THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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"TRUTH is a thing immortal and perpetual, and it gives to us a beauty which fades not away in time, nor does it take away the freedom of speech which proceeds from justice; but it gives to us the knowledge of what is just and lawful, separating from them the unjust and refuting them."— *A Fragment of Epictetus; translated by George Long*

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

TALBOT MUNDY

JUSTICE, according to Xenophon, was defined by Socrates as "knowledge of what is due to man." There is no other recorded instance of Socrates having committed himself to definitions, his purpose having been to show what things are not, rather than to limit the boundaries of what they might turn out to be if men would only apply themselves to the discovery. However, as far as it goes, the definition will serve well enough as a guide toward correct conclusions, and injustice, accordingly, might better be defined as ignorance of what is due by man to every living creature.

There are a great many grades of ignorance, some wilful, some inherited, some due to sheer stupidity, and some that are the consequence of evil habits which have so corrupted thought that even temporary good intentions fail to disperse the mists of prejudice. The effect of ignorance is inevitably disastrous, unless knowledge can by some means be brought to the rescue.

Mere sentimentalism fails; and mock heroics masquerading as reforming zeal serve only to increase with a cloud of hypocrisy the evils at which they profess to be aimed. Mere appetite for knowledge to be used for personal advancement, being itself only a form of ignorance, is worse than useless in the effort that must certainly be made to lift the world from the state of ignorance into which it has fallen.

Injustice and ignorance go hand-in-hand invariably, and their result is a degenerating and self-propagating state of selfishness that descends from bad to worse, until it becomes so insupportable that nations wilt as from disease. As far back as we have any historical records, the invariable rule has been that nations which ignored the principle of justice have reaped want, revolution, and dishonor. No nation has ever become great, or sustained its greatness, except by adhering to the highest standards of justice of which it was capable. No armies and no fleets since history began have availed for long to enforce injustice; nor have all the votes of all the electors of any country succeeded in advancing the common prosperity one step when the majority opinion has been unjust.

There are plenty of instances where ignorant majorities, with dust thrown in their eyes by those who believe they can profit by injustice, have agreed to enforce laws and penalties which favored this or that adroitly organized minority; but there is no instance where the process has succeeded permanently. Despoiled and despised crowds have a way

of waking suddenly and transferring the spoils and the scorn to other recipients. Thus ignorance proceeds from bad to worse, injustice finding no remedy by merely making an exchange of victims.

As great an effort as ever has been made on the material plane to relegate injustice to oblivion was heralded by the famous phrase "all men are born free and equal." Regarded as an effort, an expression of intention, it was admirable, but there are probably few who pretend that much proof of its truth has been forthcoming. There are many who can point to daily, hourly evidence that seems to prove the contrary.

FREE FROM WHAT? EQUAL TO WHAT?

The phrase has been explained to mean equality of opportunity. But are there any who will venture to assert, as a result of actual observation, that equality of opportunity exists anywhere in the world today? Conceding that the United States stands alone in advance of all nations in the exercise of justice, is it true, for instance, that the poor man enjoys equal opportunity with the rich before the courts? Is it true that the sons of the poor enjoy the same opportunity to be educated as the sons of the rich? Is it true, to take another instance, that a teacher of Theosophy is as immune from persecution as, say, a politician who advocates international mistrust and rivalry?

From what, then, are all men free? And to what are they equal? The great nations — great, that is, in wealth and armaments — exclude the weaker nations from an equal voice in international affairs; big business crowds smaller business out of existence; big political organizations suppress individual liberties; men with big brains and no squeamishness mock law by its manipulation for their private profit. Are men or women free from tyranny, robbery, blackmail, prejudice, oppression, violence, libel, slander? And if not, why?

There are laws beyond count — so many laws that nobody pretends to exact knowledge of more than a small proportion of them. It is evident that the greater the number of laws, the greater the opportunity becomes for clever men to perpetrate injustice, and for rascals to enrich themselves. Yet there are few who will pretend that in the aggregate the intention of those who elect the law-makers is not to provide equality of opportunity for all. The intention fails; all over the world it has failed so dismally that more than one nation has repudiated democratic government and has submitted to a dictatorship. Nevertheless, not even those dictators will pretend there is no miscarriage of justice in the countries they control. They have contrived to organize intolerance and to make injustice function profitably for a while. They have made material efficiency a goal,

without attaining it; but have they even attempted to provide all men with equal opportunity?

To what are we all equal, or were born equal? Is a rich law-breaker, out on bail, the equal of a vagrant, held in the common lock-up awaiting trial? Is a man born with a genius for music the equal of another man born from a drug-soaked mother in the slums? Is a prize-fighter the equal of a poet; or a painter of landscapes the equal of a man born blind? Do any of those enjoy an equal opportunity? And if so, to do what? To live? Then has a man born with inherited disease an equal opportunity with another man born healthy, amid clean surroundings? It is true, there are many agencies, supported by compassionate and earnest people, who endeavor with all their energy to provide opportunity for those born in poverty and ill-health. But have they succeeded? Why not?

It would seem — if we accept the surface-view — that miscarriage of justice is an ineradicable evil, due to ignorance, creating deeper ignorance in which to propagate itself. But due to ignorance of what? For twenty centuries the churches have thundered dogmas that, they say, would solve all human problems if accepted. But countless millions, generation after generation, have accepted them. The churches boast of their conversions, of the thousands of their congregations, of the increase year by year. And has injustice ceased? Has it seemed to begin to cease? Does justice dwell among the churches? Or do they rail at one another, split asunder in loud disagreement and tear up the tenets they have hitherto proclaimed as being statements of divine law?

IGNORANCE OF WHAT?

We are told, and we cannot be told too frequently, that education is the panacea that shall redeem the world from its distress. But who shall do the educating? With the proponents of a hundred creeds, and the protectors of a thousand policies insisting that their way, and only their way, can be right, who shall decide among them? Who shall trust the advocate of this or that theory of education, when so few among them are agreed, and so many admit that their method of teaching is devised expressly to prevent the evolution of individual thought but to establish fixed and arbitrary sets of principles, no two sets of which are alike?

There are those who say the Bible should be rigidly excluded from the schools. There are others who insist that it should be the basis of all education. There are advocates of a purely 'business training'; others of a military system; others who insist that nothing matters except citizenship (forgetting, perhaps, that those who must be depended on to

teach this elusive quality belong of necessity to the generation whose crass ignorance of the rudimentary elements of true citizenship produced the worst disaster in recorded history — the war of 1914).

Insistence on the need of education presupposes ignorance, so there is no need to labor that point. The whole world is ignorant, although there never was a time when so much money was spent on education, nor when so many subjects were taught in schools. There were never, in all history, so many men, women, and children legally and illegally confined in prisons; never so many lunatics; never so many law-suits; never so much law-breaking; never so much propaganda in behalf of remedies for every ailment that the world is heir to. There was never less pretense at justice in the conduct of international affairs; there has been no period in recorded history when the truth about any aspect of life had less chance of unprejudiced consideration; never, since the stories of the nations first began to be written, have there been so many fads, recipes, and 'cure-alls' (some intentionally fraudulent, some honestly conceived and offered desperately for a world's salvation).

One section of the world is 'rolling in money,' while another section lacks the mere necessities of life. Two thirds of the world is arming itself deliberately in preparation for 'the next war,' which all agree will destroy civilization if allowed to happen; and taxes are being laid on unborn children to defray the cost of a war which concluded in a treaty, whose clauses none of the signatory nations has observed, or ever intended to observe.

Under a specious pretext that publicity is purifying, scandal has become an hourly entertainment, published in big-type editions as fast as the wires can collect it and enormous presses can be made to whirl. Injustice in the courts is ensured by incessant and untruthful propaganda, so adroitly handled that none can trace its origin, and yet no juryman can truthfully declare that his mind has not been prejudiced. Men of integrity and self-respect refuse to offer themselves for election to public office because of the certainty that their honor will be called in question and their past will be raked for incidents to which slander may be linked. And yet the very newspapers that hourly perpetrate all these injustices and by constant example increase the tendency toward unfairness in the public mind, preach justice, presumably believe in justice, and bemoan the miscarriage of justice when the all too frequent fact is called to their attention.

Ignorance is the reason, obviously. No man, unless mad, and no body of men, unless victimized by what has recently been renamed crowd-psychology, would deliberately do what they knew would react disastrously upon themselves. Who takes a red-hot iron in his naked hand, or

stands in the way of an express train? A madman now and then, perhaps; a suicide; a child — a very young child; never a grown man in full possession of his reason and possessed of enough intelligence to recognise cause and effect. And yet, it would be safer to do either of those things than to continue in the way the world is drifting.

Cause and Effect are One

There is no escape from consequences. No deed can be separated from its ultimate effect, nor can it be dissociated from the doer, whether done in love or hate or ignorance (which is the mother of all crime). In the practice of law it is conceded that ignorance of the law is no excuse. It is so in nature; ignorance will not protect the man who touches a high-tension wire, or save the animal that walks into a trap. Mass-ignorance is no better (and perhaps worse, because self-multiplying) than that of individuals, and no number of ballots will avoid the ultimate conclusion; as for instance, if a million men should vote to have no earthquake, would the Law that governs Nature change itself to suit them? Ignorantly, men may build their city in an earthquake-zone, but it is they, not Nature, who must reap the consequences.

Truth — Justice — Silence

Who, if he knew with utter certainty that he must undo and redress whatever wrong he does, would perpetrate a wrong? Yet such is the fact, and there is no escape from it. The fallacy, that the Psalmist's three score years and ten are the sum-total of a man's experience, is at the bottom of the ignorant delusion that a man may do wrong and not pay for it in full. There is no escape through death's door, because death is no more than a period between two lives, and we return to earth again to face in naked justice the effects of all we did or left undone.

Precisely there is where the churches fail. They preach the Sermon on the Mount, but teach that men may not revisit scenes of earth-experience or meet again in justice those whom they have loved, neglected, wronged. They lull the conscience of the race to sleep with fables of vicarious salvation, and invent a death-bed remission of sins to disguise the sheer injustice of the doctrine.

Truth, Justice, Silence, are the Keepers of the Law. No pompous rituals are needed; no observances of fasts; no censored prayers. In silence the whole ritual of Nature, sun and moon and stars, the seasons and the sea, the grass — the very insects,— are the witnesses of Truth.

And prayer, in its highest form conceivable, is no more than acknowledgment of Justice.

For Justice is not mocked, although men mock themselves in ignorance of its unchanging Law. No pessimism can avoid the truth, that men reap mercy where they sowed good-will; no optimism can avert the consequence of wrong. Selfishness, whatever tyrannies it may invent, can find no enduring substitute for the Fact of Universal Brotherhood, which is, and was, and will be until the end of time, and must be recognised before the world can be redeemed.

The Law is silent. Tumult of elections and the roar of massed artillery are as useless to modify or cancel it by one degree as psalms sung to a cathedral roof are impotent to delay the procession of day and night or alter the position of the North Star. The Law is silent, but not secret: as a man sows, so shall he reap. He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.

There is nothing in the Law imposing blame on others for disasters that befall ourselves. There is a line in one of Rudyard Kipling's poems (Tomlinson) that states the case exceeding clearly:

> "The sins that ye do by two and two
> Ye shall pay for one by one."

Therein is the conclusion of the matter. There is nothing there of dogma, no convenient side-exit to salvation through the medium of some other man's responsibility, or through repentance murmured on a deathbed when the consequence of wrong deeds seems to have no further personal significance and nothing can be gained by continued hypocrisy. The Justice of the Universe does not miscarry, and the Law cannot be bribed, deceived, or flattered.

Self-directed Evolution

The grand responsibility has been imposed on us that we create our destiny. The dignity of true divinity, the right of Universal Brotherhood, the power to control and discipline ourselves, are ours. The Law adjusts all balances and measures the exact effect of every thought and deed, detecting each hidden motive, registering justly. Energy is not lost. One tear shed, one sigh, one effort made in behalf of Brotherhood is as sure of its effect as is the act of multiplying two by two, no matter what all the creeds proclaim or all the legislatures try to do about it.

Neither man, nor cataclysm, nor the Hierarchies can undo one detail of the past or help one individual to avoid his full share of responsibility. The juryman who casts his vote on the score of prejudice, or for convenience, or because he seeks a personal reward, has no escape in the

excuse that he was one of twelve; as he judged, so shall he be judged, his every secret motive taken into reckoning, for him or against him. The judge who misdirects a jury, the attorney who connives at falsehood, each, alone is answerable for his thought and act; each, for himself, has outlined one inevitable issue of his destiny.

There is nothing haphazard or unjust in the Universe. Each man, each insect, each imponderable atom, is exactly placed in the conditions it deserves, in which it must meet the consequences of the past, may profit by the accumulated strength of past experience, and may evolve to higher consciousness by dint of self-directed effort. Duty is the key-note of the Universe — duty and responsibility: Duty so to discipline and control oneself that every thought and act may make life grander and more frictionless for others; Responsibility before the Higher Law.

The fashion of the moment is to seize on personal advantage and to blame other men, other nations, other modes of thought for every failure to attain the momentary goal. And yet, each pauseless moment holds for every individual in all the Universe these three essentials Duty, Responsibility, and Opportunity. As surely as a seed can spring to life in silence, burst asunder granite rocks and grow upward toward the invigorating light, each individual can, and each eventually must, allow the secret promptings of his heart to grow within him and expand until the very prison-walls go down and each steps forth with new and grander fields to conquer.

For there is no calculable end — no limit to the depth to which the careless may consign themselves, nor any limit to the heights to which each one of us may climb. Responsibility begets responsibility. Each duty faced, accepted, done, begets a greater duty and the power to deal with it. None knows whose duty is the greatest, whose the least. A hand extended to a man in jail, a word dropped quietly in a bewildered ear, one step taken, or not taken, can have immeasureable consequences; and the unknown motive is the element that counts.

The ignorance that halts us all and throws the world into confusion is the blind, insane belief that all life is material and limited within the actuary's law of average — the three score years and ten that begin with nothing and end nowhere. Viewed within those limits, through the matter-legend lens, there is neither purpose nor motive in life and all, as the ancient preacher said, is vanity — with thirty thousand guesses at the nature of a hypothetical after-life to choose among, and no certainty but that woe is for the weak. Such thinking leads inevitably to the grossest forms of selfishness and to the vilest crimes; just as the belief that a man may save his soul by accepting the legend of another's sacrifice opens the door wide to cant, hypocrisy, and guile.

GREAT TEMPLES IN JAVA

DUALITY AND THE DIVINITY OF MAN

It is not until we ponder and absorb the oldest teaching in the world, Theosophy, that there is evoked within us knowledge which makes the heart sing, and understanding of the purpose and the justice of the Universe begins to dawn. Duality and the divinity of man, once recognised, bring laughter with them and a sweeping view of endless Evolution, forever mounting through a grand Eternity, in which no stone is overturned, no sigh escapes, no deed is done, and no least thought expended without exact, proportioned recompense.

