THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"PYTHAGORAS said that it is requisite to choose the most excellent life, for custom will make it pleasant. Wealth is an infirm anchor, glory still more infirm; in like manner, body, dominion, and honor: for all these are imbecile and powerless. What then are powerful anchors? Prudence, magnanimity, fortitude. These no tempest can shake. This is the law of God: that virtue alone is strength, and that everything else is a trifle."
— A Fragment preserved by Stobaeus. Trans. by *Thomas Taylor.*

TRUSTING IN THE LAW: by H. T. Edge, M. A.

SCIENCE has accustomed us to the idea that law and order prevail in the workings of Nature; and we all rely fully on the justice and immutability of the laws of Nature. There are many things which we nowadays, in our greater enlightenment, recognise as coming under this reign of law, but which at one time were regarded as mysterious visitations, to be deprecated but not avoided. Of these things, one of the most striking is infectious disease; for, whereas our ancestors did not generally know what caused the disease or what promoted its diffusion, bowed helpless before it, and could but vainly supplicate whatever Gods there be in earth or heaven, we take heed to sanitation and infection and are enabled by our knowledge and by our confidence in the scientific use of the laws of Nature to defy the plague. And in morals we are learning more and more to look to natural law for guidance rather than to a mysterious allotment of fate or an inscrutable dispensation of providence. This has made us more reasonable and merciful in the treatment of the mentally infirm and the criminal; for we realize better that their infirmities are so much the outcome of causes that can be traced and remedied.

Yet, though we are now so much better equipped for the understanding of the prevalence of law throughout the universe, we still fall far behind the ideal in many respects. For the domain of science has so far been very much restricted, and it does not trench upon that region which has been occupied by religious authority — the region of our moral and spiritual concerns. In this domain we are still in a state of chaos and darkness. It is true that persons strong in faith and not overburdened with that intellectual inquisitiveness which brings doubts,

find themselves able to trust in God as the representative of unerring justice, and that this trust is a lamp unto their footsteps throughout life. But this is not the case with a majority of people, in whom the reasoning faculties are more strongly developed than the simple trust; and of course it is a want of the knowledge of reincarnation that presents the chief difficulty in the way of accepting the universal reign of law. In addition to this lack of knowledge, we also labor under a great limitation of knowledge as to the way in which the events of life are brought about. These events we call casual or accidental, because we do not know any better word by which to describe them; but it is merely a word that covers or denotes our ignorance.

If we had the true scientific attitude, we should be obliged to admit that there can be no such thing as an effect without a cause, and that it must be possible to trace every event that happens to us to some cause, however apparently casual and unrelated to anything else such event may be.

Now Theosophy declares that there *is* a connexion between our destiny and our conduct, and that nothing happens to us except what we have ourselves incurred by our own conduct; so that our destiny is always perfectly just. This is known as the law of Karma, or cause and effect on the moral plane. But Theosophy does not stop short with a mere statement, which, if left thus, would amount to a mere dogma. Theosophy always follows up its statements by pointing out the way in which the student may approach to a confirmation of them, so that his faith may become conviction, his intellectual belief an item of actual knowledge. And in this case Theosophy declares that a student of life, by accepting with faith the principle of universal law, and keeping it in his mind as a key to the problems with which he meets, will surely find daily proofs of the truth of the principle. Thus he will be enabled to verify it for himself; not all at once, but step by step, so that his knowledge and trust will gradually grow.

When we try to reconcile our faith in the justice and goodness of providence with our very limited ideas of the scope of human life, we may be driven to the fear that providence does not know what it is about, or that it is indifferent to our fate, or that its decisions are cruel and arbitrary. But the great Teachers, of whom Christ was one, have always bidden man to *know;* Christ was always telling his disciples to seek the light of knowledge within themselves and to look for the illumination of the divine spirit; and so taught Plato and the sages of antiquity. It is only man himself who, in his weakness, has travestied the original teachings of the great religious founders, and has invented dogmas which shut him out from the light and teach him that knowledge is shut out

from him and that it is impious to try and understand the ways of God. Such a doctrine is the very reverse of what Christ and the other Teachers really taught. Therefore, when confronted with what seems like injustice or indifference on the part of providence, we should put it down to our own ignorance, and should endeavor to enlarge our knowledge, so that we may be able to consent to the ways of providence not in blind trust but in sure knowledge.

When providence sends us some great affliction, we may say that it is doubtless all for our good, and that "he has willed it in his inscrutable wisdom"; and after that, we may either rest content in that faith or else we may angrily rebel and even seek refuge in doubt and despair. But in the light of a wider knowledge we should feel that eternal justice has but given us what is our exact due; and instead of rebelling against the decree or giving up all attempt to solve the riddle, we should go on living in the continual expectation of arriving at its solution some day. Theosophy sets a man on the road that leads to the solution of such problems. It opens his eyes on a new prospect, shows him which way to look, and consequently he begins to see things that he never saw before.

As just said, we all recognise the law of cause and effect so far as its workings lie within the range observed by science; why not try to extend this range? Does the law of cause and effect prevail over but a part of nature and not over all? Does it stop short anywhere, and, if so, at what point? I know that I must not sit with wet feet, or indulge in excess in eating and drinking, or go into a house where there is infection. But it is not to any arbitrary decree of providence that I bow in these cases, it is to a law of nature — or, if you prefer, I bow to the will of providence as the representative and dispenser of eternal justice. Nor do I cavil against the law or seek to evade it; on the contrary, I accept it willingly and seek but to co-operate with it. But why should I stop short at merely physical concerns like disease and health? Why not extend my studies into the realm of conduct and morals, and find there also a like certainty of knowledge, an equal glad acceptance of the justice of the law?

Sometimes we rise in the morning feeling thoroughly out of tune, and with a premonition that throughout the day we shall run atilt against things in general, quarrel with our fellows, upset things, cut our face, and spill our coffee. In ignorance we might attribute all these disasters to 'chance' or to providence or to the devil or to Puck, or whatever we might happen to be believing in. But a closer observation of ourself would reveal that the real cause of them all is simply ourself. We were out of tune; we had quarreled with ourself; there was an internal commotion going on when we arose, due to some mistake of the previous

day, or to lying too long abed. We got up in a state of discordant vibration, and we imparted the discord to everything and everybody we contacted. People would perhaps even quarrel with us before we said or did anything to them, because they instinctly and unguardedly reacted to our own discordant mood; yet it was we, more than they, that were to blame. And we might perhaps fall down and hurt ourself because of the disharmony in our body; and this would not be an arbitrary decree of providence, but simply the consequence of our own unguarded state.

Now it is but a further step in knowledge to arrive at the conviction that *every* event in our life is related in some way, however remote, to our own conduct. The bare fact that we do not at present see the connexion is no valid reason against the belief. We cannot expect to know everything at once; there must be some gaps in our knowledge. We do not see how or why such an event as a sudden terrible bereavement should befall us at a particular time; and we have to label this event as casual or fortuitous, or as a mysterious dispensation of providence. Is it extravagant to suggest that some day we may attain knowledge sufficient to show us the exact cause and justice of even such events as this? Can man never learn to understand the divine will? Theosophy answers that man, having the divine breath in him, can advance in knowledge so as to be able to consent, in the light of a greater knowledge, to the decrees of eternal justice.

A person smitten with blindness in the prime of life, and condemned to spend the rest of his days in a strange world of darkness, may well be at a loss to understand and reconcile himself with the decree of his destiny. Yet, as such a calamity is part of the inevitable contingencies of life, the only course is to seek to fathom its meaning, so that we may be enabled to accept the experience without cavil and profit by it. We accept the principle that the afflicted person has somehow, somewhen, carved out for himself a path in life that leads inevitably up to that catastrophe. The incarnating Soul chose a destiny that included that particular event. That experience was somehow due to that man at that time; it was what he had incurred, what he most needed. A debt was to be paid off, an account balanced. Somewhere in that man's past, could we scan it, we should find the other side of that account, the incurring of the debt. Possibly it was in his present life, being due to some cause whose connexion with the effect we do not discern. Or perhaps it was in a past life; for it is necessary to take past lives into the calculation.

Every man is born with a character and with a destiny. These have been acquired. The incarnating Soul brings them over and they attach

themselves to the developing child, and, like seeds, grow to maturity in after life. The details of these processes are beyond our present ken but not beyond our possibility of knowledge. In Theosophical writings, in *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, for instance, are found some valuable hints; and by studying these we can at least gain a prospective view of the ground to be traveled by an aspirant to that knowledge. Science does not tell us anything about the laws which determine the kind of heredity a child shall be born with; but we refuse to be satisfied with a mere negative. I find myself equipped with a bodily and mental instrument having certain advantages and certain disadvantages; I can trace these largely to my parentage and to the way in which I was brought up; but I demand to know why I should have incurred this particular heredity and upbringing, while other people have incurred another kind. To answer such a question we must look back beyond the epoch of our birth into this life. I can realize that I have run to excess in the development of some sides of my character, and have starved other sides; and that now I am trying to even up my character. But I did not start the thing in this life; I already had the tendencies when I entered life. My parents and teachers did not mold my character as much as might be thought; it was myself who, to a great extent, molded their behavior. I entered the world with a strong and definite character, which made demands upon people and called for certain treatment.

By reflexions such as these, we learn to regard our life as a symmetrical pattern, as a web which we are weaving; and we acquire more reliance on the value of our own efforts. We feel a greater confidence in our power to control our fortunes; we are no longer so helpless. The great moral laws, which we all intuitively accept, now appear to us in the form of laws of nature, which are inviolably just and will return to us whatever our actions may call for. We feel that it is worth while to be conscientious, because this must necessarily bring us a blessing; just as it is worth while to live cleanly because this will secure our health. And if we will but watch our lives intelligently, we shall soon find proof of this. We confide in a fountain of equity and purity at the center of man's nature, which will restore all discord to harmony. We feel that we have knowledge at our command, for knowledge is not withheld from him who has merited it. Knowledge is not given or withheld by some external power, but it comes from within; and the reason why we stay ignorant is that we have not been sufficiently confident in our own power to attain to knowledge.

After all, this trusting in the law is a truly scientific attitude; and by contrast, the attitude of those who do not acknowledge such a law

is quite feeble. When people have not self-confidence, something else usually takes its place and even borrows its name — to wit, vanity. But there is all the difference between assertion of the personality and reliance on the individuality; for the latter is the real man within. A man should have confidence in his true Self, the source of light from within; a very different attitude from that described by a celebrated historian, who says: "The wisest of the heathens never understood that the true dignity of human nature consists in its submission to a higher Existence; that its only hope for the future is in the consciousness of its imperfection and weakness and responsibility here." What he means by 'responsibility' is not easy to see; the word 'irresponsibility' would seem to fit the context better. Theosophy says that a man may and should submit to the God within; but that this should not make him cringe in weakness, but should inspire him to self-reliance and noble effort. The example of that benighted heathen, Socrates, is worth study in this respect. This man trusted in the power of principle, if anybody did; he had the courage of his opinions. His words and deeds show that he relied fully on a righteous law; yet he was a heathen, and accused of atheism even by his fellow heathens. Marcus Aurelius is another of these poor pagans who relied on eternal justice and found the policy successful. Theosophy asks people today to do the same; adding too that many of these benighted heathen were more or less initiated into the sacred Mysteries, and so had actual knowledge about many things in nature which are mysteries to us. But it was the earnest endeavor of many potentates, both secular and otherwise, to blot out the records of those mysteries in order to make way for arbitrary and dogmatic systems. Be it ours to recover hidden knowledge. Theosophy is truly a great step towards such a revival; it leads man to a threshold whence his further advance through the portals depends on his own efforts.

"THERE is somewhat in you which will teach you how to do well and how to avoid the evil, if your minds be turned to it. And the same thing will witness to you when ye do well, and against you when ye do evil. Now to learn to know this, to fear this, to obey this, that is the chief place of learning that I desire to find you in."— ISAAC PENNINGTON (1667)

STUDIES IN CHINESE AND EUROPEAN PAINTING:

by Osvald Sirén, Ph. D.

CHAPTER V — CHINESE FIGURE-PAINTING

ALTHOUGH Chinese paintings of the great periods of Tang and Sung have become more fully known to Western students during the last few years we are hardly yet in a position to form a complete idea of the evolution of pictorial art in China. So many of the pictures which are classed under the names of the most famous artists are in reality later copies or imitations, the accuracy of which is a matter of conjecture. They have undoubtedly a certain importance for the student because they illustrate general modes of pictorial expression prevalent during different periods, but they can hardly be accepted as standards by which to gage the power of individual masters. This is, however, all we need for our present purpose, because we have no intention of attempting anything like a historical summary of Chinese painting but simply of quoting a few examples of the esthetic principles which have been discussed in the previous chapter. Common characteristics interest us more than individual differences when we simply are engaged in the comparative study of Eastern and Western art along the broadest lines.

The earliest Chinese figure paintings that have come down to us, such as the famous makimono attributed to Ku Kai-chi in the British Museum and a few Tang pictures of a similar type, prove quite conclusively that Chinese painting already at that time had reached a high degree of refinement and perfection. If we look for instance at the Ku Kai-chi roll, known under the title of 'Admonitions of the Instructress of the Palace,' we cannot avoid being impressed by its very intimate and sophisticated character. It consists of a series of illustrations from the life of the emperor and his court ladies, some of which have the charm and intimacy of genre pictures. We see for instance a fair lady at her toilette, before the mirror, assisted by a maid who arranges her hair; other ladies are occupied with writing or are represented in conversation with the emperor; others join in the useful work of educating a little boy by pulling his hair. The most famous scene is an illustration to a tale about a court lady who threw herself in the path of a wild bear which threatened the life of the emperor.

The figures are executed with very fine and supple contours upon the brownish silken ground; the modeling of the forms and the long flowing folds of drapery is suggested by delicate shades of gray and reddish tones; there are furthermore subdued violets, greens, and reds in the costumes, but none of these tones stand out very conspicuously, partly because of the age and worn condition of the painting. Its decora-

tive beauty mainly depends on the richly flowing sensitive lines. The figures are tall and supple and their height is accentuated by the trailing silk gowns which are held together by fluttering scarfs. From the dark hair of the ladies quaint plumes arise like blossoming plants. Something of the supple wavering grace of flower-stems pervades these delicate and fine-limbed creatures. They are evidently products of an art which is no longer struggling with its means of expression, but which uses them with a freedom and refinement that imply long training. And it is not only in the highly decorative use of line that the maturity of this art is revealed, but also in the intimate observation of nature and in the sure characterization of the gestures and movements of these gracious ladies. In that part of the makimono, which represents a huntsman shooting pheasants with a cross-bow, a mountain is introduced but it is drawn on a different scale without any relation to the very large figure; the result is that the whole scene conveys no idea of measurable space and unity, yet it is a perfect decorative unity.

In the scene of the hair-dressing the figures are simply placed on a mat before which lacquer boxes are displayed. The only indication of depth or space in the picture is in the modeling of the figures and in the drawing of the carpet and the boxes on the floor, which suggest a horizontal plane retiring from the front of the picture into an undefined distance. Beyond the frontal plane there is no indication of space; the figures stand up simply against the silk on which they are painted. The artistic expression depends entirely on the rhythm of line which unites all parts. The method of expression is in principle similar to that of primitive art in Europe. One may easily find parallels in Gothic decorative painting in different countries, perhaps most easily in pictures by the great Sienese masters of line at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

As an example we may choose SIMONE MARTINI'S well-known 'Annunciation' in the Uffizi. It is a picture which in regard to the use of abstract line may be compared with Ku Kai-chi's painting. It may well be regarded as one of the finest specimens of rhythmic linear composition with figures produced in Europe, yet it may be questioned whether the play of line is here as rich and living as in the Chinese painting which was executed nine hundred years earlier. Common to both of them is the arrangement of the figures in the frontal plane; both compositions are dominated by flowing lines which by the music of their rhythm express the emotional inspiration of the painter. Simone's picture is like a hymn to the virgin raised by poetic imagination to the region of immaterial beauty. But it cannot be denied that Simone as a painter is more primitive and less sophisticated than the nine hundred

years earlier Ku Kai-chi. His art is permeated with naïve conscientiousness and religious devotion, while the old Chinese painting displays an almost artificial refinement, a ceremonious courtliness that endows even the scenes of daily life in the imperial palace with exquisite beauty and taste. In Simone's painting we get the impression that the artist was struggling with difficulties of material expression, while the Chinese painter impresses us by his absolute mastery of means and methods. Simone seems to realize the gulf between material forms and poetic conceptions, and tries to overcome it by the musical flow of line, yet he cannot free himself from the desire to accentuate the limitations of form and space; he sharply defines the horizontal and vertical planes, thus producing the effect of foreground and background which in the Chinese painting is dissolved by complete absence of such limitations.

