and truth lives on and on and perpetuates itself in human life, as it lives in the trees and in every living thing. The ego, the divine soul of man, lives on and on. So does true love live on and on. Anything that was true in the lives of those who have gone before, anything that was noble and uplifting, that held them to us, still lives, because it was the divine soul-attributes that made the permanent beauty and charm of the character; and although we may not hear their voices, though we may not see them, yet they themselves live."—p. 260

And again:

"Our loved ones are not so far away. They are not living in the ordinary worldly sense; but they are growing in the spiritual sense; and if our thoughts go forth with them when they pass out, if we can believe in this great and wonderful picture that I have made of the eternal life, then we do not shed tears for them. The absence hurts and it must hurt very much where one feels the limitation of just the one life; but one who has the broader vision and believes

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in another life and another life for humanity, knows that there is no break in the eternity of things, since love is eternal."— p. 261

The quotation from the mother shows a better understanding of love than often prevails. What is often called love, and believed to be love, may result in a good deal of harm to the beloved; and this is because the sentiment is mixed. There is selfishness in it, the desire to own the child as an object of pleasure and to enjoy its company. This may be very excellent; but nevertheless it is not *pure* love. So much of the feeling as is pure love will of course do good, but the alloy of selfishness will also produce its due effect; so that the results are as mixed as their cause. But this mother, whom we have quoted, evidently knew the difference between pure and alloyed love. She aspires to a love that will be unspoilt by any meddlesomeness and desire to dominate.

Then again, our mind is often a very erring instrument; and though we may be inspired with true love, the mind will interfere with its ideas and plans and cause us to act unwisely. But, after death has removed the grosser elements, there is no longer this interference from the earthly mind. This also is evidenced in the quotation. "I will understand better."

We may sometimes feel regret, remorse, for faults of commission or omission towards those no longer on earth; and for which faults therefore the opportunity for reparation has gone by. We are told that the law of retribution will bring upon our own head the consequences of these actions or neglects. This is true enough, but does not satisfy the heart. We fail to see how the injury can be fully adjusted in that way. But, if acts and thoughts can have so much power to produce their consequences, as the doctrine of Karma tells us they can, how much more must the deeper feelings of the heart be able to produce their effects. And such effects, one feels, must be those of reparation and atonement rather than of retribution. We know that the mistakes will be adjusted somehow, reparation made, and everything made up; but we do not see how.

The answer to this problem concerns a knowledge that is not of the brain-mind; it concerns the mysteries of the Soul's condition beyond the veil. It were folly and profanation to attempt prematurely to lift that veil, or to formulate in the feeble terms of our earthly thoughts the manner of such an atonement. It is rather in our duties to the living who are still with us that we can find solace and tread the road to wisdom. Let it not be said that, were the opportunity again before us, we should again fail. It is always easier to see the right road when it no longer lies before our feet with all its obstacles. It was our engrossment with selfishness that hindered us from our duties then; shall it be so now?

THE BODY RADIANT

EMMA D. WILCOX, M. D.

“Our physical light is the manifestation on our plane and the reflected radiance of the Divine Light. . . .”— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, page 259



ONE of the most promising signs of our otherwise much vaunted present-day learning is the consideration given by investigators and thinkers to branches of science other than their own, showing in their efforts to bring their individual experiments and the results of their researches into harmony with those of others, that they realize at last that whether their study be chemistry, physics, or psychology, all are surface-facets leading to the same central truth, microcosmic and macrocosmic alike. They have discovered one point on which all have met as common ground in that, on reaching the limits of the so-called known, each has found himself reasoning into a like underlying unitary origin to all manifested life, whether it be the single basic element sought by the chemist or the Monadic First Cause of the biologist.

It is only because they have met and because they have opened their minds to life beyond the single perceivable layer of the outer shell-form on which each has been working with his particular theory, hitherto apart and disdainfully aloof, that experimenters in all branches of human interest are discovering wonder upon wonder of ‘new’ material, ‘new’ forces, ‘new’ elements, which are being revealed to them throughout all Nature and which are bringing home to thoughtful minds the truth of what a great Teacher has said, that Nature is ever ready to “open wide the portals of her secret chambers, lay bare the treasures hidden within,” when the hand that tries is the hand that “helps and works on with her” and the eye which seeks is the “eye of Spirit.”

Among the workers in the field of human research, the one who ought to be foremost at the door now being slowly but surely opened, for the reason that intuitively he has always recognised that the human form is the highest yet evolved, is the physiologist, to whom the Conscious Design may well be visible as in his studies he traces the development of tissue back to the cell-element, and watches with his microscope that simple cell-unit dividing and subdividing into myriads of infinitesimal cells, which by selection and use become gradually transformed to serve each its definite and specialized function in the body corporate of the acting self. In watching this process in embryonic development, he has

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often observed and made comment how the outer layer of differentiated cells form themselves, shoulder to shoulder as it were, into an apparently flattened wall in order to give protection and shape to the parent-cell; and yet, at the same time, he has failed to take cognisance how plannedly each cell fits itself into the place where Nature intended it to be, just as a mason lays his bricks layer by layer, in order to construct and round out the outlines of a building whose framework has already been sketched and drawn from the architect's mind.

The Adamic human entities were in existence as living beings when the "Lord God made unto them the coats of skin and clothed them," and mark what a fearful result ensued! So closely the new garment fitted, so alluring its texture with the new sense-feelings it evoked, and so great its demand for sustenance and for renewal of its quickly changing tissue, that all the forces of its owner, the inner Man, were gradually focused and spent in seeking what was needed to nourish and preserve it.

Gradually, by directing all the vital functions and energies of will-power to that end, the human race became immured in its dense wall of flesh, closing by its mortared and impervious skin-cells every avenue through which the currents of the inner life could reach and mingle with those of the divine progenitors with whom the first Adam had walked "as one of us," until finally the race had lost all receptivity to impressions except those of animal sensations and emotions.

Although the giver of the "coats of skin" to the human Adam had ordained as food for them "the herbs of the field and the fruit of the trees," it came to pass that the persistent appetites of the new garment demanded its own type to satisfy its desires and feed its weedlike growth, and thenceforth was ushered in the dark ages of kill and eat for the animal man.

Even in cannibalism we are told that the human flesh of the victims is only eaten by the warriors in order that it might serve to keep them in physical strength and courage to conquer their enemies and to protect the tribe; and also that it is always partaken of as a religious observance with elaborate ceremonial under the auspices of the representative priest of their tribal god!

Truly have the ancients called this era the 'Kali-Yuga' or 'black age,' wherein mankind has degraded himself to the lowest and grossest depths of animalism where the emotion of the moment has been the only sensation registered on a brain deadened in nearly all fibers except those forming the channels of bodily appetite and desires, because the animal man knows but five senses and even of those he is aware only through impressions made upon them by the crudest of physical sensations.

When studying the histological elements of which these five sense-

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organs are comprised, the physiologist perceives how those cells and fibers which receive and transmit the physically felt impressions are clearly defined and their course so well developed that they can be outlined and the impulse, as it were, traced step by step in its progress between its superficial organ and the brain. He also notes many cells and fibers apparently pushed aside or dwarfed, yet still having media of attachment to the rest, whose functions are either obsolete or unknown. Perchance he has never imagined that these may form a part of the old and now closed doors of passage to the sense-fibers belonging to the plane of the paradigmatic Man before he became concealed in his garment of flesh.

The generations of Adam have come and gone and a new cycle is rolling in, which is stirring the pulse and nerves of the heart and brain of the truer nature of mankind, whose subtler and inner senses are awakening to its stimulus and are chafing more and more at the unnecessarily impervious wall of materiality which is hemming it in.

In a new spirit of illumination, the mind of man is recalling the words of the many wise Teachers who in every age have come to him and vainly strived to unseal his deafened ears to a perception of the higher faculties which he can awaken if he will, on another and a higher plane than that which he daily lives in his lower self. At last he is arousing himself from his lethargy and is striving to realize anew that the "Light that lighteth everyone that cometh into the world" is his; that he *is* that Light which, if kindled into active flame, would open the eyes to see, and the ears to hear, all the sights and sounds of the unknown realm of infinite Being of which he is a part.

There is but one path to take — unselfishness; and if it be taken consciously and radiantly, step by step, every step along its way will proclaim it even on the lowest plane of the physical body. Every blood-vessel, every nerve-fiber, will be warmed into greater activity by the out-giving impulse and will carry to its end-cell within, a quickening which will render it open to finer and more beautiful impressions than the grosser and duller cell-walls could ever have received of themselves.

What wonder then that the whole body should respond to such a life, and that we must accept as fact the halo which was said to surround the head of those living spiritually holy lives, and the actual physical radiance streaming forth from the bodily presence of the great Teachers, of one of whom it is related that even a touch of the garment's hem sufficed to heal!

Verily we are of 'little faith' or we would heed the oft-made call of those Wise Teachers of old, to "let our light shine" as shine it would, within and without, from our eyes which never can hide the soul within, from our voice which ever speaks that soul, from every cell in the garment

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of flesh which we have donned as the soul's earthly habitation, until our entire being shall prove the truth that "then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun," and our physical bodies become in fact as in plan a transparency which is truly the "reflected radiance of the Divine Light."



THE ILLUMINED

"WHEN this path is beheld, then thirst and hunger are forgotten: night and day are undistinguished in this road.

"Whether one would set out to the bloom of the East or come to the chambers of the West, *without moving*, oh! holder of the bow! *is the traveling in this road!*

"In this path, to whatever place one would go, *that town* (or locality) *one's own self becomes!* how shall I easily describe this? Thou thyself shalt experience it.

"As from the heated crucible all the wax flows out, and then it remains thoroughly filled with the molten metal poured in;

"Even so, that luster (of the immortal moon fluid) has become actually molded into the shape of the body; on the outside it is wrapped up in the folds of the skin.

