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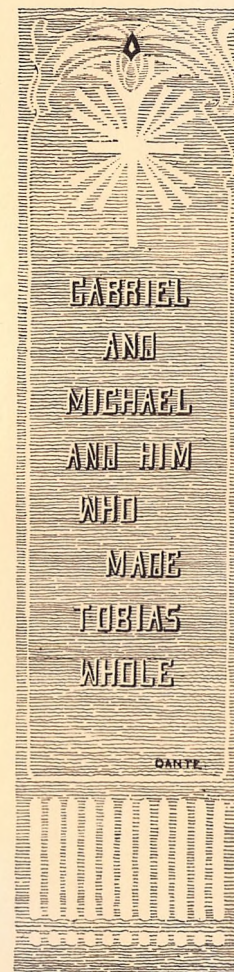
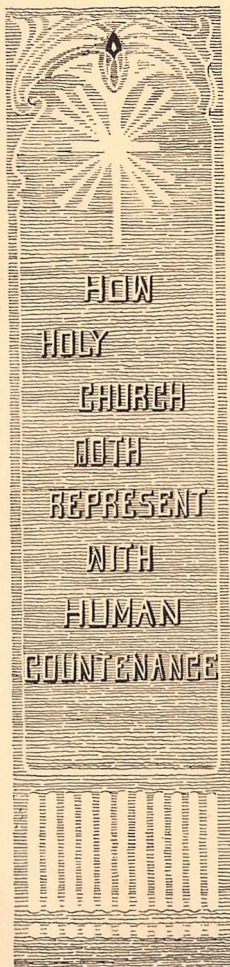
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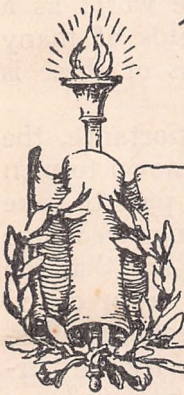
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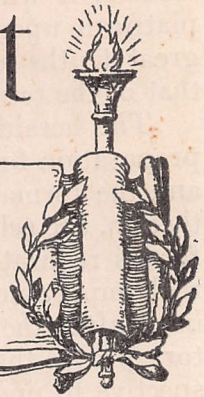


The American Theosophist



Vol. XV. JULY, 1914. No. 10.

BY THE EDITOR



THE SCHOOL OF LIFE



THE world is a Kosmic school into which the Sons of God have come, that they might develop within themselves an experienced humanity to add to their innate divinity.

These Sons of God form the rank and file of mankind.

When they entered the school of earth life, no matter that they were of divine lineage, they were ignorant of life in the material form. Thus all was darkness for them here, the darkness of ignorance, and thus will it more or less remain for them through a long chain of repeated incarnations wherein the laws of life are learned from experience of both pleasure and pain in all their varied forms, until these celestial scholars gain the knowledge which human existence holds for them. In the end they will return to the bosom of the All-Father whence they came forth, perfected in their humanity as already endowed with divinity, "to go forth no more."

But in the midst of this earthly darkness there has ever burned a light in the East and from time to time that light has flamed forth brightly, to point out the way to enlightenment. The Sacred One who brings that light, the World-Teacher, the Spiritual Guide of all humankind, has come many times and will come yet many more.

It is an impressive achievement of the Theosophical Society that it has ever held, within its membership, leaders who possess the keys to the ancient mysteries and whose gifts of prophecy are based on a

knowledge obscure to those to whom the occult is as a closed book. It is they—custodians of the sacred lore of the past and future—who not only have access to the knowledge of the mysteries of old but who, with this, have gained the vision of the future. While the Theosophical Society, as such, can technically stand only for the three objects declared in its constitution and upon all others must remain neutral, yet, because of pronouncements of personal conviction by its leaders, it will hereafter necessarily appear before the world as a platform upon which stood knowledge-possessing heralds of many great truths and events. Among the most momentous of these is that of the return of a World-Teacher.

The heralding of an event of such planet-wide importance, the preparation for it by every practical and ideal method known to men and the formation of a band of supporters who have a part to take therein, are achievements of so great dignity, and the announced time for its realization is drawing so close, that it is safe to say that the real importance of the event will never be adequately appreciated until after the central Figure Himself has come and gone, for history proves that time must needs intervene to give posterity the perspective to understand the real significance of so great an event.

So the work that the Theosophical leaders are doing in declaring the reasonableness of this event is epoch-making. Moreover, the statement of the case—that the office of World-Teacher is filled by One whose greatness humanity has no power to measure, that He ever protects, inspires and purifies the races who live and struggle in darkness, and that at certain periods He comes forth and lives among them—is so rational and necessary in a coherent and intelligent scheme of things that it readily appeals to the mind that cannot be satisfied with dogmatic religious pronouncements.

The appearance of a Great One at all the important crises of the world, when new races were being formed and when the world most needed a strong and wise hand for guidance, is proven by tradition and history, and shows itself prophetically again in the signs of the present times. It seems clear to many that the same conditions exist now which have obtained heretofore when the Mighty Figure came, time after time in the past.

Since, therefore, in previous ages various rays of light have been thrown by Him upon the time-covered path over which the human family has passed and many religions have been given by Him for the guidance of His children, so also the hope for His coming arises again; the Star is again seen rising in the East, to which men look for the light which will lead them on to a higher place in the Kosmic school, and eventually to the Light Eternal.

So say those who know. For us 't is true, when reason and intuition compel belief, but only so.

DOGMATIC PSYCHOLOGY



THE American press not long ago contained a statement that the wife of a prominent clergyman believed that her spirit had left her body during a state of illness, and that she had an exhilarating experience. She could hear the doctor and others discussing her death, while she, knowing that she was not dead, was deeply interested in their mistaken views and remarks and finally, feeling that some great duty called her back to the body, returned and so apparently came to life again. The announcement of this experience has brought forth varied comments, some accepting the experience without question and others expressing their doubts, naming the experience a dream, an hallucination arising from abnormal weakness. We will pass over the favorable comments, based among other things upon similar experiences on the part of others, and will advert only to the sage declaration of "a specialist in psychology." Let us read the precise words of his authoritative dogmatic dicta:

With the exception of one or two, all of the leading psychologists of the world would say that this experience was only a dream. There is no such thing as the spirit leaving the body and returning. Dreams like this are not uncommon. They come to sick people or to those in delirium.

There is, then, a body of men in the world all of whom—except one or two!—would pronounce that this experience was but a dream and that no such thing as the spirit leaving the body and returning was possible. These men evidently know what dreams are; they have obviously settled it in their minds that dreams are phenomena wholly detached from any such scientifically unorthodox idea as the departure of the spirit, or consciousness, from the body. Still, *we* (ignorant people, not being "leading psychologists") might have some strong basis for belief, might even have experiences proven beyond question, and supported by the similar experiences of numbers of other people, that the deeper knowledge of dreams includes just this very experience, the departure of the spirit from the body, the existence of the man in his spiritual body while away from the visible body, and a temporary ability to bring through the memory of such experiences. Yet we know, too, that there are other phases of dreams less interesting and vital. It is a deep subject; one the ABC of which has not yet been studied, even by the psychologists, in its deeper aspects, and perhaps we may be pardoned if we do not bow in reverence when "specialists in psychology" wave the whole problem aside with the air that it has all been decided—for have they not given it a dignified scientific name and does not that quite settle the matter, without prying further into it? Why, it is only a dream! Does not everybody know what dreams are?

All that has been related in this case can be explained by natural laws, just as the alleged phenomena of telepathy can be explained. It is the consensus of opinion among psychologists that such dreams are the operation of the normal faculties working under abnormal conditions.

Strange as it may seem, there are trained investigators in spiritual matters who have been working along these lines and who respect and reverence natural law. They have actually discovered laws of nature that the psychologists have not yet found, judging by their denial of the existence of such laws. Of course the investigations of these deluded (?) investigators can only be termed hallucinations or mental aberrations, or some other name that belongs in the category of abnormalities discovered by the psychologists!

Any reader of De Quincey will remember what power a narcotic may have to conjure up dreams and visions. There is no real distinction between a dream and a vision, except that the vision is usually had while one is awake. It is not unusual for one who is dreaming to seem to be seeing or talking with persons who are dead. I often, in my dreams, talk with my father, who has been dead several years, but upon awakening I do not believe that I have met his spirit.

This "specialist in psychology" is even less excusable for his hard and fast sceptical hewing to the old lines because, as is seen, he himself has had an experience which it would have been far more scientific to have recognized and studied than to have pushed it aside, saying: "I do not believe."

The careful methods of science commend themselves. So important a branch of investigation should be sufficiently conservative, but a just criticism of their methods would be that their overconservatism causes them to be weak in their estimate of unknown and unfamiliar phenomena, and to place their strength unduly upon the side of disbelief and a reverence for categorical names.

As to whether there is a soul or spirit which exists after the body dies—that is a question with which religion and speculation are concerned. So far as the researches of science go, however, there is no such a thing as a temporary separation between spirit and body.

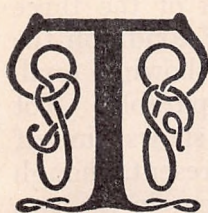
I wonder if the real souls of men, from their pinnacle of observation, do not look down upon solemn asseverations such as this with keen humor. If so, it must be a pitiful sort of comedy that is played before them—as they learn from the profound scientists in the realms below that souls do not and cannot exist.

Of course all this business seems only ridiculous to Theosophists. They have had what is indubitable proof to them of the reality of all these things and the discussions, the doubts and the sage theories that are indulged in by modern sceptics seem almost like the prating of children.



PSYCHIC AND SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT

By Annie Besant



O SPEAK properly, the title of my lecture should be *Psychic Development and Spiritual Unfolding*. That would have made rather too long a title, and yet the difference between the words "development" and "unfolding" is a very important one. When we are dealing with the Spirit we cannot accurately speak of "development." A Spirit neither develops nor evolves; he only unfolds into manifestation that which eternally lies within him. A Spirit, being identical with the Universal Consciousness, can neither increase nor diminish. What he can do, entering into conditions of time and space, is to turn outwards that which is within, to turn attention outwards and slowly to conquer, by this contact with matter, that knowledge of the universe regarded as phenomenal, which does not come into his consciousness when he is separated off from the universal by that delicate film of matter which is his vehicle in the nirvanic, or spiritual, sphere. Within that seed of divinity all possibilities are contained. It is only the turning outwards which is possible, by contact with the various planes of matter.

On the other hand, with regard to psychic development—which depends entirely on the conditions of the matter which veils the Spirit—the word "development" is entirely accurate. Psychic progress is literally the evolving and developing of form after form, the forms being separate the one from the other, and being, as regards three of them, new-born at each birth, and dying one after the other in the process of death and of after-death. So that we are face to face with two entirely different processes, which I propose to try to make rather more clear than they are in the minds of many.

These two things are fundamentally different in nature. They belong to those two great opposites by the interaction of which the universe is built—Spirit, matter. You cannot have two things more absolutely opposed. You may reach that which is Spirit by denying one after the other all the qualities and manifestations of matter. There ought, then, to be a very wide gulf in the minds of students

with regard to that which belongs to the development of the psychic and that which belongs to the unfolding of the Spirit, and if we can get rid of the confusion that exists so largely amongst us we shall not have wasted time.

Let us glance first at the spiritual and ask what it is. Carry your mind to the higher or spiritual triad, that reproduction of the Monad as Spirit in his threefold nature, as Will, Intuition and Intellect, sometimes called Atma-buddhi-manas. The Monad himself is the essence and root of Spirit, the Spirit being his reproduction in the three higher spheres of our fivefold system, showing out his three aspects of Power, Wisdom and Activity; these are manifested by the ray of the Monad appropriating an atom from each of the three spheres, the spiritual, intuitional and intellectual; these condition the manifestation of the Monad, each variety of matter showing forth one aspect only, as though the three aspects were separable. Not one of these really exists in separation; where Spirit shows himself forth as Will in the spiritual sphere, there are also present, though subordinate, the two aspects of the Monad which appear in the two succeeding spheres, Intuition and Intellect; both are present in that atmic particle and form part of its consciousness, although dominated by that Will by which Atma shows himself forth. So again when you take the second aspect, showing itself forth as Intuition (Buddhi), you cannot separate off from that either Will (Atma) or Intellect (Manas); they are both implicitly present, although it is the Wisdom aspect of the Monad which is there dominant. And so with the third. When we come to Intellect, showing forth the active, or creative, aspect of the Monad, there also we have to recognize the implicit presence of Will and Intuition. Consciousness is one, and it can never show out one aspect alone without the other two being present. You will find it is laid down by one of the greatest of Indian psychologists that we have here continually a reflection and a re-reflection within the Self, and that when we speak of one of them we are thinking of that aspect as working upon itself and so showing forth that quality predominantly; but that in that same sphere we have the other two aspects, colored indeed, as it were, by the first; in each case all three are present—two as reflected on to the third, that third dominating the two reflections. And in this way is made up a ninefold division, giving a marvelously accurate classification. But for us just now it is enough to recognize one dominant aspect and two others implicitly present.

When we come down from those two and a half higher spheres, where the true spiritual triad shows itself forth, to the lower two and a half spheres, we come into the world where matter is dominant. In the higher, consciousness prevails over matter; in the lower, matter prevails over consciousness. The division of higher and lower comes

in the middle of the mental sphere, so that the three upper sub-planes belong to the world of Spirit predominantly, the lower four belonging predominantly to the world of phenomena. In the lower spheres the matter which there enveils the Spirit conditions it far more forcibly and obviously than does the matter on the higher; and the work of the Spirit on those lower planes will be the moulding and organizing of matter, in the effort to create for himself vehicles which will express him in the lower world, and deprive him as little as possible of his own inherent powers.

In that lower world also you will see this same triplicity of manifestation continually showing forth, though there again one aspect predominates over the others. For instance, in the emotional sphere the astral body serves for the vehicle of activity and thought as well as for the vehicle of emotion, and the man working in the astral sphere is the same man as the man working here, with none of his consciousness lost, and showing out the three faces as they also show out here in the physical body. There is always a danger, as we analyze man into factors, of losing sight of this unit nature of consciousness. When we are dealing with the physical body we recognize the aspects of consciousness and their places of manifestation; we understand quite well that the mental aspect works through the cerebro-spinal nerves, the emotional through the sympathetic system and glands, the volitional through the muscles; all are present. We must do the same with the astral and mental spheres. This close study of consciousness and its vehicles is absolutely necessary for a real understanding of spirituality and psychism.

When we study the spiritual we are dealing with consciousness in the higher spheres, the characteristic mark of which is unity. "He," says Shri Krishna, "who seeth Me in all things and all things in Me, he seeth, verily he seeth." Nothing other than that is spiritual vision. There is no vision entitled to be called spiritual save that which sees God in Nature and Nature in God, which recognizes the One Universal Bliss, the One Universal Self-Consciousness, the One Universal Existence, and sees all things rooted in THAT and in THAT alone. To realize that Self-Consciousness is alone Wisdom. And we must bear clearly in mind this definition of the Spirit, that it is the consciousness of Unity, of Oneness with the Supreme. Again it is written: "There is nothing moving or unmoving that can exist bereft of Me." That is everywhere to be seen and recognized, and none may call himself spiritual if he does not to some extent enjoy that realization of the Oneness.

Spirituality is an exceedingly different thing from psychism, which is the manifestation of Intellect cognizing the external worlds and seeing the differences, the diversity, in all those worlds. It does not matter whether you are looking at physical, astral or mental objects;

all looking at objects, all the activity of consciousness utilizing matter as a means of contact with objects is covered by the word psychism. It depends for its development on the organization of the sheaths, on their delicacy and refinement; and, for the purpose of understanding this, it is enough to think of the human being as composed of consciousness and matter, taking the three lower sheaths simply as the sense-garment. Drop for a moment the thought of the physical, astral and mental *bodies*; the word "body" seems to connote too much of difference; they are only matter at different stages of density and the three together make up the sense-garment of the consciousness. Throughout the psychic development, the improvement of the sense-garment is the task which the student has before him. He wants to make each layer of the sense-garment more refined, more sensitive, and to realize it more and more clearly as a garment and not as himself—one garment in three layers. All the evolution that goes on in that garment improves psychic development, bringing the mind into fuller touch with the external world.

