THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"As a mother at the risk of her life watches over her own child, her only child, so also let every one cultivate a boundless (friendly) mind towards all beings.

"And let him cultivate goodwill towards all the world, a boundless (friendly) mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity.

"Standing, walking, or sitting or lying, as long as he be awake, let him devote himself to this mind; this (way of) living they say is the best in the world."

— *The Mettasutta*, a Buddhist scripture; verses 7-9, translated by Max Müller

MUTUAL SERVICE A NATURAL LAW

H. T. EDGE

THE statement that "Brotherhood is a Fact in Nature" receives ample illustration from an article on 'Co-operation Among Natural Species,' by H. Reinheimer, in *The Hibbert Journal* for October. He shows from a great number of instances that mutual help and service between organisms is not only the general rule but is indispensable to the welfare alike of the individual and of the whole. The idea that ruthless and often cruel competition was the rule and requisite of successful evolution is shown to be untenable. The cases in which this predatory behavior exists, or seems to exist, are exceptional; and they prove the rule by illustrating in their history the disadvantages of such conduct. For the writer quotes instances showing how parasitism is a lapse from the normal, and how it brings degeneration and destruction upon the organisms that practise it. To quote:

"We are obliged to assume the evolution of life to have depended much more widely than we were hitherto aware upon the character of organisms as workers and (organic) citizens. Evolution depended upon good behavior."

"Faculties of adaptation and of resistance to changing circumstances are of the very essence of individuality and of life. But something is wanted over and above these faculties in order to achieve progress, namely, that the organism do its duties to others in the web of life. It is those incapable of learning a useful industry that are gradually eliminated, much in the same way as wastrels, or hopelessly backward races, are eliminated in the course of human civilization."

Thus the phrase, 'survival of the fittest,' is still as uncompromisingly true as ever it was, but does not mean quite the same. It now means the survival of those that do their duty.

"There is a system of elaborate service of one organism to another; and this system is practically universal, though of extraordinary variety and diverse degrees of intimacy. From this it should not be too long a step to the further recognition that there exists a definite system of organic sociality, in which the good of the whole takes precedence of the good of the individual or of the species, and, according to which, 'status' is achieved by widely availing services, *i. e.* genuine merit."

"Merely expedient 'adaptation,' . . . to which Darwinists assign chief importance, is vicious and inevitably destined to failure."

"We have allowed ourselves to be deceived by the transitory and apparent success of depredation, just as nations have long been deceived and led by glittering successes to place their trust in militarism."

An important point comes out strongly from these remarks: that the *character*, and hence the *conduct*, of the organism is an essential feature in evolution. To talk about the influence of environment is to regard one

side of the question only, and to ignore the inevitable other side, namely, what is the nature of that which responds to the environment, and how will it respond. A mass of granite does not respond notably to environment during long ages, except to fall slowly to pieces. It is the *soul* within the organism that responds to environment, and that has the character which determines the conduct. In short, evolution is accomplished by the beings which evolve.

A pronouncement like the above is very welcome as a counterblast to that familiar doctrine that nature is ruthless. Nor do we consider that it is a question of alternative views of nature, either of which may be equally right. We think that this brighter, better view of nature is the true one, and that it is grounded on the real facts. Science, followed in the true impartial spirit, can but lead eventually to the discovery of the truth; and this later view is the product of a closer observation and a longer and more intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of biology.

It would seem to be sympathetic students of nature, like the great French naturalist, Fabre, who arrive at these genuine facts. They are not systematists, and have no foregone conclusions in need of support.

The observer who has made up his mind that nature is a mechanical and chemical process will naturally have his eyes dimmed to anything that proclaims the presence of mind and soul. He will be on the look-out for forces which he can conveniently classify under heads familiar to him in his physical and chemical laboratories. The doctrine that nature is ruled by ruthless competition is after all but a dogma: the facts have belied it. A word even has been coined to express the contrary — symbiosis, co-operation in life.

The word 'Nature' is convenient to use, but people are always apt to be misled by words; and we often let ourselves think as if there were some sort of a God called 'Nature,' which is wise or ruthless and so on. But what is Nature really, if not an immense assemblage of living beings, having various degrees of consciousness, and all striving towards self-expression? Yet this does not quite cover the ground; for a whole is always something more than a mere totality of separate parts. All these numerous lives are embraced in a larger life; and every individual soul or 'monad' that informs an organism is a part of the great World-soul.

Every living creature has two lives: one being that of the world-soul, and the other an individualized life, pertaining to the individual interests of the creature. When the latter unduly predominates, the result is selfishness; and this is a suicidal policy, for it cuts off the individual from part or lot with the whole. And here some further quotations from the article will illustrate the point.

"It has long been known that if a plant, for instance, abandons the path of honest labor

and lapses into parasitism, it will lose the vital chlorophyll apparatus, without which it cannot liberate oxygen. But if the plant ceases to supply oxygen and other organic substances to the animal, the latter will in its turn cease to be able to support the plant as it used to be able to do; and thus further vital endowments have to be surrendered. Invariably, when an organism can be seen to have lapsed into inferior socio-physiological habits, it will be found to have been thereby degraded and rendered physiologically weaker, susceptible to infection, and liable to loss of survival-capacity."

The organism which becomes predatory and parasitic in its habits, refusing to render a *quid pro quo* and to share equitably in the common life, thereby suffers atrophy of some of its necessary powers.

"Misuse is base unredemptive use, *i. e.* a wasteful and retrogressive concentration of powers upon bad ends, and it is stigmatized accordingly by lopsided and antithetic developments and penalized by various forms of nemesis. The wages of biological sin are: deformity, inferiority, disease, degeneration, death. This truth is written large in almost every page of natural history so that he who runs may read. Yet it is denied, since the schools are committed to the erroneous view, which is the corollary of the natural selection theory, that wild nature, being 'naturally selected,' could not harbor disease."

We must refer readers to the article itself for instances — the cuckoo, etc.— which we have not space to quote. They serve admirably to illustrate the truth that selfish competition leads, not to advantage, but to destruction. Hence, if we are to draw from Nature a moral for our conduct, it will be a good moral. We shall learn that the most advantageous thing we can do is our duty; and that if we concentrate all our energies on feathering our own nest, we may find ourselves without a nest to feather, or feathers to feather it with.

We have to a great extent made a fetish of individualism, which has even been preached as an economic doctrine of perfection. The result of individualism seems to be to produce a rapid, concentrated, and lopsided development; and to this the name 'progress' may be given. As long as we remain infatuated with this gospel, it is perhaps natural for us to seek support for it from our gods; which may be the reason for our anxiety to discover its prevalence in Nature. But later experience has shown that the kind of progress produced by this policy is neither wide nor stable. Experience has confirmed the truth, foreknown by the wise, that not ruthless competition but altruism is the true principle of progress. And now, revising Nature, we can find the same truth reflected there.

Individualism will not work, whether it be among the individuals of a nation, or among the nations of the earth. Among nations, individualism is still the gospel: supremacy economic, political, military. The result — war as we know it today. Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise.

RIGHTS, DUTIES, PRIVILEGES

T. HENRY, M. A.

ON August 4, 1789, a large and unruly Parliament of excited men sat in a hall at Versailles. It was the National Assembly of revolutionary France, and it was framing a new constitution for the country. But what was agitating the assembly at the moment was the preamble to that constitution — a Declaration of the Rights of Man. Suddenly one of the members interposed with an amendment. He proposed that the Declaration of the Rights of Man should also be a Declaration of the Duties of Man. His amendment was impatiently rejected, the majority being 575 against 433; and the assembly proceeded to adopt almost unanimously the motion that the preamble should consist only of a Declaration of Rights.

Human nature has not changed much since then. We still hear much about the rights of man. About the duties we do not hear quite so much. The lesson is applicable to the present situation, if at all.

When we demand our rights, or promise other people their rights, the motive concerned is self-interest, the self-interest of an individual or of a class. When duties are spoken of, it is conscience that is appealed to. Which is the better for the welfare and progress of the individual — self-interest or conscience? Which is better for the welfare of the community?

This mention of rights and duties suggests that they are opposed to each other. Rights are pleasant things, and duties are painful things. Rights are what we want and can't get, and duties are what we get and can't want. So perhaps it is advisable to find another word that will suit the case better. That is why the word 'Privileges' was chosen for the third of our title.

What are the Privileges of Man? Do they include the Rights or the Duties or some of both?

I believe that a man's Rights and Duties and Privileges are really all one and the same thing. But the word 'Rights,' in this case, means something that *cannot* be taken away from a man. He does not have to clamor for this kind of Rights; no one can do him out of them.

To be a Man, a human being — is not that privilege enough? Does it not confer power enough? For what is Man?

An ancient emblem represents him as having a human head, the body of a lion, and the wings of an eagle. The human head represents man's intellect; the lion's body, his daring and will-power; the eagle's wings, his power of aspiration. With these divine gifts, man can make

himself what he will; and yet he abrogates them and clamors for lesser things that he calls his rights.

We do not need to clamor for our rights; we only need to *recognise* them. The real Rights of man are his *birthrights*, and we know that he is born of the Spirit as well as of the flesh. Leastwise, however the doctrine and theology may run, it is an indisputable fact that you and I are somehow mysteriously endowed with a Mind and a Heart and a Will and a good many other things that money cannot buy and thieves cannot steal. The sooner we recognise these gifts, the sooner we shall have our Rights. The sooner we exercise these gifts, the sooner we shall do our Duties. And, as to Privileges, all this will be privilege enough and to spare. Let us claim our Birthrights.

Would you like to be a strong man or a weak man? A strong man is self-dependent, but a weak man is always leaning on other people. The weak man has his eyes fixed on the past and on the future, but never on the present. The future is always getting away from him as he goes, like his shadow thrown before him; and the past is always receding from him. Only the present stays with him, but this he seems to have no use for. He is the unpractical man. The weak man is affected by the opinions of others, by praise and blame; he is alternately exhilarated and depressed by the turns of fortune. He lives in an atmosphere of expectation and fear and is a creature of vain emotion. The strong man simply takes his life as he finds it and acts strongly here and now in the present place and the present moment.

Why be a weakling? Why not face boldly the life in which you find yourself and determine to utilize your wonderful resources to the full?

Surely it is the venturous man who discovers things. The man who waits for a lead never starts at all. Yet how many people there are today who say feebly that they do not know the mysteries of life, and that they can never know; people who demand to be shown before they will move; people who will stay where they are until they can see something better? These people do not realize that it is often necessary to take a step *first* before you can see where to plant the next step.

If you would discover something about the mysteries of your own nature, you must have faith enough and grit enough to start. You must not wait for knowledge to fall into your lap. The kingdom of heaven has to be taken by might; it will not throw itself at our heads.

When we try to imagine the future of humanity, and can think of nothing better than a lot of people, of different classes, all clamoring for what they consider their rights, we do not get a very edifying picture. What is needed is that people should be taught to recognise their *privileges* — the rights that they have, not the rights that they think they ought

to have. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you," means that, if you attend to your duties, your rights will take care of themselves.

Surely it is a privilege to have duties!

Man has many more rights and privileges than he thinks he has. What he is clamoring for is a mere pittance. There are rights and privileges waiting to be claimed; but they are the price of duty. A man who has not the faith or the grit to do his duty will stay where he is and will go on hungering for his rights. But the man who recognises that duty is his privilege will obtain all the rights he expects — and more.

And remember that your better nature has its rights as well as your inferior nature. Why not give it a chance? And it is just because you will not give it a chance that 'Fate' steps in and does it for you. The human race would soon perish from self-indulgence if it were left to choose its own fate according to its selfish desires. Fortunately, a power wiser and stronger than our selfish desires steps in and gives us what is good for us. What is this power? It is the power that rules our destiny; it is our own real Self, the light behind our mind, the guiding star of our lives. Why not recognise its claims and admit that our higher nature has also its rights and privileges?

To follow duty is simply to recognise the claims of our higher nature. What we call duties are the rights of our higher nature; and when we sacrifice a duty to a personal pleasure, we starve our higher nature to feed our lower.

So much has been dinned into our ears about our animal nature that it is time a little more was told us about that spark of divine creative fire that is in all of us. Then perhaps we would have more self-reliance and not be expecting so much from systems and regulations. If you think you are as good as the other man, it is up to you to show it. No doubt social conditions are wrong in many points; but they would stand a better chance of righting themselves if a little more of the spirit of true self-reliance and self-respect were abroad in the world.

BE content; as you are is the good law's care for you. Expect nothing; for the good law will bring to you all you have earned and nothing else. No king nor power, save yourself, can either hasten or retard your wage. And against you the good law will win finally — with happiness for you. So divine is the care for you; your regard for the law and its Giver, the Supreme, need be your only concern.— *F. P.*

METHODS OF PAINTING — MODERN AND ORIENTAL

C. J. RYAN

FRESCO painting derives its name from the *fresh* wet plaster upon which the colors are laid. Nothing but pure water is necessary to mix with the powder-colors, for they sink into the wet plaster and become chemically incorporated with it. Only certain colors that are not injured by lime can be used, however. The process requires great decision, speed, and skill on the part of the artist; retouching is almost out of the question when once the plaster is dry. Each morning the amount of plaster to be painted that day is prepared freshly, and the drawing traced upon it. The joints between each day's work are made, as far as possible, at the outlines, and the new plaster smoothed together with the old as neatly as may be. Careful examination shows how much the great painters could cover in a day. In the 'School of Athens' Raphael painted one entire figure in a day, and far larger pieces of the background, a proof of his marvelous knowledge and skill.

Imagine the stupendous task faced by Michelangelo when executing his masterpiece, the frescoes on the roof of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican! A large portion of this immense ceiling sloped forwards towards him, and much of the work had to be done while he lay on his back. It took four years and a half to complete, and it is hardly surprising that he should condemn the new-fangled process of oil-painting, just introduced into Italy by Antonio da Messina, with its convenience and facility, as "only fit for women and children." When asked to paint the 'Last Judgment' on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel in oil, he declined, and insisted on executing it in fresco.

Not the least of the difficulties of fresco is that errors are practically irretrievable: if too serious the spoiled part must be cut right off the wall. When first applied the colors are faint and spectral, and have to be continually reinforced. Pure fresco has none of the strength of color to which we are accustomed in oil-painting, and in this it also differes from tempera, which has far more richness and depth. Very rarely the attempt is made to retouch fresco painting after the plaster has hardened and dried, but this is usually a complete failure, the colors turning black; at best the new and the old work does not blend pleasantly.

Fresco reached its aesthetic climax in the mighty hands of Raphael and Michelangelo, but technical perfection had been reached in Italy long before. Titian's great frescoes were all burnt but one, and Leonardo

da Vinci's masterpiece, the 'Last Supper,' is not a true fresco, but an extraordinary combination of processes, mostly oil and tempera, a great experiment which was not a success, for its present state is tragically ruinous. It was *repaired* — not restored — lately by Professor Cavenaghi with extreme skill and loving care, and more of the original work was found intact than was previously believed to exist.

Fresco painting is intimately associated with architecture. It becomes an integral part of a wall, not something stuck on, and its quiet colors and broad simplicity blend harmoniously with the lights and shadows of large buildings. Its great technical difficulties have caused its general abandonment in favor of the easier process of oil-painting, but a few painters still practise it, particularly in Italy; in Germany an enthusiastic group revived it in the last century. Several public buildings in America have been decorated with frescoes within recent years, and new processes, designed to avoid the need of finishing while the plaster is wet, have been invented, but none has been tested by the severe discipline of time.

