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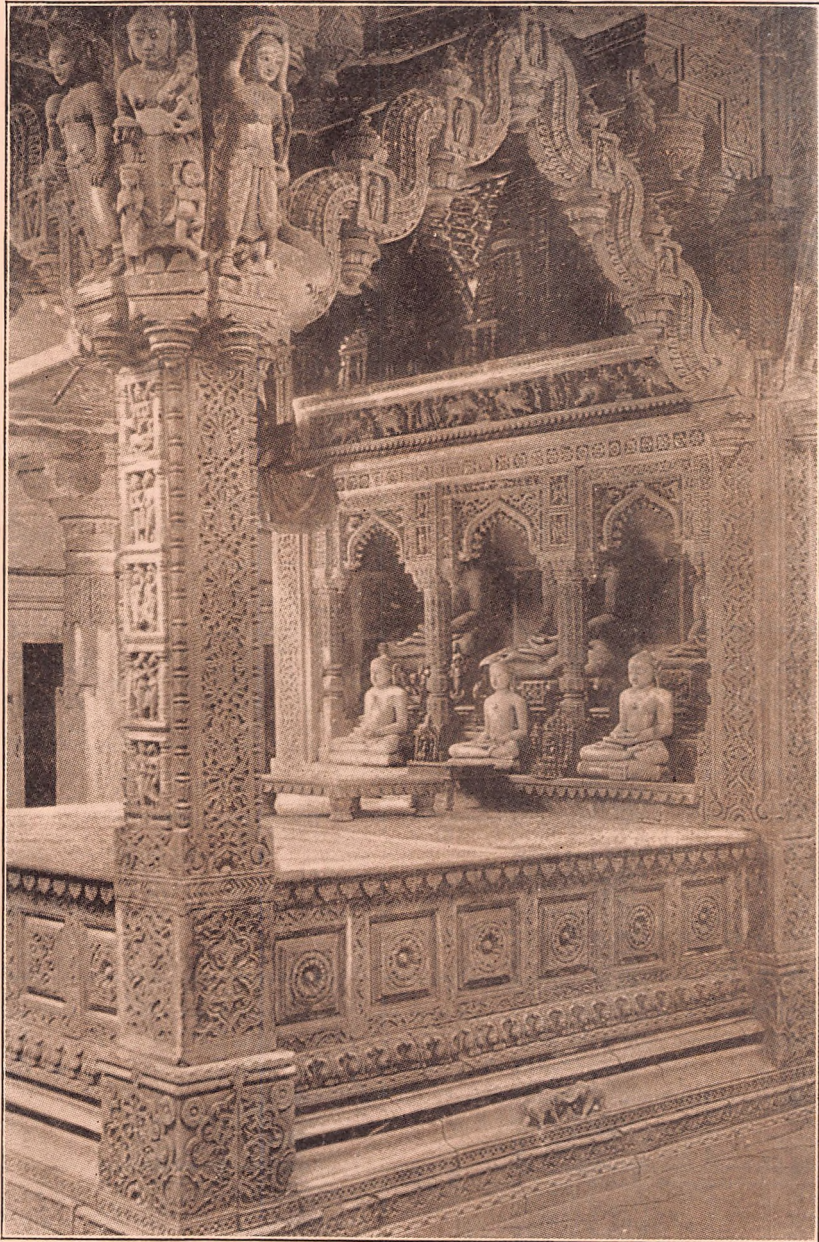
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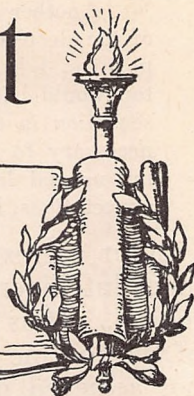
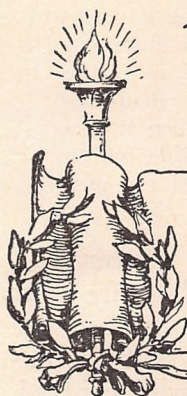
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JAIN TEMPLE AT SANGANEER

The American Theosophist



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BY THE EDITOR

RESULTS IN MEDITATION



READERS of *The American Theosophist* will recall that, in two recent numbers, I laid some emphasis upon the power of thought and showed how by choosing a virtue and meditating upon it for five minutes each day that virtue would be built into one's character and would be felt by those who came into touch with him. On reading this suggestion a correspondent took up the practice, with the results shown in the following interesting letter:

In accordance with your suggestions on the editorial pages of the January and February magazines regarding meditation, I undertook the experiment and have just completed the second month. The results have been interesting and in some instances puzzling to me. I will speak first of the external effects, of which there were two that I was able to observe, but let me say that in place of "purity," as you suggested, I took "love" as my theme, because I felt the need of it.

Of the two external effects, the first and most tangible is the reaction on my child. During the two months there has been practically no necessity for punishment and little need of correction and, as this is immediately successive to a period of wilfulness and petulance, I am satisfied to attribute it to a better mental atmosphere generated by the five minutes' practice.

Second, I have been able to perform with more concentration—and therefore with less anxiety—both in anticipation and at the immediate time of action, every ordinary task which belongs in my daily routine.

Of my personal experiences in attempting the meditation I will mention my disappointment that, as the weeks go on, I seem to achieve no greater facility in holding my thought well centred. I find it usually necessary to give my thought definite direction in order to keep it crisp and active. For example: I form the thought of "love" going as a protector to one whom I know is suffering, or, again, I form the thought of love as permeating the atmosphere of a room, where it rests dynamic and potent to react beneficently on those who may pause therein. (This latter example I believe I have seen producing definite external results.) When simply holding the thought quiescent on the abstraction, I have frequently had the humiliating experience of falling suddenly asleep.

Another observation of my personal experiences is quite the opposite of the sleep-inducing practice. When the thought is kept very definite and positive, I have at times a sudden peculiar tension in my head, as if the top would lift off and let the thought emerge that way. I have had this sensation in even greater degree before in my life, at times when it was necessary to accomplish something which seemed quite impossible within my normal limitations. In every case I was successful beyond my own expectations, but experienced great exhaustion afterward.

Our correspondent has evidently undertaken the matter with much intelligence, and the results upon herself and the child are most logical. It is interesting to note the effect upon her performance of the routine duties of the day. Her disappointment, that she has not achieved greater facility in holding her thoughts well centred, is also logical. The probability is that before she began her meditation she did not realize just what her limitations were in concentration. The meditation brought her face to face with this. The holding of the mind one-pointed, without wavering, may be said to be one of the most difficult of all achievements, for the mental body is made up of matter the natural tendency of which is to seek out the greatest variety of experiences, and therefore it takes a steady application of will to curb this tendency and force the mind to dwell upon a single object. This difficulty is felt by all who meditate and is never really perfectly overcome, but constant practice brings improvement. In *The Bhagavad Gita*, the counsel that Shri Krishna gives to Arjuna is: "Without doubt, O mighty-armed, Manas is hard to curb and restless; but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference."

Our correspondent has been wise to give her thoughts a definite and practical application. For her it was evidently the best method, and it certainly results in practical good to those who are made the objects of the beneficent thought. Thoughts are things, and travel straight toward those to whom they are directed.

There is another temperament, the mystical one, that succeeds best by becoming absorbed into the infinite essence of the virtue. But no method should give a tendency to sleep when there is success in the effort, for that practically puts an end to the real meditation. The

object of meditation is to intensify the consciousness and not to cause its departure. A word of warning might be mentioned as to the sudden and peculiar tension in the head; that is due to the intensification of the vibrations in the head and, if they continue, the meditation must be stopped for a while.

It is not intended by the suggestions here given to go into the problem of deep meditation, but rather to suggest the practice of a few minutes of careful thought each day along the lines of the virtues. This is no more a task than giving thought to whatever plans one would make for a piece of work during the day and, properly practised, can only be helpful. The deeper phases of meditation, however, bring out deeper vibrations, and these require much more careful observation and instruction than can be publicly given.

It would be interesting if others, adopting the practice of morning meditation, would write of their experiences.



THE GROWTH OF CHURCHES



DR. CARROLL'S *Bulletin of Church Statistics*—sent out from Washington early in the year with the statistics of the churches of the United States for 1913—has already been reported widely in the religious and other journals of the country and comment upon the same has been quite exhaustive.

Its figures have been used to eloquently and convincingly silence the contention that the Church is declining, but rather the contrary, that its gains are encouraging. Those theological statisticians who have tried to read "between the lines" voice the opinion that the year past was a remarkable one as a period of church readjustment, of a feeling around for a more efficient service and for a new front towards the changing world; that the idea of social service has made steady progress and the spirit of co-operation and brotherhood on the part of all religious agencies grown apace; that a markedly religious spirit flows as a strong and distinctive current through the life of today.

But, in so far as we know, the most striking item brought into the lime-light by Dr. Carroll's tables has been overlooked or, at least, left without notice. And that fact relates to the American Section T. S.—for it is our membership which is there listed under the heading "Theosophical Society." We append a rearrangement of two columns from Table II. of the *Bulletin*. We have computed the per-

centage of gain in each case, then arranged the denominations listed by Dr. Carroll, not alphabetically but by *pro rata* gain.

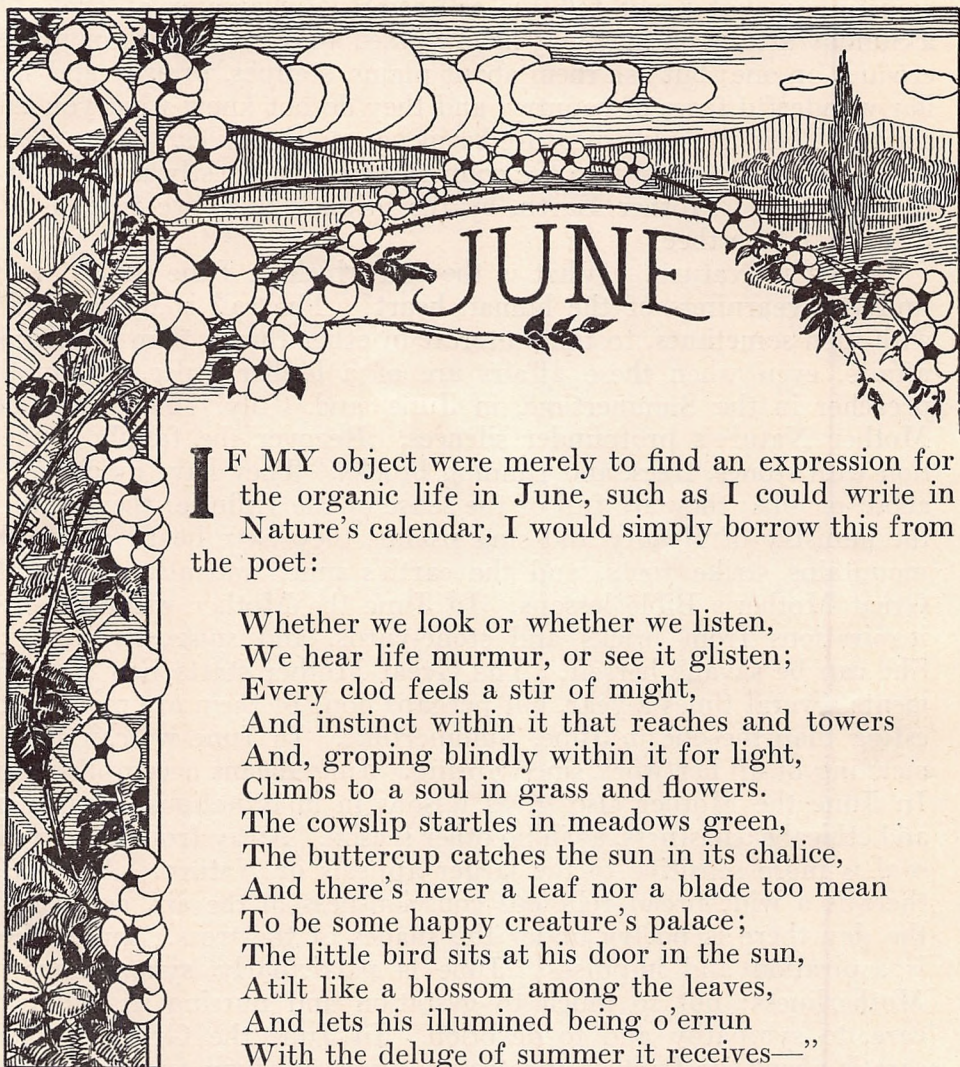
The comparison is startling! 19.6%—with the nearest figure to it 6% and the average less than 2%.