If that be clearly grasped, you cannot confuse the psychic and the spiritual, for one belongs wholly to the consciousness in its unity and the other to the sense-garment in its multiplicity. And you will be inclined neither to overvalue nor to undervalue psychic development. Students are inclined to run into extremes. Neither extreme position is true. One should take the commonsense view of what is called "psychism." Psychism is the manifestation of consciousness through its sense-garment, and everything that increases the translucency of that garment, in one or other of these layers, is part of psychic development. In our present stage of evolution a large part of this psychic development is going on in the astral body. Consciousness has largely conquered the physical layer of the sense-garment in most people and is beginning to conquer the astral layer; but as that progress is at present abnormal, it is regarded as something almost supernatural instead of being taken in the same quiet commonsense way that you take the higher orders of the physical senses amongst ourselves. We know the good musician has a much more delicate ear than most of us, but we do not look on him as apart from us because of that. Taking that delicacy a little further and carrying it to the next layer of the sense-garment does not alter its quality. It is a question of degree and not of kind.

In the physical part of the garment, the lowest layer of the body, there is a sharper division between the senses than there is in the other layers. In the mental sphere the consciousness which has not yet touched the physical has a keen recognition of the life within an object and a very confused impression of the garment of matter in which that consciousness is veiled, the garment which makes it an object. So also, coming down into the emotional, or astral, sphere, if you take

a consciousness that has had no experience of the physical plane at all (as in the Elemental Kingdom) you will find that the entities do not receive from the astral object the clearly defined outline, but a far more blended impression. There are no sharp lines of distinction between the senses; hearing and sight, for instance, melt into one another. It is true that you can point to one part and say: "that is sight," and to another: "that is hearing," but you come to a place where you cannot distinguish clearly between the two senses, for that clear definition takes place for the first time on the physical plane. Only consciousness, having once obtained that definition, does not lose it when it is active in the second layer of the sense-garment. It keeps the definition, and that is what is gained from the physical body, even when the physical body is finally thrown off. Consciousness having passed through the physical sphere never again loses that clearness and definiteness which in the physical sphere it gained. So that when you come to the psychic evolution in the second layer, the astral, you find the advantage of the consciousness having passed through the physical stage.

There is another phrase that comes into my mind from the great scripture I have already quoted: "without senses enjoying sense objects"—a phrase which sounds extremely strange and rather unintelligible. The reason is the one I have just spoken of, that the clear definition of the powers of perception in the consciousness is not dependent on the organs after the organs have served their purpose and have given to it the necessary definition. It is said even of the Logos Himself, who is spoken of in that verse; having passed through all these experiences, He has carried with Him to that lofty rank of divinity the qualities which in the humbler days of earth, in far-off universes, He slowly gathered and built into Himself as we are building them now.

The whole of the development of consciousness in the sense-garment is psychic, whether in one layer or another. You should not limit the word to the astral and mental spheres, for by making a difference of term in that way you lose the sense of the unity of evolution.

The evolution of the astral body largely takes place from the mental sphere, as the organization of the physical senses and their apparatus takes place from the astral sphere. As you are working in the developing of your mind now, that mind in its more evolved stage fashions for itself that astral layer of the sense-garment which it will be able to use more independently as evolution proceeds. And to develop healthily that second layer, it must be developed from above and not from below. It is possible to stimulate the growth of the sense-organs in the astral body to some extent from the physical senses, but such stimulation does not carry us very far. Also, it has the tendency to injure the physical organs used and, what is more

serious, to injure in the brain those particular centres which, in the later evolution of the astral senses, would be their proper points of expression on the physical plane. For within our brain are certain centres which are the places of junction between the astral and physical sense-organs, making possible the bringing down of the information gathered by the astral into the physical consciousness working through the brain. Suppose the astral chakram which answers to astral sight is active. That has its corresponding point between the eye-brows, and a certain development of a centre in the physical body between the eye-brows goes on as the result of the development of that astral sense in the astral body. It is that which lies at the root of the practice of some people in psychometry and a little-developed form of clairvoyance, where they sometimes put an object to the forehead when trying to psychometrize, or to see with the astral sight. That particular centre and the solar plexus are the two chief centres in making a link of connection between the astral and physical layers of the sense-garment. But if instead of stimulating from the physical you stimulate from the mental, then your astral centres develop healthily and naturally, and with that will come, without any very special effort, the descent of the information gathered in that second layer into the first, so that you become consciously "clairvoyant," "clairaudient," and so on.

When those faculties appear in the waking consciousness the person is called a "psychic" or a "sensitive"; and the name means nothing more than this: that there is a beginning of the shaping of those senses and that the links between the two layers of the sense-garment are beginning to work. It is a great advantage for the gaining of knowledge to have the astral senses as well as the physical at your disposal, but it will only give you more phenomenal knowledge; it will not quicken your spiritual unfolding. Nay, it may possibly delay it, because it makes the phenomenal more attractive than before. It is more difficult for the person in whom these finer senses are developed to turn away from the outer and more attractive phenomena and to fix the attention inwards to evoke the true spiritual vision, the knowledge of the One.

It is for that reason that in many of the ancient books—whether Indian, Grecian or Egyptian—you find so little stress laid on the development of these higher sensuous powers. It is seen that sometimes the person in whom they are developed is thereby made more separate and not more united; whereas in the spiritual unfolding the spiritual person feels himself more one with every form of life and less separate. In India the siddhis are definitely regarded as having no part in spiritual development, and those who try to develop them are simply looked at in the same light as those who try to develop keener physical sight or hearing.

The training for psychic development and for spiritual unfolding is quite different. In psychic development you have to deal with the perfection and organization of the sense-garment; when you come to deal with the spiritual, the preparation is intellectual, emotional and moral. I do not mean, in saying that, that morality as such or the lower intelligence as such is spiritual; but they are the necessary preparations for the manifestation of the Spirit in man. The growth of the moral character, of self-sacrifice, self-surrender, willingness to serve, the breaking away of the sense of separateness—all this is the preparation for spiritual unfolding. And so also with regard to the higher intelligence. It is absolutely necessary for the spiritual manifestation, and everything that tends to purify the intelligence and raise it from the concrete to the abstract is an approach towards the region where the spiritual unfolding will take place. Hence the immense stress laid in all ancient books on the building up of virtue on the one side and of intelligence on the other; so that within the good man and the reasonable man the spiritual man might descend and find his habitation. Truly, as it is said in *Light on the Path*, "great though the gulf may be between the good man and the sinner . . . it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity." That is true. It is a difference in *kind* and not only in degree. Hence it is that when you are striving to quicken the evolution of man, so that the Spirit may reveal himself within the garb of matter, so much stress is laid on study and on moral training, not as confusing the two, but the one as being the pathway which makes it possible for the other to manifest. The Spirit cannot manifest in the ignorant or in the immoral man; he is latent within him, and until that preparation is made spiritual unfolding and manifestation in the world of forms cannot be.

I know that that puts spiritual unfolding very high and it may shock some people, because whatever is vague they think is spiritual. But really that is not so. A good emotion does not mean consciousness on the buddhic plane. Emotion is not spirituality, although it is often confused with it. There is an enormous gulf between them. Spirituality is the Self-consciousness conqueror over matter, not the manifestation distorted and stunted in matter, which is emotion. That truth to some people may seem rather cold. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. It is the most inspiring truth which it is possible to put forward when a glimpse is caught of what it really means; for there is nothing discouraging in recognizing that we have a long path to travel before reaching the spiritual heights. It would be far more discouraging if the small manifestations of emotion and good feeling we find down here were the limit of the Divine in humanity. That they are very often beautiful I do not deny; but they are not *the* Beauty; that is something wider, vaster, grander than you or I at

present can even conceive. Surely it is more inspiring to the heart and mind to see afar off the dawn of a grandeur that some day we know will be ours than it is to rest content with the miserable and petty manifestations which are all we are capable of at the present time. The one inspires to ceaseless effort, to unwearied aspiration; the other makes us sit down contentedly, thinking we are almost near the manifestation of God in ourselves. But, as we catch a glimpse of those greater possibilities, as we put our thought of Spirit higher and higher, we become more conscious of a strength within ourselves which makes us mighty enough to rise above the highest that we can dream. Only we need time and patience, a high ideal and noble thinking. One thing only is the sign that the Spirit in us is beginning to put forth his powers: the possession of peace, serenity, strength, and broadness of view. Those show the germinating of the divine seed within us; and as we see those qualities grow we cannot say: "I am spiritually developed," but we may dare to say: "My face is turned in the right direction and I am beginning to tread the Path which leads to the manifestation of the Spirit."

---From *The Adyar Bulletin*

The identity of the soul surely does not consist in a remembrance of all its past. We are always forgetting ourselves and waking again to recognition. But the sense of individuality bridges all the gaps. In the same way it seems as if our present existence were a somnambulant condition into which we have drowsed from an earlier life, being sleepily oblivious of that former activity, and from which we may after a while be roused into wakefulness. A careful examination of the rarer facts of life, noticeably those found in dreams, trances and analogous phenomena, demonstrates that our complete life is largely independent of the body, and consists in a perpetual transfer of the sensuous experiences of self-consciousness into a supersensuous unconsciousness. But this higher storehouse of character might more truly be called our real consciousness, although we are not ordinarily cognizant of it, for it comprises our habits, instincts and tendencies. This is the essential character of the soul and must persist after death. Now, unless all our earthly possibilities are exhausted in one life, these inherent material qualities of our spiritual nature will find expression in a plurality of earthly existences. And if the purpose of life be the acquisition of experience, it would be unreasonable to suppose a final transfer elsewhere before a full knowledge of earth has been gained. It is apparent that one life cannot accomplish this, even in the longest and most diverse career—to say nothing of the short average, and the curtailed allowance given to the majority. If one earth life answers for all, what a tiny experience suffices for the immense masses who prematurely die as children! Men are willing enough to believe in an eternity of spiritual development after this world; but is it consistent with the thought of Omnipotence to consider that the Divine plan is achieved in preparing for that by a few swift years in one body? In devoting eternity to our education, the infinite Teacher surely will not put us into the highest grade of all until we have well mastered the lessons of all the lower classes.

The experiences gained in one life may not be remembered in their details in the next, but the impressions which they produce will remain. Again and again man passes through the wheel of transformation, changing his lower energies into higher ones, until matter attracts him no longer, and he becomes—what he is destined to be—a god.

Hartman.

ASTROLOGY

THE SOUL OF PHENICIAN BELIEF

By Maud Lindon



ASOURCE of constant dispute between historians has been the origin of the Phenicians—those missionaries of commerce who spread the arts of glass-making and metallurgy amongst the prechristian nations of Europe and, without a literature of their own, were the developers of an alphabet by which Greece and its mental posterity climbed to modern knowledge. The Jewish chroniclers maintained that these “dwellers by the great waters” were connected with the Egyptians, a contention politically though not ethnologically true; Herodotus asserts that they came to the coast of Palestine from the Red Sea. The savants are agreed that their language, customs and religious beliefs show that they were Canaanites who, wandering from Chaldea, encountered the sea at Tyre and Sidon and, like the Tertiary mammals which forsook the land and became seals, launched their boats and became pioneers of navigation in the Mediterranean.

But, wheresoever their wanderings led them, they carried a sincere faith in the occult powers of the sun, moon and planets, and a belief in their influence over the characters and careers of men. “By the Sun and the Moon and the Earth, and their attendant Stars” was the oath of Hannibal to Philip of Macedon and such phrases frequently occur in the records of those times. Every great maritime city of Phenicia had its special god and goddess enthroned upon “their attendant stars,” and worshiped with ceremonials based upon the science of astrology. There was Astarte of Sidon, the Moon-goddess, revered from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf; there was Melquarth of Tyre, the Neptune, whose changeful moods were propitiated with offerings by every merchant before starting on his voyage; and elsewhere many another form of Baal, representing some planet in its celestial and terrestrial significations. For astrology was the soul of Phenician science and belief, nor was there any one god or planet specially called Baal. It is a mistake to speak of the god Baal as is done in the *Old Testament*; the word is not a proper name but merely an appellative, and is used as an added description of the local deity and the special protector of the city.

The worship which these peoples rendered to the sun, moon and to certain stars, such as Sirius and Venus, developed into an exact science, and was studied by a learned priesthood in countless temples. The great luminaries of heaven and the major planets were identified with the local Baals and conceived as supreme gods, the almighty Lords of the world, raying down their forces for good or ill on mankind.

That Babylonian doctrines exercised much influence on this gradual metamorphosis and phase of the Semitic religions is obvious and, as an eloquent savant of Chaldean history has recently admitted, the princes of later times showed as great deference to the astrological science of the Babylonians as the earlier Persians had done before them. We find Seleucus Nicator consulting these official soothsayers about the propitious hour for founding Seleucia on the Tigris and, upon the testimony of Diodorus, these interpreters of the stars made, to Alexander and other monarchs, numerous predictions which were fulfilled to the letter.

Nor were their astrological prophecies merely verbal, nor made by oracles subject to misunderstandings or the faults of memory. Oftentimes the written or engraved horoscope was given to the suppliant, with the answers to his questions, and the learning and services of the astrologers of those days were royally acknowledged. Antiochus, who died in 34 B. C., built a sepulchral monument on a spur of Mount Taurus, commanding a distant view of the Euphrates valley, and on it, side by side with the images of his ancestral gods, he set the scheme of his nativity figured on a large bas-relief, because his life had realized all the promises of his horoscope.

Throughout the Phœnician littoral, the influence of the stars was a very real factor. Their records witness to this, and on many of their coins may be found those signs of the zodiac under the protection of which their cities and commerce flourished. If princes and states thus acknowledged the authority of astrology, we may imagine how complete was the power of this scientific theology in the temples, and how it permeated the thoughts of men and ruled their undertakings.

Let us endeavor to realize what the stars meant to them, by picturing to ourselves the setting forth of a Tyrean fleet upon some far mercantile quest. On the blue waters of the harbor are gathered the brightly-painted galleys, with their square or truncate sails of brown cloth slung upon short masts braced with simple rigging. Along the sides of the vessels are threefold tiers of oar-ports

Rimmed and rounded; and to every port
The leathern sleeve, lest the rude sea
Break through upon the rowers.

And dipping from these port-holes are the sweeping oars, like the

legs of some gigantic water-beetle. Upon each red prow glare painted eyes, giving a conscious touch to the vessels and enlisting their watchfulness of all the proceedings. To these unblinking eyes the white terraces of Tyre are home, and the house of the great Lord Melquarth—the mighty but wayward Neptune—the beginning and the ending of each voyage.

For days these eyes have watched the sailors busily carrying aboard the stores requisite for the long sea voyage, and the varied merchandise: rich carpets of Akka, and dyed fabrics of Arvad; dried figs and raisins from Beirut, and hammered brass-ware from Sidon; cedar planks from the slopes of Lebanon, and cunning boxes of olive and rosewood made by the carpenters of Tyre; implements of bronze and iron and ivory; bales of beads and bags of spices; and many strange products of the Orient brought by caravans to Phenician ports for barter with the races of the West.

But the painted eyes upon the galley prows, through the quiet nights, have watched other signs than those of the coming voyage. When Astarte draws her spangled veil across the skies, white-robed astrologers are seen upon her temple towers, studying her movements and those of the attendant stars, or wandering in ghostly groups around the sanctuaries of the planet-gods, noting the shifting beams of light as they pass between the aligned columns and fall on figures graven on altar, floor and wall. They are taking observations of the rulers of heaven by means of the angles of procession, based on long acquired knowledge, aided by astrolabes and quaint instruments of bronze and brass. Chief amongst their present cares is to ascertain the maturing conjunctions or oppositions of the planets, and to winnow from the good and evil aspects what fate shall befall the outgoing fleet of Tyre.

Their task has been fulfilled, and the horoscope of the voyage duly cast. The auspicious day foretold by the astrologers has come, and the soothsayers have proclaimed the omens kind. As the hour ordained by the stars draws near, the city pours out its people upon the quays and causeways to witness the starting of their ships, and all the air is charged with expectancy. The chained booms have been moved from the entrance of the harbor; the captains have said their farewells and gone aboard. The high priests of Neptune, Astarte and the rest of the hierarchy of heaven invoke the blessing of the celestial gods upon the voyage; the incense laden air is rent with strident music and the cries of the audience as the vessels slowly move, to the sweep of their long oars, from the safe shelter of the port out into the open sea—in quest of the destiny which courage and effort may haply win.