"As, wrapping himself up in a mantle of clouds, the sun for a while remains; and afterwards, casting it off, comes forth arrayed in light;

". . . To me beholding it appears QUIETISM itself, personified with limbs:

"As a painting of divine bliss; a sculptured form of the sovereign happiness; a grove of trees of joy, erectly standing:

"A band of golden champa; or a statue of ambrosia; or a many-sprinkled herbarium of fresh and tender green.

"Or is it the disk of the moon, that, fed by the damps of autumn, has put forth luminous beams? or is it the embodied presence of Light, that is sitting on yonder seat?

"Such becomes the body, what time the serpentine [or annular] POWER drinks the moon [fluid of immortality descending from the brain], then, oh! friend, Death dreads the shape of the body.

"Then disappears old age, the knots of youth are cut to pieces, and THE LOST STATE OF CHILDHOOD REAPPEARS!

"Then *he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant.*

"He taketh a turn with the wind; if he walk his footsteps touch not the water; for such and such like conjunctures he attains many supernatural faculties."— From *The Dream of Ravan*

“CHINESE SCULPTURE,” BY OSVALD SIRÉN

R. MACHELL



THIS is the title of the latest work by an author, Dr. Osvald Sirén, whose name is a guarantee of scholarly and scientific labor. The work is accompanied by photographic illustrations of the highest order. Perhaps we should rather say that the three large volumes of plates are accompanied by a fourth volume of text, in which is included a complete index and a full description of each of the 623 collotype plates. These plates are, as far as possible, arranged in chronological order, and are mostly from original photos by the author. This large collection we are told is merely an introduction to the marvelous treasure-house of that mysterious continent we rather vaguely call China, and covers the period between the fifth and the fourteenth centuries of our era, a period during which the plastic arts in that country were almost entirely in the service of the Buddhist religion.

We are reminded that in those days there was no such thing as a sculptor, in our sense of the word. There were craftsmen who made images for religious purposes or for architectural decoration, but sculptors were not artists in the public estimation. Perhaps that is the reason why their works sometimes attained the highest excellence and were in every sense great works of art. In those days sculptors rarely signed their work, and when a sculptor's name does happen to be recorded it is because he was famous in some other way either as a painter, or lacquer-worker, or simply as a 'superior person.'

There is considerable difficulty in recovering specimens of sculpture dating to a period earlier than the fourth century, when the tide of Buddhism was on the rise and a passion for temple-building spread over the land. The Chinese chronicles contain reference to secular sculptures of vast proportions made during the Ch'in and Han dynasties. We are told: "The emperor's love of high towers and terraces, and vast palace-buildings spread to the noblemen and grandes, who imitated his colossal constructions." In 221 B. C., twelve giants, each fifty feet high, appeared at Lin T'ao in Kansu, clad in barbarian costume. It was then that the emperor collected all weapons of war throughout the kingdom and melted them, using the metal to cast enormous bell-frames in the shape of monsters with stag heads and dragon bodies and twelve colossal statues of the twelve giants. . . . In addition to these could be mentioned various other statues of bronze and stone which were set up in the palaces and gardens of Han emperors . . . only to be later melted down into currency.

If the Chinese were great builders of temples and palaces and lavish

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in their decorative arts, they were also mighty destroyers of the works of their ancestors. During the period of pietistic activity the temples prospered and the shrines were multiplied, the monasteries swarmed with monks, and the national exchequer was depleted in the interests of religious houses: then would come a violent reaction and a period of 'reform'; priests were massacred by thousands; temples were demolished, images destroyed, shrines desecrated, and religion disregarded. In one such reform the alleged bad repute of the monks and their political intrigues moved the emperor to order the prefects and county magistrates to destroy every temple and image within their jurisdiction, and to put to death every Buddhist priest.

Fortunately for the priests, the heir-apparent, who was a devout Buddhist, succeeded in holding back the edict for a few days, thus enabling some of the priests to escape: but a great number were seized and put to death. The temples were turned into heaps of smoking ruins, and all the images that could be found, besides a great quantity of Buddhist books, were destroyed. No wonder that Buddhist sculptures of an earlier date than the year 446, when this occurred, are extremely rare.

When we consider the damage inflicted on works of art due to the ravages of time with its tooth and restoration with its hoof, we may wonder that so much remains to indicate the existence of a highly developed civilization in China prior to the advent of Buddhism from India. But soon after the death of the emperor T'ai Wu Ti (452) a strong reaction in favor of Buddhism set in again. . . . But it was only during the reign of the emperor Chêng Ti (452-466) that the decoration of the caves on a more extensive scale was begun. Some of these are thus described. . . .

The cave-temples at Yün Kang, near Ta T'ung-fu, were made in accordance with Indian traditions, which already at an earlier date had been put into practice at Tun Huang and possibly at other places in Western China. The caves, which number over twenty, are of varying size, the largest being about seventy feet deep, the smaller ones only a few feet. They are hollowed out of a sand-stone ridge, and are all abundantly decorated with Buddhist divinities, legendary scenes, and ornamental reliefs, executed in the rock walls. But as the stone is of a rather soft granular quality the sculptures have deteriorated a great deal under the influence of water and time, and have been repeatedly restored during successive ages.

The caves which are now in the most complete condition are those which have been most thoroughly cared for by the restorers and which consequently are artistically the most disfigured, all the sculptured decorations being coated with plaster and crudely painted with bright colors and gold. The figures and ornamental compositions which completely

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cover the walls and roofs seem more crowded than ever, and as the architectural divisions are not very clear, the general effect is of a bulging baroque decoration, which has no doubt been accentuated by the restorers: but the jumble of clumsy figures and poorly digested foreign ornament must always have been more noticeable at Yün Kang than in any of the succeeding cave-temples in China.

A good many of the decorative motives in Yün Kang are derived from Central or Western Asia. The highly conventionalized winding acanthus stems interspersed with birds, executed in flat relief along the door- and window-frames, are of distinctly Iranian origin; their foreign character stands out clearly by the side of the Chinese borders formed of cloud-scroll patterns. The heavy garlands borne by standing or flying genii are akin to the festoons found on Gandhara sculptures from Taxila and elsewhere. . . .

In fact, there is abundant evidence to prove that the artists who worked at Yün Kang drew inspiration from currents of style which had at least some temporary sources in Northern India. . . . Hindû gods in the midst of a Buddhist pantheon may indeed be quoted as indications of the Western origin of the Yün Kang decorations. . . . Of special interest in this connexion are the colossal Buddhas and Bodhisattvas which still may be seen in two or three caves, the largest being over fifty feet high. . . . These statues however are interesting more from an historical than an artistic standpoint.

Dr. Sirén has shown how many different lines of study may be opened up by the careful consideration of the specimens of Chinese sculpture already collected: the mere cursory examination of these volumes is enough to excite the keenest interest in the subject either for the artist, the archaeologist, the historian, or the philosopher, and the author in his ‘iconographic remarks’ has opened up new fields of scientific investigation.

While the greater part of this collection consists of purely Buddhistic images, the few examples of early animal work are of such high character, as to excite the liveliest interest in any true artist. This is particularly noticeable in the panels representing horses in action in which the artist has succeeded in suggesting motion in a most realistic manner. There is a galloping Tatar horse or pony represented in the familiar ‘flying’ position, that is to say with all four feet in the air and all four legs extended to the limit, a pose unrecognised by any photographic camera, but one which marvelously well expresses speed, and the technical quality of which is of the highest excellence. Then there are some antique lions (?) or heraldic animals of a truly terrifying ferocity and great decorative charm and power. These latter seem to be pre-Buddhistic and may serve as connecting links in the chain of ancient art. It may not be too much to

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hope that before long some more of these missing links may be discovered and unmistakable evidence laid bare of the great civilization hinted at in ancient chronicles.

Referring to some of the heraldic beasts, the author says that the reader making his own observations on the plates will easily notice the magnificent form of the enormous T'ang lions, their expression of power and solidity; but also their lack of rhythmic vitality, their artistic tameness in comparison with the proud and fierce lions of the Liang tombs. They are no closer to nature than those fantastic winged beasts and much further removed from the realm of plastic reality and imaginative life. The further we proceed towards the end of the T'ang period the weaker and duller these animals become. It is mainly in the smaller animal statues that we find the concentrated energy and character of T'ang art expressed in a convincing form. They stand on an infinitely higher level than the tomb-sculptures and serve to show that the latter are hardly to be regarded as works of art in the same sense. . . .

The great days of Buddhist sculpture in China were practically ended with the reign of Empress Wu Hou. Her sons who succeeded her were not particularly interested in Buddhism nor very anxious to keep up the rather unpopular traditions of the Heavenly Empress. . . .

When we pass on into the ninth century the material grows scarce, and this for various reasons. There came a change in the attitude of the Chinese towards the fine arts, painting rising into primary importance and sculpture losing more and more of its traditional significance. . . . Rebellions and revolutions became more frequent, Chang-an was pillaged more than once; its palaces and temples went up in smoke, and most of their artistic treasures were destroyed. But still more fateful for the disappearance of Buddhist art was no doubt the decree of Emperor Wu Tsung published in 845, which contained an order for the wholesale abolition of all Buddhist temples in the empire.

It is said that 4,600 temples were destroyed and 260,500 monks and nuns returned to secular life; the bronze figures were melted down for coin and the iron statues were turned into agricultural implements. This was the third sweeping anti-Buddhist movement in China, and probably the most effective, at least in so far as concerns sculpture, because there was not enough creative will and energy left to replace by new works of art what had been lost. Emperor I Tsung restored Buddhism to its former position in 848 and ordered a great number of sandal-wood statues to be made; but none of these are known to have been preserved. It is very difficult — and in many cases impossible — to assign definite dates to the Chinese sculptures of the eighth and ninth centuries when they are not provided with inscriptions of some sort. . . .

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An important chronological starting-point for the study of the sculptures executed in Chi-li during the T'ang period is offered by the large pagoda at Fang shan known as Pei t'a and the four adjoining minor pagodas which are all decorated with figures in high relief. The main pagoda bears no date, but from dedicatory inscriptions it may be inferred that it was built shortly after 700; the small pagodas were dedicated in the years 722 and 727. The decorations on the large pagoda are of baked clay arranged in two main friezes, the upper being the more interesting because composed of figures in action, some running, others charging armed with spears or bows, while others are lifting heavy loads. The execution is broad and fluent; the artist has full command of the human figure, evidently delighting in the representation of difficult and strained postures. . . .