The same general principles of presentation which we have studied in the Ku Kai-chi roll may be just as well observed in a number of makimonos executed in Tang time or after compositions by Tang masters. We mention as an example a picture by CHOU FANG, who flourished under the emperor Te Tsung (780-805), representing three court ladies seated in a garden attended by two young standing girls, a composition known in at least two copies of which one is in the Freer collection and the other in private possession in China (reproduced in the *Burlington Magazine*, June 1917). This is again a kind of *genre* picture with graceful small figures placed on the neutral silk ground without any indication of the different horizontal and vertical planes. The single figures are presented with considerable bodily relief and co-ordinated by means of a flowing rhythm of line but there is no enclosed space in which they appear, no attempt to define a realistic scene or room. The spatial idea is abstract and undefined rather than concrete and defined.

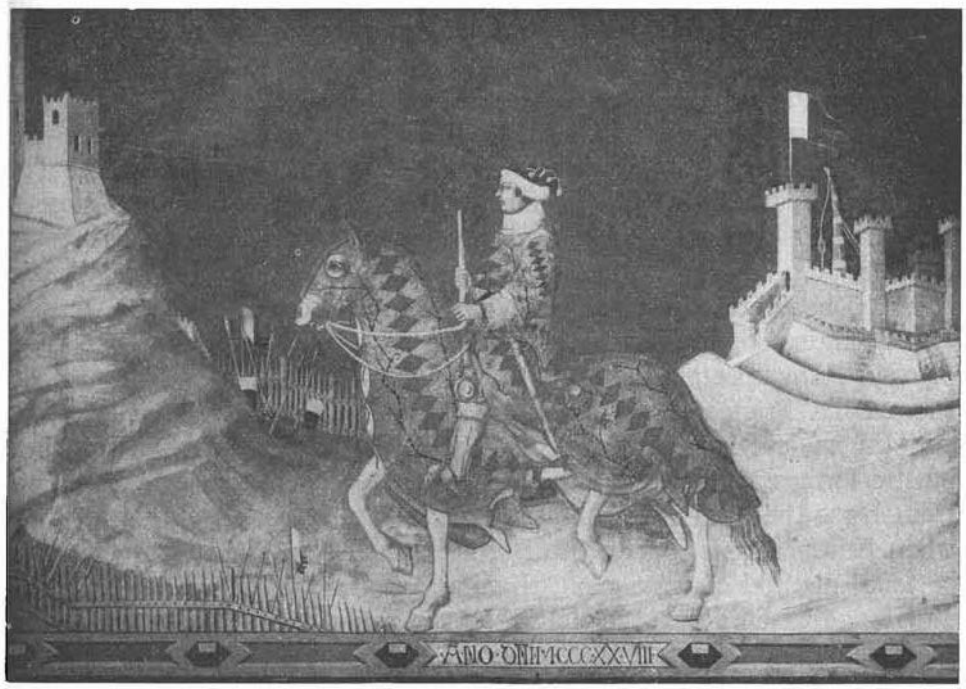
To the same group may be assigned the beautiful makimono in the Boston Museum representing a number of ladies preparing silk which was executed by the Sung emperor HUI TSUNG after an original by the Tang painter CHANG HSUAN. It is one of the most charming examples of early *genre* painting; the Tang original has probably gained considerably in grace and softness through the Sung translation. Furthermore we like to mention a makimono attributed to YEN LI PEN in Mr. Freer's collection representing an emperor seated on a low ottoman-like stool surrounded by some officers and receiving seven court ladies while three captives are brought to him from the other side. Other examples of Tang painting (executed at different times but after early originals) could easily be quoted as illustrations of that general trend in early Chinese art which we have been discussing but this is not the place to attempt an exhaustive enumeration of the material. We merely

wish to mention that there was also another side to the art of Tang, it was not simply graceful and refined and poetically expressive, it was also vigorous, monumental and full of dramatic power.

The great representative of this more manly side of Tang painting was, as is well known, WU TAO-TZU, the most famous of all Chinese artists, but unfortunately no authentic compositions by Wu are known. There are, however, in some American collections as well as in some Japanese temples large pictures of Buddha and Lohans executed in a powerful linear style with broad brush strokes that spread out and narrow down to a fine hair line, rhythmically like a living pulse, which according to tradition should be considered as directly related to the manner of Wu. Most of them are of a comparatively late execution (they were repeated over and over again for different temples) but there can be no doubt that they reflect early Tang models. They show the same breadth of treatment, the same severe and powerful rhythm as the early Tang sculptures which are known to us. Wu Tao-tzu's portrait of the Han emperor Liu Pei, in Mr. Freer's collection is an overwhelmingly monumental figure with all the massiveness and weight of a huge stone block. It is the unity and synthesis of the form, the broadness of the planes, the restrained power of the slowly curving contours that give the picture its monumental effect. No later painter seems ever to have been able to attain anything as great in the representation of form or in the interpretation of human character. The figure exceeds in these respects even the boldest of Giotto's creations and it gives a much better idea of Wu's art than the famous Kuan-Yin with two children on clouds in the same collection which has become known to students through the reproductions in Binyon's and Fenollosa's books.

There are other pictures of the same type, for instance, portraits with strictly frontal figures executed with sharply defining lines, hieratic compositions like the Hokke Mandara in the Boston Museum, where the meditating Buddha on the lotus flower and his companions seem to be reproductions of temple sculptures, or large Kuan-Yins with majestically flowing lines suggesting a legato movement by Bach. In all these paintings which apparently reflect the mode of early Tang masters the definition of form is sharper and the modulation of line richer than in the later Sung pictures. The Tang figures are more closely allied to sculptures than those of later periods; the purely pictorial qualities of atmosphere and chiaroscuro have not yet become of paramount importance. Such impressions may of course partly be due to the later copyists but at the same time it is an undeniable fact that the dramatic expressiveness and willpower, which are characteristic qualities of Tang culture as a whole, are best conveyed by synthesis of form and rhythm of line.

Another group of pictures evidently based on Tang models are usually connected with the name of the famous horse painter HAN KAU. Here as well as in the pictures mentioned above one is struck by the masterful combination of linear definition of essential elements, even to details, and freedom from objective limitations. Space is convincingly suggested but not defined, forms are wonderfully large and powerful without being



SIMONE MARTINI: GUIDORICCIO DA FOLIGNO
Fresco Painting in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena

wooden or dead. In the best of these paintings, naturalistic exactitude has been carried to its highest point, yet it is not the material characterization of horse and rider which is the essential element in these pictures but the suggestion of movement. These horses swing along with freedom and elasticity in every limb; one feels the rapidity and ease of the motion. The copy executed after Han Kau by the Yuan painter Chao Meng-fu in the Museum of Ottawa may serve as an example. It is a pictorial tone-poem, an almost visionary appearance which vibrates with life. But the artist has nevertheless retained the rhythm of sharply defined line as the fundamental element of his method of expression.

In order to appreciate the life and movement of such a work, one should compare it with some European painting of a similar subject. It matters little which we choose, so long as we confine ourselves to a

representation in which rhythm of line is the essential element. We may for this purpose choose another picture by Simone Martini, who was imbued with an unusual appreciation of the importance of rhythmic line. In his well-known fresco painting of Guidoriccio da Foligno in the Palazzo Publico in Siena, horse and rider are dominated by unifying rhythm of line. The highly simplified contours cut the figure out from the background in a monumental fashion. The fresco has rather the character of an equestrian statue than of a pictorial conception. The rider is not passing but stands posed before a painted background. The effect of sculptural relief is emphasized in a way that is quite foreign to Chinese painting; the artist was evidently in spite of his feeling for abstract qualities deeply interested in the material reality of form. This insistence upon the solidity of form which brings painting very close to sculpture is a characteristic feature marking an essential difference between European painting and that of China. In the case of Simone Martini this was not yet fully developed, but the further the art of the Renaissance progressed, the more firmly did this passion for creating suggestions of solid form take possession of the painters. Masters such as Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Pollojuolo, Verrocchio, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and others, carried the evolution further in this direction. For them plastic form was a *sine qua non* of painting. Their constant effort was to increase the illusion of solidity and measurable space. Even later on, when European art during the Barock period acquired a more pictorial or tonal method of expression, there still remained the desire for a convincing representation of solidity or the reality of space.

This was not the case in Chinese art. It is concerned with the solidity of form and the reality of space only in so far as these may serve to endow the picture with life. Chinese art never loses itself in a scientific description of phenomena, but leaves the picture as a reflexion of the ensouling ideal. Mastery of rhythmic line and tone was essential. The further Chinese art develops, the greater freedom it gets and the greater becomes its power to awaken the pulse of life with the simplest means.

A European student who had observed the intimacy and naturalistic tendency as well as the power of Tang art, might easily conclude that the art of the following period would show a still closer approach to nature and a more accentuated desire for illustration, because in Europe art had evolved along that line. But this did not happen so; in China the tendency was quite different. Sung paintings are generally freer and more abstract presentations of ideas and emotions than pictures of the Tang period. The fundamental principles of pictorial representation previously discussed appear most prominently in the brilliant works of the Sung period (960-1280), when the different technical methods

reached their full development, and artistic conception perfect freedom. A great number of pictures from this period have come down to us, and although the landscapes are the most popular and attractive to the Western student, the figure compositions are certainly not less important, whether esthetically or historically. They cover a very wide range of motives from the highest, most immaterial religious symbols, to intimate realistic illustrations of every-day life. For our present purpose, it is however less the motives as such than their artistic transcription that is of importance, as we are merely discussing principles of pictorial representation.

In the religious and hieratic pictures, to which category the traditional ancestor-portraits also may be relegated — the linear method of expression is mostly predominant. It is on the whole a more conservative manner than the impressionistic ink-style which reached its highest development in landscape and flower paintings. The religious pictures in China are, however, very different from the works that decorate our churches and sanctuaries. They are not descriptive, but intended to serve as spiritual emblems comparable to sacred music which wakens a feeling of man's inner union with higher spiritual forces. The Chinese artists do not illustrate the story of Buddha's life, as Christian painters did the life and work of Jesus, but rather avoid, as far as possible, the material side of the subject. Buddha is represented under his different spiritual aspects as Amida, Ŝâkya, etc., either alone, sitting in meditation on the symbolic lotus flower, or surrounded by personifications of spiritual powers (Bodhisattvas), or in the midst of the heavenly hosts. He is not represented as a man with a certain measure of individuality, displaying sternness or compassion, but as a spiritual being who has transcended the influence of the opposites, pain and pleasure, and all other human emotions. He has attained absolute serenity, his picture is a symbol of perfect peace, and this is expressed by the soothing rhythm of line which permeates the figure and the whole picture like an echo from a world of peace and harmony. It is a mistake to attempt to pick out different faces, figures, or attitudes in these religious pictures; their expressiveness lies in the entirety, in the rhythmic harmony which is displayed by the movement of line on a neutral ground. They are produced as results of religious meditation and are intended to have a similar effect. Their significance must be measured by inward experience. From a decorative point of view these pictures are almost flat surface designs, the figures are presented with little relief, space and depth are hardly indicated except through the occasional introduction of clouds and water.

Less hieratic and therefore more interesting from a decorative point of view are the pictures which represent Arhats (called in Chinese Lohans),

Buddha's immediate disciples, who in the beginning numbered sixteen, but later became eighteen. These too were high spiritual beings but endowed with a human nature, performing human actions when they are not sunk in inner contemplation. Sometimes they are represented conversing in the bamboo grove or sailing over the ocean towards paradise on Mount Horai. There are several series of famous Sung paintings showing the sixteen Lohans in different occupations. We may choose some examples from two series which mostly are to be found in the Boston Museum and in the collection of Mr. Charles Freer.

The pictures in one of these series were ascribed by Fenollosa to the famous Sung painter LI LUNG-MIEN, but it has later been proven that they were executed by two younger painters, CHOU CHI-CHANG and LIN TING-KUEI. The Lohans are seen here surrounded by their followers, sometimes in the performance of acts of devotion: they distribute alms, they feed the hungry devils, they teach in the bamboo grove, they meditate, or stand upon the water as they sail to Mount Horai.

These compositions are all built according to the same scheme; the principles of design vary but little. As the pictures are of the usual kakemono form the figures are necessarily arranged vertically and the main movement of the lines follows the direction indicated by the shape of the picture. The principal figure, the Lohan, is usually placed some distance from the bottom of the picture, he forms the converging point of movements that are developed through the other figures, or the movement may start from him. In the picture which represents the distributing of alms, the holy man, accompanied by four of his followers, descends towards the earth on a great cloud, and below, under his feet, creep ragged beggars who eagerly collect the coins that he lets fall. The heavenly figures are arranged in a curve the flow of which is emphasized by the undulating forms of the cloud. The movement is continued by a tree that carries it on and connects it with the group of beggars beneath. The whole composition is thus united in one great S-like curve. This is the dominating theme in the rhythmic disposition in which the lesser movements merge themselves like eddies in a big stream.

Similar unifying rhythmic designs dominate all the compositions in this series. The most usual is the great double-curve which sweeps from one upper corner to the opposite one below, but there are also examples of a different arrangement of line, namely, that in the shape of a V with the point downwards and the sides reaching to about the middle of the picture. This may be seen for instance in the mystically beautiful picture representing the Lohan at the entrance to Nirvâna in which the principal figure sits high up among the clouds and the disciples are grouped in a V-shape below. The Lohan represents an upper triangle in himself,

within the V-form, thus completing the emblem of the higher and the lower nature in man, and the whole composition is dominated by the sphere around his head, the symbol of his perfect assimilation with the spiritual consciousness. And in conformity with the Buddhistic conception of man's septenary nature, the Lohan represents the synthetic seventh principle which unites the world of form with the spiritual sphere in which all forms and numbers have their origin and solution.

Another composition in which the V-shape dominates is that representing 'A victory over taoistic heretics.' The title must serve as description of the subject of the picture. It is difficult without a close acquaintance with the legend to give a complete explanation of the different elements of the composition, but this is of minor importance: we are not so much concerned with the literary interpretation of the subject as with its mystical significance. The scene is laid in a grotto. In the upper part of the picture stands a large altar silhouetted against the opening of the cave. A roll of documents lying upon the altar radiates light and is not consumed by the altar-fire that seems to shrink from it. The figures below are grouped in a V-shape that almost repeats the direction of the rays above. The attention of all is fixed upon the altar. The five upper members of this group are obviously rejoicing at the phenomenon, while the five lower appear to be in considerable consternation. These smaller men with dark caps are evidently the Taoistic heretics who are crushed by the miracle performed by the Buddhistic Lohan who himself points towards the altar. The whole picture is dominated and illumined by this miracle; its precise meaning may not be clear, but its power is evident. Our attention is at once drawn to it as towards a luminous point, and from it issues the force that creates such an intense reaction in the different figures. Seldom indeed, has an immaterial spiritual power been expressed more suggestively or a religious miracle been made more believable in a picture. We feel the force that pervades the whole scene and accomplishes the miraculous result; it is reflected in different ways by the victorious Buddhist priests and by the defeated Taoistic heretics, it is inspiring and crushing at the same time, it radiates triumphantly in the rays that issue from the focal point — the source of light and power.