THE LOWER LOVE I TORE ASIDE
AND SAW REVEALED THE HEAVENLY BRIDE



BERGSON, EUCKEN,
AND
ISIS, THE GREAT MOTHER

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard

*Nature is a Presence felt everywhere. Call that
Presence the Great Mother and you do right.*

*Oh! Great Mother: "Thy testimonies are won-
derful; therefore, my soul hath sought them."*

BERGSON and Eucken both point out the tacit demand made by the mankind of today and both fail to meet it. Had they studied Theosophy, they would have found the true answer and pointed mankind to Isis, the Great Mother. Isis is that life which mankind longs for. Both correctly recognize that the modern spirit clamors for life and for an explanation of life which shall be deep enough to be inexhaustible in riches and broad enough to embrace all time and ages. Both fail to see life as a personal factor—as a great personality (hypostasis)—as the Great Mother, Isis.

Even in the remotest antiquity, before Egypt revealed Isis, "the people which were of old" were wiser than we and our philosophers—not to say philosophasters, or sophists. They did not have that which we boast of as culture and civilization (doubtful goods, anyway), but they saw Life personally, they *lived* it personally, they *thought* it personally. They "found themselves" in the Great Mother, Myrionymous. She was to them redemption from all mental paradoxes and salvation from all burdens. They needed no mediator, neither priest nor philosopher.

The Great Mother was and is everywhere. She is the mystery of nature, the beauty of mind and the binding power (religion) of the heart. Exoterically, Isis is related to Osiris but, esoterically, he is only the masculine part and function of her almightiness. God, or the Deity—speaking correctly—is neither masculine nor feminine,

but when manifested is always masculine, because such is the inherent law or order of life. This is so in all religions. Behind all manifestations there is always femininity, and it is this femininity which is called the Great Mother by many names of special character and aspect. This Femininity no mortal has seen or can see till she raises the veil herself. Fools and impatient neophytes have tried to raise the veil, but all have met with the same fate as that young Greek so graphically described by Schiller in his *Veiled Statue at Sais*.

The story is this: One day the hierophant showed him a veiled statue and told him that Truth was behind the veil. That was correct enough, though the Truth was not, as the Greek thought, a tangible statue, beautiful or otherwise, but a spiritual fact to be revealed by obedience to law. Impatiently the impulsive youth exclaimed:

"When I am striving after Truth alone,
Seek'st thou to hide that very Truth from me?"

The calm reply was:

". . . the Godhead's self alone can answer thee."

And after a while this injunction was added:

"Let no rash mortal
Disturb this veil"—said the Godhead—
"Till raised by me!"

Quite natural that the fire of an unregenerate heart should exclaim:

"And thou
Hast never ventur'd, then, to raise the veil?"
"I? Truly not! I never even felt
The least desire." "Is't possible? If I
Were severed from the Truth by nothing else
Than this thin gauze . . ." "And a divine decree,"
His guide broke in. "Far heavier than thou think'st
Is this thin gauze, my son. Light to thy hand
It may be . . . but most weighty to thy conscience."

It was also quite natural that vehement desires should disturb that Greek, and he planned to circumvent the injunction or defy the law. Soon after, at night-time, the boy from Hellas found his way into the sanctuary and soon stood before the mystery and its veiled form. With a cry he rushed at the statue:

"Whate'er is hid behind, I'll raise the veil."
And then he shouted: "Yes! I will behold it!"
"Behold it!"

Repeated in mocking tone the distant echo.

True to his word, he lifted the veil, and the injunction also proved true. What did he see? He saw a stone statue representing Isis—but he did not see Truth. Truth struck him down and, when

awakened from the unconscious state in which the priest found him, he only said:

"Woe to that man who wins the Truth by guilt,
For Truth so gained will ne'er reward its owner."

Now this is the story of self-assertion. The Great Mother cannot be known by such a method. Femininity must reveal Truth behind the veil. Both Bergson and Eucken resemble this Greek. Their method is like his—self-help.

At the very beginning of his *Creative Evolution* Bergson regards the intellect as a mere tool, as a perfectly adequate instrument for dealing with physical science, and that is correct. He also holds that instinct and intellect are complementary and not different degrees of the same power and that instinct may be developed into intuition. Be it so or not, this is not the place to investigate that belief. Bergson also holds that there is a supra-intellectual intuition. Well and good, but one only wonders why he does not use the well-known terms common among mystics of all classes.

And thus Bergson continues and occasionally he becomes enthusiastic, but his enthusiasm is not of the Great Mother; it never goes beyond that joy which laughter gives. He does not even know that there is a Temple, a Temple not built with cut stones but erected by devotion and after the pattern drawn by the Great Mother in human hearts. Had he known even the A B C of the occult science taught at Sais, he would not have been satisfied with mere suggestions about life. "Creative evolution" can be a term for use only if it be a description and a definition of that mysterious Presence among us which we call by many names, but always think of somehow in the character of a personal existence—the Great Mother, Isis. In that sense it can lift the veil and explain what Bergson vainly tries to explain. In that sense only can the term get a Theosophic value and lead mankind to Life, which Bergson correctly says is the modern quest.

Bergson is a son of naturalism, and coquetting with science will never set him free. Eucken is by nature an idealist and seeks to show the independence of mind, but he does not tell us what Mind is. He has arrived at his present standpoint by an evaluation of all personal striving and realization and an analysis of art, science and religion. Bergson deals with science; Eucken with history and the mind, which animates events. Unlike Bergson, he conceives that there is a veiled statue somewhere, but he is at a loss even to indicate where Mind is to find it. Like Fichte, he drives round in a circle and cannot get inside or outside of it. He has found inductive foundations for his idealism in the objective and universal mental life but, good as this is, it lacks the non-mental correlatives. Hence

Eucken's method may well tell us that Life holds our mystery, but it cannot remove the veil from Isis. We may go with him as a hierophant, as did that young Greek to the statue of Isis, and be told that Life holds our mystery and if we, in self-assertion, tear the veil off, we shall hear the hollow mockery of our own wisdom and see—what? Our own self-delusion!

No doubt the Great Mother is Mind, but not after the measure of the human mind. She, as Mind, is Life and Life's own cause and effect, and how can a part master the whole. But the whole may well reveal itself in the part.

I cannot see that Bergson and Eucken do more than talk, nor that their renown is more than glamour. They have not shown us Life, nor Life's ways, though many moderns claim that they are *Bannbrechers*. They have not answered the demand for new light on the path, a light to lead us on further from the point to which present-day Theosophy and mysticism have led us, and I wonder if either of them would ever have been heard of outside of their classes or tutorship if Theosophy had not been. Bergson, it seems to me, must have studied the mystics and from them have learned the little he knows about intuition. Eucken has, evidently, read deeply in the German mystics, and it is quite characteristic that Evelyn Underhill draws so freely from him when she attempts to explain the Mystic Way.

What can we do? We may take a hint from these two "leaders." Inasmuch as their popularity rests upon the influences they have derived directly and indirectly from Theosophy and mystics, why not go to these wells ourselves and why not put up our tents there for a permanent stay? Both nature-mystics and mind-mystics are and have become so by an inner necessity and not for honor's sake nor from any low motive. They may therefore be trusted. Their inner compelling force is a guarantee for sincerity and their disinterested work protects against illusions.

Nature-mystics are Theosophers, the special devotees of the Great Mother; they are the teachers she sends to instruct in her occult work and plans. They are the teachers we need to explain Life to us. They live the life—or, at least, try to do so. They become impossible the moment they cease to do so. In nature-mysticism, or occultism, lies our salvation. It can do away with all the confusion created by civilization because of its inherent power, which comes from wells that never dry up and that cannot be polluted. • The small streams, on the borders of which civilization has settled its culture, run dry as soon as no rain falls and they carry with them all the detritus from the hillsides, hence are never pure.

I prefer, above all, the definition of mysticism of Coventry Patmore: "The babe, at its mother's breast, and the lover . . . are

the types and princes of mystics." I like that definition because there is something sacramental in it; something of a higher communion. The mother's breast is the communion of the Real Presence for the baby. The mother is both *Regina Coeli* and *Regina Mundi*. And so it is in nature-mysticism—the Great Mother is really present, both infinitely and finitely. Nature-mysticism reveals the Great Mother as priest and priestess. With her, we may safely descend into the valley of Life (I do not say the valley of Death; nay, the valley of Life) and climb the eternal mountains—not mere rocks, but those heights whence springs the river of Life. With her, we are in Truth and cannot make any mistake.

If my reader will press the question and ask how one can realize this Final Cause, this energy which is Femininity, and use it in actual life, I will answer by asking: What do you look for in this world around you? Do you enjoy the beauty in the world, or does it not hold any beauty for you? Did you ever perceive anything personal or akin to yourself in leaves and pebbles? Did nature ever solicit your company? Was there a divine heart in the raindrop that fell upon you? Did you ever find yourself in the presence of a great unknown yet beneficent power, a presence

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:"

a presence which "rolls through all things and makes the whole world feel akin;" a presence which, though incomprehensible, "stares thee, from rock, bush, river, in the face;" a presence which circulates "from link to link," which is the soul of all the worlds; "a presence which is not for the poet alone but for all who are full of a deep love of nature;" a presence which fills us "with the joy of elevated thoughts" and so impresses us "with quietness and beauty that all which we behold is full of blessings" and reveals, indeed, a Mind and a Heart? If you have felt such a presence, you have communed with the Great Mother and you are already full of her. In such a perception lies a realization of divinity which existed in you as a peculiar life long before reflection, and it is infinitely more valuable to you than any reflective thought and its results. It builds for Life. It accomplishes everything!

Look around in your surroundings. Who is it that makes things go? Do things run by themselves? Who balances all the extremes? Look closely and it shall be evident that there is a Presence everywhere—the Great Mother. Nature, or the Great Mother, shows how she reconciles, or straightens out, temporary disturbances and disorders, or that which we in human life call evils and sins. Notice how often she clears the atmosphere in summer on days when the heat is

almost unbearable and the moisture washes out nearly all vitality. Suddenly there is a violent thunderstorm; immediately after the air is clear, breathing is easy, life is restored and hopes revived; we recover ourselves and become reconciled. That is the Great Mother's method and she is right, because reconciliation means restoration to order of disturbed factors; a rearrangement which makes new life possible. Do you see causes, or effects only?

The same process can be seen in the hills and valleys at the time of a severe and sudden rainfall. The rain rushes down the hillsides with so much impetus that it carries with it large quantities of soil and debris and these fill the streams and make them muddy, entirely disturbing the watercourses both as regards size, color and general flow. But very soon after the storm the mud sinks to the bottom and next day the stream is clear again. This is, as I have said, another illustration of the same fact; Nature's demonstration of reconciliation, or her way of straightening out difficulties and perversions and restoring normal conditions—exactly the law which operates in occultism. In human society the same process can be seen, if looked for. There are many among us who in their youth not only sowed wild oats but really committed crimes and, protected by circumstances, escaped detection. That protection is a form of the leveling process which is going on all the time and which bridges over crimes and offences which, if discovered and examined, would have made a happy future impossible for those involved.

When I say that circumstances protected and neutralized many an error and crime, I mean to say that life holds an element, a power, which acts as a redeemer and reconciler by removing sins and trespasses and leaving numerous people in freedom to live without paying the penalty of their sins and trespasses. This fact—for it is a fact—proves that there is reconciliation, or at-one-ment, woven into the texture of life. It proves that at-one-ment is an inherent fact, that there always is an at-one-ment, and that it is an eternal fact. Notice how Nature works with mud and refuse and does away with sin. Our cities empty their sewers into rivers or into the ocean. And what does the ocean do? It reasorts all that refuse and builds up new continents, which in due time rise to the surface full of new and rich possibilities of life. If that is not reconciliation, what then is reconciliation? Is it not redemption? Is it not a rebirth? Is it not a supreme art?

Those who have crossed the ocean must have noticed how the steamer traces a line in the waters; it is clear and distinctly cut and can be seen for a mile or more behind the ship. In the wake of the ship and along that line, floats all the refuse which is cast overboard. Sea birds, gulls, sharks, etc., follow in it and eat the stuff. Like that line in the ocean are all those debased, insincere and immature thoughts and

acts which a progressive life leaves behind and sinks into the stream of a dark river which, like a sewer, runs through human society. Crude thoughts and raw acts leave scars, deep and long, behind them, but the waters of life close over them. A healthy life is not injured. Thus Nature and Life make reconciliation.

Not for a moment should anyone think that the Great Mother is a blanket term covering a variety of thoughts. It is no personification, abstraction, or anything the intellect can define or even describe. She is a reality, and there is none greater. While she cannot be comprehended by the mind or intellect, she can be communed with in pure immediateness, without means. She is a Presence, that wonderful realization of something very near, surrounding us, guiding us, infusing us with help; our life, love, law and light. The only means—if “means” is the right term—by which she may be known is simplicity, innocence, directness, faith. All that which is meant by these terms—the grand man, the primeval man, Adam-Kadmon, the male-female man, the female-male man—is summed up in the living Great Mother.

That which I have said, by means of homely illustrations and using theological and religious terms and expressions, has its exact parallel in occultism. The coordinate to reconciliation is transmutation of metals. The restoration of balance in the air answers to the adjustment of chemical forces under proper heat, *i.e.*, their recovery of normal relation to the universal metal, be that called gold or anything else. The power that does this work is resident within us and it is a fact that we have occult powers in the degree in which we are good and true.

Now, my reader, if you cannot see the Mother but demand scientific evidences, you must live on without them; they will never be given. In the Paris studios, they say: “If you want to be an artist, you must hang up your passions with your hat and coat before you enter the studio.” If you wish to become an occultist, you must understand first of all the laws of transmutation of your own physical forces into psychic vibrations, and these transfused by spirit, and that understanding is learned by obedience to the law of your own life. The law of our own life is taught in the Temple. The Law, as well as the Temple, is the Great Mother. Learn to look up along great Nature’s aisles and you shall see the mystery of her presence.

But do not try to find the Mother by an intellectual search. Bergson and Eucken can never find her. Michael Angelo knew why not; therefore, he left his figure of the *Day* an unfinished masculine form, while he elaborated most carefully his figure of *Night*. It was about this figure that Strozzi wrote: “She is alive, although asleep. If you do not believe it, wake her; she will speak.” Angelo also left the *Twilight* an unfinished masculine figure, while the gigantic fem-



THE GODDESS HET-HERT
(HATHOR)

The Egyptian representation of the Great
Mother Isis

inine *Dawn* is the marvel of all sculpture. Angelo knew what the Presence was. Once more let me say that no intellect discovers either the Law or the Temple.

The method is, as I said before, immediateness. Immediateness can be illustrated, and the illustration I have chosen is at the same time an illustration, or symbol, of the Great Mother. In the Juno Great Mother in physiognology we may see the my, the face. In Hathor, the Egyptian goddess representing the Great Mother, or Isis, as the Egyptians called her, we may study the Great Mother in the body, in lines, in their relationship and individual values. Here, again, immediateness is requisite. An experimental study of art cannot interpret her; it can only measure. The illustration, you see, at once evidently fails to answer the general demands of proportion and symmetry, etc., etc. No matter! Measurements do not express the physiognomy of the body. In spite of any and all art criticisms passed upon this figure, it nevertheless reveals some very startling features of the Great Mother.

Hathor was especially understood at Dendera where, in the time of the Ptolemies, a great temple was built to her and her cult. One must have been at Dendera to understand her as Sun-goddess

and Heaven-goddess, and thereby as the goddess of the joy of life. The Greeks saw her as the joy of life, but did not understand the heavenly character of the joy of life; they realized her only under some aspects and identified those with their Aphrodite. But she is much more than the Greek Aphrodite. In the Egyptian cities, called in Greek Aphroditopolis, she was not only a woman but also a cow, and the goddess of the underworld; that is, she was Fullness.

There were seven Hathors in Egypt, representing the seven powers of the soul. These can be seen embodied in this illustration. The most prominent power is, of course, the human, represented by the female form, in itself very expressive. The next most prominent power is represented by the temple, placed as an ornament on her head. She is the Temple; not the Christian Grail, but the temple expressed by mystic powers. Another most prominent feature of this illustration is the leafy ornament around the temple. It represents her power as the goddess of the garden. In combination with the temple in the garden, the ornament becomes very occult and significant in itself and in its relation to the head on which it is placed—in all, the Great Mother. Another expression of the same thought may be seen in the well-known Hathor-Capitals, with her face pointing in two directions. The idea is an expression of Hathor, or the Great Mother, as being Balance (Libra), the centre of the two streams, involution and evolution. The staff and the ankh, her color (brown), and the other emblems and her pose, represent her as Isis. She is Isis, and she is commonly represented so and called "the house of Horus." In short, a study of the mystery and symbolism of this illustration show Hathor as the Great Mother and as the Temple in which mortals may drink the waters of salvation and healing. She is both male and female, both creative and productive, both a woman and a goddess.



"Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood and there am I." This truth, the truth of God's immanence in the manifested universe is realized by mystic and occultist alike. But, while the occultist seeks the hidden divinity in all the phenomena of all the planes of nature, the mystic dwells on the thought of the divine immanence in his own soul. Some speak of it as the Divine Spark within the soul, at the apex of the mind, which is a portion of the Infinite Light. For the mystic only through knowledge of the God within is knowledge of the God without possible. He endeavors, therefore, to fan the spark into a flame, to become what he already is potentially, namely, divine. This is what St. Ambrose meant when he said: "Become what you are."

—*Marguerite Pollard.*

THE STORY OF TOBIAS

By L. Turner Lindsey



AMONG the apocryphal writings of the *Old Testament* is the *Book of Tobit* so-called, in which is narrated the story of Tobias, the son of Tobit. It seems surely a new departure for our President, Mrs. Besant, to turn aside from her ordinary literary work to give us a resumé of that old-begotten and generally forgotten story. Yet this she did, in the March issue of *The Theosophist* (Adyar), in such a quaint, amusingly dry style that, lest any of our readers miss the refreshment of her paraphrase, we make it the *motif* of this article.

She relates the narrative thus: [But before reading this—you surely will anyhow at the close—hunt up a copy of the *Apocrypha* and reread the *Book of Tobit* as there written. Mayhap it will be, for some, a first acquaintance with it. In either event, ponder over it as an odd and antique allegory; get out of it a few striking symbols; find within it, in its fanciful portrayal of personages and its very far-fetched situations, the same simple teachings which Theosophy gives today. But how different in style!—this esoteric teaching of an ancient Jewish sect and our own day recondite presentation in terms of planes, principles, outpourings, hierarchies, etc., etc. We wonder how the wise heads of the time of the *Book of Tobit* would have looked upon Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom*. It doubtless would have been dubbed "apocryphal" and been relegated to the dusty shelves of forgetfulness or displayed as an interesting relic of an unlearned, strange and foreign sect.]

Now Tobit was a very pious and honorable gentleman, who speaks well of himself in the book which he wrote and called by his name. He walked all his days "in the way of truth and justice," he kept himself from eating "the bread of the Gentiles," he fed the hungry, clothed the naked and gave alms to the poor.

But he fell under royal wrath in that he buried the dead bodies of his countrymen, when the King Sennacherib slew them and, for some not obvious reason, sought for the corpses later on. The corpses being buried by the pious care of Tobit, the king found them not; whereupon he waxed exceeding wroth and tried to add Tobit to their number. "However," says Tobit, "I withdrew myself for fear," but he returned when Sennacherib

was murdered, and Tobit's own nephew became the cup-bearer of the new king. Alas! one day Tobit, sitting down to a good dinner, and sending out Tobias for a poor and hungry man who might share it, was told by his son that a Hebrew had been strangled and thrown out into the market-place. And Tobit went out and brought home the corpse and at sunset he buried it, and was so much hurt because his neighbors mocked him that he lay down and slept in the open air with his face uncovered, and lost his sight by an accident and thereon prayed earnestly for death.

Meanwhile a young lady, named Sara, was reproached in another city by her father's maids because she had been married to seven husbands, each of whom had been straightway killed by an evil spirit, yclept Asmodeus, who jealously slew them on the evening of each wedding-day. The maids suggested that she should go after her husbands, instead of beating them, and she, in sorrow of heart, also prayed for death and "the prayers of them both were heard before the majesty of the great God." Then God commanded Raphael, the Angel, to go down to the earth to heal Tobit's blindness and to give the much-married Sara to Tobias as wife, binding Asmodeus, the interferer with wedded bliss.

In order to bring the young people together, Tobit was made to remember that a man in the city where Sara lived owed him some money, and he innocently determined to send his son to recover it. Thereupon Tobias looked for a man to travel with him, and behold! the convenient Angel. . . . As Tobias, a little later, goes to bathe in the Tigris, "a fish leaped out of the river and would have devoured him." So unusual a proceeding on the part of a fish suggests a crocodile. The fish was slain by Tobias and, at the Angel's wish, he cut out the heart, the liver and the gall and "put them up safely," roasting and eating the remainder of the fish.

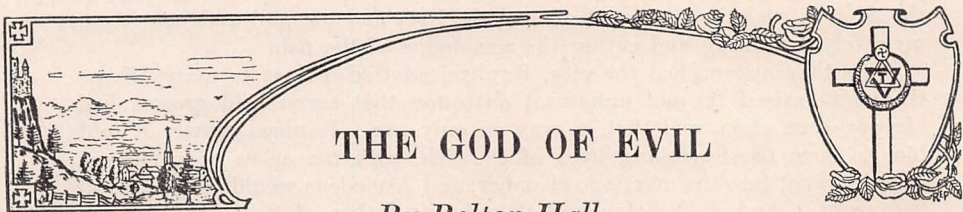
As they approached the city, Raphael advised Tobias to marry Sara; the youth raised the not unnatural objection that seven bridegrooms had already been slain, and that he was an only son. Raphael, however, told him to burn the heart and liver of the fish, with the ashes of perfumes, when he went into the marriage chamber, and Asmodeus would "smell it and flee away." And so it befel, and though the father of Sara thoughtfully dug a grave, ready for the eighth husband on the wedding-night, he "bade his servants to fill the grave" the next morning and said naught of his cheerful preparations. Finally, Tobias and his wife and Raphael all went home and, by Raphael's order, Tobias rubbed the fish-gall on his father's eyes and Tobit recovered his sight. Then Raphael revealed himself as "one of the seven holy Angels," and thereupon vanished. And Tobit saw his son's sons, and died and was buried honorably, and all was well with his children after him.

But the scenes of this beautiful scriptural legend—if I may call it so—have been popular subjects of art, particularly in the later schools, by the best Dutch and Flemish painters. The combination of the picturesque and poetical with the homely and domestic recommended it particularly to Rembrandt and his followers. Tobias dragging the fish ashore, while the Angel stands by, is a fine landscape subject which has often been repeated.

It would seem as if all the art subjects in which the Archangel Raphael is an actor belong to the history of Tobit; that it is from that Hebrew romance that his attributes are gathered. He is the

protector of the young and innocent, watches over the pilgrim and the wayfarer and, in his character of guardian angel, he is generally represented as leading the youthful Tobias. "When, in order to mark the difference between the celestial and the mortal being, Tobias is figured so small as to look like a child, and when the angel wears his spirit-wings and is not disguised, the whole subject becomes idealized; it is no longer an historical action but a devotional allegory; Tobias with his fish represents the Christian, the believer, guarded and guided through his life-pilgrimage by the angelic monitor and minister of divine mercy."

We present in this issue a reproduction of what has been called "the most beautiful conception of the subject you will find in Venice," wherein the three archangels are pictured, Michael in armor and sword, powerful, serious, the Angel of Judgment, Spiritual Strength; Gabriel with the lily, beautiful, adoring, the Angel of Redemption, Purity; and Raphael—Wisdom—looking down upon Tobias with an air of such saintly and benign protection that one sings within himself the words of the litany: *Sancte Raphael, adolescentium pudicitiae defensor, ora pro nobis!*



THE GOD OF EVIL

By Bolton Hall



DOES it behoove us to throw stones at those who fail to attain their ideals? I have had large opportunities of observing Mental Scientists and I know hardly one who is entirely exempt from disease, while everybody knows that some enjoy practical immunity who are not Mental Scientists. That is as it ought to be. If we had entire immunity from disease, we would have disastrously proved that we are not of one flesh with our brethren and if we claimed immunity from all the evils of our fellows, it would go far to show that our power was merely a form of hypnotism. We should not wish to be separated from our brethren. The way of the highest spiritual progress is not in separation from our fellows, by ceasing to be acquainted with grief. Rather the contrary, our divine development consists in learning to take part in sorrow.

We are to be superior to, and not out of, the struggle. It is the difference between being taken out of the world and keeping from

the evil. Here lies the characteristic difference between our doctrine and that of our brethren the Christian Scientists: we do not "deny" the evil; we overcome evil with good. Ingersoll, that blind prophet, said that if he were to make the world, he would make "health catching, instead of disease." We know that health *is* catching and that there could be no greater misfortune than that disease should not be catching, too.

By disease and pain we have learned, and by disease and pain we will continue to learn. We thank God for pain of body, torture of the mind and agony of soul—pains that are never-ceasing, for when they end for ourselves they begin on account of others. The child scorches its fingers with a match, the young man ruins his body with a fast life, the old man burns his soul with gold—and we cannot but grieve and pray "deliver *us* from the evil." For it is not in the power of Omnipotence to deliver one alone. None can enter the Kingdom of Heaven by himself, for we are of one flesh and suffer for the sins of one another just as much as for the sins of our selves—for we share in the sins.

Paul Tyner says: "Even the daily reading of sensational accounts of crime and vice is like practising the evil deeds." But how can anyone shut his eyes to all the oppressions that are done under the sun? We can not; the more we grow, the more perfectly we live the life of love, the more we feel troubles of others, sensational or commonplace.

"And all the woe that moved him so
That He gave that bitter cry,
The wild regrets and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I;
For he that lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die."

Let us not be afraid to face the failures of Mental Science; let us look at things as they are. Our doctrine is true, and where we find failures they are not failures of the Truth but of the application of it. There ought to be failures; the only surprising thing is that they are so few. For Mental Science power is a spiritual gift for spiritual purposes and if it be—as it so often is—perverted to lower uses, it will fail. Let us not say only: "My mind to me a kingdom is"—so it is; but, if it is nothing more, it is a kingdom of hell. To cultivate the power of the mind for the mere sake of its power over ourselves is self-abuse, and that way madness lies.

What we look upon as the failures of Mental Science are really its greatest triumphs, for they show that its action results in good only when used for good. Here is one perhaps who has felt the power and is made whole, and hugs himself for the great discovery he has

made—but years go on, and age and disease again assert themselves. He refrains from medicines, yet he is disappointed, thinking that the power is limited or has worn out. The power is not limited; the limitation is in him and in his fellows. Using the power only for himself, it fades—as it ought to fade. He has seen the Kingdom of Heaven and now God is teaching him, as He has taught us, slowly, through his pain, that for a little while we may ascend into the Mount of Olives, but that we must come down therefrom, that we also must be crucified, not for our own but for the sins of our fellow men.

And we should be crucified willingly for, if we are not, we will be crucified unwillingly. Says Sir Thomas Browne: "As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere. For there is one God and every man is his prophet, joyfully if willingly, otherwise with pain."

If we will not suffer for the sins of others, we shall suffer for our own. It is not the design of God (which is the Nature of Things) that any man should go to Heaven alone.

The power from Mental Science is a true miracle. Now, in the *Bible* symbolism, for what was the power to work miracles given to the disciples? To artfully violate the laws of Nature and escape the consequences? No, indeed! To relieve themselves from pain and suffering? Not at all—the very use of the power entailed upon them all sorts of physical and mental suffering. To relieve others—a sort of inexhaustible charity box, a pocket hospital and peripatetic operating room? Not in the least. It was given to make manifest the power of the Spirit.

Jesus was the master Mental Scientist; He wrought His miracles not by violation of the laws of Nature but in fulfilment of those laws. We understand that He wrought His cures of the body by the power of mind. Was He "whose face was marred more than any man's" delivered from pain?

The use of Mental Science is not to escape from pain—that is mere selfishness—but to teach us to recognize the use of pain and thereby become superior to it. Mental Science is a means to communicate with God. Latent in every soul lies God, awaiting birth and development in that soul. The Mental Scientist is an *accoucheur* of souls. He prepares the environment where the soul can have its growth. It "fashions the birth-robes for them who are just born, being dead," dead to the interests of self and therefore one with God and man, and entered already into the communion of the Holy Ghost.



GOOD AND EVIL

By Dora Rosner

IN CONSIDERING this subject, which seems to have neither beginning nor end—for the problem was already in existence when this world-period began and will undoubtedly be so at its end—it is well to first note what some of the prophets, seers and sages in their reputed writings have considered the source of good and evil.

In the Hebrew Scriptures we find this: "I am the Lord, and there is none else beside me. . . . I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord of all, do these things." (*Isaiah 45: 5-7.*) Speaking to his wife, Job says: "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?" (*Job 2: 10.*) Amos asks: "Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it?" (*Amos 3: 6.*) Turning to the Hindu teaching, the Lord Krishna tells His disciple, Arjuna: "And all-devouring death am I. . . . I am the gambling of the cheat and the truth of the truthful, I." (*The Bhagavad Gita, Tenth Discourse.*) These are a few of many quotations that could be brought forward to show that, in other times, the idea of a lop-sided God was not the general belief.

"The first philosophers could not account for the existence of moral evil. . . . In the modern Christian system this difficulty has been overcome, as most theological difficulties usually are among devotees, by a story—in this case, by a story of a serpent and a fruit-tree which, like most of the remainder of *Genesis*, was anciently held and is still held by some to have an allegorical meaning. One can scarcely do Moses, the Initiate, the injustice of supposing that he, like the modern priests, could have meant it to be believed literally, at least by the higher classes of his followers. . . . This well-known account of the origin of evil, though an affair most closely interwoven with every part of the Christian system is, in fact, nothing more than an original myth which may have been taken from the history of the ancient Brahmins, in whose books the principal incidents are to be found." (*Higgins' Anacalypsis.*)

Occult science offers us a more rational explanation but, in order to thoroughly understand it, we must go back to the beginnings of

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a universe. Occultism teaches that when that takes place the Logos, or Deity, manifests Himself in a threefold manner; this is termed in some religions the Trinity. The *Second Person* of this Trinity manifests the two aspects of life and form; it has been called the primal duality, making the two poles of nature between which the web of the universe is to be woven—spirit-matter, positive-negative, active-receptive, etc. Later, we discover that all the other “pairs of opposites,” as they are called, are included in this category, such as day and night, male and female, heat and cold, darkness and light, good and evil, wisdom and ignorance, and innumerable others. The operation of these two contraries produces rhythm, like the centripetal and centrifugal forces which, being mutually interdependent, are necessary to one another in order that both exist. God is none of these in Himself but, in His second or dual aspect, is the cause and root of all of them, and not only transcends but includes all pairs of opposites in Himself. This teaching is as old as occultism itself—all Kabalists taught it. We find in their writings that “contraries in nature doth proceed from one eternal essence, or from the root of all things.”

In some Oriental religions these aspects are named the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer. But the law of change corrupted the above simple teaching in a variety of ways, and we find the Destroyer made into a demon, or devil, at war with the Preserver. Hence arose the doctrine of the two principles opposing each other.

Now it is a well-known law of nature that, to obtain development, striving against some opposing force is an absolute necessity. In order that evolution may take place, two conditions are necessary, two forces that apparently work the one against the other. One pushes on evolution, and that is seen as helping it; the other pushes against it, and seems to be hindering it—but the appearance deludes us. The force that pushes against evolution is as necessary as the one that pushes it onward. As an example, think of a bicycle-wheel; you can turn the wheel around very quickly in the air, but the bicycle does not go on. Nothing is gained. Place the bicycle on the ground and turn the wheel; the machine moves forward or backward, according as the force manifesting in your arm is directed. Something is gained. Forward motion is only possible where there is resistance. You can only leap into the air by having firm ground to stand on, which resists the pressure of your feet. This resistance, when showing itself out in human or other action and which makes possible the forward movement of the world, is miscalled “evil.” But the first thing to understand clearly is that it only helps you when you push against it. If you were to lie down on the ground instead of pushing your feet hard against it, you would not rise into the air; and if you yield to evil instead of resisting it, it will not draw forth your strength;

resist it, and the effort calls out your divine nature. Evil is God's servant as much as good is—but it serves Him in a different way.

If we glance back at the ancient systems, we note that the aspect called the Destroyer was at the same time the Regenerator. He could not destroy but to reproduce. It was not till this fact began to be forgotten that the evil being, Satan, arose. According to occultism, every force in nature is the outward manifestation of certain great beings called variously angels, devas, hosts, etc. It will be readily seen that the force for evolution and the force working against it are the bases of the myth concerning the obedient and fallen angels. As seen by the light of occult science, there is no difference between them except in their respective functions. The one is the cause of the activity force, the other of the resisting force; and both classes are carrying out, in that which is termed evolution, the will of the Second Person of the cosmic Trinity.