The abundant production of wooden statues during the twelfth century and later is unmistakable evidence of the renaissance of religious sculpture at this time; but it was no longer an art of the old hieratic kind. The Kwanyin who came so much into vogue at that time, was as a rule represented in a very free and elegant form, not simply as a symbolic image but rather as a human being lovable and tender towards her adorers . . . the form lost all its abstract serenity and became fluttering and emotional, but sometimes highly decorative. . . . Another characteristic sign of the period is that more and more iron takes the place of bronze . . . iron statues became quite popular during the Sung period. They were usually executed on a much larger scale and with a coarser technique, were less ritualistic and closer to life and nature. . . . Unfortunately most of these iron statues have been broken, only the heads remaining; but the whole genre may be appreciated from the two specimens reproduced in plate 560, dated 1097 and 1213. . . .

After the establishment of the Yüan dynasty, the position of the fine arts including sculpture in China changed considerably. The Mongols brought no new positive inspiration; on the contrary they destroyed far more than they built up. . . . Art was valued only in so far as it could support and glorify the Emperor and his generals. . . .

The intense building-activity, which set in with the early Ming emperors, would be almost inexplicable if the temples and other religious buildings had been properly cared for in the Yüan dynasty. . . . At least seventy-five per cent. of the temples in Northern China are said to have been founded in the T'ang or the Sung period, rebuilt under Yung Lo or his successors, and then restored under Ch'ien Lung or more recently. Few temples were founded in the Yüan period. . . . Furthermore, it may be admitted that the religious sculpture of the Yüan period on the whole shows more affinity with Tibet or Nepålese art than the sculpture

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of any earlier period in China; the increasing schematism in the treatment of the form, a certain artificiality and an excess of superficial decoration, which now creeps in, may be attributed to an increased intercourse in the field of art between China and Nepâl. . . .

It is in the Yüan period that we first meet with a whole group of temple-grottoes dedicated not to Buddhist divinities but to Taoist immortals. The caves at Hao T'ien kuan in Shansi are of the greatest interest from a historical point of view; artistically they must take a second place. The decorations on the walls of these caves consist mainly of rows of immortals standing or sitting in stiff motionless postures showing no attempt at characterization or artistic expression. . . .

Yüan art on the whole shows a growing interest in the material side of life, though this realistic tendency is more noticeable in the paintings than in the sculpture. Had the evolution kept on along these lines, Chinese sculpture might have developed into a kind of realistic baroque not unlike the art of the seventeenth century in Europe. But there was hardly any continuation along these lines after the close of the Yüan period. . . .

Ming art harked back to earlier times, and tried to reawaken some of the artistic ideals of the T'ang dynasty. Its ambition was to recall a period of great national glory. Activity became intense in all fields of art, most particularly in architecture, and great efforts were made to restore or recreate the old temples, caves, and religious statuary. . . . Technical methods were developed to a high pitch of perfection, and sculpture became exact in all ornamental details, decorative in the more limited sense of the word. . . .

It would seem as if the creative energy which until then had found expression in plastic works of varying type, had dried up in the sands of academic speculation and officialdom. The new revival of sculpture during the eighteenth century was a kind of rococo well fitted for decoration, but with no power to express ideal conceptions, or to produce religious images of the kind that make the ancient sculpture of China of such great importance in the history of art and of mankind. . . .

The author concludes his general remarks with a section dealing with the iconography of the statues represented in the numerous and beautiful plates. He opens thus: "When Buddhist art was first introduced into China it had passed through a long evolution in India and Central Asia, during which a very intricate symbolic iconography had been developed." The study of this subject would carry us into too wide a field of investigation and speculation to be attempted here. It is certain in any case that the work of Dr. Sirén will be welcomed by all art-lovers and archaeologists, and be valued by students of comparative religion.

TRUE MANHOOD

B. G.

THE lessons in history that are most profitable to us, are the records of noble men and women, who by their efforts and example have made the world better during their own day, and have left the shining example of their lives and inspiration to us, and for the generations yet to come.

I am thinking of those lovely characters who have suffered much, perhaps their life long, and but few knew that they suffered at all. And so great was their love and pity for the brothers and sisters about them, nay, for all mankind — for such consider all men and women brothers and sisters,— that they exerted their powers to help better the world, and their minds were always filled with pure, strong, and ennobling thoughts, which they scattered like seeds or sent out like doves to alight on aching hearts, and give them balm and whisper to them peace.

The lesson that this suggests is how much we can suffer and endure and yet help those about us. Unthanked, reviled, persecuted as a general rule, these great beings from first to last gave in return nothing but kindness and unselfish service. Their dying thoughts were a message of love to the hard-hearted men who were quenching their life. And the only regret they had was leaving a suffering humanity behind them.

What gave them that sublime endurance and love for others, that great joy? — for with their love, they must have had a constant joy.

If man's purpose was merely to eat and sleep, he would be no different from the animal. But the dullest will admit that there is a gulf of difference between us and the beast of burden. What then constitutes the difference? Is it not that we can, if we will, exercise something higher than the brute instinct? that we can control our wayward and self-centered impulses? And what controls? You may call it conscience if you will; it is that same quality within that moves you to risk your own life, in order to save a drowning man, or awakens your pity when you behold a suffering child. Do we not shrink from a man who takes advantage of another in his weakness, and whose love of self is so strong as to be ready to sacrifice anybody or anything, merely that his own selfish wants be satisfied?

True manhood constitutes the exercise of many qualities, and one of the chief is that of forgiveness. If we can learn to forgive one who does us a wrong, and rather look with pity on him because he knows no better, that very act will give us the pleasure of feeling that by so much have we mastered ourselves. And as one bad act generates another, so good acts

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induce the practice of noble traits. One does not have to be a great philosopher to comprehend such simple truths. We can go a step further, and keep our minds filled with helpful thoughts. And it does not take long for those about you to become aware that something new, something better, has come into your life. It will touch them; and as an angry mood calls out the anger of others, so will your better thoughts give them a glimpse of the higher nature in themselves. It will be detected in the ring of your voice, you will inspire trust by the frankness of your eye. Try it, for it will give you a great surprise. The emptiness of your former life will be replaced by much meaning, and what was before considered your misfortune, that which made you weary of the world, will now give place to a consideration and readiness to help those who know less than you do, those who need your help. Your work will be done not merely so as to avoid punishment, but you will learn to look upon it as your duty and your delight.

Prison-walls cannot shut out this higher living, and it is foolish to say that because you have fallen, because you have made mistakes, you are branded and need not try. Remember it is not what you were yesterday, or a year ago, or a minute before, but only what you now are that counts.

It does not need great study to find these things out; just examine your own heart; find out what is your duty, and do it. And I tell you that however restricted you may believe yourself to be, you will be a power for good. The little things that worried, that racked your brain, and that gave you no peace, will all vanish like the thin vapor. They have worried you because you allowed them to do so. The wonderful realization will at last come, that you are not merely a body with impulses and desires running riot, but that you are really inwardly godlike and divine. And that your impulses and desires (your lower nature) are like a prancing horse, which you can guide and control. Or that you are a great king, and the body is the kingdom. With your thoughts which are your commands, you can rule the desires which are your subjects, and bid them do only what will benefit the state. And the passions, your disorderly subjects, you can restrain from practising that which will endanger the perfect order and well-being of the whole.

No one can hinder you from choosing to lead the kind of life you wish. If you listen to the divine voice, to the god in your nature, you cannot positively go wrong. Circumstances and conditions may make your efforts very trying. Your lower nature may repeatedly get the better of you. But you need not become discouraged, because every renewed effort after failure will strengthen your powers, and make you keener to live the truer life.

Do you not see that you are bound to look upon yourself with high

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regard, not out of conceit, but because the knowledge has dawned upon you that you are inwardly immortal, and that you are now fashioning your life anew? Do you think it is manly to be revengeful, uncontrolled, and bestial? The caged leopard can beat you at that game! The big-limbed, broad-chested, man shows his power and heroism when he tames and curbs that strong nature of his. That is true manliness. And there is an old proverb to the above: "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

You can start afresh, and do your life over again, with clean books and fresh accounts. Are there not men who can satisfy their wants, have wealth, and the freedom of the blue sky, and yet are wretched beyond words? They loathe life, and are forever contemplating an end to it, because they do not understand the meaning and purpose of it; they do not understand themselves, and therefore they are swayed hither and thither, and find no rest.

These remarks are not mere theories or day-dreams, that will apply to some and not to others. And as we are all essentially divine, and all of us can make efforts, there are no limits to how perfectly we can fashion ourselves. As the potter molds the clay into forms at will, as the master-sculptor carves heroic figures, fashioning the inert marble into beautiful and inspiring forms, so can we,— yet what a comparison! Why, we have living throbbing bodies, that we must fashion into fitting temples, wherein the divine may dwell and shine through our whole being, illuminating the mind, and purifying the heart, strengthening the will to do the bidding of the immortal self. Your life, your acts, your thoughts, your presence will be a challenge, a challenge to arouse the better in all whom you meet. You will then begin to understand what is that ever-living joy in the hearts of the exalted ones: those who have raised themselves by their own efforts, to be the teachers of men, the great men of history.