Of course, many churches do not keep a close record of the number of their communicants, so that the figures given may neither be an exact record nor in some cases up to date. They are probably, however, reasonably close enough to show by comparison the activity of growth of the different denominations.

The territory covered in this report is only the United States, but we can add the interesting note that the accessions last year to the Theosophical Society the world over were 17.9% of its entire membership.

Think this over. And answer this question for yourself: What causes the T. S. to be so "alive" at this present time?

	Communicants in 1913	Gain in 1913	Gain %
Theosophical Society	4,189	821	19.6
Christian Union	14,807	902	6.1
Schwenkfelders	1,000	59	5.9
Scandinavian Evangelical	72,900	2,400	3.3
Methodists	7,125,069	219,947	3.1
Adventists	98,822	3,014	3.0
Pentecostal	23,937	680	2.8
Moravian	20,463	493	2.4
Presbyterians	2,027,598	45,649	2.2
United Brethren	328,099	7,139	2.1
Protestant Episcopal	997,407	16,556	1.7
Catholics (Western)	13,099,534	213,027	1.6
Lutherans	2,388,722	36,120	1.5
Disciples of Christ	1,519,369	21,824	1.4
Evangelical	187,045	2,179	1.2
Baptists	5,924,662	64,608	1.1
Catholics (Eastern)	438,500	4,500	1.0
German Evangelical Synod	261,488	2,577	0.99
Latter-Day Saints	356,000	3,500	0.99
Reformed	463,686	4,580	0.99
Congregationalists	748,340	5,314	0.71
Churches of the New Jerusalem.....	9,601	47	0.49
Salvationists	27,474	129	0.47
Grand Total for 1913.....	37,280,370	655,908	1.76



IF MY object were merely to find an expression for the organic life in June, such as I could write in Nature's calendar, I would simply borrow this from the poet:

Whether we look or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 And instinct within it that reaches and towers
 And, groping blindly within it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives—"

But June is characterized by peculiar human notes. In June and July a great number of people come in personal contact with Nature, which they know nothing about the rest of the year in the peculiar way of the Summer. It is not only the uninstructed masses which have an awakening to Mother Nature's doings and life, even the scientists and philosophers come under the spell of an undying impulse in humanity. All classes rush into the country, not only to get fresh milk, fruits and good food, but also to clothe the dry bones of reason with fresh ideas. And city folk need it. They know nothing about the immanent deity calling aloud in every color and offering

the sacramental wine in every flower-cup. They have, perhaps, seen a mountain, but never felt the self-assertive character of one. On a Sunday afternoon they may have crossed a lawn in a park or played croquet on one; but ask them about plains, steppes, prairies and similar wonderful faces of country, and they do not know what you talk about. Their thoughts measure by inches, not by miles. None of the city people who stray into the country can say honestly and out of a full heart: O Mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee, I love thee, O, I love thee!

What is Nature? What is the call which in June comes to the undying yearnings of the human heart? The call is to be distant with men sometimes, to take interest in other things than mankind's affairs, even when these affairs are of a higher order. Shun the preacher in the Summertime, in June and July. Fall back into Mother Nature's profounder silences. Recover the family connection with stones, trees, and running brooks. They have much to tell about origins; they are full of the sense of the Infinite; they serve in the ministry of Beauty and sing psalms they have heard where the mountains strike roots, and the earth's inner warmth teaches the Great Mother's Bible lessons. In June the Mother withdraws her inspirations from bricks and stone-yards, and suggests savagery. She can be savage herself. The Great Mother starts new developments several times a year, but perhaps none of them are more interesting than the one in June, Summertime. In June we can see the meaning of all her work since Spring. June means accomplishment. In June the Mother also gives lessons in imaginations, aspirations and ethical earnestness, as in no other season. Away from the city the soul is more sensitive to the larger appeals of Nature. At sunrise there is a widespread religious consciousness in the air, and during the day there is poetry under the shades of the trees. In all there is aspiration and impulses. June is particularly synonymous to Motherliness; not so much to gestation and nursing as to loving care, to sympathy and to devotion. In June the Great Mother's care is about the fruit, its protection against injury and its freedom to grow and develop its true character. All disturbing influences check its character and may even destroy. The fruit is as sensitive as nervous children. Adverse conditions sap the strength of both. The gentle winds of the hot days therefore whisper about self-protection. The key to the season's outdoor philosophy is Quietism. Quietism, as the Mother teaches it, means self-trust, privacy, and nourishment, such as generous air and soil may give it. Quietism fosters congeniality and companionship. June Quietism is second birth, awakening to individuality and a sense of our true estate.

From Bjerregaard's "The Great Mother."



NATURE AND THE SPIRIT

By Weller Van Hook



ALL nature tells the story of the spirit and of the spirit's supremacy. Man cannot help knowing that he is something more than mind and far more than can be described in speech.

If these things be true, then is the spirit unattainable and inaccessible? And poetry and music, religion and meditation reply, saying that in some degree the spirit may be reached and life felt in it.

Then what is the message men bring back who have been lost to earth-things, while for brief space absent in the spirit?

They tell the unity and universality of all—for this is the primal lesson—the very spirit of the spirit's life. It is surprising how in so many ways, in philosophy, in literature and in art this lesson is now being recognized and taught.

Mysticism satisfies thousands but it fails to satisfy tens of thousands of educated and capable folk. And why? For three reasons: first, that the methods of mystics for reaching their higher states of consciousness are not always generally applicable; second, that these methods are not precise or certainly effective and third, that mystics do not exactly study, analyze and compare the states of consciousness into which they enter.

But, you say, is such a procedure, such a study possible? Does not such an idea jeopardize the at present accepted supremacy of the mind? And if that is gone, do we not enter a chaos of consciousness analysis, even reaching an anarchy of reason?

The reply is ready: if spirit is supreme in man, then it is the very being, essence of him and must be susceptible of being gone into, analyzed, studied, understood. This process should then in itself produce the unfolding and development of that higher consciousness.

Should we not now be alarmed by a new possibility? Does not man feel himself divine when the afflatus of mysticism is upon him and he composes poetry or music, or conceives the statue or the edifice

or the invention, or in science some new law? Yes, in all ages this has been asserted and only modern western philosophy denies. If man has, then, a divine phase of being as we assert and if this can be entered, studied, exercised in ordered ways and then expounded, what hinders that man should become divine—a god?

This result we again assert is not only possible but is the final goal of man. Time for a Creator is of small value in the perfection of His plans. So there is infinite time for this work and the germ of divinity in each man must be made to grow.

Professor William James devoted much time and careful labor to the study of the experiences peculiar to religionists, and in his book selects and presents a considerable number of them studied with some exactness. However unscientifically these experiences may have been studied by the enthusiasts who passed through them, they must, for the most part, have been real and must sometimes have been instances of those states in which consciousness functionates more or less free of the limitation of the mind. The experiences of those who scientifically enter and study these states of consciousness are as full and complete as these are vapid and inconclusive.

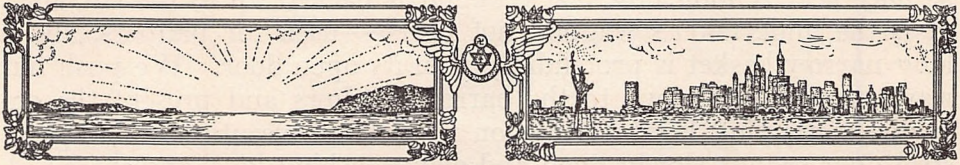
Gautama Buddha, Jesus, Apollonius of Tyana and others of the type of donors of religions to the world are colossal facts in history. Are they to be explained as sporadic and abnormal births of super-human beings of other orders than our own? No, their characters are human; they were indeed men—but such men! They had studied the bright mysteries of the inner consciousness by ordered methods and had attained to the knowledge of the way towards the Divine. They had acquired the powers that belong to spiritually perfected men and could perform so-called miracles, though they were really no more beyond the law of nature than are our modern miracles of science.

The present thesis then is this: it is now admitted by an ever increasing number of thinkers that there is a common ground in deeper and usually hidden consciousness in which exist together the most opposed modes of being and cognition and where can be known as one the most opposed facts of ontology.

One type of mystic enters this field of consciousness and knows, for example, that unity of being is a fact in Nature. But we maintain that this recognition of such a phase of consciousness and its utilization to the production of so profound a result is but the vague precursor of the far more important discovery, by an ever growing body of men, that this field of consciousness, beyond and deeper than the realm of ratiocination, can be entered at will, cultivated, and utilized in scientific and wise ways, with the result that the very spirit in Man and in Nature may be studied, apprehended, and made to grow.

Men fear to abandon the fixed ground of observation and wisely object to leaving the familiar realm in which they can actually contact the objects of the phenomenal world. But vagueness need not characterize the life of this inner consciousness. On the contrary, the life of mysticism as the world knows it is but one small phase of this higher life, just as the ecstasies and similar religious phenomena of Professor James are another.

The new senses developed give an accuracy of observation in the wider fields of the inner consciousness far greater than can be attained in the ordinary realms of life.



A LINGERING BARBARISM

By L. W. Rogers



THE white barbarians!" That is the title by which the Orientals know us. Is the name one that we deserve? Does it justly describe some of our customs, and our mental and moral attitude toward them? Let us see.

I am in an American city. It is gay with many decorations, for a notable convention is in session. But in the midst of the festivities a tragedy is to be enacted.

It is a day named for the killing of a man. The hour and minute are known. It has been announced in the morning papers. The victim also knows the hour and minute when he is to be killed. The last hope is gone. He knows that the sheriff has been authorized by the people to kill him at eleven o'clock this morning and he knows that the governor has declined to stay the sheriff's hand. The man who is to be killed this morning is locked in a large steel box that bears the same proportions to his body that a small coop does to a chicken awaiting the butcher. It is about four feet wide and six feet long, and has a narrow door secured by three huge locks. This steel box is in full view of the scaffold on which he is to be killed. He has occupied it for months and looked upon the scaffold. It was the last thing he saw when the light faded out in the evening; it was the first thing he saw when the light came back in the morning. But through all those months he did not *positively* know that he would be killed on it when this morning came—he only knew that in all probability he would be.