We hear much about God being love but nothing about its opposite, unless it be to put that upon an impossible devil. When looked at closely, the word devil is only the word evil with a "d" placed before it and God is only the word good with a letter "o" omitted. Can this have happened by accident? How similar the word devil is to the Hindu word deva, which is used to designate those great intelligences of the universe who carry on the activities of nature, whether good or what we term bad or unpleasant. They have no care for what man thinks or wishes; they have no will but the will of God, and busy themselves entirely with carrying out that will.

As an "adversary," the opposing power is required by the equilibrium and rhythm of things in nature; as shadow to make still brighter the light; as night to bring into greater relief the day; and as cold to make one appreciate the more the comfort of heat, so has Satan ever existed. If the Absolute is no mere figure of speech, and if Its reflection, Its offspring, is dualistic, then the Divine must contain within Itself the essence of both good and evil.

Antiquity knew of no isolated, thoroughly and absolutely bad, "Spirit of Evil." Satan never assumed an individualized shape until the creation by man of a living personal God had been accomplished, and then as a matter of prime necessity. A screen was needed, a scapegoat, to explain the cruelty, blunders, and but too evident injustice perpetrated by Him for whom absolute perfection, mercy and goodness were claimed. It will be interesting to remember that with every people, excepting the Christian nations, the devil is to this day no worse an entity than the opposite in the dual nature of the so-called Creator. This is only natural. One cannot claim God as the synthesis of the universe—omniscient, omnipresent, infinite—and divorce Him from evil. Therefore it follows on logical grounds that either God must include what is called evil, must stand as the direct cause

of it, or else surrender His claim to absoluteness.

But scepticism asks: Why does God, the First Cause of all that is, allow evil to exist in the universe? In endeavoring to answer this question we will first enumerate some of the things men call evil. The main ones are murder, theft, war, drowning, calumny, adultery, drink, disease, starvation, vanity, revenge, deformity, fear, death in its many forms, earthquakes, fire, flood and other phenomena of nature. Suppose we consider briefly a few of these so-called evils. Death, for instance, is considered a great evil—perhaps the greatest; it is in reality a very merciful arrangement, for death on the physical plane means birth into life on another plane (the churches themselves agree on that); death is the striking away of a diseased or worn-out body or, as in the case of so-called accidents, the paying of a karmic debt. Let us take the soldier and see what good comes to him from war. For a person at his stage of evolution there is nothing better than war. They who go into war for gain or revenge do wrong, but not he who goes at the command of his superiors—because it is his present duty. Loosely sneaking, the difference between war and murder is that the soldier kills for duty, or for love of or in defense of his country—unselfish motives—while the murderer kills for love of power, or revenge, or other selfish motives. Do not assume from this that Theosophy approves of war; on the contrary, it deplores it and throws all its power in the scale against it. At the same time, during a war, the soldier is increasing his patriotism, is learning lessons of obedience to orders, punctuality, courage, alertness, accuracy, promptness in action and a willingness to undergo personal hardships without complaint or murmur. Valuable lessons, truly, and ones that must be sometime learned; under what other circumstances could he acquire so many in the same space of time?

It has been noted that physical evil, or that which is so termed, appertains largely to natural phenomena. Earthquakes, fires, tidal waves, wind-storms, floods, etc., sometimes destroy in the space of a few minutes many lives and the work of many generations; but invariably a better condition follows. They goad the inhabitants to further efforts to resist nature in defense of their homes and lands, thus helping to evolve the powers of the soul. They remind us that we need not expect from nature pleasures only, but such things as are propitious to our education and advancement; that we were not placed here merely to enjoy, but also to struggle, to work and to suffer as well—for such is the law of evolution.

Admitting that the foregoing and many other evils do exist, who is their cause? There is no cause in God's universe but God Himself, and these things which seem so terrible, so shocking, so painful, are His ways of teaching us when we are going wrong—though not in the vengeful spirit found in the *Old Testament*. A plague sweeps

off thousands of persons of a nation. Why? Because that nation has disregarded the law of its growth and must, like individuals, learn its lesson by suffering if it will not learn it by reason. Plague is the result of neglecting the laws of health and clean living. How true it is that we cannot break the laws of God; we can only break ourselves against them! As previously stated, all catastrophes are brought about by intelligences, the agents of God who, invisibly throughout the world, administer the Divine Law as specially authorized persons in our midst administer the civil law. These are, in themselves, no more good nor evil than any other of the forces of nature. They are the one or the other according to how we regard them. The same air that is necessary for us to breathe can be a destroying force when in the form of a cyclone; fire warms us and enables us to cook our food—in excess it is a fiercely destructive force; water, also necessary to our life, drowns us with impunity if we do not know how to swim. This double action of the energies of nature is so patent that "he who runs may read."

In order to try to put an end to moral evil in our times, there are three recognized schools of morality existing in the western world. One school says that revelation from God is the basis of morality. The objection raised by its opponents is that in this world there are many religions, that every religion claims to be revelation, and each regards its own as supreme. Among a multiplicity of revelations which is the real one? Another valid objection to this theory is that a scheme of morality may be useful at the time it is given but, as the nation evolves and thousands of years pass over the people, it is found that that which was suitable for a nation in its infancy becomes unsuitable for that nation in its manhood.

Another school has arisen which bases morality on intuition, which says that God speaks through the voice of conscience, that conscience is the final arbiter. The objection made to this theory is that one man's conscience has the same authority as another man's. If your conscience differs from mine, who may decide between conscience and conscience, between that of the ignorant rustic and that of the illuminated mystic who has had hundreds of lives to the rustic's tens? Conscience is the voice of the inner man who remembers the experiences of his past and out of that accumulated experience judges a given line of conduct today. It follows that if there be one experience he has not passed through and he were to be faced with that experience, conscience would be unable to guide him as to the course of action, to point out the correct line of conduct. So, therefore, conscience is not a perfect guide.

The third school is the school of utilitarianism. Its maxim is: That is right which conduces to the greatest happiness of the greatest number and that is wrong which does not do so. You can readily

see that this would only appeal to the noble soul and would make no impression on the self-centred person; also, that it disregards the unity of all life and, therefore, it cannot be the perfect guide.

If, then, neither divine revelation, conscience nor utilitarianism is all-sufficing, what can be considered the perfect guide to morality? What *is* needed is a view of right and wrong that shall inspire all, appeal to all. Can this be had in a world where no two intellects are alike, where perhaps no two souls are of the same age? It has been said that there are degrees of reason; it is likewise true that there are degrees of conscience—hence, degrees of morality. The latter is a relative thing, and depends not only upon reason and conscience but also largely upon the age of the soul, one's religion and one's nationality.

The whole philosophy of the problem of good and evil hangs upon the correct comprehension of the constitution of the inner being of man, of the Life that is expressing itself through a human form, the higher self manifesting through a lower, or separated, self. If we analyze sin we find that, in its essence, it consists of the accentuation of the separated self disturbing the universal expression of the Divine Life in a given plane. The sinner or the virtuous is neither of them *per se* the representative of that Life. No separated thing can perfectly represent that Life; the separative personality prevents and stands in the way of the radiance of the higher self being perceived. When we consider this effect of separateness—evil, crime, immorality, wrong, ignorance, whatever you please to call it—we see that it is a destructive energy manifesting the working of that aspect of the Logos which was spoken of previously as the Destroyer, while good, right, morality, is seen to be the manifestation of the opposite aspect. At a time, separateness was right; it was needed to build up strong individual centres of consciousness. If you should strike away man's bodies—and he has several of them, according to the teachings of Theosophy—what would remain would be a very active and wonderful entity which might be fitly called a centre of consciousness. At the inception of man's career as a human being this centre of consciousness was not as strong and individualized as it is now and, so long as a centre needed strengthening, separateness was on the side of progress; but, now that our centres are well established, the law of progress for the more advanced is the outgrowing or the putting away of separateness and seeking to realize unity. We must now unite in order to grow further. The world is on the upward trend, although thousands of souls may lag behind; the ideal is now for peace, co-operation, protection, brotherhood and helpfulness—in fact, for everything that tends to do away with separateness. The test of conduct today is: Is our life a self-seeking, useless life or does it help humanity? If it is selfish, then it is wrong, it is evil, it is against

the growth of the world; we have learned that every form of evil is allied to every other form of evil, that all the world is one and what injures one portion injures all.

In every civilized nation there are certain things that are marked out as wrong, such as murder, theft, lying and vileness; all these are recognized as crimes. Why are they so recognized? Because the masses of the nation have reached a certain stage of evolution, the majority of the nation are at the same level of growth and at that level they recognize these things as evil, as against progress. The minority, who cannot come up to even the lowest majority level and therefore cannot take the same view, are called criminal.

Before the vast progressions of our incarnations—each of which is a struggle towards the light—before this sublime ascension of the being from negative perfection towards active perfection, the problem of good and evil disappears. In the early stages the idea of good and evil had not been conceived—it is not possible to convey to the quite undeveloped mind even an elementary notion of either. Good and pleasant are to it interchangeable terms and evil would mean that which is unpleasant. In order to awaken the perception of the difference between good and evil, strong and violent contrasts had to strike upon it; pleasure and pain followed in quick succession. The external world hammered on the soul through the desire-nature till perceptions began to be slowly made and, after countless repetitions, to be registered. Desire awakens activity and it is true that, up to date, most of the progress made by man will be found to have been made through desire. Yet desire at the present stage of evolution, if carefully considered, will be found also to be the root of the most important of our present day evils. It becomes apparent, then, that what may be the correct thing for us at a very early stage of evolution is not necessarily the same now. In fact, all great teachers and philosophers tell us to strengthen the will and get rid of desires as soon as may be, for along that line will the future evolution of man run—that that is one of the most potent ways of eliminating much of the evil in the world.

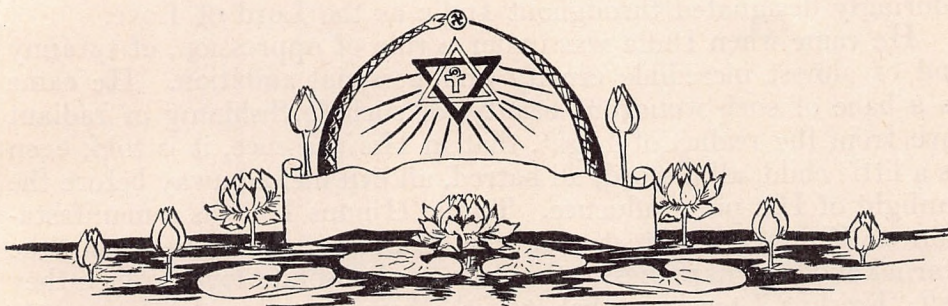
Many evils are brought about by humanity trying to enjoy itself, trying to have what is called "a good time." Men, each as a separate unit, however dimly, however foolishly, however mistakenly, are searching for the Self, the Divine Self. Modern science notices this tendency and calls it evolution. Why *should* all things, for all things *do*, seek the Self? Why should the Self be the goal of all endeavors? Is it not because the Self dwells alike in the hearts of all? Every living creature searching after happiness is but seeking the Self, for searching after happiness is but the blind groping after the Self which is Bliss, for the Self *is* Bliss, eternal, unending, undying. Let none mistake, let none be blinded by the divergences of the seeking,

by the errors caused by the outer illusions, for all are really seeking, in the outer form, the inner Life. They seek it everywhere, in all their blind efforts after joy. In the earlier stages the seeking is unconscious; in later stages the seeking becomes conscious, an intelligent understanding of what is sought and the methods of the search.

Such is the necessity of that which men call "evil." There was a time when that which we now look upon as wrong was necessary but now, having passed the half-way milestone on our evolutionary road, that which is conceded by civilized nations to be "good" is the only proper path for us. However much evil may be reprobated it has its place, its function for the lowest and most stagnant natures; therefore the Lord has said that He is present even in the vices of the vicious, in that which is driving them to action. The soul needs all experiences in order that it may discern between good and evil, until it can discriminate the good from the evil, *but no further*.

Evil, the resisting force in nature, is doing its appointed work. Let us therefore not look with any scorn upon the sinner, for the gross, criminal or brutish person, the doer of evil, is simply a child-soul, one for whom such experiences are still good, from which he may learn lessons not possible otherwise. On the other hand, none of us perhaps is in a position to cast the first stone. Where he stands now we ourselves stood once many ages ago; where we are now, there will he also stand after many more of these school-days we call lives. Let us place our trust in that all-wise Providence which has fashioned all for our good, *one* of whose ways of working is through what we have named "evil." Let us recollect, if we seem to detect flaws in Its handiwork, that they proceed from our ignorance and faulty reason. Did not the Logos, through the mouth of His latest Avatara, say that God's rain fell upon the just and unjust alike? Did He not consort with publicans and sinners? Was not one of His chief followers the Magdalen? Might it not be that He did these things to point out to us that His and our Father knows no difference between, nor loves less, the sinner than the saint? Again He who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand, through an earlier Avatara—Krishna—has said: "The same am I to all beings; there is none hateful to Me nor dear."





WORLD-TEACHERS OF THE ARYAN RACE

VYASA; HERMES; ZARATHUSTRA;
ORPHEUS; GAUTAMA BUDDHA;
SHRI KRISHNA,* JESUS, THE CHRIST

(Continued from page 651)

The philosophers may worship the Mighty God; the stern, intellectual thinker may speak of the One All-Pervading Self, but the form under which God is worshiped in the myriad homes of India, the form to which is poured out a devotion and a passionate love that no religion on earth can possibly exceed — it is the form of Shri Krishna — not the statesman, the warrior, not the one whom you think of when you read the great story of the *Mahabharata*, but the Shri Krishna who was the lover of men, the child and the youth who is to every Hindu heart today exactly what the Hebrew prophet spoke of when he said: "Thy Maker is thy Husband." Lover and beloved! Such is the Divine form that holds the heart of India captive in chains today, and while they call Him Krishna, you call Him Christ; for He is the one Lord of Love.

Annie Besant.

SHRI KRISHNA

By Mary T. Dunbar



NE approaches a theme of so transcendent and sacred a nature as this—the Avatara of Shri Krishna—with a feeling of the utter futility of trying to express any idea of the marvelous influence, in the world of men, of that perfect life of selfless love. Little is given in history concerning Him, but the aroma of His great love has come down through the ages in undying beauty and benediction. He is preeminently the

*The introduction to this series of sketches, compiled from writings of Mrs. Besant, appeared in the January number, and gave a bird's-eye view of the subject of World-Teachers. The present article treats of one special World-Teacher; succeeding months will similarly deal in turn with each of those named above.

Avatara of Devotion, of Bhakti, and was—and is still—tenderly and adoringly designated throughout India as the Lord of Love.

He came when India was under a rule of oppression, of tyranny and of almost incredible cruelty and personal ambition. He came as a babe of such wondrous beauty, of such forthshining of radiant love from the realms of Light, that in His presence, it is told, even as a little child, all discord, all hatred, all evil melted away before the sunlight of His pure influence. To the Hindus He was a manifestation of Vishnu, the Creator of the Universe, and came from "the eternal abode of happiness," the "abode of absolute love," which they call "Krishna," teaching that it is the home of all and is ever, ever drawing all back to itself, through the mysterious laws of nature, of reincarnation. Thus He represented the basic principle of creation rather than a person, the history of an Avatara being an exposition of spiritual verities. This idea should be fully grasped in order not to utterly fail to comprehend the deep spiritual truth and symbolism which underlie all the traditions and legends related of Him and which, through being so widely misunderstood, have been criticized with an amazing prejudice and injustice. He came as a World-Teacher and His lessons were given in the homely simple experiences and intercourse of daily life, to teach the great need of unselfish love and brotherhood among men.

Historical data regarding Shri Krishna can mostly be obtained from the *Puranas*, but it is of a somewhat confused and mythical nature. It is stated that in the north of India, on the mighty river Jumna, there flourished the powerful city of Mathura, the impregnable fortress of Indra, which was under the rule and reign of Kansa, a monarch said to be "insatiable of soul and black of heart." There also lived the pure and gentle Devaki, the sister of Prince Kansa, who became the bride of Vasudeva. When Kansa learned from his seers and priests that no son of his would ever rule the world but that a son of Devaki would occupy that (to him) proud and enviable position, he sought by every secret means to destroy his sister and, failing in this, he caused each son she bore to be put to death as soon as born, since the prophecy ran that Devaki's eighth son would be his destroyer. All his evil designs came to nothing, however, and before the birth of Krishna, the eighth child, Devaki, being divinely warned and directed, fled to the foot of Mt. Meru and beneath the sweet-smelling cedars, in the pure air of the Himavat, she lived in a lofty valley where dwelt the patriarch Nanda, a friend of the Anchorites, And there the Lord of Love was born, where the shepherds kept their flocks.