"IF the action of one reacts on the lives of all — and this is the true scientific idea — then it is only by all men becoming brothers and all women sisters, and by all practising in their daily lives true brotherhood and true sisterhood, that the real human solidarity which lies at the root of the elevation of the race can ever be attained. It is this action and interaction, this true brotherhood and sisterhood, in which each shall live for all and all for each, which is one of the fundamental Theosophical principles that every Theosophist should be bound not only to teach, but to carry out in his or her individual life."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE KEYNOTE OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WRITINGS

BORIS DE ZIRKOFF

"I passionately love realism in art, the realism which touches, so to speak, upon the chimerical. . . . What can be more fantastic and more unexpected for me, than the reality? Is there anything more incredible than that which it offers sometimes to us? That which one generally takes for exceptional and almost fantastic, is for me but the very essence of reality. . . ."— *Dostoyevsky*

"Visions are in some way fragments, glimpses, of other worlds. . . ."— *Dostoyevsky*



AT the source of life eternal, beyond the world of illusions and evanescent shadows that fill our mind with their blurring impressions and ephemeral apparitions, behind the veil of unrealities and fleeting phantoms which hide from our eyes, like an ocean of mist and ever-changing forms, the primeval glory of a superior world, there is a single Truth underlying all the numerous manifestations of the Universe; this Truth permeates everything; it enters into the very depths of being and molds as if by an invisible hand the fugitive shapes of Nature. Man as a thinking being has tried from remote antiquity to express this Truth lying at the foundation of the world, by means of words, or musical tones, or colors, or even mathematical relations; and the nearer he has succeeded in approaching the invisible and ever-present Reality on the other side of this tangible plane of ours, the more beautiful, perfect, and suggestive has been the result of his artistic work. If the Truth is One — and how could it be otherwise? — then we see that the truly artistic productions of men are but the more or less faithful expressions of the same hidden Reality; and if this is true, there must exist a certain correspondence between the different means of expressing this Truth; because everything in the world is in constant relation to each other thing, although that relation may be a hidden one.

Thus, there must exist an analogy between a piece of literary art and an inspiring musical production, as well as a beautiful painting, provided that we chose among these things those which have, so to say, the same *keynote*, the same fundamental tune, underlying their visible or tangible manifestation. If we listen to the voice of our intuition, which is the direct current from that center of Truth and Life in ourselves that is hidden by the illusion of matter, if we try to attune our mind to the essential tonic of an artistic production — a literary work, for instance — we shall be able to *imagine* or even to *behold* or *hear* before our inner eye, or ear, the corresponding expression of the same thoughts in a series of musical tones, or in a suite of colors, or even in a sculptural shape, which are, so to speak, inherent with the characteristic of that literary or other

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work; and all this because of the simple and obvious fact that a certain set of mental or spiritual vibrations representing or incarnating in words a certain given series of thoughts, taken from the surrounding circumstances of life, can be transposed to another set of vibrations belonging to the realm of music, or painting, or sculpture, or even mathematics (if we take the real and hidden meaning of that great science), on account



FYODOR MIHAYLOVICH DOSTOYEVSKY
From a painting of the famous Russian
artist Séroff

of the law of Universal Analogy on the different and respective planes to which the enumerated branches of art belong.

These few words of introduction may be useful in order to understand, or better, in order to try to understand, the real, hidden significance of the literary genius of Dostoyevsky. For those who have read his works, even in a poor translation of the original, the following lines dedicated to the memory of the greatest novelist and psychologist of the last fifty years, may seem, with perfect justice, a feeble attempt to express the inexpressible: to put into words those titanic ideas which cannot be

materialized and ought to remain forever in the world of THOUGHT; for there is no criticism, no appreciation, no analysis, that could possibly reveal something new to those who know the depths of the works of Dostoyevsky; the deep and terrifying abyss of his psychological studies and the whole world of ideas which they open before the silent reader.

These works speak for themselves. They are there — sublime and inimitable proofs of a genius from another plane; they stand as so many beacon-lights, incarnating the hidden, mysterious powers of the soul which mar or create the inner potencies of human beings; they have engulfed in their depth the author himself, as they are not so much descriptions of human events, as *types* of Humanity, in which mold are concentrated all

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the gigantic forces of the soul and all the destructive energies of matter.

For those who are not acquainted with Dostoyevsky and the literary testament left by him for the edification of future generations, the present lines are intended to convey, in a very poor and incomplete way, it is true, the ideas inseparably connected with the genius of that writer: the grandeur, the solemnity, the frightful depth, the mournful terror, and the Truth shining even in the abyss of gloom and suffering - that inner voice of the Divine in man, forgotten but still vibrating, oppressed but still alive, condemned but still existing.

If we are to compare the character, the atmosphere, of his novels with any other expression of art, if we are to seek for the keynote of his descriptions, if we are to find their analogy on another plane of manifestation, we shall have to turn to the power of Wagnerian music, to the super-human grandeur of the *Götterdämmerung* in its most solemn and gigantic force. Like Wagner, Dostoyevsky does not deal exclusively in ideas, the loose changes of the world, the fleeting specters on the screen of our limited mind; he goes to the unalterable bases of the soul, and digs, and digs, and digs . . . in the very foundation of being, taking thread by thread from the web of the human heart; he shows us the futility of our lower mind, the poor and limited horizon of our logical analysis; he wipes away all the traditional replies we are ready to throw at him in order to prove that he is wrong; he puts us face to face with the sad realities of life.

What is it in his works that makes us feel (we have already ceased thinking), like the titanic harmonies of Wagner (to a certain degree), as if we were submerged under the weight not only of our own personality, but under the sway of all human suffering and despair; as if we were face to face with all eternity released at once like a flood of force from the immeasurable deeps of being? Like the music of Wagner, with its colossal power of creating ideas and emotions, the works of Dostoyevsky deepen our conception of the grandeur and richness of the human soul; they sound like melodies from another world, and re-echo in the infinity of space; they open all the mysterious corners of the human heart and search them with the irresistible light of truth and justice. But there is more.

The analogy with Wagnerian music has to be abandoned here. There are scenes in Dostoyevsky which have something dreadful and inexpressible. They seem to fall upon us like heavy stones, one after another, and with a deadened and mournful sound; in desperate succession they fall and fall again; they hurt us; they threaten to kill; we cry; we try to escape . . . no . . . there is no exit; they fall and fall again; around us they pile in huge walls, and, seeing that we are still alive, still trying to save our poor existence and shake off the terrible dream, these walls begin

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to approach in silence, to crush us between them; they have touched us already; one moment more and something terrible, inexpressible, unimaginable would occur; but here, suddenly, in the midst of silence, despair, and agony, face to face with the unavoidable, a door, a hole rather, opens in the darkness, and beyond we catch a glimpse of the Eternal Truth. We rush toward the bright spot of light; our last hope gives us wings and power, and, under the crush and the general destruction of the threatening stone-walls, we awaken from the frightful nightmare of an underworld. . . . We are still in the same chair, everything is the same around us; the people walk as before; life flows in an endless stream; the hours fly in a rhythmic succession; but *there*, in the very depths of our soul, in the chamber of our inner being, we have seen. . . .

This is how Dostoyevsky creates the magical circle in which he encloses his reader. Slowly but irresistibly you feel yourself drawn toward those elementary types of poor, suffering, passionate, degraded, and fallen human beings; first you feel a certain apprehension, a certain aversion towards them; there is in your soul a revolt against the very possibility of their existence; you try, but in vain, to imagine that these types have never existed but in the sickly imagination of the writer. Why is this feeling in your heart? Because you are *unconsciously ashamed* of the thought that among this humanity to which you belong, amidst all these creatures which move and vegetate around you, there exist such types, such horrible caricatures of the human ideal, which ought to be the divine ideal. Then, little by little, you come to think that perhaps the writer is not so very much in error after all about his humanity; you begin even to feel a certain sympathy toward those miserable and wretched beings, drowned in passion and spiritual darkness. Later on you seem to understand their feelings and deeds; you are unconsciously drawn into the magical whirlwind of their illusions.

The writer, the genial writer, has struck in you a chord which resounds and vibrates under the touch of his enchanted fingers. Why this? Because the feelings, the thoughts, of his heroes are in the very essence of *your own* feelings and thoughts; a little more, and you are lost in the world created by the author; you have become an integral part of it; and toward the end of these colossal psychological studies, where each string of the human soul is strained to the utmost, you are living with the strange and nevertheless real personages of the novel, you are suffering with them, you are striving with them, you are fighting in your own nature against the same lower instincts and dreadful feelings; and at the last page you would like to throw the book away, to run out-doors, to breathe the pure and invigorating air of the dawn, to free yourself from the nightmare of a reality too obvious, alas! But you are bound, tied to

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the scenes of gloom and misery, the magical spell of which has revealed to you that although they seem at first abnormal and unnatural, yet they incarnate truth, however sad and pitiful it may be.

Yes, the world of Dostoyevsky is a strange world. Taken in its realistic meaning, from the standpoint of modern criticism and analysis (those poor weak tools of the equally weak brain-mind of ours), it seems to be unreal and even fantastic. It is a world whose profound caves and caverns the modern 'civilized' man would refuse to explore. Truly, what has a nightmare of an epileptic mystic to do with the rush and noise of our business-life? — Nothing. But those who have gone a step farther in the study of the interplay between the two fundamental natures of man, and their desparate fight against each other, know that behind the fantastic, visionary types of Dostoyevsky's novels, there is a truth — grand in its essence, but changeable in its Protean aspects. To the eye of the ordinary man this world is so terrible and so incomprehensible that the heart shudders, the soul shrinks, and the brain-mind is wrought to confusion by the irresistible power of it. Otherwise with the psychologist and serious seeker: he knows that there is no novel in the whole world which could even compare with the depths reached by Dostoyevsky in his works, no art that could picture in a few but striking words such an image of man's soul, at its *best* as well as at its *worst*. On account of this, for all their external resemblances to other novels, the major works of Dostoyevsky are fundamentally incomparable.