Characteristic of all the compositions of this series, from which some examples have been selected for description, is the vertically elongated form which more or less naturally adapts itself to the proportions of the Kakemono. The impression of depth or distance is indeed often suggested by means of a glimpse beneath a heavy cloud or through a grotto, but here there is no attempt at perspective construction. The landscape is presented as an essentially flat background for figures designed

according to the linear method on a different scale, and from a different point of view. The work depends for its decorative unity upon the synthetic power of the rhythmic design.

If we examine more closely the placing of the figures and their relative proportion, we shall find that the smallest are generally placed nearer and lower down in what may be called the foreground of the composition, while the bigger are higher up, an arrangement which is an inversion of what we are accustomed to call perspective presentation. This peculiarity is closely connected with another: the large figures always represent the principal personages, the Lohan and his disciples, and the smaller figures the minor characters. The artist's mode of presentation has thus not been based simply on what is known as inverted perspective (which is most common in medieval illuminations) but also on the subjective idea or the relative importance of the figures judged from another than the purely visual standpoint. He composes his picture from the standpoint of the principal person or central motive, he places himself in imagination in the ideal center of the painting, and from there he looks out on the less important figures. The largest figure is indeed not always highest up; it may be placed relatively low down with smaller figures higher up (see the representation of the Lohan feeding a devil and the Lohan in meditation). Still, wherever placed, the person who is most important dramatically is also the largest pictorially, and the others are smaller in proportion to their distance from him.

There can be no doubt that the old Chinese painters had observed and understood that objects appear to diminish in proportion to their distance from the beholder; but they had no use for that kind of perspective which became pre-eminent in Western art. Their main effort was not to present an objective illusion but a subjective impression. In the world of thought the laws of visual perspective hold no sway; there the object retains its true size even in the distance.

If one criticizes the Chinese painting for its "lack of perspective," one is judging from a completely false point of view. One overlooks the fact that it has a different aim from that of Western art and that it is entirely master of that kind of perspective which is necessary for a convincing presentation of subjective impressions upon a flat surface. The Chinese painters respect and cherish the flat surface, whereas the Western realistic painter looks upon it as something to be got rid of. We shall have occasion to return to this subject when speaking of Chinese landscapes, but it may not be superfluous here to add a few words on the importance of linear perspective and its limitations as a means of artistic presentation, because under the influence of custom and convention most Europeans are inclined to overestimate its importance.

Perspective construction as developed since the beginning of the Renaissance is a method of representing solid objects or spatial depth on a flat surface. The picture is supposed to be projected from the artist's eye according to definite geometrical laws; sight is supposed to be concentrated in a single point and to operate mechanically, uninfluenced by any emotional or mental conditions. These assumptions carry with them important limitations of our visual operations. If we are near enough to an object, to see it stereoscopically, the theory of perspective construction can not be successfully applied, because of its arbitrary limitations; we are forced to ignore it or to adapt it to the special conditions of the mental impression. Otherwise the result appears untrue. Thus perspective is mainly useful for presentation of objects at a distance; it emphasizes the impression of depth and accentuates the unity of the visual concept. It has been evolved in accordance with the desire of increasing the power of art to produce objective illusion.

So long as Western art was chiefly concerned with subjective impressions and abstract ideas, it had no need of perspective construction. The so-called primitive masters accomplished their purpose without it; they painted what they thought, and often succeeded in producing convincing suggestions of space and solid forms. Painting was to them less a mode of creating illusion than a decorative presentation of ideas and emotions. Art for them was poetry, not science.

Among the early masters of the Renaissance the scientific interest in nature and the human figure asserted itself overwhelmingly. Their thirst for knowledge was insatiable, their desire to discover the exact construction and appearance of natural objects knew no bounds. They devoted themselves to the study of anatomy and perspective with an enthusiasm which was akin to the inspiring rapture of the inventor or discoverer. They were no longer satisfied with subjective impressions, they wanted to present things as they really are. Works of art should in their eyes be intellectually calculated and deliberately designed presentations of concrete, tangible things. Of course, there were notable departures from the rule, artists with a strongly poetical temperament, but the general evolution followed in the new direction. This is not the place to discuss more closely what in this process was lost and what was gained; we must content ourselves with the statement that linear perspective is a relatively late phenomenon in European painting (we do not here take the antique into account), that it is the result of scientific rather than artistic endeavors, and that it has evolved side by side with the desire to produce objective illusion. Though based upon observed facts it is arbitrarily limited by the adoption of a fixed and single point of view, a mechanical mode of vision, which is unlike that employed by

human beings who are constantly in motion, who have two eyes, and whose mental impressions are formed by innumerable visual images synthesized by the mind. As we have said, one cannot speak of perspective construction in Chinese pictures in the same sense in which one would speak of it in European art, though we do find there both spatial depth and the diminution of objects in proportion to distance. The viewpoint for this impression of distance is, however, not the eye of the spectator but that of the principal personage in the picture itself. Therefore it also happens that large parts of the representation, according to our ideas, seem rather to lie in front of the plane on which the picture is painted than behind it, as is the case in European paintings. As the Chinese painter usually looks upon the whole scene from the standpoint of the central figure, he cannot avoid looking downwards and outwards, thus the vanishing point (which usually is a movable quantity in Chinese painting) lies in that direction which is particularly noticeable when rectilinear objects are introduced in the picture. Such a picture might be taken as an example of what we call 'inverted perspective,' because we see that the perspective drawing is done intelligently and not simply the result of a vague feeling or caprice. And when furthermore the larger and principal figure is placed within the picture the dramatic or incidental sequence would coincide with the inverted perspective.

The most evident, not to say exaggerated examples of this, are to be found in the later Chinese and Japanese art; the early Chinese painters are generally more cautious and reserved in their methods of expression, yet even in their works similar peculiarities may be observed. As an example we may quote a kakemono by the Sung painter, LU HSIN CHUNG in the Boston museum, representing one of the ten kings of the underworld sitting in the judgment seat behind a table receiving a couple of supplicants while one of his servants gives directions to the demons who, with evident knowledge of their business, are torturing some poor creatures. The picture is a work of high artistic quality executed in a very fine and sober linear method with strongly marked rhythmic values in the different figures. The decorative effect is heightened by vivid colors.

The question of the relation of art to perspective construction is evidently not merely a technical problem or a historical detail; it has a wider significance. It marks one of the most important points of divergence on the great highroad of art, a point from which one can best observe the branching roads leading on the one side towards objective naturalism and on the other towards subjective or abstract representation. Many painters wander between these two directions, but no true artist has been able to travel both roads at once.

We have already hinted that the road was essentially the same for

the primitive painters of Europe as for the Chinese. Before the Renaissance reasserted the importance of nature to artistic representation, painting was relatively surface-bound, a more or less decorative mode of presentation which indeed could suggest impressions of depth by means of aerial perspective and flow of line, but still developed its artistic effects on the surface plane more than in space.

The most important vehicle of expression of such an art was naturally rhythm of line which, as we have pointed out, was the essential element in classic Chinese art. What would European art have become if the desire for scientific investigation and intellectual study of material phenomena which characterized the Renaissance had not turned it into a new channel? It would be interesting though perhaps unprofitable to speculate on this point. The possibility of concentration on inner values and their expression in rhythmic form independently of objective appearance would have remained. But the new Western culture did not provide an atmosphere suitable for such an evolution; there was little response to spiritual appeal or to artistic conceptions which were not based in the material world.

It is fascinating to see how painters of strong imagination and poetic temperament seek to blend the demand of material appearance and plastic form with that of abstract rhythm of line expressing subjective emotion. Botticelli is a characteristic example of this. Some of his work approaches in principle the creations of Chinese masters by reason of its strongly emphasized abstract synthesis of line. 'The Birth of Venus,' to choose a well-known example, is a creation in which the lyrical inspiration, the soul of the motive, rings out in the rhythmic music of flowing lines. The figures are, however, executed in strong plastic relief, every form is well rounded and clearly cut, the flowers that are borne over the ocean and the dancing wavelets are sharply chiseled: no detail could be more carefully defined. The artist in spite of his leaning towards abstract line-expression, has not failed to give everything the appearance of tangible reality. Consequently the composition to some extent appears scattered, it is not so harmoniously blended nor so entirely permeated by the rhythm of spiritual or emotional life as are the Chinese paintings.

As a comparison look at a picture by the already mentioned Sung painter, Lu Hsin Chung. It represents a Lohan in meditation by a lotus pond. He is sitting on a bench a little to one side of the picture, turned half away from the spectator. On the other side grows a curving willow tree. Behind it a servant approaches with something on a tray. His humble bearing expresses hesitation - shall he venture to step forward and disturb the holy man who sits motionless in contemplation of the lotus flowers' symbolical message? Only the tender foliage of

the willow moves softly in the evening breeze. Softly fall the folds of his embroidered silken mantle in lines of complete repose. Tranquil and serene rises the long sweep of the curving trunk. But the leaves of the tree and the flowers in the pond still wave with the pulse of the dying wind.

The tone is subdued. No strong accents break the flowing 'legato'; no details stand out conspicuously to disturb the unity. It is more of a dream than a reality, though every object is clearly defined and the forms are delicately modeled in light and shade. But the gradations of tone are so discreet that at first glance one hardly realizes that the figures are more than silhouettes. Bodily reality is not so strongly emphasized as in Botticelli's picture. The most conspicuous color is the dull red of the Lohan's mantle; the delicate green of the trees is scarcely distinguishable from the dark brown of the silk on which it is painted, but the face and the hand are in a distinctly lighter tone.

The decentralized and unsymmetrical mode of composition serves to endow the picture with something of the ceaseless motion and free growth of nature. The harmony does not seem to be the result of any formal scheme or intellectual calculation; it sings naturally, softly, and irresistibly, as an echo of the deep peace in the soul of the holy man.

"THERE are three truths which are absolute, and which cannot be lost, but yet may remain silent for lack of speech.

"The soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor has no limit.

"The principle which gives life dwells in us, and without us, is undying and eternally beneficent, is not heard or seen, or smelt, but is perceived by the man who desires perception.

"Each man is his own absolute lawgiver, the dispenser of glory or gloom to himself; the decreer of his life, his reward, his punishment.

"These truths, which are as great as life itself, are as simple as the simplest mind of man. Feed the hungry with them." — *Idyll of the White Lotus.*

ON TWO OLD ENGLISH GARDENS: by Kenneth Morris

II

THE garden to which we pass now is a humbler affair altogether. It is not Elizabethan, but Puritan; it was not designed for the pleasuring of princes, but for the musings of a commoner; we are permitted to see no indications of great form in it: no splendor of pattern to reflect the Eternal Mind. Instead, it allows itself to be reflected in the mind of one man; he alone haunts it; of human sounds, his quiet laughter only, and the prattle of a little girl, are to be heard in it; not the voices of those who made English history and English literature. Yet I love this garden too, and think it has immortal values; it glows with an internal light of its own; and wonderful things, albeit quietly enough, happen in it.

It is a place of stillness, of alertness for the spiritual: lawn and shrubbery; sun-glow and green-gloom; roses and tulips and lilies; violets also, much beloved. Starlings make no chatter in it, nor sparrows quarrel; but there will be blackbirds on the lawn in the morning; and robins, as I guess, haunting the bushes; and throstles nest here: these three provide it with music. Of course there is a dial; but one something out of the common, which "the skilful gardener drew Of flowers and herbs,"

> "Where, from above, the milder sun
> Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
> And, as it works, th'industrious bee
> Computes its time as well as we.
> How could such sweet and wholesome hours
> Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers!"

For Bacon's thirty, I doubt there is more than one acre here; one or two at the most; and yet, turn from these outer to an inner direction of space, and you shall find it extensive enough;

> "remote Bermudas ride
> In the ocean's bosom unespied"

in one quarter of it; and all the four rivers of Eden girdle it about; and — Oh, a thousand *ands!* It is a place where a Poet and a Pagan and a Puritan may go a-musing, and be three persons in one — Marvell. It is full of the laughters of kindly fauns and satyrs; it is rich with the dreamings of an altogether benevolent Pan. Puritan politics come in here, but robbed of their acerbities; the armies that fought at Naseby and Roundway Down — but transformed into flowers. Psalms will be sung here at odd times; but, marvelously, with never a word of cursing in them. And withal, the trees and shrubs will be living personalities, hardly troubling to hide their nymphs and dryads; and the birds, touched

by a momentary magic, will anon sing humanwise; and the man, at his will, will escape into birdhood, and learn among the branches the philosophies of them that fly on wings. . .

You are to see the Adam of this Paradise: a well-made, masculine, medium-statured fellow in high hat and Roundhead's costume; grave, but full of hidden laughters; tough of frame, simple, courteous; child-like rather, and happiest among children; a fellow of inextinguishable whimsical boyhood; with sun-browned face, cheeks dark and rosy, brown hair, and large clear eyes hazel-colored and twinkling: a quiet, merry, strong, natural man, with vehement passions hushed under a constant sense of the nearness — his co-religionists would say, of the Lord of Hosts; but I find more of the love of man and human pity and kindness in him, than of the fear of Jehovah. He is a poet less by virtue of the grand and burning fires of genius, than because he has a heart that must be occupied with warm keen affections; and the beauty of the world and of his garden has made its demand upon his heart. — From his walking and brooding here, he may go out presently to compose, under the direction of the Poet of poets, Latin epistles for foreign potentates, and Latin fulminations against the enemies of the Commonwealth; peradventure Oliver himself may come in upon them at their labors. But though our man's attitude towards Oliver falls nothing this side of idolatry; he has a very compassionate heart in him, and holds that it would have been better to have spared a fallen king. And has not scrupled to say so — out loud.

One wonders Andrew Marvell is so little thought of. He has a sure estate of his own in the realms that bards in fealty to Apollo hold — and it is this his garden. Human flesh and blood cannot refrain from playing with his name; the Gods themselves punned shockingly when they gave it to him. None else ever had so fitting an appellation. You might say, without straining it, that he was marvelous, as Milton was Miltonic. He would have been the best poet of his age, had not Milton chosen to incarnate in it; no other eyes in England, except Milton's and Shakespeare's, had been gifted with such penetrating vision of beauty; nor none were to be, until Wordsworth came. He was not of the supreme masters of verse-making; and to that fact, perhaps, is due his little fame. But that, after all, is a faculty of the brain-mind, which any fool may learn, if he will take the pains to; the greatest master of it of all was the greatest of antipoets. Go back from mere craftsmanship to the essential thing Poetry — and Marvell is still Milton's friend in the Heaven of the Muses, as he was here on earth. Indeed, there is a certain poetic quality in him that did not manifest often, or was not highly developed, in Milton himself, or Shakespeare. Like Keats, he saw the world shining,

lit by a light from within. He marveled before Wordsworth wondered.

He was Poet, Pagan, and Puritan like Milton; but his paganism was nearer to the wood-gods and the homely deities of Saturn's reign, farther from the snows of Olympus and the thunders of adult Jove. And his puritanism was less Platonic and aloof; less Hebraistic and severe; more human, less divine. The one was God's Warrior in dazzling panoply; the other — could swing a 'prentice's cudgel for the Most High with telling effect, when occasion arose. One likes him the better for it, that he did his best fighting, not for Cromwell and Puritanism when these were strong and like to conquer; but for common decency and humanity and toleration when he stood almost alone in a degenerate England to champion them. — But of that more presently.

The great currents of life flowed not through his verse: his own activities were mainly in other directions. But he has a fragrance as absolute and original as that of any of the major poets; there is a kind of poetic consciousness that belongs to him, as there is a kind that belongs to Shelley, or to Keats. The grand fires might burn up in him sometimes; but he did not set out to kindle them: he sang in his workaday clothes; and if they were to be changed for a high and singing raiment, the Muses must come and re-robe him unawares. — Which you shall see done, here in this very garden, I think, if you will watch him, in his youthful days, wooing his "Coy Mistress," thus:

> "Had we but world enough, and time,
> This coyness, lady, were no crime.
> We would sit down and think which way
> To walk and pass our love's long day
> Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
> Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
> Of Humber would complain. I would"

(and here shows his quite irresistible quaintness)

> "Love you ten years before the Flood,
> And you should, if you would, refuse
> *Till the conversion of the Jews.*"

But now see what happens — and how the homespun gray is suddenly changed for severe and splendorous purples:

> "But at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity."