For lo! — we are the brothers of the stars, and of the wind and rain and of the sunlight shimmering on azure seas.

GREAT TEMPLES IN JAVA

C. J. RYAN

SPEAKING of the magnificence of the ancient temples in Java, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, famous naturalist and traveler said:

"One is overwhelmed by the contemplation of these innumerable sculptures, worked with delicacy and artistic feeling in a hard, intractable, trachytic rock, and all found in one tropical island. What could have been the state of society, what the amount of population, what the means of subsistence which rendered such gigantic works possible will, perhaps, ever remain a mystery; and it is a wonderful example of the power of religious ideas in social life that in the very country where, five hundred years ago, these grand works were being yearly executed, the inhabitants now only build rude houses of bamboo and thatch, and look upon the relics of their forefathers with ignorant amazement as the undoubted production of giants or of demons."

Wallace, if he referred to the temples on the Dieng Plateau, illustrated in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for February, 1924, or the more easterly ones near Solo, was too recent in his chronology, for their age, quite unknown, is surely more than five hundred years: even the marvellous Boro-Budur temple is known to be at least twelve hundred years old. But he is very right in his wonder at the artistic power and architectural splendor, and the spirit of religious devotion of the ancient inhabitants of Java. The Javan ruins illustrate, once more, the inevitable law of cyclic rise and fall so marked in the lives of nations as in all nature, which Theosophy teaches as the fundamental principle through which evolution of the soul proceeds.

A century ago the great Temple or Stûpa of Boro-Budur was unknown, even to the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood, for it was covered with dense vegetation and seemed to be nothing but a natural mound. The central dagoba, the highest cupola, is probably the first portion built,

and around it the great sculptured terraces were gradually constructed. An inscription found in Sumatra, bearing the date of 656 A. D., gives the name of a Mahârâja who erected a great seven-storied Vihâra in honor of the five Dhyâni-Buddhas. The Buddhist religion was in glory in Java during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries; in the tenth century the people lapsed into Hindûism, and with the Mohammedan conquest in 1475-79 the Moslem religion obtained the supremacy which it still retains. When the British engineers in 1814 under Sir Stamford Raffles, the famous British governor, made the first careful survey of the monument, two hundred coolies worked forty-five days clearing away the vegetation and excavating the buried terraces. Unfortunately, the people of the neighborhood afterwards looked upon the temple as a heaven-sent free quarry, and helped themselves to many of the carved stones; in this spoliation they were assisted by souvenir-hunters, visitors of all kinds, including archaeologists: soldiers used the most conspicuous heads as targets; shepherd boys broke small pieces off to throw at one another. It is a wonder that so much of the realistic delineation of the highly cultured civilization of the seventh century is left. R. Friederich says:

"The mixture of Buddhism and Brâhmanism is best seen in the three upper and inner galleries. In the first we see the history of Sâkyamuni from the annunciation of his descent from the heaven of Indra till his transformation into Buddha, with some scenes of his life. The thirteen first scenes in the second gallery likewise represent Buddha as a teacher with his pupils: after that it would seem as if a concordat had been formed between the different cults; we have first in three separate scenes Buddha, Vishnu, and Siva, all together, and other groups follow, Buddhistic and Sivaite without distinction. It is only in the fourth gallery that we find Buddha again dominant. . . . In my opinion the cupola is the principal and most ancient part of the temple of Boro-Budur; it must have been intended to serve as a dagoba, *i. e.*, a place for the inshrining of relics."*

Many other shrines are found in the neighborhood of Boro-Budur, some of very great interest and beauty. Two of these, Chandi Pawon and Chandi Mendut are illustrated herewith; (Chandi means temple). Chandi Pawon — more commonly called Dapor, the Kitchen, because the interior is blackened with smoke from centuries of incense burnt by devotees,— is small, but in excellent preservation.

Chandi Mendut is a very stately building with remarkably fine proportions and exceedingly beautiful sculpture. The carving suggests that it is later in date than Boro-Budur, being probably erected at the time that Hindûism was supplanting Buddhism. Standing on a well-designed platform with paneling and decoration in low relief, it reaches a height of seventy feet. The interior (cruciform) chamber is approached through a

*For further details and other illustrations of Boro-Budur, see THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for November, 1917.

kind of stepped or corbelled portal, decorated with a particularly fine relief of Buddha sitting under the Bo Tree, teaching mankind the Noble Eightfold Truths of the Good Law; even the birds in the trees and the lambs are listening to the music of his words, and above are groups of Devas or angels. Within the chamber three handsome figures are seated. Special interest attaches to the right-hand statue for a reason which will be explained later.

The Chandi Sewu group of temples, also near Boro-Budur, are popularly called the 'Thousand Temples,' but they are really only the remains of two hundred and ninety-six, consisting of an outer row of eighty-four small shrines, a second of seventy-six, a third of sixty-four, a fourth of forty-four, and the fifth of twenty-eight; these surround a central and large cruciform temple, the whole covers a space of nearly six hundred feet square. The general plan resembles that of Boro-Budur, but it is all on the same level and considerably spread out, and the ruins are in far worse preservation owing to the ravages of the tropical vegetation and the destruction caused by earthquakes. Fergusson, the eminent writer on architecture, says it was a Boro-Budur modified to suit the nature of the site and the later religious compromise between Buddhism and Hindûism which 'is called' Jainism (?).

At Suku, near Mount Lawu, twenty-six miles from the city of Solo, are a group of singular temples which Fergusson believes to date from about 1440 A. D., but other writers speak of them as being probably the shrines of a faith earlier and simpler than any of which we have record. Nothing is really known about them. They are severe in form, and massive, and have caused much speculation on account of their resemblance to Central American or Egyptian monuments. Fergusson makes the following very significant remarks on the general subject of the Javan architectural style:

"The most interesting feature connected with the remains at Suko as well as of all the later buildings in Java, is their extraordinary likeness to the contemporary [?] edifices in Yucatan and Mexico. It may be accidental but it is unmistakable. No one, probably, who is at all familiar with the remains found in the two provinces, can fail to observe it, though no one has yet suggested any hypothesis to account for it. When we look at the vast expanse of ocean that stretches between Java and Central America, it seems impossible to conceive that any migration can have taken place eastward — say after the tenth century — that could have influenced the arts of the Americans, or, if it had taken place, that the Javans would not have taught them the use of alphabetical writing, and of many arts they cultivated but of which the Americans were ignorant when discovered by the Spaniards. It seems equally improbable or impossible that any colonists from America could have planted themselves in Java so as to influence the arts of the people. But there is a third supposition that may be possible, and, if so, may account for the observed facts. It is possible that the building races of Central America are of the same family as the native inhabitants of Java. Many circumstances lead to the belief that the inhabitants of Easter Island belong to the same stock. In the first two volumes of the photographs published by the Batavian Society are numerous examples of rude sculptures

which are indistinguishable from those of Easter Island. Crauford and other ethnologists do not seem to feel the least difficulty in extending the Malay race from Easter Island to Madagascar, and, if this is so, it diminishes the improbability of another allied family extending through the Pacific Islands from Java to the American continent. Almost the only other example that occurs is in respect to the likeness that is unmistakable between certain Peruvian buildings and the Pelasgic remains of Italy and Greece. These, however, are even more remote in date and locality, so the subject must remain in its present uncertainty till some fresh discovery throws new light upon it."— *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*

In the eastern part of Java, in Kediri, there is further evidence of the same spirit in decorative design that is characteristic of Central America, in the so-called Tree- and Serpent-Temples. Decorative serpents are a leading feature in one of these, and the remarkable fact is observed that these are not the familiar symbolic seven-headed Nâga serpents of India, with the expanded cobra-hood, but are like the terrible crested dragon-serpents of Central America. Even in the Boro-Bodur sculptures the same crested serpent is represented in place of the Oriental cobra-type.

The general design of the majority of the Javan temples irresistibly reminds the student of the American ones, and even certain details of decoration used nearly everywhere in Java are almost indistinguishable from those of the Maya people. Compare the two sculptured figures in the illustration given herewith: one is from Chandi Mendut, the right of a group of three divinities — Bodhisattvas perhaps, but no one can accurately place them — and the other is the celebrated 'Beau Relief' from Palenque, Mexico. Both are seated in one of the mystic Yoga positions whose significance is strangely disregarded by most Western Orientalists. Certain images of the Hindû Krishna are almost identical with the Beau Relief in many details which testify strongly *to the possession of the same philosophic or occult knowledge* by those who directed the sculptors who executed them.

Fergusson's idea that there was some community of race between the artists of Central America and Java, however wild it may seem, is not impossible, but there may be other explanations, more surprising in view of our modern shortsighted notions of the condition of the world in very early times. For instance, there is the Oriental tradition that Ceylon is the small relic of the northern highland of Lankâ, as it is called in Hindû records, a large continent extending into the Indian Ocean and including many of the Malayan islands. This land is believed to have been inhabited by a great and powerful race, who were navigators and had communication with distant parts of the world, which was then very different from its present condition. This does not refer to the great continental areas once existing in ancient geological times in the Pacific Ocean and extending westward towards Madagascar for which so much new evidence is continually being gathered, but to a reasonably modern period, say

twenty or thirty thousand years ago. The tremendous volcanic forces still evident in Java and neighborhood may be the lingering testimony to the stupendous convulsions which once destroyed and submerged immense portions of the ancient territory of Lankâ. Without the necessity of claiming that the Javanese and Central Americans are branches of the same race, the Lankâ-theory, with its vista of maritime inter-communication, offers a reasonable explanation of the peculiar identities between their architecture and decorative sculpture. None of the buildings existing today in either districts may be very ancient, but the traditional knowledge may easily have been handed down from early times by means of temples which perished before the very limited authentic records we possess were written.

A very remarkable feature of Javanese architecture, worth consideration, is pointed out by Fergusson as follows:

"It is very remarkable that there is not a single pillar in Java. When we think of the thousands that were employed in South India and by the Jains in the North-West, it is curious how they escaped being introduced here [by the Indian colonizing invaders]. Also there is not a true arch in the whole island. Neither was mortar ever used, though they employed lime for plaster on the surface of which they painted. Earthquakes did more damage from the absence of the binding quality of mortar than otherwise would have been the case. . . . The Javan style of architecture is probably the only one of which it can be said that it reaches a high degree of perfection without using either pillars, arches, or mortar in any of its buildings."

While we cannot apply the above exactly to the architecture of Central America or Peru, it is a fact that the true arch is extremely rare and American architecture is characterized by a general absence of columns.

In regard to the possibilities of the ancients having possessed fleets capable of voyaging over the Pacific Ocean (which seems so unlikely to us when we think that *our* not very remote ancestors only had primitive coracles fit to carry one or two people short distances on lakes or quiet rivers and that with us 'civilization' began!) let the dispassionate reader consider the mystery of the harbor of Ponape. Ponape is an island in Micronesia, in the western Pacific, where great walls of basalt have been found built out into the sea over several square miles: their construction is solid cyclopean stone-work, so strongly made as to have braved the storms of thousands of years. Mr. W. J. Perry, the ethnologist, today in *Cultural Anthropology*, bids us ask ourselves who were the men who planned the great city — a desolated Venice — which in the remotest days of the prehistoric age required such magnificent wharves and harbors. A writer in the *Daily Telegraph* (London) commenting upon this mystery recently accentuated by Mr. Perry, says:

"If there never was a continent lost in the Atlantic Ocean [*which there surely was!*] science talks now of one sunk in the Indian Ocean, the hypothetical vanished Lemuria. . . . Why should we feel surprise that a city of magnificence has been sunk in the Pacific? The men who

lived there have left in the South Seas none like them or second to them. Where did they come from, why did they come, for what did they build this great harbor-town? . . . Whence did they draw their resources of man-power and mechanical power? And why, above all, having built it, did their race fail? That, indeed, is an old question, asked over many a vanished State, Egyptian itself, Cretan, Athenian, Roman. If we knew the answer, perhaps we should know more of our own future than is good for mortal man."

If the laws of Reincarnation and Karma were better understood by our so-called leaders of modern thought, the problem of the disappearances of great civilizations would not be so difficult and we should know more of the way to avoid the causes of failure and so be able to build a better future *which would be good for mortal man.*

The style of the Water-Palace or Castle at Jokyakarta, of which the entrance-gate is shown in the plate, is neither ancient nor truly Javanese. Jokyakarta is the chief city in Middle Java, about twelve miles from the ocean, and is very little Europeanized. It still boasts of a native Sultan as ruler; he is rather ironically called one of the independent princes and he maintains an outward show of sovereignty on a generous pension given by the Dutch government, but, of course, he has little or no authority outside his own palace. In this domain, which encloses one square mile in the heart of the city, he holds a gorgeous and delightfully picturesque Oriental court, but the real ruler is of course the Dutch resident in the Government offices or Residency. The native princes of Middle Java resisted both the assaults of the Mohammedan Arab invaders and the Dutch long after the eastern and western ends of the island had surrendered, and it is hardly a hundred years since the Dutch became masters of the whole of Java. The Water-Castle is a deserted pleasure-palace in the suburbs of Jokyakarta built by a Portuguese architect for a powerful sultan in the middle of the eighteenth century. A careful study of the details shows that it displays a quaint and very charming mixture of Oriental and Western ideas. The Water-Castle formerly stood in the midst of a lake, and a secret tunnel was the only means of approach other than by water. Its most important buildings have been greatly damaged by earthquakes; and lizards, snakes, and bats are its principal inhabitants, but even in its ruin it is a romantic and fascinating place with picturesque courtyards and galleries and water-chambers, and half-underground halls where the sultan and his courtiers could retire for coolness in the heat of the tropical days.

"THE very first step in true mysticism and true occultism is to try and apprehend the meaning of Universal Brotherhood."— *William Q. Judge*

THE PALAEONTOLOGICAL RECORD

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IN all fields of inquiry it is found that, when we search for facts to support our theory, we are apt to find facts which, instead of confirming it, compel us to enlarge it. The pursuit of a clue leads to the discovery of other tracks diverging in all directions. But the circumstance should cause us neither surprise nor disgust; unless indeed we have expected or desired that the universe and its sublime laws should submit to be bottled and labeled in a form suitable for storage in a corner of our finite mind.

The above remarks apply, among other matters, to evolution: a principle whose truth and omniprevalence is both confirmed by fact and enunciated as a primary article of ancient wisdom. Candid inquirers are of course ready enough to admit it; such people must be distinguished from any of another sort, who might try to shirk or distort the facts in deference to some theory which they wish to establish at all costs.

The above remarks are illustrated by a book called *Studies in Fossil Botany*, by Dukinfeld H. Scott. We quote the following from a review of this book, in the magazine *Discovery*, by Professor A. C. Seward, the eminent palaeobotanist of Cambridge, England.

