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HE who thinks himself holier than another, he who has any pride in his exemption from vice or folly, he who believes himself wise, or in any way superior to his fellow-men, is incapable of discipleship.—*Light on the Path*

KARMA, REINCARNATION, AND IMMORTALITY:

by H. T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.)



PEOPLE habitually discuss the past and the future of the human race with a zeal and interest that clashes strangely with their professed views on the subject of immortality; for what living interest could we have in the drama and prospects of a world if our appearance on the stage were actually limited to the term of a single mortal life? This constitutes the strongest kind of argument against the conventional views, theological or otherwise. It would seem that we are really conscious, though in a dim and undefined way, of our immortality — or, rather, of the immortality of our essence. The same conviction also arises when we consider the readiness with which people will face death, sooner than sacrifice some ideal of love or duty; a readiness quite inconsistent with professed beliefs.

While most of that which goes to make up a man has grown together during the period since his birth, and will fall asunder again when he dies, there is an immortal seed which was before and shall be again.

What is needed is to make our philosophy agree with our inner convictions, instead of contradicting them. If the consciousness of immortality in the young were preserved, and not destroyed by wrong teachings, the old would not have to spend so much time and energy in trying to solve problems that would never have arisen. We do not sufficiently realize what we owe to centuries of theological dogmatism and other forms of materialism; and consequently we underestimate the effect which would be produced if the rising generations were guided on higher, broader, and more generous lines of thought.

Theosophy justly claims that its philosophy enables us to interpret our own intuitions. Its teachings do not contradict our innate conviction of the justice of universal law. Theosophy may be called a science, inasmuch as it interprets nature, studying the effects and unraveling their causes, finding explanations that will account for the facts. It might also be called rationalism, since it imposes no dogmas but points out facts. But both science and reason must be understood in a vastly wider sense than the conventional one. Nature is not limited to her external manifestations; for the body is but the vesture of the soul within — whether in man or in the earth. Nor can the function of science be limited to physics.

The justice and harmony of a human life cannot be discerned if we regard that life separately — apart from its sequel and apart from that of which it is the sequel. This circumstance accounts for most of the strivings and strainings to reconcile faith with experience and to find a place for God in philosophy. But the idea of Reincarnation is so unfamiliar to Western culture and habits of thought that reasonable as it is it will take some time to win its appeal. The process of familiarizing this truth is rendered slower by the fact that much nonsense is talked about it, and reasonable inquirers thereby warned off. Yet it is possible to speak of Reincarnation in a sane and serious way.

What people most often forget is to distinguish properly between that which survives and that which does not, and this may lead them to expect proofs of a kind that cannot logically be demanded. They also confound memory with recollection, assuming, quite illogically, that where there is no recollection there can be no memory. But it is conceivable that memories may be stored up beyond our present reach, and yet be accessible to stronger efforts which we may be able to make at some future time. It may be true that we do not *recollect* our past lives, but we are not warranted in inferring that the memory is obliterated or that there never was any such record made. The recollection of past lives is a question of memory training; but it is probably unnecessary to say that anyone who should venture on such a task in the expectation of achieving speedy results by his own unaided efforts would be liable to disappointment and delusion. For this attainment lies a long way ahead of us on the Path.

If people were habituated from birth to regard their present life as only one of a series, a great benefit would accrue. The fear of death would disappear; in time it might come to be looked upon as a mere

incident. The haste to achieve disproportionate material prosperity would be seen to be needless. There could never be any ground for the philosophy, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; for tomorrow we die!" But, more important still, confidence and courage would be restored. It would never be too late to mend; the oldest man might begin a new study or enterprise. Things left undone in this life could confidently be left for completion in the future. Failings not entirely overcome would be left behind, and a clean start would be in prospect. We do indeed already act as though we believed in Reincarnation; for old men begin new studies, and in many other ways people behave as though they were not going to die for good. Our intuitions are better than our philosophy; they tell us true, but we give them the lie; hence we marvel at our "inconsistency" or say that "God moves in a mysterious way," when it is ourselves who are moving in a mysterious way, our wonders to perform. How much more reasonable it would be, if we could give up these dogmas and mold our philosophy into harmony with our inner perceptions. And, speaking of dogmas, be it remembered that there are dogmas *and* dogmas; and one of the latter is that nothing is true unless it can be shown to follow from certain arbitrary rules of reason.

Another mistake made in thinking of immortality consists in regarding it merely in relation to *time*. Yet the Soul exists all the time; and while the personality is living its temporal life, the Soul, free from the limitations of time and sense, is living its eternal life. Hence we may truly be said to be experiencing immortality while in the flesh; and though we but faintly realize it, we do so in different degrees, some people more than others.

A useful comparison is that between death and sleep, between a lifetime and a day. During the period of a day we pass through successive phases similar to youth, maturity, and old age. At night we cheerfully lay down our work, confident that we shall resume it. Each day is determined to a large extent by preceding days, and is in its turn the parent of following days. In every day our free initiative works amid conditions imposed by our actions on preceding days, and here we find an analogy with the workings of the law of Karma during a lifetime. If we but regard a lifetime as a longer day, the analogy will clear up many difficulties.

Continuing this analogy further, we find that as regards the successive days of our lifetime, our mind is conscious of them all; in fact

our mind is in the same position with regard to the days as the Higher Mind is with regard to the successive lives. Knowing this, we do not make the mistake of scolding Providence for conditions which we know we have created ourselves. The only difference, in the case of a lifetime, is that we are not yet cognizant of the continuity of our existence, and find ourselves in circumstances whose origin we have forgotten. Yet these circumstances are the logical consequence of past actions. The opportunities we enjoy and the drawbacks under which we suffer were made by ourselves.

It is maintained by Theosophists that the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation are perfectly adaptable to ordinary life; that they are not mere theories such as a scholar might amuse himself with; that they represent actual facts and constitute an interpretation — indeed the only logical interpretation — of things as they are. It may be regarded as certain that these tenets will eventually become generally adopted; there is great vitality behind them, and the human mind is at present in a fluid condition, during which it is rapidly assimilating new ideas. The future may be forecast by a comparison of present ideas with those of a few years ago. The important thing is to provide that the pure teachings, and not any absurd travesty of them, shall prevail.

It is a solemn and oft-repeated truth that no real reform in human circumstances can be made unless the characters of the people are reformed. And how can these be reformed so long as there is such a chaos of beliefs and non-beliefs, theological dogmas that teach us to fear ourselves, so-called "scientific" theories that magnify our animal nature and animal heredity? What is needed is views of life based upon common sense, views which dignify man and inspire him with self-confidence of the right kind. The Theosophical teachings as to Karma, Reincarnation, and the sevenfold nature of man can achieve this; but they need to be seriously studied, and above all made the basis of action. Theosophist is who Theosophy does.

POETRY AND CRITICISM: by Kenneth Morris

I



MATTHEW ARNOLD will have it that the function of Poetry is the Criticism of Life; and the work of a poet will be important, according to him, only in so far as it throws light on human life and character. But in the work of all poets there is a kind of cream that may be skimmed off (*provided that there is a cream*, and that it was not all sky-blue wretchedness from the first); and when it has been so skimmed, one may say that the poetry is the cream, and the criticism of life the skim-milk. "Such and such a lyric, by so and so," says your poet or poetry-lover, "is of equal value with Hamlet or the Odyssey, all three being absolute in their beauty." "Gammon!" says your man of the world in letters; "there is the criticism of life to be thought of. How shall ten lines be equal to ten thousand?" Which is right? The second will get all the votes; which is no great argument, perhaps. The epic took longer in the writing; but one never knows what may lie behind the lyric. The didactic or philosophic poem, the work full of this criticism, will influence the thought of the world; and if thinking is to be the judge, it will win unquestionably. But the lyric will be singing itself through thousands of minds, in the sunshine, in the mines, over the washtub, heaven knows where: without noise, it will shed its brightness through a million eyes, its sweetness on a million tempers, its clearness and magic on a million imaginations. To the writer of the most perfect lyric, I am not sure that we do not owe as much gratitude as to the writer of the greatest epic or drama: I am almost positive that we owe him more than to the best writer of criticism of life; though it be a dozen lines against a dozen volumes.

Most of the English-writing poets have been also, and many of them mainly, philosophers; writing their thought in verse form, and perhaps sprinkling it from the spice-box of pure poetry, and perhaps not. Often and often we find stories or philosophic disquisitions in verse, that might have been told as well in prose; although it has been said rather wisely that nothing should have verse form that could be told honorably without metre. There is a class of idea that journeys leisurely and step by step through the mind; this should be reserved for prose. There are other classes that have the sweep and charge of cavalry, and you build epics and all heroic poetry of

them; others that soar singing like the skylark, or that wander from bloom to bloom droning out a magical and honey-laden monody, secrets of a learning incomprehensible to the minds of men. These will be the right stuff for your pure lyrics, these bees and birds in the golden regions west of thought. Their revelations are more esoteric than philosophy; they home to deeper places.

But one cannot deal with all poetry or all life in one article; and it is the intention here to consider narrative poetry alone. Narrative poetry, when it is anything more than a ballad, is epic: and epic is heroic poetry; not by any convention, I believe, but in accordance with deep-seated law. There is room for nothing personal or limited here; for no dissection of personal characteristics, no consideration or criticism of problems of exterior life. Those things all belong to prose; poetry proclaims the actions and perceptions of the soul. Heroic or epic poetry tells of the soul as hero, warrior, redeemer; as Sigurd going out against Fafnir, Arthur ferried in a dark barge to The Island of the Apples; as Satan unconquered in the lake of flame; as Christ on Golgotha, or Prometheus on Caucasus. It has to show forth the glory, the indomitableness, the magnanimity of the soul, dwelling in those lofty regions and letting who will come to it for general strength and inspiration. It is the Mountain; it will not descend from itself for any Mohammed. For this reason is its aloofness, its tendency to concern itself with periods *apparently* in the far past, but really in the eternal. That atmosphere all narrative poetry must retain, under penalty of sinking into berhymed or bemetered prose; or into the ballad — which, indeed, can be good, at its best, but not supremely good. Yet how many stories there are, beautifully written in verse, which are neither epic in spirit nor ballad in form; which are, if the truth should be told, novels strayed from their proper fold of prose, valley wanderers by no means at home on the mountain.

One thinks, for example, of such a work as Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*. If she had only written it in prose! With that faultlessness of expression, that delicate insight and unerring justness of criticism which mark it, it would have become a classic; we should have said, "Why, this is a prose poem, a literary treasure among novels." But being in verse, it remains, however beautiful, only versified prose; and it is to be feared that we neglect it; to be feared, but hardly to be wondered at. If she had only written it in prose!

Or one thinks of nearly all Tennyson's narrative poetry. The aim, one feels, was nearly always criticism of life, the life of all these myriads of personalities; not poetry, which is the illumination of the hidden life of the soul. It was for this reason that *Idylls of the King*, although flaming up here and there with such poetry as has not been excelled in any known literature, perhaps — yet fails as a whole to be a great poem. The Nineteenth Century was too insistent, and the troubles and problems of the day. Milton, dealing with matters beyond the crystalline and the brink of time, achieved the epic; but even Milton, coming down to Eden, heaven, and the familiar things of dogmatic theology, attained only to be . . . Well, well, all honor to him; he deserves that all that should be lost and forgotten. Poetry and personality cannot be blended; they are a veritable God and Mammon.

Then there are those charming stories of Tennyson's: *Dora*, *Enoch Arden*, *Almer's Field*, *The Princess*. He dignified them all with his own high gift of style; stamped on every line his own noble and melodious manner; adorned them all richly, and with consummate taste, with the best color of English rural life. Yet they remain essentially of the nature of prose; and we should not have been lured into thinking them poetry, but for the wonderful genius with which Tennyson handled them. The matter is the matter of the novel; and the style — what a wonderful style it is! — is rather the polished style that reflects light, the style of prose, than the white-hot luminosity of the genuine epic.

Let us take, for example, *The Princess*, perhaps the most romantic and beautiful of this series, the one it takes the greatest temerity to speak of as not really poetic. Its aim is to throw light on, or to consider, or discuss, a certain present-day problem, that of the "emancipation of women"; and who shall say that that might not be done in prose? Is poetry to throw no light on our modern problems, or on contemporary problems, then? Turn to your Milton for an answer:

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul

Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks.

Poetry? By heaven, yes! And on a contemporary problem? Look at the title of it: "On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament"; and the date given, too; 1646. But does he discuss? Does he consider? Indeed he does not. He flames forth from the standpoint of the soul; he is still God's Warrior, and you dare not mention truce to him. So those prosaic names, that "mere A. S. and Rutherford," "shallow Edwards," and above all the ridiculous "Scotch What-d'ye-call," become flaming and terrible poetic utterances on his lips; he blasts with them the fools that dare stand up against the liberty and supremacy of the soul. But suppose, instead of this terse, burning sonnet so entirely free from the atmosphere of argumentation, he had written a long story designed to thrash the matter out from the standpoint of pure reason? Some one might do so; and the work might be one of great value; but it would not be poetic; it could not be Miltonic; it would be a novel with a purpose, not an epic poem.

There are problems and problems; those which poetry may specifically handle, are, I think, the same yesterday, today and forever. Who is to hinder her handling what problems she likes; will *you* set down rules for her? Heaven forbid! it were more profitable to build a fence about the cuckoo. But the fact remains that she will touch these, and will not touch those others. Charm you never so wisely, she will not come from her own ground. For all your birdlime of earnestness, of enthusiasm, of excellent purpose, it is some masquerading jackdaw you will have captured, not the Bird of Paradise; unless it is the trees of Paradise you have limed. Poetry hardly deals with any historic period, old or new; she leaves those to the historians, and has a period of her own, which is eternal. What then, you say, of those "New Forcers of Conscience in the Long Parliament?" This! that that parliament is so long that it has been sitting any time this two thousand years, and is sitting now, in all our towns and villages. "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large"; A. S. and Rutherford, Shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call — they all preach in a thousand pulpits every Sunday. For they are prototypal figures, and plot and persecute wherever there is bigotry or ecclesiastical dominance. Against them, and, so far as one has

been able to discover, against them *only*, does poetry ever come forth armed, enangered, utterly ruthless. It is she that has pity and pardon for the Magdelene and the publican; but a whip of bitter small chords for those that have made her Father's house into a den of thieves. Do you doubt it? Then find some passage where anger is expressed, not in rhetoric, not in mere fustian bombast, but with the sublime music and undertone, the ring of genuine poetry; perhaps an anger without mercy, a declaration of utter war; and see whether it is not directed *always* against this same ecclesiasticism.

But we set out to discuss the epic; and here we have wandered off to consider a sonnet with particular gusto; a grave digression, surely? I think not. You shall not judge a poem's right to the epic name by its length. This little sonnet is an epic too, with Milton on Pegasus for hero; and A. S., Rutherford, Edwards, and What-d'ye-call for four-headed Chimaera. I think the very archaeus of the epic is the eternal battle of the world; and that all epics have their root in that, and are great and regal in proportion to their nearness, inwardly and spiritually speaking, to it. Tennyson knew it when he set out to write in his *Idylls of the King* a record of the Soul at war with sense; only perhaps he knew it too personally and consciously; and lost the grand epic symbolism in his quest after actual *criticism* of life.