Have you courage? Are your nerves in even balance this morning? Can you force yourself to look upon a ghastly horror for the sake of knowing it so well that you can tell the world about it and reproduce the picture in the lurid colors of hell, until the world turns sick at heart and abandons this lingering barbarism? Very well; come with me. Those who study criminology may be admitted.

It is but five minutes' walk from the hotel to the court-house and just back of it are the jail, the man and the scaffold. A curious crowd of several hundred people have gathered. They are forced to remain outside the jail, but they crowd as close to the horror inside as may be. A long, low black wagon is backed up to the entrance. It is the undertaker's wagon—not hearse—used for paupers, and a long narrow basket is protruding from its open door. We push our way through the crowd to the barred windows and present the envelope containing legal permission to see the execution. The great steel door swings slowly open and clangs behind us as we enter. A half dozen jailors are going about routine business. The sheriff extends his hand. He is the personification of the law—quiet, cold and immovable as the walls about us.

"Do you find these affairs unpleasant?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I'm bothered a good deal by *that*," swinging his hand in the direction of the crowd outside, from which occasionally would come some of the bolder to beg the sheriff to admit them, urging in vain some past favor or some remote acquaintanceship.

"But the execution," I urged.

"Oh, I don't mind hangin' him," he replied, in even tones.

"I presume it does not occur often," I remarked.

"Well," said the sheriff in a tone of resentment, as a soldier might resent a reference to the fact that he was not often in battle, "I have averaged one a year, and last summer I hung two on one day."

Did you suppose that we should find an air of solemnity here, where a human being is about to die? There are probably fifty men present to see the execution. Half a dozen are physicians. The rest are curiosity-seekers of the vulgar type. They have come because they had some influence by which they got in, and for no other purpose than to see the unusual. They are smoking and chatting and joking, and whiling away the tedious hour they must wait as best they can. But come up these iron stairs. The man who is to die is on the second floor, with the scaffold. Most of the fifty visitors are here. A crowd of them are packed about the narrow door of the death-cell, staring in at the victim. Not a word is spoken, not a word of sympathy or good fellowship; they simply look, as the curious look at the remarkable.

And the man inside? He is young, perhaps twenty-two, with regular, almost delicate features. He is very quiet, with a hunted

expression in his eyes that you will not soon forget—an expression of mingled courage and despair. A reporter gave me the young man's history. His mother is now insane. At ten years of age he had been put at work in the packing-house, where killing was the daily business that went on about him. One sister was stricken with insanity when he was sentenced to die. He had the morphine habit; also he had a hot temper, and when he lost control of it on that day of his crime all the evidence shows that he acted like one possessed. He stoutly asserts that he did not know that he had killed a policeman until many hours afterward. But the protestations of the criminal usually provoke an incredulous smile.

Have you an imagination? Then put yourself in his place. The execution will occur at eleven. The big clock across there in the courthouse tower marks forty minutes past ten. You have twenty minutes to live. Minute by minute the big "hand" on the clock creeps up. Ten minutes—five minutes—to eleven! What are you thinking about? Your heart-broken relatives? They said farewell to you yesterday, when your sister fainted and your baby brother clung to the bars screaming until they forced him away. Two minutes of eleven! You will hear them coming for you in a moment now. A firm step will ring up the iron stairs and you will be ordered out to be bound!

You have had enough of this? No, you have not. You that I speak to, you are society, you are civilization, and you shall look upon your work! This execution that is about to occur is not by your order, is not your fault? You are mistaken. You are one of the many who silently tolerate it. You help to make it possible. You are an accessory before and after the fact. You are a proportional part of the state, and you are proportionately responsible. You shall look upon your work!

Stand here at the corner of the scaffold. Look at that dangling rope! It will soon clutch the neck of your brother and strangle him to death. Do you see those straps? They are to pinion his hands and feet so that this horror shall not be too horrible for even those who inflict it. Here he comes! He is trying not to be afraid. But he does not know what may follow death. He has never heard of a scientific belief in immortality. That he has little real confidence in the promises of the current religion is proved by the fact that he accepted it only this morning, for what it might be worth.

He steps upon the trap! What an endless time it takes to adjust those straps! You had read that this horrible suspense was for a moment only. But the deputy has blundered—the right-hand strap is on wrong. It must be removed. His hands do not tremble, but he seems dazed. Will he never finish? Merciful God! he has blundered a second time! It must come off again and be readjusted. At last they have both arms strapped and the feet secured, and they

step back. In low, cool, even tones the sheriff asks the victim if he has anything to say. He has nerved himself for this. In a strained, unnatural voice he speaks ramblingly and ceases abruptly. A deputy steps up and leisurely adjusts the black hood that will hide convulsed features and protruding eyeballs when the body dangles at the rope's end. Then he places the noose around the victim's neck and steps back. But he lingers and lifts the slack in the rope twice, for no apparent purpose. The sheriff stands waiting, with his foot on the spring. Even after the deputy has finished all preliminaries and inspections the sheriff waits an instant, as one who would be doubly sure, and then throws his weight on the spring, and the body of the victim shoots downward to death. He had stood on the death-trap for exactly eight mortal minutes!

The doctors step forward and feel the pulse of the dying man as he swings at the end of the rope. The spectators, wearing hats and smoking cigars, linger until the limp and dangling body is lowered and put into the executioner's basket, then they mingle with the curious hundreds outside who are making a holiday of the occasion.

And all this is in the twentieth century, in an American city? Oh, yes—and a city, mark you, where they have just made a most determined and successful effort to stop certain amusements on Sunday, because they have been found to interfere with attendance at the churches; for these are what are commonly called God-fearing people. They “keep the Sabbath-day holy.” They attend the Sunday services scrupulously—and read with unseeing eyes the simple, terse command “*Thou shalt not kill!*”



ALL MEN ARE GOD

By Marguerite Pollard

All men are God. Rejoice! for there is none
But hides the spark of Life within the clod,
God's fire withheld from not a single one,
All men are God.

The body, only, sleeps beneath the sod,
The immortal Spirit doth the stars outrun,
Winged are men's souls though earth their feet must plod.
What of their outward garments, soiled and dun,
That tell the hardships of the road they trod?
Within, their hearts are clothéd with the sun.
All men are God.

THE WISDOM

THE SECRET DOCTRINE AN ORGANISM—A VEHICLE OF POWER—ELEMENTS AND PHASES OF ITS LIFE—PECULIAR SERVICE IT RENDERS—WHY IT IS ONE OF THE REALLY VALUABLE POSSESSIONS OF OUR TIME.

By W. L. Ducey

The Blessed Lord said: This body, son of Kunti, is called the Field; that which knoweth it is called the Knower of the Field by the Sages.

Understand Me as the Knower of the Field in all Fields, O Bharata. Wisdom as to the Field and the Knower of the Field, that in My opinion is the Wisdom.

The Bhagavad Gita, xiii: 1, 2.



EVERYONE realizes nature makes use of animal and vegetable life in manner so intelligent it seems planned. The mineral remains of dead sea-worms become the coral islands of the Pacific. The burrowing garden-worms aerate the soil and make it fertile. The burial of primeval forests becomes means of providing coal, and coal means human civilization. Nothing seems wasted. Everything seems utilized.

The sea-worms and the garden-worms seem wholly unconscious of their important work; they live and breed and die, and don't know they are building islands and fertilizing soil.

Is the human race excepted from this otherwise general service? Or are the results of human activity also used by nature to accomplish works of which we know nothing? Perhaps men, especially creative men, start going more operations than they realize. Perhaps they unconsciously create something mystic nature uses as body for a life! Perhaps the men who have created songs which last from generation to generation, or dramas or tales, have thereby made some unsuspected union with superphysical life, which dwells in their work as in an organism.

I believe *The Secret Doctrine* such an organism. It seems to me a body composed of parts and containing a life. Do I mean this

literally? Can you buy this organism for five dollars per volume? No. It is not meant every copy of the book is an organism, but it is meant that H. P. B., with co-workers, created an organism when they gave to the world *The Secret Doctrine*. The particular printed volume you study is the physical reproduction of a real creation. The years of laborious preparation by H. P. B.; the physical effort involved; the mental, emotional and spiritual toil resulted in a real form which has been ensouled by a living energy.

We see in this soul of *The Secret Doctrine* much of its mother's life and peculiarities. Also, now and again, we detect traces of other personalities. Indeed, there is observed something like the heredity displayed by a child. The child reminds us at times of different relatives, and there is a strong resemblance to the mother all the time. Yet there is an individuality distinctively its own.

Perhaps the individuality of *The Secret Doctrine* is primarily in the *Stanzas*, but not exclusively so. There permeates the whole work a something. What is this something? Whence is it?

Answer to these queries becomes possible when we have a perception of the Wisdom as a reality in nature and in human life. What is the Wisdom? It is an ideal Reality that is living, conscious, good, and pervades our world. I think we mislead ourselves when we think of it as a person or hierarchy. You would not call Light a person or a hierarchy, and I perceive the Wisdom is ideal and therefore real Light. At its lowest, or earth union, the Wisdom is like an order, but not even here is it a hierarchy. Beyond this earth union it is living, realizing Light. Certain men in the flesh and out of the flesh, certain supermen and angels are so wholly committed to the service of the Wisdom and are so effectually influenced by its Spirit that they are recognized as different from other beings to that extent, and so we may feel justified in speaking of these beings as an order. But the error arises when we attach to this order the attribute of authority. You might as well attach the idea of authority to sunlight. The Wisdom does not radiate authority—nor dominion. The Wisdom radiates warming, quickening, informing influences, to which the minds and souls of men respond by expanding, by growing, and by putting forth powers and faculties of consciousness primarily self-inherent. The mind perceives in the Wisdom those mysterious realities we name truth, love, harmony and beauty.

There is in the universe, then, this mysterious life which we name the Wisdom and, whenever there appears a physical organism that in any adequate manner embodies or expresses the Wisdom, there we have a vehicle of Power. Gautama, the Buddha, was such a vehicle; after Gautama, came Jesus the Christ and many lesser ones. Consider how the influence of these Wisdom-servers persists through the centuries; how potent they have been in the lives of unknown mil-

lions of men; how potent they yet are—and we begin to realize what Power issues from the Wisdom.

May not an earthly organism express something of the Wisdom but in so fragmentary a manner as to escape notice? This seems probably true of both men and institutions and suggests an explanation of the influence exerted by men visibly imperfect and by old traditions, philosophies and religious associations.

The Wisdom seems to press in to our world of incarnate consciousness as light seems to press in to shadowy rooms screened from the sun. So we understand that, if H. P. B. and her co-laborers had the devotion, will, knowledge and power to create an organism into which the Wisdom *could* enter, it *would* enter.