"The more we know of the floras of the past, the more difficult becomes the problem of evolution. A superficial acquaintance with extinct types of vegetation may lead to the conclusion that the records of the rocks clearly support the orthodox conception of a progressive development from the simple to the complex; but when we become familiar with the extraordinary complexity and astounding variety of types illustrated by the plants which formed the forests of the Coal Period, and contrast them with their nearest living relatives, we wonder more and more whether it will ever be possible to construct a satisfactory history of the vegetable kingdom from the fragmentary documents within our reach. 'In our complete ignorance, now realized, of the methods of Evolution, we cannot hope for very definite success in tracing its course. A more tentative and diffident tone seems to be demanded in discussing phylogenetic problems, and may be found, it is hoped, in the present issue of this book.'"

It is satisfactory to find such authoritative scientific confirmation for views which we have been contending for, ever since H. P. Blavatsky first enunciated them in her *Secret Doctrine*. The idea, we have so often said, that evolution is a simple progression from simple to complex, is too narrow, and will not be found conformable to the facts. This is exactly what Professor Seward says. The further we explore the facts, the greater is the abundance and complexity which we find. The author quoted by him confesses to a "complete ignorance of the methods of Evolution": terms stronger than we should ourselves have ventured

to use. Clearly it is not those who know most about science who presume to dogmatize on the strength of imperfect knowledge. Their attitude is what it should be — one of candor and open-mindedness. It will be appropriate to make a few quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*, which, be it remembered, was published in 1888.

"The types of life are innumerable; and the progress of evolution, moreover, does not go on at the same rate in every kind of species. . . . Nor do we find that which ought to be found, if the now orthodox theory of Evolution were *quite* correct, namely a constant ever-flowing progress in every species of being. Instead of that, what does one see? While the intermediate types of animal being all tend toward a higher type, and while specializations, now of one type, now of another develop through the geological ages, change forms, assume new shapes, appear and disappear with a kaleidoscopic rapidity in the description of the palaeontologists from one period to another, the two solitary exceptions to the general rule are those at the two opposite poles of life and type, namely — MAN *and the lower genera of being!*"

"We have one thing in common with the Darwinian school: it is the law of gradual and extremely slow evolution, embracing many million years."— II, 669

It is stated in *The Secret Doctrine*, in passages too extended and scattered for convenient quotation, that there are seven Rounds of evolution, and that the processes of evolution or derivation of one form from another took place in Rounds preceding the present one, and on the astral plane; the forms thus produced appearing at different times in the present Round as physical organisms. Further, in this Round, Man came before the mammals. It is teachings like these that will eventually be confirmed by the facts, which, as we have seen, do not bear out the more modern speculations.

As regards the *method* of evolution, we read:

"There *can be no objective* form on earth (nor in the Universe either), without its astral prototype being first formed in Space."— II, 660

"All things had their origin in spirit — evolution having originally begun from above and proceeded downwards, instead of the reverse as taught by the Darwinian theory. In other words, 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 into the arena of speculative hypothesis."— II, 290, quoted from *Isis Unveiled*

"Every new Manvantara brings along with it the renovation of forms, types, and species; every type of the preceding organic forms — vegetable, animal, and human — changes and is perfected in the next, even to the mineral, which has received in this Round its final opacity and hardness; the astral relics of previous vegetation and fauna having been utilized in the formation of the lower animals, and determining the structure of the primeval Root-Types of the highest Mammalia."— II, 730

"There are centers of creative power for every ROOT or parent species of the host of forms of vegetable and animal life. . . . There are certainly 'designers.' . . . That they work in cycles and on a strictly geometrical and mathematical scale of progression, is what the extinct animal species amply demonstrate; that they act by *design* in the details of minor lives (of side animal issues, etc.) is what natural history has sufficient evidence for. In the *creation* of

new species, departing sometimes very widely from the Parent stock, as in the great variety of the *genus Felis* -- like the lynx, the tiger, the cat, etc.— it is the 'designers' who direct the new evolution by adding to or depriving the species of certain appendages, either needed or becoming useless in the new environments. Thus, when we say that *Nature* provides for every animal and plant, whether large or small, we speak correctly. For it is those terrestrial spirits of Nature, who form the aggregated Nature; which, if it fails occasionally in its design, is neither to be considered blind, nor to be taxed with the failure; since, belonging to *a differentiated* sum of qualities and attributes, it is in virtue of that alone *conditioned and imperfect.*"
— II, 732

It is evident that science usually conducts a one-sided investigation by studying the results of evolution with a very inadequate idea of the cause and the methods. Such a method may suffice for a mere tabulation of the facts, but obviously it impairs the power of inference. Whatever be the cause of evolution, whether it is within the organism or without it, it must ultimately be of the nature of *mind, intelligence.* Animals are guided by some intelligence of which they are not conscious, and which we call instinct. It is the same with the vegetable kingdom; and even minerals have 'properties' which again can only be referred to intelligence somewhere. In short, the whole scheme of evolution is a manifestation of intelligence, directed to an end and accomplishing definite results by definite means. A most essential feature of the teachings outlined in *The Secret Doctrine* is that the actual *causal* changes by which one form passes into another do not take place on the plane of physical matter at all — a fact which science has to admit, for it cannot discover the connecting links. It is while in the plastic ('astral') condition, before acquiring a physical structure, that the forms are changed; and, as stated in one of the passages quoted above, this is the work of 'designers.'

MAN'S ORIGIN, CONSTITUTION, AND PLACE IN NATURE

E. A. NERESHEIMER

WAKING, DREAMING, DEEP SLEEP, DEATH

OF all familiar experiences of our personal life there is hardly one phenomenon that is more inwrapped in solemn mystery than our states of consciousness, that are with us all the time, whether we be awake or asleep, in or out of the body. Granting an unbroken continuity in the existence of Self, which strings all states of consciousness together, and that the quality of each state of consciousness is radically different from any other, it is strange that we

should think so little about ascertaining their full significance and interrelations.

In the waking-state, the mind being impelled by the inherent life-energy, stimulated by causes from within and without, we remember more or less our connexion with past happenings, and through that recollection we enjoy an assurance of continuity of individual being throughout the whole span of one life. In the dream-state, the mind is just as easily impressed as in waking, but memory of past events is only spasmodic, and the will less determined. On the other hand our experiences in deep sleep are so subtil and elusive that little recollection remains of them; and of the lengthened dream-state between one incarnation and another we have ordinarily no mental record at all; therefore we rightly yield to the persuasion that the waking-state constitutes the most active and most positive state of our life on the plane of causes, and is by far the most important for the personality.

The necessity for sleep arises from the excess of life-force that enters into the body and brain during the waking-hours; drowsiness is the sign that the life-essence from without is becoming too powerful for the physical organism, so that it needs must seek relief in the negative side of that essence. This is accomplished by a counterforce set up through sleep, which cuts off the pressure of these currents, inducing first passivity of will and the effacement of physical memory and imagination in the ensuing dream-state, until finally complete rest of the brain-mind altogether in dreamless sleep sets in. When the inflow of the active life-force has ceased, then readjustment and co-ordination proceed through the natural balance which is established in the centralized organism. This takes place in all creatures from the very inception of their entitative being. All beings and creatures dream and are more or less conscious of doing so, though memory does not clearly record, without considerable practice, the events and pictures experienced in the dream-state. However, while in that condition the Experiencer feels that the images, forms, and objects he sees are fully as real as those perceived during the waking-state.

In dreamless sleep the familiar fields of consciousness of both the waking- and dreaming-states disappear, and the personality is inwrapt in such deep obscurity that it hardly knows whether it exists or not, excepting by reason of the fact that upon waking he has the gratification of feeling splendidly refreshed, and of finding the normal faculties more balanced, more alive and self-centered, than before going to sleep.

Death, or rather the state of consciousness after death, is almost entirely removed from the plane of physical perception, since there is no physical instrument left upon which to impress experiences or with which

to perceive the same. However, as we cannot help noticing that the personal I-consciousness is absent in deep sleep and that continuity of consciousness survives, we must conclude that both in dreamless sleep and after death our real consciousness must inhere in another and quite different vesture of substance than at other times.

The Theosophic teachings on this subject are very illuminating in every detail with regard to this so-called 'obscure' but yet perfectly natural phenomenon. At the outset we will endeavor to clear up some points concerning the states of consciousness we are faced with, an experience that is much less conspicuous than those heretofore referred to, and therefore not usually observed; namely, the critical or neutral states of consciousness intervening between the waking- and dream-states, upon passing from dreaming to deep sleep, and from deep sleep on to the state of consciousness that takes place after death. There is no direct entry from any one of these states to another, and back again, without first passing through the critical states that divide one from the other in each case. Both ways, in 'coming and going,' each transition is cut off completely from the preceding state; for instance, a total cessation of the waking-state of consciousness equal to a perfect blank supervenes, though perhaps only for a moment, before the ordinary mind-energy again becomes active in the dream-state. A new world has been entered of entirely different dimensions of time and space. The same thing happens in the transition from the dream-state to that of deep sleep. To the ordinary mortal the 'I'-consciousness becomes obliterated in the critical state. Its province is said, in Eastern lore, to "belong to God."

A similar critical state supervenes between dreaming and deep sleep, and upon the departure of the centralizing consciousness from the body at death, leading to a still less known state of being. However, in this instance, there is one difference: just before entering the critical state, the whole panorama of the past incarnation passes, in lucid retrospect, before the vision of the Ego, that sees, as in a flash, the golden thread, the fruit so to say, of the last life, and all its previous lives.

During the critical state of unconsciousness immediately following upon death, lasting an indefinite period of time, a new and more subtil vesture is formed, in which the entity subsequently inheres, during the *post-mortem* state, while working out and assimilating all the ideal meditations, aspirations, noble thoughts and deeds it had in its preceding form of existence. Upon awakening from that transitory unconsciousness, comes a long period of unalloyed bliss analogous to dreamless sleep, wherein no causes are, or can be, generated, by means of which the entity could either expiate or incur fresh Karma. In that state the entity feels nought of responsibility, worry, apprehension of any kind nor pain

or trouble; in short, an idealized continuation of the past earth-life in a high degree of felicity supervenes.

The notion of time varies greatly in each of the states of consciousness. In the waking-state a concept is formed, by impressions received through the senses, that time is measured by the succession of events. It moves fast or slow, according to the extent to which we become absorbed in and identified with forms and objects that happen to engage our attention. The orderly movement of the natural phenomena of cycles, such as hours, days, nights, seasons, years, and the certainty of rise and fall, beginning, and end of every known condition, have created the habit of attaching some considerable reality to this mechanical conception in our minds as to the passing of time. However, in view of what occurs in the other states of consciousness, when things appear to the inner man to be equally real, though entirely different, we must conclude that the concept of time in the waking-state, only applies to a part of the life of man as localized in that layer of consciousness which we call the physical plane.

In the dream-state we find our sense of proportion shifted to another state of being which has little in common with that of the waking-state, with the exception that the 'I'-consciousness in both remains the same. Reflexions from the plane below or from that above may be present, but we feel, hear, talk, see, taste, not with the physical, but with the astral senses, and apparently in a perfectly natural way. Thoughts, acts, and events are marshaled ideally before the mind, and sometimes with such rapidity that experiences of a life-time take place in only a few moments, and pass through an unlimited range of space, without limit or any sense of misgiving or unreality.

In dreamless sleep the change of experience is still greater; the field of perception is dimensionless, and, for all we know, positive, high of purpose, and beatific, although to all appearances altogether removed from the possibility of ordinary relative observation. It is said to be the waking-state of the Ego, whose reflexions sometimes become apparent to the mind afterwards in the state of waking-consciousness in moments of exalted flashes of intuitive wisdom, partial revelations of great truth long searched for, as also hints of past events and foreshadowings of the future. They may be called forth by association of ideas, sometimes even at the mere sight of some simple material object, an odor, sound, thought, or word from another person.

During deep sleep all power of independent thinking is paralysed, the body then being but a vitalized form of matter, and the brain and lower mind inactive. These very conditions set the Ego free to act on its own plane, untrammeled by the limitations of physical life. To its consciousness the pictures of the past and future are as the present; nor are these

visions vague like ours, but living acts and deeds as present actualities. "The life of the personality is but as a dream to the Ego."

"Remember, the only God man comes in contact with is his own God,— the Ego." Theosophically speaking, the realm of consciousness of the Divine Spark or Ego is always in the Archetypal World of the manifested Cosmos, yet not fully identified with the Logos during its vicarious pilgrimage through the cycle of necessity, for the sake of the evolution of the personality.

After corporeal death, character and the degree of consciousness attained depend upon the values gathered and the affinities engendered during the life just closed. In any event, immediately after death a more or less prolonged period in a state of insensibility prevails while the process of 'second death' *i. e.*, the separation of the wheat from the chaff, or the segregation of the higher from the lower self, proceeds. Consciousness then gradually returns to both the higher and the lower, but of a very different character. The 'I-making faculty' (Ahamkara) gathers up in an ethereal vehicle all that better part of the departed entity which was contiguous to the essence of the Ego, constituting the real 'I,' now minus the body, freed from and unencumbered by the lower tendencies of the ex-personality. The lower part, separate and independent, is then only a cast-off remnant or shadow of the erstwhile entity now deprived of the informing principle of its divine Father — the Ego, that before death overshadowed both the higher as well as the lower self. As an entity this specter, clothed in astral matter, whose desires are still strong, though its will is indefinite, is conscious to a limited extent, and its career consists chiefly in actions impelled by various nature-forces, or by abnormal disincarnated beings to which it is drawn by affinity.

The reincarnating entity or higher causal center, overshadowed by the Ego, reaps, upon emerging from the first state of insensibility caused by the separation from earthly concerns, the just deserts of his conduct in the life just past. This differs greatly with each individual, according to the nature of the ideals aspired to by the personality on the physical plane. The soul of the good man then proceeds to pursue uninterruptedly the work of assimilating the very essence of the effects from his meditative reflexions in the past, in perfect bliss, unmarred by unpleasant memories of the past life. For a moderately good person it will be a dreamlike continuation of the pleasant experiences of the past earth-life, and for a hardened materialist it will be an indefinite sleep of short duration before reimbodiment takes place. In all cases the spiritual law of continuity of consciousness provides that only those things come to fruition in Devachan which are truly real and founded on the moral and spiritual values that pertain to the Ego. No departed soul in Devachan will, or

can, revisit the earth to communicate with those they have left behind in the flesh; but an imbodied soul of a very exalted spiritual nature may reach the plane of a Devachanî, and come temporarily into sympathetic relation with it. Another important fact in connexion with the Devachanî is, that when the moral essence of all the knowledge and experiences accumulated during earth-life are assimilated, he awakens to physical consciousness once more, and reincarnates; the Ego then, at the moment of rebirth, has a prospective vision of the life before it, as well as a knowledge of the causes that have led up to the conditions necessary for its further development and growth.