But we must understand that in the great drama enacted by this Divine One in the world, as also with all Avatars, the surroundings had been prearranged by the Gods. Rishis had taken birth in the

place where He was to be born and Nanda, the Gopis, the shepherds—a large part of the inhabitants of that blessed spot—were God-like persons and no ordinary men and women, being also those who had been with Him in former births.

Avataras are not born into the world alone; They come with a great circle round Them of friends, and a great host before Them of apparent foes, incarnated as human beings to work out the world-drama that is being played.

“And the child was come, the child that was God, the god that became child, and time itself stood still in its passing to mark the wonder of that coming.” So writes Baba Bharati.



Shri Krishna is essentially the god of the household, the family. He is human to the very core; He is a real child, full of playfulness, of fun and winsome grace. As boy and man He fascinates and wins the hearts of men, women and children, and of all the divine manifestations perhaps there is none which has aroused a wider, tenderer feeling.

So this marvelous child grew up among these wise shepherds and their flocks, beneath His mother's watchful care. The shepherds called Him "the Radiant," for His mere presence, His smile and His large round eyes (He was also called "the Lotus-eyed") had the power of scattering joy on all. Many thronged daily to get

a glimpse of the child who could, by the power of His love, draw all men unto Him. The music of His magic flute so charmed all who heard it that they left their various occupations to follow Him, and all nature seemed to thrill with the joy of the outpouring of His melody.

Each devotee of Shri Krishna meditates on Him in one of the four human relationships which best suits his natural inclination: that of a servant to his master, of friend to friend, of son to parent, wife to husband or loving woman to her lover—and many of the

stories told of His childhood bring out these varying forms of devotion, in order to meet all human needs, to uplift the ideals of human relationships, to teach the utmost purity of family life as well as profound occult truths. Even in what is called the Krishna Lila, the irreverently dubbed "Rash" Dance* and others, in His play with the Gopis, as a child of six or seven years, great spiritual truths are embodied, which this wonderful babe was teaching those who had been with Him in many previous lives and to whom He had been Teacher for thousands of years. All the dances symbolized a lesson He wished to teach, some cosmic activity or planetary movement, a heroic deed, the triumph of good over evil, or a national rejoicing in an enemy overthrown, as is related in the *Bible* of Moses and Miriam (among other descriptions of sacred dances) who led the Israelites in a triumphal dance when Pharaoh and his hosts were destroyed.

And this brings us to another aspect of this great Avatara of



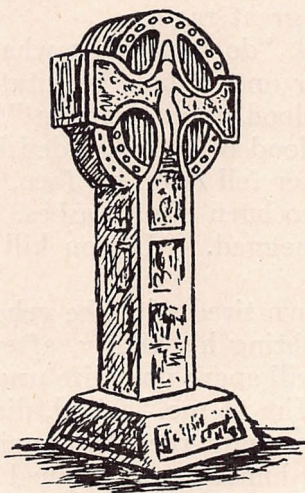
Krishna, as the "Destroyer of Evil." He and His brother, as mere boys, in the tender, delicate bodies of youths, went forth to fight, to deliver the country from all forms of evil and oppression, which He crushed with His resistless strength, ever chasing away every form of evil which came within the limits of His abode, His knowledge.

Freed from all prejudice, an intelligent intuitional reader would be able to discern the simple and exquisite methods employed by this Divine Child in teaching His great lessons of love, leading those He came to save from

**Rasa*—the mystery-dance performed by Krishna and his *Gopis*, the shepherdesses represented in a yearly festival to this day, especially in Rajastan. Astronomically it is Krishna—the Sun—around whom circle the planets and the signs of the zodiac symbolized by the *Gopis*. The same as the "circle-dance" of the Amazons around the priapic image, and the dance of the daughters of Shiloh (*Judges* xxi.) and that of King David around the ark. (See *Isis Unveiled*, II., pp. 45, 331, 332.)

their selfish and physical sense of human love in all its phases, through the pathway of the purest human emotions up to spiritual and divine love, above all earth conditions, where God is the sole object of devotion. When asked by some students to define eternal love it is written that, with flames of lightning flashing from His eyes, He said: "To love with an eternal love, the light of day must vanish, the dark thunderbolt crush into My heart and My soul escape from self to the heights of heaven!"

Many, many are the stories related of the Lord of Love, preserved in tradition and legend merely, which are vital in their import today and are handed down through the centuries in the tender, loving, ineffaceable memories in Hindu hearts and homes, where the marvelous influence of His perfect love is still an eternal spring of devotion. Shri Krishna stands as the very Heart of Devotion to two hundred and fifty millions of Hindus today. "Fairest and sweetest of child-lives He led, kindling love in the hearts of those who watched that gracious youth, and passed away in early manhood, returning to His Himalayan home."



TWO INDIAN STORIES

By Eleanor Maddock

I.

THE POOR WOOD-CUTTER

As told by a Brahmana to the writer



POOR wood-cutter, with his family, was suffering from hunger, for there was scarcity of food in India. He had never taken the life of any creature until one day, as the cries of his children became more heartrending, he took bow and arrows and went into the forest. A bird was flitting about on the topmost branch of a tree and, sorrowfully, he took aim at the bright-winged creature. As it fell it struck full upon the head of a Yogi seated in deep meditation, his right arm upheld, withered and shriveled, dark as the tree under which he was seated. The wood-cutter, with his eyes turned upward, had not noticed the Yogi, who was now in a great rage.

"Rash fool!" he cried, "do you know what you have done, and the penalty of disturbing one in holy meditation? See! thou, with thy killing, hast spilled blood upon this arm!"

And so it was; the blood of the wounded bird had spattered the holy one. The wood-cutter fell upon his face, trembling with terror, for the Yogi threatened to burn him to ashes.

"Oh, spare me!" he begged. "If you kill me, my children will starve."

At last the Yogi, grown tired with the vehemence of his wrath—and perhaps secretly doubting his ability, after all, to burn the culprit to ashes—said: "I will spare your life upon one condition. Go! find Krishna and fetch Him to me." And, dismissing the man with this (to him) impossible request, the Yogi again fell into meditation.

Full of joy at finding himself unconsumed (for he had no doubt of the Yogi's powers), the wood-cutter, weary and faint though he was, sped through the forest in search of Krishna, calling as he ran: "Oh, Krishna! will you not let me find you?"

In and out among the trees he ran. Once he thought he heard the sweet tones of the magic flute as he sank fainting to the earth, and a subtle perfume of sandalwood and jasmine floated to his nos-

trils. Then with renewed strength and courage he plunged forward; twice he caught a glimpse of the purple cloak and the gleam of Krishna's golden-crested head-dress vanishing through the shadows of the forest, elusive yet distinct. At last he fell and lay weeping from sheer exhaustion. "Oh, why will you not wait, Krishna? I have seen you and I must take you to the holy one!"

But the chase was ended, for as the man lifted his eyes who should be standing close beside him but Krishna, with hand outstretched. As in a dream the wood-cutter arose, Krishna suffering Himself to be led, smiling all the way. As they went, sweet jasmine grew beneath their feet, filling all the air with perfume. As they advanced the Yogi saw them and, falling on his face, he kissed the feet of the poor wood-cutter, not daring to raise his eyes to Krishna.

"Oh," he wept, "for thirty years have I sat thus beneath this tree with arm upheld, fasting and praying, in the hope that the Shining One would one day pass this way. Learned though I am in the *Vedas*, possessing power over animate and inanimate objects, yet never could I bring the living Krishna. You are great; teach me."

Then, as the Yogi humbly lay at the feet of the wood-cutter, he shared in the blessing which the presence of Krishna had brought. Thus together they walked about, teaching—the Yogi and the wood-cutter—each supplying what the other lacked.

II.

THE BRAHMINS AND THE MAID

Said to be an authentic happening 800 years after Krishna



THE soft stars had scarce ceased twinkling or the night birds their plaintive chant. As yet there was no hint of the fierce sun that in a few hours would emblazon the gilded temple domes with regal splendor. At the river's edge, under the shadows of the ruined palaces, the fires of the burning-ghats still smouldered. In this hour of hushed silence, before the awakening of the city into tumultuous life, it was the custom of the Brahmin priests to bathe in the cooling waters of the river. Upon a certain morning, clad in their glistening white robes, they filed slowly down the long flight of marble steps leading to the water's edge, pausing to listen as a joyous young voice, lifted in purest song, burst upon their ears. It was from a maid, scarce more than a child, calm-eyed and fair of face, bending, as a flower from slender stem, under the weight of a basket poised upon her head, and clad in humble robes. Straight on towards the swiftly flowing river, all unconscious of watching eyes, she passed; lightly, as a leaf in the

wind, the maid stepped out upon the water, walking with easy grace and continuing her song until she reached the opposite bank.

The priests stood watching, scarce believing their senses; then turning to each other: "What is the meaning of this strange sight? Are we, the enlightened ones, the victims of illusions?" Then, gathering up their outer robes, they silently ascended the steps—in their astonishment and perplexity, they had forgotten to bathe—and spent the day in prayer and the chanting of sacred mantrams to drive away the evil spell.

Nevertheless the dawn of the next day found the Brahmins at the bathing-ghat, their faces and manner expectant. Nor were they disappointed for, as on the preceding morning, they beheld the maid coming down the path with the same joyous song upon her lips. As she drew near they could but note the innocence mirrored in the fair young face but, as she was about to repeat her amazing feat of the previous day, the oldest of the priests drew near and addressed her.

"Tell me, daughter, by the use of what powers art thou able to walk upon the waters?"

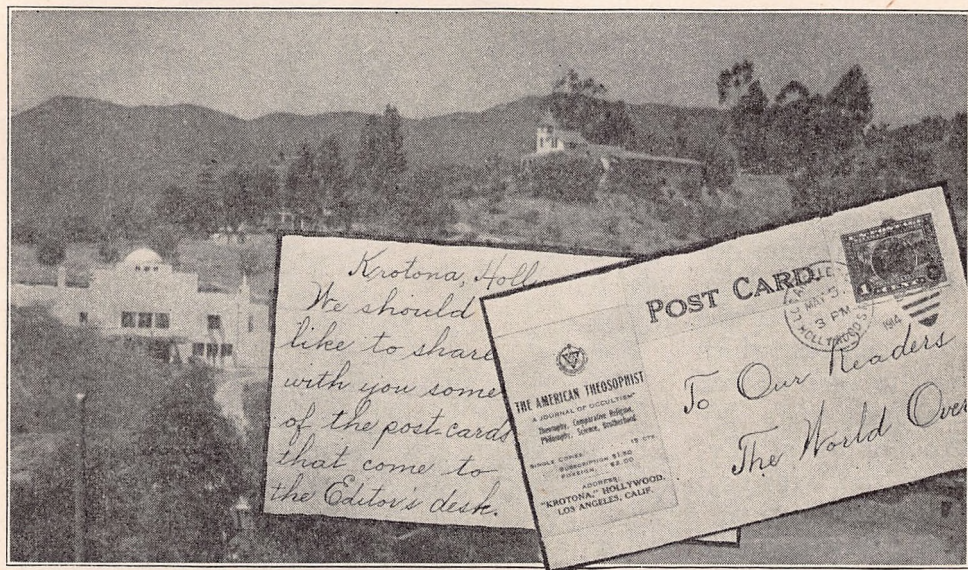
Looking shyly up and half wondering at their question, the maid replied: "Nay! 't is by no powers, as the holy ones must know; but I like not the long path to the ferry which the others take, when this way is shorter, for I am Shamla and I work for old Bhishmi, the sweetmeat seller, whose shop is over yonder," turning and pointing to a group of native dwellings on the opposite bank of the stream. "I am allowed each evening to return to my father's house to cook his food and place the split bamboos near his seat. He is a basket-maker and is blind; so you see, sir, that I must rise early—" she made a little grimace—"old Bhishmi is cross if I am late."

Marveling greatly in their hearts, did these priests listen to this simple tale of toil but which held withal so much of joy. They were face to face with the "faith that moves mountains," and all revealed in the heart of a child.

"Wilt thou not show us, sweet child, so that we too may perform this miracle?" said the Brahmin, gently placing his hand upon her head.

"Oh, yes, my lord! 'T is so easy—see!" and running a short distance out over the water the maid came back laughing merrily, holding out her hand. "Come!"

So, lifting high his robe, the priest took a faltering step, the water immediately rising to his knees, and with each helpless plunge he sank deeper. The other Brahmins came quickly to his assistance, dragging him forth up onto the marble steps, where he lay dripping and panting, the crestfallen maid looking down at him meanwhile. After pondering a moment, she exclaimed: "Oh, sir! forgive me, but I think that *you should not have lifted your robe.*"



DEAR READERS:

Do you know of the Kwanbutsu-ye, or ceremony of distributing *amacha* (sweet tea) on Buddha's birthday? The ceremony might have been seen at almost all the large Buddhist temples throughout



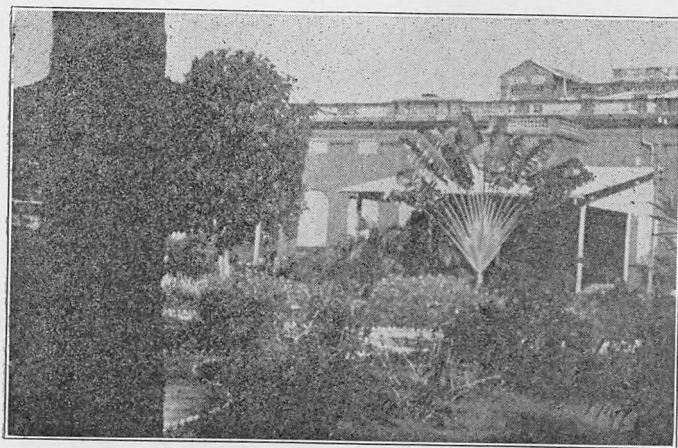
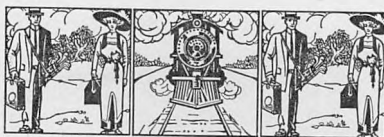
Japan yesterday, for April 8 is the anniversary of the birth of *Shaka muni*, or Buddha, as he is universally known, and it is naturally a day of great rejoicing to the millions of the following of Buddha. Thousands of "good" believers on this day repair to their favorite Buddhist temples, buy tiny bamboo buckets of "sweet tea," sprinkle part of the tea over the heads of the images specially elected for the purpose and bring home the remainder, which is believed to possess medicinal property, thanks to the divine influence of the Buddha.

J. McG., Tokyo.

This postal shows the Sicilian emblem which purports "to keep off the evil eye"—a most interesting portrayal of duality and triune-ness proceeding from the One Centre. Taormina, our occult leaders have told us, is one of the force-centres which was magnetized centuries ago by Apollonius of Tyana, who buried here a talisman.

We feel the place encircled as by a necklace of imagery and legend; we catch the martial echoes from the past and the resounding voices of ancient poets, while our outer ear hears only the murmur of the sea and the rustle of olive leaves.

D.



tive and so a fair idea of its height may be gained.

Greetings! from Adyar, that oasis of Southern India, where nature has placed one of her choicest productions—the fine traveler palm growing in front of the headquarters building. Fortunately, the camera has given just the right perspective. These trees are not

common outside botanical gardens, as they are very sensitive to high winds, being rather top-heavy. Sunshine and tropical rain permitting, it will not be many years before its glossy leaves will be casting protecting shade over Mrs. Besant's apartments, which are tucked away behind the cornice on the roof almost directly over the entrance.



Mr. van Manen, "Defender of the Great," in tropical costume. To the right is seen the outline of the Adyar office building, in the midst of beautiful palms and rare plants. Could the camera record color, one would be able to see filtering through the foliage the blue of sky and sea.



Part of the road leading from headquarters building and extending the whole length of the grounds, most of the way through palm groves—a favorite walk and meeting-place. The children in the foreground belong to the little native village of

toddy-gatherers which still exists in the midst of Adyar. These people, although of a pariah caste, yet hold themselves superior to the servant caste and if a servant attempts to take a short cut while on the way to his duties through this village, he is promptly set upon by the inhabitants *en masse*, including the dogs.