II

But to return to *The Princess*. Here, the objective is not to set forth eternal verity, but to discuss, perhaps throw light on, a problem of our own day; a social, in a sense, rather than a spiritual problem. What figure can stand for the battling soul, and what for the principle of evil? There are epic places in the *Idylls of the King*, where this symbolism stands forth majestically, and style and glory correspond. We have the story of that "last, dim battle in the west" and the passing of Arthur thereafter; clean, antique, touched with the infinite and with eternity; therein, if you will, is the epic atmosphere. But here it is the benevolent, thoughtful Tennyson that is speaking, troubled by the evils that he sees around him; not Tennyson the great Bard on fire with ultimate and secret truth. You see, there was the duality there; and both sides of it are honorable, to be revered and loved. If criticism has a work to perform in discriminating between the two, she does no dishonor to the thinker in separating him from the poet. We have to ask what there is in this work, *The Princess*, that might entitle it to be considered poetry, in the highest sense.

The style? Style is there, undoubtedly. Every line has been molded, heightened, shaped, polished, chiseled. But let us compare it with the style of poetry, and we shall see the difference. Here is one of the most fiery passages; one in which you can feel that the invitation was to the supreme, super-personal compassion to enter in:

“ O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
 What heats of indignation when we heard
 Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
 Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
 Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
 Of living hearts that crack within the fire
 Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those —
 Mothers — that, all prophetic pity, fling
 Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
 The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
 Made for all noble motion; and I saw
 That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
 With smoother men: the old leaven leaven'd all:
 Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
 No woman named: therefore I set my face
 Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
 Far from all men I built a fold for them.”

So speaks the princess of the story; profusely, if with great dignity; bitterly, but argumentatively: it is a heightened, an exalted prose style; but it has not taken that leap into infinity which is the mark of the poetic grand manner. For a contrast, consider this; the work of another Victorian bard; one not greater than Tennyson, but here with his poet's blue mantle upon him, robed with the infinite. He, too, is smitten with compassion for certain women; and the flame leaps up from the blow in this wise:

Here, down between the dusty trees,
 At this lank edge of haggard wood,
 Women with labour-loosened knees,
 With gaunt backs bowed by servitude,
 Stop, shift their loads, and pray, and fare
 Forth with souls easier for the prayer.

God of this grievous people, wrought
 After the likeness of their race,
 By faces like thine own besought,
 Thine own blind helpless eyeless face,
 I too, that have nor tongue nor knee
 For prayer, I have a word to thee.

It was for this then, that thy speech
 Was blown about the world in flame,
 And men's souls shot up out of reach
 Of fear or lust or thwarting shame —
 That thy faith over souls should pass
 As sea-winds burning the young grass?

It was for this, that prayers like these
 Should spend themselves about thy feet,
 And with hard overlaboured knees
 Kneeling, these slaves of men should beat
 Bosoms too lean to suckle sons,
 And fruitless as their orisons?

It is the first and the last verses quoted that count; and I think much might be learned from a careful comparison of them with the passage from *The Princess*. Tennyson has made a catalog, in the manner of prose, of the sorrows of women; his mind traveling with passion, but with a certain artistic, conscious discrimination, from China, India, Arabia, to the hustings of Victorian England (for it is that, in reality). The style of prose we say; well, the style of rhetoric: picture by picture has been chosen with a view to make the case strong, to impress who should hear it. "Ida's answer . . . Oration-like," says Tennyson, knowing well what he was writing. Swinburne, in the supreme manner of poetry, has burned upon our vision that solemn, terrible picture, bare, unornate, unforgettable, of the women at the wayside crucifix; "slaves of men" beating "bosoms too lean to suckle sons": and with the picture there is that impression of augustness, that sense as of the presence of a great avenging angel, or perhaps, of the majesty of the Law. The attitude of the Princess Ida towards the evils that she condemns, is one of personal protest; she dwells on the same plane as they do, albeit in the brighter regions of it; she is a human personality, and speaks with a human and quite personal voice. But the anger of Swinburne here, the condemnation that he deals out, is not personal: the words are such as might be spoken by a god from his throne. They come from a loftier place than the thing condemned occupies, as though they were a sentence passed from the tribunal against whose decrees there is no appeal. So they are indeed. For this is Poetry, which is the voice of the Soul; and the Soul is deific, sovereign, aloof; and it does look down and pass sentence on the things of this world — a sentence damnatory

or compassionate, but based on the evidence of direct vision and certitude, never on argument and the weighing up of pros and cons.

Look at those last lines again; with what sure intensity the whole tragedy is revealed! Compassion, in her own manner loftily *disdainful*, we might almost say, is suddenly focused; nine-tenths of the story are left untold, but the one-tenth that remains has the whole cry, the whole tragedy in it of a world blighted by lies: it is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," and, *mirabile dictu*, with the "love of love," or compassion, in a breath.

We get that same strange glorious blending of compassion and scorn — pride or scorn, one does not know what to call it; it is neither of those things in reality, but rather the native accent of divinity in the voice of the soul — we hear that same majestic blending of compassion and haughtiness pre-eminently in a line from the *Purgatorio* which Arnold justly gives as one of the most perfect examples of the Grand Manner of poetry, the highest style than can be impressed on written or chanted words; the line: *Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti*, "Which straightens you whom the world made crooked." We see here, I think, as in the passage from Swinburne, the same impatience of words and details; the same godlike aloofness; the same pity too compressed, too burning and intense, to reveal itself fully or tenderly: the feeling has passed beyond the limits of the power of tenderness, we might say, to be tender: it is such a super-passional passion of tenderness, suppressed, governed, boiling, that it must be stern, swift, momentary — or nothing. Is it not the very naked voice of the august divinity hidden within us? — the greatest fashion that can be burned and infused into the brute stuff of language; because ringing with the dominance of that hidden Master? It bears the mark of compassion, because compassion is the inevitable attitude of the soul outward from itself; and it bears the stamp of sublime titanism — that thing that would be scorn, were it bitter and hostile, and that would be mere majesty, might it remain passive and in repose — because the soul is a god, and knows itself to be a god, and breathes out the atmosphere of godhood. Here it is in Milton, again:

His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined:

and of course, it is Milton and Dante who are the supreme masters in modern literature of the Grand Manner; as poets, the greatest of the poets.

Now it will be said that there is compassion in the passage quoted from *The Princess*; and undoubtedly there is; but is not the effort all to manifest it, to make it plain to every one that it is there, to lead it from picture to picture that will feed and excite it? We may say that it is a voice from below upward, an inspiration; it has the style and atmosphere of a great endeavor of the personal self towards the soul: whereas in the other cases, it is the comment and utterance of the soul itself. *There*, there is no effort to manifest compassion; the effort is all to suppress and control it. The effort is like the metal walls of a bomb, without which the explosive would only fizzle and waste. The poet — Swinburne, Milton, or Dante — had no doubt of his dynamite; it was too mighty, too awesome a thing; all *he* must do is to make the bomb walls strong, strong, strong. So, in reading, we get the effect, and are blown up — to the altitudes of consciousness. Tennyson, being also a poet, and therefore knowing the nature of dynamite; but writing here, not poetry, but mere criticism of life in the guise of poetry, puts what he can, out of his memory, of dynamite into his work: infuses what he may of the atmosphere of compassion into it. Swinburne and Dante and Milton have a Niagara to deal with, and they must make the channel of it as small as they may; they must dam it as well as they can, or heaven knows where they and the world would be swept to — mere incoherence and blind fury perhaps, or silence. Tennyson (in this case) has to deal with an irrigation scheme, and must make his channels as wide and deep as he can, and coax the waters of the world into them. Then, too, see how he deals with that other quality. He knew well enough that it is integral in the Grand Manner of Poetry, and he will weave it in here, if he may. So we have:

Far from all men I built a fold for them:

And prospered; till a *rout of saucy boys*
Brake on us at our books.

There is no doubt what quality that is; scorn, indignation, separateness, bitterness, hostility. It is a personal imitation of loftiness, the compassionate element has quite vanished from it; there is all the difference in the world between it and the fierce pity of —

these slaves of men should beat
 Bosoms too lean to suckle sons,
 And fruitless as their orisons:

or the sudden stern mercy implied in —

la Montagna
 Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti:

or the serene, august luminance of compassion shining through —

His form had not yet lost
 All her original brightness.

Or, since the compassion is out of it, we might compare it with those many lines from Milton that convey only the sense of the grandeur, without the compassion, of the soul; lines such as these:

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;

or:

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, *unchanged*
 To hoarse or mute, *though fallen on evil days,*
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round;

or:

Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us are adverse:

— these speak of the majesty of the soul; but the other only of the bitterness of the personality.

But you will say, Tennyson was putting words into the mouth of a very human, limited personality; and so the piece is more artistic as it is, and would be inappropriate otherwise. These are the words she actually would have said. True. The personality does speak in prose. Prose is the language of personality; and no doubt it was first invented when first the souls rayed out personalities from themselves; no doubt poetry is the older, as it is the more august. So the style used in *The Princess* is suitable, well-chosen, artistic; it fits the subject admirably; which proves that the subject is essentially a prose one. For prose — history, philosophy, criticism — examines and criticises life from without; but poetry illumines it from within. Prose considers and passes judgment on the external, the seeming,

the current: Poetry dwells within the holy of holies and her whole burden is the story of the Soul.

If she looks outward at all — and she does that too, at times — it is from her own standpoint, and in the eternal manner. She does not then criticise; her tones do not mince nor falter. The bardic schools had a law, that the office of the Bard was solely to extol what was noble; there were other orders, not sacred like the bardic, whose business was to satirize or to amuse. One can see that such a law must have come from a time when that one force which, as was said above, alone can move poetry to anger absolute, was not in evidence: for, except that they must fight that force, that old law holds for the bards now. So poetry, looking down into this world, criticises no one and nothing. She exalts whom she will; she mantles humanity with godhood: and whom she will — the antihumanists, the plotters against the freedom and beauty of the soul — she thunders upon.

Swinburne, looking at the roadside crucifix ghastly in its deification of decay and death, criticises *that* — nay, scourges the idea it symbolizes, the soul-fettering dogmatism; pours on it the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, if you like — but it is because the awful vision of the real Crucified burns up before him; the tragedy of the ages, the enslaved, thwarted, hindered, persecuted *Soul of Man*. Dante beholds the severe mercy of the Great Law, “that straightens us, whom the world has made crooked.” Milton, vainly endeavoring to be orthodox, to write within the limits of the dogmas, justifying the ways of his strange deity, and holding up Satan for our abhorrence, gives way to the great spirit of the Poet within him time and again; and shows, time and again, the sublime pathos of the Soul, Unchanged, though fallen on evil days. Nay, but they do not tell of these things; they make them live; they are revelations shown before us; so that our own eyes have seen, and the universe has undergone transfiguration, and ourselves. For Poetry is no little thing, no mere refinement. It is magic; it is the life of the Gods; it is the secret and spiritual nature of things. Without it, this Universe like a rotten bough, would break off from the Tree of Life. Without it, there would be no Tree of Life. It is the living sap, the greenness, the subtle vigor, and the beauty of the Tree.

“THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES”:

by H. Coryn, M. D., M. R. C. S.



EGEL, commenting upon the Pythagorean doctrine of number as the basis of all things says:

Numbers have been much used as the expression of ideas. This, on one side, has a look of depth. For, that another meaning is implied in them than they immediately present, is seen at once; but how much is implied in them is known neither to him who proposes, nor by him who tries to understand. . . . The more obscure the thoughts, the deeper they seem; the thing is, that what is most essential, but also what is hardest, namely, the expression of one's self in definite notions — is precisely what the proposer spares himself.

Upon which Stirling remarks:

But the curious point is that Hegel himself adopts this very numerical symbolism, so far as it suits *the system!* It is only, indeed, when that agreement fails, that the agreement of Hegel fails also. The moment it does fail, however, his impatience breaks out. The one, the two, the three, he contentedly, even warmly and admiringly accepts, nay, “as far as five,” he says, “there may well be something like a thought in numbers, *but* on from six there are simply arbitrary determinations!”

Especially, said Hegel, there is meaning in *three*, the Trinity. The Trinity is only unintelligible when considered as three separate units; its divine meaning appears when we take it as a whole.

It would be a strange thing if there were no sense in what for two thousand years has been the holiest Christian idea.

It would be stranger if one of the profoundest thinkers that ever lived, a teacher whose grandeur of character made him almost an object of worship to his pupils, had selected his symbols to “spare himself” the labor of clear conception (or had let them conceal from himself the confusion of his own thought). According to Hegel we must respectfully see philosophy in the Christian Trinity; in the Pythagorean Dekad, none.

Pythagoras wrote nothing. And his teaching was esoteric, delivered under pledge of secrecy. The essence of the echoes that reach us amounts to this: that numbers and ratio are the soul of things; that the soul itself is a number and a harmony.

Is there any possible reading of this from which it might appear profoundly true and illuminating?

We sometimes estimate savage intelligence by the power of count-

ing, of adding units. From one point of view the power does not seem to go very far with ourselves. We cannot in one act of perception count more than a very few dots irregularly placed on a sheet of paper. If more than that few they must have some arrangement. Nine must be perhaps in three threes, twelve in four threes or three fours. But even before twenty is reached, no arrangement will permit one act of perception to accomplish the numbering. There is merely a considerable number, and actual unitary counting — of units or groups — is necessary to know how large it is.

But now let there be a sufficient number of dots to suggest to the eye say a flower form or a frieze pattern, and let them be so arranged. Before that arrangement they were a mere horde of *ones*; in their definite arrangement they have a *meaning*, excite an idea, a state of consciousness. Is not the advent of this meaning, the perception of this form as a whole, a new and transcendental kind of counting? Number in this sense, is form; and the form is form and not inchoateness, chaos, just because of its meaning; that is, because of the state of consciousness it excites in us.

You can count the ticks of the clock — as ones. If they were four times as fast you could perhaps still count them. As they became more rapid than that they would pass beyond the power of counting. As they became still more rapid they would presently cease to be units at all *and become a musical note*. Now they excite what might be called an idea, a state of feeling peculiar to that number per second. Is not the perception of that number *as a note* a kind of counting? Let the number per second be now suddenly doubled. Are we aware of the ratio of this new number to the previous one? Yes, but as a rise of an octave in the note, not as a counted doubling. To this corresponds another state of feeling, partly due to the new note as it is, partly due to its relation to the old one. It is a perception of ratio appearing in consciousness as aesthetic feeling.

Set this clock to beat twice as fast again, and having listened a moment so as to get the sense of the new note, stop it. Set a second clock to beat *five* for the first one's four. Listen so as to get the sense of it and then stop that clock also. Set a third to beat *six* for the first one's four and do the same.