Following up in part the subject of the condition of the residue — spook or *eidolon* — that is left after permanent separation from the Devachanî, it is unquestionably interesting to note the facts given in Theosophic teachings, which are the records of thousands of years of investigation. As a point of centralized energy, this lower entity now floats in an atmosphere of irresponsibility having no anchorage in any source higher than itself; it is doomed from the outset to fade into oblivion sooner or later. What consciousness it possesses is but the left-over dregs of the former personality, and when left to itself it is more or less vicious, immoral, and hostile to humankind. Such a 'shell,' full of unsatisfied desires, passions, and conflicting tendencies, existing and moving in the plastic subtil astral atmosphere of Kâma-loka (the field of desire) and seeking association with kindred entities and forces, easily penetrates the unbalanced and negative mind of psychics, abnormally weak persons, mediums, and criminals. There it masquerades as friend, relative, fictitious historical celebrity, etc.; and being able to assume forms projected by the thoughts of interested persons or victims, it produces much mischief and delusion. If not of itself as vicious as would appear, it coalesces with the vicious part of the living with whom it comes in contact, and may become perfectly fiendish in its attempts to satisfy its own predilections and tendencies. It is this kind of entity, materializing in the séance-rooms, that obsesses persons who are so loosely organized that they attract, consciously or unconsciously to themselves these irresponsible excrescences of the supersensuous astral world. They become visible to physical sight by means of substance borrowed from the medium, which substance again returns to the victim afterwards, plus interest, *i. e.*, the contamination of the viciousness of the spook.

A fuller elucidation and explanation of this subject, which has only been lightly touched upon here, is given in Theosophic literature, particularly in *The Key to Theosophy*, and other of H. P. Blavatsky's writings.

THE TRUE BASIS OF ETHICS

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"We must supply the world with a philosophy which gives a sure and logical basis for ethics."— W. Q. JUDGE

ETHICS, in one of its senses, is the philosophy of right conduct. There have been some schools of thought which have sought to define the ethical motive as a higher form of self-interest, a wider and wiser view of what is for our own good. It is needful to clear our thoughts here: it may be the *fact* that it is for our own best interest to do what we ought; but this should not be the *motive* for our action. As said by H. P. Blavatsky:

"Happiness may follow the performance of duty, but must not be the motive for it."

To reduce ethics to a matter of calculated self-interest is to deprive ethics of its essential quality. For the ethical motive is essentially a motive contrary to what is ordinarily regarded as self-interest The statement that men always act from self-interest is sometimes cynically cited as an argument in favor of selfishness as against ethical motive. But, as well shown by Macaulay in his essay on Mill, the statement is an identical proposition, on which nothing can be founded, and meaning only that men, if they can, will do what they choose. But we do not know what they will choose until we see what they do. "One man cuts his father's throat to get possession of his old clothes: another hazards his own life to save that of an enemy." Thus we are obliged to give to the term 'self-interest' a meaning so wide that all ordinary definitions are abrogated, and our proposition loses all the efficacy which it was intended to have. We may, if we choose, define as self-interested the motive which impels a person to spend life and fortune in relieving suffering; but no sane person would venture to assert that a calculation of self-interest formed the basis of that philanthropist's actions. We have to admit that human actions are divisible into two distinct classes — distinct, however indefinite may be the boundary lines between them — the one selfish, the other unselfish; and the attempt to reduce these two classes to one is a logical feat having no practical significance.

What we have designated in our definition as 'right conduct' proceeds from a motive power which is different from that of the personal ego; and ethics is concerned with the nature and conditions of this motive power. The quotation from W. Q. Judge at the head of this article does not mean that we must supply the world with an apparently selfish motive for virtue; but that, recognising unselfish motives to be an actual

element in human character, we must point out the reason why that is the case. If 'honesty is the best policy,' we must not put forward policy as a motive for being honest; but must show why honesty, though practised unselfishly and for its own sake, actually turns out to be the best policy. The path of duty turns out best for the individual; yet, if he has self-interest in mind, then he is not following duty but self-interest.

Animals follow their desires and instincts, which are not inordinate; but man has a calculating mind, which intensifies and multiplies his desires so that they become snares. The more highly developed the man is, the more does he discover that there is poison in the cup of self-gratification. This experience teaches him that the following of personal desire is not the true law of life for man. Man has, besides his animal center, a spiritual center; he is compact of the divine and the animal; and unless the laws of his spiritual nature are observed, he will suffer. Study the Theosophical teachings as to the sevenfold nature of man: they are the essence of wise teachings of all ages. It is here that we shall find the logical basis for ethics.

"Man is a god within, but having an animal brain in his head," says H. P. Blavatsky. That aspect of the mind which is called *Manas* is not derived by evolution from the animal mind, but comes to man from another source. Hence the duality of the human mind, and the existence in him of two laws, one selfish, the other ethical. This teaching is, of course, to be found in many writings, in Paul's epistles among others; but not enough has been made of it. It has been too vague. Theosophy has presented it in a form that appeals to the understanding of people today and that has a direct bearing upon conduct.

Believers in evolution must admit that the evolution of man is not yet perfected. It is impossible to form a rational idea of evolution without first assuming that there is some pre-existent goal or ideal, towards whose attainment the process of evolution is directed. Too often, evolution is spoken of as though the ladder which we are climbing grew up before us rung by rung as we climb. But we say that the ideal towards which man is aspiring has pre-existed from all eternity. To quote from W. Q. Judge:

"Man never was not. If not on this globe, then on some other, he was and ever will be in existence somewhere in the cosmos. Ever perfecting and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, he is always becoming."

If the scientific evolutionists should ever succeed in proving some one or other of their theories respecting the physical heredity of man, still the question we are considering would remain unaffected. For man himself is not the organism in which he functions; he is a spiritual being, endowed with vast independent powers of will and conception. It is true that, so long as he remains in an undeveloped state, he will be greatly

under the influence of his physical heredity; yet even the commonest type of human being possesses the human ego, something quite alien to the animal kingdom, something infinite in its potentialities.

We can define ethics, then, as being concerned with the laws of man's higher or essential nature, and with the duties and conduct depending thereon. And the true basis of ethics lies in this twofold nature.

THERE IS A TIME FOR SPEECH AND A TIME FOR SILENCE

R. MACHELL

THIS is a self-evident proposition no doubt, but one that carries with it a measure of restriction upon that divine prerogative of man and woman called 'the right of free speech.' But the laws that man has made shall he not also find means to evade and render ineffectual? The force of a law lies in its application. Now the most usual interpretation of this rule is probably something in this fashion: "For me all times are times for speech; for others all times are good for silence."

Discrimination is needed; but who shall exercise that divine prerogative? Wisdom, like truth, justice, and freedom, is universal and for that reason is unusual; for man is enveloped in personality and that which is universal seems beyond his ken. And yet if wisdom is to have any show here on earth it is man who must open the way for her appearance. Now man means you and I as well as all the rest. So too, if discrimination is to be exercised it is you and I who must discriminate.

The importance of right speech and right action is self-evident, but the importance of knowing when to speak and when to act is less manifest; while the most difficult of all is to keep silence at the right moment. And the right moment for silence recurs so much more frequently than the rest; for even the wisest words lose their wisdom if spoken out of season.

Wisdom consists very largely in feeling the fitness of things and acting accordingly. Before this can be done we must understand that there is such a principle as the fitness of things. To recognise this principle one must believe that the universe is not only governed by law but exists by virtue alone of Law which is the operation of the forces inherent in the universe and in all things.

Most people believe in some sort of moral fitness on which they base their ideals if not their actual conduct. But they seem to regard the law

as a code of rules authoritative and inflexible and which are not subject to the need of the moment. But without appreciation of the need of the moment no word nor act can be in accord with the fitness of things. Conventional propriety is but a substitute for wisdom, truly, but not to be despised on that account.

Wisdom which seems to emancipate man from the tyranny of rules of conduct is itself the most compelling of all laws. It was well said of old, "the wise man does good as naturally as he breathes." He does not breathe by rule but in accordance with the need of the moment. The need of the moment is imperative because it is in the present moment alone that action is possible and the need of the moment is the expression of the eternal fitness of things.

The reality of this need, whether for speech and action or for silence and self-control, is a great moral idea. There is no escape from its insistence. It is the foundation of all ethics, the key to all morality, though strictly speaking the word morality may mean no more than custom regarded as a law of life. I suppose that most people regard morality as right conduct based on consideration for others, and do not imagine that there can be such a compelling force at large as this same fitness of things.

Then again to the ordinary person a moral code is composed of rules not subject to change or modification, but rigid and final in form and in application. Too often a man who is endowed with sufficient wisdom to understand that at all times and in all circumstances there is a law that overrides all rules and all time-honored codes of conduct, the law of moral fitness, is by the crowd regarded as 'shifty' or is branded 'opportunist.' Too often rigidity of mind is mistaken for principle and obstinacy does duty for moral firmness.

It is somewhat of a shock to one who has come to look upon himself as a man of principle to find that in acting according to his moral code he may have done an injustice, or may have injured someone quite unintentionally, because he had not considered how his conduct would affect others than himself.

"The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes." The man (so called) of principle, too often overpleased with his own uprightness, mistakes self-righteousness for a sense of moral fitness. So his morality becomes unrighteousness.

Wisdom to many people has a dry unsympathetic sound; and yet it is of the very essence of sympathy which is the power to feel with others and to know one's right relationship with them, and so to know the right thing to say or do or to refrain from saying or doing. Wisdom seems cold and hard to one who allows emotion to control his mind, and counts himself extremely wise if he employs his reason to repress a generous

impulse. Yet generosity may be more akin to wisdom than selfish prudence ever can be; for selfishness is narrow in its range of vision and has no care for aught outside the limits of the personality.

What the world needs today is wider vision, broader sympathy, deeper comprehension of the meaning of that often misused word Brotherhood. The brotherhood of all that lives must yet be seen to be a FACT in nature; and all the policy of all the nations must yet be modeled upon that pattern, or this humanity must perish in its opposition to the law of nature that it has defied. This is no empty form of words; the danger is so imminent that the question now is often heard: "Can our civilization be saved?" The prospect is so menacing that the wiser of our generation, feeling the need of the moment, are resolutely holding up a brighter picture for our contemplation and telling us "This turmoil in the world is but the passing of old forms that must give place to the new order that, if we could see it more clearly, we should hail with joy and help to hasten on its way."

We should be wise to fix our hearts upon the prospect of the golden dawn and welcome even the disasters that we fear, as heralds of that dawn. So may we mitigate the evils that we cannot check and help to make the new day one of joy to all that lives.

There is a time to speak and there is a word that must be spoken. That word is Brotherhood, the message of Theosophy. It has been too long silent in the world. NOW is the time to speak it plainly, for it is the missing word in the great song of life, the Word of Power.

SOME SCIENTIFIC FALLACIES

T. HENRY, M. A.

IN a review in the *Times Literary Supplement*, of *The Domain of Natural Science*, by Professor E. W. Hobson, we read:

"The insistent note of Professor Hobson . . . is that natural science is, in every stage of it and in every department of it, a conceptual scheme and never a perceptual intuition. Perception is its starting-point and also its ultimate reference, but science itself is wholly conceptual. He rejects decisively every form of physical realism."

The following quotation is given from the book itself:

"Certainly many, and probably most, men of science in recent times have been dominated by the conception known as physical realism, in accordance with which the material world not only comes under the category of the real, but is articulated in a manner closely corresponding to the distinctions and constructions which the mind makes, by abstraction and idealization, in the process of analysing and symbolizing its physical percepts."

Pure mathematics, continues the reviewer, has been regarded as the most abstract of the sciences; it has its origin in physical perception, but can outrun phenomena, and can construct systems that are logical but which have no apparent connexion with actuality. And yet it may happen, and is happening now, that physics, finding something inexplicable, turns to mathematics for aid, and "the concept of the basis of physical reality is reformed." In fact, the relation between mathematics and physics seems to have been inverted. Formerly, mathematics seemed to be derived from observation of the properties of physical objects, which objects were considered as constituting the independent world of nature. But now "mathematics is seen to be affording physics the basis of its claim to be rooted in the real."

The above is interesting to students of Theosophy who remember that H. P. Blavatsky, in the third part of Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine*, quotes Stallo's *Concepts of Modern Physics* to a similar effect. The burden of Stallo's book is that the terms in which physics deals, such as *force, inertia, mass, matter, energy,* and the like, are not entities but abstractions ('concepts'). These concepts are formed by the mental process of abstracting from nature certain of its qualities, and endowing them with an artificial reality; a process which Stallo has dubbed the 'reification of concepts.' According to this view, the description of the world as being composed of force and matter, or of energy and mass, is analogous to describing a black horse as a compound of blackness, horsiness, size, weight, etc.; and supposing that these terms denoted actual independent entities. Later, Professor Borden P. Bowne wrote on the same lines, and of course many others have from time to time treated the same theme. The practical value of science is of course not invalidated by these facts. Eclipses can be predicted by the Ptolemaic system, though this is now admitted to be wrong. Practical problems in mechanics can be worked out on the assumption that friction does not exist; the modulus of tensile elasticity supposes that a wire can be stretched to double its length; and so on. But if physics attempts a world-philosophy on this basis, it will err egregiously, and give us a fictitious universe, wherein the real agents, which are mind, intelligence, will, etc., are replaced by abstractions like force, energy, affinity, attraction. Thus our whole view of life may be colored and warped. It is against this malign shadow, which may be cast over life by the attempt to give reality to the fictions of science, that the criticisms are legitimately directed.

What is quoted above regarding mathematics reminds us of the supreme importance attached by Pythagoras thereto. We have maintained in these pages that the teachings of Pythagoras on mathematics have been gravely misunderstood. This was the theme of Professor Naber

of Hoorn, Holland, whose work on Pythagorean Geometry we reviewed in Volume VI, Number 4, and to which we may refer the reader. Pythagoras was teaching vital truths by means of his geometry; and it was the import of his geometrical symbols that caused the enthusiasm, and not the mere symbols themselves. But in later times, when the physical world was endowed with a fictitious reality, mathematics had to be made abstract, and the propositions of the ancient geometers became merely interesting problems or mere aids to the engineer. The position, as said above, is now becoming reversed again; and it is the physical world that now appears abstract; while we have to turn to mathematics in search of something more solid to which to anchor our physical notions.

A writer (Wm. Crocker) in the *Radio Journal* for September presents views in this connexion which we have at various times expressed in the pages of this magazine and of the *Century Path.* With regard to 'action at a distance,' he points out that science rejects the idea, and consequently has to suppose the existence of some intervening medium or 'aether'; whereas in fact action at a distance is inevitable and has to be assumed, whether physicists like it or not. This idea is to be found in *The Secret Doctrine,* Volume I, page 487, where we read:

"Most of them [physicists] reject *actio in distans* . . . while, as Stallo justly observes, there is no physical action, 'which, on close examination, does not resolve itself into *actio in distans*'; and he proves it."