Something like this they seem to have done. Not that they created a being, but certainly they seem to have created a living organism. It is not imagined the Wisdom dwells in this organism like a God in a temple, but it is imagined that *The Secret Doctrine* is an organism pervaded of the Wisdom. The cursory reader may not discover this nor be affected by it, nor even those who use it habitually as an encyclopedia; perhaps in these cases the contact is too infrequent and broken. But, now and then, comes some person whose soul is stirred by a desire for knowledge of realities, and this one devours *The Secret Doctrine*, which is a figurative way of saying such persons read it, read all of it, and all the time are trying to understand it. They seldom understand it immediately, or at least they don't seem to, and it is difficult to see what good can come to darkened, undisciplined minds from this devouring. One would expect but a hopeless jumble of crude thought and imagining. Yet the result is not this at all. Gradually, but quite sequentially and as a kind of growth or unfolding, there arises in such persons a perception of the cardinal principles and ideas involved. The skeleton of the great philosophy becomes apparent, and the place and relations of the parts.

This is more of a miracle than it seems, for, in these persons who perhaps have had only a rudimentary education, there arises a consciousness and understanding of realities which makes them peers of the world's best educated men. In their earnest seeking for knowledge of realities, these people have—all unwittingly—"concentrated" upon *The Secret Doctrine*; their own organism of mind and soul has literally contacted this vehicle of the Wisdom, and their constant desire for Truth has been a constant "asking." This has evoked from the indwelling spirit of the Wisdom a dynamic discharge onto and into their own subtle bodies, and thus a stimulus to the germinal Wisdom in their own deep being. The living Wisdom begins to permeate their organism and, slowly perhaps, but quite surely, understanding begins to grow.

It is possible to criticise *The Secret Doctrine* as it is possible to criticise a human being. With very little effort any of us could enumerate glaring defects in Smith (the other fellow). Perhaps we can go farther and discover positive sins of will and of disposition. But the big mystery of Smith lies elsewhere. It lies in his goodness. There is some woman or some child or perhaps some idea receiving Smith's service. With a kind of shock we discover that this cruel, selfish, sinful Smith gives a degree of unselfish service to someone or something. In Smith is something that is true and tender and serving. It is the saving element in Smith. It is that which makes him worth while.

Now *The Secret Doctrine* is curiously like a man worth while. Its life is a mixed life. There is in it a partisan contentious life, one not as endurable and desirable today as twenty-five years ago. There is also an efficient, capable life that handles questions of science. It meets the specialists of modern science on their own ground and discusses with them their own subjects. It does this with a vigor and directness that impresses us with respect. Yet another life element is perceived, more obscure, but very potent and radiant of that authority which accompanies real knowledge. It is the mysterious and misunderstood occultism. The person who studies *The Secret Doctrine* will be convinced that here he has touched occultism in its most dignified phase. And, permeating all, there is the Wisdom.

These contradictory and complementary life phases make the entity—*The Secret Doctrine*—and it depends upon the student's nature which of these four phases will most impress him. They do not seem of equal value. The partisan contentious phase seems less reliable than the occultism. The partisan ever claims or assumes too much and admits too little. But that efficient capable life that discusses with the specialists of science! We feel more confidence here. It is human. It is fallible, but it is efficient, capable and has real knowledge. We won't have to abandon many of its positions as untenable. And the occultism! It seems sound and true. Not many students are capable of saying things about this occultism from a standpoint of knowledge. Yet—after all—persistently continuous impressions evidence a real knowledge of some kind, even though the intellect cannot explain its origin and nature, and the students of *The Secret Doctrine* come to have a persistent impression that its occultism is sound, wholesome and true.

As for the Wisdom, it is the Wisdom. None who has known it doubts its value.

One who thus views *The Secret Doctrine* will not use it as a text-book only, for when we discover errors in a text-book we straightway abandon it and seek for one that is up to date. Now we do suspect the partisan life may have made errors. Even the efficient

life which deals with science may have made errors. We have not yet discovered these possible errors, but rather suspect they may be there. Yet the value of *The Secret Doctrine* is not greatly affected, if at all, because it continues to perform the service for which it was created.

An instrument is valuable as it performs the office for which we maintain it. An erroneous multiplication table gets its user into trouble. An erroneous text-book on chemistry would cause loss of time and money to the farmers, cooks and manufacturers who made it the basis of their operations. *The Secret Doctrine* seems not to fill the place of a text-book in any science or art, not even in the science and art of occultism. It has other and more apparent uses, and certainly seems designed to give stimulus and food to souls hungrily seeking knowledge of Realities and union with Truth. It does this work effectively, nor would that effectiveness be necessarily diminished if a dozen or a hundred mistakes be discovered in statements of concrete fact. There is no possibility of serious error in concepts of organic laws, or of fundamental ideas and principles, because *The Secret Doctrine* is a life. If it did not cohere pretty well with world-life it could not continue to exist. A living organism must cohere with the world-life.

The things here said of *The Secret Doctrine*, if they be well founded, show that work one of the really valuable possessions of our time. Yet not many men have heard of it! And only a few of those who hear make any use of it. Why do not tens and hundreds of thousands of truthseekers hear of it, and use it, if it be indeed so valuable?

But *are* there tens and hundreds of thousands of truthseekers? Is it not more accurate to say that these tens and hundreds of thousands are seeking escape from misery and attainment of happiness?

What is the difference? It's a big one. Those seeking escape from misery and attainment of happiness have dear illusions and desires which they hug close to their hearts and will not abandon. Those who hunger for knowledge of realities likewise have illusions and desires, *but not one they are not ready to surrender in exchange for Truth*, even though they realize that thus they enter on the way of suffering. The man in search of happiness will not abandon possibilities of happiness to seek for Truth. The man who is hungrily seeking Realities will not exchange a possibility of Truth for any happiness—not even for heaven.

Truthseekers are not so numerous. Unrest exists in every land around the world. Mentally, morally and physically our race is troubled and in labor. Everywhere we hear complaints and demands. But the complaints are complaints of misery, and the demands are demands for opportunities and means to be happy. Truth

is continuously invoked, but is invoked, usually, as a means to possess the objects and conditions which are deemed capable of giving happiness.

The Secret Doctrine serves others than the few truthseekers. It has done more than anyone can measure to promote among virile minds a concept of life, ennobling, ideal, and harmonious with concrete fact and concrete experience. It appeared when materialism seemed about to dominate the mind of the world. A generation ago, idealism seemed surrendered to the mediocre. Men of intelligence and power seemed compelled by the stern logic of facts to see in matter "the promise and potency of every form of energy." Today, materialism is a diminishing power. *The Secret Doctrine* has been potent in suggesting to capable men and women ideas and concepts which add to their efforts and achievements. Through these creators, various modifications of its philosophy and idealism have been presented to that considerable army of the spiritually discontent who refuse the proffered service of the churches. Many an individual and many a group that is more or less unaware of *The Secret Doctrine* owe to that organism something like the respect we extend to a progenitor.

The continuous existence of *The Secret Doctrine* as a living organism implies continuous expenditure of energy, on the inner planes of world-life, to maintain it. One is apt to wonder if the service is worth the effort! Is a truthseeker so precious? Is a truthseeker so valuable to the race of men or angels or nature that this continuous labor of maintenance is justifiable? A multitude of more readable books has been issued by students of *The Secret Doctrine*. These have obscured its fame and they seem to satisfy enquirers. The book is not now usually recommended to one first venturing into the world beyond the confines of orthodox thought. It is used by so few persons, one wonders if it is worth the high effort required for preservation.

Truthseekers are worth while always, but seem especially valuable to God and man just now. The Wisdom is seeking to enter the form world of concrete thought, emotion and sensation, and through men such as these is succeeding.

Has the Wisdom been hitherto excluded from this world? It has been so generally excluded from the consciousness of the lives who here find realization that its very existence is doubted or denied, or has remained wholly unperceived. It has been present in the world-activities which have created and maintained the environment in which evolution has been possible and actual, but the lives have not perceived nor realized the Wisdom. And as their volitions are free although their conditions are bound, they—being ignorant of the great Realities we name truth, love, beauty and harmony—contin-

ously assault the world-organism with selfish volitions which are discordant with world-welfare. Harmony may reign in the subtler spiritual areas of the world-organism, but an almost chaotic clashing of discordant elemental forces is very apparent in the grosser conditions of world-life.

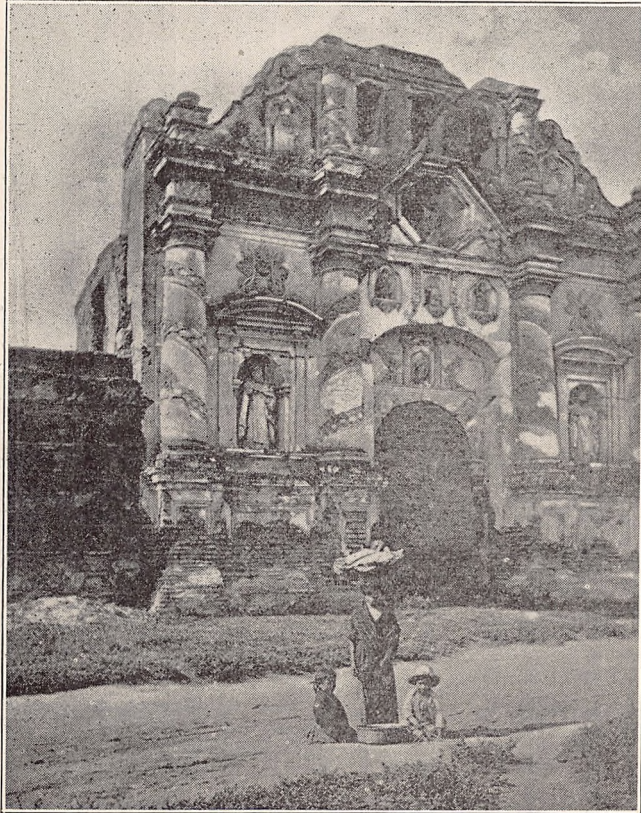
The race of human beings partakes of the consciousness and activities of the elemental and grosser world-life where discord is dominant. Also it partakes, or may partake, of the consciousness and activities of the subtler spiritual world-life where harmony is dominant. It unites the two worlds. It can serve life spiritual by awakening or clarifying self-realization. By furnishing this awakened life an object for which to work, and by revealing a field of possible creative effort, it directly furthers growth in consciousness, knowledge and power.

By introducing into elemental world-life real love, pity and compassion; by creating beauties, truths and harmonies; by establishing concepts and practices of law, order and right relationship, it brings elemental world-life in union with a consciousness itself is powerless to originate or to directly contact. Elemental world-life does not immediately perceive this consciousness when radiated by human beings, nor understand when perceived. But if the Wisdom consciousness be steadily and powerfully maintained by the human race, at last elemental world-life will begin to modify and respond. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth," prayed Jesus.