As said before, to give an idea of the tremendously suggestive power of his literary productions, one has to go outside of literature and try to throw oneself into such supreme pieces of art as the *Götterdämmerung*, or the Rhapsodies of Liszt. To picture it would be to portray the image of a thunderstorm in the midst of snowy mountains and desolate peaks. The lightning flashes, the tempest growls, the thunder rolls in mighty echoes, and the soul of man shudders and re-echoes all in its very depths, as if moved by a superhuman power.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic traits of the types put forward by Dostoyevsky is the fact that they do not exist in time. They exist only in space. The conception of time is absent from the works of Dostoyevsky. His scenes depict the evolution of emotions and feelings, the history of the spiritual development of men, embracing several years, or even the whole life of the individual, and yet occurring in rapid succession in twenty-four hours; moreover, this rapid development seems to be perfectly natural and legitimate because the reader, perhaps without knowing it himself, is fully aware that these characters and soul-experiences, with their complicated and multifarious emotions, are but the incarnation of certain human types, existing there where humanity itself

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exists, and bound neither by time nor by any conventional custom or preconceived idea. They are collective pictures, so to say, the sum-total of a certain class of people, or of all the innumerable feelings which animated a single human being during a given period of his life, even during the whole of this life. They are not things, or personalities in themselves, but rather terms to define temperaments and inner soul-vibrations.

Because of this, European critics have never been able to understand the possibility of the real existence of Dostoyevsky's types. They have tried to dissect them, to analyse, and to find out if they could ever be traced among themselves; but they have forgotten, or, let us say it plainly, they have never grasped the idea, that these types are not, in the ordinary sense, human beings, but picture-souls, given imbodiment, taken from the plane of astral shadows moving around in the atmosphere of men, and *fixed*, so to speak, on the screen of the novel. The story is in the hands of Dostoyevsky as the opera was in the hands of Wagner; they handle them for their own purposes and aims.

Why is it that the novels of Dostoyevsky have risen to such fame throughout the world, and have forced themselves to the very top of psychological studies? Because Dostoyevsky is not merely an interesting writer; he is not the representative of such or such a school, or such and such a style; he is the Great Inquisitor of the human soul, before whom all the hidden and secret sides of man's feelings are disclosed and uncovered to the very last. Men know that what he wrote *is* true, because every one in the world, if he is endowed with some understanding, feels that the truths put forth by Dostoyevsky and described by him in their fullness, are inherent in every man on earth, if he but searches for them deep enough in his being.

Dostoyevsky is a Russian, Russian by soul and body; his works are Russian; the types created by him are essentially Russian; his conception of religion, philosophy, and ethics, is Russian too; and yet the same Dostoyevsky, as individuality and as writer (as are also his types) is universal; these claim for themselves the whole world; they picture man as he is, from North to South, and from East to West; they reflect humanity as if the soul of the author was a faithful mirror of the universe. How can it be? Is it, perhaps, as Mereshkovsky said once, because "the essentially and decidedly Russian is always the decidedly universal"? May be! The reader can find it out for himself.

If we said that Dostoyevsky had no conception of time, it was to point out the absence of any conventional idea about that element. However, if we plunge into the soul-life of the writer, we shall be able to catch a glimpse of his innermost consciousness and of the dominant thought which haunted him from birth to death. This thought was

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Eternity. Eternity is his only conception of time; it is the absolute time — the absence of any. Eternity fills the life of his heroes. It soars over the scenes of terror and agony; it whispers in the infinite space of the world; it hangs in a void so terrifying, so dark, so boundless, that the human mind can hardly stand the vision. Read the *Idiot*, *Crime and Punishment*,— those pictures of Karmic Law, in full sway! Try to live for a moment as an integral part of that world of sorrow! You will grasp the unutterable, and understand the seemingly fantastic.

In Dostoyevsky, for the duration of eternity we seem to fall for ever and for ever, and swoon in the darkness of night; his eyes look into our soul and search its most somber corners; with him we feel the sorrow of humanity, the immense suffering of the present age, the pain of its future spiritual birth. Look at the heroes of Dostoyevsky! They are not people. They never lived as such. They are apparitions risen from the gulf. They are figures enormous and nocturnal. Born in the abyss of suffering and despair, they wander through the bitter life of illusion, and disappear in Eternity. They hint at the secret of life in words appalling, like revelations echoing down the corridors of a nightmare. These men and women, like so many phantoms of another world, are under the torture of eternity, at the mercy of a grand inquisitor who extorts the inmost secret of their souls. Through the veil of their daily life we see the problem of eternity haunting their imagination; it is their only problem; they try to solve it before the breath of life has left their suffering bodies. But we feel also, with the writer, that even if death puts an end to their agony — before the problem is solved — another world, indeed a better one, will open before them the secrets of the inner being. Sometimes, even during this earthly existence, a blinding flash of ecstasy reveals to them the hidden meaning of eternal life.

Dostoyevsky appears to have been vouchsafed the gift of eternity disclosed in one moment, of that eternity where (as he says again and again) *there shall be no time*. This vision appears with terrific power in the last scene of the *Idiot*, where Prince Myshkin the compassionate, and Rogozhin the dark force of life, brood by the dead body of Nastasya in that horrible room.

In Dostoyevsky's heroes a formidable and unbelievable energy seems to be concentrated. Their whole being is loaded with some unknown and frightful force which threatens to burst their soul asunder. It is this disintegration and explosion of the soul but not of the Spirit, under the intolerable pressure of pain, desire, or despair, which is perhaps the most general problem of Dostoyevsky's novels. Love and pity exist in fullest measure. But love and pity could never have created the gigantic figures of Stavrogin and Ivan Karamasov, or Svidrigailov and Rogozhin. In

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order to pity and love them they must have been first of all fashioned; and the Karmic Law has molded them. No other man than Dostoyevsky has ever better understood what we might call the 'satanic profundities' in 'Apocalyptic' parlance. He knew them and revealed them. He has shown that even in the depths of perdition there ever was and shall be a hope, a spark, of Life Divine.

In studying Dostoyevsky from the standpoint of his works, we must take into consideration the invincible need he had to fathom the most dangerous and most criminal principles of the human heart. There was no side in human nature which has not been sounded and described by him, in most minute details. In reading his works, we involuntarily ask ourselves: How could he possibly know the innumerable impressions, feelings, emotions, of the criminal types he deals with? Would it have been possible for him to grasp the abysses of human nature by mere intuition, or intellectual study? There is in all these descriptions such a revelation of the inner experiences of a fallen being, that one may inquire: Has he *only observed* the people he met? Is it *only* a curiosity of the artist?

Is it not, perhaps, the minute description of his own experiences, of his own deeds ages ago — the public confession of all the dark specters that haunted his inner consciousness? "Foolishness!" will say the reader. "Read his biography, the diaries he himself left as a testament for generations to come. We know his life. There is no more crime in it than in the life of every other man." Yes, shall we reply. Although there are several periods in his life we do not know anything about, we still are willing to admit that *this* life was not the original from which has been copied the panorama of his novels. But . . . and here we have to stop. Had not Dostoyevsky the dim reminiscence of mistakes committed in the past? Did he not say often that the feeling of an awful crime weighed on his soul, especially after the crises of his malady?

Now would it be too bold to say that Dostoyevsky, with his strained nerves, with the sickly sensitiveness of his brain, with power of intuition, and with the earthly bonds of life weakened by his epileptic fits, was able to see with his inner eye something of the past lives he had spent on this earth of ours? Would it be too foolish to believe that he described in detail the deeds he himself committed ages ago? No. There is nothing impossible in this supposition. On the contrary, it is a very suggestive one. Dostoyevsky, the entity who had passed through many a life-experience, during numberless existences on earth, was drawn hither again by the Law of Justice, in order to expiate the deeds he had committed in the past; his terrible malady was certainly the obsession brought upon himself as effect of forgotten causes. Thus we shall be able to understand in a better way the strange acuity of his psychological analysis, if

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we look for its source in the very soul of the writer himself. Summing up, may we say that the story of his heroes is the story of his own past lives? We believe so.

Such is the keynote of Dostoyevsky's writings. Such is the world he lives in. Such is his power of revelation. His life, his sufferings, his bitter experiences, the somber reminiscences lingering in his soul, put their seal on his physical appearance. Even in his youth Dostoyevsky "never seemed to be young," with the shadows of pain on his hollow cheeks, his enormous forehead where shone the light of genius, his thin lips, contracted by the 'sacred malady,' his serious and solemn look, *turned within*, his small but fiery eyes, and that inexpressible quality about his face, the *immobility in the movement*, the impulse that stops at once and petrifies under intense effort.


During literary evenings, Dostoyevsky liked to read *The Prophet* of Pushkin. Was it chance or coincidence? No! There was in himself something of the prophet and the revealer of truths. At the last verse: "Let Thy Word consume the hearts of men!" his voice, which, feeble at first, had risen slowly, became a cry vibrating in the midst of silence, and making the public shudder around him. It was because this public felt, in spite of its own dulness, like the Florentines under the sermons of Savonarola, that in the man who was before them there burned a 'sacred fire,' that sacred fire which lightens the torches of thought.

A MAD WORLD

PERCY LEONARD

"Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age."—*Katherine Tingley*

"'Tis a mad world, my masters."—*Shakespeare*

N a bright summer's morning, high over shining rivers, snow-capped mountains, and a vast checkered plain, a radiant presence newly-come from Venus suddenly appeared. His godlike form of purest ether cast no shadow, for the sunshine glanced with undiminished brightness through his clear outlines. Sensing a new arrival, one of the viewless guardians of the Earth, impelled apparently by sheer volition, glided aloft, and waited with respectful deference such as is due to one arriving from a planet more advanced.

As in a detailed landscape painted by a master-hand, the European countries lay in extension far below, and the visitant hung poised at such a dizzy altitude it seemed as though he only had to gaze with fixity at any given spot, to have the details suddenly enlarge before his eyes. Thus calmly stationed in the cold clearness of the upper air, they watched

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the tiny figures as they moved beneath. Many were occupied in building houses, others were working in the fields, and as high noon advanced the smoking factories poured forth their crowds of busy workers, blotting the streets from view with streams of moving specks.

South of the Polar Cap of snow lay forests of dark pines, where the tall trees tottered and fell beneath the strokes of Scandinavian woodmen. Loaded on vessels, the huge logs were carried south, while from the warmer climates fruits and spices, olive-oil and silks, were shipped to the inclement regions of the north. Workers in factories were making shoes and clothes for toilers in the fields; and garden-produce, hauled by straining horses, could be seen converging slowly towards the swarming populations of the towns in friendly interchange for articles of luxury and use. In the wide range of strenuous activities lying outspread before their gaze, mishaps occurred from time to time, and it was good to see how tenderly the injured, carried on stretchers or supported by the friendly arms of comrades, were conveyed to hospitals and tended with the greatest care.