In fact, it is no use boggling over attraction between planets, when we cannot explain attraction between atoms; and, even if we provide an aether, the same difficulty as to the structure of that aether presents itself over again, as it did in the case of physical matter. The difficulties which we try to explain do not exist in nature, but have been created by our own mind. We first divide matter into disconnected parts, and then wonder why they behave as though they were connected. The writer in the *Radio Journal* opines that the most fundamental principle we can predicate of the universe is *unity,* and that the mystery of attraction is explained by the truth that all things are *one.* This idea was enthusiastically advocated by Poe in his *Eureka,* where he makes unity the explanation of gravitation. The writer also quotes Ernst Mach to the effect that, when we try to explain anything, we merely refer it to something else; and that the hope of reaching a final explanation is futile, because the universe is infinite, without end or beginning, and we can never hope to plumb the Absolute with our finite minds.

We must begin somewhere, and the writer recommends that we begin by accepting action at a distance as a fact and not trying to explain it. H. P. Blavatsky describes it, in the passage above quoted from *The*

Secret Doctrine, as "one of the fundamental principles in the question of Aether or Akâśâ in Occultism."

All this sort of discussion may seem bewildering, and perhaps give one to think that he inhabits a world of shadows; but the horror arising from such thoughts is speedily dissipated by a concentration of the mind on some fact of experience, such as work, supper, or bed; thus adopting the advice of Patañjali, who, to combat certain unpleasant effects, prescribes "an immediate sensuous cognition." And herein lies the practical lesson: that this world is a world of experience for the living conscious Soul; that our life is a life of experiences. The ideal fabrics we build for the purpose of conducting our affairs are useful but not final.

And we realize better today that materialism has not a leg to stand on, since physical matter itself, and this all too solid flesh, begins to look like shadows sweeping over the waters. MIND is the reality, and we are mind.

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS

RALPH LANESDALE

THE use of paradox is not always a sign of high intelligence; it is perhaps a sign of weakness or a result of shallow thinking, if it be not an attempt to state a problem that must be thought out to a rational conclusion capable of a straightforward expression. Indeed, as a mode of stating the first appearance of any mental problem it is perhaps impossible to avoid the facile paradox. If it is a literary vice it is a very tempting one; and as an excuse for falling into it I dare to quote the familiar assurance, that we may climb to higher things on "stepping-stones of our dead selves"; and from another source the declaration that our vices may become stepping-stones as we surmount them. That is the point—'as we surmount them.' A stepping-stone must not become a building-site.

Comforted by such reflexions I will venture on a paradox, and say that the hardest things to believe are the things we all know.

We all know that the world was going on as usual before we were born; but no one believes it. The world began with *me!* Then too we all know that we shall die and the world will go on as usual, but we do not believe that. The things that 'we all know' would fill a big book, but there are very few of them that we believe.

When a man begins to think for himself he ceases to share that general knowledge which consists of the things that 'we all know'; and of course

he comes to his first real paradox when he realizes that he knows nothing beyond the fact of his own existence.

A friend was trying to comfort me in my melancholy by an assurance that the sun was shining beyond the clouds, but he failed to show me where the comfort of that assurance came in. I could have done it better myself, but I was tired of that sun which always is shining somewhere else.

Sometimes I find it hard to believe that beyond the clouds the sun is shining as usual, and yet that is as sure as any of the things we know. Of course, what the sun is doing is really a matter for conjecture, so far as we are concerned; but as there is no one likely to question such a statement I feel safe in saying that I know the sun is shining. As a matter of fact, the sun that looks so bright up there may have ceased shining, may be dissolved in space, may have changed his course, or may be otherwise engaged. So it is with nearly all the things we know: there is no certainty about our so-called knowledge. Thus we know (or have been assured) that the sun is a long way off and that light travels at a definite rate, and so the light of the sun, that we now see, left its starting-point some time ago and since then many things may have happened. The solar system may have gone out of business for all we know while the light we see has been on its way here. This is more easy to realize if we think of one of the great solar systems that we call fixed stars, because they are (supposedly) so very far away and the time-distance is so great; and then it would not matter much to any of us if a few such far away solar systems did disappear or have already gone into obscuration.

It is interesting occasionally to think about the things we really know: they are so few. Indeed, it may be questioned if there be truly more than one really knowable fact, one thing that we can be absolutely sure of. That one fact is the same for all of us (presumably). When I search deep into my mind beyond the shores of knowledge and of information, of supposition and conjecture, of reasoned conclusions and logical deductions, I come at last to the bedrock of human consciousness; or at least to the foundation of my own consciousness, and know that I am I.

From that I infer that the same is true for all other thinking beings; but this is not knowledge — only inference.

Meditating upon this one fact of consciousness I become aware of a deeper perception, so elementary as to seem quite inseparable from consciousness, and yet so abstract as to transcend the grasp of reason or of objective thinking; it would almost seem to be the link connecting mind with spiritual consciousness, the human with the divine, the first word and the last of human consciousness — I AM. Beyond this formula, I find no foothold for my mind. To separate myself from consciousness of self seems to me beyond the power of my mind; and yet I am conscious

all the time. There is never a time in which I am unconscious. I may say I have been unconscious; but even so at the time I was not aware of my unconsciousness. How then do I know it? The answer is, I do not know it. I cannot know a negative. All that I can know is consciousness. I know I am: but all the rest is thinking; and thoughts are things, creatures of mind. Real knowledge is perception, and deals with realities. And here we step off from the plane of matter into the region of ideas, which may be called the spiritual essences that insoul our highest thoughts: for thoughts are things, but ideas are alive. They are like causes of which thoughts are the effects.

It seems to me that there must be states of existence in which pure ideas are actual realities, and are like sparks of consciousness, centers of radiance, stars fallen from union with the universal Soul, caught by the lure of individual existence, seeking experience on the shores of time, like children building castles in the sand. But we have drunk the waters of forgetfulness, and the delusions of the mind are now realities for us. Our changing personalities are our own creations, and the facts of life are thoughts; our knowledge all illusive deals with appearances, and our dreams are merely phantasmagoria.

Yet our intuition now and again awakes and wonders Where am I? What is this world? Who are these about me? The shadowy images with which this world of ours is furnished waver as we look at them, and faces familiar to our eyes change as we try to recall their radiant prototypes and appear as masks, that merely veil the truth we fear to look upon.

Yet with wonderful assurance we speak of 'things that everybody knows,' meaning perhaps things that we all may constantly experience, such as the changes of state from waking to sleeping, of growth and decay, of memory and forgetfulness, and all the marvels of nature: how the plants know what to look like, not losing their own particular character in the process of growth; all the countless mysteries of life that have no secrets for the multitude but that excite the wonder and the admiration of the wise.

Oh what a wonderful thing is scientific education! How beautiful it is to feel we know it all, and that there are no mysteries in life beyond the reach of the learned authors of modern text-books, who know the laws of nature and the whole history of creation! We have much to be thankful for.

Yet man is not altogether satisfied. The things that everybody knows are sometimes strangely difficult to explain to an inquiring mind that really wants to know. The young have grown skeptical and demand proof and evidence, and failing that, they imitate their elders, make a bluff and call it knowledge, feeling that there is no possibility of really

knowing anything beyond the self-evident fact of their own existence.

We are all sure, I suppose, that we exist; but is it not possible to know other things with the same certainty, to use the same means of knowing?

What is that means of knowledge by which I know that I am I? It is not the result of a process of reasoning. It is direct knowledge with no intermediary process. It does not come from faith or belief, but it is self-existent. It is consciousness in its simplest manifestation, that is self-consciousness, which is not knowledge at all as generally understood. The knowledge that is acquired by study or by experience is produced by a process of thinking and reasoning; and it is all liable to error. However convincing it may be it is not certain; for the mind may be deceived.

When we come to that kind of knowledge which is acquired by reading or by listening we are forced to admit that it is no more than accepted information, which may or may not be accurate. It is not entitled to rank as real knowledge until it has been assimilated by an individual mental digestive process, that is hard to define, but which seems to bear some analogy to the assimilation of the elements of food by the body, a long and complicated process, which is very liable to derangement.

For ordinary purposes we accept on faith almost the whole mass of information, conveyed by school-teachers and by writers, and call it knowledge. Where this knowledge is widely accepted we call it absolute, and then base all our reasoning upon it as if it were fact. As our reasoning is a personal process the results are frequently impossible of co-ordination. The things that 'everybody knows' are almost entirely articles of faith accepted without examination upon authority, which itself depends for its status upon faith.

When a man tries to verify some article of faith he is forced to inquire into the basis of knowledge, and it is not surprising that he should come to the conclusion that he knows nothing beyond the fact of his own existence. All else is matter of faith, and may be classified by the mind as probable or improbable. But if such a student then assumes that nothing else is knowable he is venturing into the unknown, and any denial of the possibility of direct knowledge is manifestly a mere bluff.

For every serious student of life the possibility of direct knowledge is a matter of deepest interest; and while it may well be that the solution of the problem may lie beyond the reach of the brain-mind, yet it would be a bold man who would decide that the limits of human reason have yet been reached; and it would be even more presumptuous to maintain that man's intuition is not capable of direct perception of truth upon a plane of consciousness superior to that upon which the intellect habitually functions. This possibility is an accepted fact for many people, but not

for the ordinary person in this age of rationalism and animalism. Some of the poets have realized it in their own lives, and have tried to express it, and generally failed. To others it has remained for them an accepted article of faith, the demonstration of which might never be achieved. There have been religious enthusiasts to whom it was an object to be striven for and prayed for. But the revelation comes not for searching, nor for prayer, nor mortification of the flesh; yet all true devotees yearn for the marvel. The secret of the search and the reason of failure are fully explained in Theosophical teachings as to the dual nature of the mind.

The object of evolution is the attainment of true Self-knowledge, which can only be reached by one who has freed himself from the blinding and imprisoning delusion of personality.

The man who yearns for spiritual advancement may be shut out from spiritual light by the very force of his personal desire for achievement. The teaching of Theosophy is that the desires of the personal self must be transmuted into impersonality by the fire of spiritual wisdom; and the key lies in the mystery of Universal Brotherhood. Follow the Path!

LIVING IN THE ETERNAL

MAGISTER ARTIUM

WE have seen somewhere recently the following remark made by an experienced lady teacher: that, if we model education *exclusively* on the idea that it is a preparation for future life, we shall fail to a great extent; for the educational period of childhood *is* life.

This idea has often occurred to us. Of course, extreme views of any sort must be avoided and are sure to be wrong. Education is, to a considerable extent, a preparation for future life; but by no means exclusively so. It is obvious that if we are continually disregarding the present, and always looking to the future, we shall never reach our goal; for it will continually recede from us. Also, if we are to divide life into two parts, of which the first is entirely preparatory and anticipatory, while the second part is the goal of achievement; then we are altogether undervaluing that most rich and beautiful period of life known as childhood and youth.

It may be said that animals live in the present; man, in the future;

and the perfected man, in the eternal. He who is always looking to the future is the man of *desire;* but desire grows by what it feeds on, and we are destined ultimately to learn that the attempt to satiate desire and to reach a goal where we can enjoy its objects, is a vain hope. We have to learn what desire is and how to deal with it, so that we shall not be deluded and victimized by it. It is not, however, that we should live more in the present; for that would be retrograding towards the animal state. But we should try to live more in the eternal. If anyone thinks this expression vague, let him know that the vagueness comes from want of sufficient reflexion; and that it is possible to feel that time is an illusion and that there must be some state superior to it.

Parents may hold in view the future of their children; but neither one's recollections of one's own childhood nor observations of existing children support the idea that *they* occupy their minds much with that point. They are enjoying their education, the use of their expanding faculties, their unimpaired vitality. They are *living.* In after years they will fondly live over again those experiences. We cannot explain life on the hypothesis that our present incarnated existence represents the whole life of the Soul; nor yet on the hypothesis that each personality is entirely separate from other personalities. These are illusions; the truth lies elsewhere. The actual purpose of life, the real object sought and achieved by living, is not any one of the objects which we propose to ourselves. When the total effect of our experiences is summed up; when the Soul finds itself able to review the life; is it likely that the end will appear more important than the beginning?

It is often said, from a rather superficial point of view, that studies pursued in school and afterwards entirely dropped represent time and labor wasted. But this view, again, presupposes that the later years of life are the time of reaping, and the preceding years merely preparatory therefor; a very narrow and inadequate conception of the meaning of life.

Our joyous labors, though dropped for awhile, have gone somewhere to be stored up for the enrichment of our experience; and, in view of the eternal life of the Soul, cannot be lost. Again, there is a fallacy due to regarding one's personal experiences and interests as though they were entirely separate, like accounts in a register. Psychologists are forced to admit that, however separate bodies may be, minds are not so separate; and there is warrant for speaking of Mind in a general sense, as we speak of atmosphere. According to this view, when we exercise our mind, the results of the process are not limited to our own personality. Heredity furnishes one illustration of how this may be; but it is by no means the only one. The teacher finds himself obliged to consider pupils in the

mass, as well as individually; and it would be well for us all to remember that we are buds on one tree.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that we must regard every moment as of value, and avoid the habit of connecting it with some prospective future moment. In fact, we get back to a very ancient teaching, found especially in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, that illusion springs from desire; desire being characterized by this very habit of fixing the mind on some imaginary point in the future, and thus keeping up a perpetual uneasy chase, like a donkey with carrots fastened in front of his mouth. Instinct is often a surer guide than what we call reason; for people in very advanced life will engage enthusiastically in pursuits, when their professed philosophy would make this enthusiasm quite futile. But they are right in their instincts; for, by a truer reason, we may just as well begin a thing when we are old as when we are young. If it is a fact that our powers decline, then we can leave that fact to produce its due effect, without trying to add to its power by our thoughts. But more; we can, by the energy of our thoughts, go far towards obviating the effects of physical senescence.

Let us therefore make more real the Soul-life that is within us; and act faithfully and joyfully, whenever and wherever we may happen to be, without too much concern as to where we may be next. And if at first we may be working in the dark, it is certain that our new attitude of mind will bring the calmness that renders illumination possible; and that thus many things that are mysteries now will be resolved for us.

MUSIC AS A REVEALER

STUDENT

A RECENT writer on music seeks to explain the radicalism at present prevailing in our tastes as due to the (alleged) fact that the older music was melodic, through being created in a romantic atmosphere; whereas nowadays, when our life is spent in the whirl and jangle of cities, we are craving something whick will express our present feelings in the same way as the older music expressed the feelings of its creators.

This raises a moot point as to the nature and function of music. And, in considering this point, we may regard music (1) as a particular instance of art in general, or (2) as having special functions and attributes peculiar to itself and distinguishing it from the other arts. But in either case the main point is whether music shall be regarded as descriptive or

as revealing. Shall it merely describe and illustrate our external expressions, epitomizing our daily sensations and emotions; or shall it be the means of conveying to our consciousness impressions and ideas, emanating from a deeper layer of our being, and incapable of expression through words or through mental conceptions?