Oil-painting is so familiar that one might be excused in believing that it had always been as popular as it is today, but, if we except the cave-paintings of the Stone-Age mentioned in 'Ancient Painting,' December THEOSOPHICAL PATH, very little is known of any process in which oil or grease was mixed with pigments until a few hundred years ago. There are vague reports of oil-pictures requiring constant fires to dry them in the chambers of the queen of Edward I of England, but the methods must have been very unsatisfactory. Suddenly, in the fifteenth century, two brilliant geniuses, the brothers Hubert and Jan Van Eyck of Bruges in Belgium produced pictures by a new process which, though not exactly the same as modern oil-painting, led directly toward it. The Van Eyck process, with its extraordinary jewel-like brilliancy, is lost, though their immediate successors certainly knew some or perhaps all of their secret, for the later Dutch and Flemish painters continued to produce pictures in oil which resemble those of the Van Eycks, and Antonello da Messina took valuable information to Italy which was the foundation of the great school of Italian oil-painting. The latest scientific theory of the Van Eyck process is that their medium was composed of egg mixed with an oil and resin varnish. This substance appears to be a very thin, supple, and delicate material, brilliant as a precious stone and capable of preserving the freshness and clearness of the colors. The ultimate secret has vanished in the same way as that of the mysterious violin varnish of Cremona. Is it possible that the discovery of the ingredients of the one would give the clue to the constitution of the other?

But Michelangelo's great authority was not able to hinder the progress of the oil-process; and Raphael was soon adopting a form of oil-technique.

The great Venetian colorists followed, and soon Tintoretto had the glory of painting the largest and one of the finest oil-pictures in the world, the famous 'Crucifixion' in the Doge's Palace, Venice. It is 74 feet long and 34 feet high. Rubens in Flanders then astonished the world by covering acres of canvas with a magnificence of opulent coloring never before approached, at least in modern times. Then Rembrandt, now acknowledged as one of the supremely great masters, after many years of neglect, showed the power the new oil-process possessed to represent the mystery and depth of shadows, impossible to fresco. Velásquez, equally gifted, but in a different way, brought the possibilities of oil-painting to their culmination in rendering subtilties of tone, values, and atmosphere.

Effects of light and shade, strength of color, and bold contrast are most easily attained in oil-painting. It allows, nay encourages, retouching, and is eminently suited to produce the impression of realism so much admired among western peoples, but which often obscures the more spiritual qualities of art. It is the very antithesis of Oriental painting on rice-paper or silk, which makes its appeal more to the spiritual than to the material.

Oil-painting has many dangers in respect to permanency, at least as we generally handle it, though we have a far greater knowledge of applied chemistry than our ancestors and have a wider range of materials to employ. In earlier times the Guilds of Painters protected both the patrons of art from the imposition of inferior materials and their own members from the competition of incapables, but gradually the simple wisdom of the older schools was brushed aside or forgotten till finally perfect chaos prevailed as to the advantages or disadvantages of paints, mediums, and prepared surfaces on which to paint. In the eighteenth century the great portrait painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, spent years in largely unsuccessful experiments to discover the lost secrets. It is said that he or another once destroyed a Titian to learn the secret of the rich coloring. To his delight a brilliant crimson surface was found, but a little more scraping revealed a portrait of King George III in his robes. The 'Titian' was a recent forgery! Reynolds' experiments were useless; his pictures began to fade and crack soon after they left his studio. Turner, the greatest landscape painter, is another awful example of ignorance of chemistry and disregard of simplicity, especially in his later years when he mixed oil and water-color and tried wild experiments to get brilliancy.

There is no excuse today for undue fading, cracking or darkening of oil-pictures, for chemistry has provided us with all the permanent colors we need, and excellent books of warning and advice are accessible. Unfortunately, few art-students know anything about the materials they use. It was different in the fifteenth century. What was known about the

manufacture and use of art materials had to be thoroughly learned by the apprentice. Cennini, an authority of that age, said:

"Know then this is the term of time necessary to learn painting. First, a year to learn elementary drawing. Six years must thou spend with thy master in his workshop to become acquainted with all the branches of our art, beginning with grinding colors, boiling pastes, kneading plaster, then becoming skillful in the preparation of panels. . . . After this thou wilt need six more years to study color, etc., to practice working upon walls, and all this time thou must draw incessantly. . . . Thus a natural aptitude becomes, by perpetual practice, excellent skill. . . ."

Do we not lose, by our hasty methods and our habit of buying everything ready-made at the stores, something valuable which the long apprenticeship to practical as well as aesthetic labors gave the students who did not live in an age of short-cuts like ours? A few attempts have been made in modern times to revive the methods of training of the older schools of painting. Toward the end of the nineteenth century Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R. A., the well-known Anglo-Bavarian portrait-painter, established a colony of young artists in a country village near London, where they worked under his personal supervision with excellent results. Among them were many American students, and some distinguished painters of today owe a debt of gratitude to the generous help of Herkomer who made no personal profit out of his teaching. Mr. Lorado Taft, the eminent sculptor, has tried a similar experiment in Chicago.

Water-color painting, a modern development of tempera painting, in which the stale eggs are replaced by gums and honey, is so familiar that it needs no more than a mention. If the paper is of good quality and the colors used are of absolute permanency, water-colors protected by glass will probably keep their brilliancy far longer than most oil paintings.

The illumination of manuscripts is a variety of water-color or tempera that comes down to us from early Egyptian days; the so-called *Book of the Dead* is a fine example. Byzantium and Ireland produced magnificent early Christian manuscripts. The famous *Book of Kells* of the seventh century is a convincing proof of the high state of culture in Ireland at that remote period, when Ireland was the intellectual leader of western Europe. The delicacy of the handiwork is so marvelous that it requires a strong magnifier to appreciate the beauty of the innumerable intricate patterns on every page. The colors are still brilliant and are most harmonious. The Irish illuminators obtained a wonderful purple from the whelk (Murex), a shellfish found on the shores of Ireland, a relative of the one that produced the famous Tyrian purple. The extraction of the color seems to be another 'lost art.'

A word must be said about Glass-Painting, a very interesting branch of art now in an unsatisfactory state. When the great builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries began to enlarge the size of the

church-windows, the opportunity was not lost by the painters, but the art of window-coloring was really perfected by the year 1140, in France. The earlier style of glass-decoration consisted of small pieces of colored glass cut into shapes giving the general appearance of figures or ornaments outlined by supporting lines of lead. These flat pieces were sometimes touched up with a brown pigment fused into the colored base, but this early method depended upon a sumptuous display of rich and harmonious colored lights, a jewel-like blaze of splendor, rather than upon any detailed painting. Nothing more beautiful in color-pattern than the early French stained glass can be imagined. We cannot even imitate it, and the destruction in war of such windows is an irreplaceable loss. The later and more sophisticated style was developed in Flanders in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and consists of elaborately painted pictures executed on plain glass in transparent enamel colors burnt in under great heat, like china-painting. Another method, rarely used, is to use oil colors.

Oriental Painting

THE Japanese are naturally an artistic people — they have been called the Greeks of the modern age — and they acquire in childhood a greater sensitiveness or skill in the use of the fingers than is common in western lands. This is partly due to the employment of the national implement for conveying food to the mouth, the elegant wooden chopstick, which requires greater dexterity than our clumsier spoons and forks, and partly from the laborious training in writing with a paint-brush the complicated and beautiful characters of the Chinese and Japanese script, making a firm foundation for the refinements of their painting. The following quotation from Mr. Bowie's authoritative work, *The Laws of Japanese Painting*, will be found instructive; he is a distinguished painter in the Japanese style, and recognised as a leader by Japanese critics:

"In Japanese painting no oil colors are used. Sumi (a black paint in cake form) and water colors are employed, while the Chinese and Japanese paper and prepared silk take the place of canvas or other materials. Silk is prepared by sizing with alum and light glue. . . . It has been found that paper lasts much longer than silk, and can also be more easily restored when cracked by age. Much care, much thought, and skill have been expended upon the manufacture of the brush. There are brushes for flowers and birds, human beings, landscapes, lines of garments, lines of the face, for laying on color, for shading, etc. An artist will lay on color with one brush and shade off the color with another, both brushes being held at the same time in the same hand, but with different fingers. . . . *Sumi*, the use of which is the really distinguishing feature of Japanese painting, is a solid made of the soot produced by burning certain plants combined with glue from deer horn. Commercial Indian Ink resembles *sumi* in appearance but is very inferior in quality. The methods of *sumi* manufacture are carefully guarded secrets. In Tokio there is one man who has devoted fifty years of his life to the study and compounding of this precious article. There was once a dark blue *sumi*, but the art and secret of its manufacture are lost. In using *sumi* the cake is moistened and rubbed on a slab. . . . It is a singular

fact that the color of the *sumi* will differ according to the manner in which it is rubbed on the stone, and it must be used while fresh. Artists are readily recognised in their work by their manner of using *sumi*. The color, the shadings, and the flow of the ink enable us even to determine the disposition or state of mind of the artist at the time of painting, so sensitive, so responsive is *sumi* to the mood of the artist using it. It is more difficult to paint with the black *sumi* alone than to paint with the aid of colors which can hide defects. The Japanese regard black as a color."

To understand Japanese painting thoroughly, a practical knowledge of an immense number of rules must be obtained by years of study. These rules appear at first to be artificial and forced, if not even trivial. For instance: a certain kind of line is to be used for drawing the garments of holy personages, another for men of learning, another for beggars, and so forth. There are even rules for the outlines of ghosts! Then there is an established order in which the features of the human face and the separate parts of certain plants are to be painted, and the patterns or formulas for representing the foliage of twelve distinct kinds of trees have to be learned. There are special rules for painting for the so-called 'Paragons,' the Orchid, the Plum, the Bamboo, and the Chrysanthemum, and there are elaborate laws for the composition of pictures. The rules, however, are not cramping or childish; they are helpful and not tyrannical, and they lead away from the personal and limited to a larger view of nature: they may also be transcended on proper occasions. Formal and artificial though they may appear to the uninformed, they are really based on fundamental truths discovered by great intuitive thinkers in the past, and, as we have to admit by the results, they actually work out in things of beauty and significance. The Oriental artist is not bound down by the rules like a slave, as can be seen by the variety of individual styles. He is an Impressionist and a Post-Impressionist on sane lines; he aims for the expression in line and color of what he feels. In painting from nature great liberty is allowed if the spirit of the scene or the impression the artist wishes to convey is not obscured. Sesshu, a great painter of the fifteenth century, when painting his native village, introduced a five-storied pagoda that was not really there. When his attention was called to this he said he had done it unconsciously because a pagoda ought to have been there; and to make the real scene perfect he built a pagoda there at his own expense.

One of the reasons Japanese and the older Chinese painting makes such a profound appeal to our sense of fitness and beauty is that its rules are based on true philosophic principles derived from the Chinese Theosophy. For example, many of the rules are the outcome of the knowledge of the great natural principle, so prominent in Theosophical teachings, of the 'Pairs of Opposites,' positive and negative, light and darkness, masculine and feminine, the straight and the curved, etc. In Japan this

is called *YO* and *IN*. It would lead us too far to examine this subject more closely now; enough has been said to show that the care taken by the Japanese in the selection of their art-materials and their thorough method of training is what we should expect from their high position in the world of art. The best Chinese and Japanese work has the marvelous power of expressing intense artistic feeling with the very minimum of material substance. It well exemplifies the fundamental basis of art, expressed by Bulwer in these words:

"Art does not imitate Nature, but founds herself on the study of Nature — takes from Nature the selections which best accord with its own intuition, and then bestows upon them that which Nature does not possess, viz., the mind and soul of man."

MAN AND HIS SOUL

H. TRAVERS, M.A.

"Now we know that everything good and great came out of the soul of man. It created everything that makes civilization — state, church, all the arts and industries, and every institution. Man created all the languages, all the myths, and all religions, heavens, and hells; he made all the Bibles, and all the gods from highest to lowest evolved from his soul. True, God made man, but before that, many now tell us, man made God."

— DR. STANLEY HALL in *The Century*

THIS is one of the remarks, which we now so frequently meet, that show how people's convictions are turning towards the Theosophical teaching — that the Soul in man is the source of power and knowledge and help. But the writer finds some difficulty in making this view square with the doctrines of evolution at present currently accepted. He says: "Man made himself out of a very hairy and savage anthropoid."

This statement, in fact, does not agree with the ordinary view of evolution; for the latter makes man's intelligence a result of the evolution of the anthropoid. This result was brought about by some accident — some particular use of the hands or eyes or by the adoption of an erect attitude, according to various theories; but the writer's view seems to suggest that man existed as an independent being, prior to the anthropoid, and that he deliberately utilized the anthropoid as a factor in his own evolution. This is certainly an improvement on the ordinary idea of human evolution, and a considerable approach to the Theosophical view.

It is of course impossible to explain evolution at all without premising the duality of mind and matter, and stating that mind is the active agent, and matter the material with which mind works. We cannot represent

mind as a product of matter without perpetrating a logical absurdity, leading to hopeless confusion. Even an animal is a conscious soul operating in a physical organism; so that everywhere in nature we see intelligence at work, evolving matter into numerous forms and expressing itself in an endless variety of ways. But in man there is a quite special and peculiar intelligence; it is self-conscious and able to contemplate itself. This makes man different from all animals, not in degree merely but also in kind.

Before man ever existed on earth as a physical being, he had already existed as a disincarnate Mind for long ages; and the taking of a physical organism was but a particular step in his evolution. This is mentioned in the Bible allegory under the term "coats of skin."

But it is not from the anthropoids that man has thus physically descended. The anthropoids are a degenerative issue from certain early races of humanity. They are on the down-grade; they are considered by some to be on the road to extinction. Their infants are more man-like than their adults.

All things had their origin in spirit, evolution having originally begun from above and working downwards.

"There has been a gradual materialization of forms until a fixed ultimate of debasement is reached. This point is that at which the modern doctrine of evolution enters the arena of speculative hypothesis."— *Isis Unveiled*

The full teachings as to the evolution of man can be learned from the Theosophical books. Our present point is that the human Soul is not a product of animal evolution, but an independent power that pre-existed all organisms. This is the conclusion to which contemporary thought seems to be more and more tending; and, as far as conduct is concerned, the logical issue is that we must seek the source of light and strength within ourselves. We can find nothing greater than our own Soul; for, however deeply we may search, we shall never fathom the depths of that Soul. Human faculty is infinite, and even the ordinary doctrines of evolution must admit that incalculable vistas of progress lie before humanity. But the ordinary doctrines of evolution do not attempt to say whence the power and stimulus for this progress is to come; for these doctrines represent evolution as a mysterious process without assignable cause. The best they can suggest is that all potency of development is in some way wrapped in the original germ. This is tantamount to saying that the original germ is the deity or the equal of the deity. The germ seems to be the scientific equivalent for the soul; and, if we do not reduce matter to soul, we can reduce it no further than to a speck of matter itself. Behind matter must lie something that is not matter — mind or soul; for one is obliged to use vague terms. In man the prime cause of evolu-

tion and progress is the soul, the very thing which the writer bids us recognise and trust in.