How is that for the grand manner — for Milton's friend on Parnassus and in Westminster? Time and eternity attend upon his light hours and playful moods: he hears within the peace of his garden the

gossip of the birds and the bees, and the rolling of the aeons and cycles down into the ocean of Time past.

Another scene in this garden: *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers.* Little T. C. is a tiny girl whom he pleases to accord such playful grave child-worship as may fittingly come from a poet-puritan with a strain of Pagan Pan in his veins: one well might love him for no more than the title of this lyric. — She is queening it on the green lawn in the sunshine, a little garden goddess and princess in the court of Flora: she is taming the wild flowers by virtue of some divine right in her, and bestowing on them new names according to an innate knowledge; but the roses she admits to something like intimacy or familiarity: with them she deigns to play school,

"And them does tell
What colours best become them, and what smell."

— And seeing her thus powerful, he prays her (Poet Puritan-politician) to "reform the errors of the Spring": to "make that the tulips have their share Of sweetness," to disarm the roses of their thorns; and most of all to

"procure
That violets may a longer age endure."

— Gentle poetry and playfulness: we have the whole man in the poem. He sees little T. C. with child's eyes like her own, and enters into the importance of her child imaginings; but also mythology and Grecian poetry have a part in his vision; and anon he is a Parliamentarian; and anon a deep human love speaks through him, sounding a more serious note:

"Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?"

I think it was this same little T. C., a few years later, that told him all about her pet fawn so sweetly-childlikely, and with such seven-year-old-or-so exaggeration; and all she told him he told again in verses that have but a couple of grown-up lines in them; the rest is quite artless prattle, and yet poetry too; one may doubt whether even in Stevenson there is a better child-poem in the language, or indeed one nearly as good:

"With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they —
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, —shall I say, — than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!

"It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet:
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race: —
And when 't had left me far away
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay:
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

"I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness:
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovéd to be there.
Among the bed of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes: —
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.

"Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed:
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold: —
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within."

– All this was long before the Assistant Latin Secretaryship. It was before the Civil War; whose rude spirit was to bring him many years of pity and sadness, but not to quench his indomitable quaintness and gentleness and insight. — It was thus that the war invaded his green garden:

"See how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand displayed:
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curled,
Seem to their staves the ensign furled.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so, too; but if once stirred,
She runs you through, nor asks a word."

— Savage little termagant! But indeed, one cannot answer for his natural history; one doubts the bees sleep in the flowers — at least

the kind that run you through so readily; though one has seen two or three bumblebees find a night's lodging, apparently, in a dahlia bloom. — And is not that a quaint piece of sky magic, a lightning flash of sudden oblique poetry, about the patrol of stars? — The lines that follow should have a certain appeal, nowadays:

"O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou paradise of the four seas
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With watery, if not flaming sword;"

(a touch, perhaps, of Cowleyism: an onion-fragment of *conceit* in the salad: a delectable far-fetchedness that makes all piquant — *watery, if not flaming, sword*, quotha!):

"What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal, and thee waste!
Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?"

Thus all things will be reduced to terms of gardening with him: war, love, mythology and all. Other lovers carve their mistresses' names on the tree-trunks; to him the trees themselves are fairer far than any possible mistress; and if he carves anything, it shall be their own tree-names. Those who made the Grecian myths were wrong: they interpreted the designs of the Gods by their own human foibles; but the Gods are loftier-thoughted:

"Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed."

Who else, in all the realms of poetry, would or could have written that?

This *Thoughts in a Garden* is perhaps his best poem. He has done now with the gaieties of youth and the glamor of the passions; and in the calmness of this green retreat finds, deeper than the personal man, — the lover, or even the grown-up child that played games of "let's pretend" with the children — the Enchanter that is his real self and the real poet within him. Now he may exercise his power; and if we had nothing but this poem for it, we should still have to call him, I think, one of the major magicians in Poetry; because here he reveals an inner world that is his own, and it is not merely intellectual, or philosophic, but magical.

The outer garden incites him into a garden within. The mind withdraws from pleasure into happiness,

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade;"

it creates other seas and worlds far transcending these; discovers other lawns and borders, wherein each flower blooms in its symbolic and esoteric meaning: — I think we find in him, here and elsewhere, an echo of that Dantesque doctrine that this outward and phenomenal world is but a reflexion, a symbol or crystallization, of a world inner and noumenal, and that he that hath eyes to see may read in the panorama of things visible, the thought of the Eternal Thinker. Dantesque; and much more than that: Theosophic; that is to say, fundamental, everlastingly true.

— He casts "the body's vest aside," and partakes of the wondrous life of the universal:

> "My soul into the boughs does glide;
> There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
> Then whets and claps its silver wings,
> And, till prepared for longer flight,
> Waves in its plumes the various light."

— and he is in Paradise now: Paradise before Eve was made: when all was simple wonder and wizardry, and there was no passion to hide from man the magic in nature and in his own soul. "But," says he, for quaintness will never be far from him, and he must round off his most mystic glimpses with something naïvely original —

> "But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
> To wander solitary there:
> Two Paradises 'twere in one
> To live in Paradise alone."

I said he saw things by their own light, as Keats did; one finds it very delightfully in a couplet from *The Emigrants' Song*. Here the Puritan is singing — but *singing!* it is a quiet little hymn of praise, without a trace of expectable snuffle and nasal drawl: a thing as melodious as simple: and (like all his best work) so simple, at least in form, that the unalert, or the sophisticated, ear may catch nothing of its melody. Here is the couplet — and something over:

> "He hangs in shades the orange bright
> *Like golden lamps in a green night,*
> And does in the pomegranate close
> Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;"

—"Than all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," said his great Superior; —

the one all pomp and splendor and majesty; the other, however, not failing to glow and sing:

> "And makes the hollow seas that roar
> Proclaim the ambergris on shore;"

which shows, you would say, that having ears to hear, he heard.

There is, perhaps, a note of orientalism, a something divinely and elementally Taoist, in his eye and heart for nature. Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth themselves saw not more distinctively, with eyes more entirely their own. He came right in the decline and evening grayness of a great poetic epoch; they in the glorious dawn of another; so the fires of creation do not burn *hopefully* in him, as in those others; Poetry did not capture his heart, and demand his whole allegiance, as she did theirs; but went by with flagging steps and discouraged, eager only for the night and sleep. And yet he recognised in her the veiled divinity, and foresaw the loveliness she should wear at dawn. Had he postponed his incarnation for a hundred and seventy years or so, and come with the morning-singers of the nineteenth century, heaven knows how great a poet he might have been. Sometimes, as it is, one is almost tempted to class him with those three stars among them; and to say that what he lacked of them in sheer beauty-sense and mastery of form, in aerialness, or in the thrill of divine mystery, he went nigh to make up for in *Chinesity* and sweet natural quaintness. As said above, he marveled before Wordsworth wondered. The two words are not synonymous. *Marvel* is richer in sound and color, and it is more childlike; *wonder* is vaster, less definite, more prophetic. Wordsworth was a prophet; Marvell was a child. Wordsworth, all too confident in his prophet's calling, quitted his Sinai too often for the wilderness of the commonplace, bringing with him nothing prophetic but his solemnity, and wearing all the air, in those dull regions, of some humorless gauche hobbledehoy with an over-great conceit of himself. Marvell, quite unselfconscious in his everlasting childhood, prophesied unawares when the spirit moved him, and with no thought but that it was a part of the game. Wordsworth ceremoniously adopted simplicity; Marvell probably knew nothing about simplicity, because he was himself of the essence of it, and unselfconscious. They both believed in children: Wordsworth objectively, upon a thought-out doctrine — and he wrote *We are Seven,* which is tedious and solemn; Marvell subjectively, because "it was his nature to"; and he wrote *Little T. C.*, which is delicious. (But Wordsworth also wrote that about the trailing clouds of glory, which was beyond Marvell's ken). Marvell lacked the grandeur of the prophet, the vision for far and wonderful things, to make him Wordsworthian; and Wordsworth lacked the fun,

the human kindliness, the unselfconscious humility, to make him Marvellous. Both reached out towards the Soul of Things — out, and in.

For my common and everyday moods, give me, of the two, Marvell; he is such a dear and living and companionable fellow.

Among the poets, says Lamb, the names that sound the sweetest, and carry most of perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Michael Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley. True, as to the first three; but I do not know why he should have added the ingenious Mr. Cowley's. Nor yet why he should have forgotten that of Andrew Marvell.

— By his *Chinesity*, one means nothing fantastical, unperspectived or punchinello: not *chinoiserie*, as the ignorant West has imagined it. Only, those hazel eyes of his had a faculty most commonly found in the almond eyes of the Orient, of seeing through the opacity of things: of rendering them unopaque for his vision; — that his soul, more readily than most of ours that are Occidental, would slip out, upon any provocation of natural beauty, into the brotherhood of the extrahuman. As when, birdlike, it whetted and clapped its silver wings, and waved in its plumes the various light, in the *Thoughts in a Garden*. A large sympathy gave him to share in the nature of the trees, birds, and flowers he loved, and made him free of the Great Life. There is this from *Appleton House:*

"Then as I careless on the bed
Of gelid strawberries do tread,
And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching throstle's shining eye,

. . . . . .

Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants:
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original,
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sybil's leaves
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves,
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said
In this light Mosaic read."

— He carried the spirit of his garden into public life, and stood, a strong and beautiful figure, in contrast always with his age: gentle and kindly, where it was most rabid; beauty-loving when it was ultra-austere; sternly honest and noble, when it had turned altogether venal and sybaritic. He could write thus of Charles on the scaffold:

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

"Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."—

And thus of Oliver lying in state:

"Valour, religion, friendship, prudence died
At once with him, and all that's good beside;
And we, death's refuse, nature's dregs, confined
To loathsome life, alas! are left behind.
Where we (so once we used) shall now no more,
To fetch day, press about his chamber-door,
No more shall hear that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spared the labour of his arm,
No more shall follow where he spent the days
In war or counsel, or in prayer and praise.

. . . . . .

I saw him dead; a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
That port, which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and deprived of vigour, stretched along,
And withered, all discoloured, pale, and wan,
How much another thing! no more That Man!
O human glory! vain! O death! O wings!
O worthless world! O transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed
That still, though dead, greater than Death he laid,
And in his altered face, you something feign
That threatens Death he yet will live again."

He was the close friend of Milton; yet Charles II coveted his friendship or support, and made (vain) overtures therefor through Danby. His lifelong fight was for toleration in religion, for the Human Spirit, for the milk of human kindness in all relations of man to man. He did not leave public life at the Restoration; but sat for Hull in Charles II's first parliament, a "Roman patriot," as someone says, among a crowd

of sycophants and corruptionists. He did his full duty by his constituents. The letters that he wrote them — by every post — are extant; he retailed to them all the political news of the day; and often took occasion to thank them for hampers of good things sent. — The age of Poetry had passed by that time: the garden wherein he had been used to "read in Nature's book" no more provided him with green thoughts in its shade; the little candle-flame in the roses and tulips was extinguished quite. But he found a work to do; he was not the man to mourn past glories and be idle. He would not cease fighting for the Gods, because there was no one of his old companions left in England to wage (public) war for them at his side. But against such odds he must find new weapons. He took to the whips of satire, and made things as lively as might be for the money-changers in the temple. The light of the age, one may fairly say, was darkness, and evil its good; but he was accustomed to fight under God's Warriors, and was not one now to accept inglorious peace. Old blind Milton, from the far peaks of poetry, was still hurling thunders — that only after ages should hear; though living, he was no longer living in time, but in eternity. But Marvell, still in his prime, was down in the plain among the crowds; he had no thunders, but an effective lash he could make crack smartly. His satires do not matter now; but they did then. No invective was too extravagant; no banter too gently-kindly-killing. And he did not fight in vain, either: at least one great light of intolerance he quite put out. Right Reverend So-and-So roused the country with a burning plea for persecution of the unorthodox; then came Marvell, and in a couple of *humbugging* anonymous pamphlets set all England laughing at him. Even the Merry Monarch was splitting his sides with amusement; there was nothing for it, but that the good divine must needs incontinently "shut up." — It was worth doing.

— He went out from his Eden; but bearing the Flaming Sword.

"WHAT say you, then, with regard to that argument in which we asserted that knowledge is reminiscence; and that, such being the case, our souls must of necessity have existed somewhere before they were imprisoned in the body?"

—PLATO, *Phaedo*, trans. C. S. Stanford.

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF LIFE: by T. Henry, M. A.

AS human nature fails to steer a direct course for the truth, it seeks to arrive there by a process of tacking, steering first to the right and then to the left of the true course, and starting on each new tack whenever the old tack threatens to carry the boat too far aside. Another name for this process is action and reaction. When people become exasperated with an evil, they run to an opposite extreme: overthrowing one form of government, they at first introduce another which is no better; or exchange a too plentiful diet for a starvation cure. Among the people may be found wiser heads who could show them how to steer a straighter course, avoiding extremes.

In education, it is believed that we have been steering too far in the direction of the abstract; so now the tendency is to steer too far in the direction of the concrete. But education includes general principles and particular applications, and neither can be neglected. There is no valid reason for calling the former unpractical and the latter practical.

It is superfluous to preach the value of abstract studies; they are not only valuable but indispensable. An arithmetic book may be ever so anxious to teach the pupil how to do 'farm problems,' dealing with seeds and acres; but it is absolutely necessary first to teach abstract arithmetic — addition, subtraction, etc. Similarly with the 'business arithmetic'; that, too, must teach abstract arithmetic first. The man who understands abstract arithmetic has the key to farm problems and business problems, and problems in mensuration or electricity, etc. He has a masterkey. Hence, why not teach abstract arithmetic thoroughly in the first place; and then, with regard to the special applications, we can say: "All these things shall be added unto you."

Or take grammar. Grammar in the concrete and particular is the grammar of some given language. Grammar in the abstract is those principles upon which language in general is based. The latter again is a masterkey. Should it not be the chief object of attainment? To acquire it, we should study ancient and modern languages.

In music, a knowledge of the theory equips the student for a ready mastery of whatever instruments he may select. Compare his position with that of the student who learns an instrument without first learning music.

In science there are general principles — abstract principles — whose knowledge is a masterkey to all particular applications; and in every department of education there are such general principles, so that the adept therein possesses the power to adapt himself to any emergency; he is a handy man, an all-around man.

The aim of education should certainly be to instil general principles.

Vocational training then becomes reduced to little more than putting the tools in the man's hands. Practice is nearly all that he needs.

This method of grouping many special applications under a few general principles can of course be carried further. All mental education can be summed up in the ability to use the mind. Finally we can reduce the whole curriculum down to the single accomplishment of general smartness and proficiency. Is it possible to endow the pupil with a general all-around competence for whatever he may encounter? This would indeed be a royal road to the mysteries of life. *Râja-Yoga* education is a royal method, as its name implies. This term might be rendered, 'The royal method of self-mastery.' It consists in recognising the selfish passions as being intrusive elements, not belonging to the real self; and this recognition enables us to put them in their proper place and control them. Such a method can be taught from the earliest age of a child, and forms a strong contrast with what is usually allowed to happen to a child. This makes all the difference between a good and a bad start in life, and affects all subsequent education. Teachers experienced in Râja-Yoga education find there is a curious connexion between mental and moral infirmities, and that what looks like dullness is often a form of obstinacy, though the child may be quite unaware of this fact. In other words, dullness may be caused by the resistance of the child's lower nature; and if he has learned to overcome this lower nature, he is able to overcome the dullness. Râja-Yoga education endows the pupil with a well-trained instrument and the power to use it; it teaches him to make the faculties obedient to the will. Perhaps some of our readers will be wishing they were children, so as to have the advantage of this early start in self-knowledge and self-control; but fortunately there is no epoch in life at which a start cannot be made. In actual fact we often find old people making new starts; and in this they behave quite naturally and as if they knew that death is only a temporary halting-place in the Soul's journey. In view of the fact of reincarnation, it is worth while to make a new start in old age, just as it is worth while to begin a job before going to bed. We have not, it is true, the same conditions to deal with; but our effort will count according to its value. Hence what has been said about Râja-Yoga can be taken to heart by the advanced in years for their own profit. No one is too old to get a new and more vivid grasp of the idea of man's dual nature, or to study the analysis of human nature given in Theosophical books under the head of 'The Seven Principles of Man.' To do even this much is to set one's foot upon the way, for we at once change our attitude towards life, and this change of attitude will inevitably color our subsequent conduct.