Undoubtedly music may have both these functions, and the same may be said of other arts; but we would here plead for the latter as being its essential and supreme purpose. It was said of a certain great teacher of the piano that he would ask his pupil to describe the idea conveyed to the pupil's mind by a particular composition; and that he was angry if the pupil could not say. Surely his displeasure was not justified; and the pupil might well have replied that any inspiration which was expressible in words was not the highest kind of inspiration. Music can call up in us feelings which we strive in vain to relate to any source within our memories of mundane experience; and can give us a foretaste, or a reminiscence, of a state of being that is equally related to, and equally distinct from, sorrow and joy. In short, it is a means of conveying to our consciousness a glimpse of the sublime and awful harmonies that prevail in the depths of reality, behind the garish glamor of the senses.

Is not this again the original and true function of the drama? We do need something to remind us of the sublime realities beneath the surface of life. Philosophies can give us but a cold blank to contemplate, the void that is left by taking away, piece by piece, every item of our familiar experience; and the idea that the background of all consists of mere nothingness, drives us back in revulsion to the world of the senses. Formal religious creeds make the same mistake; and, in giving a false reality to the life of the senses, they lend an atmosphere of appalling unreality to the vision of any other life. It is art, whether of music, or of the drama, or what not, that tells us of the beauty, the grandeur, the reality, of the life beyond the veil; and convinces us, if but for a moment, that what we find on this side the veil is but a faint glimmer, with the mock reality of a dream.

But in regarding music as a revealer and inspirer, we must take care not to lose sight of the end in the means. Exclusive devotion to audible music itself, admirable though that may be, might be regarded as a halting at the portal; and such a devotee might never succeed in winning that interior harmony of the soul toward which music is destined to conduct. Let us try to learn the lesson of music, and to make more real, more lasting, in our daily life, the harmony, the sense of infinity and eternity, which we momentarily glimpse under the inspiration of music.

Again, such is the infirmity of our nature, that any deep feeling arising from an interior source is apt to work its way downward and outward

until it has expended itself in emotion and sensory disturbance. Hence the need of self-discipline and preparation, in order to create a strong and fitting vessel for the reception of the 'new wine.'

As to controversies between the relative merits of old or modern forms, let the test of merit be the power to achieve the prime purpose — to evoke those inward inspiring harmonies of the soul. For though the forms change, behind them lie the truths which change not.

SCIENTIFIC GLEANINGS

BY THE BUSY BEE

VITAMINES AND CALORIES

WE have been reading an article on vitamines and white bread; and though we may have got the details mixed, we feel sure our general impression is right. White or bolted flour is made and sold because it does not go bad; and the reason why it does not go bad is because the weevils and other bugs and varmints cannot live on it. It contains no vitamines, so the insects get dental caries and rickets. Cod-liver oil is a preventive of this, but probably the weevils do not know of it. The inventors of agricultural machinery, steam transportation, and modern milling (says the *Pacific Rural Press*) are responsible for a world-wide distribution of these diseases; but they have given the dentists a good time. To correct the evils of eating white bread, we have to consume cod-liver oil and cabbage.

It is written that man shall not live by bread alone. It is hard to pin down the vitamine, to run it to earth, to put one's finger on it. It is elusive. It is what remains when everything else has been filtered out and evaporated. You cannot buy it in a bottle, either pure or in the form of sulphate or chloride. It has quite replaced the protein and the calorie, by which our fathers and grandfathers used to swear; yet the calorie was just as elusive, and nobody ever succeeded in isolating it. Perhaps some day we shall give up eating, and simply take a dose of vitamines in the morning and a dose of calories in the evening.

ETHERIC VIBRATIONS

THE range of etheric wave-lengths known to science extends from thousands of meters for the waves used in wireless transmission, to the

one-hundred-billionth of a meter for the shortest X-rays. The corresponding frequencies are from a few thousand vibrations per second to thirty quintillions per second. Between these extremes lie the waves of visible light, occupying an insignificant portion of the total extent. "This," says a writer in the *Scientific American*, "is the only portion for which nature has specifically endowed us with organs to sense."

Yet it is obvious that there must be, radiating out into space, other wave-lengths of an immense number of different kinds, undetected by any scientific instrument or any normal sense. It is inconceivable that these are wasted and useless. Thus we are furnished with a possible, and indeed highly probable, machinery to explain almost any extraordinary phenomenon that may be attested. The inexplicable faculties of animals, especially insects, might be referred to this cause. The sense of direction possessed by the homing pigeon or the sequestrated cat may be due to the impinging of etheric waves upon the filaments of some as yet undetected sense-organ. The rare insect may discover the whereabouts of its mate by some system of wireless communication; though there seems no particular reason for calling it wireless in this case. The nocturnal toad, on his cumbrous way to the latest irrigation, may be guided by the impulse of vibrations having a length and frequency adapted to his somewhat sluggish perceptions. By such unseen influences the tree may send its roots a hundred yards to fetch water from the leaky hydrant.

Man himself may have been "specifically (or unspecifically) endowed by nature" with other senses, which he does not use or even know of; and thus science provides us with ready possible explanations for any sort of clairvoyance or mysterious faculty.

Clearly it is impossible to dogmatize as to what can or cannot happen; and the question can only be settled by evidence and testimony. If 'explanation' we must have, there is the ether and the vast range of etheric vibrations all ready to furnish the machinery. Science, by its hypotheses, may often make discoveries; but to deny the possibility of anything is of the nature of proving a negative. A provisional hypothesis is confessedly framed for the accommodation of ascertained facts, and can hardly be expected to allow for facts that exceed its limits. To do so, the hypothesis must be stretched; as has often been done. The business of science is largely concerned with finding explanations for what happens.

In dealing with the said alleged ether, we are confronted with a group of properties entirely unfamiliar to our experience of physical matter, and apparently incompatible with each other. The ether has to be enormously rigid, we say, because we have found that the more rigid a body is, the smaller the vibrations it can transmit; and the etheric vibrations are so very much smaller than any which solid matter transmits.

And yet this so infinitely rigid substance offers no detectable resistance to the passage of planets through it, and cannot be detected by any of our physical senses. The volume and the mass of the electron have been computed, and their ratio gives a density so vast and inconceivable that the very notion of density loses meaning.

We marvel at the wonders of wireless telegraphy and telephony; yet in England more than two centuries ago, beacon-fires were lighted all over the country at a signal; and this, though equally wonderful and unexplainable, we do not wonder at because it is so familiar. Why people who admit that intelligence can be communicated from eye to eye over long miles should cavil at the idea of telepathy passes comprehension. The bodily senses are usually regarded as gateways; perhaps they better resemble barriers. Man is a delicate perceptive apparatus, able to respond to etheric vibrations of infinite variety, but he has restricted himself to a beggarly pittance of this vast treasury of powers.

THE LIVING DEAD

F. M. P.

YE seek for God — Divinity — afar on high.
Blind men! Look out into the gorgeous evening sky —
Gold-splashed and limpid jeweled, touched with soft pastels:
Pearl-mottled flowing streams, sprung out of azure wells
As deep as heaven is. Its royal purple robes
Gem-decked and studded with a universe of globes.

This glory of Divinity each day's end displays,
Blind men! Or are you willed to ignorance; to pray
For light to lead your wayward, wanton feet ahead?
Open your eyes and read: "Ye are the living dead."

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

MAN IN NATURE

BORIS DE ZIRKOFF

NATURE! . . . Does there exist a word that awakens within us more sentiments, more inexpressible sensations, a greater variety and multitude of thoughts and ideas? Is there anything in this world that does not form an integral part of it? Does there exist a wider conception, a stronger idea, a more splendid and marvelous name? . . .

In the midst of this immense and infinite Nature, in her unfathomable depths, in the gigantic heaving of her mighty breaths, in the grandiose rhythm of her evolution, we learn to know this eternal Spirit, which is her essence and principle; it is in the interminable picture of immense plains that stretch themselves as far as the eye can reach, in the dark forest which groans in the tempest or murmurs 'neath the touch of the breeze; it is in the marvelous panorama of the snowy mountains forming chain upon chain to the very edge of the horizon; it is in the infinite firmament, where sparkle and scintillate far away the stars of the creation, infinities of worlds strewn like diamond-dust across the limitless space of the sky; — it is in all this magnificent Nature that we apprehend the grandeur of that central truth we call God, manifested in eternal form.

It is Nature that gives us the *idea* of an invincible force, of a supreme glory, and of an infinite love, for this mysterious and primordial Power with her rhythmical and cadenced breath permeates every being in the universe, lives in every herb in the fields, in every spring-flower, in every invisible atom, as in every star shining in the depths of the skies; this force full of joy and love, that reveals its inexpressible power in the whole of the creation and in its primordial beauty, eternally young, in the perfection of its works, in the sublime and rhythmical dance of evolution.

Does there exist anything more beautiful or more marvelous than Nature? Anything more grand than the dark sky that speaks to us at night, that sings a hymn of glory to the Supreme Divinity? Anything more grandiose than this divine music that sometimes seems to descend from the starry firmament? One would say that it is a chorus of angelical voices celebrating the power of the Absolute; one would say that every star has a note of its own, that every world has its own rate of vibration and that the grand whole that results from their complicated movement is a celestial music that re-echoes in the infinity of the spaces and creations.

In immense Nature man feels himself to be at the fountain of all

existence, at the fountain where he can at his pleasure draw the waters of life and of eternal youth; in her midst his soul suddenly opens like a lotus-flower beneath its crown of morning dew; his soul opens itself wide to allow the vital influx of a superior world to stream in, unopposed, for he feels that in the midst of eternal Nature, without end or beginning, he touches, as it were, with his very finger the principle of all things; the origin of his being, the essence of his soul; he feels the profound unity of himself with the surrounding creation — that supreme union which makes him descend into the farthest depths of things, makes him drink at the source of existence and makes him then ascend, full of renewed strength, towards the spiritual summits of his evolution; he feels at rare moments in this intimate union with the ultimate elements of being his smallness as compared with the immense universe, his insignificance in comparison with the forces which envelop him.

Man feels, nevertheless, in the indescribable abyss of his being the spark of Truth vibrate, this sacred and mysterious flame, derived from the altar of the Omnipotent.

He senses that his eternal spirit can grasp the sublime rhythm of Nature, that it can live the life of that immense whole of which it is an integral part; he senses his future grandeur, and his spiritual conscience confirms the grandiose idea that he himself, a grain of dust in the gigantic universe which overwhelms him with its immensity, is vast as the whole of the universe, for his spirit is a portion of the Supreme Divinity-origin and end of all existence; he feels that he can be great, sublime, that he already is so although this quality may be concealed in his consciousness; that he is eternal and primordial like Grand Nature, young and true as the life which animates it, pure and perfect in his essence, like the Soul that vivifies it.

THE WISDOM OF APOLLONIUS, THE PHILOSOPHER OF TYANA — XV

P. A. MALPAS

ADVICE TO AN EMPEROR

"I WILL follow your advice," said the Emperor Vespasian to Apollonius, "as I think every word you have uttered is divine. Tell me then, I entreat you, what a good Prince ought to do?"

"What you ask," said Apollonius, "I cannot teach. For the art of government, of all human acquisitions, is the most important,

but cannot be taught. However, I will tell you what, if you do it, you will in my opinion do wisely.

"Look not on that as wealth which is piled up in heaps, for what is it better than a heap of sand? Nor on that which arises from taxes, which men pay with tears, for the *gold so paid, lacks luster, and is black.* You will make a better use of your riches than ever sovereign did, if you employ them in supplying the necessities of the poor, and securing the property of the rich.

"Fear the power of doing everything you wish, for under this apprehension you will use it with more moderation.

"Do not lop away such ears of corn as are tall and most conspicuous, for herein the maxim of Aristotle is unjust. But harshness and cruelty of disposition weed out of your mind as you would tares and darnel out of your corn. Show yourself terrible to all innovators in the state, yet not so much in the actual infliction of punishment, as in the preparation for it.

"Acknowledge the law to be the supreme rule of your conduct. For you will be more mild in the making of laws, when you know you are to be subject to them yourself.

"Reverence the gods more than ever, for you have received great things at their hands, and have still much to ask.

"In what concerns the public, act like a prince; and in what relates to yourself, like a private man.

"In what light you ought to consider the love of gambling, of wine and women, I need not speak to you, who from your youth never liked them.

"You have two sons (Titus and Domitian), both according to report of good dispositions; keep them, I pray you, under strict discipline, for their faults will be charged to your account. Use authority and even threats, if necessary, and let them know that the empire is to be considered not as a matter of common right, but as the reward of virtue, and that it is to be their inheritance only by a perseverance in well-doing.

"Pleasures become, as it were, denizens of Rome, are many in number, and should be restrained with great discretion. For it is a hard matter to bring over at once an entire people to a regular mode of living. It is only by degrees a spirit of moderation can be instilled into the mind, and it is to be done sometimes by a public correction, and sometimes by one so private as to conceal the hand which does it.

"Suppress the pride and luxury of the freedmen and slaves under your subjection, and let them understand that their modesty should keep pace with their master's greatness.

"I have but one more observation to make, and that relates to the governors sent out to rule the several provinces of the empire. I do not mean such governors as you will send out yourself, for you will employ

only the deserving, but I mean those who are chosen by lot. The men sent out so ought to be suited, as far as can be made consistent with that mode of election, to the several countries over which they are appointed to preside. They who understand Greek should be sent to Greece, and they who understand Latin, to such countries as use that language. I will now tell you why I say this. Whilst I was in Peloponnesus the Governor of that province knew nothing of Greek, nor did the people know anything of him. Hence arose innumerable mistakes. For the people in whom he confided suffered him to be corrupted in the distribution of justice, and to be treated more like a slave than a governor.

"I have said now what has occurred to me today. If anything else occurs, we shall resume the conversation at another time. At present discharge your duty to the state to the end that you may not appear more indulgent to those under your authority than what is consistent with that duty."

Vespasian loved Apollonius and took great delight in hearing him talk of what antiquities he saw in his travels, of the Indian King Phraotes, of the rivers and wild beasts found in India, and above all, when he spoke of what was to be the future state of the Roman world, as communicated to him by the gods. Quite evidently Apollonius was preparing the world for the entrance to the dark ages, as a definite plan and life-work.

As soon as the affairs of Egypt were settled, he decided to take his departure, but before doing so expressed a wish that Apollonius should go with him. The Tyanean philosopher declined, as he said he had not seen Egypt as he ought, nor had he conversed with the gymnosophists, the Egyptian ascetics. He added, that he was desirous to compare the learning of the Egyptians with that of the Indians, and to drink of the source of the Nile.

"Will you not remember me?" asked the Emperor when he understood that Apollonius was determined to make the journey into Ethiopia.

"I will," said Apollonius, if you continue to be a good Prince, and to be mindful of us."

Euphrates lost control of his better feelings altogether when he had heard the advice of Apollonius to Vespasian.

"I agree to everything proposed," he said loftily. "What else can I do when the masters have spoken? But there is one thing that remains to be said. O King, you should approve and countenance that philosophy which is consonant to nature, and shun that which affects to carry on a secret intercourse with celestial beings. For they who entertain such unsound notions of the Gods fill us with nothing but pride and vanity."