Now start them all at once. You cannot by counting ascertain that whilst one beats six the other two are respectively beating five and four. But your appreciation of the fact takes the form of *hear-*

ing the musical chord do, mi, sol, c, e, g, the common chord in its first position. Is not the perception of that chord, the acceptance of that state of feeling, really a recognition of the ratio, a highly transcendental counting? In the feeling you have the *meaning* of the numbers and of the ratios between them. It is those numbers themselves viewed from a high standpoint.

The same might be said of every other chord. Listening to music is perceiving ratios of vibratory speed between the successive notes and chords, transcendental counting. The feelings aroused are what those ratios *mean*. The meaning, the feeling, of the composer gets out into expression through those numbers and ratios. Number in the ordinary one-plus-one sense is the body of music; number in the transcendental sense is its soul.

We cannot in the ordinary sense count ether-touches on the optic nerve. But when they reach a certain number of trillions per second we suddenly perceive the *meaning* of that number — which we call the color red or the sensation of redness. When the rapidity is seven-fourths as many we get the sensation violet. But there is more than a sensation; the colors have an *aesthetic* and emotional value. And when colors, that is rates, are juxtaposed in certain ways we get *art* and the value may become *spiritual*.

But no two people are affected in exactly the same way by the same piece of music or of art work, though the souls of both may be touched. Since, as we have seen, the highest aspect of number and ratio is *spiritual meaning*, we can already see something in the Pythagorean saying that the soul is a number and a ratio or harmony. In its self-consciousness it has a spiritual meaning for itself; it means something to itself; it understands itself. And so each soul, each with its own special nature or meaning, reacts a little differently to the spiritual meaning of numbers and ratios coming to it from without.

Nature herself, thought the Pythagoreans, is instinct with spiritual meanings. Whilst the soul is embodied and limited by the senses she cannot ordinarily or easily get these meanings direct. They have to be clothed or bodied in those masses of units and ratios that are color, sound, and form. She touches these ordered aggregations (numbers them, understands them) on three planes: first as sensation; then as aesthetic feeling; then, perhaps, in their spiritual meaning. The musician, as he composes, does receive direct a bit of nature's spiritual meaning and then aggregates such numbers and

ratios of vibration as will express it. And if his music, carrying this meaning, be so sounded as to affect plates of sand or other fine powder, forms will result such as nature herself makes — perhaps in the same way, though we cannot hear the sound for its subtlety — forms of flowers, trees, groves, and what not. For any of nature's meanings may get out along the ways of sound, color, or form. We can conceive that the whole of evolution is guided by number, ordered number, ratio. The electrons in an atom and the atoms in a molecule and the molecules in a cell or crystal are not only so many in number but definite in arrangement, in form. They *mean* something; they express in arrangement and in successive changes in arrangement a unitary spiritual idea of nature's, and in that is the force of evolution. If the units disintegrate and scatter so that we speak of death, the idea, the real life, remains and embodies again in a new harmonized mass of units. The idea is the magnet that attracts and arranges them and incarnates among them. It is their spiritual number, the cause of their countable number and scientifically ascertainable arrangement.

Number, therefore, in the highest sense, is not the same as a heap, a mass, an anyhowness; it is an order expressive of a spiritual meaning. In the highest sense it is that spiritual meaning itself even before expression in an ordered mass of items or vibrations. And in this sense the soul is a number and nature the synthesis of numbers; both finding expression, the one in the soul's several garments (one only known to science) and works; the other in what we call "nature." Pythagoras will yet find his full vindication in philosophy. He is of the future, not the past.

DOES NIRVÂNA MEAN ANNIHILATION? by T. H.

IT is sometimes said by superficial students that Nirvâna means total annihilation; while more accurate scholars point out that it means the extinction of the impermanent part of our nature, whereby the permanent prevails. This is well brought out in the following quotation from *The Kashf al-Mahjûb*, the oldest Persian treatise on Sûfiism, translated by Reynold A. Nicholson.

Annihilation is the annihilation of one attribute through the subsistence of another attribute. . . . Whoever is annihilated from his own will subsists in the

will of God, as the power of fire transmutes to its own quality anything that falls into it . . . but fire affects only the quality of iron without changing its substance.

It is evident that what is annihilated is the *personality*, which, according to the teachings, is an erroneous conception preventing the manifestation of the real Self. Thus the doctrine of annihilation is seen to be a consistent part of a logical teaching and not the untenable idea which some critics have represented it to be. The fact that most of us in our present state of development look with reluctance at the idea of losing our transitory personality does not invalidate the truth of the teaching; for the teaching relates to the destinies of the permanent Spirit, in which the wishes of our erring, transitory personality play but little part. Were we washed clean, standing forth in robes of light, as most religious believers hope to be at some time or other, we might consent in will and understanding to this teaching; seeing then that the personality is indeed a delusion and a source of woe, whose annihilation is even to be desired.

In the meantime, and for immediate practical purposes, we can consider annihilation as a process applicable to the development of our character; substituting, however, a less harsh word — say neutralization. There are in our character many elements which we should wish to reduce to nothing; there are many false selves which obtrude themselves on us, claiming a share of our life and crowding out the better phases of our character. The elimination of these, in order that the better elements may shine forth unobscured, is a process of purification. Why, then, may not Nirvâna be so considered? To what extent have our prejudices on the subject been aroused by the mere use of an inadequate word in translation? Nirvâna is extinction of the *false*. “Ring out the false, ring in the true!”

CATHEDRALS IN ANCIENT CRETE: by a Student

GREAT as is the reverence which we have for our religion, we scarcely realize how much more ancient and venerable it is than is usually supposed. But archaeology is doing much to enlighten opinion on that point. For instance, we read in *The Discoveries in Crete*, by Ronald M. Burrows, that

It was long ago suggested that the Roman Basilica, which formed the earliest type of Christian church, was derived both in structure and in name from the

“Stoa Basilike” or King’s Colonnade at Athens. This was the place where the King Archon, the particular member of the board of nine annual magistrates who inherited the sacred and judicial functions of the old kings, tried cases of impiety. It had further seemed possible that the building as well as the title was a survival from some earlier stage, when a king was a king in more than name. What we have found at Knossos seems curiously to confirm this suggested chain of inheritance.

At one end of a pillared hall, about thirty-seven feet long by fifteen wide there is a narrow raised dais, separated from the rest of the hall by stone balustrades, with an opening between them in which three steps give access to the center of the dais. At this center point, immediately in front of the steps, a square niche is set back in the wall, and in this niche are the remains of a gypsum throne. . . . We seem to have here . . . a pillar hall with a raised “Tribunal” or dais bounded by “Cancelli” or balustrades, and with an “Exedra” or seated central niche which was the place of honor. Even the elements of a triple longitudinal division are indicated by the two rows of columns that run down the Hall. Is the Priest-King of Knossos, who here gave his judgments, a direct ancestor of Praetor and Bishop seated in the Apse within the Chancel, speaking to the people that stood below in Nave and Aisles?

The antiquity and universality of the doctrinal basis of Christianity forms the subject of frequent remarks in Theosophical writings, as it is a topic much to the fore in religious circles just now. But here the question is of ecclesiastical architecture; and that too, as we see, is ancient and pre-Christian. Little do many people seem to suspect that the grand cathedral, with its nave and aisles, its transept, its chancel, and its altar, are founded on such ancient models. While such facts are for the most part unknown or deliberately ignored, there are some Christian writers who admit them, but are disposed to regard Christianity as a capstone to the entire edifice of ancient wisdom, a final and complete revelation. Whether or not Christianity really occupies or *can* occupy such a commanding position is of course a question of fact; the proofs must be practical; by results we must judge.

Mere claims will not replace actualities, nor would claims be needed where actualities were present. If Christianity can maintain such a position, it will doubtless win the respect it so yearns for.

THE WORLD OF WOMANHOOD: by Grace Knoche



THERE are subjects which even thought floats round and round, as a bird above her nestlings or incense over the flame which gave it birth — subjects which the brain-mind hesitates to touch directly, so reverential is the appeal they make to the inner and the best in heart-life. Words seem out of place. Even reason before them pauses, makes obeisance, and dowered with glamor, passes on, as one might pass who stands for a moment in the presence of a new light. There are events, though they are few, that so enshrine within themselves the deeper sacredness of soul-life that words seem poor and mean as carriers of their *largess*. The heart feels intuitively that silence, “the great Empire of Silence,” alone could hope to attune human lives to the voice of them.

Deep answereth unto deep, but sometimes not by the Marconi messages of the soul. There are times when from deep to deep the mystic, intangible bridge that is to be builded must use living words for its piers and masonry. But they must be *living* words, golden-tongued words, words glowing with the lambent touch of flame re-kindling flame. They must be vital, electric, surcharged with the mighty currents of compassion and that love that layeth down its life for a friend; heart-messengers of Wisdom herself they must be, and even then can build no bridge royal enough for Wisdom’s whole mighty *entourage* to pass over when the Event is such as recent days have brought forth in the world of womanhood — the *world of womanhood*, bear in mind, which is a larger, more soulful realm than the *world of women*, merely.

Yet words are the only masonry-stuff at hand, and so build we must with them. Hearts that respond to the finer harmonies of life and nature, and minds that have touched understandingly to a degree the great problem of woman’s work and woman’s true place in life, will quicken and respond.

At Isis Theater, San Diego, on the evening of Monday, February 19, and again on February 27, *Anno Fraternitatis Universalis XIV*, Katherine Tingley looked into the eager, upturned faces of more than a thousand women, respectful, waiting, aspiring, dead-in-earnest women. Both meetings had been called for women only. As I glanced over pit and gallery while the strains of music announced that the meeting was about to begin, the words which Mr. Judge once used

in reference to right action and the altruistic life, seemed to sing out in tones of unmistakable triumph from the very bosom of the air: "It is better than philosophy, *for it enables us to know philosophy.*"

Nothing in this world of unity can be rightly judged if conceived of as an isolated something, just a fragment. "A primrose by the river's brim" is far other than "a yellow primrose . . . and nothing more" to the rational, open mind. It is a part of all the rich nature-environment which, when we think of it *in parts*, as some mosaicist might think of his design, we call river and bank and forest-wildness and sedge and shimmer and sky. The distant mountain is no mountain, merely, but part of a noble panorama, its base melting into gentler slope and foreground at just what point no living soul can say, its heights suffused in sunshine, its edges softened and purpled and cooled and warmed in the shimmering atmosphere, its stature rising grandly undefined against the misty, illimitable Beyond of azure or gold or gray. No more can the artist in color say "Here, definitely *here*, the foreground or distance end and the mountain begins," than the artist in life can say, "Here we will mark off and limit *truthfulness*, and next to it, *virtue*, and beyond the next hard dividing-line, *compassion*, and a goodly collection of such separate items we will call *character.*" Ah no, life is no rag-bag of scraps and shreds and patches, nor is nature. It is one grand whole and no part can be understood, or even seen *as it is*, unless looked at and studied in its relation to all the other parts which with it constitute the whole.

So also with historic truth. The mountain-peaks of history, rising as they do above the plain and level of general human action, never rise separate to the philosopher's vision from all that lies behind them, nor are they ever wholly unsuffused by the glow or the dimness that speaks to the prescient mind of glories or of disillusionments ahead.

There could be no question, in the minds of those whose duties led them both before and behind the scenes of action at the two meetings referred to, that the twentieth century call for women had come. Katherine Tingley, in inaugurating this work, issued a challenge to all the nobler possibilities of womanhood. Those who could look beyond the present into the dim aerial distance and adown the vistas of the past, knew the Event for what it was and made no mistake in prophesying wonderful things for the future from the glow of promise which fell upon it. It was part of the past, yes, but a nobler than the common part; one felt that it had somehow swung out from old

limitations, as some great glorious member of a star group might be conceived of as swinging out into space, into a greater orbit and an orbit of its own. It was as a new note sounded in the long, ascending gamut of woman's evolution, a gamut in which there are, here and there, glorious notes, royal notes, with echoing overtones of soulfulness and strength, but which has, alas! its burden of discord to carry, as well.

There has been no unity of soul in past efforts, as a whole, and the keynote struck by Katherine Tingley had a ring of newness, somehow, on very real lines. Which does not mean that women have not worked together, often in large bodies, as we see them doing today. But both their aims and the quality of result that grew from these showed that real unity on lines of soul-strength and soul-effort has been lacking. For example, we have today the apparently united body of women who are storming council-chambers and invoking hand-to-hand battles with policemen; and yesterday we had their prototypes in old Rome, excited groups of fad-ridden women who even barred the approaches to the Forum as an argument in support of their demands for political equality — and Roman homes going to pieces by the hundred for lack of true womanhood at the helm. Oh, if women would read history *in a new way!*

Efforts characterized by a certain outer binding-together, while of real inner unity there was none, there have been in all ages. But, strange to say, until the inauguration of Theosophical work for women in this year of the twentieth century, the true note has been sounded, in most cases, by some one woman who was more or less *unhelped* by the women about her. History inspires us with the virtues of Alcestis, that peerless wife; of Antigone; of that perfect exemplar of motherhood, Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi; of the queenly Thusnelda; of Cleopatra, Semiramis, and Zenobia; and let us not forget the peasant girl of Domremy, whose simple purity and absolute self-forgetfulness did more for the "woman movement" of the ages than even her generalship did for France.

Yet these are isolated types. Barring Sappho and her woman pupils, Birgitta of Sweden and her wonderful work for and with the women who flocked to the home centers that ecclesiastical enemies fortunately did not prevent her from establishing, history has little to say as to women who have *worked together* for some truly spiritual cause, in which the noblest they had was placed on Humanity's altar.

“MAGNETONS,” FORCE AND MATTER: by H. Travers



MAN of science has presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences a paper in which he attempts to prove from the results of certain experiments that the atoms of magnetic bodies, such as iron and manganese, contain definite quantities of an elementary magnetic *substance*, which he proposes to call “magneton.” This is regarded as a sequel to the new way of regarding electricity; for in the electrons we now seem to find a means of defining electricity in terms of a unit of substance. Electricity, light, and other physical forces, have at different times been defined either as kinds of matter or as modes of motion. At the present moment, many people think, we are passing from the kinetic to the corpuscular view again. But it is more likely that our present studies will end by giving us a more accurate and adequate notion of the nature of force on the one hand and matter on the other. We shall see more clearly that force and matter are inseparable, and that in our use of these words we are merely making mental abstractions for the purpose of calculation. What was at one time considered to be inert matter was later found to be teeming with energy; so that this kind of matter, instead of being inert substance, was found to be the result of forces acting in some finer kind of matter. This finer kind of matter — hypothetical so far — was denominated “ether”; and should we succeed in examining this ether, we should probably find that it too is the result of forces acting in a still more recondite form of matter — a sub-ether, as it were. At all events we should have no choice but to describe it in that way. In the same way force must always be inseparably associated with mass, for the quantity denoted by the term “mass” is included in the definition of force. Thus the question whether electricity, magnetism, etc., are “forces” or “forms of matter” loses its meaning, since (strictly speaking) they cannot be either but must be both.

The experiments mentioned seem to have shown that there is a definite physical unit of quantity for magnetism, just as the negative electron is said to be a definite unit of quantity for negative electricity. In this case we should have arrived at the conclusion that magnetic substances are those to whose atoms or molecules are attached these magnetic atoms.