Keeping in mind our main topic, let us express this new outlook as

an endeavor to trace the details of life back to their general principles — or, shall we say, to get nearer the center of things. We have now a new general principle, which can be applied to everything we do. That principle is the attainment of self-knowledge, and with it self-mastery. All acts can be interpreted by this key, everything can be viewed in this life. The events of life, no longer chaotic and unrelated to each other, become equally means to a single end. In pleasure and in pain, good fortune and bad, favor or disgrace, we can learn the mysteries of life. We learn to recognise our ever-changing moods for masks which the Self puts on; and ceasing to overvalue them, we lose vanity and self-love; but, relying on the real Self, the constant factor amid all the variations, we win true self-respect.

Life today is said to be complex; which means that we have traveled from the center towards the circumference. But principles are few. The word *character* sums up in compact form a vast multitude of man's requirements. Education is the formation of character. Circumstances are our opportunities, the soil in which we dig, the material we work up. So character and opportunity may be said to sum up a man's life.

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC: by Daniel de Lange*

PART X — BEETHOVEN'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY

EVERY musical work, unless it has a special program, is a synopsis of human life:

BIRTH		LIFE		DEATH
Motive	—	Development of inner Significance	- -	Illusion Conquered.

Let us take Beethoven's Seventh Symphony to demonstrate this idea. Before beginning our argument it may be remarked that any other musical masterpiece would do; the only condition is that it must be a masterpiece. With a more ordinary or commonplace work of art proof would be impossible. It may be that such a piece of music possesses some beautiful or interesting qualities, but the divine impelling power is lacking. In a masterpiece it is not the composer — a mere man, be his name Bach, Beethoven, or Palestrina — who records his experiences in human life: Beware! it is the gods themselves who speak to you;

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they use simply this human being as their most suitable instrument. When a masterpiece is produced the composer is the tool, nothing more; but how admirably fitted for its task this tool must be, that such a masterpiece may be produced through it!

With bended heads we approach the work of the Gods! And let us revere Beethoven, who, among the High Priests, the Hierophants, was one of the greatest, and as such was chosen by the gods as their instrument.

The Seventh Symphony might be entitled 'The Dominant,' this interval being the predominating sound in all parts of the work. Look at the nine first measures of the Introduction; they culminate in the *Dominant.* After a few measures we reach the second motive, starting from, and staying on, the Dominant. And so it goes on and on till finally in the last six measures of the Introduction all sounds disappear in the Dominant; and after these six measures, full of a feeling of oppression, in expectation of what is to happen, the Vivace enters on the Dominant and keeps the mind in suspense till, after a 'fermata' on the Dominant, a moment of relief on the tonic is granted to our strained feeling.

We do not intend to treat the whole Symphony from this point of view; it suffices to notice that in the second part, the Allegretto, the Dominant is taken as a motive; that in the third part, the Scherzo and Trio, the motive of the latter is enveloped by the Dominant; and in the fourth part, the Rondo, the bass clings to the Dominant; till at the end, after an infinite quantity of measures on the Dominant a few chords are heard on the Tonic, which signifies that the conclusion of the musical argument has been reached — in other words, that the Dominant-Soul has learned its lesson, so that it can unite with the Divine-Tonic.

If we take this sound of the Dominant as the dominating trait in the character of the soul, the incarnation of which is announced in the Introduction of this Symphony, we must logically draw the conclusion that this soul incarnated in a personality with an indomitable character. Besides, we know that the Dominant, however powerful it may be in itself, is always longing for, and aspiring to its solution on the Tonic, knowing in its musical life that even the most powerful Dominant is without significance, or, rather, does not exist, unless combined with and derived from a Tonic. As we said before, the Dominant is always longing for its resolution on the Tonic, and this idea provides us with a sure indication for the general character that must be predominant in the reproduction of the whole work.

Now, we begin to feel the importance of such a preliminary examination, for it reveals to us the most hidden meaning, the magic behind the notes, that something which never could be expressed, until we close our physical faculties so that our spiritual may come into play. We

see in this Dominant with a Tonic as its natural consequence two sides of the triangle; the third side, the Sub-dominant, can always be found in our Symphony, although it does not play a very prominent part in this work.

I cannot refrain from pointing to the marvelous relation between music as we are able to conceive it and a human being: *Tonic*, the all-dominating and all pervading divine principle; *Dominant*, man's higher self; *Sub-Dominant*, man's lower self; the whole, the 'triangle.'

We will now speak of the character of this work. We find that the first measures keep the mind in suspense, expectant of the great event that is to come, the incarnation of a divine spark into a physical form, (let us say, a human being, although it might be that the spark incarnated in a form of a less material kind). In the 15th measure the spark shows itself. In the 23rd measure we find an image of the outer form in which the spark appears before us. In this exposition of sweet childhood, that reflects an image of innocence, we notice a counterpart; first in the two violin-parts, then in the 'cellos, contrabasses, bassoons, and oboes, that suggests the future development of the powerful dominant character. The fortissimo that follows, which is a repetition of the first physical appearance of the incarnated soul, is at the same time a development of the character, indicated by the separate accents in the strings and in the winds; the picture of that sweet being is repeated also, but this time it shows a development to such a degree that we witness the preparation for the picture of that soul in youth. In the last six measures of the Introduction and in the first twenty-six of the Vivace, this transformation occurs. It is worth while to examine the means which Beethoven used to suggest this idea, because such an examination gives an absolutely clear insight into music from the standpoint of human character and intelligence.

Four measures before the moment in which the soul is depicted as if — horror-struck — it seems to have a presentiment of something terrible about to happen, a big accent on the Dominant, repeated twice, evokes its new spiritual condition. After each accent the poor soul tries to redress itself, but the efforts are in vain, the soul has to submit to its fate and remains on the dominant, waiting for what is to come and longing for a solution.

The Vivace begins with the same single note, only the rhythm has been changed, and this change suggests to the hearer the mental and spiritual development that is in progress, and continues till in the 26th measure, after the fermata, a magnificent youth stands before our spiritual eye: heart still full of boyish boldness, but showing the longings, the propensities, the aspirations towards life in all its power and intensity, full of

joy, the heart and mind full of petulance, able to conquer the whole world.

From time to time he meets with a pair of eyes that, just for one moment, make him think, but immediately such impressions are forgotten and life hurries on constantly, ever more great and more beautiful. Oh! he is one of the favorites of the Gods, nothing can resist the power which is his! Such is the end of the first movement.

And, quite unexpectedly, suddenly, all has changed; the very first chord of the second movement brings in 'fate'! The mind, no, even the soul does not understand what has happened; all has changed. Is it but imagination? It seems so far off. And yet it is to be felt; it is there. Does it disappear? It seems to vanish. But alas! No! It is there -- a voice is heard, singing the sweetest melody the heart ever heard, but how profoundly sad are these sounds. And yet the heart wishes to hear them. Why are they vanishing now? It appears again, that melody, more powerful than ever before! Listen, it is constantly growing; the heart can no longer escape it; it pervades all; it overthrows every feeling; and that melody so overpowering, so mournful, sounds as if it were the funeral march of the heart and its longings. The entire Universe seems to combat the beauty of life. There is no place where the poor heart can hide; breath fails; the heart is broken, exhausted, completely exhausted! . . . . Compassion! . . . . Pity! . . . . Appears the image!

It is but an apparition, nothing more. It is not developed into a melody; how could it be? It is a suggestion, the feeling experienced in the moment of ecstasy! At once the spell is broken! The dominant-motive is used as the basis for the new development of that strong and beautiful character that for a moment seemed lost, but only to be reborn as part of the Universe. The specter-like motive has become the potency by which the lower passions are subdued. Once more the image appears, but shortened and as a preparation for the ending, in which the dominant-motive is wandering all through the orchestra till the fatal chord of the beginning puts an end to the magic. Memory alone subsists.

After this experience the soul re-enters life, fortified and sanctified, so to say. In the midst of this third movement, a piece full of power and natural inspiration, a motive appears, which, although quite different, is closely related with that marvelous motive of the second part. These two motives may be given the name of mother or female element. But do not misinterpret such a term, do not abuse it; for it is only used as the complement of the male-element in nature. Here this motive is enveloped in its dominant-sound,* it is wholly surrounded by it.

*This Dominant-envelope is prepared in the second movement by the *A* of the trumpets.

After having recreated its visionary manifestation in the second movement into a reality in human life in the third movement, the soul shows in the last movement what a soul is able to perform, if trained in the right way. The incredible power that emanates from this last movement baffles every description. Such an ocean of sound surpasses our imagination, so that when at the end this great and powerful dominant-soul evolves in the final, eternal Tonic-Soul, we feel that we have witnessed one of the greatest events that can happen in the drama of life.

" 'THE coming of Christ' means *the presence of* CHRISTOS in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of 'Christ' Jesus; this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor 'in the inner chambers,' nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man; for Christ — the true esoteric SAVIOR —*is no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being." *H. P. Blavatsky.*

THE COAST OF CORNWALL AND THE SCILLY ISLES: by Mme A. M. de Lange-Gouda

OF the endless variety in which Nature expresses her beauties and glories, the coast scenery of Cornwall, with its basalt rocks rising three to four hundred feet out of the ocean, will be particularly attractive to the nature-loving traveler.

Visiting the 'Lizard' and seeing from afar the lighthouse of Cape Land's End built on a ledge of rocks four miles from the mainland, we are impressed with how many countless thousands of years these silent guardians must have protected these shores; yet notwithstanding the bold front the rocks presented, they were forced to yield foot by foot in the ceaseless battle with the waves, for it is quite certain that in ancient times the Land's End extended much farther into the ocean.

At the same time it is brought home to us when we tread the 'one man's path' that the Celts in their day knew how to guard their country. This trail is hewn in the perpendicular rock some two hundred and fifty

feet above the roaring surf on the west coast of Cornwall. It leads to Tintagel Castle, the reputed birthplace of King Arthur, within the moldered walls of which the atmosphere bespeaks memories of the Round Table, of Tristram and Iseult, and of the days when knighthood and chivalry were in flower.

Protected from the north-east winds and moderated by the influence of the Gulf Stream the climate of this locality is mild and pleasant, so temperate indeed that, to our surprise, we find here lemon trees in full bloom and fruit in summer, something we do not expect to see in an environment of 50° north latitude. But the effect of these moderating influences will impress us the more if we make the pleasant day-trip to the Scilly Isles, twenty-seven miles from Land's End and forty miles from Lizard Point.

This group comprises about forty islands surrounded by more than three hundred reefs. Seven of the islands are inhabited. On the largest, St. Mary's, is the chief town, Hugh Town. This is a lovely, clean country town. Its harbor affords safe anchorage for large vessels. On Tresco, the next largest island, is the splendid country seat of the Dorrien-Smiths who own the entire group. Samson Island is cut in twain at high tide. Besides these, St. Agnes, St. Martin's and Bryher are worthy of mention.

To visit the Scilly Isles one has to be a good sailor, for all the year round the Atlantic shows its tempestuous spirit in this locality, while in wintertime the seafarers are only too well reminded of its bad reputation as a great many ships are wrecked here every year. The lighthouse, 'The Wolf,' like a sentinel on guard, warns us that we are approaching the islands.

Oh, what a wonderful sight! the reddish rocks scattered over the surface of the deep blue ocean as far as the eye can see, each washed by white-capped waves breaking in myriads of diamond-glittering drops and vanishing high in air in rainbow-tinted mists. Suddenly something new attracts our attention. It is an almost blue-appearing hill rising out of the sea — one of the smaller islands all overgrown with dark blue hydrangeas. So it is with a feeling of unusual delight that even makes one forget the sad sight of a few wrecks, victims of the preceeding winter storms, that we reach the harbor of St. Mary's. Indeed, if the truth were known, this arrival in a safe harbor is quite a happy experience for many of the passengers.

The coming of the steamer — four times a week in summer and once in winter — is the great event of the day with the Scilly Islanders. The populace is watching eagerly to meet the visitors. They are a cheerful-looking people, yet with a certain sternness in their faces, probably the effect of the many dangers by which they feel themselves surrounded.

We can easily realize these dangers if we visit the little cemetery, which tells its stories of all the tragedies that have been enacted on these shores. Here are the graves of the three hundred and sixty-two victims of the 'Schiller' disaster, when that great steamer was wrecked on this coast.

Our stop at St. Mary's must be necessarily short. A lunch is awaiting us in a tidy, clean-looking hotel where the tables are decorated with beautiful flowers — carnations, sweet-peas, roses and maidenhair ferns. Later, as we walk down the main street to the harbor, we notice that all the windowsills exhibit huge pots of maidenhair and a great variety of exquisite flowers. An escort of bright-looking, happy children sees us off amidst a waving of handkerchiefs as the little motor-steamer is bearing us to Tresco.

Tresco! that little tropical garden, a gem carried directly from the Tropics to this northern region, so to say, by Nature's magical protection of the Gulf Stream. We are spellbound, seeing such an exuberance of tropical vegetation on so small a piece of land, with the ocean visible on all sides. The presence of a few ostriches and cassowaries makes us doubt our senses: is this reality or dreamland we are in? For be it remembered that we are in 50° north latitude; in other words, the latitude of Kief in Russia, of Vancouver in British Columbia, or Winnipeg in the province of Manitoba, Canada. Yet in this favored locality fuchsias, myrtles and geraniums attain an immense size, and aloes, cacti, palms and Australian ferntrees grow in the open air the year round.

At the landing-place a gallery contains an interesting historical collection of ships' stems and sterns, figureheads, etc., of various epochs, both ancient and modern. Could these relics tell us their stories, they would have some rare tales to relate, for the Scilly Isles have played no mean part in the making of history. They were, for instance, known to the Greeks as the *Cassiterides* ('Tin Islands'); in 936 King Athelstan granted them to a body of monks who settled on Tresco; during the Civil War in England they were a Royalist stronghold, and in 1645 they afforded Prince Charlie an asylum for a while; from thence Sir John Grenville, still loyal to his king, was wont to issue from time to time and 'sweep the seas' until in 1651 he was forced to surrender to Blake and Sir John Ayscue. Today the principal occupation of the inhabitants is raising early vegetables, fruits and flowers for the London market.

However, the strongest impressions of all that these verdant isles left upon our minds were the beauties of Nature in all her glory, and these we carried back with us on our homeward trip to Penzance.

ENZYMES: by H. Travers, M. A.

WE are indebted to a recent writer* for a brief article on 'What are Enzymes?' — a subject which he treats with a lucidity that is not so common as it might be among scientific writers. He gives, as the most acceptable definition, that it is a substance showing the properties of a catalyst and produced as a result of cellular activity. But a little further on we read that cellular activity is largely the result of chemical changes brought about by these enzymes. The word 'largely' is all that saves us here from a vicious circle; we understand that cellular activity produces enzymes, which, in their turn, produce more cellular activity.

A catalyst, or catalytic agent, is a substance which promotes chemical actions or reactions without itself being altered in the process; and the writer illustrates this by the familiar example of the use of manganese dioxide to promote the giving off of oxygen from potassium chlorate. Sand, by the way, may be used instead of the manganese dioxide; and this suggests the action of sand in disengaging steam from hot water.