The verandah of the old H. P. B. octagonal bungalow, upon whose walls time is slowly leaving its work. Again we have Mr. van Manen, this time in the role of "Protector of the Poor." He has been feeding biscuits and sweet cakes to the pariah children seated on the ground, a daily pastime of his but a sort of sacrament with the children. *S. W.*



Athens, Greece, April 14.

Yesterday I walked over the sacred way into the Temple of Demeter at Eleusis and there sat on the seats where no doubt we all sat once long ago, waiting for our initiations in the story above, for this temple is the only one with a second story.



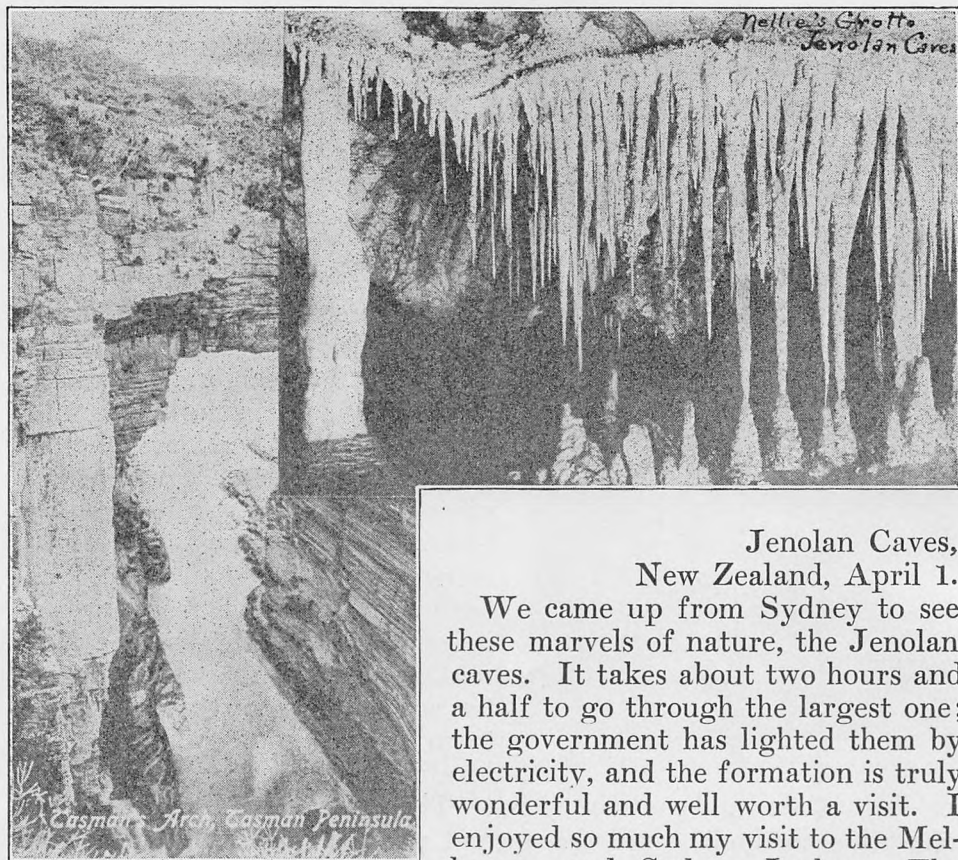


Delphi, Greece, May 3.

This sacred spot, the most important in ancient times, has thrilled me with awe and interest and filled me with longing to study more about it in future and, if possible, get at the inner side of the use of this great shrine.

We came here from Corinth across a bit of the Corinthian Gulf in a small steamer. Beautiful mountains surround this part of the bay and not the least in glory was Mt. Parnassus, towering snow-capped above the ranges. Greece is marvelously lovely in scenery, more so than India generally, and we have seen much of it coming the whole distance from north to south. The climb up the terraced road from the port to the town showed view after view of loveliness unsurpassed in my experience of seeing beautiful views. The gorges and the heights of mountains no doubt awed the ancient pilgrims too, as they wended their way up over and through this pass to and beyond the site of the Oracle in the Temple of Apollo.

We all climbed to the spring of Castilia, where the petitioners went first and took a purifying bath before consulting the Oracle. One drop was said to be sufficient for him who was already pure, but not all the water even of the sea was sufficient for a polluted man. The gorge is most majestically beautiful and the spring still flows a great stream of the sacred water. We dipped our hands in its clear fluid and bathed our faces. A short distance from the spring begins the Sacred Way, along which suppliants walked; we, too, reverently trod its stones and entered the sacred precincts in the way pilgrims did of old. So well has the site been studied and excavated that almost all the foundations have been identified as described by Pausanias when he visited here in the second century. I sat on the stone supposed to be the one on which the priestess sat. There are distinct marks of the tripod-seat and the half-circle of a trough which made her seat water-surrounded, and the round hole in the stone in front of her where the anesthetizing gas came up. I wondered whether all this was based on facts of the inner world. E. G. P. S.

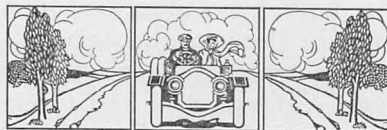


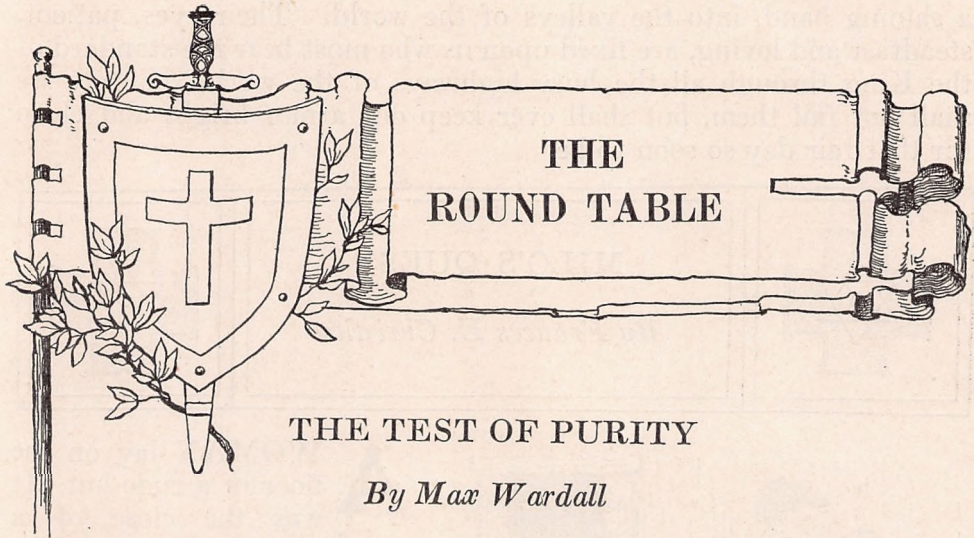
Jenolan Caves,
New Zealand, April 1.

We came up from Sydney to see these marvels of nature, the Jenolan caves. It takes about two hours and a half to go through the largest one; the government has lighted them by electricity, and the formation is truly wonderful and well worth a visit. I enjoyed so much my visit to the Melbourne and Sydney Lodges. The

Melbourne Lodge has one hundred eighty members and the Sydney, three hundred; both have fine rooms and large libraries. Sydney Lodge does a great deal of propaganda work and many classes seem to be open to the public on various subjects, and the same in Melbourne. I was told that they sold \$2,500 worth of Theosophical books a year at the Sydney Lodge, and that they considered *The American Theosophist* the next publication to the Indian one in importance.

E. F. S.





THE TEST OF PURITY

By Max Wardall

*"Oh well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but will not suffer long."*



THOSE who read the *Idylls of the King* feel the breath of power that exhales from those wondrous pages, wherein are fought in symbolic language the great and splendid battles of the soul. We can see that the ideals that guided the Knights were based upon the superb virtues that make for divinity and perfected manhood. On the long way we have to tread, from the childhood of the soul to divine grace and beauty, there are countless trials of strength and tests of truth and honor, and you will notice in the *Idylls of the King* that the test of purity was the one the Knights most often made. A true Knight is pure. None but the strong of will are pure and none but the pure are invincible. And purity means more than the ideal that obtains in social usage. It means cleanness of body, calm, tempered self-control, pure thought and deed, speech that is kind, reverent and full of grace. It means joy in unblemished things and in the laughter of children, scorn of deceit, of slander and idle words, clear-eyed discernment of the true, gentle pity for the weak and erring, honor in daily deeds and all things; all these, and more, belong to the pure. If the heart of the Knight be not pure, how shall he know the King when He comes? For He will be in all things free from guile and falseness.

In a shaded valley, on a far mountainside, even now the King and His loyal Knights are waiting for the hour when They shall descend,

a shining band, into the valleys of the world. Their eyes, patient, steadfast and loving, are fixed upon us who must bear the standard of the King through all the busy highways of the world. Surely we shall not fail them, but shall ever keep our armor bright and clean for that fair day so soon to be.



MILO'S QUEST

By Frances E. Christien



A WOMAN lay on the floor of a rude hut. It was the close of a warm summer day and the setting sun cast its slanting rays through the entrance, lighting up the face of the woman and throwing a halo of glory on the beautiful hair that spread over the pillow.

Her features were thin and gaunt with long suffering, though still giving ample evidence of the great beauty that had once been hers. Her breath came in pitiful gasps as she strove to raise herself to a sitting posture.

"Milo," she said to the child who knelt beside her, striving to support her with his slender young arms, "when I am gone thou must seek out the great teacher. Tell him who thou art, and that I bade thee come; he will let thee be his pupil, for I, even I, dying in this rude hut and clothed in rags, was once a disciple of his."

She paused, gazing unseeingly in front of her, and then continued: "Had I but followed his teaching I should not be dying here in this wretched poverty, leaving thee, my child, to the mercy of strangers. But thou must seek him out," she continued, fiercely grasping the boy's hand, "thou must never stop for a moment till thou hast found him."

A terrible paroxysm of coughing seized her and when it had passed she lay back on her pillow exhausted.

"Mother," said the boy gently, "tell me the name of the teacher."

The woman opened her eyes faintly and whispered, "He is the great—" but her strength was gone ere the sentence was finished. She gave a faint sigh as the soul sought its rebirth in another world.

At that moment a woman bearing a pitcher of water entered the

hut and, seeing what had happened, gazed compassionately at the boy kneeling on the floor.

"Thou art motherless, child," she said, and the boy, after one frightened look, threw himself in an agony of grief on the body of the dead woman.

* * * * *

Early on the morning following his mother's burial, Milo slipped quietly out of the house of the neighbors who had taken him in, offering him a share of such poor fare as they had. Child though he was, he had seen enough of adversity to realize that they could ill afford to feed another mouth. He had no claim upon them, as he and his mother were strangers in the village, and he must fulfil his quest, he must find the great teacher. So he set out, clad only in a simple tunic, and barefoot, possessing nothing but a dauntless heart and a simple faith that if he searched long enough he must find the teacher. All day he walked and towards evening a caravan of merchants overtook him. They allowed him to encamp with them for the night, and gave him food and water in return for such help as he could render.

The days that followed were happy ones for Milo, in spite of the grief that filled his heart whenever he thought of his mother. The care-free life of the road, the merry jest with other travelers, the constant change, as well as the feeling that every day brought him nearer to the teacher, kept up his spirits. Following the caravan route, he went steadily south, where the larger cities and towns lay. His traveling was slow. Sometimes a friendly caravan would help him along for a few miles, but for the most part his journeying was done on foot. He would spend the nights in the villages on the way and usually managed to earn enough to provide him with food for the next day. In one village a woman whose only boy had died a few months before gave him a new tunic and a few coins. To all inquiries as to where he was going, he replied that he was seeking the great teacher. Some laughed at him, but most looked kindly at the courteous, well-mannered boy with the sweet smile and wished him good luck.

At the first large town he reached Milo stopped and began a definite search for the teacher. And here he had the first realization of the difficulty of his quest. There were many, many teachers teaching many different things. How was he to know which was the right one, when he did not know his name?

He went from one to the other in fruitless quest until one day, in the studio of a great master of sculpture, he heard the first words which directed his footsteps towards the master whom he sought. Many pupils came daily to the studio for instruction, as well as

many visitors, for the fame of the sculptor had spread far and wide. Among the latter Milo had noticed a tall old man with snow-white hair and beard, dressed in a white robe that reached to his feet. He seemed to be a friend of the sculptor's, for he would often stay after all the rest had gone and the two would talk late into the evening.

One day as Milo returned, tired and dispirited after some hours spent in a vain search for the teacher, he found the old man sitting alone. He smiled as the boy came in.

"Come hither," he said, "and tell me who thou art and what thy name is."

The boy did so, and so kindly were the old man's questions that before many minutes had passed he was telling him of his mother's death and of her command to him to find the teacher. "And I will find him," he finished, "even if it takes me all my life."

The old man stroked the boy's hair gently. "What was thy mother's name?" he asked.

At the boy's reply he started violently. "And thou art her son!" he exclaimed. Then, seeing the boy's bewilderment, he said gently, "I knew thy mother before thou wast born, my child; we were pupils of the same teacher."

The boy gave a cry of delight. "Then thou canst tell me his name and where I may find him."

For a moment the old man remained silent, then he said, with an infinite pride and reverence in his voice, "His name is Pythagoras, the greatest of all teachers."

The boy looked up in awe. He had not lived in the city for three months without frequently hearing the great master's name. Then he jumped to his feet and exclaimed in dismay, "But he is not here, he is banished. How can I reach him?" and, dropping down again with a sob, he buried his face in his hands.

"Nay, thou must not give up hope," said the old man, "others have made the long journey to Italy to find or reach Crotona; thou canst do it, too."

The boy dashed the tears from his eyes. "It was but a moment's weakness," he said proudly, "however long the journey, I will go. See," he added, "I have money," and he pulled out from inside his tunic a little bag and emptied its contents into his lap. "Will that be enough to pay for the journey?" he asked anxiously. "I earned it sitting as a model and taking messages for the students who come here."

"Thou hadst better keep thy money," said the other. "I have a friend, a merchant, whose galleys go to Italy every month. I think he would give thee passage, if I told him thou wert a friend of mine, and so little a lad could not take up much room," and he smiled kindly.

The boy looked up, his eyes shining with gratitude. "I will never forget thy kindness," he said simply.

* * * * *

Several weeks later a merchant galley put into port in southern Italy and Milo stepped ashore, excitement, expectation and hope filling his heart as he sought the road to Crotona. All day he walked, and at night lay down to sleep under some bushes. Towards evening of the following day he espied in the distance a tall, stately building, pure white, though glistening like gold in the western sun, and surrounded by extensive, beautifully laid out grounds. Milo's heart beat near to bursting as he drew near and timidly knocked at the big gate. It was opened almost at once by a massive Ethiopian, who demanded the boy's business.

"I would speak with the teacher, Pythagoras," he replied, though he trembled so he could scarcely utter the words.

The porter looked curiously at the little travel-stained figure with the high-bred Grecian face, and hesitated a moment. "If thou wilt wait here at the entrance," he said, "the Master usually comes out in

the evening and thou mayst then have a chance to address him. He will not be long now," he added.

Milo threw himself down on the grass beside the road, as the gate clanged to, and buried his face in his arms. At last his quest was fulfilled. In

a few minutes he would speak with his mother's teacher, who was to be his. He could almost feel her presence near him as he lay there. "Mother," he cried, "I have found him." Then he jumped to his feet—the gates were opening.

Through the gateway came ten or a dozen figures. In the centre walked the tallest of them all, a man whose majestic mien and noble bearing would mark him out for a master wherever he went. As Milo gazed, he turned and caught sight of the little figure standing by the road, and the blue eyes of the teacher looked into the blue eyes of the lad. In that moment Milo seemed to lose sight of the present and to look back to distant scenes where this stately figure before him had been ever present, now as warrior, now as priest ministering in temple worship, and through all devoted and faithful.





A PRINCE IN DISGUISE

Adapted from "Rents in the Veil of Time"

By Betelgueuse



IN THIS life we find Sirius living with his parents and sister Vega in the midst of a great forest. All day long the children played about the little cottage, gathering flowers or playing with the birds and beasts of the woods which they often caught and tamed. Often, too, they accompanied their father, Ursa, upon his trips into the forest for food.