It is true enough that, as biology says, we inherit primitive and animal instincts; but it cannot be true that these instincts will turn into the high conceptions of duty and conscience that distinguish man. These latter are from another source. The animal creation are the younger brothers of man, copying him in various humble ways; but the evolutionists have put the cart before the horse. Man needs to realize that he has a soul; or rather that the soul is his real self; and then he can set about bringing that soul into greater manifestation in his life.

It will of course be understood that this soul, to which a place of such importance is being given, cannot be the mere personality of man; though doubtless there are some people who would regard the soul as a mere enlargement of the personality, and consider self-development as something tending to personal advantage. But the sense of personal separateness is the great delusion that stands in the way of man's higher evolution; and by cherishing his personality he dwarfs his soul-life. The watchword of a man who aspires to the higher evolution must be Duty, which means the recognition of a higher law and obedience thereto. A true Theosophical student is one who, firmly believing the teachings, does his best to practise them in his daily life; and he learns step by step how the faults of egotism, self-love, prejudice, passion, etc. interfere with his well-being and shut him out from knowledge. The influence of the soul is recognised in the aspiration for a larger life than that of personal emotions; and he gladly accepts the opportunities for impersonal service which may come to him in the course of his experience.

DISINTEGRATION OR REINTEGRATION?

H. A. FUSSELL

DISINTEGRATION or reintegration, that is the question facing the civilized world today. We have arrived at one of those culminating periods which occur in history, if we take a large enough survey of it, at regularly recurring cycles, when forces which have been slowly accumulating for centuries burst forth with terrific intensity and threaten to sweep all before them.

Leaving aside, for the moment, the vanquished nations, which are manfully striving, against great odds, to rehabilitate themselves, it has been remarked that we see nowhere that exhilaration and confidence

usually associated with great victories. The costs of victory have been too great. Moreover, the nations of the world today are bound together by ties of solidarity, economic and otherwise, which do not permit of the exploitation of the vanquished beyond a certain point, the impoverishment of one nation reacting inevitably upon the others. It is becoming increasingly evident that reciprocity is the only safe guide in political as it is in industrial and commercial relations.

Not only is the international situation most serious, but grave questions of interior policy are demanding solution from every government in the world. Likewise is there everywhere increase of crime, nowhere absolute security. To such an extent have the foundations of society been imperiled that it has been seriously debated whether modern civilization is not showing signs of breaking under the strain.

A survey of the world reveals division and strife well-nigh everywhere, and no great unifying influence at work to hold back the forces of disintegration. Two nations, Germany and Ireland, are in the throes of rebirth, Italy has barely escaped civil war, there is class warfare in others, all are drifting from their old moorings without knowing whither. Occident and Orient are engaged in a conflict of contradictory aims and ideals, the latter refusing any longer to be exploited in the interest of the former. Even the native races of Africa are becoming restive under the rule of the whites, who have portioned out almost the whole of the continent among themselves. A ferment has gone forth over the whole world, and people are asking what will be the outcome. It is no ordinary period of transition through which we are passing — we have traversed many such safely already — the present time is one of the pivotal epochs of history, when received principles of human conduct are challenged and the future of mankind decided, perhaps for long ages to come.

History, as usually conceived, is the narration of the most important events in the life of humanity, from the earliest times to the present day. Mere annals, however, are not history; with no connecting thread and telling us nothing of the great drama of life, they become monotonous and at last meaningless. So the chronicler involves into a philosopher, seeking some law which shall co-ordinate the mass of facts with which he has to deal. These are generally considered to be sufficiently explained by referring them to economic causes, to the *milieu*, to national and racial antagonism and conflicting religious ideals. The reasoning that, as all empires owe their existence to war, they must therefore be maintained by war, is Darwinism applied to history, and while true up to a certain point, does not go to the root of the matter. It leaves entirely out of account man as he really is; ignoring what is divine in him, it conceives of a stage in his development during which the soul has not yet fully

realized itself, being still hampered by the lower nature, which it is seeking to bring into subjection, as if it were his whole history.

Man prides himself on being *above* the animal, which is led by instinct, while he is guided by reason and intelligence — at least he professes to be. Yet he devotes much study and thought to war, and devises new methods of suffering in order to gain dominion over his fellows. In so doing he outdoes not only the 'savage' in ingenious cruelty, but he sinks below the beast, which is not *deliberately* cruel, but simply acts according to its nature, and is therefore irresponsible. Not so man, who, according to his own showing, *is* responsible. His boasted civilization is, then, a caricature, or at best, but a thin veneer; for his lower instincts, which, if he were civilized, he would have outgrown, break out *periodically*, get the better of his divine nature, and he indulges in an orgy of destruction from which it requires several generations to recover.

In 1888, referring to the so-called law of the 'struggle for life,' which was then being hailed as the greatest discovery of modern thought, H. P. Blavatsky said:

"this *pseudo*-law is a 'pretended' law indeed, as far as the human family is concerned, and a fiction of the most dangerous kind. 'Self-preservation,' on these lines, is indeed and in truth a sure, if a slow suicide, for it is a policy of mutual homicide, because men by descending to its practical application among themselves merge more and more by a retrograde reinvolution into the animal kingdom. This is what the 'struggle for life' is in reality, even on the purely materialistic lines of political economy. Once that this axiomatic truth is proved to all men, the same instinct of self-preservation, only if directed into its true channel, will make them turn to *altruism* — as their surest policy of salvation. . . . The 'struggle for existence' applies only to the physical, never to the moral plane of being. . . .

"It is not violence that can ever insure bread and comfort to all; nor is the kingdom of peace and love, of mutual help and charity and 'food for all,' to be conquered by a cold, reasoning, diplomatic policy. It is only by the close brotherly union of men's inner SELVES, of soul-solidarity, of the growth and development of that feeling which makes one suffer when one thinks of the suffering of others, that the reign of Justice and equality for all can ever be inaugurated."

At Geneva, on the 26th of September, 1922, Lord Robert Cecil presented the report of the Disarmament Committee to the League of Nations. He is of opinion that considerations of humanity will always be jettisoned in warfare. Summing up his speech, the *Manchester Guardian* says:

"Whatever agreements may be made to limit the weapons of war, in a life and death struggle all weapons will be used. Since the war enormous developments have been made in the size and effectiveness of aerial bombs now said to be ten times as destructive as in the 'war to end war.' To these must be added the terrors of poison gas and germs. Great cities can now be annihilated in a few hours. . . . The export of weapons of destruction is responsible for much of the war recently waged in Europe. 'It is called business enterprise,' said Lord Robert Cecil. 'I believe I should be inclined to give it a harsher name.' He ended by saying: 'The nations of the world must disarm or perish. The choice is between life and death. If they will not take the way of safety, let them face that of destruction. And their blood be on their own heads.' "

These are plain words, but no sane man, conversant with facts, could come to any other conclusion. They are a solemn warning of the danger of delay in the face of threatened disintegration.

In the same month of September of this year the Episcopal Bishops of the United States, assembled in Convention at Portland, Oregon, declared themselves unanimously in favor of the following resolutions: "the spirit of Christian brotherhood can remove every unjust barrier of trade, color, creed, and race; . . . international policies should secure equal justice for all races; . . . we believe in a sweeping reduction on armaments." In this last matter several prominent newspapers, both in this country and abroad, have gone a step further, and have printed articles calling for 'moral disarmament,' stressing the fact that it is above all necessary to alter the mental attitude of the nations towards one another. Until this is done there can be no enduring peace, for a realinement of the nations will precipitate a fresh outbreak of force in the attempt to recover lost prestige or regain former possessions.

The State, the Church, and the Press ; is it too much to hope that they will unite in a propaganda of justice, brotherhood, and peace? In the past all three have preached war and fomented war. Religious wars have always been distinguished by their cruelty, and still more by their fanaticism and hatred. In spite of all this it does seem, to use Mr. Judge's words in an article on 'Cycles,' written in 1889, that "a beneficent impulse" had been communicated to this generation from some higher and — to most men — unknown source. And he quotes H. P. Blavatsky, who says in *Isis Unveiled:*

"Who knows the possibilities of the future? *An era of disenchantment and of rebuilding will soon begin — nay, has already begun. The cycle has almost run its course; a new one is about to begin,* and the future pages of history may contain full proof that —

> 'If ancestry can be in aught believed,
> Descending spirits have conversed with man,
> And told him secrets of the world unknown.' "

However that may be, it is evident that an increasing number of intelligent men and women, in all walks of life, are recognising as never before the "duty to keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions," and are warning mankind of the catastrophe awaiting it if present methods of education and of shaping public opinion are not speedily and radically changed. If nations can be educated and trained for war, they can be educated and trained for peace. If the leading minds of the principal nations of the world would work out such an educational program and carry it through, universal peace would come within the realm of practical politics and no longer be considered a utopian scheme, the fond dream of aimiable idealists, who refuse to come to grips with reality. The truth is

that it is those who are endeavoring to free the human mind from the hideous nightmare that man is fatally and irremediably evil who have the truest perception of reality. Knowing that man is essentially divine, they appeal to the highest within him, confident that sooner or later the soul will declare itself, put an end to the horrors of war, and inaugurate the reign of brotherhood and peace, refashioning the world in its own image.

Ever since its inception in 1875, the Theosophical Society has endeavored to bring about a better understanding between the nations of the world. "Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity." . . . "The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellow-men and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color." The resolutions adopted by the Episcopal Church Congress referred to above are a tardy recognition of the importance of the work begun nearly fifty years ago by the founders of the Theosophical Society; and a proof, among many others, that Theosophical teachings are beginning to influence the thought of the world. That this will take time, we know; but as Katherine Tingley, the present Leader of the Theosophical Movement throughout the world, says:

"We cannot expect universal peace at once; I know too much of human nature for that. We must learn to trust each other first, individuals and nations both, and we must broaden our ideas as to the meaning of Brotherhood. In all nations today we find great minds bent upon this problem, sincere men and women who are profoundly interested in the welfare of the world. But oh, the time that is wasted, the brain-oil used, the faculties energized to bring about a new order of things in the name of peace — while they have lost sight of the true, the simple, the only way to do it. Brotherhood is the way; that is the keynote of the new age. *Universal Brotherhood means Universal Peace.*"

HOLD FAST

"ENDURANCE is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous club —
One faith against the whole world's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

— *James Russell Lowell*

WILLING OUR OWN FATE

MAGISTER ARTIUM

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE once gave advice to the following effect: that we should never repine at the circumstances we are in, but should try to realize that those circumstances are just what we should have desired for ourself. This does not mean that we should try to force our mind into an unnatural attitude — hypnotize ourself, as it were, into believing something that is not true. It means that we should try to recognise something that is an actual fact. He does not say "try to imagine," but "try to realize."

And truly, the more one studies life, with the illuminating aid of Theosophy, the more does the conviction grow upon one that the will which decrees our fate is our own will. Not the personal will, of course; that is the will that rebels against the fate. And we might equally well use the word 'intelligence' instead of 'will.' Our lot is in accord with a higher intelligence within us, however blind may be our ordinary intelligence.

In regard to this matter of reconciling ourself to our lot, there is one error to be guarded against. We must avoid the mistake of falling into an attitude of fatalism and saying that nothing matters. Maxims should not be pushed to extremes, so as to crowd out all other maxims. A narrow logic might argue that resignation is inconsistent with the idea of progress: that it means stagnation and forbids effort for self-improvement. But to say this is to raise a false antithesis; and one might as well say that the virtues of courage and meekness are incompatible, or those of justice and mercy, or of caution and enterprise. What is being here argued for is a recognition of the law of Karma; and of course there are people who will maintain that Karma is inconsistent with free-will. Yet it has never seemed to comprehensive minds that a recognition of universal law conflicts with man's responsibility and power of initiative, any more than the scientific recognition of natural laws prevents men from utilizing those laws for their own purposes. A man who is down may know that he is a victim of the law of gravity; but that knowledge will not prevent him from getting up again. And similarly, I may be convinced that my sufferings are the natural consequences of causes which I have set in motion; and yet I shall not be disposed to remain inert and helpless under those sufferings.

It is the aim of Theosophy to convince people of the fact that law reigns supreme throughout the whole of life and nature. It is only

ignorance that makes our life seem a puzzle. The more knowledge we have, the more do we understand about our life. There are still many happenings whose causes we cannot trace, and which we therefore attribute to the conduct of some god; but the fact that we do not know does not prove that we cannot know or shall never know. Meanwhile, faith may precede knowledge.

It is in human nature to want to attain knowledge at a bound and to be impatient of degrees. Some sudden revelation or lifting of the veil is expected. Yet attainment usually proceeds by steps; and anyone who begins to give to his life that greater attention which Theosophy demands and makes possible, will surely take such steps in knowledge. He will become more conscious of the defects in his character, and of the nature of those defects; he will be able to define more clearly what it is that he desires and proposes to himself in the way of improvement. And then he may see that such an amelioration can only be brought about by means of certain painful experiences. Then comes the conviction that the painful experiences are actually what he has himself incurred or chosen for the purpose of enabling him to take the desired step in his evolution.

In most people probably the Soul brings about these painful experiences, in pursuit of its own purpose, and in the light of its own knowledge; while the mind is not aware of the meaning of what is going on. But, as we advance in the power of introspection and self-knowledge, the mind realizes more and more clearly what the Soul is doing, and consents instead of rebelling.

There is always the tendency to regard the attainment of knowledge as something very great and mysterious, and to overlook the importance of everyday events. We say that some time we may be great or wise — some time in the far future, in another incarnation perhaps. Do we, then, expect to become great and wise all at a bound? If not, then we must become so by degrees; and when are we going to begin? It may be that attainment will come, not as some marvelous and ecstatic revelation, but in some quite unexciting and commonplace way; just as the real tests and trials of the aspirant are found in the little happenings of daily life, instead of in some special and grandiose probation.

Hence it is always possible — even likely — that we may pass some barrier that will make life look ever after different; and trials are just what is most likely to bring about this result.

To the earnest student of life, anxious to find truth and reality in his experiences, every condition of fortune becomes matter for serious study; and he may find it just as difficult to know how to cope with the experiences usually called pleasant as with those usually called painful. All experiences are alike opportunities for study and introspection.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

The great difference between the Theosophical conception of life and that held by some religious mystics, is that these latter regard this world as a state of probation to be endured in expectation of a blessed release; while Theosophy looks towards the gradual perfection of all humanity on this earth. The prepossessions of these religious devotees warp their intuitions into visions of celestial glory and angelic minstrations; they believe that they have a special revelation from deity or a special visit from an angel. But Theosophy teaches that there is in every man a source of knowledge and of faith, hope, and love; and that source is his own Higher Self.

Therefore the attitude to be taken towards our painful experiences is not one of helpless resignation but one of understanding and willing consent, so far as we may find ourselves able to adopt this attitude. And if at times of stress we fall back from our faith, we can regain it when the stress is over; and thus next time we shall have more faith.

SAPPHICS OF THE MEADOWLARK

KENNETH MORRIS

MUTE the wide road, flecked with the palm-tree shadows;
O'er the green-bronze glint of the moveless tree-tops
Loomed the hills, deep blue as a bullace bloom-flushed;
San Bernardino's

God-lit pearl-flame, dim in the blue remoteness
Far off northward, shone with his snows and shadows,
Mute . . . and then, flute-sweet through the morning peace, a
Meadowlark's song broke. . . .