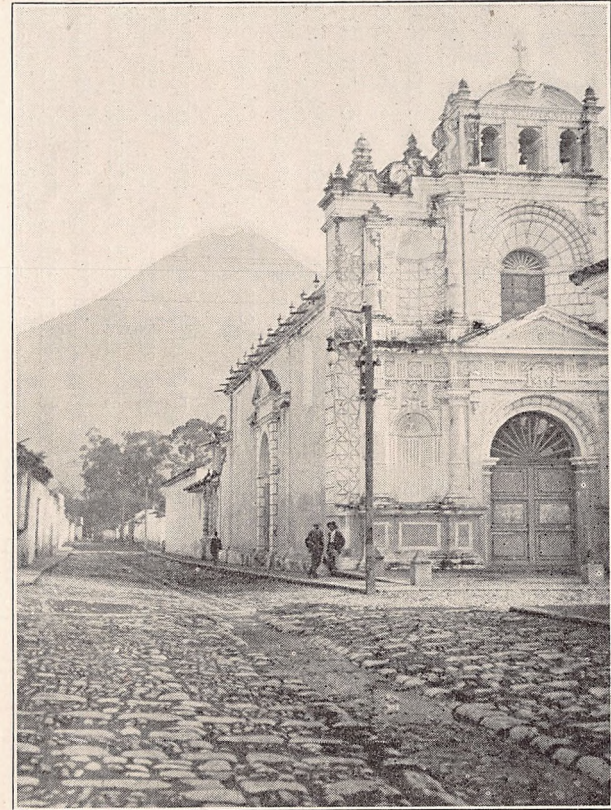
Here one, and there one, of the human race has become "quick" with the diviner life, but race realization yet sleeps. The race must become organic unity in ideal consciousness ere it can fully exert its power of creative service. It is for this reason a truthseeker is so valuable.

The race is as yet more animal than divine, and its consciousness of the ideal is but vague and feeble. The Wisdom has in humanity but a germinal organ of expression, and its hope lies in the increase among men of those who actually know and realize these ideal Realities. Every soul that becomes "quick" with that diviner knowledge becomes a centre for the Wisdom. It glows in that soul and radiates therefrom into the world of concrete consciousness. And when these souls grow in number, the Wisdom has a way of relating them one to another, and all to each other, and creating thus an organ. In this organ it dwells and works in a manner more continuous, universal and powerful than in the heart of an individual man, thus quickening the growth of the multitude, and of an ideal unifying of the race.





RUINS OF CHURCH "ESPERITU SANTO"
ANTIGUA



CHURCH THAT WITHSTOOD THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE
VOLCAN DEL FUEGO IN DISTANCE . . .

MORE ABOUT CENTRAL AMERICA

ITS OLD CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

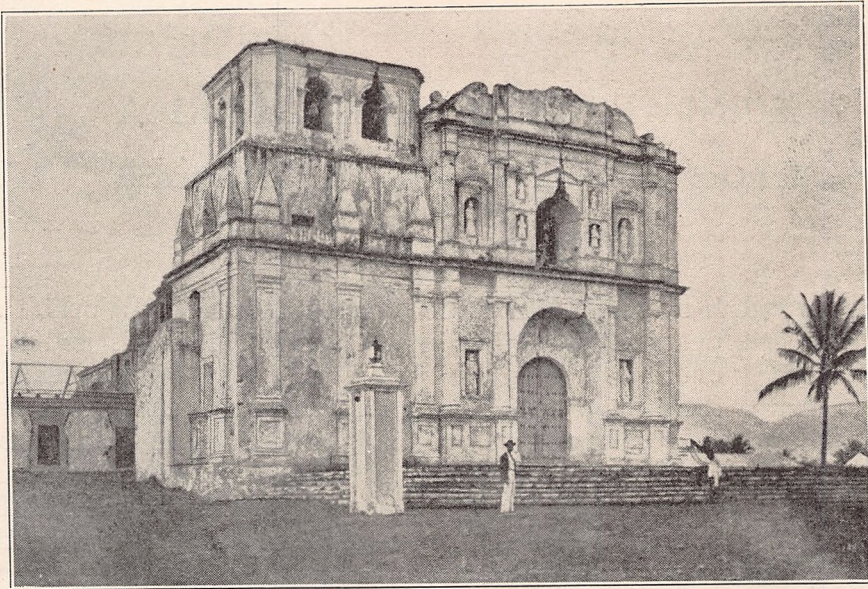
By Margaret Olive Jordan



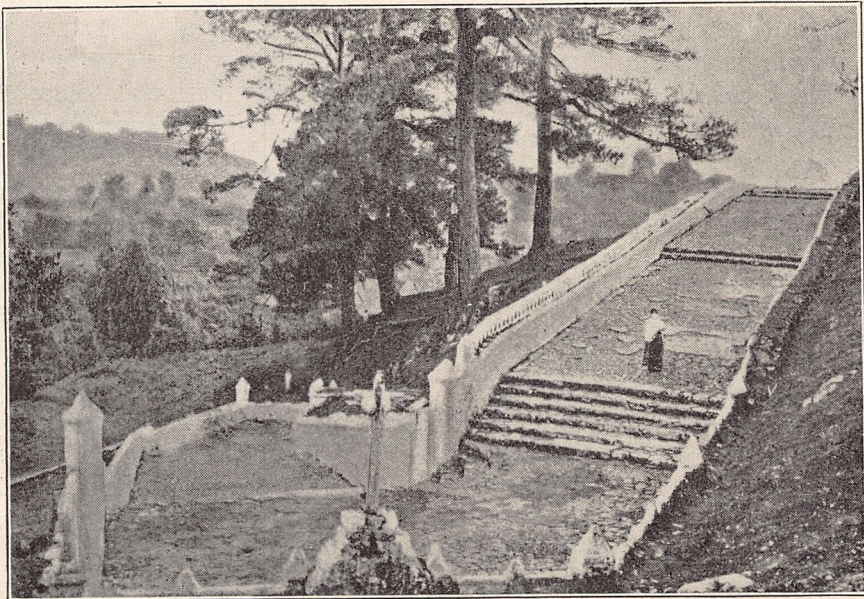
CENTRAL AMERICA, called the "New World," appears anything but new to one who stands and looks over the ruined cities that are now being unearthed there. On beholding these, one knows that great souls were born on this soil and gathered to the dead; great empires were formed, then darkly swept away and Time's shadowy wings alone cover the mystery. But these ancient monuments have left behind one great fact, namely, that the early races occupying that country before the coming of the Spaniard in his quest for gold, were a religious people. It is said that their ideas of religious truth were crude, but the element of worship of and responsibility to a superior being existed and found expression in ways suited to their understanding and unfoldment.

It is recorded that these early people had many gods endowed with different attributes who claimed their devotion. One of their gods was worshiped with offerings of fruits and flowers; it is claimed that never until the Toltecs became identified with the Aztecs were they given to human sacrifice; this they finally did, it is declared, and even indulged in cannibalism. That was the condition, it seems, that existed in certain parts of Central America, when the Spaniards came with the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

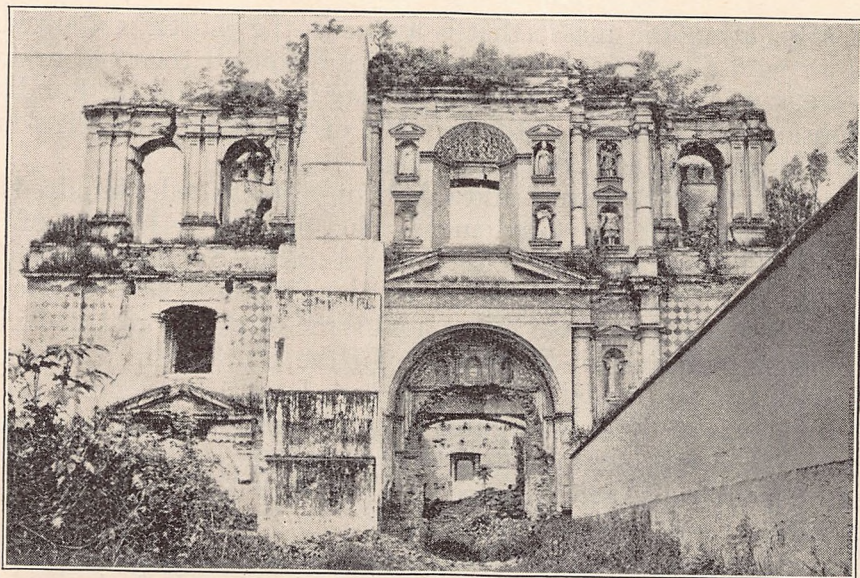
The Spaniard came to the Indian with the sword, to present to him the kingdom of Christ. To his religious motive he added the love of adventure, military glory and the passion of avarice. These were the elements which moved the Spaniard to engage in such enterprises as conquering the New World. The sanction of heaven was given the king of Spain by the pope for these expeditions and complete authority over all things temporal and spiritual in these newly discovered lands; the bodies and souls, the property and services of the conquered nations were all to be his inheritance and that of his successors, forever! Thus decreed the pope of power and rule, yet he reckoned without that Higher Power that sways popes and potentates and stands distinctly apart from the selfishness of man.



CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH AT METAN.



PREHISTORIC CITY OF COBAN.



RUINS OF THE "CAMPANIA DE JESUS."
ANTIGUA

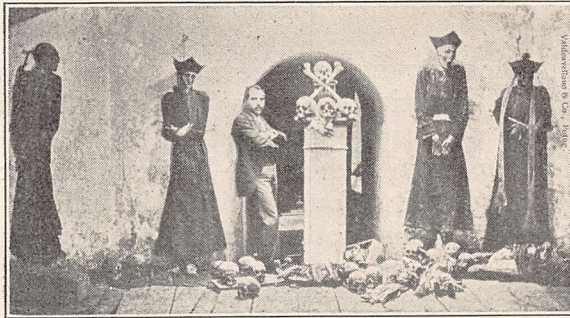
At the point of the sword, these strange people who fell prey to the Spaniard were "converted" to Christianity and, so history informs us, as many as twenty thousand a day were baptized by the priests. It is no wonder that converts adopted in such undue haste, untaught in the tenets of the new faith, should after four centuries be wandering in the wilderness of spiritual confusion; dotted here and there with weird superstitions, with a vague and hazy memory of a far, far past. 'T is thus we find the natives of Central America. Christianity, instead of fulfilling its mission of enlightening and purifying them, destroyed itself. The prices put upon the sale of masses by the Church, through its arrogance and greed for power during these four hundred years, have reduced the natives to utmost poverty and ignorance. These practices have not entirely disappeared from Spanish America. That Christianity in that country has been paganized is a demonstrated fact today. New ceremonies and symbols were substituted for the old, and the saints took the place of former idols as visible objects of worship.

Religious *fiestas*, of which there are now about two hundred each year, hold the natives to the new worship and in an outward sense they are a success, but many of the religious ceremonies are most lamentable. Some of the celebrations in the churches, which are so numerous, include dances of the most grotesque description, being as near as possible to the old rites of the natives. The priests allow them this privilege in order to hold them in the church. These simple na-

tives, after attending mass (that is as far as the church is allowed to go now) with all its ceremonies, will go and consult their old wizards and follow whatever their instructions may be. Among the hundreds of thousands of Indians of the republic of Guatemala can be found many wizards, who are always old men.