Some picturesquely tinted with the soil in which they worked, were making trenches to reclaim a swamp, while others in industrious gangs were laying out superb and spacious pleasure-grounds for public use. Rivers were being spanned by bridges, piers rose from the tossing waves, lighthouses slowly reared their tapering shafts toward the sky; while over all the sunshine poured, and fleecy clouds threw shifting shadows on the varied scene.

“What is the meaning of this restless hurry and exertion?” asked the visitor. “What motive urges on the denizens of Earth to such toil?”

“Sire,” answered the attendant, “our humanity is so defenseless and so frail, that if it is not draped in woven fabric, sheltered by masonry, and frequently supplied with nourishment, it very soon would perish from starvation and the cold. To keep themselves supplied with clothes, to build them shelters and provide their food, unceasing labor is required; so that the vast majority of Earth’s inhabitants pass almost all their time in work. That group of men engaged in dressing stones and then arranging them in box-like form are building houses, for lacking such protection they could never manage to survive the bleak, inclement weather which prevails on earth at certain seasons of the year.”

A narrow, sandy neck of land upon the far horizon-line was being cut to give a passage for the shipping of all nations out of the land-locked southern sea, to Asiatic ports.

“That,” said the stranger with a pleasant smile, “will be of profit and advantage to the shipping of the planet as a whole. These dwellers on the rind of Mother Earth appear to live in perfect amity, presenting

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an unbroken front against their common foes: famine, exposure, nakedness, and the results of accident. In course of time I make no doubt that the whole planet will become a pleasant place of residence. Concerted action to resist the forces that oppose the human race and to develop Nature's fathomless resources for the good of all, can hardly fail to bring about the end in view.

"But what are those extended lines of men striding across the field? Marching with one accord they turn now to the right now to the left, and stop with such precision, one would imagine that their movements were directed by a single mind. Why are they thus allowed to take their pastime while the others are at work?"

"These are our soldiers," said the guardian with some confusion, "and their function is to force the wishes of the people of one place upon those who dwell elsewhere, or to resist such interference on the part of others. Within those metal tubes they hold, skilfully blended chemicals are changed to gas all at an instant, and the force thus generated is employed to drive lead-pellets into the bodies of their brothers, often resulting in their death."

The visitor from Venus had allowed his mind to wander from the point before the explanation reached its close. It struck him as so palpably absurd that he imagined that his ears had played him false, and wishful not to trouble his informant by persistent questioning, he let the matter drop. The lengthening shadows and the gold and purple glories of the western sky, gave timely warning of the close of day, so with a gesture of farewell and as it seemed in a rosy glow that issued from the region of the heart, he shot aloft and vanished in the still, blue depths.

PART II

SOME decades passed away and once again at a high vantage-point below the windswept sheet of cirrus cloud, a visitor from Venus checked his impetuous descent and with a penetrating glance gazed on the landscape as before. The faithful guardian from beneath again ascended and remained attentive by. Humanity below was in state of fierce activity, destroying like a foolish child what it had labored to produce.

Great cities, shattered by explosives, poured forth their crowds of terrified inhabitants, running for shelter from the falling bricks and slates. Grain in the wheatfields, now long over-ripe, was shaken from the rustling ears with every breath of wind. Turnips and beets plowed under by the wheels of field-artillery; forests transformed into bare mountain-slopes of blackened stumps, and flattened fields of barley strewn with the dead, lay in the ghastly clearness of the morning sun. The waterway cut through the isthmus was now choked with the desert-sand and

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all humanity seemed dominated with a common fury to destroy itself.

Peasants from widely distant points who formerly had worked to serve each others' needs were now drawn up in line of battle with intent to kill. Aircraft were letting fall explosives of high power that shook the air like muttered thunder as they struck on palaces and towers below, converting noble structures into heaps of stones and clouds of flying dust. Huge battleships, a maze of intricate machinery, the fruit of years of patient toil, were lifted in the air and scattered in contorted fragments all around, while human trunks and limbs fell through the murky air like dreadful rain upon the sea.

Astounded and amazed, the visitor inquired how it had come to pass that Earth's inhabitants had been surprised by extra-planetary foes, and who were the invading powers.

"No foreign enemy intrudes upon our globe," replied the guardian with a sigh. "The human race has simply turned upon itself, its separate members rending one another even as madmen tear their own flesh. These many years they slowly reared a social fabric intricate and strong, then of a sudden they become possessed with fury and destroy the work of their own hands."

"I had imagined," said the visitor, "that Earth was the abode of men endowed with reason; but it appears like an asylum for the deranged."

"In sober truth," confessed the guardian of the Earth, "our people are not wholly sane nor ever will be till they realize and act in harmony with Universal Brotherhood as Nature's fundamental law."

Saddened and shocked past all expression, the illustrious visitant withdrew; not, let us hope, in horrified disgust, but to devise some scheme for helping those who seem so incapable of managing their own affairs.

IMMORTALITY

BY DAVID UNAIPON (AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL)

[From *The Sydney Mail*, Australia, January 21, 1925]



LONG ago, before the race of men inhabited Australia (according to a legend of my people), the animals could talk to each other, and they had not yet experienced death. All during the summer months it was the custom of the different animal tribes, the birds, and the reptiles, to gather on the banks of the River Murray, to enjoy the cool waters and the shade of the gum-trees.

The Moon-cum-bulli — the wise old ones of the tribes — used to sit and talk whilst the younger members enjoyed themselves at play and sport.

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One day a young cockatoo fell from a high tree and broke his neck. There he lay dead. All the animals gathered around to try and wake him. They touched him with a spear, but he could not feel. They opened his eyes, but he could not see. The animals were completely mystified, for they did not understand death. . . .

A great meeting was called to discuss the mystery of the dead bird. First of all, the Owl, who with his great big eyes was supposed to be very wise, was called upon to explain this mystery. But the Owl was silent.

Then the Eagle-hawk, the great chief of the birds, was asked to explain this great mystery of death. The Eagle-hawk took a pebble and threw it out into the river, and all the huge gathering saw the pebble strike the water and sink out of sight. Turning to the tribes the Eagle-hawk cried: "There is the explanation of the mystery; as that pebble has entered another existence, so has the cockatoo."

However, this answer did not satisfy the gathering; so they next asked the Crow to explain. . . . The Crow stepped forward and took up a 'whit-whit' — a small egg-shaped hunting weapon — and threw it out into the river.

The 'whit-whit' sank, and then gradually returned to the surface again. "There," said the Crow, "is the great mystery explained. We all go through another world of experience, and then return again."

Now this explanation impressed all the tribes, and the great Eagle-hawk asked: "Who will volunteer to go through this other experience to test it, and see if it is possible to return again?"

Certain animals and reptile-tribes offered to go and test the experience.

"Very well," said the Eagle-hawk: "but you must go through the experience of not being sensible to sight, taste, smell, touch, or hearing, and then return to us in another form."

When it became winter-time, away went all those animals and reptiles — the goanna, the 'possum, the wombat, and the snake — that crawl into holes and hollow logs and sleep during the winter months.

Next Barr-barrarie — the springtime of the year — the tribes gathered together again to wait the return of those who were trying to solve the great mystery. At last the wombat, the goanna, the 'possum and the snake returned, all looking half-starved.

When they showed themselves to the gathering, the Eagle-hawk said: "You have all returned in the same form as you went out, although the snake has half changed his skin."

Still the gathering was anxious to solve the great mystery of death.

At last the insect tribe, the moths, the bugs, and the caterpillars, volunteered to solve the experience and mystery of death.

All the other tribes — especially the kookaburra — laughed at this,

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because the insects had always been looked upon as ignorant and inferior. The insects persisted, so the Eagle-hawk gave them permission to try.

But the insects did not crawl away out of sight. The water-grubs asked to be wrapped in a very fine bark and thrown into the river; some asked to be placed in the bark of trees; and others asked to be placed under the ground.

“Now,” said the different moths, grubs, and caterpillars, “we will return at the springtime of the year in another form, and we will meet you at Parram-Parrie,” a place away from the river surrounded by high hills; a deep valley with only one entrance.

The tribes then dispersed until the following spring.

When springtime approached again all the animals knew that the season was nearing by the position of the stars at night. As the time grew near there was great excitement everywhere. All the animals felt the mystery would be solved this time.

The day before the time fixed for the return of the insects the Eagle-hawk had sent out notice, and all the animals, birds, and reptiles had gathered into the Parram-Parrie to await the great event.

That night the dragon-flies, the gnats, and fireflies came round the camp-fires as heralds of the great pageant that was to take place on the morrow. Already the trees, the shrubs, and the flowers had consented to lend themselves for the great occasion. The Dragon-fly went from camp to camp, from tribe to tribe, telling all what a great sight it was going to be, to see all the insects returning from death in their new bodies.

At daybreak every animal, bird, and reptile was out to witness the pageant of new forms arrive. The wattle put forth all its wonderful yellow, the waratah its brilliant red, and all the other flowers their glorious shades.

Just as the sun rose over the tops of the hills the dragon-flies came up through the entrance of the Parram-Parrie, leading an army of gorgeous-colored butterflies. Each color and species of butterfly came in order. First the yellow came up and showed themselves to everybody. They flew about and rested upon the trees, the wattle, and the flowers. Then came the red, the blue, the green, and right on through all the families of the butterflies. The animals were delighted. They gave great cries of praise and admiration. The birds were so pleased that for the first time they broke forth into song.

Everything looked its best. When the last of the butterflies had entered the Parram-Parrie they asked the great gathering: “Have we solved the mystery of death? Have we returned in another form?” and all Nature answered back: “You have!”