When these worlds woke (so was I moved to musing)
What was it sang then, waking the primal loneness,—
Sang, shrill, flute-sweet? Was it that time had dreamed my
Meadowlark was warbling?

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THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA

P. A. MALPAS

WHO and what was Apollonius of Tyana? The question is natural enough in an age when everything is out of perspective and proportion. Volumes, libraries, might be written in support of the answer we shall give, but they would only confirm the opinion of those who know the fact already, and probably fail to satisfy those who would not be convinced that B follows A unless they had it from the lips of some favorite authority. The few in between who are reasonably ready to investigate, and so form an opinion if they find sufficient grounds, may be left to study the matter elsewhere than in a short popular digest of the life and teachings of the philosopher.

Briefly, then, Apollonius, 'the Tyanean,' was the spiritual mainspring of the century 1, 'A. D.,' for Greece and Europe. In plain language, he was immeasurably the greatest man of the years that covered Roman history from the days of Augustus to the death of Domitian and after. Roughly speaking, he lived from the time assigned to the birth of Jesus to A. D. 96 and a little beyond, perhaps passing the goal of a century of mortal years, and living through the reigns of twelve great Roman Emperors.

Why he was the greatest man of the time was because he was the spiritual center of the western world; and as spirituality surpasses intellect more even than intellect does brute force, so his greatness surpassed that of all his contemporaries. The fact that intellect and the animal power of militarism are more spectacular and better advertised has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Nor does it matter in the least that spiritual power to very many may be a vague sort of term that means anything or nothing. If it is not understood as a real thing, then it will be, someday. Enough that there are always some who have it and always some who understand it. The difficulty for the historian is that a spiritual character usually loves the utmost privacy, and if some few facts of his life become public, it is somewhat rare to find anything of his personality in history. Often he is but a name, though fragments of his teachings may last through the ages. Precisely this would have been the case with Apollonius, had not a group of mystics under the Empress Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus, the Emperor so well known in Britain, gathered information about him and edited and published the diary of his Assyrian disciple, Damis. There is reason to believe that

this diary or history, as edited, has a double signification, being on the one hand a plain narrative with some few rather 'far-fetched' and seemingly absurd passages, and on the other a mystical and symbolical history in which the much-derided absurdities are often a kind of code or cipher linking the disjointed portions of the complete plan or disguising in technically mystic language things of a nature private to the mystic and forbidden to the profane.

Needless to say, this abridgment, based on the translation of the Rev. Edward Berwick, is merely a narrative and a record of teachings. For the complete work, and a scholarly translation of the book by Philostratus, nothing can be better than that of Conybeare.

All we wish to do and all we claim to do, is to present the simple narrative and the philosophy that has been given to the public in a short and readable form, for the use and pleasure of those who cannot delve into the Greek and do not wish to make the task of reading the history of Apollonius too long. In these days of personality-worship it may be necessary to say that the philosophy of Apollonius is the important thing, while his personality is subordinate.

It will be convenient to give here one or two quotations from contemporary literature, but with the exception of course of what H. P. Blavatsky says, it may be asserted that nothing new or of any importance on the subject has hitherto been given to the public. We mention H. P. Blavatsky in this way, because she had access to the records of the school of philosophy to which Apollonius belonged, and what she says may be relied upon. She had written a volume about such men, stating that it would or would not be published according as the public showed a capacity for appreciating the information at its true value. The volume was ready some years before she died in 1891, but as it was never published we may suppose that the world was not ready for it.

But in *Isis Unveiled* and in the *Theosophical Glossary* she mentions one or two interesting matters.

"The greatest teachers of divinity agree that nearly all ancient books were written symbolically and in a language intelligible only to the initiated. The biographical sketch of Apollonius of Tyana affords an example. As every Kabalist knows, it embraces the whole of the Hermetic philosophy, being a counterpart in many respects to the traditions left us of King Solomon. It reads like a fairy story, but, as in the case of the latter, sometimes facts and historical events are presented to the world under the colors of a fiction. The journey to India represents allegorically the trials of a neophyte. His long discourses with the Brâhmanas, their sage advice, and the dialogs with the Corinthian Menippus would, if interpreted, give the esoteric catechsim. His visit to the empire of the wise men, and interview with their king Iarchas, the oracle of Amphiaraus, explain symbolically many of the secret dogmas of Hermes. They would disclose, if understood, some of the most important secrets of nature. Éliphas Lévi points out the great resemblance which exists between King Iarchas and the fabulous Hiram, of whom Solomon procured the cedars of Lebanon and the gold of Ophir. We would

like to know whether modern Masons, even 'Grand Lecturers' and the most intelligent craftsmen belonging to important lodges, understand who the *Hiram* is whose death they combine together to avenge?" — *Isis Unveiled*, I, 19

It is always necessary to read H. P. Blavatsky's statements with care, if one would avoid misconception. The above remarks do not impugn the veracity of the historical narrative as given by Philostratus in 210 A. D., but they do show that the historicity is not the most important part, and that some of it is doubtless purely symbolical. But, as has often happened, very much history may be true as fact and yet used as allegory. Examples of such books will occur to every European.

"Jesus, Apollonius, and some of the apostles, had the power to cast out *devils*, by purifying the atmosphere *within* and *without* the patient, so as to force the unwelcome tenant to flight."
— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 356

"No apostle, with the exception perhaps of healing by mesmeric power, has ever equaled Apollonius of Tyana; and the scandal created among the apostles by the miracle-doing Simon Magus, is too notorious to be repeated here again. 'How is it,' asks Justin Martyr, in evident dismay, 'how is it that the talismans of Apollonius (the *telesmata*) have power in certain members of creation, for they prevent, *as we see*, the fury of the waves, and the violence of the winds, and the attacks of wild beasts; and whilst our Lord's miracles are preserved by tradition alone, those of Apollonius *are most numerous*, and actually manifested in present facts, so as to lead astray all beholders?' This perplexed martyr solves the problem by attributing very correctly the efficacy and potency of the charms used by Apollonius to his profound knowledge of the sympathies and antipathies (or repugnances) of nature."
— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 97

This passage occurs in a work "attributed to Justin Martyr." The unfledged curate, or whatever he should be called in those days, had to be fortified in his ignorance against people who *would* ask awkward questions and refused to be denied an answer. So we have a list of possible and probable posers and a considered reply that the young ecclesiastic may give to escape the dilemma. This was one of such questions, and it is not merely a hypothetical case but an actual statement of fact, requiring some explanation, if the ecclesiastical representative is to maintain that his system is the only one and the best and all others nowhere.

The statements are definite, not supposed, though the question may be. In all likelihood it had often enough been asked in actuality.

The author of the book of questions and answers states quite definitely that the talismans of Apollonius have power, that it is a visible fact that they prevent the fury of the waves, the violence of the winds, and the attacks of wild beasts; he states as a well-known fact that the "miracles" of Apollonius are most numerous and actually manifested as facts (which "are like pitchforks — you can't get away from them"). These are unrefuted statements. The insinuation that they *lead astray all beholders* means that they are mighty hard facts to whittle away so that the observer of them shall unreservedly accept the ecclesiastical dogma, and deny the

truth or power of all religions except the new conglomerate that so loudly claims the whole field as its province. A suitable answer, as stated, is given, but it does not modify the facts in the slightest; it is calculated merely to soothe the insistent 'man at the meeting' who *will* ask difficult posers.

The 'Questions' are probably correctly *attributed* to Justin Martyr, since H. P. Blavatsky does not contradict, though the point is little more than a side issue. If the monkish zealots of the middle ages, as they did in many another case, found that the book was an awkward witness against them in their interminable discussions, and could not get rid of it, they would have reason enough to cast doubt on the authorship, this being a step towards casting doubt on the book itself. It is an old trick, similar to that of foisting upon the people the teachings that the 'apocrypha' (*secret* books — 'books of the crypt'; *cryptographic* books, if you like) were '*doubtful* books,' as is taught in hundreds of schools today. When the trick is found out, it makes the discoverer curious to know why it was ever played, and if prompted to investigate, defeats it sown object.

"Neither Iamblichus, Longinus, Proclus, nor Apollonius of Tyana, were ever mediums; for in such case they would not have been admitted to the Mysteries at all."— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 118

"Apollonius, a contemporary of Jesus of Nazareth, was like him, an enthusiastic founder of a new spiritual school. Perhaps less metaphysical and more practical than Jesus, less tender and perfect in his nature, he nevertheless inculcated the same quintessence of spirituality, and the same high moral truths. His great mistake was in confining them too closely to the higher classes of Society. While to the poor and the humble Jesus preached 'Peace on earth and good will to men,' Apollonius was the friend of kings, and moved with the aristocracy. He was born among the latter, and himself a man of wealth, while the 'Son of man,' representing the people, 'had not where to lay his head'; nevertheless, the two 'miracle-workers' exhibited striking similarity of purpose. Still earlier than Apollonius had appeared Simon Magus, called 'the great Power of God.' His 'miracles' are both more wonderful, more varied, and better attested than those either of the apostles or of the Galilean philosopher himself. Materialism denies the fact in both cases, but history affirms. Apollonius followed both; and how great and renowned were his miraculous works in comparison with those of the alleged founder of Christianity, as the kabalists claim, we have history again, and Justin Martyr, to corroborate.

"Like Buddha and Jesus, Apollonius was the uncompromising enemy of all outward show of piety, all display of useless religious ceremonies and hypocrisy. If, like the Christian Savior, the sage of Tyana had by preference sought the companionship of the poor and humble; and if instead of dying comfortably, at over one hundred years of age, he had been a voluntary martyr, proclaiming divine Truth from a cross, his blood might have proved as efficacious for the subsequent dissemination of spiritual doctrines as that of the Christian Messiah.

"The calumnies set afloat against Apollonius, were as numerous as they were false. So late as eighteen centuries after his death he was defamed by Bishop Douglas in his work against miracles. In this the Right Reverend bishop crushed himself against historical facts. If we study the question with a dispassionate mind, we shall soon perceive that the ethics of Gautama-Buddha, Plato, Apollonius, Jesus, Ammonius Saccas, and his disciples, were all based on the same mystic philosophy; they all worshiped one God, whether they considered Him as the 'Father' of humanity, who lives in man as man lives in Him, or as the Incomprehensible Creative Principle; and that all led God-like lives."— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 341-342

"The *Ineffable name*, in the search for which so many kabalists — unacquainted with any

Oriental or even European adept — vainly consume their knowledge and lives, dwells latent in the heart of every man. This mirific name which, according to the most ancient oracles, 'rushes into the infinite worlds 'ἀκοιμήτῳ στροφάλιγγι,' can be obtained in a twofold way: by regular initiation, and through the 'small voice' which Elijah heard in the cave of Horeb, the mount of God. And 'when Elijah heard it he wrapped his *face in his mantle* and stood in the entering of the cave. And behold there came *the* voice.'

"When Apollonius of Tyana desired to hear the 'small voice,' he used to wrap himself up entirely in a mantle of fine wool, on which he placed both his feet, after having performed certain magnetic passes, and pronounced not the 'name' but an invocation well known to every adept. Then he drew the mantle over his head and face, and his translucid or astral spirit was free. On ordinary occasions he wore wool no more than the priests of the temples."

— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 343-344

"The India of the early sages appears to have been the region at the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes. Apollonius of Tyana crossed the Caucasus, or Hindû Kush, where he met with a king who directed him to the abode of the sages — perhaps the descendants of those whom Ammianus terms the 'Brachmans of Upper India,' and whom Hystaspes, the father of Darius (or more probably Darius Hystaspes himself) visited, and having been instructed by them, infused their rites and ideas into the Magian observances. This narrative about Apollonius seems to indicate Kashmir as the country which he visited, and the *Nâgas* — after their conversion to Buddhism — as his teachers. At this time Aryan India did not extend beyond the Punjâb."— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 434

"Apollonius used no *darkened* room in which to perform his aethrobatic feats. Vanishing suddenly in the air before the eyes of Domitian and a whole crowd of witnesses (many thousands), he appeared an hour after in the grotto of Puteoli. But investigation would have shown that his physical body having become invisible by the concentration of *âkâsa* about it, he could walk off unperceived to some secure retreat in the neighborhood, and an hour after his astral form appear at Puteoli to his friends, and seem to be the man himself."— *Isis Unveiled*, II, 597

". . . after crossing the Hindû Kush, Apollonius had been directed by a king to the *abode of the Sages*, whose abode it may be to this day, by whom he was taught unsurpassed knowledge. . . . At the end of his long and wonderful life he opened an esoteric school at Ephesus, and died aged almost one hundred years."— *Theosophical Glossary*, p. 27

How the Story of Apollonius was written

We will turn our attention to the year 210 'A. D.,' there and thereabouts. The Roman Emperor, Septimius Severus, was a man well known in Britain as a soldier and governor, and his reputation for study was widespread. Quite likely he was just an occult student who, as all students must, kept his researches to himself, if they are not to cease to be occult. Or, possibly, he was merely a dabbler in occult arts, such as are common enough at all times, but there is a balance in favor of his being connected with the more serious pursuit of occultism.

The popular description of such a man was quite as usual. The historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire quotes it in the terms one might expect. He says that Septimius Severus was passionately addicted to the study of magic and divination, and besides the study of the interpretation of dreams and omens, was perfectly acquainted with the science of judicial astrology. What other description of his studies would be likely to pass current in the public gossip of the time?

Of the Empress, Julia Domna, it is said: "she applied herself to letters and philosophy with some success and great application; and was the patroness of every art and the friend of every man of genius."

Septimius Severus had been on the throne of the Caesars since the year 194 'A. D.' With him the western world entered the last septenary of the "last quarter of the century" during which, we are told by H. P. Blavatsky, an effort is made to enlighten a portion of that western world with Eastern wisdom. The Eleusinian mysteries, or their shadow, still existed, but there was not very much life left in them. Queer things had been happening in Alexandria with the 'Jewish superstition.' People who ought to have known better, such as Origen and Clement, are reproached by Porphyry (i. e. 'Purple') for breaking away from their philosophy derived from Ammonius, and, as it were, selling it to Christianity, whereas Ammonius himself had been born of Christian parents and had abandoned that teaching. Persecutions had been rife and martyrdoms common at that very time. Precisely what passed for Christianity at that date would be difficult to define today. Even our histories of the period in this matter are 'arranged.'

If we let our imagination run a little we may almost perceive something in the nature of an esoteric school of philosophy at the court, Julia Domna, the learned Empress, being prominently connected with it. We may at the same time sense a counter-influence which must have attained no little force to have raised its head so high as to have taken the methods of the Neo-Platonist school of Alexandria and carried them into the opposition camp, or at any rate grafted them on to the rival traditions, as Porphyry declares. However that may be, we are not concerned with it at the moment. If our imagination is not at fault, however, we have a picture of the Empress as the central star of a galaxy of learning at the court, with a strong bias in favor of the good old philosophy, now so much corrupted with all sorts of innovations.

It might not even be going too far to suspect that her school was the lineal descendant of the famous esoteric school of philosophy which adorned and illumined Ephesus exactly a century before, when the clash and cacophony of strange doctrines was not so strident and insistent in the Empire.