During the first century and a half of Spanish rule, hundreds of churches were built in Guatemala. In the early history of the churches it became the pious duty of returning Spaniards to bring paintings and statues of the saints to place in these new temples of worship, and many of these today hold some of the largest and most magnificent paintings in the world. In the churches of Guatemala (the capital of the republic) are to be seen hundreds of mural paintings; paintings of life-sized figures of saints and warriors, horses and chariots—all being biblical subjects—rich in tone and color. In one we saw a painting which measured forty feet in length and was proportionately wide—a marvel of beauty!

There are many underground passageways leading from one church to another, all centring at the grand old cathedral, the most pretentious and massive building in all Guatemala City. We recall one of these underground excursions with some aversion. After a legal permit, and in company with a native gentleman and some American friends, we were let down beneath the old Iglesia de la Merced. As we entered



MUMMIES IN THE CATACOMB

we were sickened at the awful odor, but there was something of interest for us to behold, for against the wall, hanging full length, were several mummies on each side of the door of an antechamber, before which stood a stone pedestal on which lay several skulls. Upon the floor were many dozen more. These mummies were monks of "ye olden time." They were draped in long priestly robes and wore caps; one held a prayer-book in his skeleton hands.

Most of these sacred edifices are now in a very poorly preserved state. Much of the church property has been confiscated. The services are open to all, and the Indian, with a crate of chickens or a pig on his back, kneels side by side with a beautiful *senorita* who has the bluest of blood in her veins. There are many crude old organs in the churches, the wind supplied by a bellows much the same as those found in our blacksmith shops. Often these are accompanied by na-

tive instruments, sometimes a drum made of hides stretched over the hollow trunks of trees, and bombs and rockets are let off, to add to the confusion, as if to make a deeper impression on the mind of the poor native. The most absurd paintings and statues are used to portray sacred characters to the worshipers. In one place we found God represented as an old bent man with a bald head and Jesus, the Christ, both as a shaven monk and with bent legs and staples in the



THE PROCESSION.

ankles to strap him to a *macho* (mule) on Palm Sunday. In another place we found Him represented by a drunken man of a most hideous aspect. In the same church is an altar-piece marked with age, with a deeply sunken panel containing a realistic crucifix with glass eyes, sweat, long hair, blood drops, and from five wounds hang

skeins of crimson thread, representing flowing blood—a repulsive sight to some eyes, but which seems to please and attract the natives. This figure is surrounded on one side of the panel by mocking soldiers; on the other stands a Guatemalan general, the donator of this rare gift, weeping at the sight. In many places Christ is represented as a dark brown man. This many of the Indians demand, so he has had to be painted their own color; otherwise he would not be accepted. Huge figures (we would call them dolls), often dressed in the most gaudy colors, represent the Virgin and other Marys. At celebrations these are sometimes carried through the streets, accompanied by music, flowers and fireworks.

Christian worship being in such a low condition, it is not to be regretted that the majority of the better class take no part in the religion of their country. They have no power to interfere with the services and it is little wonder that they are atheistic at heart. We were told, however, that under the administration of President Cabrera conditions are slowly improving, both educationally and religiously. There are a number of conscientious priests who are working studiously, who are doing all in their power, with their limited means and opportunities, to inculcate the truths of a noble religion among the natives. One such, the Rev. Father Rossbach, of la Antigua, Guatemala, it was our good fortune to know, and in his hos-

pitable home we were entertained for several days. It was in la An-



REV. IDELFONSO ROSSBACH.

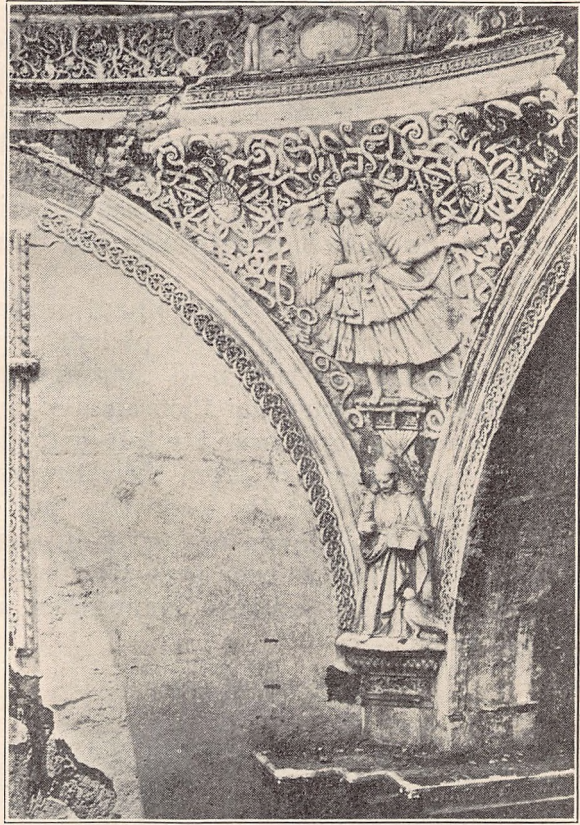
tigua, this old city of ruined churches, numbering more than sixty, built in the early part of the fifteenth century, in the flowering days of Catholicism in Central America, that we had a rare opportunity of knowing what the influence of one saintly man means to a degenerate people. Father Rossbach has in his charge about twenty-five thousand natives. To him they come from mountain and valley for spiritual, mental and physical comfort. He is father, mother, friend, physician and priest to these poor beings. They do not always come to him; more often he goes to them, riding mule-back for days at a time to the most obscure places, subjecting himself to severe discomforts that he may administer to them the rites of marriages and funerals, attend their illnesses, and in a thousand ways assist in their needs. They rely upon

him for everything, and there is no thought of remuneration save that remuneration that comes to a soul performing its sacred offices. Too well this good priest knows the dire poverty of his people. We noted that when he was at home, even for a day, rest was not his. All day long there was a stream of humanity pouring through the open door of his court, if only to receive his blessing. Father Rossbach is a spiritually intelligent man and an unselfish worker.

It was through Father Rossbach that we learned much of the early history of Guatemala. He is one of Central America's historical criterions. It was he who explained to us the cause of there being so many old churches at la Antigua alone. The explanation was that the rich families from Spain, on taking up residence here in the fifteenth century, built many of these wonderful edifices for their own private use; each vied with the other in the richness and grandeur of their construction, and not one of them required less than fifty years for completion. But the old volcanoes at whose feet

they stood, in spite of their being blessed and baptized into the Holy Church, had no more consideration in their angry explosions for these massive structures than for the humble adobe of the Indian slaves whose hands built them.

As one stands today with this mass of débris before him, with eyes resting upon these old fiery furnaces of time which stand out against the soft intoxicating blue, it seems almost impossible to believe that one hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the "stern and rock-bound coast" of New England, all Central America was subject to an organized government radiating from a capital which soon became a seat of learning. But such is true. A sad-



DETAILS OF THE RUINS OF CATHEDRAL.
ANTIGUA

ness steals over the progressive mind when comparison takes hold of the present conditions of the two countries which are so far, far apart (in progress), and the thought comes: Why? Surely it seems that they who built upon the old Plymouth Rock selected a foundation that has strengthened through the years, while the sands of Time have slowly melted from beneath those wonderful pieces of architecture of a once powerful and proud nation.

But that great country will rise again and erect for herself a stronger foundation than the far past ever knew. It is the law of progress. The great republic of Guatemala, with her marvelous history, is too great a favorite of Nature to remain neglected. Her productive soil, unexcelled climate, marvelous scenery, with mountains, streams, rivers and crystal lakes, equal to any described in Scottish history or elsewhere, will prove an attraction that will persuade man to unselfishly unfold the highest in him, and here within her embrace

thus fulfil the purpose of his life on earth. The Spanish Americans of the better class have a great many admirable qualities which foreigners should not overlook. They possess an innate courtesy which is sadly deficient in our own land. Many of them are anxiously waiting for educational assistance from their American brothers. They like us and they like us well, but they resent the superior attitude adopted by so many of our people. There comes a most pathetic call to us from the Spanish American people, but there is only one way to answer it helpfully and that is through a feeling that is wondrous kind.

When we think of the remnant of the North American Indian being pursued by the scientist, philanthropist and tourist, and note the thousands in this rich field thoroughly neglected, it seems passing strange. 'T is true that thousands of these natives never enter within the walls or ever hear the toll of the hundreds of church bells that swing day after day from their towers throughout the republic of Guatemala. Yet, the honesty and loyalty of the highland Indians of Guatemala are never in dispute; the spirit of trust and honesty in them has been preserved from their Mayan ancestors. You may travel night and day among them and be as safe as in your own quiet home.



PLAZA AT ESCUINTLA.

THE SANCTIONS OF THEOLOGY

By Rev. C. H. Rogers



AS A GREAT body, Theosophists may congratulate themselves on the fact that the world is slowly coming their way in quietly sanctioning Theosophical teachings. When we use the term "sanctions of theology" we mean a custom or common law giving authority to a system of things. So much is going on today in theological circles that it is quite difficult to follow the rapid changes which are being made. Several years ago Dr. Campbell, of London, read a very radical paper on *The Changing Sanctions of Popular Theology*. The paper aroused so much comment that it was taken up at a subsequent meeting and discussed at length. But, when you stop to think of it, you will notice that these changes are becoming more and more frequent.

We understand the sanction of theology to be something incorporated into form and action; such as a custom or form sanctioning the various duties of religion, life and business. So it is true that the popular theology rests upon those sayings and usages which are general in religious books and pulpits. It has ever been true that what becomes stereotyped in pulpit and pew is gospel, whether in the *Bible* or out. It has come to pass that many preachers find it quite difficult to explain just what they do believe; so you find what they say and do on week days is quite different from what they say on Sunday. And, more and more, as enlightened thought comes into the lives of men the harder it becomes for ministers to reconcile themselves with both sides of their lives. I suspect that is one possible reason why, here and there, you find one who has studied deeply coming into the philosophy of Theosophy.

As a general thing it is supposed that the preacher assumes an attitude concerning life and destiny which the pew knows nothing about. Whether he does or not, it is so presumed; and this presumption creates more or less antagonism. This sense of antagonism, to my mind, is one of the chief reasons why the hold of the church upon the masses is so weak.

The sanction of a thousand years ago holds good with many of the pew at the present time. Men seem to forget that they are living

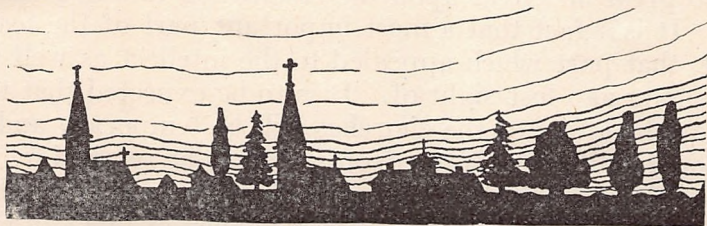
their own lives and not the lives of a thousand years ago. I think that one of the problems of today is to harmonize the differing sanctions, to gather the good from every cult and to cast away everything which hinders the open acceptance of the brotherhood of man. The pulpit is not altogether to blame for these conditions, for you will frequently find the pew insisting that the old ideas be preached. No matter if all the conditions of life are changed, there are members of the church who insist upon the old and cherished sanctions of the ages. There is now, all over the religious world, a quiet yet forceful effort being made to bring into harmony the discordant notes which are so frequently heard in the hymning of the years. However, we must be related to life as we find it, and cannot ignore these forceful efforts. Hence we are compelled to adapt ourselves to the changing views upon fundamental questions of the day. The fall, sin, atonement, salvation, holiness, righteousness, justice, love, judgment, the person of Jesus—these are firmly united together and must be dealt with through the new definitions.