It has of course been known from time immemorial that sugary solutions will ferment when exposed to the air, alcohol being produced, and carbon dioxide given off. But it is a more recent discovery that this fermentation was due to a minute plant, consisting of a single cell, and known as the yeast-plant. Still more recent is the discovery that, if a mass of yeast cells be squeezed to death under great pressure, the fluid that is squeezed out has the power to produce fermentation. To express this fact the word 'enzyme' was coined, as descriptive of the fluid or of something in it; and, somewhat unwarrantably, as some may think, the yeast-plant was distinguished as a living ferment, and the enzyme as a dead one; or the one was called an organized, the other an unorganized ferment.

The enzymes, like Gideon's band of victors, the edge of a wedge, and many other efficient things, is very minute. Further, it adheres tenaciously to other substances. Consequently the attempt to run it to earth and to be able to swear that "this is the enzyme, the whole enzyme, and nothing but the enzyme," is a matter of difficulty. You may filter and dialyse and precipitate, until you get an ever smaller and smaller residue of active substance; but how shall you venture to assert that you have got nothing *but* your enzyme; particularly when your fellow professors are also trying to isolate the creature. You find that your residue is protein-like in its nature, but your colleague finds that his takes after the carbohydrate persuasion. It may be because you

*Dr. Benjamin Horowitz in *The Scientific Monthly*, March.

have got about one per cent of enzyme to ninety-nine of protein, while he has ninety-nine of carbohydrate to one of enzyme; or it may be that some enzymes are protein in their nature, and others by nature carbohydrate.

At this point — the question of the purity of the alleged enzyme — we are met with an unexpected and startling suggestion. "The purer the enzyme, the less active does it become." What can this mean? You have a mixture, wherein you are looking for something. You are sure that that something is not in the part which you are taking away; but you find that it grows continually less in the part that remains behind. Where then, in the name of fortune, is it? The readiest answer is that, all the while, you have been engaged unwittingly in taking the enzyme apart, breaking him up, removing one part of him and leaving the other. So here we are confronted with the idea that our supposed rudiment is not a rudiment after all, and we must analyse deeper yet ere we can find the real deity — the guilty party, so to say — in all this chemical universe. In several cases it was found that a loss of activity by the substance supposed to contain the enzyme coincides with a proportionate loss in the amount of phosphoric acid in that substance. A ferment called laccase, from the juice of a tree used in making a Japanese lacquer, has been separated by an experimenter into different portions, each of different degree of activity, and the respective activities depending on the amount of manganese present. This looks as though the enzyme were a dual body, consisting of two parts, neither of which will act without the other, and one of them being an ordinary inorganic chemical.

Thus, in the search for active life, we resort to a process of splitting-up, which reminds us of pulling off the coats of an onion in search of the onion itself. The elements which we reject in this process of analysis are material; and it looks as though the process might be doomed to end in a final analysis of the living substance into a heap of dead materials and nothing else in sight but the inevitable interrogation point. Suppose we compare a living substance with an odd number in arithmetic — take the number fifteen for example: we can split this into a seven and eight, rejecting the eight as being an even number, representing inorganic matter. But now we find that we can split the seven into a three and a four, and we discard the four; then we split the three into a one and a two, and throw aside the two. Thus we are left with number one; and here, unless we pass to another conceptual plane, we have reached the supreme indivisible deity, and can only accept him as a fact and build an altar to him. So in our analysis of living bodies in search of life: we are bound to come sooner or later to number one, or to end by

analysing one living substance into two seemingly dead substances.

We must be careful, in this as in similar cases, not to be misled by our own practice of giving names to things. It is not as though chemists had looked into substances and found therein something labeled with the name enzyme. They agreed to *give* that name to a supposed entity contained in yeast juice, deriving it from Greek words meaning 'in yeast'; but the designation has been extended to include other things, which may or may not be entitled to inclusion in the same category. Thus we have enzymes whose special function is to change cane-sugar into grape-sugar; others which act on starch; others again which break down protein. Any one enzyme will act only on a given substance, like a key fitting one lock and no other. Nature provides means for any particular purpose she contemplates; man strives to arrange those means as 'laws.' He has made a category 'enzyme,' and a category 'organic,' and a category 'inorganic,' and so forth; and is always somewhat puzzled as to whether a 'law' is a definition of what *does* happen or an edict prescribing what *shall* happen. Will the enzymes live up to the name given them?

SOME NEGLECTED FACTORS IN PHYSIOLOGY:

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

A School of Antiquity Paper

PHYSIOLOGY, says the dictionary, "is the branch of biology dealing with the processes, activities and phenomena incidental to and characteristic of life or of living organisms. These processes and phenomena include many that are chemical, physical and mechanical, as well as others apparently of a peculiar nature."

It is those others, "apparently of a peculiar nature," that we must especially consider; for the principle underlying them, the principle of livingness, is the chief neglected factor in modern physiology. And not only neglected but mostly now denied. For inasmuch as some of the processes formerly classed as vital have been found to be chemical or electrical, it is assumed that more investigation will find them all to be so and make the word vital unnecessary. There is nothing specific in living matter, say the physiologists. It is merely more complex in its structure than ordinary matter, and therefore more complex in its automatic and mechanical reactions. Physiology is nothing but complicated chemistry and physics. The word living means nothing but complicated.

Facts are facts. If everything that goes on in our bodies and in living matter generally *is* explicable by chemistry or *does* come wholly under mechanical laws, — why, we must face the situation and try to give up thinking that the words 'life' and 'living' and 'alive' are anything more than convenient expressions.

But the first thing to be noticed is that we *can't* view them in that way. Nobody wholly can, whatever his theories and wishes. The mind absolutely refuses. That living matter, whether of plant or animal, is *living*, may be unseated or dislodged as an intellectual notion. But when you have done that, reasoned it away, ousted it and spurned it, it is still there in that deeper part of the mind whose knowledge is no more troubled by brain-reasonings than are the ocean depths by the surface waves. For we are a part of nature, and nature knows what she knows.

So let us see what at any rate we *mean* by 'living' and 'alive,' what sort of mind-states answer to those words.

If you look at a drop of dirty pond-water under the microscope you see minute specks of almost colorless and apparently structureless jelly moving about: — amoebas, they are called. After a moment's inspection of their ways you pronounce them without hesitation to be 'living.'

Suppose a scientist made a fine emulsion of oil in a chemical solution, so fine that the oil droplets were no bigger than these amoebas, and that in consequence of the reactions between them and the solution, the drops behaved just like the amoebas.

After looking at them for a while through the microscope you might remark that they did certainly behave "just as if" they were alive. The 'just as if' would mark a barrier in your mind. "They are not living," you might say, "for I saw the chemist make them from the contents of bottles." You would look at them as interesting, but not living, products of science, excellent imitations. They would not have, for your mind, a something, an inner quality, which would alone entitle them to the epithet 'living.' What is that?

But if you saw them continue to move about, feed, grow, divide into two, conjugate, and take in air, and if all this went on day after day, you might at last say in astonishment, "Why, I believe they *are* alive."

You would mean that there was now something there in manifestation that was not a mere product of the compounding of the chemicals and oil. "They know what they are about," you would say; "they are doing things on their own account."

At the root of "knowing what they are about" and "doing things on their own account" is the idea of *consciousness*. The little creatures

would be conscious; the consciousness would be acting in the form of *intention*, of intelligent action towards intelligible ends.

So consciousness is for us the essential of livingness, and then purposefulness in action. There are of course chemical reactions going on according to chemical law, but they differ from those in a test-tube in that they are somehow under the direction of consciousness. And this difference works out into a very peculiar characteristic. When chemicals are mixed there is a reaction between them. When that is over it is over; the mixture sits quiet. But when life is present the reactions are never over and done with. Life keeps them going one after another. When the amoeba is tired of being *one* it divides into two, each of the two growing to the same size as the original. And these in their turn multiply themselves in the same way. And so without end. Living matter seems to be naturally immortal. The living amoeba matter which crawled in the ponds a hundred million years ago is alive in the amoebas that crawl in the pond of the country wayside. Some of the living material of your body was alive in the body of Adam.

By livingness, then, we mean consciousness at work; by a living organism a unit of organized matter ensouled by consciousness, under the direction of consciousness. The directing consciousness is the life, at work with more or less intelligence and purpose.

So here we clash with the modern physiologists. They cannot deny that there is consciousness in *our* bodies, and they admit that there *may* be consciousness in organized matter all the way down the scale to the amoeba and lower yet, even perhaps in the plants.

But it does not do anything, does not guide, does not direct, is passive, inactive. There is doing; there are many doings: movements, reproduction, feeding, breathing, excretion, secretion. But all these are merely matter automatically and mechanico-chemically working of itself. The whole chain of doings that we see in organized matter is merely a long set of chemical reactions, one following another, each determining the next and determined by the last or by some stimulus from without. If there is consciousness it only looks on at a set of reactions which it cannot touch, modify, or intervene in.

And to be logical the physiologists have to say and mostly do say that *our* bodies too are only machines, all their workings only manifestations of chemical and electrical reactions, and that though, as conscious beings, we *know* what goes on in our bodies, what our bodies and brains do, nevertheless the belief that we intervene and direct, that we have and use will in any of these doings, is a delusion. We too are automata.

What are the grounds and motives of this strange contention, this denial of the deepest certainty of consciousness? What underlies it?

Well, in part it seems to be a reaction, in part a deduction from the law of the conservation of energy, a law of comparatively recent discovery.

According to this law energy can never be created or destroyed. There is a fixed quantity of it in the universe, never increasing or diminishing through all changes in its distribution. Some of the energy of sunlight, for instance, disappears into the plants, becoming the energy by which they grow. When they die it remains locked up in the coal into which they may become transformed. Thence it reappears in the heat that results from the burning of the coal in our fires, and this again may manifest in the motion of our steam-engines or as the electricity from our dynamos. But however far it goes or whatever the changing forces in which it manifests, the total quantity of it remains the same. That is an axiom in modern physical science. A man would be outlawed who questioned it; the asylums would compete for him.

But yet — and this is of course in confidence — though they call it an axiom it is not axiomatic, nor has the law ever been proved or ever can be. Somewhere in the universe energy *may* be coming into being or may have once come into being; somewhere it *may* be ceasing to be. Our own wills *may* be actually generating a little energy all the time in our own bodies without any chance of detection. The only proof that they do not is the assumption that they cannot.

With regard to our bodies or the bodies of any animal the scientific application of the energy doctrine is this:

In the course of its existence the body takes in a certain quantity of energy from the sun, and from the earth as food — the energy in the food also really dating back to the sun. This total quantity wholly reappears again, little by little, as the work we do or that is done by our bodies in muscular movement, brain and nerve activity, excretion, secretion and so on, and in the heat generated during final decomposition. In-come equals out-go; the equation is perfect. If we could trace the process in detail we should find a long series of chemical reactions, each one set going by the previous one or by an external stimulus and itself setting going the next one: much in the same way as if you tapped the first of a long line of billiard balls your energy would be passed along from one to another and finally reappear in the jump forward and rolling away of the last one and in the vibration of its particles.

Consider some one ball of the chain, say the last one. When the energy reaches it its particles are thrown into vibration. Suppose this ball to be conscious. Then the vibrations of its particles would cause changes in its consciousness — thoughts, let us say: just as vibrations and motions of our brain cells cause thoughts in us. It might be consciously aware of having been jarred by the previous ball; would reflect

on this experience and, having perhaps the illusion that it possessed a free will, would imagine that it voluntarily decided to move off from its neighbor and take a jaunt down the table. Or, if it did not realize the cause of its thoughts, it might imagine that it had entirely initiated its movement for private reasons.

But we should know that it really moved forward because it had no choice in the matter. The energy mechanically passed into it, shook up its particles in mechanically determined ways and amounts and then determined its motion forward, the total expenditure equaling the energy communicated to the first ball by your tap.

That is a rough symbol of the physiologists' conception of life. The whole thing is a chain of determined chemical and mechanical sequences, the same amount of energy being expended from first to last as was taken in from food, etc. The constant shake-up of our brain particles manifests in consciousness as sensations and thoughts. We do not think as a voluntary process; rather, there are thoughts excited in us. We do not will; the sense of willing is an illusion. As the energy passes into our brain cells and out again to the muscles we suppose ourselves to direct it. As a matter of fact, we are taught, the energy runs of itself along paths of least resistance. We could only push it along any other path by *creating* a little more to make the push with, and the law of the conservation of energy does not allow of that. It would be an increase in the total sum. Consciousness is therefore only an onlooker at what goes on, an accidental addition. It cannot interfere, cannot guide. We are only very elaborate automata, though automata that happen to be conscious. Nothing in our conduct would be changed if consciousness were removed.

Now as this strange conclusion is absolutely rejected by the deepest part of every man's self-knowledge, as we cannot accept it for ourselves nor really for any other form of life we can observe, not even for the plants, the amoebas, or the bacilli, we ask ourselves again, How came science to reach it? How is it that she has joyously and triumphantly tried to fortify it, instead of, as fast as the facts seemed to point to it, spending at least *some* time and energy in trying to see a way round?

Well, for one thing there is an element in man's nature that *wants* him to think himself an automaton. For in that case he is irresponsible; there is no right or wrong; if he is never entitled to praise, never, either, is he to be subjected to blame. As a mere meeting place of natural forces he has the same license as the beasts. The theory is really, in part, the claim of the passional nature for this license, a claim arrayed in scientific terminology. But the scientist may be quite unconscious of what is biasing his thought.

So this element concurred in the reaction from Church dogma. For

centuries the Church dominated both science and philosophy. At peril of the stake no one dared to think freely about anything important or to suggest anything in science contrary to the pronouncements of the Holy Seat.

Freedom was slowly and painfully won and the rebound of liberated thought went over the middle line of truth into materialism and mechanism. Antagonism to dogma biased the search for truth and among possible interpretations of new facts that one was sought and welcomed which seemed farthest from traditional Church pronouncements. Science was now eager for a mechanical explanation of anything that had hitherto been credited to the intervention of God. In the rush of the reaction not only was this theological figure pushed out of nature as the creator of all the species of living things, but likewise any sort of directive intelligence. Evolution was made a blind and mechanical process. And in the same reaction the law of the conservation of energy was accepted as making man likewise a mechanism and his freewill an illusion of his superfluous and passive consciousness.

But there must be and is another and corrective reaction. Man will not permanently admit himself to be nothing but a mechanism, and if the doctrine of the conservation of energy as now stated and interpreted requires him to be that, then it must somehow restate and correct itself. We have indeed, in the immense popularity of the French thinker Bergson, already a mark of the reaction. He is a sort of spiritualized Schopenhauer. Both speak of the Cosmic Will, the urge behind all things; but whereas Schopenhauer makes it blind and senseless, a mad thing to be properly fought and extinguished by each of us in himself, Bergson's conception of it is full of hope and light, making it the conscious spirit of real progression and evolution.

Can we in physiology find any explanation of the *why* of life, of what life is aiming at in all this vast turmoil, this endless compounding of living units into larger unity? Physiology as it is at present studies the body in parts, in single processes, not as a whole. We acquaint ourselves with the chemistry of digestion, the mechanism of the circulation, the structure of the sense-organs, the complicated reflexes of the nervous system. It is all very wonderful, but *why* came all these pieces of apparatus together to make an organism? Has it a reason in it? Would it seem valuable to our intelligence, if we were supremely intelligent, that what is there doing should be done? What is it all *for?*

Modern Biology and Physiology are very shy of the words 'for' and 'to,' as expressing purpose. They don't want any teleology, to use the proper word. The stomach digests food, but it is not there *to* digest food, *for* digesting food. That would imply a purpose somewhere in

organic life. The plant turns its leaves to the sun *and* gets more light, not *to* get more light. So the organisms as a whole, our bodies, for instance, are what they are, but did not become what they are in response to any purpose behind them. There is no cosmic will building things. The aim, you see, is to make a complete presentation of cosmos as a mechanism, running of itself as such, without the active intervention or guidance of consciousness or will anywhere.