Already, we must suppose, the consolidating plastic mass of the new literature would be following closely the trend of the philosophies which went into its make-up of strange echoes of the mysteries, incidents in the lives of their adepts, the materializing of their allegories, the modernizing of their ancient parables, and adaptation of traditional histories to recent dates. Origen and Clement were really learned men who had drunk at the fountain of the Neo-Platonic school of Alexandria; but they had

both of them thought it policy to go bodily with their learning over to the rising school of Christianity. It is quite possible that they did this at first with the idea of preserving what they could of the old philosophy in the coming storm, but it may have been cowardice, failure, desertion, ambition, or any one of the strange motives that impel even initiates of such a school to unexpected actions. The point is that they did it.

What more natural then, than that their traditions, allegories, rituals, and others of other schools should be made to act in a similar manner and be transferred to the new schools? We may look upon it as a bare-faced robbery; it was one; but to them it was a merit to build these old stones into the new edifice, just as a cathedral has been injected in later centuries into the middle of the forest of columns of the mosque of Cordova. Those who did it thought it a worthy action.

The quiet school around the Empress Julia Domna could not but be aware of these litte tendencies. Their system and plan were fairly safe from spoliation because they kept it to themselves, or at least disguised it in allegory and symbol, the more effective for being in outward appearance very simple and commonplace narrative and fable, though some of the deeper teachings were concealed under the strange jargon of the alchemists, as they had been for millenniums past.

Yet the signs of the coming break-up were not wanting. What could they do to meet the tidal wave that threatened to overwhelm them? Their esotericism would die out and with it their tradition, if it were not to be preserved in some outward public form. Already it was being nibbled into by the mice of the disintegrating sects that were growing up around them.

Obviously, a book must be written, half-revealing, half-concealing what they would preserve. As to the kind of book, there could be little doubt that a narrative, a biography, would be most suitable. It would arouse no great disputations nor weird interpretations, yet it could contain all they needed to say. What more appropriate than a life of the great Apollonius who had passed away precisely a century before, after a career of sanctity and purity known the world over? They had access to the diary of his Assyrian pupil and companion, Damis, and such other documents as were available. Likely enough these were among the archives of their community, but it was sufficient for the outside world to know that the learned Empress "collected them." They were crude though voluminous, and needed 'editing.' In other words, they needed arranging so as to contain within the body of the narrative and discourses the inner body of the teachings and the philosophical system. This arrangement required skill and art, and the right man was found for the purpose in Flaccus, or Flavius Philostratus, son of Verus, who had once

taught rhetoric at Athens, and was known for his speeches and tracts. His eloquence was such that he was known as the 'Sophist' among the group around the Empress.

If he was not a secret Pythagorean, he knew enough of the system to do his work thoroughly. For Apollonius was a Pythagorean in the double sense that he first followed the rule of Pythagoras and then became a direct pupil of the Indian School of Philosophy to which Pythagoras had belonged as a pupil before him.

(To be continued)

A FESTIVAL

R. MACHELL

THOSE who have heard coyotes howl and scream hysterically, making night hideous with demoniac cries and fiendish laughter, must have wondered what elemental madness could enable them to imitate the accents of all human passions, in horrible mockery of our joy and anguish, exultation or despair.

As civilization spreads, the works of man may banish these disturbers of the peace, driving them back into the desert; but it would seem as if the soul of the coyote lingered, like an earth-bound ghost, around the haunts where formerly these creatures roamed at will, and where perhaps a modern city stands today. For there are times when one might think the spirit of the wilderness had found rebirth even in the works of man, those instruments of noise — sirens, steam-whistles, horns, blasts, and all the rest — wherewith men celebrate events of general importance, such as the birthday of the year.

Last night the old year died in silence; but then arose a hideous sound that swelled and multiplied itself as all the ships joined in the general pandemonium of noise. It was as if the madness of the world broke loose; or was it indeed the soul of the coyote that screamed in the brazen throat of steam-sirens, and whistles, moaning and shrieking, screaming in agony, sobbing in anguish, raving in wild delirium of bitterness and woe: a surging flood of terror, that hurled itself madly at the silent hill crowned by the lighted domes of Lomaland, where peace abides, and purity, and brotherhood. Up here was peace and silence, but down there the tumult of infernal discord writhed as if in agony. It seemed to me the soul of the coyote had been endowed by man's invention with a myriad brazen throats and fiery breath to make night horrible, and to

prepare the coming year for further and worse discord, wherewith to signalize man's joy in life, and his insanity.

If cities are lunatic asylums and all men mad, then such a mode of testifying joy might be excusable; but is it so? Is joy delirium; and is mere noise an evidence of happiness? Should we not rather show our joy in song, or even in silence? If noise is necessary, let it be beautiful! A festival of song where thousands may take part has something ennobling in it. A moment's silence in a vast throng is something to be remembered, if once experienced; whereas an orgy of noise is a thing to be forgotten, even if it can be excused. Men are not all coyotes, even if they are not all singing birds; yet song is natural to man. Song is a celebration that makes life beautiful, it is a civilizing influence that binds the singers in a fellowship of joy, that serves to bring out latent qualities of true nobility in the most natural manner. Co-operative singing is a prime factor in social life, and one that has been too long neglected in some nations calling themselves civilized. We have let song become an opportunity for the display of voice or virtuosity; and so have lost the use of music, and have forgotten its importance as a means by which the soul of man may speak through him and vitalize his mind, and waken in the singers and the hearers a sense of harmony that is the very soul of brotherhood.

Collective singing is a civilizing influence that must be restored. Collective listening to music is not the same; for an individual, in listening, may easily forget the other listeners, and enjoy the music selfishly; whereas in collective singing there must be co-operation. And, as the voices blend in harmony or unison, something awakens in the hearts of the singers, as well as of the hearers; a bond of union is established, that is a permanent civilizing influence, as well as a temporary joy. And when very large bodies of people sing together there is born a spirit of enthusiasm that is an awakening power, releasing in the song the soul of the assembly. Then song becomes what it originally was said to be, magic, that could evoke spiritual powers in men unconscious of the forces that lie latent in humanity. Those who have assisted at a Handel festival with some three thousand singers singing the 'Hallelujah' chorus will understand the power of song to arouse unusual qualities as well as deep emotions. And similar results can be attained in smaller groups according to the quality and character of the association.

Co-operative singing should be a necessary part of civic life. The element of competition may be dispensed with advantageously. There is already too much rivalry and jealousy and personal ambition in the world; it does not need fostering. What is lacking is cooperation.

There is a simple natural fact expressed in the mystical saying at-

tributed to Jesus, as well as to Krishna: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." For co-operation brings to birth a new force, which may prove more potent than the energies that gave it opportunity to manifest itself upon this plane.

And if collective song is powerful, so too is collective silence — particularly if the silence is inward as well as outward, postive as well as negative: for silence too is energy, if rightly understood. He who has learned to live in silence need fear no sound. No discord can disturb his inward calm, though it may keep him silent.

And if that saying of the old spiritual Master was correct, what will be present in the midst of two or three thousand gathered together in the interest of noise? Will it be beautiful? Will it create harmony?

IS CHRISTIANITY THE SUPREME RELIGION?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

THE life-problem of Christianity is 'The Finality of the Christian Religion,' according to Dr. Sydney Cave, who has written under this title in the *London Quarterly*. He says that this question has been evaded, but that it can be evaded no longer.

"To an extent unparalleled since the early Christian centuries, Christianity is today in contact with other religions, and the question of its relation to them can no longer be evaded. . . ."

The claim of finality seemed, even before the war, offensive to people of other religions; and now —

"The intense nationalism of the East makes it appear to many a gratuitous insult, a wanton instance of that European arrogance against which they are in revolt. From Jesus they are ready to learn, but why should his followers speak as if their religion had an absolute value?"

If the teachers of our churches, says the writer, refuse to face this problem, they must not be surprised if people begin to conclude that there is no essential difference between Christianity and the highest of other faiths.

"It is the claim of Christianity to be the one religion of true communion with God — a communion mediated by Jesus Christ, in whom God is made known. And, because of this, Christianity sees in the coming of Christ something unique and inexplicable."

If we abandon this belief, we abandon what is essential, continues the writer; and if people of other religions need not believe it, why should we? It will not do to accept Christ as the greatest teacher that has yet appeared; he must be accepted as the absolute and final teacher. Nor is it enough to regard Christianity merely as the best of religions. He admits

the imperfections in the various presentments that have been made of Christianity; but thinks that Christianity is an exhaustless mine, from which can always be drawn new treasures adequate to the utmost needs entailed by the necessity of meeting all the new circumstances. A re-exploration of Christianity is needed.

"That is the glory of Christianity. We never know what we shall discover in it next For, although any concrete form of Christianity is historically conditioned, we may find in Christ, not only the noblest of religious teachers, but the divine Redeemer, indistinguishable in experience from God himself. Because of this, and in this sense, we may assert the finality of the Christian gospel."

The writer has, as he says, made a tremendous claim; and most conceptions of Christianity will require to be considerably expanded in order to accomplish such a straddle. General statements like this seem much easier to make when our mind is not occupied with the details. But take any given instance, say the six great schools of Indian philosophy, and ask whether all this is to be embraced by Christianity. Christianity will have to adopt a philosophy, a gnosis, in order to compete with such systems. The alternatives are quite clear: either Christianity must be expanded into something quite unrecognisable as such, or else the whole world will never embrace it. It is a daring and ambitious hope that Christianity may prove to be the final and supreme religion; but it will not work.

To try and force a particular religion on all the world would be a manifestation of the sectarian spirit. This has often been the attitude of religious people; and though it may spring from an honest conviction that the religion in question is the only true one, still the attitude is none the less sectarian. But the attitude of the writer whom we quote seems to differ somewhat. He realizes that he cannot force Christianity upon people to whom that religion is not adapted; but he still cherishes the hope that he may be able to induce them by gentler means to adopt it. The sectarian spirit still lurks, if in subtiler form.

The nearer we approach to the Truth, the further do we recede from sectarianism, nationalism, and all other limits. It is necessary to recognise that differences must always exist, as long as people are divided into different races and live in different parts of the globe and under different governments. There will be differences of custom, differences of taste, differences in habits of thought, differences in opinion. These differences must necessarily appear in our religious systems, *so far as their externals are concerned. But not in their inward spirit.* That is the great truth insisted on by Theosophy.

Now, so long as people do not rise above a certain level of self-knowledge, they will seek for truth and light and consolation in one of the

various forms of religion, according to their race, creed, or nation, the habits of youth, and so on. But there can come a stage when the man is capable of rising beyond such limits, and of recognising that the Truth itself must be universal and unsectarian. In science this fact is duly recognised. We do not find that the laws of nature differ for Western nations and Eastern nations. It must be the same in Religion: the laws of our moral and spiritual nature must be everywhere and always the same.

Christianity is a particular form which Religion has assumed among people of a particular racial type and a particular mentality. Hindûism is another form, grown up among people of a different type. And so on. But all religions are attempts to reach and express the truth and to enable people to carry out in their lives the highest conceptions of the moral law which they reach.

The aim should therefore be, not to try and make other peoples change from their religion to ours; but to help them to make the best out of their own religion; and to unite with them in recognising the basis of truth which is common to all religions.

There are certain cardinal truths which are common to all religions; and these Theosophy has always proclaimed, thus appealing equally to all mankind.

Everybody feels that the manifested world in which we live is not permanent or a reality. It is ever changing. Everybody feels that behind all this scenery there lies the infinite, the unchanging, the real. Human life is an incomprehensible farce unless we recognise that, behind the veil of our mind, there lie faculties that enable us to come in contact with the real and the true. Religion is man's earnest endeavor to solve the mystery of life. Hence all religions postulate a supreme Reality or universal Spirit, which is manifested in every living thing and throughout the whole material universe. And man is the highest manifestation of that universal Spirit. In man there dwells a Soul, which is higher than his brain-mind, and through which he may come in contact with the Divine. Religion shows man how to rise out of the sphere of his little personal self into the region of that greater Self, whereof he is a part, but of which he has hitherto been unconscious.

Religion teaches that the only way to rise out of the petty personal life, to escape from the bondage we are in, and to win true freedom, is to overcome those personal passions and weaknesses which bind us down: our anger, our fear, our sloth, and everything that chains us to the life of the senses. And this can only be done by the practice of altruism.

Hence we find all religions teaching the cultivation of love and brotherhood, compassion, freedom from anger, pride, and personal ambition.

These are the eternal truths taught by the great Teachers. But

people are prone to worship the Teachers themselves, instead of following the truths they teach. And thus people convert religion into a sort of idolatry; and instead of seeking the divine and the eternal in themselves, they convert the Teacher into a unique and special mediator and try to force their creed on others.

Those who think or say that the Theosophical view of Christianity will weaken or destroy the basis of morality are indeed in error. The laws of morality are eternal and changeless, as they are grounded on the one divine Reality and on the divine as manifested in human nature. These laws are as inevitable as the laws which science recognises in nature; nay, more so, for they go deeper than external nature. It is only by recognising these laws and ensuing them that man can achieve true freedom and happiness; and it is at the price of his own misery and undoing that he attempts to thwart them. Religions are the interpreters of these laws to us. Theosophy does the same on a wider and universal scale.

In our times of trial we are all thrown back upon the sense that, behind all our sorrows and darkness, there must lie the great Reality of truth and wisdom and beneficence. It is the aim of Theosophy to make clearer and nearer to men the actuality of this universal divine power which has its spark in every human breast. The evolution of human nature is still in progress; and man little realizes as yet what powers there are in him.

The idea that Jesus was a unique and final manifestation of divinity is one that cannot be maintained and which the world as a whole will never accept. Surely Jesus never made any such claim for himself, but merely represented himself, as other Teachers have done, as a great Soul whose life should be a pattern to other people, to help them to follow in his footsteps.

IS MAN IMMORTAL?

STUDENT

LET us briefly review the two theories generally accepted concerning man's nature; first, that he is simply a body; second, that he is a body possessing a soul. If the first theory be true, that he is only a superior animal whose consciousness is limited to this plane and that death ends all, then nature has failed in the most essential point of this existence, that of happiness; for man is not a contented and happy animal. The pleasures and occupations that concern this life should satisfy him, if he were only animal man.

Why does he desire a more perfect condition of things? Why does he feel limited in his powers? If the mind die when the brain-molecules cease their activities, why does the mind of man reach out beyond the material plane in its aspirations? What do the glimpses of other planes that men in all ages have had, signify? We must admit that many have in this life become conscious on other planes, or that a great mass of humanity are falsifiers. Does not the dream-state suggest other planes of consciousness? If man truly die at death, from whence come the desire and ability to ask the question, 'Is man Immortal?'

The second theory, that he is a body possessing a soul, gives the idea that the soul is something apart from the body, something in man's keeping that he can dispose of according to his preference; it further places the immortal and lasting in the possession of the mortal and fleeting.

Neither of these two theories affords a satisfactory explanation of life or solution of death. How much more reasonable and satisfying is the Theosophical view, that man is a Soul and possesses a body and that the body is simply the instrument through which the soul manifests on this plane. That the soul is not dependent on the body for its existence, is evident from its superiority to the body; it did not begin with it, for if the soul is immortal and the body is not, the soul lives on after death and must have existed previous to the body, as immortality means without beginning or end. It is shown that the soul not only comes to earth once and inhabits one body, but that it must return again and again, in order to gain all the knowledge that experience here can give; the experience being necessary and the human organism furnishing the instrument presenting the proper conditions. When the soul has acquired all the knowledge that existence here can give, then it will take other forms on other planes, until Self-consciousness is perfected. That man may have a more full and complete understanding of his nature, and what the soul is that takes on body after body, Theosophy gives him a sevenfold division amplifying the threefold one of the Christian teaching of Spirit, Soul, and Body:

Spirit — Spirit.
Soul — Spiritual, Human, Animal.
Body — Astral or Etheric, Physical.
— Vitality.