And there they can be seen at every springtime.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH DRAMA

(A Paper read before the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club)

K. REINEMAN

IN years to come, the history of the human race will be written in terms of mind incarnate: it will be the story of Man the Thinker's progress towards perfect self-consciousness. It will deal primarily with the things which have counted in that progress — with inner experience, inner, spiritual movement — and will take relatively little notice of most of the outward phenomena that today constitute the bulk of what we call 'history.' Once man's true story on this planet is thus taught and understood, we shall be able to understand the development of any given product of human thought, such as this of the English Drama, in a way that now is impossible to us.

Let us lay down this one principle, nevertheless, as a guide in our consideration of the subject: Mind — racial, national, individual — changes in obedience to cyclic law. That is to say, the mind — or rather Mind *per se* — has its seasons. For instance, we see that from time to time an age of intellectual activity and rapid mental development is brought on by a preceding period of discovery or invention, which latter widen men's outlook and quicken their thought-life.

But why the new discoveries? Searching for an answer that will be something more than a mere platitude, we arrive inevitably at those secret springs of action in man's inmost nature which are the source of his progress, and which, like the springs which feed our great rivers, lie frozen over and quiescent during the winter, to burst their ice-fetters in the spring when the sun is running again his northern course. And we find also that, just as no two succeeding summers in nature are exactly alike, so too the human mind never repeats precisely its previous steps of development; always there is some new manifestation, some fresh growth, at each reawakening. Yet each nation in the world's history has had its time of literary flowering, and of these, in modern times, England produced some of the finest drama of the world.

Until the reign of 'good Queen Bess,' however, one can scarcely say that there existed any essentially English drama. England, like the rest of western Europe, had witnessed the gradual evolution of the early miracle- and mystery-plays, the morality-plays and the 'interludes' that later accompanied them; had seen these emerge from the precincts of the Church on to the public squares and streets, passing from the exclusive control of the clergy to that of the municipal authorities and the guilds of craftsmen; had heard their priestly Latin give way to the vernacular

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of the crowd. In England, too, real people and actual situations had come to take the place of legendary and classical characters and episodes on the stage, and the primitive chronicle-plays had given rise to tragedy and comedy.

But England had remained singularly unproductive of any vital contribution to the development of the drama in Europe; to what she received from the continent she had added nothing as yet that could be called distinctively British. It was only in the latter part of the sixteenth century that the English soul finally found its expression in dramatic form. And this occurred almost suddenly, with the appearance of the so-called 'university group' of writers: Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lyly, followed by Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Thomas Heywood, to mention the most important of them. The work of these men, taken as a whole, is said to have no superior in modern times in sheer virility, in variety of plot and characterization, or in the application of poetry to the purposes of the drama. It was a spontaneous bursting into bloom of the national mind, this Elizabethan drama.

But it was also something far more than that: it was a coming into fuller expression than had been possible in Europe for a thousand years of the human spirit, of the soul of humanity. For, once any people begins to break the 'molds' of its national mind, you will find that soul bursting forth and flowering, be it in architecture, sculpture, or painting, in music, drama, literature, or science, in philosophy, religion, or government. And the result is always marked with the stamp of greatness. At other times you may have good work done, even excellent work; but unless the Spirit breathe on man's creations they remain ever lifeless, unsatisfying.

Great drama was indeed written in England during that wonderful last quarter of a century, drama that will stand as a true utterance of the soul of humanity. This, in spite of much in it that, viewed from our present-day standpoint, is unquestionably coarse, exaggerated, and in-artistic — though we have to remember that to the public of that time these defects appeared rather as virtues. Being in its essentials a true reflexion of the great Spiritual Drama that with the passing of the ages unrolls behind the scenes of our external existence, it mirrors truth and beauty that will never die.

Such flowerings of the spirit have, as we have said, their seasons. They pass; but they leave behind them seeds which, lying dormant in the soil during following seasons of decay and sterility, will germinate when an awakened national mind shall again enable the light and warmth to reach them.

In spite of the excellent work of men like Goldsmith and Sheridan, both possessed of the dramatic instinct, and of others like Bulwer-Lytton,

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Browning, and Tennyson who, lacking their instinctive grasp of stagecraft, nevertheless wrote some fine plays, no truly great work was produced in England during the succeeding centuries. The mind of the nation turned to other channels of literary expression; the novel became the new medium. Meanwhile, the English stage was reformed and counter-reformed; comedy was disciplined and highly developed; the art of acting was completely revolutionized; technique, both of author and of actor, became more refined; style was sought after; movable scenery was introduced, mechanical devices added, theaters built on new and improved lines; female actors, as early as the time of the Restoration, came to be recognised as legitimate members of the profession. Steadily the great Tree of English Drama has been going through the various stages of its natural growth and development; but its second great flowering is still to come.

The early nineteenth century marks a period in that drama that must be mentioned, that of Romanticism. Men's minds, looking inward and attaining greater self-consciousness, turned away from what had theretofore satisfied, and sought in a realm of 'wonder and un-reality' for something new. The greatest representatives of that movement were Bulwer-Lytton, Browning, and Tennyson, none of them, however, as has been said above, a true dramatist, nor capable of finding his highest expression through the medium of the stage. Men like William S. Gilbert, the collaborator with Sullivan in comic opera, and Thomas W. Robertson, helped to do away with the old and prepare for the new. The stage became more human. A transition-period came on, lasting until the latter part of that century and marked by an increasing ferment of ideas, by the influx of powerful influences from the continent, notably that of Ibsen, and, during the decade from 1890 to 1900, by the struggle between so-called 'Realism' and Romanticism.

A decided trend upward was to be noted at the beginning of the present century. Then the world-war came and laid its blighting hand very heavily on the English stage; but new sap is again flowing and there is great promise for the future. Among the outstanding English dramatists of our age must be mentioned Sir Arthur Pinero, perhaps the greatest craftsman of them all, a man of high ideals. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is typical of his work. George Bernard Shaw, aside from being a unique personality, is a sworn foe to sham of every kind. Though not primarily a dramatist, he uses the dramatic form as a means of spreading his message of social reformation. He is a breaker of idols, a destroyer rather than a builder, yet one who destroys only in order that something nobler may be raised on the old foundations. The same may be said of John Galsworthy, through whose plays runs a current of love for humanity that lifts them

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above the level of mere clever analysis of social conditions. But he, like the others, seems to seek in vain for a solution that will solve.

This barrenness with respect to any positive upbuilding of a new social order appears to be characteristic of contemporary English drama. We would seem to be awaiting the man who, imbued with the same love of the race and the same high ideals for its advancement as these and other writers of today, shall have found in Theosophy the great and inevitable solution. Surely one of the grandest contributions to the development of English Drama must be made, one day, by our Theosophical Movement; and who knows if from the very ranks of this Club there may not arise those who are destined to be leaders in that direction?

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH

CHARLES M. SAVAGE

IN the fifth *Theosophical Manual*, in the chapter on 'The Mystery of Death,' occurs the following passage:

"Our popular theology tells us 'Death is a mystery, we must hope for the best,' and that the only *proof* of the resurrection is that Jesus Christ rose from the dead and opened the gates of Paradise for the faithful! a 'proof' which is no proof to the majority of people."

The Occidental nations for the most part have come to regard certain of the processes of Nature in a most illogical way, calmly accepting what is 'fully' revealed, but indulging in the wildest speculation about that which goes beyond the ordinary ken of the mind.

This has not always been the case. If the human mind followed the natural lines of thought suggested in analogy by the aspects of Nature which are more open to its view, it would retain that intuitive knowledge which has always given confidence in the beneficence of Nature.

Death has always held something of the mysterious; perhaps we could with more truth say, sacred. This is quite natural, and it would be incongruous and untrue to 'make-believe' that it is a subject that can be treated lightly; but to all peoples it does not convey terrors.

Emerson says:

"It is the secret of nature that all things subsist and do not die, but only retire a little from light, and afterwards return again. . . . Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals, and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of the window, sound and well in some new disguise."

It seems strange that people ever came to regard death as anything terrible, as anything other than part of Nature's beneficent program. If we notice the ways of nature: the ebb and flow of life; the day and night; the alternate periods of activity and rest; the revolution of the

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seasons, which makes it a rule for practically the whole of the vegetable kingdom to cease its activity for a time, then to resume refreshed the work of the previous seasons; we wonder that it was ever possible for certain ideas to gain a foothold in our minds.

Quoting again from the *Manual*:

“Without a future existence for the larger Man that we feel stirring in our hearts at times, human life would indeed be ‘a discreditable episode on one of the meanest of the planets!’”

Why should man be an exception to the general rule, and, after one period of activity, be consigned by this mysterious death to oblivion according to some, to eternal bliss according to others? Why should not man be included in the general plan? Are we not justified in reasoning by analogy?

William Q. Judge has said:

“Theosophy applies to the self the same laws which are seen everywhere in nature.”

And again:

“Nothing is left to chance or favor, but all is under the governance of Law.”

Viewed from this standpoint, death loses its dark mystery, and most certainly its fearfulness. It is seen as simply a part of Nature’s plan, leading to another state, which might almost be called the ‘winter of life’; after which, in due time, the spring will again come, bringing with it new opportunities and new experiences.

As it is well known that in the universe the great is reflected in the small, it would be most natural to conclude that man’s daily cycle of waking, activity, sleeping, rest, is the reflexion of a larger cycle: birth, life, death, and a period of readjustment. The great poet Homer speaks of “Sleep and Death — two twins of winged race.”

In all ages the inspired ones have given glimpses of the meaning of death. To quote just a few words of ancient wisdom: in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* we find:

“As the lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. . . . There is no existence for that which does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists. . . . Death is certain to all things which are born, and rebirth to all mortals; wherefore it does not behoove thee to grieve about the inevitable.”

And the beautiful lines from the *Song Celestial*:

“Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones sayeth
‘These will I wear today’;
So putteth by the Spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.”

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Peter refers to Jesus as having been “put to death in the flesh, but quickened in the Spirit.”