Though Ursa lived in this simple manner, he was nevertheless a great prince and heir to the throne of the country. In his youth he had offended the king, his father, and had fled with his wife from the king's wrath. By the time Sirius was well grown Ursa had wearied of the solitude of the forest and had returned to the king's court, deserting his wife and family. For a time his wife, Orion, managed to get along very well without him, but soon she was taken sick and died. The children buried her body sorrowfully and then Sirius took his little sister by the hand and led her tenderly away.

"You remember," he said, "that mother spoke often of the



fact that father was a prince and that I, in turn, would be the heir to a great kingdom; that this red snake tattooed round my waist is the sign that I am of royal blood. We will set out to find our father, for he surely will not have forgotten us." So they started out.

After a long and wearisome march they finally reached the capital city. Here they lived for some time in retirement, for Sirius felt that the time was not yet ripe to declare himself to his father who, by this time, had married again and had another son who had been declared heir to the throne. It was here, too, that Sirius met again his friend of many lives, Alcyone, who this time was in a girl's body. She and Sirius soon fell in love with each other but, though her father, Mercury, liked Sirius very much, he could not allow his daughter to marry an unknown young man.

Now it so happened that a great festival was held in the city at which there were many games and contests. Sirius was strong and athletic and took part in some of them and, during a swimming contest, the tattooed snake about his waist was accidentally noticed and the fact soon reached the ears of the king. There was a great commotion when it was discovered that the young man was the king's own grandson, but the king was very angry and ordered that Sirius be killed, for he wished the throne to pass to Ursa's second son. But the old king died before the order was carried out and Sirius was saved, for, when his father became king, he raised him to his proper position as prince of the land. And when it was known that Sirius was of royal birth, then Mercury gave his consent and Alcyone and Sirius were happily married.

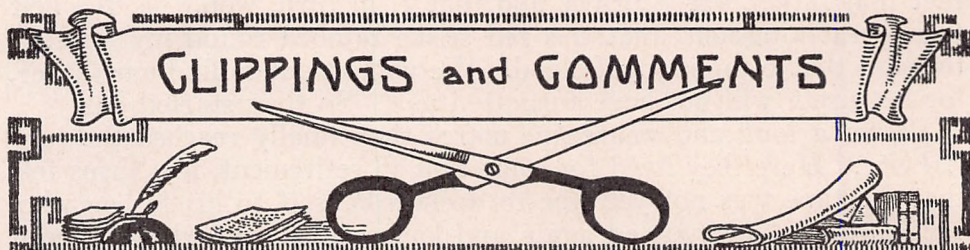


On graceful stemlets, green and slim,
Standing upright and looking prim,
The marguerites are smiling in the sun;
See! each one wears a neat white ruff,
Her golden hair done in a puff;
Life to the flowers is one great day of fun.



The meadow looks like Milky Way;
It is a starlit field, though day,
And every little daisy is a star.
No matter if she is so small,
God needs His creatures, one and all,
And pours His life in flower or planet far.





A NEW RADIOMETER

"Dr. Ernest F. Nichols, of Dartmouth College, has designed a radiometer which, it is said, will measure the heat of a candle at the distance of sixteen miles." So relates *The American Theosophist* for May, 1914, on page 591.

This is somewhat more sensitive to the impact of radiant energy than was the bolometer devised by the great solar physicist, Samuel Pierpont Langeley, the inventor of the aeroplane. His apparatus, containing a "nerve" of platinum fibre finer than a hair and more sensitive than any nerve in the human body, measured the heat of a candle at a distance of six miles. Now comes Dr. Nichols with one ten miles better.

It has been my good fortune to be present in a laboratory and hear Dr. Nichols explain very remarkable scientific instruments and tell how he first measured the pressure of light. He now has an instrument so very sensitive that it can sense and measure dark radiation; *i.e.*, long infra-red waves of energy, too long and too slow to impress the retina, brain and personality as light is sensed by his new type of radiometer. It has long been known to very exalted mathematicians that the quantity of matter in existence *all invisible* is so much greater than the quantity condensed in hot and therefore light-emitting suns that the latter may almost be ignored in weighing the sidereal universe. With Nichols' instrument attuned to the infra-red rays in the invisible spectrum of the sun and stars—all suns—these obscure waves are translated as heat-energy-waves and measured. The imagination is at once submerged by the vast possibilities. Visible suns are now photographed on sensitive plates to the enormous number of around and about one hundred million.

Nichols' new radiometer may detect many thousands of cooling suns, too cool to emit visible light, but rich in invisible rays. The existence merely of these cooling suns can be discovered by the radiometer; but their diameters cannot thus be measured nor their distances unless parallaxes can be measured, as in the case of the few visible suns whose distances are thus determined.

—Prof. Edgar Lucien Larkin, Lowe Observatory.

THE PICTURE OF THE LORD ZARATHUSTRA

Since *The American Theosophist* brought out the picture it did on page 492 of the April issue, we have received the following interesting information concerning the original:

"The picture is a very clumsy copy of a vision I had some long years ago. I told about this vision to some friends at the time, who desired to have a copy for meditation. They also suggested that the picture be given to the Parsi community, who had no authentic picture of the Lord. Dr. A. Marques, our friend at Honolulu, was about to publish a second edition of *The Human Aura* and he also asked me for a copy of the aura of the holy Zarathustra. These circumstances impelled me to produce the vision; I directed an artist who painted a small picture, of course a clumsy one compared to the one I had observed. This was sent to America, was supposed to be lost for five years, as it was lying in the New York Custom House;

when it did reach its destination after that period it was in a damaged condition. Dr. Marques improved it a little and kept it above his writing-desk. The artist died.

Another attempt was made with another artist who had painted H. P. B.'s picture in our Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay; it was a crayon pen one and not to my satisfaction, and was rejected. This artist also died a short time after!

A third attempt was made with Mr. M. F. Pithawala, a well-known Bombay artist, who, with great difficulty, after rejecting a couple of sketches, succeeded in producing the result we have now. This picture was checked by our teacher, Mrs. Besant, who declared it "fair."

The original oil-painting was sent to England twice, in order to have facsimile copies made of it by a three-color process. These were distributed among the Parsis. Probably as many as five thousand copies are in Parsi homes, and many of our Christian, Hindu and Mahomedan brothers have them in their sacred rooms of prayer.

—N. F. Bilimoria, Bombay, India.

ARCHEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES

Madame Blavatsky says, in *The Secret Doctrine*: "The more archeology and philology advance, the more humiliating to our pride are the discoveries which are daily made, the more glorious testimony do they bear in behalf of those (nations) who, perhaps on account of the distance of their remote antiquity, have been until now considered ignorant flounders in the deepest mire of superstition."

One of the most recent finds in the Egyptian excavations is the discovery by Prof. Naville of what appears to be the tomb of Osiris. A report says: "The new building corresponds to Strabo's description of the Memnonium." It also speaks of cells ranged along the walls, saying: "These cells are the cells of Osiris mentioned in *The Book of the Dead*." Large numbers of mummified ibises and jackals were found and, in reference to the latter, the above-mentioned report has: "Not folly, but religious devotion, caused the Egyptians to honor this animal and thus pictorially teach a great truth concerning the mystic journey from death to life and the soul's need of a heavenly guide if it make the journey successfully. Yonder, far to the west, is Khargah, the longed-for oasis, and Anubis is the only possible guide thither and the jackal is his embodiment."

As investigations are pushed further, more and more is being unearthed pointing to the splendor of the great Peruvian Empire described in *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. A correspondent writes to the *Los Angeles Times*: "These people had an idea of a supreme being, who was represented by the sun. It was this being who created the world and who in the future would reward or punish them. . . . The people were pious and peaceful. They gave part of their time to the work for the church and a part for the sick and the widows and orphans. They worked also for the government and, last of all, for themselves and their families." Occult researches have shown that not only was their work thus divided but the land was also divided into three parts: one-third for the government, one-third for the church, and one-third for the people. The same report goes on to say: "They had a way of tempering an alloy of copper and tin so that the tools made of it had an edge like a razor and could work the hardest of stone. (The walls) are more accurately cut than those of the great buildings at Washington, and blocks weighing tons are fitted together like a mosaic . . . so closely, and that without mortar or cement or union of any description, that I could not push the point of a needle into the cracks." If one will read the book above mentioned he will see to what a high degree of perfection the Peruvians carried the applied arts. The colossal stones used in their buildings remind one of the wonders of the Egyptian

pyramids and of Stonehenge. Only by giving them credit for considerable knowledge of occult forces is it possible to account for the apparent ease with which they handled enormous masses. Another report says: "As for a big 300-ton stone we found on a hillside, it was of granite, an entirely different formation from any rock in the immediate vicinity. It bore unmistakable evidence of having been sawn. How that big stone was brought to its present location, if revealed, would show us that the Incas had got a lot further in civilization than they have been given credit for."

At Nippur, evidence has been unearthed indicating that there existed here, as early as 3000 B. C., a theological cloister which exerted great influence upon subsequent religious theory and practice. "Here the great doctrines of the Word, or Logos; the Mater Dolorosa and her dying Son; the divine character of the sacred writings and many other principles later universally accepted as the foundation for great beliefs were anticipated. . . . We learn that the doctrine of a royal Mesiah was developed and passionately believed in by the Sumerian nation."

In writing about the highly civilized race which is found to have lived on the shores of the Central Asian Sea (the existence of which has been established beyond a scientific doubt), the question was asked: "May it not be that Noah's ark sailed this sea and grounded on its far eastern shore?" This is either a strange coincidence or an intuition of an occult truth. Theosophy teaches that the story of Noah's ark refers to the Manu removing His chosen people for the establishment of the Fifth Root Race, and the interesting fact is that it was upon the shores of this same sea that the Fifth Race was eventually established.

Recent discoveries among the buried cities of Central America reveal the fact that many of the myths of the ancient Aztecs are remarkably similar to the *Old and New Testament* legends. Recent finds include inscriptions and picture-writings clearly indicating the legend of the "fall of man." Adam and Eve are both shown, and a bird upon the tree of life takes the place of the serpent. Not only this, but new-born children were sprinkled with water, as in the baptism of Christian babes. The symbol of the cross is also found in the city of Palenque. A recent newspaper article says: "And here, too, it may be said that almost all the emblems of the Masonic order have been identified in the Yucatan buried cities, carved in their temples." The inference drawn is that "someone thoroughly schooled in the *Old and New Testament* came into contact with the Mayans . . . and partly, at least, converted them." The attempt is even made to identify Quetzalcoatl, the "white god" of the Aztecs, with the Apostle Thomas. But is this not rather begging the question? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the religions originated in a common source, and that therefore there is no reason why there should not be many points of similarity? It is well known that many Christian symbols long antedate the Christian era, and we should not suppose that any religion has a monopoly on truth, nor even on the particular forms with which it veils its portion of truth.

SPIRIT "STEAM GAUGE"

A machine, called the "dynamistograph," is reported to have been devised by two Dutch physicians by which it is proven, they say, that the spirits of the dead possess solid bodies. The "man force" is conjured to enter the cylinder of the machine and his presence is noted by a drop of alcohol running up a recording tube much like a steam gauge. How many things today point to the fact that man possesses more than one body!

LIFE AFTER DEATH

Science is going further and further in the verification of the existence of life after death. In an article in *Harper's Magazine*, J. T. Bixby, Ph.D., says: "In the light of the new knowledge it is found that many of the chief laws of nature strongly oppose the view that 'death ends all.' First and foremost is that of 'The Conservation and Correlation of Energy.' . . . Mental energy must, on scientific principles, observe the same law of indestructibility."

The second fact opposing the materialistic contention, he says, is the discontinuity of matter. How is it possible for disconnected material molecules to produce the complicated perceptions and judgments of full consciousness? "If the soul be only such a composite material aggregate that at death the mind-sides of the brain-atoms can no longer continue their personal consciousness, then, on this theory, we should every morning that we wake out of sleep be an absolutely new self. For so many atoms have passed out of the brain and so many new ones have come in that they must form a different consciousness. . . . In accordance with the line of reasoning that led physicists to affirm a luminiferous ether in interstellar space, we are justified in inferring similarly that the 'something in man' which Professor McDougal of Oxford has shown is needed to hold the states of consciousness together and explain their interaction is a 'mentiferous ether,' a spiritual, imponderable substratum." This becomes the body of the "soul"—quite similar to the Theosophical conception of man's higher bodies. "When the earthly end comes to the body, this psychic etheric organism may betake itself to some more favorable environment and may again clothe itself with a new physical body. . . . As it is illogical to infer from the unconsciousness of sleep the cessation of the soul overnight, so it is equally illogical to infer from the unconsciousness of death that the soul has then reached an absolute end."

The futility of the whole process of evolution without the immortality of man is another fact. "Unless there is a continued life after death for souls, the vital evolution upon our globe will have been a senseless fiasco."

This concept of the ether is by no means unique. In many places scientists are turning to the realm of the etheric for answers to the psychological questions of the soul. The invisible regions are becoming more important in our scientific thought than the visible.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAY AGAIN

In the May issue of *The American Theosophist* attention was called to the experiments of Giulio Ulivi in the explosion of mines by ultra-violet rays. Recent experiments are still more astonishing. Having encased the powder in successive layers of gutta-percha, asbestos and iron, and having sunk four of these mines in the river Arno, he removed his apparatus to Mt. Senario, ten miles away, and within half an hour had exploded all the mines. If perfected on a large scale, this invention would most certainly have a disastrous effect upon our present method of warfare. If it should become no longer possible for an army to carry powder safely, we might then be willing to listen to the advocates of the peace movement.

This reminds one of the forces wielded by the Atlanteans in their battles. We are just beginning to utilize the power of invisible vibrations. It is impossible to foretell what mysteries may lie in that enormous range of vibrations which we do not perceive by our senses. This enormous number of unperceived vibrations is illustrated in the *Scientific American* in the following manner: If one should take a journey through the centre of the earth (8000 miles) and the entire journey were made in darkness excepting one beam of light *one inch wide*, the proportion of this one band of light to the total journey would represent the proportion which the perceptible vibrations bear to the total range of radiant energy.

NEW DEPARTURES IN MEDICINE

"Before the assembled patients of the Phipps psychiatric clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore recently, a string trio rendered a program of music as part of the treatment to cure mental disorders." The use of music is only one of the new departures in the treatment of disease. When it is known that disease is only an evidence of inharmony somewhere and that physical disease often has its seat in higher vehicles, then we shall apply the treatment at the source of the inharmony for, as is said in the same article above quoted: "Music is an expression of the heart of God, which is infinite melody. It delights, comforts and inspires."

The use of colors in treating diseases has until recently been considered a mere superstition. But now, though scientific experiments have not gone very far, learned authorities agree that red light is excellent in most skin diseases, while blue and violet are infallible germ-killers. Green is regarded as a sure bringer of rest and calm, and is generally applied to all sorts of eye complaints and nervous diseases.

THE PINEAL GLAND

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* evidence is given to show that the pineal gland is similar in some of its functions to the pituitary body and that the diseases of the former are similar in effect to affections of the latter. Occultism knows that they are both connected with the latent powers of man as yet undeveloped and that some day they will be vastly more important to man than they are at this time.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

The negro problem and its remedy were forcefully put in a recent address before the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. "You have no hesitation whatever about rendering the black race helpless to strike back politically and then assail it from your superior vantage ground. Then when they fail to rise, you cheerfully assert that this proves the negro incapable of advancing and half-brother to an ox. The true remedies are the uplifting of the black race by giving them real and not sham education; by establishing swift and infallible justice with mixed juries; by the upholding of law through a competent constabulary like that in Jamaica which has made an assault on a white woman unheard of, though there are but 15,000 whites residing among 780,000 blacks; by the establishment of good roads, and a general following of the policy of rural life regeneration outlined by the Rural Life Commission. White rural life in the South cannot be made to flower amid a degraded and squalid black peasantry; history teaches that. Lasting advancement of one race can be conditioned only upon the advancement of the other."

To the argument of the South that this is not possible, one may point to the words of the proslavery orators who declared slavery to be "an inexorable necessity" and that the day "would never arrive when the black can be liberated"; all prophecies which were set to naught by subsequent history. "We must cure the horrible cancer that eats at the heart of our civilization, this horrible lack of appreciation for the sacredness of the individual person. This is our malady." Another speaker says: "My only fear for white supremacy is that we should prove unworthy of it. If we fail there, we shall pass. Supremacy is for service. It is suicide to thrust other races back from the good which we hold in trust for humanity. For him who would be greatest the price is still that he shall be servant of all." This is certainly the true note of Brotherhood.