As to the kinetic theory of electricity, light, and other physical forces, we certainly know that kinetic effects attend the manifestation

of these forces; and where there is no physical matter present we have predicated an ether to serve as a substratum for these kinetic effects. But is that the same as saying that electricity and light *are* modes of energy or forms of motion? Later research has shown us that these physical forces are attended, not only by kinetic effects, but also by those other effects which we denote by such terms as "mass," "inertia," or "substance." Again, are we entitled to say that electricity, light, etc., *are* substances, or forms of matter? It would seem more reasonable to say that both energy and mass are to be classed among the effects or accompaniments of electricity and light, electricity and light themselves being something that is neither energy nor mass but parent to both.

In brief, the life or *vis viva* of the physical universe escapes observation and analysis, while its various effects, appearing in the forms which we describe as light, heat, electricity, etc., are defined by us in terms of our two mental concepts "mass" and "energy." The farthest limit to which physical observation has reached, or seems likely to reach, is that of minute and extremely active particles, whose motions are attended with luminous, thermal, and electric phenomena. To put the matter in a nutshell: we find that the so-called inert matter of the universe is composed of what are to all intents and purposes small beings, very much alive and endowed with proclivities. Given our electron or magneton, we are obliged to take for granted its innate properties of energy, etc., for we have no means of explaining them except by reducing them to smaller factors of precisely the same kind — and this is no explanation. That is, we have to assume the universal presence of active and purposeful life — for that is what it amounts to, whatever names we may give. And behind all this manifestation of life there of course lies *mind*; otherwise we must suppose the existence of causeless and purposeless life — a conception which is highly arbitrary and unnecessary.

Science has a great future before it, but at present it is laboring under limitations due to the restriction of its sphere. A large portion of its proper domain having been usurped by theology and wild deductive philosophy, science has confined itself to such limits as give it a free field. But if the careful and logical methods of true science could be applied to all departments of investigation, knowledge would take a great leap. Of late years we have seen many foolish attempts to establish a "higher science," many of them associated with

“psychism” and similar eccentricities. All this naturally arouses the antagonism of true men of science and causes them to shun the possibility of association with such movements. Take the psychical research movements, for example; is it not evident that in many cases these are destined to achieve delusion rather than any useful truth? Or take hypnotism: how can such a dangerous pseudo-science be adequately studied without the grave risks which its knowledge brings upon society in the shape of credulous folly and a cover for cowardly vice?

It seems evident that science is too unorganized and indiscriminate at present, and that when it extends its boundaries so as to include the larger fields it will also have to raise its standards. Scientific work, if valuable, should be treated like other valuables — that is, protected. This can only be done by intrusting it to worthy and competent people; from which we see that the character of the professors becomes an important matter. This principle is recognized in many of our departments; for we do not intrust the performing of surgical operations nor the care of lunatics to all and sundry. Why then should other departments be thrown open, allowing dangerous drugs and dynamite to pass into the hands of weaklings and criminals? Above all, why should the far more dangerous powers of hypnotism and so forth be made thus free to all?

In brief, knowledge is as inseparably connected with conduct as force is with matter. He who attempts to separate them and to pursue knowledge independently of duty and conduct, does not achieve knowledge; he achieves only partial knowledge or harmful knowledge. The fair bride is won only by the pure and valiant knight. One of the most important adjustments which our views have to undergo is that of recognizing the proper relative positions of religion and science. They should be one and not separate. But before this can be done there is much rubbish to be cleared away from the foundations.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON

THE British Museum was completed as recently as 1847, yet hardly thirty years elapsed before it was found to be too small to hold the continually accumulating specimens, and an enlargement had to be made. To preserve and properly exhibit the enormous collection of natural history objects a commodious building was erected at South Kensington, near the well-known Museum of Science and Art. It was finished in 1880 and stocked with the old specimens from the British Museum and many new ones; the crowded rooms from which the old specimens were taken being immediately filled with other objects which had been waiting for exhibition.

The Natural History Museum was designed by Waterhouse, and there has always been a strong difference of opinion as to its architectural beauty, at least externally. The interior design and decoration is generally approved. The large towers are 192 feet high, and the length of the building is 675 feet. The ornamental decoration is composed of terra cotta, and consists of bands and dressings of animals and other natural objects.

The interior consists of a great central hall with long side galleries and basement. The eastern galleries are devoted to the geological, mineralogical, and botanical collections; the western to the zoological collections. The great hall is an index or typical museum, arranged with such specimens as to give a general idea of the scope of the subject of natural history. The historical development of those species of whose past there is definite knowledge, the effect of seasonal changes upon the colors of certain animals and birds, protective resemblances and mimicry, etc., are here displayed. Among the most interesting and rare fossils are the gigantic kangaroo of Australia (six times larger than the present representative, which is placed near it), the gigantic armadillo of Buenos Aires and its modern dwarfed descendant, the huge megatherium from Buenos Aires compared with the sloth of today, etc. The collection of stuffed birds shown in natural positions and with the correct surroundings always attracts admiring attention from the general public. In a commanding position on the first landing of the main staircase there is a fine statue by Böhm of the great naturalist, Charles Darwin. The Natural History Museum faces Cromwell road, a street of palatial residences, called after one of Oliver Cromwell's sons, who lived in a house once existing there.

WAS H. P. BLAVATSKY A PLAGIARIST?

by Henry T. Edge, B. A. (Cantab.), a Pupil under H. P. Blavatsky



THIS article, written by an old pupil under H. P. Blavatsky, and voicing the feelings of other students, is a vindication of the memory of that great teacher against certain charges brought against her. The charges are many and mutually inconsistent; so that if brought together they would confute each other and the various critics might be left to settle their own quarrel. Thus H. P. Blavatsky is accused both of inventing her teachings, and also of plagiarizing them from other people; her works are said to be at once a stale rehash, and a new fad. But, as any one of these charges may appear alone and thus gain a plausibility it would not otherwise have had, it is both the desire and the duty of those who uphold the truth about H. P. Blavatsky to show up the absurdity of the attacks.

The particular charge in question just now is that of unoriginality. It has been based on a quotation from the Introduction to H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, which is as follows:

I may repeat what I have stated all along, and which I now clothe in the words of Montaigne: Gentlemen, "I HAVE HERE MADE ONLY A NOSEGAY OF CULLED FLOWERS, AND HAVE BROUGHT NOTHING OF MY OWN BUT THE STRING THAT TIES THEM."

The attempt to construe this into a charge of plagiarism signifies the wish to depreciate H. P. Blavatsky's writings, as being so stale and unoriginal that it is not worth while reading them. But, if this were so, why did the critics deign to notice them at all, instead of suffering them to sink into the rapid and perfect oblivion which awaits all works that are actually open to such a charge? Evidently there was a desire to prejudice the mind of the inquirer, so that he would be deterred from reading the works for himself and thus forming his own opinion. In short, the arguments of these critics, not resting upon fact, would have been disproved by such a reading; and therefore they have preferred to rest their statements upon mere assertion.

Of course the genuine truth-seeker will always derive his opinion from his own investigations; and if he finds anywhere the help and knowledge for which he is seeking, he will not hesitate to accept it from any doubts as to the popularity of the author. Rather he will base his opinion of the author upon his or her works. But as the conditions of life render it necessary for us to a great extent to be

dependent upon the judgments of professional literary people, it is possible for any prejudice that may exist in that quarter to inflict much injustice by lending the weight of authority to false representations. We may find, for instance, some standard work, having great influence and repute, treating of H. P. Blavatsky and Theosophy in a way that would lead one to think the writers had studied these subjects; whereas the contrary is the case, and the apparently scholarly treatise is actually a misrepresentation of fact, amounting to throwing dust in the eyes of the inquirer.

The inquirer, the sincere seeker for knowledge, is therefore referred to *The Secret Doctrine* itself, where he may ascertain what the author really does say in her Preface and Introduction and where he may study the actual teachings she thus introduces. Her attitude is both plain and frank; there should be no difficulty in understanding it, and its sincerity is apparent to anyone who has studied the book enough to see whether or not the writer has justified her claims. In the Preface we read:

These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil.

Here the charge of having invented a new system is met by the express affirmation that the materials are gleaned from ancient sources; while the charge of unoriginality is rendered pointless. A plagiarist is one who gives out the teachings of others as his own, and the charge of unoriginality is not usually brought against writers who set out with the deliberate and announced intention of quoting and expounding other writers. As H. P. Blavatsky herself says, in the very passage from which the words of the critic were selected, it would be as reasonable to charge Renan with having plagiarized his *Life of Jesus* from the Gospels, or Max Müller his *Sacred Books of the East* from the Indian philosophical writings.

And what shall be said of the insinuation that *The Secret Doctrine* is merely a compost, a stale and profitless rehash? That it is equally absurd. A nosegay is not a mere heap of flowers, nor does a heap of stones make a temple. The riddle of ancient knowledge is not solved by merely collecting the scattered fragments. Anyone may bring together a lot of colored threads, but only a weaver and

artist can make them into a beautiful and symmetrical fabric. The question is, What has H. P. Blavatsky made of her studies of the world's mystic lore? What use has she made of her quotations and references? Has she succeeded any better than other writers who have delved in the same soil? Is *The Secret Doctrine* really but one more of those numerous compilations that find a speedy and eternal tomb on dusty shelves?

On consulting the Preface we find that the author has made the claim that she has been able to weave the tangled threads into a symmetrical whole, to put the various fragments in their right places, and to apply a key that will unlock mysteries. In proof of her claim she refers the reader to the book itself. This is the only test she demands; surely not an unreasonable one!

It is written in the service of humanity, and by humanity and the future generations it must be judged. Its author recognizes no inferior court of appeal. — *Preface*.

Other authors who have compiled voluminous works on ancient lore have signally failed to render them profitable to the student. They have either been mere compilers having no definite purpose other than the production of a learned book, or they have been overruled by some theory or fad which they have sought to prove. But H. P. Blavatsky has pointed out the real clues and for the first time made sense of what was chaotic. To quote her words again:

What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation.

It is not easy to see how a plainer and franker statement could have been made. The indebtedness to other sources is freely admitted; and, as the reader can see, all references to sources are fully given in the text. The author mentions her own teachers, but not for the purpose of lending a fictitious authority to her statements. For these statements do not need any such support, consisting, as they do, of appeals to reason, to the weight of testimony, and to accepted authorities in the different branches of learning. The reference to her teachers was made simply in modest and honorable disclaim of credit which the writer felt was due to others. As to the teachings

thus received and thus transmitted by her, they are to be judged on their merits, and should neither be accepted or rejected on any other principle. Information is information, however gained; and a man lost in a forest, who has actually been conducted out of it, does not need any testimonials to the trustworthiness of his guide. If *The Secret Doctrine* can really solve problems, answer questions, and remove doubts, that fact alone is sufficient for the genuine truth-seeker; and the author's statement as to the source of her knowledge will be taken for what it was intended for — a due acknowledgement of gratitude and indebtedness.

If H. P. Blavatsky's work is of the kind which these critics wish to make it out to be, surely the student may be trusted to find out that fact for himself; but if it is not of this kind, then the statement that it is, is a misrepresentation — founded possibly on ignorance, but in any case unworthy of a scholar. She claims that she has *pointed out* many things that have hitherto *escaped the attention* of scholars. And this is a statement which can only be tested by investigation; anyone presuming to affirm or deny it without such investigation is either a simpleton or a bigot. The pointing out of truths is not an act of dogmatism, since the person to whom they are pointed out is left perfectly free to use his own judgment (if he has any) as to whether that which he has been shown is true or not, whether it is what he was looking for or not.

H. P. Blavatsky did not write for recognition, but she has succeeded in the object for which she did write — that of arousing thought, calling attention. She desired to startle the world of thought; and this she has certainly done; for her opponents cannot let her alone. Moreover a kind of acknowledgement is to be found in the large and increasing number of facts, denied in her day but since admitted by scholars. It is true that for these revised views credit is not given to their originator; but that must be left to posterity when time shall have obliterated selfishness and ignorance. The question of originality may be settled by calling H. P. Blavatsky a pioneer. The lands into which she has led us are indeed ancient and many a foot has trod them of yore; yet to the modern world they were virgin forests.

But one word remains to be said. Fortunately for the credit due to Theosophy and its first promulgator in this age, H. P. Blavatsky's writings do not constitute the whole of her work. She has left be-

hind her the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, an organization which embodies many teachings which could never be communicated by books alone. This means that her work is in hands that will take care that she gets the credit to which she is entitled, and that the real Theosophical work is of a kind that can only be done by Theosophists, and so can not be plagiarized. And even the clues given in her writings will prove inadequate unless taken in connexion with an application of Theosophy in the student's daily life; for she took good care to show the inseparable connexion between knowledge and conduct. Thus those who try to use *The Secret Doctrine* as a mine from which they may dig out something that they can use to their own private advantage are more likely to serve the author's cause than their own; for the only use that can be made of half-truths is to point the way to the *missing* halves.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

THE illustration shows the eastern façade of Buckingham Palace, the residence of King George V when in London. It is taken from St. James' Park. The end of the lake, which is five acres in area, can be seen in the picture. The private gardens occupy fifty acres. The eastern wing of the palace, 360 feet long, was added by Blore in 1846, making the building a large quadrangle. Buckingham Palace was originally erected in 1703 by a Duke of Buckingham, on the site of Arlington House, where it is recorded that tea was first drunk in England. George III purchased it, and it was remodeled by Nash in 1825 for George IV. The exterior is generally condemned as an architectural failure, imposing only from its size, but the interior has some good features. The white marble staircase is considered very handsome. The palace contains a fine sculpture gallery, library, etc. The Throne Room is 66 feet long, the State Drawing Room 110 feet by 60. The Picture Gallery, which is 180 feet long, contains a very fine collection, chiefly Dutch pictures. There are excellent examples of Rembrandt (the great *Adoration of the Magi*—1667), Hals, Teniers, Rubens, Osrade, Van Dyck (*Charles I on horseback*), Cuyp, Potter, De Hooch, Titian, Carracci, Claude, etc. Permission for strangers to visit the gallery is difficult to obtain, but may sometimes be obtained when the court is not in residence. The new monument to Queen Victoria, just unveiled, stands in front of Buckingham Palace.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PLATONIC SUCCESSION:

by F. S. Darrow, A. M., Ph. D. (Harv.)



KEY to the interpretation of Greek philosophy, generally neglected except by Platonists and Theosophists, is given by the following statement of Proklos, the "Platonic Successor":

What Orpheus delivered in hidden allegories, Pythagoras learned when he was initiated into the Orphic Mysteries, in which Plato next received a perfect knowledge from the Orphic and Pythagorean writings.

In this connexion it was pointed out by H. P. Blavatsky, the foundress of the Theosophical Society (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. II, p. 39, Point Loma edition) that Plato himself in his Letters declares that his teachings were derived from *ancient* and *sacred* doctrines. In the Seventh Letter of the collection which has come down to us he says:

It is ever necessary to believe in the truth of the *Sacred Accounts* of the *Olden Time*, which inform us that the soul is immortal and has judges of its conduct and suffers the greatest punishments when it is liberated from the body. Hence it is requisite to regard it a lesser evil to suffer than to commit the greatest sins and injuries.