This was directly leveled against Apollonius, who had the patience to make no reply, but departed with his companions as soon as Euphrates

had ended. Vespasian was annoyed and changed the conversation by giving orders to admit the magistrates and to form the new council. For ever after, the Emperor looked upon Euphrates as a jealous meddler who spoke in favor of democracy, not as he really felt, but as he thought would be most in opposition to Apollonius. But he was not dismissed from the councils nor was any mark of displeasure shown.

Dion, on the other hand, he loved, in spite of his agreement with Euphrates. Dion was affable and pleasant-spoken, and his dislike of disputings and arguments was probably the reason he failed to oppose Euphrates.

After the sacrifices the Emperor offered them presents for them to choose. Apollonius pretended to wish for something and asked what the Emperor was prepared to give him.

"Ten talents now, and all I have, when you come to Rome," said Vespasian.

"Then I will be careful of all you have as if it were already mine," said Apollonius. He would take nothing. "But these men will not despise your gifts," he said, glancing at Dion and Euphrates.

The gentle Dion blushed and said: "Reconcile me to my master Apollonius, for it is the first time in my life I have contradicted him."

"I did that yesterday. Now ask something for yourself," said the Emperor.

"Then give Lasthenes of Apamea in Bithynia his military discharge," said Dion. "He was a fellow-student of philosophy with me before he took a desire for the uniform of a soldier. Now he wishes, I hear, to return to his philosophy."

"Let him be discharged, and because he loves you and philosophy, let him receive the usual long service rewards as though he had served his time," said the Emperor.

Euphrates wrote his request and asked the Emperor to read it in private. But instead, he read it before them all. Directly or indirectly, whether for himself or others, all his requests had money for their object!!

Apollonius smiled. "How could you, who have so much to ask from a monarch, speak so much as you did in favor of a republic?" asked the philosopher. Euphrates was tried and found wanting, and, as in all such cases, turned savagely against his superior in philosophy. He is even said to have been on the point of throwing a log of wood at Apollonius soon after the Emperor left Alexandria. But Apollonius bore all philosophically and with patience, and Philostratus, following Damis, reports the incident with all charity and with forbearance.

The Emperor often wrote to Apollonius and invited him to visit and confer with him, but without success. Nero had given liberty to Greece,

to the surprise of all, and the result was a revival of some of its glory and a harmony such as the country had not known even in its best days. Vespasian with undue severity punished some disturbance with a loss of this liberty. These are the letters that Apollonius wrote on the subject.

"Apollonius to the Emperor Vespasian, health.

"You have enslaved Greece, as report says, by which you imagine you have done more than Xerxes, without calling to mind that you have sunk below Nero, who freely renounced that which he had. *Vale.*"

To the same.

"You who have, in anger against the Greeks, reduced a free people to slavery — what need have you of my conversation? Farewell."

To the same.

"Nero in sport gave liberty to Greece, of which you in seriousness have deprived them, and reduced them to slavery. Farewell."

In spite of this refusal to meet Vespasian again, Apollonius did not conceal his joy when he heard that in all other respects Vespasian governed his people well, as he considered much was gained by his accession to the empire.

Upper Egypt and Ethiopia

Apollonius stayed at Alexandria as long as he thought necessary and then decided to visit Upper Egypt and the Egyptian gymnosophists, ascetics. Menippus by this time was entitled to speak to others, as he had completed his term of silence. He, the faithful, was left behind to watch Euphrates. Dioscorides was left also, as he was not sufficiently robust for the journey; Apollonius advised him not to go.

There were about thirty disciples in all, many having joined the eight faithful ones since the desertion of the others on the way to Rome. To these Apollonius quoted the saying of the Eleans to the athletes who go to compete at the Olympian games: "You who have endured labors fit for men who come to Olympia, and have not been guilty of any mean or illiberal action — go on boldly; but ye who are not so qualified, go where you please." Many of the disciples, who understood the saying to apply to them as not being fit to go, remained with Menippus at Alexandria. There were twenty of them. Those that went numbered not more than ten.

After prayers and sacrifices for a good journey they set out towards the Pyramids on camels, with the Nile on their right hand. They went in boats part of the way, to see all that was worthy of notice, and no city, or temple, or sacred spot was passed by unobserved. Everywhere they interchanged knowledge with learned Egyptians, whenever they met

together. The boat of Apollonius resembled a sacred galley on a mission such as the annual procession to Delos.

On the frontier between Egypt and Ethiopia Apollonius came to a place where four roads meet. Here were heaps of unstamped wedges of gold, flax, ivory, and aromatic roots, perfumes and spices. To this spot the Egyptian merchants came and left a very fair exchange of Egyptian merchandise for what they took, and this manner of exchange lasted to the day of Philostratus. Apollonius compared the trade as superior to that of the Greeks, who ever seek to make vast profits, justifying them by saying they have to dower a daughter, to set a son up in life, to pay a large debt, to build a house, or merely that it would be a shame not to die richer than one's father.

"How happy would the world be if riches were not held in such estimation! And if equality of rank flourished more than it does? Iron would remain black," he said in happy phrase, "if men lived in harmony and good-will, and the whole earth would appear like one great family."

The sages sat in their boat on the river with open books on their knees, talking of philosophy and one thing and another, when they saw a beautiful youth, hardly yet a man, in a small cheap-looking skiff. He hailed the boat in which Apollonius was and said: "I see you are Sages, and as a lover of wisdom, I ask permission to join your company."

While he was approaching, Apollonius lowered his voice and saying the youth was of good character deserving of what he asked, gave a rapid account of his story and his resistance to temptation, choosing poverty rather than do wrong.

When the young man, whose name was Timasion, entered the boat, Apollonius asked his name and story, which after some hesitation he frankly gave, exactly as the Tyanean had foretold a few minutes before. The disciples shouted with amazement, much to the confusion of the youth, but they told him they were not laughing at him, and that the matter was one of which he knew nothing, so pacifying him. This youth Timasion, who had joined them in the district of Memnon, proved a useful guide.

There was a curious law at Memphis that an involuntary homicide should dwell in the country of the gymnosophists until purified and absolved by them.

Apollonius, seeing a man alone in the desert, asked who he was. Timasion said: "You had better ask me, for he will be ashamed to tell you. He is such an involuntary murderer who has wandered in the desert for seven months and the gymnosophists still withhold their pardon."

"I am afraid you speak to me of men who have not much wisdom to boast of," said Apollonius, "if they refuse expiating him. I fear they know

not that Phileseus whom he killed was descended from Thammus the Egyptian who formerly ravaged their country."

Timasion was vastly astonished. Apollonius told him how this man was the thirteenth in descent from the enemy of the gymnosophists and that he ought to have been acquitted at once of his involuntary crime, and even had it been voluntary they might well have crowned him.

"Who are you, stranger?" asked Timasion in wonder.

"One whom you will find among the gymnosophists," answered Apollonius, who then told him what steps to take to have the man purified by the rites enjoined by Empedocles and Pythagoras, for he himself at that time might not speak to a man polluted with blood. With due ceremony Apollonius bid him go, cleansed from all crimes, after the rites had been accomplished.

The gymnosophists of Egypt are as much wiser than the Egyptians as the Indians are wiser than themselves. But they were taken in by a mean trick played by Euphrates. This unworthy philosopher sent Thrasybulus the Naucratite to them for the express purpose of misrepresenting Apollonius. They were told the Tyanean was going to visit them in order to degrade their philosophy in glorifying that of India. They were told that he came full of refutations of their tenets, allowing no influence to the sun, nor the heavens, nor the earth, but that he gave them whatever motion, force, and position he wished. This is significant of the fact that the Indians knew other things of the motion of the sun and stars and their positions than were common knowledge at the time.

Sowing his seeds of mischief at Euphrates' bidding, Thrasybulus left.

Now here is a little drama of the workings of the law of there being no accident in nature to one who is devoted to philosophy, which forms so important a tenet of the system of Iarchas. The gymnosophists received Apollonius in a queer haughty sort of way, treating him with some lack of courtesy and indifference. Damis was surprised and while Apollonius was bidden by them to wait until they were ready to receive him, he asked Timasion if they were really wise and why they acted in this strange fashion towards Apollonius. Timasion said he could not understand it at all, for they were usually courteous enough, *as they had been to Thrasybulus not fifty days since.* He himself had taken Thrasybulus in his ferry.

"Now, by Minerva, I see it is all his scheming!" exclaimed Damis hotly.

"Well, *that man* thought me unworthy yesterday to know who he was," said Timasion. "But if it is no secret, tell me who he is?"

"He is the Tyanean," said Damis.

"Then the secret is out!" exclaimed the youth. And he told Damis how even Thrasybulus in his passage with him down the Nile had told

him he was ashamed of his mission to fill the gymnosophists with suspicion against Apollonius.

Timasion went to the gymnosophists, whom he knew well, and returned to Damis with the information that they would be with Apollonius next day, full of their suspicions. To Apollonius he said nothing.

So they all slept under the Egyptian stars after their frugal evening meal.

(To be continued)

IMAGINATION: ITS POWER TO CREATE OR TO DESTROY

FREDERIC MCALPIN

(A Paper prepared for the William Quan Judge Theosophical Club, February 2, 1924)

WITH imagination, as with all other forces in nature, we must consider duality. The primary function of the imagination is to create. In the higher force of the duality, this creation is for good, and through the control and will of the imaginer, we have the result — a poem, a picture, a statue, a high ideal. The result of working through the lower force may be seen in the primary causes which make for the decadence of men and nations — greed, lust, abuse of power, and the substitution of animal desire for spiritual will.

Our whole outlook upon life is seen through the lens of the imagination. This power first is seen when a child begins to understand. Who knows but that the crowings and gurglings of a little one are a recountal of a grand schedule of joys unspeakable, or that the big, deep, clear eyes gazing into you convey through his imagination a thrilling tale of conquests in the world before our own? Then, the imaginings of this world start with the tot and his playthings. His bridge of blocks, and his gallant wooden steed are to him verily a rainbow bridge of the Gods and a Pegasus. He lives as king-prince-hero through countless fairy-story lives.

Next, still older, he goes to school. Surely what a dull place the classroom would be without imagination! With this he sees the life of ancient days, the people, trees, birds, skies, and waters of other lands; the very stars are shown to him in detail, and he fares forth with Richard to the Crusades, and voyages with Aeneas or Odysseus, and sees "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." Here again through allowance of indiscriminate choice of literature and companions those

seeds may be sown in the imagination which later sap moral strength, and bring many to utter ruin. But used rightly, the imagination brings peace of mind, and strength of character for noble service.

Now, he is a young man, and on the very battle-ground of the imagination. He has responsibilities, has more to do for himself, he is seeking his place in life. He has great and grand ideas of what he will do. The doctor, poet, engineer, statesman, explorer in him cry out for place and recognition. He pursues his studies more seriously and, afire with enthusiasm, his thoughts fly off in profuse wild imaginings of marvelous performances. So beset by forces, he is sensitive; little successes float him to the heights of dizzy exultation; little disappointments drag him into the gloom of despair. But it is up and down and on again, in a moment so to speak. Self-control is the key; the more controlled he is, the less will be his flights and falls. The higher and lower natures play important parts here; the lower ever trying in gloomy times to snare and delude him into a firm conviction that he was right, others wrong; the higher pointing the true way and urging the correct motives. One by one, through a mesh of experiences he sifts the results of his youthful efforts, finds his place, and becomes a wiser man.

Here, in the fullness of his strength, more reasonable imaginings become realities, and he glories in achievements. At this time we see results of real creative imagination to a greater or lesser extent as he realizes and uses its power. The actor lives his part, and people weep and sympathize or laugh and encourage. The true musician throws his soul into a rendition, and holds us spellbound. The architect creates buildings and gardens of great beauty, and we admire. And so with the painter, sculptor, engineer, etc. To quote from Shakespeare:

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

In this state also, the imaginings extend backward to times past, and the younger generation is regaled with stories of wonderful deeds performed "when I was a boy."

Later, when the physical becomes tired, and more time is given to musings and meditations, the past is recalled, and across the sunset skies of a life-day appears the mirage of things that might have been.

So we see that all through life this great creative power, imagination, is with us to use as we will. Our battle, our work, our duty is to keep its creations in the full light of the loftier parts of our natures. *Through*

self-control alone can this be done. A mistake, and we view all things through fog, till by an effort we rise above it, or some kindly karmic wind of evolution blows it away, and allows us to see the light. Thus we can realize that the imagination, rightly directed, is the servant of the Higher Law. With the darker forces in control strange tricks occur. A lie told today, becomes through mental jugglery a fact tomorrow; happenings and statements of yesterday are denied and sworn against today; and we are led through a maze of snares and pits subtilly laid for those who relax their vigilance.

Katherine Tingley says: "The imagination is the bridge which spans the gap between the mind and soul." Keeping our minds clear, our imaginations active, we receive those lightening flashes from the soul — inspiration, intuition. With minds overcrowded with trifles, and imaginations asleep, we see nothing now, know nothing of the soul. If our existence on this earth is for the evolution of the soul, were it not wise that our minds be ever receptive to the promptings of the soul? Allowing our imaginations to create on the patterns of our highest ideals all through life, "there will be no regrets, no time wasted, then joy will come."

THE MAGIC MIRROR

R. MACHELL

(*Conclusion*)

"LOOK closer," said Mary quietly, holding the mirror steady on the table and watching the young man's eyes as he gazed into the polished surface.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"I see a woman looking at me. It is my mother. No. That is gone. She had my eyes. It is all cloudy again . . . now it is clearing, and I see a man lying dead in a garden, and a lady looking at him. There is a man beside her, he has a pistol in his hand. I can't see his face. . . . Why it is Romanetti. It is gone. . . . I can see nothing."

Mary turned the mirror face downward and said: "Do not try any longer. It is enough to show that you could see more than you suppose possible. But it is dangerous perhaps. Some people put too much faith in anything that

they can see, thinking it must be real: whereas it may be, as in this case, but a reflexion of your own thoughts."

"That may be true," answered Eisdale. "Romanetti has told me of a duel in which he killed a man, but the circumstances seemed different."

"And yet," suggested Mary, "the picture may refer to some other story, such as the one I heard today of my own father's death. He shot himself at Baden-Baden, at the casino; and I imagine Romanetti was not far off at the time. So you may have seen what was in my mind." She spoke quite calmly, but with a certain aloofness, as if the story hardly concerned herself. Eisdale was trying to piece together these fragmentary suggestions of a history and spoke his half-formed thoughts:

"Then your mother and mine were sisters, and we are cousins, and both our fathers died a violent death. But then his wife — Romanetti's?"

Mary nodded her head in assent. "Yes, after my father's death, she married Romanetti, and left him later. I do not know the whole story. And he killed your father?"