It is admitted by nearly all scholars that the old interpretation of the fall of man is not true; that the story of Genesis was not intended to present a dogma. It did not become popular until the breaking up of the Roman empire, when men despaired of the present, and began to think about and prepare for the future. The story is in direct conflict with the science of today and is not in accord with true historical methods. Ministers go on using the old stereotyped terms of the fall because they have learned no others by which to describe the ills of life.

It is assumed in popular theology that sin is not only personal but inherited; that we are to blame whether we sin or not, we cannot help ourselves; that to live apart and in a life of constant self-denial is our only hope. It is the life of concentrated selfhood for the salvation of the individual soul. Little time is given to the thought that the life for all is the whole life, the holy life. I am confident that the true life, the real life, the real salvation is in living for goodness, for love, in realizing that we are working out results bequeathed to us from previous incarnations. When you are really possessed of this thought, you become a part of the universal atonement; you become one of the saviors of men. You become a burden-lifter as you throw off the bequeathed burdens. The divine ego acts and lives in you, and sin and evil die in you. Holiness, righteousness, justice, love, mean substantially the same thing whether applied to God or man.

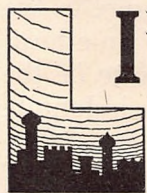
Judgment cannot be escaped, for the very act of sin involves suffering, and man will receive it in this life or in another. The popular statement that "Jesus paid it all" is a fallacy, untrue, unethical and

contradicted in the experiences of every-day life. Wrong-doing is the inevitable process which produces salvation, for the wrong-doer is the only person who needs it. Hence, so long as wrong or sin is done, so long salvation shall extend its banner over us. So, then, the doctrine of endless sin and endless pain becomes repellant and absurd, and finds no answer in the heart of man; for endless hate, or endless pain, means the triumph of sin and death. It does not affect the eternal verities whether a personal Jesus ever lived, for the ideal Christ is the ideal of humanity. Jesus was divine and so are we, and as we approximate nearer to Him we shall more fully realize the successful working out of our karma. We are called to live the holy life, the divine life. Faith in such a life is faith in God, faith in love, a triumphant incarnation. A belief in our highest ideals, in ourselves, in all that is high and noble and good, brings us nearer and ever nearer to the Eternal, to the fulness of the perfect man.



"GO-TO-CHURCH SUNDAY"

By W. G. Greenleaf



IN VARIOUS cities throughout the country there has occurred an event of great interest to students of religious questions. It was termed by the promoters of the movement "Go-to-church Sunday," and closed a vigorous campaign made for the express purpose of stimulating the interest of people in church attendance. The campaign was conducted avowedly upon a business basis and much money was spent on advertising, both in the daily press and by circulars. Individual effort was put forth freely, and in many instances a personal house to house canvass was carried on. The result was largely satisfactory, so far as the size of the congregations at the special services was concerned; and now the promoters are busy making plans whereby the increased attendance may become permanent.

In contemplating such an interesting social and ecclesiastical phenomenon, there naturally arises in the mind of the observer the ques-

tion as to why it has become necessary for the church to take such steps as this to attract people to her doors. Plainly, it has become evident to her leaders that for some reason or other she is losing, or has lost, her hold upon the mass of the people, so that attendance upon her services is in danger of falling into desuetude. Statistics show that it is not so much a decrease in formal membership as that enrolled members do not attend the services. As one minister put it: "We have as large a membership as ever, but such small congregations!"

Such a condition has not, cannot have, arisen suddenly. It is the result of changes that have slowly modified the attitude of the people of the western world toward a religion that has exerted an immense and beneficial influence upon them for two thousand years. It has accomplished its uplifting work, in spite of the fact that the teaching of its Divine Founder was to a large extent misunderstood. The marvel is that the power back of Christianity has been able to produce so great an effect upon the civilization it was given to bless and help. It is a fact that a most important part of the teaching of the Christ, that part which appealed to the intellect as well as to the heart, was long ago lost sight of. It is to be expected that the result of this sporadic effort of the churches will be temporary and unsatisfactory, for the difficulty is too deep-seated to be reached by an expedient of that kind, no matter how earnest the intention may be.

Two prime factors lie back of the tendency of our day to neglect the services of the church, to feel that the salvation of the soul—if so be such a thing as eternal loss of the soul be a possible fact in nature—does not depend upon the observance of a custom like that. One of these factors is the result of what is termed "Higher Criticism" of the scriptures, which has brought about a vast change in the attitude of men toward the *Bible*. The other is a corresponding change in the ideals of today from aristocratic to democratic, the result of an ethical evolution based upon the realization that our world is likely to be the abiding-place and field for development of humanity for an indefinite time to come.

It does not require wide acquaintance with the early history of Christianity to show that the predominant idea in the primitive church was the impending reappearance of Christ, to establish the kingdom of God in a regenerated world. That world was to succeed the destruction of the present world—which would come to an end when He came—and there would be a new heaven and a new earth. The disciples of Christ felt that it was incumbent upon them to prepare themselves, and as many others as they could persuade to their way of thinking, for citizenship in that coming kingdom. After His death differences of opinion inevitably arose, and thus it became the most important work of the Christian community to hand down faithfully

to new members the essential teachings of the Lord and to prevent any mistaken interpretation of them. It was only by careful following of the instruction given by the Master that men could be saved and be fitted for life with Him under the new conditions. There was no effort to bring the institutions of the present world into accord with Christian ideals, because the former were only temporary and soon to be replaced by others divinely appointed.

The result of this attitude was that the beliefs and habits of the Christians were not based upon their practicability, as far as the continuance of worldly institutions was concerned. The one idea was to keep the community so pure that when the Christ came it could win His approval. But as the teachings spread there arose questions of discipline, especially when Gentiles and Jews were drawn into a common organization. The subject of circumcision provoked much discussion, because if the ancient law could be violated by the omission of the rite, the Jews felt that there was no certainty upon other points. It then became necessary that some standard should be adopted which Christ could approve; and in His absence that standard could be provided only by the community itself, and a difficult task it was indeed. Something of the struggle is reflected in the Epistles of the *New Testament*, especially in the sixth chapter of I. Timothy, where one who differed in opinion from the author was scathingly denounced.

It came finally to be an accepted idea that the writings of the apostles contained the doctrines they had been taught by Christ Himself and that they had ordained their successors with power to interpret those writings correctly. Then followed the inevitable establishment of a canon of scripture and of an authoritative ecclesiastical organization. In the second century various cults, old and new, took the name of Christianity, and this finally compelled the definite organization of what became the Catholic Church, which claimed to be the authorized guardian of the tradition which Christ had committed to His disciples. Probably the most important factor in this development was the spread in the church of the intellectual and mystical interpretation of Christianity known as Gnosticism, which sought to turn the ethical and religious energy of the Christians into channels of esoteric culture and ascetic philosophy, with the concurrent doctrine of individual redemption leading to eternal life. A close investigation of the Gnostic teaching suggests that it was more nearly in accord with the teaching of the Christ than the later dogmas promulgated by the church. The Master did not intend to subordinate the religious life of His disciples to any ecclesiastical institution, and His unsparing denunciation of the methods of the scribes and Pharisees in comparison with the prayer in the closet points rather to the

individual development of the inner life, the "better righteousness" unhampered by ecclesiastical influences.

The basis of the authority of the church, then, rests upon the idea of the temporary nature of the mundane world, its impending destruction at a date not in the remote future, the necessity for men to be prepared for the coming change by a life in accordance with the commands of Christ, which commands could only be known by appeal to the delegated knowledge of the bishops of the church. The inevitable result was a closed system of ecclesiastical doctrine which was invaluable in the early Middle Ages, beginning with the conquest of Rome by the Goths. The method of authority was indispensable in the development of those rude peoples of the North, and for centuries it upheld the state by its influence. But it had the inherent defect of not being able to adapt itself to the changes which came upon Europe with the scientific, industrial and political developments of the past two centuries. The "end of the world" has receded to a future so remote that it no longer engages the attention of men immersed in the complexities of our modern civilization. The revelations of modern science, the far-reaching effects of the idea of evolution, the supplanting of the Ptolemaic by the Copernical astronomy, the opening up of the western hemispheres—all these radical changes, so inconceivable to the mind of the early Christian—have undermined the foundations of the old ideas as to the church, and a new dispensation is inevitable. The church is no longer looked upon as a supernatural institution; its members are free to modify its teaching as seems best to each sect or denomination. This can mean only one thing: that, though each sect may claim a divine source for its theology, the determination whether or not that source be truly divine rests with the human mind. It really puts an end to the old order; and, now that the new is fairly under way, the attitude of the church toward the changed conditions becomes of prime importance, not only to herself—for her very existence depends upon it—but to mankind at large. Some organization of a religious nature is necessary as the outward and visible sign of a true inward and spiritual unity. In ancient religions the temples were the centres of religious life, as are the churches in our own day; but in all the great religions of old there was the inner aspect, the esoteric teaching, bearing to the outer much the same relation that Gnosticism bore to the church in its day. It is here that the ecclesiastical organizations in the twentieth century are lacking, for the religion they teach makes its appeal to the heart and not to the mind. To be effective, it must touch all sides of human nature. In our day it must lead, rather than follow, when scientific discovery points out a new path to truth.

Such an opportunity lies before the church at this very moment. Within her pale are earnest souls who have caught a glimpse of

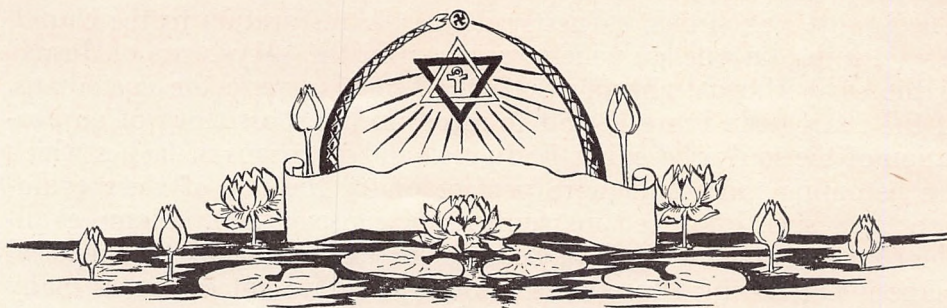
ancient truths in their modern presentation through the teaching of Theosophy. Such men earnestly desire the restoration to the church of that inner knowledge which was given in the "Mysteries of Jesus" in the early church, and of which the Gnostics were the custodians. If the church can bring herself to recognize the possibility of an evolution of the soul proceeding *pari passu* and by means of bodies which are becoming more and more perfect under the law of their evolution; that such improved instruments of consciousness become available for every human being, because his experience of the physical plane is not confined to one little inadequate life but embraces many a life in flesh; that as he returns to earthly conditions after the rest and refreshment of the soul in subtler worlds he clothes himself with such a form as he has by his past efforts fitted himself to use; that what he will have each time depends upon the working of an unalterable law of cause and effect; and, finally, if the church can add to this teaching that of practical brotherhood, which is being exemplified in many ways by selfless workers for humanity who labor outside of her fold, then she will need but one more tenet to draw all sorts and conditions of men to her—the doctrine that the study of the "Garment of God," the natural world about us, is as truly one of the paths that lead to Him as is the contemplation of spiritual things.