It is unjustifiable to assume as scholars usually do that we are in a position to judge correctly of all of Plato's thoughts because, most fortunately, it appears that all of his published works have been preserved. The last thirty-eight years of Plato's life were spent as Scholarch or Head of the Platonic School among the olive groves of the Academy where the philosopher dwelt with some of his principal students, namely, his successor and pupil Speusippos, Xenokrates, and others, teaching Divine Wisdom freely to those were able to understand. The fact that Aristotle refers to various teachings of Plato not now extant in the Platonic works, as well as the request in the Second of our Platonic Letters that the letter be burned after its frequent reading so that it may not fall into improper hands, both afford corroborative evidence of the tradition that Plato refused to *publish* any of his numerous lectures and oral teachings. It is therefore *a priori* probable that Plato treated philosophy in two distinct ways, one treatment intended for public circulation and the other intended for School instruction. If this be true, presumably his published dialogues give mere indirect hints, illustrations, and applications of the central principles of his teachings, which were revealed only orally to a selected audience. Doubtless the character of his oral instructions also

varied and certain teachings were given only to a few of his more advanced students, as even Grote admits. Therefore in seeking to understand Plato it is important to recollect that today "the Prince of Western Philosophers" is known only from his Dialogs, while his teachings as Scholarch are now unknown. It is, however, certain from the statement of Aristotle in regard to Plato's lectures "On the Supreme Good," that Plato in his oral instructions taught Pythagorean Doctrines, and dealt with the highest and most transcendental concepts in a mystical and enigmatical way.

In regard to this there are important declarations in the extant Letters of Plato, Letters which it is orthodox to declare to be apocryphal, but whose genuineness is rightly defended by Grote in his *Plato and Other Companions of Socrates*. In the Second Letter, which is addressed to Dionysios the Younger of Syracuse, Plato uses some very suggestive language in referring to the effect upon the newly fledged student of entering the School:

I must speak to you in enigmas that should this tablet meet with any accident by land or by sea, he, who might perchance read it, may not understand. This has not happened to you alone but in truth no one when he first hears me is otherwise affected. Some have greater troubles, others less but nearly every student has a struggle of no slight power from which in truth he is freed only with difficulty. Be careful, however, that these discussions do not become known by men devoid of knowledge — discussions which if continually heard for many years at length with great labor are purified like gold. Many persons apt at learning and remembering have heard them for not less than thirty years and after testing them in every way have recently declared that those things which formerly appeared to them to be least worthy of belief now appear to be most worthy of belief and perfectly clear. The most important protection is to learn but *not to commit to writing* because what is written will almost certainly become public knowledge. *Therefore on this account I have never myself at any time written anything on these subjects. There neither is nor ever shall be any treatise of Plato. The opinions called by the name of Plato are those of Socrates in his days of youthful vigor and glory.*

These words of Plato, if admitted to be genuine, especially when linked with the following statements made in the Seventh of our Letters, show the futility of the current dogmatism of what purport to be correct and complete modern expositions and criticisms of Platonism, and ought to instil more humility in the orthodox dogmatists who strive to interpret the thoughts of the Master. The declarations referred to in the Seventh Letter are set forth as follows:

In regard to all who either have written or who shall write confidently stating that they know about what I am occupied, whether they claim to have heard it from me or from others or to have discovered it themselves, *I can say that it is impossible for them to know anything as to my beliefs about these matters; for there is not and never will be any composition of mine about them. For a matter of this kind can not be expressed in words as other sciences are. But by a long acquaintance with the subject and by living with it suddenly a light is kindled in the mind, as from a fire bursting forth, which being engendered in the soul feeds itself upon itself.*

He adds:

I should consider it the proudest accomplishment of my life, as well as of signal benefit to mankind, to bring forward an exposition of Nature luminous to all. But I think the attempt would be in nowise beneficial except to a few who require merely slight guidance to enable them to find it out for themselves; to most persons it would do no good but would only fill them with the empty conceit of knowledge and with contempt for others, as if they had learnt something solemn.

It may therefore be safely assumed that Plato intentionally refused to publish his views upon the most important subjects in a world of spite and puzzling contention. Note what he says in the Seventh Letter of the true disciple who is

in fact a lover of Wisdom, related to it and worthy of it by reason of his own inherent divinity. He thinks that he has been told of a wonderful Path, on which he ought forthwith to travel and that any other manner of life is unendurable. After this he does not torture both himself and his Leader by departing from the Path before he reaches the Goal, thereby obtaining the power of journeying without a Guide to point out the way before him. But they, who are not really lovers of Wisdom, but have only a coating of color like those whose bodies are sunburnt, when they perceive how many things are to be learnt and find out how great is the labor and what temperance in daily nourishment is requisite, they deem it too difficult and beyond their powers and become unable to attend to it at all and some of them persuade themselves that they have sufficiently heard the whole and do not wish further to exert themselves.

At Plato's death in 347 B. C. the house, the library, and the garden in the Academy, were bequeathed by the Master as the permanent property of the School, whose income in the course of the centuries was largely increased by endowments. For about three hundred years the grounds at the Academy remained uninterruptedly the Headquarters of the School, but during the Siege of Athens by the Roman general Sulla in 87 B. C., the Teacher or Scholarch of that time was forced to retire within the city walls and gave his instruction in the Gymnasium, called Ptolemaeum, where Cicero heard the Scholarch Antiochos

in 79 B. C. For more than six hundred years longer the grounds at the Academy remained in possession of the School, which however soon degenerated into a form of philosophical scepticism and eclecticism, from which it was later recalled by the so-called Neo- or New Platonists. Finally under the pressure of ecclesiastical bigotry and greed the Emperor Justinian confiscated the School property and forbade the last Scholarch Damascius to teach. Accordingly a little band of seven Platonic Pilgrim-sages, consisting of Damascius, Simplicius, Eulalius, Priscian, Hermeias, Diogenes, and Isidore, to avoid ecclesiastical persecution, were forced to wander away from the domains of Christendom over mountain and desert to the distant court of the Persian Emperor Chosroës, who four years later forced Justinian by treaty to let the last of the Neoplatonists return to their native land and die a natural death, guaranteeing them protection against further monkish persecution. It is a strange fact that as soon as the School grounds in the Academy were confiscated, a rumor, true or false, presently spread to the effect that the deserted property had become straightway unhealthy, a rumor which has persisted to this day, although it is impossible for one who has visited the spot to perceive any reason why it should not under proper cultivation re-become the healthful and beautiful garden it once was.

The following notice appeared in the *Bibliotheca Platonica* for November-December, 1889:

Secure the Academy! We desire to call the attention of Platonists throughout the world to the fact that the site of the Ancient Academy at Athens, Greece, could probably be secured by prompt and concerted action. Proper measures should be taken at once to organize an association having for its object the purchase, preservation and restoration of the place where Plato lived and taught and where his disciples continued his sublime and enlightening work for centuries. It should be rescued from the hands of the profane, and set aside for the perpetual use and benefit of all true followers of Divine Philosophy. There is no good reason, why, in due time, the Platonic School should not again become, as it once was, the nursery of Science and Wisdom for the whole World.

Note the significant words of Thomas Taylor, the great Platonist of a hundred years ago, who in the words of H. P. Blavatsky is "one of the very few commentators on old Greek and Latin authors who have given their just dues to the ancients for their mental development":

As to the philosophy (Platonism, as taught by Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato) by whose assistance these (the Eleusinian and Orphic) Mysteries are

developed, it is coeval with the universe itself; and however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world. It has been, indeed, and may hereafter be violently assaulted by delusive opinions; but the opposition will be just as imbecile as that of the waves of the sea against a temple, built on a rock, which majestically pours them back,

“ Broken and vanquish'd foaming to the main.”

Somewhat similar although less suggestive is the tribute of a recent writer upon Neoplatonism:

The Neoplatonist held that nothing perishes and Neoplatonism is still alive. Its mysticism has lived on. Its idealism can never die.

CLASSICAL CYRENE: by Ariomardes

WHAT we call “ history ” is largely a dogma. It stands on a basis very similar to that on which some other dogmas, religious, literary, scientific, etc., stand; that is, it stands on a particular, restricted, and local brand of culture, known as “ Western civilization.” And, like these other dogmas, it is destined to become seriously modified by later researches and discoveries.

For look at our classical history; it is founded chiefly upon a literature — the literature of cultured circles in Greece and Rome. That this literature does not reflect the life of the people to any adequate extent we know; for the spade of the archaeologists, instead of confirmations, too often unearths surprises. The results of archaeology go to show that ancient peoples were more advanced in many important arts of life than we had surmised from our acquaintance with the said literature. Hebraic tradition, too, backed by the weight of religious authority, has colored our views of the past, and prevented us from estimating aright the claims of non-Christian peoples. In considering the history of Hindûstân, Persia, Egypt, etc., students have sought to make dates agree with their own sacred traditions. Again, we have too often shown a lack of appreciation of the form and style of other historians, when these have not adopted the literal and precise form favored by our own historians; and have consequently, in a vain attempt to take poetical language in the sense of a scientific treatise, frequently rejected it and its message altogether.

Around that Mediterranean basin which was the classic theater, were great nations to whose history we have not hitherto had access, but of which we are now beginning to learn a little. The civilization — or rather, several distinct civilizations — that preceded Greece, and whose center at one time was Crete, at another the western shores of Asia Minor; the mysterious Nabatheans and Sabaeans; the equally mysterious Hittites; empires in Africa, south of Egypt, and inland from the east coast; these and other fragmentary remains slowly accumulate to confirm the assurances made by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* that a far greater and longer past lies behind us than we have so far guessed.

The name Cyrene is suggestive along these lines, and forms the topic of a recent article by Professor Alfred Emerson of the Chicago Art Institute, in *The Scientific American*.

A number of Dorian islanders, we are there told, planted a European colony on the great Libyan headland to the south of Greece proper, 640 years B. C., so that Cyrene and its neighborhood had as long an authentic history as ancient Rome itself. A dynasty of kings was succeeded by a republic and the Libyans sometimes pressed the Greek colony hard. Cyrene had its own school of philosophy and a famous school of medicine. It had over 100,000 inhabitants, and the Ptolemies gave it kings again.

Sporadic explorations have brought to light a few relics, but heretofore the Ottoman government has repressed the curiosity of more systematic researchers. Now, however, an American expedition has won a firman to explore the ruins, and we shall soon have a record of this powerful but little known outlier of classic culture.

KILLARNEY, IRELAND: by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.,**M. Inst. C. E. I.**

THOSE who pass hurriedly through the Killarney district know little of its manifold fascination. Even among natives few have thoroughly explored its features. But to one who has made many more or less prolonged visits there, at all seasons, and who has gained a sympathetic interest in its people and in the legends that belong to every rock, islet, and mountain, and who has seen it in storm and sunshine, at dawn and sunset, and by moonlight, the feeling grows that here the immutable decree of Karmic law, "there shall be no more going up and down," during this cycle, never fully descended — that, in fact, this is no part of the ordinary world at all, but something distinct, sacred, set apart for some inscrutable reason and purpose. The very atmosphere of some fairy-world of Light and Day hovers about these Lakes and wooded mountain heights, and seems to penetrate everything. Right in the center, in the very heart of all the beauty, between Dinish Island and Glenna, rises the Shee, or Sidhe (Sanskrit *Siddhi*) Mountain — the mountain of the Fairy World, next to Purple Mountain.

Strange to say, it is just here, too, that the luxuriant vegetation of Killarney seems fairly to run riot, and we find trees and shrubs of tropical character growing side by side with those of temperate and colder climes. Eucalyptus, palm, bamboo, jostle cedar and pine; while the profusion of flowers of all kinds is amazing. And the delicious perfumes of the place, with just a faint suggestion of a turf-fire somewhere a little way off, are something to remember. Some of the Killarney plants belong to what was once an unbroken coast-line extending to Spain. Such are *saxifraga umbrosa* (London pride), *saxifraga geum*, *arbutus unedo*, and *pinguicula grandiflora*. The arbutus grows in profusion at Killarney, although its real home, in a sense, is among the Pyrenees. Other plants are found along the west coast, which are indigenous to the eastern shores of America.

One thinks of Breasil, and the Isles of the Western Sea, a later geological period than that when there was unbroken, or practically unbroken, connexion between Ireland, Spain, and America. And then one begins to wonder when the links of the past will be more clear.

These memories of the past! Are they not pressing more strongly than ever on the hearts and imaginations — on the soul — of the

Irish? No attempted deadening of this urge by half-hearted dry-as-dust methods ingeniously forced on the poor folk by interested parties (vested interests) will avail much. The unrest, which manifests in so many ways in contemporary Irish life, has surely a deep source. There are incarnations and incarnations. Some kinds are racial, that is, belong to the larger sweep of things. No artificial barriers can stop them. No pretended patronage of the Irish language movement will be able to check influences belonging to the inner life of a race-soul under recurrent upward impulse.

Hy-brazil and the Isles of the West! Once the Coom-Dhuv, or Black Valley, to the west of the Killarney Upper Lake, was an arm of the sea; and those who lived on the temple-crowned heights of Killarney could have told us something of those Isles, which were in no shadow-world, but were realities, relics of Atlantis, undoubtedly. These legends must find their solution, partly by the names, partly by the details; and be studied in the light of H. P. Blavatsky's writings, particularly *The Secret Doctrine*, where many a clue is given; and where the Sanskrit, Chaldaean, and Irish names fail to give the clues, it seems the Welsh will come triumphantly to the rescue. After all, the details have only relative importance, for the broad facts are already plainly outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*; and it is no very difficult matter to see what is meant by Partholon, with the cow-faced and the goat-headed; by Nemed; by the Tuatha de Danaan (Fourth Race Atlanteans of the Right Path), and Formorians (those of the Left); some of their descendants living on in archaic Ireland; and the Milesians, the early arrivals of the Fifth, from Central Asia via Egypt and Scandinavia, when Spain and Africa were one and Ireland was part of Scandinavia. All of which was long before what we call the Celts, crossed the Caucasus into Europe. Irish mythology is real history, some of it disfigured, as usual, by irreverent or ignorant hands. The worst of it is that the Irish seemed to enjoy having their past belittled, and their gods and heroes dethroned in favor of a piece of patchwork of alien growth; a kind of travesty of Eastern and Egyptian teachings, belittled, like the Irish gods; and dethroned, truly! It was a "magical and Druidic mist" of the wrong kind unfortunately, which descended upon the heirs of Atlantean knowledge. And it will take some effort to dispel it, very probably. It is dispelled though!

Thoughts like these are apt to cross one's mind among the regal solitudes of Killarney, where for miles, as you look down from some

crag, no human habitation can be seen — one of the places where you can sit, and watch the Sword of Light, and the Spear of Victory getting busy; so that the other two Jewels brought from the Isles of the West will shine again.