This sevenfold division is not insisted upon dogmatically, but is merely an elaboration of the threefold one, that man may have a better comprehension of the powers and functions of the soul, and the true position that the body has relatively in his constitution; it also gives him a good

foundation for self-study; he can through a proper understanding of these principles obtain a more correct estimate of this plane and also gain knowledge of other planes. These aspects must not be considered separate principles, but as interblending and constituting the man.

It is with the Human Soul or the mind-principle that the question of immortality is concerned, in the light of Theosophy. This mind-principle is the Reincarnating Ego, the real man. It is of dual nature in physical man, the physical or brain-mind being the lower aspect of the true or real intuitional Mind. This lower aspect is not of itself immortal, but fades out at death, unless the individual form a link during life between the Higher and the lower Mind. This link can only be made through reaching out toward the Higher, through purity of life and motive, high aspiration, and particularly unselfishness, desiring and working for the good of all. In this way the Higher Mind gains all that is of value, the real essence of this life through the link made by the lower, and the stronger this link is made in each earth-life, the more quickly will the pilgrim reach home. There is no immortality for the man as he is known in this existence, unless this link has been made. It is his Savior, it is the path of peace. In forming this path man is working out his own salvation. To raise the lower to the Higher is the real object of life. Man feels intuitively that there is a Higher, hence the unrest, for "with all his cunning he cannot hide from his finite self the fact of his Infinity."

Humanity today represents souls in all states of development, some are far on the road, while others are just beginning to climb and there must be a portion who are, sad to say, falling behind. All who are earnestly striving to unite the lower with the Higher, are assisting all humanity to evolve, even the lower kingdoms, for all are bound together in one great family — there is no separateness except that foolishly imagined by abnormal man. Immortality is for all, but the individual must achieve it and he only can do so. All have to travel the same road, filled with trials and temptations with defeat or victory for the end; but the fact that man in his effort to progress is going with nature and is getting nearer to harmony, brings encouragement and strength and many have already found rest and have reached that realm where animal man cannot come; for them, discord and unrest cease — all is hushed — and out of the silence comes a voice: "All is well!" For them immortality is won.

"THE mental representation of an ideal self may be made the most pervasive and persistent of ideas and may thus become the dominant principle of conduct."— *Professor G. F. Stout*

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES

LARS EEK
(Student, Theosophical University)

(Address delivered in the Temple of Peace, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, October 18, 1922)

DEAR LEADER AND COMRADES: It seems to me that every time we meet inside these sacred precincts there goes a thrill of joy through the great pulsating heart of mankind. There is no doubt that on us rests the responsibility of the welfare or failure of the present race and of the defeat or victory of the humanity yet unborn.

While the outer world is rapidly approaching a tremendous crisis — a new *Terreur* perhaps — we here rejoice in contemplating the picture of the future such as it will be as a result of the tremendous effort put forth by our Elder Brothers, our Leaders, and by our own ceaseless and loving labor for humanity in trust and loyalty.

And with Universal Brotherhood as the majestic spirit brooding over all our Theosophical activities, this picture is not merely a possibility; but to me Lomaland is the Eden of this age, the cradle of a new type of man. This very moment is teeming with intense and wisely conducted activity along lines of spiritual education. Râja-Yoga has become the magic force of our lives, and its influence will soon be felt in the heart-life of Humanity, and will help in dispelling the heavy clouds of war and ignorance and selfishness which indeed cast such an awful shadow across the path of the men of today. Without Theosophy, without Râja-Yoga, this Earth would hurl itself with the despair of utter hopelessness into the abyss of complete failure.

Theosophy, Divine Science, we owe to you the happiness of our lives, we owe to you everything that is worth hoping for, striving for, and working for. We owe to you a priceless knowledge that, applied to our every thought and act, will slowly transmute our characters and open the path for us to a larger life, a brighter hope, and a greater service to all that lives.

You may read hundreds of books; you may study the secret lore of every age and clime; nay, you may even study man and your own self, incarnation after incarnation, but if that study does not touch your heart and rouse your will and human sympathy to an effort of self-directed evolution along lines of least resistance, all your study will avail you naught. "The end of life is not a thought but an act," are

words that rightly made a Scottish sage immortal. They contain the essence of Râja-Yoga.

To look into the face of a pure, strong, compassionate, and unselfish man is an experience that carries with it a benediction. The example of one such man's life, and his life itself, are worth more than all the beautiful words and books in the world if these have not sprung from the adamantine rock of actual, living achievement.

In view of our solemn and sublime responsibilities, let us unite our hearts in a silent prayer that the purest, the most unselfish, the most aspiring of our practical daily efforts may send a fire into the vortex of human life and kill out the unjust criticism, the indolence, the cowardice, the self-satisfaction and the sickening egotism that shut out the sunlight and joy of life.

And then let us with fearless effort search for the Truth concerning our own lives, and where we find imperfections, there let us remember that Universal Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and that we are our brothers' keepers. Let us remember that our every thought and act are creative forces, and when we think or act selfishly and personally, we do a great wrong to ourselves and all men, but when we follow the opposite path, the influence of our thoughts and acts spreads like waves of vibration and touches every atom of the Universe.

THEOSOPHY AS PRACTISED AT POINT LOMA

By F. C. and E. E. S.

SO much has been said and written on the subject of Theosophy during the last fifty years that the title 'Theosophy as Practised' may come as a surprise to many who believe they understand what Theosophy is.

Some will ask, "What is Theosophy?" Others will scoffingly imagine a life in which crystals, mediums, and occultism play a very large part; still others will conjure up a community of impractical idealists, dreamy and vague, with minds full of spiritual ideas, but with a woful lack of appreciation of the daily life of an average human being. Perhaps a few will at once realize that Theosophy as practised at Point Loma under the direction of Katherine Tingley is not only idealistic, but practical down to the smallest detail; for Theosophy is only of value to us when it is *lived* — lived all day and every day — when it permeates every thought, every act, when it colors our whole outlook, and when it explains for us every one of the numberless difficulties of daily life.

You will question: "How is this possible?" How can any one system of thought be so all-comprehensive? But if you study Theosophy you will find that what we claim is true, for Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge from which all the great systems of philosophies have drawn their teachings. It underlies the religious systems of the world, is, in reality, the essence of them all, the link which connects them one with another.

As William Q. Judge, the second of the Leaders of the Movement, has said:

"Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child."

It will therefore answer all our questions for us, it will be a guide by which we can rule our lives, it will be an illumination and inspiration!

One of the world's great thinkers has stated that "Life is Joy!" How many of us would be prepared to support such a statement — today — when the events of life are so full of the signs of unrest, of selfishness, and show such a lack of understanding of the great laws which govern our being and which we so often violate? Yet life *is* joy — *life* as it should be lived.

You will ask: "What is this life of which Theosophy speaks?" It is life lived in a healthy, wholesome, and well-controlled body, directed by a sane, responsive mind which is an instrument, not a master; and the whole watched over, guided, and controlled, by the Divine Man — the Real Self.

One of the greatest messages which Theosophy has again proclaimed is the teaching that man is dual in nature and that which we so commonly designate as man is but his personality and appertains to his lower and terrestrial nature; but the Real Man, the Higher Nature, the Ruler, the Guide — sometimes spoken of as the Soul — *is* man, and all his troubles come when he persists in identifying himself with the lower and personal 'I' instead of allowing the Divine to illumine every act of daily life.

It is necessary, however, in order to have a fitting instrument with which to work, to cultivate ourselves impersonally, as it were, rather as a gardener cultivates his garden eliminating the useless and the harmful, and fostering the useful and the beautiful. If we would have a fit temple for the living god within, our bodies, minds, and hearts must be pure — responsive to the slightest touch of the master-hand — so that the Divine Law may be able to manifest — that law of Universal Brotherhood which we so often neglect.

This does not mean that life would become a matter of sentimentalism or inadequacy, but rather a life of pulsating, vibrant energy, a life in which the central ideal would be Duty; for only by a realization of duty

can we come to learn the true meaning of life, the inner, the Soul-life. Katherine Tingley says:

"Duty as a fact and an ideal has not the place it should have in the hearts and minds of men.

"We cannot have the illumination that comes from the Higher Self without being constantly devoted to duty. It is the cheeriest, dearest, most splendid, most enticing companion we can conceive of — Duty!"

How different from our ordinary conception of duty! But is it not inspiring? When we can come to ask ourselves not "What is my right?" but "What is my duty?" surely we shall have a different outlook on life— a greater realization of its meaning We must take into consideration the duality of human life; we must learn to distinguish between the true and the false, between personal and divine duty.

Again let me quote from Katherine Tingley. She says:

"The reconstruction of humanity! How shall we set about it? The first step, I hold, is to declare to man: You are Divine! There is within you soul-life, and if you will to bring out that life it will reveal to you the truth; it will make clear every step that you take. Greatest of all it will reveal to you your Duty. For Humanity at present is working largely on mistaken lines of duty."

It is possible to try too hard, to become too intense: we can almost lose touch with the world of experiences around us — that world which we are to make into a heaven by fulfilling our duty and living in accordance with the Divine Law of selflessness; but such surely is not the way, for it is a state of unbalance, apt at any moment to become uncontrolled. One of the greatest difficulties is to let oneself be natural, for all true growth *is* natural, balanced and harmonious. It is when there is strain that we get emotionalism, sentimentalism, fanaticism, and the neurotic symptoms which so often characterize great efforts. It is a help to remember the well known threefold division of man: body, mind, and soul, and to preserve a balance of these three.

Balanced development does not mean mediocrity; rather is it that the needs of the body, mind, and soul each receive their right amount of attention, producing a sound mind in a sound body — instruments of the Divine Soul and Spiritual Will. It is obvious that undue attention to one means neglect of the other and therefore lack of balance.

Theosophy — the philosophy of life and the science of right living — is the key which will unlock many of the secret doors of life. It will illuminate the dark corners and will clear away many of the stumbling-blocks of thought.

Its fundamental teaching of Universal Brotherhood, the law of life, of joy, of unity and harmony, unravels many of the tangles of life today. For could we but realize that the pursuit of selfish pleasures and desires; the acquirement of knowledge, and power, for oneself; the attainment

of one's own ambition for the sake of self; is but leading us away from truth and plunging us ever more and more into the morasses of war and rumors of wars, surely we should seek to live a life of selflessness, of seeking the good of others before our own, and eventually the good of all — in a word, *Brotherhood.*

"Let us bring into life as an active, potent factor that knowledge which is not to be purchased, for it is only to be won by the surrender of the lower nature — the passionate, the selfish, the lustful nature — to the Christos-spirit, the God within. Then let us call forth this inner, Divine Self, that it may illuminate the mind and bring man to the heights of spiritual discernment, to knowledge of the Higher Self and realization of the Theosophic Life."

So, at Point Loma, California, one of the world's beauty-spots, Theosophy is being practised. Under the direction of Katherine Tingley the students, young and old, are engaged in learning to live such a life as I have outlined. Cultivating an attitude of mind free from personality, and living not for themselves alone, but for the good of the race, inspired by the great teachings of Theosophy, life becomes a joy — vibrant and pulsating,— and the daily happenings acquire a greater significance.

Let me conclude by a further quotation from the vital, living words of Katherine Tingley. She says:

"Mighty currents of disintegration are sweeping into the heart-life of Humanity at the present time, created by the prevailing spirit of unrest, and in their turn creating more unrest, and those who will not enter the great, divine currents of unselfishness and love will be swept down and away.

"Disintegration of character along most unexpected lines is one of the signs of the times, and just because of this Theosophy with its sublime keynote of Reconstruction, supremely meets the needs of the hour.

"The dawn of better things is so near! Keep the light burning in your hearts, and like watchers on the Hills of Peace you will see the first faint gleams of the New Day ere you dream the day is at hand."

. . . . . —F.C.

IN the Foreword to the Point Loma Edition of *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky, Katherine Tingley states:

"Amid the flickering lights of the innumerable theories of self-styled teachers of 'Occultism,' pseudo-Oriental practises, and psychism; amid the jangling of creeds and the blind groping of scientific theories, Theosophy alone stands unmoved, the Wisdom-Religion of the ages; not as a theory, not as a supposition or a mere working hypothesis, but as a body of teaching that has been handed down throughout the whole life-history of man, and whose statements have been verified by the Sages of all times. Like a great beacon it sheds its light over heartsick humanity which cries out in the darkness of its despair, asking ever Why? Why? Why all this awful suffering, why the perplexities, the injustices of life? — asking questions regarding man, his origin, his destiny, and the purpose of life: the Riddle of the Universe."

And then speaking of H. P. Blavatsky as bringing back the ancient, but forgotten, teachings of Theosophy, Madame Tingley continues:

"Her mission was to restore to Humanity its lost ideals; to point out once more the path-

way of true knowledge, and the gateway of a pure life; it was to sound once more the keynote of Truth to reverberate throughout the coming cycle. It was to teach once more as living realities the facts of Man's divinity, of the higher and the lower natures in him, and the eternal warfare that must go on until the lower is subjugated and controlled; to show that Karma — the law of strict Justice, of exact retribution, that we reap what we sow,— is the law that governs all life, absolute, unfailing; that the knowledge of it and the doctrine of Reincarnation is the great hope for humanity; and that the life of altruism, based on true Wisdom, is the only sane life, on which all true progress depends."

Now let us consider further *what Theosophy is*, so that we may be able to discriminate between the counterfeit and the real, the true and the false, for alas! as history shows, though each of the great Messengers of Light — the world-Saviors — taught these same fundamental truths, yet their teachings were soon distorted and twisted to serve the selfish ends of men, who though claiming to be their followers, failed to live the life and sought to gain position, or wealth, as priests or teachers. And so in a short while after the life of Jesus of Nazareth, it is hard indeed to recognise what he taught, by that dogmatic theology that was being proclaimed. And as it was with his teachings so too it has ever been with the other Messengers, and perhaps the most pitiful of all results of this, has been the bitter animosity engendered by the adherents, or those who claim to be the followers of these world-Saviors.

Yet by a careful study of the actual words of these Saviors, we find that they taught the same eternal verities: the divinity of man, his perfectibility, that the Divine Law of justice rules over all, that as a man *thinketh* in his heart so is he — he cannot lust after the flesh-pots of Egypt or secretly cherish ambition or hatred in his thoughts and develop at the same time a high spiritual character — that as a man soweth so shall he also reap, and there is no way of dodging this Law by giving of alms or saying long prayers. The whole of their teachings can be summed up in just five words: *Love thy neighbor as thyself*, explaining further that the *only* way that one can love, is by clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, comforting the distressed, defending the oppressed, being a father to the orphan, and living purely, strongly, compassionately.

Such were the teachings to the general masses of the people, but to those who truly desired to give their lives to high spiritual endeavor, we find that there were more specific instructions given; the laws of evolution and nature were explained to those who were worthy and well qualified, and as the race became more advanced, fuller teachings were given.

When H. P. Blavatsky came, the world was growing more hopelessly materialistic year by year, and so she gave out the same old teachings in their purity once more.

And what are the teachings? They are the simple laws of being,

governing the evolution of worlds, of inanimate and animate matter, of man, and of those Beings who have evolved far beyond man.