And yet no one can look at an animal or into his own feelings without seeing or feeling an intense and never ceasing will to live, will to avoid death, will to do what will give the feel of more life. The snake crawls out into the sun to get that feel, to escape the feel of less life which cold and darkness give. We eat, and the animal eats, we say to satisfy appetite. It is really to get that increased sense of life which food imparts. In all that the animal and plant do, in all that we as animals do, we can read this desire to get more sense of life, to escape the sense of lessening life. And naturally this will to live comes to its keenest in the mating instinct; for there, behind and supporting the individual's will to have the sense of more life, is all nature's will to get some more life through into manifestation.

Still reading what is visible, we will say that all the organs of the body co-operate and interbalance in providing an instrument through which the 'will to life' may be gratified. And if we are reading nature aright we shall say, were evolved *to* do it, *for* the doing of it.

And here let us note that there are two activities of will, corresponding to and working through two nervous systems. Deepest, underlying all other acts of will, is this will to live and to live more. That never ceases. It works through that nervous system known as the 'sympathetic.' Serving this will are the particular acts of will to which the word is ordinarily restricted, the will to do now this or that particular thing by use of the muscles, acting through that nervous system which is constituted by the brain and spinal cord. The other, the 'sympathetic,' is outside the brain. It runs down in front of the spinal column, not in it, and has its own system of nerves running independently throughout the body.

Now will, desire, and sensation, are states of consciousness; they belong to the *conscious* side of life; whilst, of course, the apparatus of nerves and muscles and organs through which they work belong to the *matter* side.

And here we come straight upon that difficulty about the conservation of energy. If all the bodily processes are chemical and electrical reactions, one long chain of them, each necessitating and starting the next and itself necessitated and started by the last or by some stimulus

from without, something seen, heard, smelt, or touched — where can will come in? More generally, where can consciousness come in?

To throw the matter into the form of a picture, imagine some nerve cell in an animal's brain. The brain, you know, is made of minute nerve cells connected by fibers. This nerve cell which we have selected contains some energy locked up ready for use. To it leads a nerve fiber, let us say from the eye. From it leads another fiber, say to some leg muscles. The muscles also contain some locked-up energy. The animal sees a smaller animal in the distance, its prey. The picture of that falls on the retina of the eye and excites there certain chemical changes. These start a current along the nerve leading from the eye to the brain cell. This current excites chemical and electric changes in the cell which unlock a given quantity of the cell's energy, and this quantity runs as a current along the nerve leading to the leg muscles, unlocking some of *their* energy so that the animal's legs carry it towards the prey.

All this process is of course in reality infinitely more complicated. But the principle is the same. The whole of life, as seen by physiology, is an infinitely complicated set of storages and releasings of energy, all going of itself according to physical laws and so working out that the two sides of the equation, energy taken in and energy let out, are finally equal: just as the energy you put into an engine in the form of coal equals that which you get out of it as work plus that which escapes as heat. The engine might be conscious and imagine that it was *willing* the movement of its piston; but we should know better.

Now if a quantity of energy is sitting still, say in a nerve cell, or in course of transmitting itself along a path, a path made of nerve cells and fibers, or any other sort of path, you can only start it going, or, if it is already going, deflect into another path, by using some energy yourself. You release the energy in a match by striking it on the box, and then you release the energy in the coal by putting the match to it; or if you want to deflect a current to another circuit you must use a little of your own energy to turn a handle or screw up or unscrew something in the battery or other apparatus.

But how can conscious will, or consciousness, present in the brain, do this? Science considers energy as solely in the possession of matter, consciousness having none. And the brain cells, as being matter, can only have their energy released by the touch of energy coming to them from other matter, a nerve fiber, a sense organ, some other cells. Imagine an engine driver who was a pure consciousness, absolutely disembodied. How could he pull a lever or turn a handle?

Well, that is the way in which they think of consciousness in us, in animals, in the brain. It cannot touch the cells, cannot touch or turn

the handle, as it were, by which their energy would be liberated. If it did so it would have to create out of itself the energy it used, however little, however easily the handle turned. And in that case the doctrine of the conservation of energy would not be true, for in the course of life *more* energy would have come out of the body than went in as food and so on, more by the amount created by conscious will. And as the current statement of the doctrine must not be impugned, the will can do nothing and therefore is nothing. Our sense of using it is an illusion and we are automata. For matter can originate nothing.

I put out my hand, take up a pen and write. All those actions are links in the long chain of necessitated chemical and electrical reactions which make up my bodily life. That is the matter side. On the conscious side I have the wish to do those things, the idea of doing them, the will to do them. And though this *corresponds* with what happens it is in no way the *cause*. There is only the marvelous coincidence, for consciousness cannot touch matter. As my arm executes those movements I *know* what is happening by the sensations and am satisfied, becoming the victim of the illusion that my will effected the affair.

This seems and is grotesque, this impassable gulf between consciousness and matter, this 'no thoroughfare' sign confronting will when it wants to get at the brain cells. And yet it is convenient and in line with the reaction we spoke of, even if it does stultify the deepest certainty of our self-awareness; for if human will were allowed to act on matter, why might not some great Cosmic Will be presently claiming to be at work on a grand scale? And *that* might introduce the theological God again! No; evolution must explain itself some other way. And, of course, if *we* have no wills, still less have the separate organs and cells of our bodies. It will, in fact, be simpler to deny them even consciousness. All their exactly done work, their marvelous co-operation as a unit, must be nothing but chemistry and mechanics.

But let us examine this direful gulf, this total breach of continuity. Nothing, we learn, can get across it from consciousness to matter, from conscious mind to the brain cell.

But how, in that case, can anything get across the other way, get from matter to consciousness? Messages do get across, never cease doing so. If not, we should never know anything that went on outside, neither see, hear, taste, smell, or touch anything. For all the senses and most of the internal organs report to the brain, and we, conscious presences in the brain, know of the report, get the report in our turn, know what is going on in our brain cells, the movements there, the incomings and outgoings of energy.

All that is certain and undeniable. But now the doctrine of the con-

servation of energy is in danger from its own exponents. If consciousness has a sensation it has been changed. And the change has been caused by a change in brain, this in its turn caused by a change in some organ of sensation, eye, ear or what not. All changes are due to transference of energy. In this case the energy was transferred across the gulf from the brain to consciousness, resulting in the change called a sensation. *But it never gets back*, for "consciousness cannot act on matter," cannot cause changes in matter. When, in the ordinary galvanometer, an electric current runs on a wire around a magnetic needle, the needle swings to one side of its north-south position and stays there while the current flows. It wants to get back to its north-south position again, but some of the current energy disappears in keeping it in the new position, becomes locked up in it. That amount of energy with which it was displaced it restores again as soon as the current ceases, restores it in overcoming the friction of its pivot and the resistance of the air, the two amounts, that which went into it, and that which now comes out, being equal.

Similarly consciousness is deflected into the form of a sensation, a new position, as it were, by the movement or change of and in a receiving nerve cell. Work was done on it, energy went into it; or there could have been no change. Changes cannot start themselves. That is strict science; no change of any state or anything anywhere except by the application of energy, the energy disappearing into the change. Some nerve motion or energy therefore crossed the gulf and entered consciousness. And as we noted, it never returns, is lost to the physical world. Wherefore the doctrine of the conservation of energy would seem to be untrue. The energy in matter is always getting less by however minute amounts, the conscious side of nature always swallowing the energy of the material side.

But if that won't do; if consciousness *does* presently restore to the cells the energy that entered it from them, just like the needle of the galvanometer, then we have clearly room for the action of will and purpose. For if some motion may leave a nerve cell, pass into consciousness, excite there a sensation, then return to a nerve cell, run down thence to a muscle and so determine a bodily movement: then whilst it is yet in consciousness and at the moment of return to the cells, why shall it not receive a direction from the will as to *what* cells it shall return to and *what* movement of muscle and body shall be effected? In other words that is the moment at which will can intervene and guide. And so, if the whole of the energy that goes in to the presence-chamber of conscious will comes out again into the body the doctrine of the conservation of energy stands untouched *without* our being automata or machines.

There is a place and an opportunity for will. This was made clear many years ago, and I think for the first time, by H. P. Blavatsky.

And in any case, whether they can square it with the doctrine of the conservation of energy or not, there are facts which compel the physiologists to accept the action of conscious states upon body. If I choose to call up in my mind the picture of a lemon my salivary glands will presently begin to secrete saliva. My conscious idea has played direct upon the matter of those nerve cells which govern the salivary glands. And if the doctor tells the sick man that he is looking better today, exciting in him the feeling of being better and the hope to get well, those states of conscious feeling may and often do so act upon the whole body as to turn the patient round a corner at which he would otherwise have failed and died, wake up all the cells of the body to a new and triumphant vigor in their fight with the disease. The will to live is suddenly let into the body.

Why do they play music to the very sick patients at some of the hospitals? In England there is a society, the Kyrle Society, which devotes itself to that. The music betters many of the patients, lowers feverish temperature and so on. How? The conscious feeling of the patients is appealed to, raised, harmonized. They like the music, and the renewed and more living consciousness tonics and restores the cells of the body.

The will to live, to have the feeling of more life, to have more life, is the force neglected by physiologists, the Hamlet they leave out of the play. See it as the cause of evolution, the cause of the variations in plants and animals upon which natural selection plays — all of them experiments which the will tries — and the chief difficulty of Biology disappears.

The body of the man who comes to love music alters subtly to correspond with his desire to enjoy it more. Just as the hearing cells, the cells of the organ of hearing, become finer in structure, so must the nerve cells of the 'sympathetic' system all through the body be altered. Some people feel music as a thrill throughout their bodies in addition to their hearing of it with their ears. And so all the way up the scale of evolution, in plant and animal kingdoms, we may assume that the will to respond to nature in ever fuller degree, to get more feel of life and so more life, leads to the production of tentative variations in structure, the beginnings of new organs of sense and activity, the bettering of existing ones, and to subtle interior changes of the whole nervous system throughout the body to correspond. Just as there are two forms of will, the general will to live and the separate acts of will to do this or that particular thing, so there are two forms of sensitivity or sensation. Two men look at a sunset with its banner of colors. Both see the same display;

the sense of sight may be equally responsive in both; in that respect they have the same sensation.

That is as much as one of them gets. But the other thrills to the *beauty* of it; he has a far deeper sensation all through his being; the life-feel is intensified, raised. And the will to have more of that, the will to live, will draw him again to the same spectacle tomorrow.

Some men hear all the *sounds* of music; their hearing organ is perfect, the sensation accurate, their recognition of the particular piece quite ready. But they get little or even none of the *music*. Nothing is gained by the deep life feel in its desire for intensification. They have the surface sensation but not the deep one.

Have we not by this time got from physiology some idea of the meaning of life? Can we, without going too far from physiology into philosophy, give the meaning some expression?

We have seen that nature affects us doubly, rouses two orders of sensation. The wind murmurs through the trees on a still night, or the little waves lap softly upon the shore. To one order of sensation the sounds are noise and to the man who has but that one order they are nothing more. To the other and deeper order, which they reach through the gateway of the first, they are music, formless but infinitely appealing and suggestive, echoing in chambers of life-feeling which words have nothing to do with. To one order of sensation a tree or a sunset is just so much color; but that color once admitted through the outer gateway of sight, wakes the sense of beauty, enriches the life feel in a special way, gratifies the will to live more and finelier. The scent of a rose may likewise make an appeal beyond its work upon the sense of smell.

The will toward more life, more of the life feel, never ceases; but men do often, nearly always, misjudge the way to meet its demand. On levels of life below our own, among the animals, the apparatus of animal sensation had to be developed. The will for life, the urge of life, had that work in hand. So far as we live for animal gratification, for sensuality, we have gone back to a level we should have transcended. We are dulling and spoiling our instrument, hindering it perhaps for good so far as this particular incarnation is concerned, from reaching a new level of fineness and responsiveness. For as we learn to respond to color and sound and form and scent, getting from them, beside the mere sensation, an added and finer life in the depths of our nature, so we shall begin to respond — and some do respond — to effluences in nature for which there is no name and which reach us through avenues of sensation that are not among the five we know and name. Consciousness becomes richer, the life feel finer, we cannot say how, nor say what has come in to feed it. And at the top of this scale we shall at last sense

and gain life from that universal presence to which men have given so many names.

So evolution is the deepening and expansion and intensification of conscious life. We mount the stairs of nature, drinking more fully of life at every step. Life is joy, and when we have learned to drink life from everything, to find beauty everywhere, to find meaning everywhere as a man finds music as the meaning of sound, we shall not only have learned the art of life and understood the why of it, but also found in fullness of life the fullness of happiness.

And now a last point, in reaching which we return to the scientific doctrine of energy.

It does seem as if, ere we have done with the universe, we must assimilate *it* (along with its meaning) in a very real sense and leave nothing of it behind. Perhaps we cannot leave it and retire into ourselves with all the stored wealth of life we have accumulated till we *have* got it all.

We saw — and there seemed no help from the conclusion — that energy was continually passing across or in from matter to consciousness, causing changes there, the changes we call conscious sensation, and afterwards the other changes that are thoughts about sensations, and the life-feelings that accompany sensation. Some of this energy is returned to the nerve cells under the direction of will. But can it all be? Some of the energy of a workman disappears into the house which he builds and will not reappear till released by the fall of the house. And so it seems to me as if some of the energy or motion of the nerve cells disappears into consciousness altogether. For consciousness as it evolves, as it is built up, as it becomes richer, complexer, fuller of registered memory, must *store* energy as the house stores the energy of the workman, energy only liberated again by those who lead lives in some degree degenerate. It must absorb energy into its advancing form and structure, building itself from or with the aid of that highest form of matter, the brain: that, the brain, being supplied by food and the food in turn dating back to the sun. So that we slowly build our temple of conscious life from cosmic energy absorbed from the center of all energy.

We have got beyond physiology and yet not altogether so. It is physiology itself, and the sciences upon which it rests, that have suggested to us that in the vast course of evolution the building of consciousness means the absorption into it of the energy and at last all of the energy of the world. Energy, through us and in us, becomes transmuted into the form of conscious life, at last all transmuted. The real task of the universe, to be food for man's consciousness, will be ended.

IN THE STREETS OF PEKIN: by R. L.

TO walk through the streets of Pekin and see the ever-changing aspects of their teeming crowds of good-natured humanity is a fascinating pastime. In the main the thoroughfares are spacious, but in consequence of the practice of bartering in the streets rather than in the shops the space left for traffic is narrowed to a road in the middle just wide enough for two vehicles to pass.

If we stand a few minutes on the edge of the crowd we may see such sights as: a funeral procession headed by paid mourners dolefully lamenting the dead, followed by chicken coops and the coffin slung from poles borne on the shoulders of pallbearers, with the family and friends of the deceased bringing up the rear, garbed in pompous or uncouth array according to their station; perhaps following this will be a wedding procession with the bride's closed red sedan-chair, in front of which is borne the roasted pork to propitiate evil spirits, and accompanying her are gifts of fruit, furniture and domestic articles of all kinds, while the procession marches to the tune of what seems to our ears anything but music; a troop of dromedaries laden with coal from Tartary may be next in line, and a company of Manchu soldiers will possibly follow in their wake and the trailing cloud of dust; while scattered in between there will be wheel-barrow and push-cart venders of vegetables or what-not pushing their unwieldy-appearing vehicles, or else coolies carrying nondescript packages of merchandise swung from either end of a long pole borne on their shoulders; and there will likely be an occasional sedan-chair of some mandarin borne by two, four or eight retainers.

Meanwhile beside us and all around us, and on both sides of the street, there is a dense mass of humanity selling and buying, bartering and bickering, everyone talking at once, so that the resulting babble could hardly be exceeded.