Eisdale shrugged his shoulders as he answered: "So he has said. And then he tried to make up for it by adopting me as his son, and incidentally disposing of my inheritance which my mother put into his hands. Still I bear him no ill will: besides, the whole story may be false; and yet the miniatures bear out some part of it. He seems to have been the evil genius of our mothers; and yet I know many who have fared worse than we have with very respectable parents to direct their education. I think he must have been brilliant in his youth and wildly romantic; more lunatic than criminal. He is the only relative I have known, till I met you."

There was a silence, and then Mary spoke rather sadly. "I must confess I never thought about my parents until just lately; and now it is strange that I feel really more interest in this man Romanetti than in my father. What a strange creature he must be, an evil influence perhaps, and yet — who knows? My aunt has all my life forbidden me to speak of my mother; and when I mentioned Romanetti she froze up, and said she knew no one of that name. And yet I cannot feel as she does. I suppose I am a bohemian by nature, and have more pity than contempt for people who are condemned by respectable society. So his name does not fill me with virtuous indignation. I must have known him when I was a baby and probably considered him my real father. Old Abdurrahman took you for my brother. He seems to have come very near the truth."

Eisdale looked into her clear eyes and said with feeling: "I would be proud of such a sister; and I shall think of you in that light, even though our relationship must not be spoken of."

Secresy was repugnant to Mary's nature; but she had been so long accustomed to consider her family history as something to be forgotten and ignored, that she could only accept the condition, even though she resented the necessity for such reticence. She wanted to ask her new relation to go home and dine with her; but feared an explanation with her aunt who

probably was not aware of her nephew's existence, and would bitterly resent his presence in her house. So she was forced to excuse herself, merely accepting his escort to the end of the street, where they parted.

Eisdale went eastward to the Hogarth Club intending to dine there before going to Lansdowne Road for the evening. When he got to the house of Madame Blavatsky he stood for a while outside, still with the picture of his new-found sister in his mind, and with a vague longing for companionship in his heart.

On entering the room he was greeted very cordially, but with a reproach. "Why did you not bring your sister in? Was she afraid of me?"

Eisdale was taken aback and answered confusedly: "I came alone. She had to go home." Then, realizing his mistake, stopped short, not wishing to explain.

"Well," said his hostess kindly, "bring her the next time you come," and then the conversation became general, until the members of the household assembled and other guests arrived. One of these was Ronald Erskine, who was wavering between Theosophy and Rosicrucianism. The latter attracted him by its form, and also by the lure of experimental thaumaturgy, which seemed to him more practical than the lofty ethics and high philosophy of the Secret Doctrine.

But there was no teacher of Rosicrucianism who could be counted in the same category as the great founder of the Theosophical Society; so he continued his visits to Lansdowne Road, and studied the writings of Madame Blavatsky without applying for membership in the Society. Eisdale recognised him as a friend of Mary Sinclair's, and watched him with some interest wondering how much he might know of her family history.

The Baroness de Balon was present and assumed an air of mystery and reserve. She recognised the artist and expressed an austere pleasure at meeting him there; her whole personality was unsympathetic to him, producing something like repugnance and mistrust; yet she appeared devoted in her attention to the teacher, who seemed to be regarded by some of the guests as a medium, whose philosophic utterances were oracular and inspirational, but who was personally irresponsible.

He noticed that Erskine listened intently when she spoke, and occasionally asked questions that betrayed his interest in those finer forces of nature dealt with by psychological experimenters. These things were too scientific, too mathematical to appeal to an artist, and Eisdale found the discussion almost unintelligible to him, strongly suspecting that it was so to most of those present in spite of the air of wisdom assumed by many in an attempt to live up to the occasion. But the conversation was apt to jump suddenly from these intellectual heights to more vital problems of life. Then the learned ones grew restless, as if such talk was unworthy of the consideration of students of occultism and was rather a waste of time that could be much better employed by the oracle in gratifying their curiosity, with information as to the best means of gaining control of unfamiliar forces.

In one of these digressions Madame Blavatsky spoke of the real objects of the founders of the Society, whose messenger and servant she declared herself to be. These objects were entirely ethical. Universal Brotherhood was spoken of as a practical ideal to be realized in the life of the people, not as a motto to adorn a banner, or to disguise some other motive. She swept aside all the magic of the adepts as merely incidental to the evolution of the perfect man: but this evolution was an ethical process, and demanded a practical standard of morality so far above that of the ordinary individual as to appear impracticable to many.

When listening to this outbreak Eisdale felt a thrill of awe and gratitude, to think that he had found a Teacher who could speak on such a subject with the authority of absolute conviction and of certain knowledge. He heard his secret aspirations and unuttered ideals indorsed and demonstrated as the rule of actual conduct for one who would enter on the Path. No one had ever spoken in his hearing on these subjects as with authority. Now he had found a Teacher whose tone was that of absolute sincerity; and his heart was full of gratitude.

It was only by degrees that he was able to understand this strange experience, in which the most sacred and secret things were spoken openly in presence of a lot of people who thought that they were being treated to a sermon. The metaphysicians were disappointed at such a lapse into 'mere ethics'; and the psychological investigators thought the evening had been wasted: but there were one or two who saw the Light.

On leaving he would have expressed his feelings, but found no words, and he was not set at ease by the kind reminder that next time he was to bring his sister.

He decided to call at Mary's studio before the next meeting and give her the message, leaving it to her to repudiate the relationship. The more he thought about the strange link between his adopted sister and himself the more impossible it seemed to explain the position without reviving a buried scandal. Yet he could not let it rest there, and determined to force an explanation from Romanetti in order to learn what his real relationship might be to Mary Sinclair. He thought it probable that Romanetti had letters or other documents that would tell the truth, and he hoped to secure in this way some reliable record of events which the Corsican had sufficient reason no doubt for misrepresenting. But when he went to his uncle's address in Soho he was told that the old man was in the hospital, having had a fall which seemed to have injured him internally as well as in his head.

Eisdale hurried to the hospital, and learned that the old man was unconscious: and so he remained till his death. The artist took possession of the few books and the quantity of papers left by the old revolutionist, and spent considerable time in looking into them, but found nothing bearing upon the period of his marriage with Jeannette Sinclair.

While engaged in this search he did not care to carry out his plan of calling on Miss Sinclair and asking her to go with him to the Theosophical

meeting. He dreaded an explanation. One day, however, he ran across Saunders in the street and had to tell him of the ex-communist's death. Saunders was interested, and asked the artist to dine with him as there were matters left in his hands by Romanetti for examination, and on which possibly Eisdale, as sole relative of the deceased, might have something to say.

The particular matter referred to was apparently no better than a scheme to discover and to blackmail the family of his wife, whose name was formerly Jeannette Sinclair. Romanetti had never been able to trace her, owing to his own erratic habits of mind and life, and to his almost complete loss of memory in later years, when imagination replaced the defective faculty and made all his statements unreliable; and so the whole scheme was wrapped in a haze of wild conjectures and unverifiable facts. The old man had been eloquent on the subject of his wrongs; but Saunders confessed that he thought them purely fictitious, and indeed doubted very much if the deceased wife had any fortune remaining when she left her spendthrift husband. It seemed improbable that Romanetti would have let her go so long as her money was accessible to him.

Of course his death put an end to this blackmailing scheme, and there only remained the letters, on which it was to be based, to be disposed of. Saunders was prepared to turn them over to the old man's nephew and along with them some draughts of his plea, which were sufficient to satisfy any reader of the writer's insanity. As to the former Mrs. Sinclair, the name was too common to be much of a guide, but the lawyer supposed it might be of interest to Eisdale to know what had been contemplated by his uncle: though he hastened to add that, had Romanetti lived, it could have made no difference as the scheme was enough in itself to stamp its author with the brand of lunacy.

So the papers in due course came into Eisdale's possession, and from them he was able to supply some missing links in his uncle's story. It appeared that Mrs. Romanetti had a daughter, though the date of the child's birth was not clear, nor what became of the infant eventually. It seemed that with this child she had left her husband on account of jealousy of her own sister Anne, who had come to live with the Romanettis after the death of her husband. There was a letter from Jeannette charging her sister Anne with robbing her of her husband's love; a testimony to the fascination of the brilliant Romanetti that his vanity induced him to preserve. And the Anne who had usurped her sister's place was mother to the boy who had become Hubert Eisdale.

When he had got so far in his investigation a feeling of disgust came over him that he should lift the veil that hid his mother's shame. Impatiently he swept the papers from the table, and stood up. He felt that his own curiosity dishonored him more than his parent's shame could do. His code of honor was of his own making, and it included a respect for womanhood that would have seemed fantastical perhaps to some of his acquaintances.

It had seemed natural enough for him to wish to know his parentage;

but the result of his researches made him feel that he was sinking in a swamp, and plunging deeper with each step he tried to take. His one desire now was to shake off the mud and find himself again.

He thought of Mary; and her clear eyes looked out from the darkness into his heart: and in those eyes he found the light that for a moment had gone out while he was wandering in the swamp, losing himself, not finding what he sought. She seemed to stand upon some height from which he had stepped down to follow a false fire. She was his sister, and with that thought came back the memory of Madame Blavatsky's words asking him to bring his sister with him. That was the key to the mystery of their relationship. They could be brother and sister in a real sense if they 'entered the path' in the right spirit; and to reach that path, he must get up out of the morass in which he was floundering.

Gathering the papers together he put them on the fire; and as they burned to ashes the desire to know the story they suggested died from his mind; and in his heart he said good-bye to the soul of the crazy Corsican, and found there no trace of bitterness against the man.

As soon as possible he called on Miss Sinclair, and told her of the message: "Bring your sister with you!" explaining how it came about that he was thinking of her as he stood at the entrance to the house in Lansdowne Road, and how he supposed that thought was visible to her, who had the seeing eye, as a picture when he entered the room.

Mary was deeply interested, and reproached him gently. "You should have come and told me sooner. But I think I got the message all the same, and went there on my own account. So I forgive you — brother."

Then he told of Romanetti's death, and spoke of his burning the old man's papers: and she did not ask what he had found. She seemed to know it all, and when he spoke of it as closing that story finally she nodded her approval, merely saying:

"You did right — brother. Let the dead rest in peace! Perhaps if we could see more clearly we should understand, and understanding we should not condemn. The path is open for us. What more could we ask?"

But Eisdale could not all at once shake off a feeling of resentment against fate that seemed unjust. "The shadow of their past hangs over us, and we are branded by their deeds," he answered bitterly.

"That shadow proves the presence of the sun," said Mary. "Shall we then by our lives cast shadows on the future? We two have seen the light. They had not our opportunities. For us the way is open; for I know that you and I have recognised the path. We have seen the light. Is that not enough?"

The shadow of the past dissolved, as he replied: "No! It is not enough to see the light. We have to follow where it leads."

THE END

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

[From the *Evening Telegraph*, Dublin, Ireland, November 27, 1923]

SIR.— The *Journal of the American Medical Association* is reported to have said that:

"The Rumanian Chamber of Deputies has discussed the question of death sentences, M. Cosma, Minister of Justice, argued that in the interest of the safety of the State, it is imperative that the death-penalty be retained, MM. Vailioiann and Yoanibesco opposed the death-sentence. The Ministerial Board finally decided that the death-penalty shall be stricken out of the Penal Code."

Our daily press tells us that numerous applications continue to be received from persons wishing to have the privilege of officiating as Hangman to the Free State Government. To some of us, the injunction "Slay not at all," appears to claim the obedience of all men, and though in moments of passion this one of the laws of Humanity may be broken, and the offender must be punished, even so, that does not excuse, to us, the taking away of another life as a penalty.

The Free State stands in the proud position of being able to offer an example of wisdom and enlightenment to other Governments in respect to statute-making. With regard to this position, the words of Terence MacSwiney seem appropriate:

"If we learn no lesson from the mistakes of nations, and live no better life than the Great Powers, we shall have missed a golden opportunity, and shall be one of the failures of history. . . . We led Europe once; let us lead again with a beautiful realization of freedom. . . ."

And of those who always proceed to the further step, the wiping out of an enemy, he says:

"The counter plea for forbearance is always scorned as the enervating gospel of weakness and despair. Though we like to call ourselves Christian, we have no desire for — nay, even make a jest of — that outstanding Christian virtue, yet men not held by Christian dogma have joyously surrendered to the sublimity of that divine idea."

We know the old stereotyped plea, that capital punishment acts as a deterrent, but let us ask ourselves if we honestly imagine that this was ever proved true by any community. The answer is to be found in the hard, ghastly fact that murder is a growing crime, not one that is dying out owing to the deterrent effect of capital punishment. Humanity sadly enough, is so enslaved by the passionate lower nature, that at times it will allow nothing to stand in the way of giving it, more or less, full rein. We are sorry after the act, where the conscience has still some say in our lives, and in this lies one strong point against the resort to capital punishment.

The unhappy man who has robbed a brother-man of his life, is in most cases, also sorry, and surely to a degree unknown to any other offender

against the Law. To those who will give the matter consideration, the idea of punishment carries with it the purpose of reformation; reformation resulting that the man shall have opportunity during the remainder of his life, to work out his salvation in the eyes of those of whom he has offended. To take away his life is to prevent this: whatever repentance he may feel, he is not given space to amend his life and make good.

I once read an article in an American periodical in which the writer pointed out that the argument was relied on for years, that a public hanging must exert a salutary effect in the way of restraint, but that the abolishing of such revolting exhibitions was a virtual surrender of the argument itself. That if the old argument of restraint was good, then all the people should be urged to witness every execution; but the fact was the better classes of people shrank from such scenes, and the most reckless and lawless of the people gathered with the greatest eagerness to witness them. And the writer suggested that a legal custom that invited the enthusiasm of the worst elements in a community, and shocked and revolted the best elements, was a custom that ought to be abolished.

He also, reasonably, suggested that no Government should place one of its subjects beyond its power to benefit him, if the changed spirit and mood should permit a benefit.

Surely we need not be behind Rumania in progress; we led Europe once. Because other nations of our acquaintance are hide-bound in established customs and worn-out, retrograde penal statutes, is that any need for us to follow in their steps?

Humanity is much the same mixed crowd in any of the States, and if some of these can carry on with credit in the absence of capital punishment — Rumania, Holland, and Portugal have abolished the obsessing idea, and I believe it is rarely resorted to in Sweden, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland — could we not start our new life by deciding to commence without the Hangman as one of the national essentials? Penalty for the taking of human life there must be, but why not let it be punishment, and not a retaliation in kind?

More might be said, but in conclusion I shall only quote once more our warrior-philosopher-statesman, whose *Principles of Freedom* should be constantly read by those who would keep their ideals spiritual, and so, fresh:

"I think utter frankness in these grave matters is of grave urgency. If we approach them in the right spirit we need have no fear — for at heart the most of men are susceptible to high appeals. What we need is courage and intensity; it is gabbling about surface things makes the bitterness. If in truth we safeguard the right of every man, as we are bound to do, we shall win the confidence of all, and we may hope for a better and braver and brighter future, wherein some light of the primal beauty may wander again over the earth, as in the beginning it dawned on chaos when the spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." . . . CIAN DRAOI

Dublin, November 26, 1923.