In Theosophy you will find no creeds, no dogmas, no dogmatic beliefs. Its four fundamental teachings are:

(1) *The one Supreme Life*, all-pervading, eternal, indestructible, and that part of that Spirit is sent forth by Itself in order to gain individuality and experience; hence,—

(2) *The innate Divinity of man* and the brotherhood of man

(3) *The universal law of Reincarnation*, each of our earth-lives being the outcome of the former lives, until by experience we learn, and having learned return whence we came, "to go no more forth."

(4) *The law of absolute justice or Karma.*

The world is sick of creeds and dogmas, dogmatic beliefs and 'isms, theories and speculations; *we want facts;* we want to know the *laws* governing life, because there is implanted within us that which ever insistently demands the Truth.

Study Theosophy, live it, and you will surely learn the answers to the puzzles of life because you will know the eternal laws that govern life.

The first step towards the true *joy* of life, is *to live to benefit others;* the second, to study and know the laws of our being and to confrom our lives to those laws; then begins to be realized a quiet inner calm and joy that exterior things cannot ruffle.

Three years ago I had the pleasure of being Katherine Tingley's guest at Point Loma, California, the Headquarters of the Theosophical work throughout the world. I had not been there for many years and the changes were great, but what struck me most was:

(1) The *wonderful joy* in the faces of all, from the little tots to the oldest student there. I have never seen such deep, strong happiness in any collection of people, as radiated from their faces.

(2) The extraordinary thoughtfulness and kindness of everyone.

(3) The intense activity, everyone busy, but no rush, no clashing of efforts, perfect efficiency.

They are truly making Theosophy a living power in their lives, radiating Brotherhood and good-will to all that lives.

It is the *life lived* by each one that counts. *Words* are of little use; it is not what a man says — be he ever so eloquent — that influences others permanently, it is how he *thinks* and *lives*, what he practises in everyday private life, what he actually *is*, that influences all with whom he comes in contact either for good or evil.

In this way we are truly "our brother's keeper." As we sow — even

unconsciously — so we reap; the help we give others by our life and character will come back to us in greater power to help, and conversely, as our influence makes it harder for another to live up to his highest and best, so we shall ourselves be hindered and impeded on our way.

What I have just stated is no mere figment of the imagination, it is a statement of *law*. So many do not know these things, and so, not living in harmony with the laws of right action, they suffer, for law is no respector of persons; the little child, who in the innocence of its ignorance, plucks and eats the pretty but poisonous berry, dies as quickly and as surely as does the learned professor of botany, who through absentmindedness, plucks and eats the same kind of berry.

Therefore is it sound wisdom to study Theosophy and learn of the eternal laws governing life, and knowing, conform our lives thereto, and so not only save ourselves much unnecessary suffering, but what is far more important, so live that we may help to lessen the great suffering and sorrow in the world. For the Cause of all suffering is *selfishness*, and only through unselfishness can we know again the joy of life.—E.E.S.

THE LAW OF NATURE

STUDENT

THE laws that govern life on earth are natural; that is to say they are the natural expression of those spiritual energies that produce and sustain life, and that also transform all things and creatures, seeming to destroy life relentlessly. But life is continuous, although the forms in which it makes its temporary appearance on the material plane are utterly impermanent. Life is not destroyed, nor is it born; but it changes its form of activity as ceaselessly as it outwears its bodily instruments. The continuity of life and consciousness, and all that follows, is included in the law of Karma, sometimes called the law of ethical causation, implying causes of a spiritual nature originating in a spiritual world and manifesting as the material universe.

The law that brings all things and creatures into being is the same law that causes their destruction. The sequence of the seasons is understood to be the natural order of the visible world, and men of ordinary intelligence no longer look upon night as the devourer of day, nor upon winter as the revenge of nature visiting the earth with blight to punish man for his iniquities. Those same iniquities carry their own compensations with them inevitably, and none such goes unpunished, if men choose to look

on natural consequences as punishments. To a great degree that habit of mind has lost its hold no doubt; but unfortunately the belief that man can defy the laws of nature with impunity has not brought him sensibly any nearer to the truth. It is some gain perhaps to be free from the fear of a capricious and revengeful god; but it is no advantage if in the place of such a deity man puts himself mentally at the mercy of blind chance.

In repudiating the authority of an unsatisfactory conception of god, man has most foolishly imagined that he has freed himself from the control of that natural law by virtue of which he lives and dies continuously.

Man constantly demands freedom for himself: freedom from law, freedom from duty, from the consequences of his own acts, from his share in the fate of his nation or family; and he tries hard to believe that his declaration of independence can liberate him from that law which is the law of life, the law of Karma.

This craving for liberation must itself be an expression of the general law of life, even if it appears entirely unreasonable in its outcome. It is probably prompted to some extent by an unrecognised attempt of the soul to assert itself as against the claim of the reasoning mind to be the real self.

Naturally, the laws of nature, being the natural expression of the forces of nature, must produce corresponding results on all planes of life, but apparently different. Thus the laws of the spiritual world may seem different from what we generally call the laws of nature; but are in fact essentially the same. The distinction between the various planes of the universe is to be measured by the differing degrees of perception attained by various minds.

The craving for individual liberty, when it is not merely an acute form of personal vanity, or an intense desire for self-indulgence, pushes men into all sorts of mental adventures in search of strange knowledge and in pursuit of abnormal powers. It is accountable also for many strange systems of philosophy as well as for most of the schemes of salvation recommended by the professors of various religions.

But the scheme of salvation of the great religious Teachers is always the same: it is self-identification with the Divine; it is the attainment of spiritual wisdom; it is Tao; it is Dharma; it is the Path. And yet it has been said that though "the Path is one for all, the means to reach the goal must vary with the pilgrims." If the professors of the various religions could but realize this truth, there would be less bitterness between the different cults.

It may well be that there is need of all the countless cults that actually exist; but they can only be considered valuable when looked upon as

branch roads leading to the Path. As finalities they are traps, and no more. The promised heaven to which they lead might serve as a roadhouse for the pilgrim souls upon their journey to the great highway; but if there be no exit in its walls, it would be nothing but a prison. And it is liberation that the spirit of man seeks.

But if the pilgrim soul of man, caught in the delusions of material life, seeks separate glory for itself, it will not listen to the teacher who says "Love thyself last." "Thou art a speck of dust, although the sunlight sparkling on that insignificant entity is the same light that rules the world of mortals." Such a deluded one will seek salvation according to this or that method, only to reach isolation and separation from the source of life; for the true self is the Self of all.

So it is said: "Compassion is the Law of laws." And what is this great law, but the expression of that oneness, which in its ultimate expression is what we call Universal Brotherhood? Nor is this law of brotherhood a mere abstraction, a theory, or philosophic speculation. It is the only possible solution of the miserable problem raised by the struggle for existence, which seems to be the law of physical existence on this earth. For when man realizes his identity of essence with all that lives, he is no longer under the dominion of that lower law; no longer limited to physical existence; no longer under the delusion of separateness: no longer will he struggle for his personal existence, but will cooperate with others for the good of all. And he will see the good of all in that which helps the evolution of the individuals who make up that 'all.'

For nature is not a lunatic nor a devouring flame. Such a conception may be natural to one who is under the delusion of separateness; for freedom from his dear delusion will look to him like mere annihilation. The daylight may be painful to sore eyes; but the trouble is in the sickness, not in the light. Truth may be terrible to one who loves illusion. The time will come when he will weary of delusion; and then he will seek truth as the only liberator. Then he will not long for an eternal summer, but will accept the sequence of the seasons as a whole, and learn to use them all, adapting himself as best he can to changes that are no longer miseries to be endured but opportunities to be made use of. So too he will not look on time as the arch-enemy of man, destroying all his finest works, and withering his personal strength with pitiless malignance.

Time is no enemy of man. Time is man's measure of his own divinity. "Time is the illusion produced by the succession of our states of consciousness. . . ." Man has no enemy but himself, and eventually must be his own redeemer. Meanwhile, time gives to man his day for active work, his night for sleep, and for subjective action upon other planes of consciousness. Time gives him infancy and age, and birth and death;

and the wise man accepts time's favors and disfavors uncomplaining, knowing that time can give him nothing that is not his own. Time the omnipotent is but the shadow cast by man's impotence upon the white wall of his prison-house of life. The tyranny of time is but the jangle of the chain that binds the immortal to the wheel of life. That chain is Karma, forged link by link by man, and constantly renewed, until the immortal shall recall its shadow from the world of shadows.

The immortal knows time's mystery, and smiles; and the wise man knows that the sequence of the seasons of the year is not more sure than the recurrence of the seven ages of man's earthly life enumerated by the melancholy Jacques. And moreover he may understand that there are other equally recurrent states of consciousness that intervene between one lifetime and the next; and he will not repine because each life is rounded out by death and by the sleep that follows, as the night the day. He will not chafe at the brevity of human life, knowing that there is no end to anything, only eternal change.

And knowing the mighty scope of natural law he will not grieve when human races perish from the earth, when glorious civilizations blossom and decay and disappear, and reappear upon the screen of time replacing others fading into feebleness. Nor will he be deluded into blaming the leaders of those races for the apparent failure of the civilization they were unable to make permanent.

Nothing is permanent on this plane of illusion. All things grow old, and die, and are in time reborn. That is the glory of existence, the glowing wheel of life, that man may contemplate from his serene abode, above the region where his shadow-self moves among shadows like to it, thinking itself the one reality.

Man's consciousness is rooted in Divinity, wherein lie latent all his possibilities. Man the divine is maker of the destiny that binds his shadow to the wheel of life. When man shall know himself he will not cry for liberty. He will be free from the "great dire heresy of separateness"; and that is all the freedom that he needs. He cannot be set free from law; since law is but the operation of the forces that produce and actually maintain the universe of which he is a part. Such freedom as the unenlightened seek, means simply self-destruction, since they demand liberation from the natural results of causes generated by themselves: and their existence as personalities has no other origin.

Therefore the wise man is infinitely tolerant, complaining not at all, but working constantly to readjust disturbances of nature's order which breed sorrow for the world of deluded mortals. The only liberation he seeks is freedom from his own delusions, the only salvation he desires is release from his own egotism. His crown of victory is self-knowledge.

THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

(*Continued from the December issue*)

BESIDE Pamela the rocky barrier stood solid and impassable; yet for a moment she almost doubted its reality, although she sat upon a mossy ledge and leaned against the towering cliff. One thing alone remained to testify to the actuality of her experience — the white rose in her hand. She gazed upon it with delight; but at that moment a horn was sounded from beyond an angle of the wall some distance lower down.

Hastily fastening the rose upon the lapel of her coat, she stood up and saw that Rörik was hitched by a halter to a small oak-tree that sprang from a crevice in the rock; his bridle hung upon a branch close by. He neighed in answer to the horn, and Pamela, realizing that her escort must be in search of her, blew her whistle. Then she unhitched the halter, readjusted Rörik's bridle, and led him to a convenient mounting-place. Already the voices of the escort made themselves audible, and she whistled again before riding down to meet them in an open glade that was not visible from where she had been sitting.

An old forester who led the party halted abruptly when he saw her riding

towards them calmly and smiling serenely, as if she had expected to meet them at this place by previous appointment. The officer in command came forward and bowed stiffly; he could not conceal the fact that, in his judgment, her conduct was, to say the least, inconsiderate. He was a strict disciplinarian, and held that a woman's place was in the house. He was no longer of an age to find enjoyment in such expeditions as the one he had been called upon to lead, and felt himself injured now that his anxiety was suddenly relieved. Expecting to find her wounded or dead, or at best terribly alarmed, he was distinctly shocked at the indifferent tone in which she asked what time it was, adding: "I must have been asleep."

He answered respectfully, but with distinct acerbity: "Her Highness has been most seriously alarmed."

But Pamela was not apparently impressed with the enormity of her behavior, and asked them how they had found the way. The officer appeared embarrassed, but the chief forester, an old man, who was a favorite with the lady Pamela, answered bluntly enough:

"We did not find it. I have known this forest fifty years and more, but never knew the path we followed. It was young Paul, my foster-son, who led the way. Where is he now?"

But Paul had disappeared when the whistle sounded and the party hurried forward, each anxious to be the first to find the lost one. But he was watching from a distance, and he was the only one to note the white rose clasped to the lapel of her riding-coat. He knew that there were no such blossoms in the forest, and he marveled. This youth was a poet, a forest-lover and a minstrel, and he thought that the wearer of the white rose had gathered it in no terrestrial garden. She was a miracle in his eyes; and all things wonderful and beautiful, he thought, must come to her by right divine.

But the Captain was no poet, and wanted to get home. He was annoyed at the composure of the queenly lady who sat there smiling at them as if it was they who had lost themselves, and had come to her to show them the way out of this accursed forest. Yet impatient as he was he did not like to show that he had no idea which way led homeward.

The truant understood the difficulty and looked round to find her bearings. She saw the young forester beckoning to her; and for the first time noted the strange look in his eyes. Following his indication she started forward, saying lightly: "We must be going. Come! follow me."

Unhesitatingly she led the way through the dark forest, and her astonished escort fell into line behind. When they at length arrived at the well-known path within a mile or so of home, the officer asked leave to send a groom forward with the news. She smiled and said: "I hardly think it necessary."

With a laugh she set off at a gallop that showed clearly neither she nor Rörik was exhausted by the adventure of the night. The retinue had all that they could do to follow and keep up decorously, and made no comment then; but later they one and all declared that it was nothing short of a miracle that they escaped without a fall, so headlong was the race.

When they were safe at home, and their imaginations were released from fear and wonder, then there were strange tales told and authenticated by eye-witnesses; and it would take a twelvemonth for a capable clerk to write the record of that night, if he were bound to set down all that was told and vouched for on the evidence of otherwise credible witnesses.

To her aunt, the lady Pamela was always gentle and dutiful but not confiding, and on this occasion her expression of regret for the anxiety her absence had caused to the old lady and to the household left nothing to be said in criticism of its appropriateness to the occasion; but her aunt felt that it hardly satisfied her reasonable curiosity. It seemed to provide no explanation of some questions which she really longed to ask, but which she feared might seem impertinent. At heart she was afraid of her imperious niece, whose manner to her guardian was yet so deferential. There was a gulf between them. So her aunt did not put into words the questions in her mind and let the matter pass, as if she too were fully satisfied that all was as it should be. But the servants gossiped freely, and the ladies of the household shook their heads, and the old forester was irritable when the name of lady Pamela was mentioned in his hearing. He knew what gossip and what tales of sorcery were going round; but he kept silence, as also did his foster-son, young Paul the huntsman. Paul had been reared in the forest and knew of no roses growing there, though he had heard wild tales of the witcheries of the red oak valley.

There was one legend of a white rose he had heard sung by a wandering bard, who was a stranger in the land. It told of a paradise within the bosom of a mountain where no tempests raged nor frosts were known, but all was peace and blessedness. Only the pure in heart could dwell there, and only initiates could find the entrance at certain seasons of the year, when there were held great festivals in which the assembled celebrants renewed their spiritual youth and gained new strength to carry on their work in distant lands, pledged as they were to serve humanity. Each one of these received a white rose, that would wither if the hand that held it were unworthy, or would retain its freshness till the bearer reached his home on earth, however far away, no matter what the storms he might encounter on the road. One such pilgrim it was said, had wandered for a hundred years, and all the while the rose at his breast remained as fresh as when on the tree in paradise.