One visible sign, at least, of the Sword of Light, is a growing temperance movement among the youth of Ireland. Right conduct leads to light, whatever be the mists obscuring one's vision along the road of life. Perhaps the youth of Ireland will next look into the ancient past to discern vestiges of nobility as well as simplicity of character; and note what manner of men some true kings were, and by whom attended — bards, or poet-seers; lawgivers, or disciplinarians; craftsmen; and warriors. Another kind of functionary was — well, he was not needed.

One of the legends of Killarney, really connected, it would seem, with Inisfallen, has no very exact parallel, and possesses some interesting and suggestive features. The story as given by Mr. Ockenden a century and a half ago is somewhat as follows. There lived in Inisfallen many hundred years ago a prince named O'Donoghoe. He manifested during his stay on earth great munificence, great humanity, and great wisdom; for by his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded, of saints by the aid of angels, or of sorcerers by the assistance of demons; and among many other astonishing performances, he rendered his person immortal. After having continued a long time on the surface of the globe without growing old he one day took leave of his friends, and rising from the floor, like some aerial existence, passed through the window, shot away horizontally to a considerable distance, and then descended. The water, unfolding at his approach, gave him entrance to the sub-aqueous regions and then, to the astonishment of all beholders, closed over his head, as they believed, for ever; but in this they were mistaken.

He returned again, some years after, revisiting — not, like Hamlet's ghost "the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous," but — the radiance of the sun, making day joyful, to those at least who saw him; since which time he has continued to make very frequent expeditions to these upper regions, sometimes three or four in a year; but sometimes three or four years pass without his once appearing, which the bordering inhabitants have always looked upon as a mark of very bad times. Mr. Ockenden continues the tale of his experiences:

It was feared this would be the third year he would suffer to elapse, without his once cheering their eyes with his presence; but the latter end of last August he again appeared, to the inexpressible joy of all, and was seen by numbers in the middle of the day. I had the curiosity, before I left Killarney, to visit one of the witnesses to this very marvelous fact.

The account she gives is, that, returning with a kinswoman to her house at the head of the Lake, they both beheld a fine gentleman mounted upon a black horse, ascend through the water along with a numerous retinue on foot, who all moved together along the surface towards a small island, near which they again descended under water. This account is confirmed in time, place, and circumstance, by many more spectators from the side of the Lake, who are all ready to swear, and, not improbably, to suffer death in support of their testimony.

Another account says that at the feast, before he first disappeared, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in the ages to come; and that after he reached the center of the Lake opposite them, he paused a moment, turned slowly round, looked toward his friends, and waving his hand to them with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, descended.

Mrs. S. C. Hall relates that an English soldier of the 30th Regiment, and an Irish comrade, were while she was at Killarney engaged in plowing up part of the old churchyard in Inisfallen, a work they both disliked. As they were mooring the boat in which they came to the island in the morning, a day or so after the work had commenced, they saw a procession of about two hundred persons pass from the old churchyard, and walk slowly and solemnly over the lake to the mainland. Reynolds (the soldier) himself was terribly alarmed, but his companion fainted in the boat.

He repeatedly afterward saw smaller groups of figures, but no crowd so numerous.

In answer to our questions, he expressed his perfect readiness to depose to the fact on oath; and asserted he would declare it if on his death-bed.

Some say the best way to approach Killarney for the first time is by the wildly picturesque road over the mountains from Kenmare and Glengarriff. One obtains a magnificent view of the Upper Lake from the turn of the road a little north of the police barrack. Others again have experienced the charm of an absolutely sudden surprise awaiting them, when, arriving at Killarney by rail and driving south about a mile or more, during which nothing is seen but the over-arching trees, and turning to the left up a steep road south of the Flesk demesne, toward one of the guest-houses there, the whole panorama of the Lower Lake and the mountains bursts upon you just as you reach your

destination. Nothing has prepared you for a scene of so great beauty; so this way of arriving has its merits. From this situation, or from Flesk Castle; from a point above the Torc cascade; and from the point first mentioned, are obtained perhaps the three finest views of the Lakes. But in truth unrivaled view-points seem endless, each having its own especial charm. The play of color, cloud, and shadow at various hours and seasons is so extraordinary that no brush of painter could ever do Killarney justice. As for photographs, they are merely like pegs to hang one's memory-hats upon.

To know Killarney stay two months there at least, make friends with the natives, learn the legends, and absorb the harmony of the region.

And though many an isle be fair,
Fairer still is Inisfallen,
Since the hour Cuchullain lay
In the bower enchanted.
See! the ash that waves today,
Fand its grandsire planted.

When from wave to mountain-top
All delight thy sense bewilders,
Thou shalt own the wonder wrought
Once by her skilled fingers
Still, though many an age be gone,
Round Killarney lingers.

William Larminie

THE VRBAS DEFILE, BOSNIA: by F. J. B.

BOSNIA, in Europe, best known as one of the Balkan Provinces, belonged in the fourteenth century to the kingdom of Stephen of Servia: it attained freedom in 1376, then fell again under the Turkish invasion of Europe. In 1878 the treaty of Berlin provided for the occupation, by Austria-Hungary, of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia, accomplished only after severe conflict with the Mahomedans. Count Callay was appointed administrator and made it his life-work to promote harmony between the different races, as well as to develop the country's resources. Ultimately the three provinces were annexed by Austria-Hungary; compensation was awarded to Turkey and the long-feared European war averted. The Vrbas is a tributary of the Save, which divides Slavonia from Bosnia, on its northern border. The accompanying print exhibits the deep, narrow, rocky bed of the Vrbas and the precipitous height of the cliffs forming this magnificent defile, the summits being invisible from certain parts of the road. The river was once probably one of the underground watercourses of Bosnia-Herzegovina. Nature is majestic there and hews out her own rock temples.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES: by C. J. Ryan



THERE has lately been an interesting correspondence in *The English Mechanic* upon the subject of meteorites, and a remarkable conflict of opinion has been manifested, showing that there is really not much positive knowledge about them. The Earth's atmosphere is continually being bombarded by these missiles, and the dust into which they are transformed during their passage through it falls upon the Earth, sprinkling it annually with a layer of dark mineral substance, which if evenly spread, would cover the surface to about the thickness of a match. For long it was denied by the Academies of Science that mineral masses, varying in weight from a few ounces to several tons, ever fell from the sky, although they had been frequently seen in the act of falling and had been handled while still warm. But the incredulity of the astronomers was broken down about a century ago and they could no longer hold to their axiom that "as there are no stones in the sky, they cannot fall out of it." The careful study of "shooting-stars" has not been undertaken for much more than half a century. Although there is no doubt that meteoric masses do fall to the ground occasionally and that the meteoric dust which is found in the enduring snows on high peaks and in the Arctic regions comes from the disintegration of such objects, it is not certain that all of the shooting stars that flash across our night skies (and day ones too, though we rarely see one by day) are of the same nature as the meteoric stones which we can examine in our museums.

One of the most difficult problems to explain is the cause of the luminosity of the meteors. Many of them start into brilliancy at the enormous heights of eighty or ninety miles above the Earth and, after dashing at planetary speed across a distance of perhaps a hundred miles or more, disappear at heights of thirty or forty miles from the surface. Compared with the rapidity of their motion the quickest bullet is practically at rest. The explanation most widely accepted is that the friction of the meteorite in passing through our atmosphere at such an enormous speed ignites it and rapidly destroys it. Objection has been raised to this theory on the ground that the atmosphere at great heights is exceedingly rare and that it is difficult to believe it could offer enough resistance. Another problem has hitherto proved quite insoluble; i. e., the long persistence of the train

of luminous particles which remain drifting in the upper air after the disappearance of the explosive bolides. For instance, on February 22, 1909, such a luminous train was seen for several hours drifting across the sky at high speed. Its height was so great that it was visible over a large part of England and France. Why these sparks do not go out instantly, in the same manner as those which follow the ordinary shooting-stars, is an unsolved mystery.

The only thing that is well established about meteor showers is that most of them are periodic and come from well-defined quarters of the heavens. From the study of the directions from which these streams come, it has been calculated that they travel round the sun in long elliptical orbits, and are members of his family. An orbit of thirty-three years has been computed for the famous November meteors. They probably extend about as far as the planet Neptune on one side of the Sun. The wonderful displays of November meteors seen in 1833 and 1866, which astonished the whole world, were probably caused by the passing of the Earth through a particularly dense portion of the stream. In 1866 we met the same portion that we had encountered in 1833. It was again looked for in 1899, thirty-three years later, but, to the surprise of the astronomers, there was but a very ordinary display. Many reasons have been offered for this, but no one really knows enough to explain it satisfactorily. A few of the meteoric streams follow the tracks of comets, and it is supposed that they may be the disintegrated remains of comets, particularly in the cases where the latter have faded away. There are many other peculiarities in the behavior of meteorites and of the meteoric streams which are quite incomprehensible, but enough has been said to show that the problem is full of interest to inquiring minds.

STUDENTS of H. P. Blavatsky's teachings will not have failed to notice that there is a continual effort being made by astronomers to find some really satisfactory theory to explain the formation and behavior of comets' tails. She discusses the subject in *The Secret Doctrine* in such a way and gives such suggestive hints as to make it clear that when we do get the real clue to the mystery there will be need for further readjustments in our theories of matter. She also leads us to understand that partly through the discoveries which will be made in connexion with the anomalies of comets' tails, science will find that the present theory of gravitation is highly incomplete,

and that there is an opposite force — repulsion — to be understood. Gravitation is only one aspect of a mysterious force which is as definitely polarized as electricity or magnetism. It is of interest to notice that Professor Kapteyn, the famous Dutch astronomer of Groningen, has just declared at the thirteenth Science Congress of Holland that the law of gravitation is abrogated among the spiral nebulae. His words are:

All the known facts indicate that the so-called universal force of Gravitation exerts no influence upon the primordial matter from which all stars have been produced.

A few years ago — even to a date considerably later than the time when H. P. Blavatsky wrote the daring suggestions in *The Secret Doctrine* — such a statement would have been considered the rankest heresy; no scientist would have dared to throw doubts upon the universal supremacy of the law of gravitation. Truly, indeed, did she prophesy that in the twentieth century it would be recognized that she had but sketched an outline, which, though rejected at its first appearance, was based upon real knowledge.

In seeking a plausible hypothesis to explain comets' tails, Signor Luigi Armellini, an Italian astronomer, has advanced the revolutionary idea that they are optical illusions, merely the effect of light passing through the more or less lens-shaped head of the comet. He publishes, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, fourteen photographs of comet-like forms which he produced by passing beams of light at various angles through lenses so as to fall upon sensitized plates. He claims that the different angles at which the solar rays fall upon the nucleus of a comet as it moves round the sun sufficiently explain the familiar changes in shape of the tail.

This hypothesis has not been favorably received, for it provokes more difficulties than it solves, plausible though it may seem at first sight. For instance, there is the undeniable fact that comets' tails display an entirely different spectrum from that of the Sun. Then there is the fact that they are frequently most irregular in shape, with strange bends and gaps in them, and sometimes they show bright projections pointing *towards* the Sun. Everyone who saw the great daylight comet of the winter before last (Comet 1910 a) will remember the curious bend half way down the tail which was plainly visible without optical aid. This was a curious freak for a comet!

It is singular that a somewhat similar hypothesis to that of Signor Armellini was offered by a correspondent to the *Century Path* not long ago (April 24, 1910), the difference being that he suggested that the comet's tail was a *shadow* of the nucleus thrown upon a surrounding spherical nebulosity and which became visible as a bright object when relieved against the intensely black background of the sky. This hypothesis lies open to the same objection as the lens theory, and also to others. But the important thing is that the mystery of comets has not been cleared up, nor will it be until the properties of other states of matter than those with which we are familiar are discovered by science.

The following quotation from *The Scientific American* shows some of the difficulties which comet theorists have to meet:

The tail of Halley's comet has conducted itself in the most whimsical fashion. . . . It seems to have split longitudinally into three more or less well-defined parts. When we consider that Morehouse's comet of 1908 exhibited some extraordinary changes; that it repeatedly formed tails which were discarded to drift out bodily into space until they finally melted away; that in several cases tails were twisted or corkscrew shaped, as if they had gone out in a more or less spiral form; that areas of material connected with the tail would become visible at some distance from the head, where apparently no supply had reached it from the nucleus; that several times the matter of the tail was accelerated perpendicularly to its length; and that at one time the entire tail was thrown forward and curved perpendicularly to the radius vector in the general direction of the tail's sweep through space (*a peculiarity opposed to the law of gravitation*) it is evident that a comet presents important problems for the future astronomer to solve. (May 28, 1910, Italics ours).

In connexion with the profoundly interesting problem of gravitation and the dead mechanical theory of the universe *versus* the living, spiritual teachings which H. P. Blavatsky brought us, the student should consult Sections III and IV of Part III of *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. Nothing displays more forcibly the strength and beauty of the Theosophical position, which sees the working of Divine Intelligence and Control in every thing, from the least to the greatest.

To the general public as well as to astronomers the question of the habitability of the planets is a perennial subject of interest, and it is curious to observe how the opinions of experts have been modified lately. A few years ago it would have appeared most unlikely that the time was quickly coming when it would be seriously advanced by a distinguished astronomer that *with the exception of Mars* all the

planets are probably inhabited! Yet that is the position taken today by Professor T. J. See of the U. S. Observatory, Mare Island. "Mars has been inhabited in the past, but life has doubtless vanished there, as but little of the Martian atmosphere remains." Until recently it was thought that the extensive dark shadings on Mars were oceans, but the numerous observations made of late with finer telescopes and under more favorable conditions than were formerly available have proved that these dark areas, instead of being the smooth, even surfaces they should be if composed of water, are irregularly mottled and actually crossed in places by some of the fine lines called "canals" about which so much controversy has raged. Very limited dark blue regions surrounding the white "snowcaps," which are most distinctly visible during the Martian summers, are most probably water, but these are so small that conditions must be very different on Mars from those on the Earth or any similar planet. The state of things upon Venus appears to be far more like that to which we are accustomed. No mountains such as Venus possesses are to be traced on Mars. Professor See feels sure that Mars must have been the seat of life in the past, and with respect to the families of planets which we are morally certain must surround the myriads of gigantic suns which we see only as twinkling stars, he is convinced that they also must have been formed for the habitation of intelligent beings, for to regard them as barren deserts would make Nature ridiculous.

H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere, and William Q. Judge in his writings, have plainly stated the Theosophical teaching about the condition of Mars in its present cycle. According to this, the planet is under "obscuration," that is, it is not the seat of full and complete active life, though there may be some lower vital forces at work. But this does not mean that Mars is becoming extinct or that it is a dead planet. According to the Esoteric philosophy, of which H. P. Blavatsky was permitted to unveil a little and to give a partial outline, the planets are subject to great periodic changes of state. From a high condition of activity in which life in every form flourishes, they decline to a state of quiescence during which the vital forces are active in the unseen planes; but in due course the nearly extinct fires are re-lighted and a further and higher evolution commences. We see this taking place on a smaller scale around us; civilizations rise and fall only to rise again; nations and even races disappear to be replaced by others commencing their upward march.