In Plato’s *Phaedo*, Socrates says:

“Let us consider whether or not the souls of men exist in the next world after death, thus. There is an ancient belief, which we remember, that on leaving this world they exist there, and that they return hither and are born again from the dead. But if it be true that the living are born from the dead, our souls must exist in the other world; otherwise they could not be born again.”

He then goes on to show how “everything, which has an opposite, is generated only from its opposite.” “Sleep is the opposite of waking. From sleep is produced the state of waking; and from the state of waking is produced sleep.” And proceeding to apply this to the analogous case of life and death, he says:

“Now of these two generations the one is certain. Death, I suppose, is certain enough, is it not? What then shall we do? Shall we not assign an opposite generation to correspond? Or is Nature imperfect here?”

He then shows that it is most rational to suppose that Nature carries out the analogy in its general plan:

“And I think, Cebes, said he, that our conclusion has not been an unfair one. For if opposites did not always correspond with opposites as they are generated, moving as it were round in a circle, and there were generation in a straight line forward from one opposite only, with no turning or return to the other, then you know, all things would come to have the same form and be in the same state, and would cease to be generated at all.”

Further on he says:

“If living things were generated from other sources than death, and were to die, the result is inevitable that all things would be consumed by death.”

What little child has not thought that if the souls of all the people on earth go to the regions of eternal bliss, Heaven must soon be full?

Thus death is clearly comprehended only when we understand its place in the scheme of things, and that it is impossible to consider the part without the whole — Reincarnation. So it happens that nearly all the passages quoted have bearing also on the question of rebirth.

It is worthy of note that Socrates says in the first passage quoted from the *Phaedo*: “There is an *ancient* belief” etc. The truth has been known to the initiated and the enlightened of all times; but it would not be right to say that miscomprehension or ignorance has been entirely the lot of the people in general. For intuitive knowledge has never been entirely lost to the masses, and many are those, who, not troubled with much speculation about what may befall them, serenely face the change when it comes.

There is a very important passage in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*. When Aeneas visits the underworld and sees what happens after death

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to those who live on earth, his father, Anchises, explains to him that:

“We each endure his own Manes; thence are we conveyed along the spacious Elysium . . . till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed, hath done away the inherent stain, and hath left the pure celestial reason, and the fiery energy of the simple spirit. All those, after they have rolled away a thousand years, are summoned forth by the god in a great body to the river Lethe; to the intent that, losing memory (of the past), they may revisit the vaulted realms above, and again become willing to return into bodies.”

This reference to a period of purification, “doing away the inherent stain,” hints at a division of the subject of this paper, impossible to consider here for lack of space, but it is treated of at length in the *Manual* (No. 5) under the headings: ‘The Second Death,’ ‘Devachan,’ and ‘The Preparation for the Next Incarnation.’

In conclusion, the words of our Leader, Katherine Tingley, which close the *Manual*, seem most appropriate:

“According to my knowledge, when a soul is leaving its earthly Temple, however dark and gruesome the circumstances may be, it knows its own path. In moving out of the body, long before the pulse has ceased to beat or the breath is stilled, it finds itself born into a New Life, an unspeakable joy. Something new has been fashioned for the soul in that sacred moment, and then it comprehends the enormity of its mistakes and wills itself to higher things in the next life. There are different experiences for different souls according to their evolution, but at last each one rests in the arms of the beneficent Law, free from the limitations of earthly life. The ordinary mind cannot fully conceive what has happened; the soul is judged by the Law, not by any man, and when it is reborn it not only takes with it the experience of the past, though without the memory of details, but it takes something else that has happened at that wonderful time when it is born into the New Life, when it is reborn in more ways than one.”

THE INNER CONFLICT

(Address read to the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, June 5, 1925)

PIET BONTJE



THE book we are discussing this evening — R. L. Stevenson’s *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* — is more than merely a fascinating story, beautifully told. The conflict between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, which the author describes with such masterly restraint, is nothing less than the conflict raging within every man and it is the universality of its symbolism rather than its exquisite workmanship that lifts the story to the plane of true art.

Brotherhood is a fact in nature — yet we are all acquainted with the inner conflict. One does not readily associate the word ‘brotherhood’ with ‘conflict.’ If then brotherhood is a fact, it follows that the inner conflict is unnatural — should not really be there. ‘To work with Nature,’ then, means ‘to reduce the conflict’; to become conscious of the Universal Brotherhood of all that lives must mean to have transformed the inner

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conflict into a state of peace and serenity and power, worthy of a king.

For man is a 'king' who aeons ago, in obedience to the immutable Law, descended from his Throne and joined his subjects that he might gain experience and be able to lift them to a higher plane of being. The fact that we are living on earth in this present Cycle proves that we are all 'kings dethroned' — the fact that it has been our Karma to contact, while still young, this Movement (not merely the "most serious Movement of the age" but — from a spiritual standpoint — the noblest one) proves, that to a degree at least we are conscious of our 'royal descent.' A true king, even when he has left his throne, remains a king. If he moves among his subjects, watching them and studying them and learning from them, yet not one of them; if he is ever mindful of the Throne he once occupied and which is to be his again, his royal strength will shine through whatever disguise he may be wearing — his subjects instinctively will recognise his superiority and will pay him allegiance.

But if he, while moving among them, becomes forgetful of his royal birth and the Throne that is awaiting him; if he moves among them and feels himself one of them, then the great inner conflict begins to loom up and soon becomes inevitable. For the king will find his subjects but too anxious to receive him as one of their own — they hail him with delight, they shower him with praise and flattery and expressions of devotion. And if he wanders off, following the guides who offer their services with such fervid generosity, his subjects will more and more entrench themselves on the battle-ground of his mind.

Should he select desire as his guide, for instance, strange thoughts will come to him and he will be blind to the fact that, though he admitted them, it was not the king that did the thinking. Some object or other, utterly unworthy of his royal attention, suddenly will glow with a strange light that attracts him and fascinates him. Its glamor will make it seem wholly desirable — he would like to gain possession of it, he must have it, he is entitled to it, he can be happy no longer without it. And so the thought-process goes on and if he should reach his aim, the mysterious glamor will reappear, hovering over some new object, and once more he will start in pursuit. Throughout this period, he will pursue happiness in vain; though the gaining possession of some object, keenly desired, may afford him some momentary satisfaction, again and again, he will be conscious of an element of unrest and emptiness within.

Then one day, something — guided by the Law of Compassion — will come to his life. Perhaps he will hear the divine melodies with which some king-composer, conscious of his royal birth, has sung of visions aglow with splendor of light. Perhaps some other king, moving among his own subjects in serene aloofness, will meet him and arouse in him echoes

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of an all-but-forgotten past. Something will dawn upon him, perhaps he will see by the Light kindled within, what has really happened and, inspired by the vision granted him, he will decide once more to claim his royal birthright.

Then the conflict begins. The moment he ceases to follow his guides with his customary docility and tries to establish even a semblance of authority, they turn against him in bitter indignation. Then he makes the ghastly discovery that he is not merely a king dethroned who has identified himself with his subjects but that he has gone farther and has become the slave of his subjects. They resist with tenacity and infinite cunning every attempt of his to regain his former power. He finds them skilled strategists who sometimes feign defeat that they may catch the victor off guard and overwhelm him anew. He finds them keen debaters who with ruthless logic prove beyond the shadow of doubt that his vision of royal splendor is a chimera. He finds them star-actors, who in masterly make-up and having donned the cloak of idealism, parade before his admiring eyes. They coax him, flatter him, lure him on, threaten him, and appeal to his sentiments. He discovers that determination alone is not sufficient. He must gain knowledge of their strategy and above all he must evolve a strategy of his own. By watching them carefully he learns that their power over him has its inception at moments when he loses sight of his royal mission — when his vigilance relaxes. They then rush in and await developments confidently. There is but one way to prevent the occurrence of such mental ‘leaks’ — he must cultivate the habit of occupying his mind with thoughts worthy of a true king.

As for his own strategy, must he, in order to gain control over his rebellious subjects, meet them on their own plane? Must he out-argue them, outdo them in subtil sophistry, outwit them in cunning? Sooner or later he will make the discovery (and a stupendous discovery it is, in itself a vision) that the ways of a king are not the ways of his subjects; that he, of royal descent, has access to weapons of which his subjects know nothing and against which they are powerless. TRUST he will find such a weapon, for by putting his trust in the reality and splendor of the spiritual vision that came to him, he establishes contact with the legions of Light and he stands alone no more.

Against ‘trust’ the subtilities and cunning of his subjects prove powerless and he feels like a prisoner who escapes from his dungeon and walks out on the sunlit road, a free man at last. The road is ever widening — let no one believe that the final path of righteousness is ‘narrow.’ Those who pride themselves on walking the ‘narrow path’ are not kings, establishing their authority once more, but slaves of two of their most powerful subjects — egoism and fear. They are truly money-changers in the

Temple of Life, for do they not expect their investment of a few years of reluctant virtue to yield an eternity of heavenly bliss?

The royal road is ever widening, the king becomes more and more conscious of his mission, the subjects grow less threatening and less insistent. They lose much of their subtilty and cunning, for these they find no longer of use. They become resigned to being subjects once more; and to the king, as he realizes that peace reigns among his subjects again, new horizons are opening up. He stands more and more aloof from the outward aspects of life; he *is* ill or in good health no longer, but *experiences* illness and health. He dies or is born no longer, but *experiences* death and birth. And whether the royal road leads through the radiant splendors of life or through the quiet splendors of death, the infinite capacity for serving that he has acquired is a source of joy and inspiration to him. He is building a "Temple of mighty power," whose dome shall not "stain" but shall "be one with" the "white radiance of Eternity." And within the Temple he shall find his Throne awaiting him.

Such is the outcome of the conflict if we would go through life as a king walks on a sunlit road. Two things are necessary -- vigilance and trust. Both vigilance and trust are the very foundations of this School, of this Movement. Does not the fact that our Karma brought us to Lomaland, suggest that the true mission of our life is to make use of our royal prerogative, to shake off the fetters with which our subjects would keep us in bondage and to establish our authority once more, thus creating a state of royal peace and balance -- of Râja-Yoga?