Paul thought the rose worn by the lady Pamela was such as those, and that it would not perish in her keeping. He wove the legend into a song and sang it underneath her window, and the melody would haunt her in her sleep.

One day there came a merchant from Arabia, who displayed his oriental wares for the consideration of the Princess Adelaide and her niece and all the ladies of the household. Embroideries and robes, jewels, and silverware; articles of general utility wrought in brass inlaid with gold, caskets carved in ebony and ivory; mirrors made of polished metal, such as the ladies used before the days of looking-glasses.

One of these metal mirrors caught the fancy of the lady Pamela, and the

old merchant told her that it had magic properties which would reveal themselves to one who understood the art of polishing it with a powder that he had but which he could not sell because it would lose its virtue if a price were paid for it. But after looking earnestly into the eyes of the lady Pamela for a moment he declared that she was the only one that he had met who was entitled to be intrusted with this talisman. Giving it to her he said:

"Be wise, and guard this carefully. In this mirror you will see all that you may need to know. If that contents you, well. If not, then you will see that which you wish for most, and after that no more. Be wise."

When he was gone she took her treasure to her room, and set to work to polish the surface with the magic powder, singing as she worked, and laughing to see the returning virtue of the mirror. At last she wiped it clean with a soft silk cloth, and held it so that she could see her own face in it. But the face that looked back at her was not that which she was used to see. The eyes were hers, but not the features: yet they were familiar.

Bewildered she exclaimed: "Who are you?" — and the lips moved, but no sound came from the other in the mirror. She gazed more earnestly, and felt as if she were being drawn out of herself by something that was still herself. She looked more critically at the other and thought she must have seen her in a dream. It was like looking at a fancy-dress portrait of herself playing in some forgotten masquerade. . . .

It was not the face she ordinarily saw reflected in a mirror. It was not herself; it was the lady Pamela, or so she seemed to tell herself, though who the fair one might really be or have been she could not tell. The picture faded as she stood before the glass, and in its place the same piercing eyes looked out at her as usual from a face that was her own. The lady Pamela was gone; and there was no longer any mystery about the old-fashioned mirror other than the legend that had come with it from the old Arab who had sold it to her.

Abdurrahman was an old friend of hers; she had bought many oriental dresses and rugs from him, for he never came to the studio without a bundle of eastern embroideries or some ancient bric-a-brac to sell. And when he sat to her, she loved to question him and to gently lead him on to tell her stories of magic, or dreams, or ancient tales about Moses and the old magicians.

For a long time he had been reticent, and his stories were mere traditions; but one day she had told him one of her own dreams, which she had never spoken of to any living being; and the old man, smoking his endless cigarettes, had listened sympathetically, then made some comment which was almost an interpretation, coupled with a warning as to the danger of following without a teacher where the dream seemed to lead.

Then he began to tell her dreams of his own, of a kind betraying occult knowledge, which he had not hinted at before; and she was astonished to discover in the old artist's model and pedlar of bric-a-brac a mystic with an endless store of allegories and legends that he interspersed with dreams of his own as beautiful and more personally precious than the rest.

He had told her that the metal mirror could be polished so as to reflect more than an ordinary glass. He declared that it came from Arabia and was the same that had passed through his hands many years ago, when as a boy he helped his uncle who kept a store in Constantinople. It came originally from Egypt, so he said, and had been used by a temple-priest who broke his pledge, betraying the secret of the magic powder used in polishing these mirrors to one who robbed him of the talisman as well as of all his occult knowledge. Now it would only serve its true purpose in the hands of those who had the right to use it.

This idea that knowledge, like any other possession, could be stolen was a firm conviction with the old Arab, though it was new to Mary. She wanted to hear more of the former owner of the mirror, but there the story ended. The old dealer was an adept in adding interest to his goods by telling such stories about the things he hoped to sell; and some thought his stories might not be wholly fictions made to influence a possible purchaser. Mary Sinclair had long been one of these.

Now, as she turned from the mirror and threw herself upon the divan, she wished that he would come and tell her something more about this particularly interesting curio.

The day had been foggy and painting was impossible, so she had started to clean up her treasures, with the result that the old mirror had given her a surprise that she was at a loss to explain. Theoretically she believed in magic, but practically she had but little experience in that line of study. She was a poet, a musician, and a painter, as yet undeveloped and unbalanced, but sincere in her reverence for art and in her love of beauty. Pondering upon the picture she had seen in the reflecting metal, she was inclined to think that she had caught a fleeting glimpse of some former incarnation of her own. Then she began to wonder if some previous owner of the mirror had not stamped her own image on the sensitive surface and the cleaning had released it momentarily. She thought that if she could learn the secret of polishing the metal in the right way she might release pictures of various ages magically stored in the metal itself. A mirror is a mystery.

The kettle on the stove was singing pleasantly and it was time for tea, but Mary Sinclair was too busy speculating on the mystery of memory to take note of time until a knock at the door awoke her with a start, and then she realized that it was getting dark. She also remembered that her general servant was out (she generally was when needed); and she must open the door herself, or let the call go unanswered. Peeping through the curtains of a side-window she caught sight of a bundle carried by the caller and knew that it was her friend Abdurrahman.

Delighted, she ran down to the door and let him in, telling him that she was waiting to make tea till he arrived. The old man accepted the compliment with a courteous smile and entered. His eye fell upon the mirror at once and he noticed that it had been polished. Touching it delicately, he said:

"You must be careful not to scratch it, something might happen."

"What would happen?" she asked curiously.

"You might hurt yourself, or someone else," he answered seriously.

"Oh! I thought you were going to say a jinn would appear and carry me off to Arabia and chain me to a rock."

Abdurrahman laughed gently, saying: "Then I should have to go and fetch you and I might not be able to get back in time for tea."

Mary remembered again that Jessie (the girl) was out, and proceeded to make the tea herself, while the old man stood looking at the mirror till his hostess bade him set down his bundle and take a chair.

When tea was served, Mary Sinclair asked: "What did you mean by my hurting someone if I scratched the mirror?"

Abdurrahman was cautious and non-committal. "They say, those eastern people, that the pictures in a mirror like that are alive. I don't know. Perhaps there may be something in it. It is best to use some oil and fine powder, something that won't scratch the metal."

Mary replied that she had been very careful, and asked if he had ever seen anything unusual in it himself. The Arab asked leave to roll a cigarette. Then he began away back in the days when he was a boy learning the trade of general merchant in his uncle's store, at which time he first saw this mirror. Mary interrupted to ask how he could be sure it was the same. The old man merely waved his cigarette, repeating his statement; and the girl was satisfied that she would get no further explanation, so was silent.

"I was only a boy, but at that time I knew more about some things than I do now, since I grew up and went into the world."

There was a suggestive pause as he tried to get back in thought to the time when his vision was unclouded by the desires of the flesh, which had caused him to abandon the ascetic life for which he was destined by his father. Sadly he resumed:

"I could see things clearly then, and when I found the mirror I was very happy. It showed me such wonderful places, cities and palaces with beautiful people and rich feasts, flowers, and wines, and exquisite embroideries, and all the things I loved, and poets. I asked my uncle to give it to me for my own. He said it was not his to give, but I might keep it if I could. Then came a rich gentleman who asked my uncle to let me go away with him to see the world. He was very rich, and promised me everything I wished; and my uncle said that if I chose to go with the stranger he could not prevent my going; but he said that he and I would never meet again. I was too young to understand just what he meant, and so I went. I took the mirror with me, but I was so much taken up with all the wonders of the world that I forgot it for a time, until we were in Italy at the great gambling-place. My master gambled and lost all that he had with him; and then I thought of the mirror and told him about it. He promised to make me rich if I would let him use it, and I did. He took it to his room, and that night he won back more than he had lost. He gave me half. Next morning he was dead: his room was open

and the mirror gone with all his valuables. A beautiful lady who was a friend of his was very kind to me. And so it was I lost the vision; and I never saw my uncle living after that."

"How did it come back to you?" asked the artist.

"I bought it from a Jew who did not understand such things. He said he got it with a lot of furniture from the house of a dancer, who was sold up some years ago. No one would buy it; and I knew that I must pass it on to some one else who had the right to use it."

"And how did you know that I was the one?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders as if such a question needed no answer. Then he grew serious and said: "You will see in it everything you need to know, if that contents you; if not, you will see what you wish for most, and then you will see no more. It is not for me to be your teacher; but I will try to be your friend if you will let me."

She looked him in the eyes and said: "My friend, I thank you."

He raised his hand to his heart, touching then his lips and last his forehead, and she imitated the gesture instinctively.

When he was gone she took the magic mirror and wrapped it in a piece of silk, before laying it away in a great oaken chest among her oriental materials and costumes. It had acquired a significance that made her shrink from having to answer questions about it, or having Jessie finger it.

Jessie was a sort of necessary affliction: she cleaned the studio and made herself useful in various ways, according to her own views of usefulness, which, however, were not exactly the views of her employers; for she "served two masters," or rather two mistresses, of whom Miss Sinclair was the less exacting, and so perhaps the less afflicted; for she expected little and got it. The other mistress was a Mrs. Cadogan who occupied the adjoining small studio, in which she painted miniatures for some of the leading photographers, and acted as a perfunctory chaperon for her younger neighbor on occasions when propriety seemed to demand her presence; for which good offices she was well compensated by Mrs. Fairfax, the aunt of Mary Sinclair, who strictly speaking disapproved of her niece's mode of life, but as a matter of fact accepted it as one of the trials ordained for her own spiritual discipline by an all-wise but quite unreasonable Providence.

Mrs. Fairfax was constitutionally punctual, and the dinner-hour was 7.30, but Mary habitually came home at no fixed time and did not always send a telegram when she was not coming to dinner at all, so the dinner-hour fluctuated in spite of Mrs. Fairfax's rigid punctuality. On this occasion Mary was late, having forgotten that visitors were coming. She had stopped at a florist's to buy a white rose that attracted her attention and set her dreaming.

Her aunt had some rather caustic remarks to make upon the degeneracy of modern manners; but when the delinquent, full of apologies and wearing the white rose in her dress, kissed the old lady, the observations lost their bitterness, the clouds dissolved, and Mary was forgiven.

If the young lady was no match for her own servant at the studio, she made

up for it at home by ruling her aunt's household with a rod that blossomed most miraculously.

She justified her irregular hours by a professed fear that her aunt would get into ruts, and would lose her interest in life if the daily routine were allowed to crystallize into a fixed mode of existence fit only for irredeemable philistines such as the artistic temperament abhors. Perhaps she was right; some virtues are hardly distinguishable from vices.

The guests on this occasion were an old friend of her aunt, a Mrs. Erskine, with her son just back from India. He was a civil engineer, who had inherited a small estate from a distant relative and had resigned his post to come home and devote himself to caring for his mother, an exacting old lady, who had made sacrifices to insure his education and who now demanded his presence as a comfort to her in her solitude. In reality she hated India and feared it. She had lost two other sons there as well as her husband; and her demands on her boy were perhaps not as selfish as they seemed.

Ronald himself had lost his young wife there, and had begun to feel the effects of the climate on himself.

To Mary they were merely Anglo-Indians, and she had no love for the genus: her aunt's house was a meeting-place for such as these, old government officials of every possible department, but all of one kind. She loathed officials, but was amiable to them for her aunt's sake. They looked on her as a 'new woman,' and they disapproved of her artistic aspirations but forgave her for her sweetness to themselves.

Mrs. Erskine was a bleak, colorless person with an air of settled melancholy on her refined features that suggested a long-drawn vacillation between resignation and resentment towards her destiny, slowly resolving itself into a compromise that gave free scope to both.

Ronald was familiar as a name only, and Mary experienced a shock when he was introduced to her; for he was not 'according to sample.' His smile was elusive; and there was that peculiar intensity in the eyes that indicates the presence of a soul of some kind. Now Mary had a theory that official Anglo-Indians were individually soulless, having hypothecated their individuality, accepting in exchange a share in the official soul which even collectively is scarcely to be called a soul; and of which there is not enough to go round; so that when these officials retired upon half-pay, their soul-allowance sank to nothing and their remaining years were spent anticipating that complete obliteration which is the end of all respectable officials.

It was therefore a shock to see in Ronald Erskine signs of an individual soul. She wondered what was its quality, and tried to draw him out. She was a great talker and shocked her aunt's coterie by her sheer frivolity. Mrs. Erskine thought her heartless, and had warned Ronald that she was a mere butterfly. So that when he saw those penetrating eyes fixed on his across the table, as she chattered gaily, he felt that there might be mysteries in London such as he had thought were only to be looked for among Orientals. Certainly no other woman had ever met his glance with a gleam of such

intelligence in her eyes. Later he found that she was no mean musician; and he knew enough to appreciate her interpretation of the music that she played. He found himself watching her and wondering what it was that seemed to baffle his search. Usually he saw nothing at all behind the surface-smile and sparkle of eyes that had no possibility of mystery in them nor power to veil their emptiness.

His study of human nature had brought bitter disappointment in the past, where he had read his own idealism into the soulless emptiness of shallow natures, such as the one that he had chosen as his mate. Experience had taught him much, and his lessons had been paid for at the usual rates. But he had learned.

When the guests were gone and Mrs. Fairfax had said good-night, Mary sat watching the fire, wondering where she had seen those eyes before. His complexion was burned almost to an Oriental tinge and the type of his features suggested Egypt more than England. His mother called him a gypsy. Mary wondered if he were not one of her dream-faces. She felt those eyes searching her soul. Then she rose in her own defense and shut them out deliberately. And Ronald Erskine, at that moment strolling round the square in which his mother lived, suddenly threw away his cigarette and turned to go in with an impatient ejaculation as if his train of thought had come to an unpleasant conclusion.

Inside the house in the room he called his study he took out a pack of tarot cards, shuffled, and dealt them according to an unusual method of his own. Then he endeavored to read the answer to his mental query; but got no satisfaction. He put away the cards and stirred the fire. Then settled himself in a comfortable chair and turned down the lamp.

His thoughts were far away. When he was in India he had continually dreamed of Egypt and the life in the great temples when they were in their glory, and Egypt was the wonder of the world. This had seemed strange to him then, but there were many links between ancient Egypt and India; while London could only be looked on as another kind of world where everything was on the surface-level of material existence, holding no possible connexion with the lands of mystery we call the Orient. And yet he knew the eyes that he had met across the dinner-table were full of mystery although the bearer of them was merely a lady-artist with a reputation for frivolity. What could she have to do with Egypt or the past, this very modern product of English respectability and feminine emancipation?

She was a problem; and to him a problem was a challenge. The cards had failed him. Turning up the lamp he took up the book he had been reading; but his mind wandered to the wearer of the white rose and then to a memory of India, when he was down with fever, and a woman, who was not a nurse, came in and looked at him as he lay dying of thirst, as he imagined, in the middle of a desert. She took a white rose from her dress and touched his lips with its cool petals; and immediately the fire of thirst was quenched, and he stood up to thank her for his salvation; but she was already moving

swiftly away across the desert. He followed eagerly, but could not come up with her, although he ran. . . . At last she reached the river and stepped lightly into a canoe that moved away with her of its own accord. He plunged in to swim across and the shock of cool waters woke him to the fact that he was on his bed wet with perspiration that marked the passing of the fever.

(To be continued)