During the intervals between the active manifestations on the physical plane the life-stream or wave passes into other and interior states which are necessary for the full development of perfected intelligence. What takes place in the case of the individual man in the comparatively short cyclic alternations of earth-lives and Devachanic or Heavenly conditions is a reflection of the vast cosmic process of the planets and the suns. Modern science has not yet grasped the enormous and far-reaching significance of Cyclic or Periodic laws, particularly in their application to human life, and how firmly everything, from the lowest animalcule to the great sun itself, is held in their grasp. When Cyclic Law as the key to the greater mysteries of life is thoroughly understood we shall no longer find any opposition to the fact of the reincarnation of the human soul, which is simply a necessary corollary to it. The soul is not *supernatural* in the sense of being outside Nature's laws; it is a part of the whole.

So with respect to Mars. It is, as Professor See and others believe, under obscuration today, but its energies will revive or reincarnate in some future age. It has not reached the state of our Moon, which is a decaying corpse, having passed through its life-history long ago. The Moon's life-principles "reincarnating" in the sphere of the Earth hundreds of millions of years ago, are now pursuing a higher evolution here. The Earth will in its time "reincarnate" similarly.

WHO MADE THE EUCALYPTS? by Nature-Lover



AUSTRALIA is a remnant of Lemuria, as geologists call that ancient continent which once stretched across the Southern hemisphere. In Australia we find strange animals and plants, the relics of a bygone age. One plant is the Eucalyptus, of many varieties, a very perfect tree, with two systems of roots, one to catch surface water, the other to dig deep; formed for hardiness, yet distilling every kind of fragrant and health-giving balm. Is this tree a product of evolution? Or has Man had a hand in the perfecting of it?

Men in our recent civilization are already learning how to manipulate plants so as to make them into better plants than they were before. If it be true that the ancient continent of Lemuria was occupied by an ancient humanity, divided into races and sub-races, nations and tribes, enduring for millenniums, it must also be true that they made discoveries in science, of which agriculture is a branch. Perhaps they had gone further than we have yet gone in the art of plant culture; perhaps they had carried it to a point of perfection; perhaps they made the Eucalypts. There are many other plants and fruits and trees on the earth which seem as if they had been made at some time or another; and it is quite possible that bygone human races may have had something to do with it.

The influence of man upon nature may have been underestimated. Plants and animals seem to remain about the same for very long periods; man is able to produce variations in them; and then the varieties often remain permanent and unaltered. It is quite conceivable that scientific agriculture on a large scale may have been practised at one time or at several times in the world's history, and that many now-existing forms may be attributable thereto.

Thus far we have spoken only of the direct and purposeful influence of man upon nature; but man has also an indirect and undesigned influence. For just as the physical body of man is continually discarding atoms, which return to the soil, carrying thither vital elements that will be used over again in the lower kingdoms of nature; so man is as constantly throwing off other elements, not physical, and these likewise return to the lower kingdoms of nature to enter as vital forces into the constitution of lower forms. In other words, man excretes used-up and superfluous elements from his mind; and these, though no longer of use to man, and being now divested of everything

human, may nevertheless serve to ensoul lowlier forms. It will thus be seen that some of the theories of evolution held by biologists are the reverse of the truth. The analogy between animals and the organs in man has been regarded as pointing to a descent of man from the animals; but why might it not imply a descent of animals from man? Once get rid of the idea that physical begetting is the only way in which one thing can be derived from another, and the way is clear for postulating a descent or derivation of animals from man. The crab, all claws and stomach, works off naturally and harmlessly certain proclivities which in man were cultivated to an excess too great for their further expression in the human kingdom. In the same way we have the spider, built perhaps from the cast-off atoms of a bogus-company promoter (!), the snake, the pig, etc. It has been well said that in the Zoo one may meet all one's friends and enemies — behind the bars of the cages; and the cartoonist can represent faithfully his human characters by giving them animals' heads.

But let us not overdo the idea. It is true that many of the animals now on earth appeared subsequently to man in the present "Round" of evolution; but this does not apply to all the animals. The facts are, as might be expected, not so simple as one might like them to be; for the history of evolution in all its ramifications is a long and complex one. To return to the main proposition: man plays an important part in the evolution of nature, both conscious and unconscious.

AUSTRALIAN MARSUPIALS: by Nature-Lover



AUSTRALIA is one of the oldest lands, says H. P. Blavatsky; it can produce no *new* forms, unless helped by fresh races or artificial cultivation and breeding. This is in keeping with the native race whose home it has been; for a portion of the present native tribes are the descendants of those later Lemurians who escaped the destruction of their fellows when the main continent was submerged. This remnant has since declined. Its environment is suggestive of a survival from a long bygone age. As Jukes says, in his *Manual of Geology*, it is a curious fact that the fossil marsupials found in Oxfordshire, England, together with Trigonias and other shells, and even some fossil plants, should much more nearly resemble those now living in Australia than the living forms of any other part of the globe. This fact is interesting and suggestive.

From a recent article in *The English Mechanic* we condense the following.

The remains of some of the oldest mammals were discovered in the Keuper beds of bone breccia of Upper Triassic age near Stuttgart. They consisted of the teeth of a small animal about the size of a rabbit, *Microlestes antiquus*. Teeth of a similar animal were found in the Rhaetic beds at Frome, England, while in the red sandstones of the Upper Trias in Virginia and North Carolina were found the lower jaws of *Dromatherium sylvestre*, and in beds of similar age in Basutoland the skull of *Tritylodon longaevus*. All these are believed to have been marsupials, mammals that bring forth their young in an imperfect condition and place them in a pouch formed by the skin of the abdomen, where their development is completed.

In the Australian regions there are about one hundred and sixty species of living marsupials including the kangaroo, kangaroo rat, phalanger, tarsipes, wombat, bandicoot, rat, kaola, Tasmanian wolf or *Thylacine dasyure*, and the Tasmanian devil or *Ursine dasyure*; while in the remainder of the world there are only about forty-six, and these confined to North and South America, the representatives being the opossum and the South American selvas. The kangaroo is also found in Tasmania, New Guinea, New Ireland, and in the Aru and other islands of these regions.

Up to the present very few fossil remains of Monotremes have been found. These are the lowest forms of mammals and lay eggs; they seem to form a link with the reptiles. Their skeletons exhibit very reptilian characters and true teeth are absent. They appear to have been followed by the Marsupials and finally by the Placentals, which bring forth matured young, and which seem to have made their appearance in the Upper Jurassic. The only representatives that now exist of the monotremes are the duck-billed platypus or *Ornithorhyncus*, and the spiny anteater, both of Australia, and *Parechidna* of New Guinea. These lay soft-shelled eggs and have no teats, the milk being exuded from pores in the skin, which the young ones lick when hatched. The fossil remains of *Echidna* have been brought to light in the bone breccia of Tertiary times in Australia. In the Stonesfield Slate of Oxfordshire, which is Lower Oolitic, the lower jaws of several small marsupials have been found, and these were contemporary with the great saurians. The latter waned as the former increased. Similar lower jaws have been found at Swanage in Dorsetshire, the lower jaw being

the first bone to become detached and being left stranded while the rest of the body or skeleton was carried out to sea. There would seem to have been a world-wide distribution of monotremes and marsupials; but they did not develop any size except in Australia, where they became isolated.

In the newer Tertiary deposits of Australia are the remains of a large marsupial allied to the kangaroo and named *Diprotodon Australis*; and in the Post-Tertiary another named *Nototherium*; as also a few others including fossil kangaroos.

This concludes our abstract from the article. In reference to what is said therein about the first two forms of Mammals — the Monotremes and the Marsupials — their analogies with the types below and above them, and the gradation in development which they exhibit, it may be recalled that the teachings given in *The Secret Doctrine*, with regard to animal and human evolution, are not the same as the conjectures of most modern theorists. The Mammalia, it is stated, are (*in the present Round*) posterior to Man on this globe. The evolutionary process which culminated in the production of a physical organism for Man took place in an earlier Round. Similarly, it is not in the present Round that the Monads inhabiting animals now living will progress so as to enter into the composition of Man. That destiny awaits them in a future Round. Hence these Monotremes and Marsupials do not represent early stages in the evolution of our present humanity. Analogy in form does not always mean derivation of the one form from the other; and when it does, there still remains the doubt as to which form was prior to the other. The subject of evolution, as taught by ancient Science, is comprehensive and fascinating. It is evident that the actual facts must be far more complex and vaster in scale than tentative hypotheses.

Australia is a country with natural scenery of fascinating type. The illustrations accompanying this note give an idea of it.

HOA-HAKA-NANA-IA: by P. A. Malpas

MUCH has been written and said about the famous Easter Island statues in mid-Pacific. So little is really known about them that until H. P. Blavatsky called attention to their immense antiquity they were not thought to be of any particular value. There were one or two speculations which she, as with so many other scattered data, gathered together, sifted, confirmed, or refuted, adding a few details to complete the bare outline of the picture.

The one in the illustration stands at the entrance outside the British Museum with a smaller, more shapeless companion. They were brought to England in Her Majesty's Ship *Topaze*, and presented in 1869 by Queen Victoria to the national collection in the Museum.

As they are said to be of hard trachyte and the ravages of time are great, therefore it is said they are very, very old. Presumably they were carved in the "Stone Age," wherever that mysteriously ancient (yet still existing!) epoch of science may be situated in the years of the world. It would be interesting to know by what "Stone Age" tools they were carved. Perhaps Aladdin's diamonds may have helped in the carving?

In any case they are evident "sun-worship" monuments. So would our clocks and sundials be if we could emulate our "Stone Age" brothers (what wonderful masons they were!) in making them last a million years or so.

We would wish to remark that the cross on the backs of these very ancient statues, made in one of the hardest kinds of stone, is a very remarkable case of testimony by anticipation. They were only "Stone Age" men, but they had shrewd powers of anticipation — almost as wonderful as their masonry!

SUN-LIFE AND EARTH-LIFE: by Per Fernholm

Indwelling

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
 Like to a shell dishabited,
 Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
 And say — "This is not dead," —
 And fill thee with Himself instead.

But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
 And hast such shrewd activity,
 That, when He comes, He says: "This is enow
 Unto itself — 'twere better let it be:
 It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

T. E. Brown, "Collected Poems."



THERE, in your garden, is a plant, busily engaged in collecting material for its future growth, although you can see nothing as yet above the ground. Still in the darkness of the earth it is sending out numerous root-threads amongst many strange material things, of which some serve it as nourishment. Buried in the soil without any visible link with the life of the air above, it lies, dormant and inactive until that life above reaches it with its beneficent influence in the form of rain and sunshine, quickening the soul of the plant to begin the weaving of its material garb on the already present ideal form.

And then, one day, the budding life breaks through the soil separating it from the air, and from now on a new life is entered upon, a double existence. The roots in the dark "prison of earth" continue to collect nourishment for the redoubled activity needed to build the ideal form. But the plant is now directly nourished and stimulated to growth by water and air and sunshine by means of its leaves as well. And thus, in proper time, the culmination comes in form of the flower, in its beauty really belonging to another world and a constant promise of a higher life. When it has given its message, blended its note of form, color, and fragrance in the great symphony of vegetable life, it passes away to rest; but in doing so it produces a store of seeds for future plant-lives similar to its own, thus binding together past and future and securing the continuity of its species.

How much food for thought there is in a simple picture that we constantly have before us! How thoughts and analogies built upon it help us — far better than the filling of our brains with narrow and

petty theories without any spark of life, or the poisoning of our emotional life by our artificial aims and desires. Men are overburdened by false ideas and unsound emotions of their own making. Purification of heart, mind, and body, is surely needed, before the wholesome influences always reaching us from the Center of Life can make us grow rightly, intensely, though quietly and in silence.

“I am not of this world,” said the great Master whom the Western world professes to follow. It was the Christos that spoke thus, the spiritual, glorious, ideal being that breathes the air of the higher life. Each of us has — nay, each one in essence *is* — the Christos, though few have consciously and purposely taken up the great task before us all: to weave the worthy, shining garment that will allow this spiritual being to take actual form in manifested existence. Man is not like the flower, he is self-conscious, and he cannot grow as the flower grows until he freely uses his self-consciousness in full accordance with the laws of life. He cannot hope to burst through the dark soil of material existence that separates him from the air where the spiritual sun sheds its glory until, in every moment of daily life, he feels its influence and adjusts his life accordingly, gathering nourishment from all his duties, from all the opportunities that the threads of his mind may encounter, and pushing upwards all the time.

Trust is the key to it all, the magic power that will bring the human plant to bloom. *Compassion* is the guiding power for the mental root-threads in their work of gathering nourishment; the giving of the good tidings to all we can reach, the extending of aid to all as we progress. And when the glorious moment arrives when the soil opens above us, there comes redoubled activity in our earthly life, reaching out farther and farther, inspiring and stimulating more and more the hearts of the “hosts of souls” that grope blindly in the dark and finally have come to doubt even the existence of any spiritual life.

We watch the plant in our garden and nurse it even before we see any visible sign of its growth, knowing that it will blossom in due time. Have we ever thought that there may be beings in the spiritual world that watch the humans in like manner and give them the tenderest care? Have we thought of how some already may have reached up into the air of spiritual existence, preparing to bloom, or already blooming, or, in going to rest, scattering all over the earth seeds of potential spiritual growth? How these may be working with all the powers of heart, mind, and body, to give the good tidings to us that

still struggle in the dark? How they are to be recognized by that divine Compassion that does not shut out anyone of the blind and faltering human beings, and how they are able to inspire that Trust which acts like a kindling spark, producing light and order in a chaos?

The sun does not enter into the growth of a plant otherwise than spiritually, inspiring and drawing it upwards. It is not of this world; and yet it is the basis of all growth in this world. So even in human life; the Christos stands apart from all nature's activity, and yet it is illuminating every particle therein, living in the heart-life of all. The mind can open to its rays by acting in unison with the heart, by finding its way upward in trust, and by expanding, as compassion makes it embrace ever wider circles of earthly existence. Seen thus, earth-life, dark and confusing as it still often may be, has its great purpose and is felt to be the means of a glorious spiritual blossoming. Every thought and act may then serve the interblending of the spiritual influences with the lives of our fellows, and as purification proceeds and the life-currents more and more easily and normally find their course through our hearts and minds, Joy becomes manifest and comes to stay with us, the Joy of True Living, precursor of the blossoming of the spiritual life.

In this work of bursting through the dark soil of material existence, woman has her predominant position. Being in close contact with nature she can clothe the spiritual rays entering her heart in a thousand forms that make everything she touches radiant in its turn. And she can protect the sanctuary thus brought down to earth. If her trust is sublime, her spiritual will unflinching, none will dare to desecrate it. She can challenge others to leave the false and cheap glitter of life, for the precious jewels of the higher life. How glorious her position as guardian of the home, if she enters into it in the right spirit, trustingly! The seeds of love and unselfishness, scattered over the earth by those who already have blossomed forth in the higher glory, may in such a home find the soil needed for their quickening. And what a reward for a mother to watch over and guide such a soul in acquiring a serviceable instrument for the delivering of its message of Truth, Light, and Liberation!