Besides the merchants vending their wares, we are surrounded by jugglers and conjurers and acrobats, quack doctors and comedians, itinerant cobblers and menders of everything under the sun, peripatetic barbers, men playing battledore with their feet, others flying kites in rivalry or shooting with the bow and arrow. In addition to merchants offering the customary articles of commerce, there are also pastrymen, cooks, fruiterers, bankers, apothecaries, herb venders, booksellers, fortune-tellers, each with his table or stall or little space of ground disposed along either side of the street in front of the shops proper, everyone eager to 'catch a little pigeon.' Indeed, most of the business is transacted in the open air. By day the shop-fronts are thrown open, and the projecting roof or awning protects the merchandise from sun or rain. One of the accompanying illustrations gives a fair idea of a typical Pekinese shop.

REINCARNATION

By Kenneth Morris

I

WHY is this long, long corridor of years
By all these olden ghosts so wandered through?
Naught that the heart may hope, the hands may do —
No laughter, no despair, no joy nor tears —
But there-amidst some shadow-shape uprears
Out of the past — dim glimmerings into view
Of old concatenations ever anew —
Old long dead voices whispering hopes and fears.

(Even today, maybe, I greeted one
I greeted last in Thebes or Babylon;
Even today was pierced by pity or pride
Shot from my bow of old by Tiber-side
In Julius' day; had joy of victories won,
Or grief of ill deeds done ere Priam died.)

II

We are not free, and ah! we are not free,
For all the slumbering deity within.
When we would win the heights we think to win,
When we would be the things we dream to be,
Athwart our proudest hope comes Destiny
And webs us round; and we, albeit akin
To all the unfallen Thrones and Cherubin,
Go toppling down and perish piteously.

Was there no past? Were there no dreams and deeds
Wrought by ourselves of old time for sown seeds
Of this life? No things done and left undone
In this our native Earth in ages gone,
To call us back from the Asphodelian Meads
To these dim precincts of the moon and sun?

International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California

ON BACKSLIDING: by T. Henry, M. A.

THE title of this article might have been more learnedly written, 'Action and Reaction'; but, as that would have been vague, leaving the reader in doubt whether we meant to write on science or philosophy or what, we have used a word familiar to our pious ancestry, and about whose meaning there can be no doubt. Backsliding is a state of reaction, which, supervening upon a state of zeal, plunges the soul of the devotee in a temporary despair, causing him to do those things which he should have left undone, and to leave undone those things which he should have done. And, in order to account for the catastrophe, he is fain, professed monotheist though he be, to imitate all mankind before him and attribute his woes to an evil Potency — to wit, Satan, the Devil — modern representative of Typhon and Ahriman.

As a matter of fact, however, our zealot has merely illustrated a well-known and invariable law of Nature, which science calls the law of action and reaction. Our emotional nature is subject to such fluctuations, back and forth, from hot to cold; and if we mix up too much emotion with our piety, we shall inevitably suffer from alternating moods of exaltation and depression, self-satisfaction and self-undoing. What we need, therefore, is a steady constant devotion which shall carry us through all our emotional changes, so that we shall not be carried away by our enthusiasm, nor yet chilled by the deadness that will surely follow it. We need to separate our emotions from our genuine devotion; for the emotions are liable to change, and if we attach ourselves too much to them, we shall get carried away by them, and shall despair when there is really no need to do so.

When confronted by a law of nature, we should not resent or try to oppose it, but accommodate ourselves to it and make use of it. This principle of reaction is such a law; and in many concerns of life we actually do avail ourselves of it. If we have been doing hard work, and find ourselves tired, we do not throw down our tools in despair and vow never to work again; only an idiot would do that. We rest awhile, keeping our object in view against the time when we can work again. And meanwhile we can profitably employ our leisure in something else.

It is evident that, to every pair of opposites, there is a third or balancing state which can carry us through. A traveler does not allow his purpose to be affected by the alternating states of his body, but persists in it whether he is walking or resting. And so we should try to find this constant and unshifting basis beneath our ever-changing moods. We should aim at being "the same in pain and pleasure, heat and cold, favor or disfavor, etc.," as the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* says. Our backslider needs not to be discouraged from his efforts by his backsliding; he can recognise

that weaknesses and old habits cannot be overcome all at once. And the next time he makes an effort, he will make it more wisely and not put so much personal emotion into it.

It is within our power to progress continually in the attainment of poise and balance; for we have only to compare our present condition with what it was in the past in order to see that already we have advanced. A person in a bad state of reaction and despondency would do well to keep as quiet as possible until the state has passed. He should not allow his mind to worry him, for the mind itself is mixed up in the state of reaction and is likely to mislead him.

Theosophy comes very much to our aid here by assuring us that, beyond our thinking mind, there is the heart, a surer steadier source of wisdom; and although the surface waters of our mind may be dark and stormy, the heart behind is tranquilly awaiting the return of calm. So if we can manage to cultivate this trust in the innate wisdom and strength and goodness within us, we can find a way to tide ourselves through all despondent moods.

Our main difficulty comes from the habit of restlessness and 'living on our nerves,' so much engendered by our way of life in this civilization. There are some people who can never be still, but must always be either working or amusing themselves; they cannot even sit still on the cars, but must read a novel or a paper, or smoke, or chew gum. With these people, the real strong side of their nature never gets a chance; they do not give it one. They let themselves be pulled about hither and thither by the calls of the body and its nerves, by the stomach, and by the idle or troublesome thoughts that flit unbidden into their mind. It would do such people much good to cultivate the power of sitting quiet occasionally, just so that they might see to what extent they can control their impulses if they really try.

Hence most of our backslidings and moods of despondency are not due at all to any infirmity in our purpose or to any change of heart or lack of zeal. They are simply due to the fact that we have not learnt to control our body and nerves and thoughts and emotions, and that we allow ourselves to be swayed by these. After a time we come to realize that this is so; and then we find a new power to let the currents go by without being upset by them. We discover that our purpose is constant, and that we are true all the time, and we give up making mountains out of molehills and getting discouraged because we cannot keep our bow ever on the stretch.

Both in our philosophy and in our conduct we are always striving to unify dualities, to bring harmony out of contrasts, to solve dilemmas, reconcile opposites, and come to a conclusion or a decision. One of the

commonest symbols of the universal mystery-language is that of a wheel rotating; it signifies continual motion and change around a motionless center. We are built on this pattern, and have the power of shifting our mind about from one part of our constitution to another; so that we can dwell either in the rim of the wheel or in its center. If we dwell in the rim, we rise and fall with every tide in continual restlessness; but we can gravitate towards the center, rest there, and watch the changes going round. Another symbol of equilibrium is the balance, as seen in the zodiac; and if we hang from each pan of the balance another balance, making three altogether, the symbol becomes even more suggestive. Every tendency in our nature is related to some other tendency, of the same kind, but of an opposite pole; and if we know this, we may be able to control both tendencies by balancing them against each other, just as we can carry a long heavy pole by holding it in the middle. Ignorance of the fact may cause us to fail in overcoming a fault, because it is connected with something else and we do not suspect the connexion. For instance, we may be striving to overcome our unpleasant emotions, such as anger and resentment, while all the time we are unwisely indulging our pleasant emotions. Both conditions are emotional, and indulgence in the one leads to indulgence in the other. We need to overcome all emotional weakness, both pleasant and painful; so that, if we cannot overcome one fault alone, it may be quite easy to overcome two at once. And so with other habits which we may find it hard to overcome; they may be subtly connected with something else which we unsuspectingly tolerate, and thus we may be frustrating our own efforts.

From all this it will be seen that action-and-reaction is a fundamental law of nature; and therefore we should learn how to make use of it. When we have worked so long at one thing that the tools and material are overheated, it is time to work a spell on something else.

"THE gods of sects and specialties, may perhaps be failing of their accustomed reverence, but in the mean time, there is dawning on the world, with a softer and serener light, the conception, imperfect though it still may be, of a conscious, originating, all-pervading, active soul — the 'Oversoul,' the Cause, the Deity; unrevealed through human form or speech; but filling and inspiring every living soul in the wide universe according to its measure: *whose temple is Nature*, and whose worship is admiration."

— *Osgood Mason*

CLEAR THINKING: by R. Machell

IDEALS are always liable to be misunderstood, misinterpreted, or misapplied. This is inevitable because of the differences of character, education, and stage of evolution existing among people who pride themselves on their equality. Men meet as equals, discuss some subject, each from his own particular point of view, misunderstand each other, disagree, and part with rancor, raised by the apparently deliberate perversion of their views, and by the opposition they encounter from others, who ought to understand the matter in discussion and see it in the same light, because the disputants are of a presumed equality; which same equality is a mere myth; for no two men are equal in any particular, being different. But over and above these constant causes of confusion there are others that are avoidable. One is the habit of lazy thinking. It requires an effort to clear up one's mind on any subject, so as to know just what one actually means by words and phrases, by forms of thought, and phrases currently used and very loosely understood in general. The effort is rarely carried to a successful issue, if one may judge by the confusion of mind evident even among professors of a particular science or philosophy.

The habit of loose reasoning is very prevalent, particularly among dogmatists, who seek to stiffen a weak conviction by violence of assertion, which reacts upon the dogmatist by producing a sense of triumph easily mistaken for sincere conviction. It also leads to violent denunciation of all opponents, for denunciation is easy, and every one understands it; while reason is difficult to acquire and is not easily intelligible to others.

In order to know what one actually means by words and phrases such as individualism, nationalism, or universalism, a good deal of careful thought is necessary. Dictionaries are useful, but the essential is clear thinking and honesty of purpose, neither of which is possible to a man whose first desire is to assert himself, or to prove himself right, or to demonstrate the absurdity of the 'other fellow's' point of view.

The question of individualism occupies an important place in social philosophy, as well as in the higher branches of philosophy, that is to say in the study of life itself and of our own relation to the universe. In truth there are no higher or lower branches of philosophy, but there are deeper or shallower perceptions of the truth, and there are broader or narrower applications of general principles; and unfortunately we are all too much inclined to differentiate between our theory and the application of our own conclusions to our own lives. Many a careful thinker finds no incongruity between his own egotism and his conviction of the truth of universalism: and on the other hand an avowed individualist may here and there be found practising the most altruistic form

of universalism. Such incongruities as these are nature's safety-valves.

The individualism that consists in a personal revolt against authority is hardly philosophical; although it is common enough to be a rather positive factor in all social movements. It is based on the illusion of separateness, and is usually due to a mental negation of the higher nature, the soul. Whereas the philosophical conception ranges from the idea of souls eternally separate even in their ultimate association, loosely conceived of as infinity, up to the universalist ideal of the essential unity of all souls, with or without the intervention of an oversoul. In fact the term serves to include the various ideals of all opposing parties: a laxity of thought that has its drawbacks as well as its conveniences.

The universalist is hardly less generous in the variety of interpretation that he allows himself. He not infrequently employs the term to hide his absolute incapacity to formulate anything worthy to be called a thought. He is "all things to all men"; which high-sounding phrase may be practically understood to mean being nothing to any party in particular; which critically considered is hardly to be distinguished from mere egotism; and which works out in actual life as the systematic avoidance of all responsibility. On the other hand the designation may be applied to those who claim that the essence of their own individual soul is the supreme. Such universalists may recognise the unity of all souls in the oversoul, as well as the separateness of all personalities in material life. They may maintain that those personalities are practically separate and real existencies on their own plane, and yet not ultimately disunited from the Universal Soul. Or they may hold that all personalities are mere illusion, having no reality, separate or otherwise.

And there are many more modifications of philosophical interpretation possible under the general headings just alluded to.

So long as the English language is so little used for philosophical discussion, so long will it be extremely difficult to avoid misunderstanding. The real cause of confusion, however, is in the habit of loose thinking and mental laziness. Deliberate self-deception is another matter, unfortunately not so rare as one might wish to believe. But if a man can clear his own mind, so as to know whether he has any definite idea upon a subject, and if so what, then he will find some means to make his meaning clear to those who are trying, like himself, to reach to an understanding of themselves.

Self-knowledge is necessary.

When a man begins to know himself he finds all other men become intelligible to the same degree. When a man knows just what he really thinks and means, he finds that very simple language serves to express all that he has to say. But if his own mind is not known to himself,

and if he is consumed with the desire to instruct his fellows, or rather, let us say, to persuade them to adopt his terms and phrases, his creed in fact, then he will find language (no matter which) entirely inadequate. For that which he has within is in itself a chaos, and there are no definitions known in chaos—chaos is incoherent. So will he be, until he find himself.

To say that language is inadequate to express the notions of the soul is to enunciate a truism; but to persuade oneself that language can not express a clearly formulated thought is to deceive oneself.

Let a man recognise the spiritual nature of the soul as well as the material nature of the brain-mind, and he will find himself on the way to understand what thoughts are capable of utterance, and why the Wise Ones always command Silence where the unutterable is concerned. For there is that in Man which is not to be uttered or expressed in words, nor even formulated into thought; it remains ever in the condition of the universal, although the individual may be the reflexion of its radiance mirrored in the waters of illusion, as the material world is called in the old philosophy.

Clear thinking will help us to define the limits of our mental faculties, and free us from the overwhelming sense of helplessness, that falls upon a man who with his brain-mind tries to grasp infinity.

And aspiration to the infinite will purify the higher mind, and give it more control over the lower nature. So order may take the place of confusion, and a man may find unexpected power of utterance come to him when he no longer labors confusedly to define the absolute.

KARMA AND SUICIDE: by H. Travers, M. A.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph records the case of a young man who shot himself because he had tuberculosis. He preferred an immediate end to the prospect of a lingering death.

Suicide is never justifiable, and may well be regarded as evidence of insanity — temporary at least. Under Christian ethics, it is an impious interference with the Divine will, entailing future retribution. As to the attitude of a man who believes, or claims to believe, that death ends all, we find this position so untenable that we are unable to use it as a basis of argument. Under such a belief, life becomes so absurd and meaningless a farce that one can find no serious arguments either for or against suicide.

A disease has of course its physical causes, which can be traced. It

may be due to careless living by the individual or to heredity. But we are not at present concerned with the physical cause; it is not enough to know the *how;* our intellect demands to know the *why.* The ethical side of the question calls for consideration. This can only be understood by accepting the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. We incur suffering because we ourselves, by our own acts, have sown the seeds of it, either in this life or a preceding one. We reap the consequences of our own acts; but these consequences need not be considered as merely punitive; they are educative; they are due to the desire of the Soul to restore the balance which has been destroyed — to realize justice. To attempt to evade the consequences by suicide, is merely to postpone them; the Karma must be worked out some time. In addition, the suicide has sown new seeds of bad Karma by his violent and unnatural act. If he was out of his mind when he did the act, he will not suffer so much; for the consequences of an act return upon the actor; and the mind is involved in those consequences only to the extent in which it was the actor. The act of self-destruction does *not* end all; the victim hurls himself violently into the next world before his time, interfering with the natural orderly processes that attend a natural death.

We are here for the purpose of learning; and every experience is an opportunity. It has been said that those who suffer live more truly and learn more thoroughly than those who do not. By suffering, the will is exalted. We have to master the meaning of pleasure and pain some time. So the law which decrees that a suicide cannot avoid his fate is a merciful law, because it decrees that he shall have again the opportunity which he has thrown away.

Our lot in life is, in the last analysis, the lot which we have elected for ourself. As an athlete in training will willingly undergo hardship for the sake of his purpose — that of strengthening himself; so the Soul plunges willingly into mortal life for the sake of experience.

And one of the conditions of that experience is a temporary forgetfulness. Thus we lose sight of our real purpose and become confused. Inadequate education has perhaps shorn us of the power to invoke our spiritual will; we have never accustomed ourselves to resort to that divine aid.

Many people spend their lives battling with ill-health or deficient vitality; it was needed for the strengthening of their will. A spendthrift needs the lesson of poverty to teach him thrift. Courage that is dependent on physical strength is not the best sort.

The moral of the whole matter is that a better understanding of life is needed; and on this we can found a more adequate education.