The most fertile soil is often composed of the most unpleasant and incongruous ingredients, and it is often the darkest. Our age is certainly dark, but just *because* of the swift vibrations of material life it permits a growth that could not be equaled at any other time. This

century has to make a bold step forward towards the realization of a higher life. Let the woman who feels its urge and who longs to help and serve, know that by doing rightly the small duties that lie nearest at hand, her path will gradually widen. The plant blooms where the seed falls. What woman cannot, deep within the heart, feel some hint of the glory and joy of stepping forth as a conscious worker with nature?

One of the most wonderful passages in the pearl of the Eastern scriptures, the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, that poem of the spiritual life, is where Arjuna discovers the majesty of Krishna, whom he had taken for a friend and at times had treated "without respect in sport, in recreation, in repose, in thy chair, and at thy meals, in private and in public"; and where he exclaims: "Forgive, O Lord, as the friend forgives the friend, as the father pardons his son, as the lover the beloved." We will all some day waken to find Krishna, the Christos, at our side. But we must ask ere we can receive, we must call before the inner Christ can show himself in his true form, before he really can help us. We must change our whole attitude, our polarity, and drink in the light from above. We must let Sun-life illuminate Earth-life and draw forth the divine blossoms.

THE SPADE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGIST: THE RESURRECTION OF TRUTH---ERROR'S FUNERAL:

by Ariomardes



THE resurrection of the prehistoric age of Greece, and the disclosure of the astonishing standard of civilization which had been attained on the mainland and in the isles of the Aegean at a period at least 2000 years earlier than that at which Greek history, as hitherto understood, begins, may be reckoned as among the most interesting results of modern research into the relics of the life of past ages. . . .

All preconceived ideas may be upset by the results of a single season's spade work on some ancient site. The work is by no means complete; but already the dark gulf of time that lay behind the Dorian conquest is beginning to yield up the unquestionable evidences of a great and splendid and almost incredibly ancient civilization. . . .

Most surprising of all, in many respects, was the revelation of the amazingly complete system of drainage with which the palace was provided. Indeed the hydraulic science of the Minoan architects is altogether wonderful in the completeness with which it provided for even the smallest details. . . .

Perhaps the most striking and interesting result that has been attained is

the remarkable confirmation given to the broad outlines of those traditions about Crete which have survived in the legends and in the narratives of the Greek historians. — *The Scientific American*, in a review of James Baikie's *Sea Kings of Crete*.

Preconceived ideas may certainly be said to be in a precarious situation, if they can be so easily upset by a spade. Pagan tradition, however, comes out triumphant. Should we not therefore, place more faith in the pagan legends than in the preconceived ideas?

Refusing to believe that the Greek legends were imaginary, Schliemann and his successors investigated the sites at Troy, Tiryns and Mykenae, there discovering the old civilization described. Now we learn that this was but the dying remnant of a still older and grander civilization whose center was Crete. How much more has the spade to reveal to us? How much further will discovery go? It can but show, as revelation follows revelation, that the map of ancient history sketched in H. P. Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* is correct; that our annals, as far as we can trace them back, record not a rise but a fall. The present Fifth Root-Race of humanity, being in its middle course, has reached the lowest point of its cycle before its reascent; the earlier of its seven sub-races have lived; some of the most enduring of their colossal works in masonry have survived, silent yet eloquent witnesses. The spade is slowly uncovering the vestiges of civilization gradually rising in knowledge and culture as we go backwards; until at last the completed chain of history will conduct us to the glory of our Race in the Golden Age of its birth.

Confirmation, Theosophy has in plenty, as H. P. Blavatsky foretold of the dawning years of this century. Recognition, it may get later. And this important question arises: Will archaeologists, while admitting the truth of the Theosophical teachings about history, also admit those teachings as to the nature of Man and other kindred subjects, which logically depend on the historical teachings? If not, then, Archaeology, thy name is inconsistency. For Nineteenth Century views of the origin of man will not fit.

And let us not become so absorbed over the Aegeans as to forget the rest of the world and devise theories to account for our own particular discoveries regardless of the discoveries in other fields. The ancient Chimu civilization recently uncovered in Peru claims our attention. History in America too goes back through rising stages to a mightier past. And linking all, we have the admissions, now being

made on all sides, as to the truth of the Theosophical teachings (in *The Secret Doctrine*) about Atlantis. This links together the prehistoric cultures of the Old World and the New.

Even in mechanical science there was prowess, as we learn in connexion with these drainage works of Crete. Perhaps we have been wont to solace our pride by the reflection that if the Egyptians surpassed us in building, and the Greeks in art, in science at least we bear the palm. But is this consolation merely based on the fact that the civilizations with which we have so far been familiar have not expended their genius in that particular direction? Could antiquity have surpassed us in applied science also, if it had had the mind to apply its abilities in that direction? Nay, have there actually been civilizations which surpassed us? This particular Cretan culture seems to have been distinguished by many features which connect it more with modern times than with the intervening Greek culture. The same has been said with regard to the choice and treatment of subjects in the decorative and imitative pottery unearthed on the Chimu site in Peru.

THE LANDS NOW SUBMERGED: by Durand Churchill



Those persons who are interested in geographical facts and geological statistics, as well as to those who are students of climatology, the following remarkable features of the great bodies of water which cover such a large part of the surface of this globe, a part of the surface which in bygone ages has borne upon it races of people from whom our remote ancestors were descended, will be of interest.

Thanks to modern energy, skill, and perseverance, the great oceans have been sounded practically throughout, so that today we have published maps, which show quite clearly enough the general contour of the ocean bottoms.

From these we see that the floor of the ocean is an extensive plain, or series of plains, lying at an average depth of about two and one-half miles beneath the ocean surface. In some places, gigantic mountain ranges rise up from these submerged plains to the very surface of the ocean, or to within points so near the surface that they form dangerous reefs, and volcanic islands.

The depth of the ocean thus varies quite as irregularly and as pre-

cipitously as does the level of dry lands in the mountain ranges of Switzerland or South America or India. So far as is officially known in 1911, the greatest depth in the Atlantic Ocean is found between the West Indies and Bermuda, at a point called the Nares Deep, which is 4662 fathoms, or 27,972 feet. The greatest depth, so far discovered in the Indian Ocean, is between Christmas Island and the coast of Java, which is 3828 fathoms, and is called the Wharton Deep.

The greatest depth, so far discovered in the Pacific Ocean is called the Challenger (or Nero) Deep in the North Pacific, which is 5269 fathoms (31,614 feet). To get a comparative idea of this great depth, we can imagine the highest mountain in the world placed in this depth of water, and would then find that the peak of this great mountain would be 2600 feet below the surface of the sea. Thus could Mount Everest be lost in the depths of the Pacific Ocean.

There are, at present on record, fifty-six of these great holes in the sea bottoms which exceed three miles in depth. There are ten areas which lie at a depth greater than four miles, and four places where the depth exceeds five miles.

The depth seems to bear a certain relation to the salinity of the water, for it is found that the amount of salt held in solution is less as the depth increases. This of course is the effect of temperature and pressure changes, as well as the greater quietness of the sub-surface waters.

The composition of the salts found in sea-water, that is the proportional amounts of the various component salts, does not vary materially in the different parts of the ocean, although the degree of saturation does vary, as above explained.

The temperature of the ocean varies, at the surface, from 28° F. at the poles, to over 80° F. in the tropics. The cold water, near the poles, at any given point, varies less than 10° F.; and the warm water of the tropics, likewise has a variation, annually, of less than 10° F., in a band that nearly encircles the earth; this band, it is interesting to observe, is the region of coral reefs.

Between these regions of small annual variation, there are two bands surrounding the earth, where the annual temperature variation is greater, and may at some spots even exceed 40° F.



THE SCREEN OF TIME

BOOK REVIEWS: Charles Morice's "Il est ressuscité":

by H. A. Fussell

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.

THAT there do occur critical periods in the lives of nations and of individuals, when the irrevocable step is taken which allies them definitely with the beneficent or maleficent forces which are contending for the mastery of the world, has become a truism. It is seldom a spectacular contest — this "battle of Armageddon"; even when it is, at the moment of choice we are alone, face to face with the Higher Self.

The many and varied ways in which this contest may occur furnish the moralist and the preacher with occasions for the highest flights of eloquence, and it forms the background of history, biography, and fiction. One of its most recent presentations is by Charles Morice in his book *Il est ressuscité!* of which we give a résumé.

One day in the middle of December the Parisians were surprised on opening their daily papers to see the last page perfectly blank, all the questionable advertisements had disappeared, no Stock Exchange news, all the transactions by which clever financiers attract the unwary and pile up their millions, had been suppressed. Why? No one could say! Amazement on all faces! It was the same the next day, and the next — even the feuilleton, containing the inevitable sensational and sometimes salacious story was no more. At the Bourse itself there was "nothing doing"; would-be purchasers were told of the watered stocks, were advised not to buy.

In the evening the leading journalists met as usual at the "Lapin Cru." They were no wiser than the rest. Consternation was on all faces. Their occupation was gone, there was not a single piquant event in all Paris — suddenly become virtuous — to write up. On unfolding their papers — the first impression was always brought in at midnight by the office-boys from the publishers — on one of the blank pages was this notice in small print:

The Son of God needs no advertising. He has put up at the Three Kings' Hotel, Place de l'Étoile. He will be at home from noon to noon, all the day, the 14th of December and tomorrow.

Narda, a prince among journalists, sat apart, moodily. Suddenly he became aware of a man opposite him at the next table.

But what a man! There was in fact nothing remarkable about him, except that perhaps he lacked precisely those little peculiarities and idiosyncracies which distinguish one man from another. Yet he was a fine man, but his

remarkable beauty did not cause surprise. The fact is, that one would have been surprised, nay scandalized, if it were not so, for his beauty, formed of the perfect equilibrium of all the elements of his person, revealed *man* in his ordinary and magnificent integrity. It was as if necessitated by the soul, sovereignly and ineffably serene, which shone in the eyes of the man: a constant, rich, intense light, eclipsing the crude brilliancy of the electric lights, and forming a halo in his unusually long hair. Narda was not dazzled by the light: on the contrary, he felt himself illuminated by it to the very depths of his being. He looked at this unknown man with a sympathy mingled with trust and deference. He had no desire to speak to him, to question him, fully satisfied by his presence alone, the presence of *a man*. A real man! he said to himself, and not a puppet like my comrades and myself.

The stranger went, Narda scarcely knew how; and without him the room, life itself, seemed empty and vain again.

The subject is not new — the incompatibility of the Christ and modern civilization. We are all acquainted with sensational pictures, painted by well-known artists, depicting Christ in the midst of decadent modern society, with all its revolting contrasts; or with lurid sketches written by clever journalists; but never have we seen the subject treated with so much reverence and psychological insight as in the work before us. Read the scene the following night at the "Lapin Cru," where Narda was sure he would meet again with the Son of God. They communed as of old the disciples with the Master.

"I thought, Lord, you were to come in a different manner."

"Are you also without intelligence?" Jesus replied. "Visible or invisible the Son of Man comes every day."

The question rose to the lips of Narda: "You come, doubtless, to finish the work begun two thousand years ago?"

"It is finished to all eternity."

"Why then have you not conquered?"

"Because I wished to leave to you the merit of the victory."

After some further talk, Narda, who has been led into the depths of his own conscience, depths unsuspected by him before, exclaims: "Lord, perhaps *you* are only *myself*, my self raised to perfectness. . . ."

"But has not one of your writers said: 'It is only God who is really man.' How do you know, if I have not become *little by little* divine?"

And while they were speaking Jesus was giving, at "the Three Kings," in its three hundred rooms, *private* audience to three hundred interviewers at the same time, and to each he appeared different. On leaving, some declared he had fair hair, others that it was dark. To the philosopher he appeared a philosopher; to the artist more beautiful than Apollo; to the soldier a divine warrior.

Last of all came "the Scribes and Pharisees," as of old, to question him. "Are you really the Son of God?" "Are you going to tell us again that salvation is difficult for the rich?" "Are you going to be crucified anew?" and so on. The Churches held aloof. *He had not come as they expected.*

We will not describe how our author solves the problems, economic, social, and religious, which this unsuspected advent of Jesus causes in Paris. It suffices to say that the crisis was met and tided over for the time being.

One circumstance, however, must be mentioned: woman was honored as never before. Civil marriage alone is legal in France; in more than sixty per cent of the couples presenting themselves before the civil authorities for the ratification of their marriage, the unexpected happened. Instead of the perfunctory "Yes" which was almost invariably the rule, one or other of the contracting parties would say "No." There were no more ill-assorted matches, none of those crimes against humanity that the marriage service, not only among the French, but in every nation, condones. And the children, they had never been so happy before, so unrestrained, and yet so well-behaved. Even the youths and maidens, as they walked through the streets or wandered in the parks, showed a self-restraint and tenderness for one another never remarked before. Older people stood and looked after them in wonder. Something idyllic and noble had entered into and stopped the bantering, mocking, scoffing tone of the average Parisian. It was beautiful, some thought it unnatural — would it last?

Towards the end of December Jesus preaches to the people — this time from Montmartre. All Paris is gathered there to hear him. Again the gracious words are heard, but are received and interpreted by each in accordance with his own interests and prejudices. "The common people heard him gladly," but the rich and learned murmured. He spoke of self-sacrifice and devotion to ideals; the majority, though convicted of sin, with seared hearts, felt revolt rising within. When Jesus had ended and had betaken himself away, "for their eyes were holden, that they should not see," it was in a state of astonishment, deception, consternation, even rage, that the crowd slowly melted away. Many men, mere simulacra of humanity — though considered the pillars of society — made haste to flee the place where all they held most dear, their success, their station, their darling sins, were menaced. But the innocent, the poor and the wretched, felt that it was an awakening from an all-too-sweet dream to the harsh realities of the pitiless struggle for life.

It was the beginning of the end. Ere many days had passed, Jesus was asked to leave the city, "and normal life, with its political institutions, its scientific progress, its suffragettes, its railway accidents, theater-parties, and fashionably attired women, resumed its wonted course." By a kind of tacit agreement no one spoke any more of the disconcerting events of the last days of December. The newspapers wore their wonted appearance; "twenty lines, identical in every case," was all the press notice of what had so profoundly stirred men's souls.

And Narda, the veteran journalist, the new disciple of Jesus? Brought face to face with his divine self, he saw himself once again when in youth, with forehead high and heart full of hope, he had vowed allegiance to the highest. And now? Was it lack of courage? He lost his grasp of that divine life to which all are called, and which had awakened once again with so much power in him. "He has come in vain," he cried, "we cannot endure him."

How true, alas! are the sad words of Baudelaire, which Charles Morice prefixes to his work: "*Mais le damné répond toujours: Je ne veux pas!*" — The lost soul always replies: I do not want to.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded at New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma with the buildings and grounds, are no "Community" "Settlement" or "Colony." They form no experiment in Socialism, Communism, or anything of similar nature, but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either "at large" or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership "at large" to G. de Purucker, Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy, and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they

are, thus misleading the public, and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California