It is along such lines, and such lines only, that the development of our modern civilization can safely proceed. As Professor Gerald Smith says, in his *Social Idealism and the Changing Theology*:

The summons comes to a work of theological reconstruction which shall enable Christianity to make its contribution to our developing modern civilization. To feel that this work is not destructive, but constructive in the true sense; to feel that it is not less religious than the old, but that it is making religion more real for us—this is the primary essential. We need not apologize for our undertaking. The time has come when the secular forces for reform are crying loudly for the aid which can come only from a religious idealism. If Christian theology shall respond to this modern ethical summons, the day of its welcome is not far off."

If the church be able to recognize her present opportunity, her future will be such that sporadic efforts, like the "Go-to-church Sunday" campaign, will be unnecessary.





WORLD-TEACHERS OF THE ARYAN RACE

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

(Continued from page 582)

Then that Mighty One returned to earth but once more, to become the Lord Buddha and to found the religion that still out-numbers any other faith on earth. And then He passed away, never again to take a mortal form, and handed on the duty of the world-teaching to His Brother, who had come side by side with Him through many ages, to Him who is the World-Teacher of today, the great Lord Maitreya whom Christendom calls the Christ. And between these two, identical in thought, identical in teaching, there was yet a difference of temperament that colored all They taught, for He who became the Buddha is known as the Lord of Wisdom and He who was the Christ is known as the Lord of Love—one teaching the law, calling on men for right understanding, for right thinking; the other seeing in love the fulfilling of the law, and seeing in love the very face of God.

Annie Besant.

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

By Mary T. Dunbar

THE very name of Buddha inspires five hundred millions of hearts today with deepest reverence, aspiration and adoring love, for the followers of that great Teacher outnumber those of any other who has taught on earth. In the study of His life and teachings one is confronted with such an embarrassment of riches in splendid literature that it is a difficult task to give a condensed account of so vast a subject.

*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.

He who is known today throughout the world as the Buddha was born in May, 625 B. C., the Prince Siddhartha Gautama of Kapilavastu, about a hundred miles northeast of Benares in India, near the Himalayas. The exact spot of His birth has been identified beyond question, discovered in the jungle of the Nepal Terai where a stone pillar, erected by the mighty Buddhist sovereign Asoka, marks the very spot. Prince Siddhartha was the son of Suddhodana, the king of the Sakyas, and his wife, Queen Maya.

His birth is surrounded by beautiful legends, as is the case in the births of all the great religious Teachers. It is related that when He was born a wonderful star appeared, as was afterwards told with regard to the birth of Christ. His father, King Suddhodana, had the child's horoscope cast immediately after his birth, and a remarkable and transcendent destiny was predicted for him. It was said that a great choice lay before him, either to become a king of much wider temporal power than his father or to renounce all his great worldly privileges and birth and become a homeless ascetic and, through this renunciation, the greatest religious Teacher the world has ever seen, with a following of millions, a greater number than the subjects of any earthly kingdom.

The records of the childhood of the Prince Siddhartha recount the wonderful natural wisdom with which he was endowed. When but a child he seemed to understand all arts and sciences almost without study. He had the best instructors, but they could teach him nothing that he could not comprehend immediately.

Perhaps it can hardly be thought strange that the king shrank from the idea of a life of poverty and hardship for his son which, according to his horoscope, had been pointed out as a possible choice in his more mature years, and so he was brought up in the luxuries and splendors of his father's court, surrounded with all that could minister to his delight in every possible way. Only the young and the beautiful were allowed to approach him, and any who were sick and suffering were sedulously kept out of his sight. When sixteen years of age he married the Princess Yasodhara, and his father built him three magnificent palaces, surrounded by parks and gardens of the utmost beauty. It was hoped that his marriage would entirely fill the prince's life; yet it is recorded that all the while, at intervals, remembrances of other lives would rise in his mind and some faint presage of a mighty duty unfulfilled would trouble his repose. And truly, throughout numberless births and eons of years he had been cultivating a boundless love for all beings, with the unfaltering determination to become a Buddha. [It might be well to state here that "Buddha" is the name of a condition of mind after it has reached the culmination of development, and it means "enlightenment," or "he who has the all-perfect wisdom."]

As the prince grew older he insisted upon passing into the outer world and seeing something of life other than his own. In this way for the first time he came in contact with old age, with sickness and with death, and he sorrowed greatly over the sad destiny of his fellow men. At last, in his twenty-ninth year, he definitely abandoned his princely rank, leaving all his wealth in the hands of his wife and son, and betook himself to the jungle as an ascetic. No one in this present world-period has ever made so great a sacrifice—palaces, riches, luxuries, his kingdom, beloved wife and only son. For this reason Buddhists love him supremely and strive to be like him. Others have renounced the things of this world, but his supreme unselfishness and love for humanity showed themselves in his renouncing the bliss of Nirvana countless ages ago, when he was born as the Brahman Sumidha, in the time of the Dipankara Buddha. He had then reached the stage where he might have entered Nirvana had he not loved mankind more than himself. This renunciation of Nirvana implied his voluntarily enduring the miseries of earthly lives until he became Buddha, for the sake of teaching all beings the way to emancipation from earthly miseries and to give rest to the world.

Under the operation of the law of eternal causation, a Buddha takes birth at intervals, when mankind has become plunged in misery through ignorance and is in need of the wisdom which it is the function of a Buddha to teach. A Buddha is developed when a person, seeing and hearing one of the Buddhas on earth, becomes fired with the determination to so live that at some future time, when he shall have become fitted for it, he also will be a Buddha for the guiding of humanity out of the cycle of rebirth. He thus gradually becomes fitted for this throughout that birth, and in every succeeding birth he tries to subdue his passions, to gain wisdom by experience and to develop his higher faculties. During this development he is called Bodhisattva.

Thus the Prince Siddartha Gautama was a Bodhisattva up to the moment when, under the Bodhi-tree at Gaya, he became Buddha. This enlightenment was experienced six years after he had passed from one teacher among the Brahmans of the Hindu religion to another, seeking in vain to learn from them the true solution to the problems of life and a remedy for the misery of the world. The doctrine of the Brahmans seems to have been that only through the most rigid asceticism and heavy self-imposed penances could one hope to escape from the heritage of sorrow and suffering. All their systems failed to satisfy him and he yearned for something greater, truer and more real beyond.

This rigorous asceticism finally told upon his health, and one day he fainted from hunger and lay almost at the point of death. Thus he realized that this severe method might be the way out of the world,

but it could not bring life into the world. Finding all ascetic practices of no avail, he seated himself under the Bodhi-tree in deep meditation, resolved not to arise therefrom until he had solved the riddle of life, and at last there was unfolded to him the wonderful scheme of evolution and the true destiny of man. Thus he became the Buddha, the



THE SACRED BODHI TREE, CEYLON.

From a crayon drawing in "*Wanderbilder*"

By Prof. Ernst Haeckel

Enlightened, and went out to share with His fellow men this marvelous knowledge that He had gained. He preached in His own tongue, Pali; and His first sermon is still preserved.

He set forth before His hearers what He called "The Middle Path." He taught that extremes in either direction were irrational and that the middle path of Truth and Duty was the one for all; that a good, true and spiritual life is possible for the man who goes about his daily work in the world. Yet he also taught that a life devoted entirely to spirituality is the highest path for those who have reached that point of development. Once, when asked if He could

embody His doctrine in one verse of four lines, in reply He spoke as follows:

Cease to do evil;
Learn to do well;
Cleanse your own heart.
This is the religion of the Buddhas.

Buddhism has no creed and is the only belief which is entirely free from dogma, ceremony and priestcraft. The Buddha taught that each man is absolutely the creator of himself and of his own destiny.

His teaching recognized the different types of men and the need of some of them for fuller knowledge than would be comprehended by others. While it is true that He evidently taught everything freely, it is certain that the real basis of the Great Law can only be understood by those who have perfected their powers of comprehension. He spoke in parables and recited stories for the unenlightened masses and gave deeper teaching to the more advanced, even as did the great Christian Teacher. He also laid down explicit instructions for the government of the monks of His order and gave philosophical and psychical teaching for the highest order of minds.



From *The Theosophist*.

· BUDDHAS OF THE TJANDI MENDUT

And here it may be well to correct a statement which has been quite generally given out—that the ethical side of the teachings of Buddhism is all that the Buddha gave to the world. Mrs. Besant calls Buddhism the daughter of Hinduism and that religion, we are told, was a system given by occultists, rishis, to whom the invisible world was a matter of actual knowledge, and those fitted for it were gradually trained into a knowledge of that higher plane of consciousness. It is said in India that every Buddha has a revealed and a mystic doctrine, and also that in the last years of His life Gautama Buddha gave His most secret teaching to His advanced followers and to the rishis, and at the time when the Mohammedans overran

northern India, destroying Buddhist temples, what books they could find, and even some of the followers of that religion, these secret teachings were carried by the Buddhists into China and Tibet and secreted in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Himalayas. Today the Southern Church follows the more ethical teachings given to the masses. It is also interesting that Madame Blavatsky states in *Isis Unveiled* that the once universal religion was what she terms pre-historic Buddhism, which antedated the Vedaic ages and was carried to perfection by the last of the Buddhas, Gautama.

This great Teacher, in His first sermon, commenced the recital of His "Four Noble Truths." These represent four links in a chain of reasoning, the whole thing so arranged that a single word at once calls up to the mind of any student the whole argument, and even the least intelligent who had once learned the chain of reasoning could not forget one of the links. These four truths are:

1. Sorrow;
2. The Cause of Sorrow;
3. The Ceasing of Sorrow;
4. The Path to the Ceasing of Sorrow.

He also gave what are called "The Five Precepts," the *Panchasila*, or the five commandments. They are:

1. I observe the precept to refrain from the destruction of life.
2. I observe the precept to refrain from taking that which is not mine.
3. I observe the precept to refrain from unlawful intercourse.
4. I observe the precept to refrain from falsehood.
5. I observe the precept to refrain from using intoxicating liquors or stupifying drugs.

The Buddha established an order of monks called "The Order of the Yellow Robe." This Order is in many ways not unlike the Christian monastic orders. In it, as in them, the monks are vowed to poverty and chastity, but in the Buddhist rule no one is permitted to take vows in perpetuity as is done in the Christian orders. In Burma it is the custom for all the male population to put on the robes, for a short time at least, during some portion of their lives and many thus become permanent members of the Order.

The Buddha taught that the goal of this Path was Nirvana, about which there has been a widespread misunderstanding. Max Muller, that great student of Sanskrit literature, held for many years that Nirvana was equivalent to annihilation, though later in life, after wider and deeper study, he came to understand and acknowledge that in this he had been mistaken.

The Buddha, it is stated, taught and preached many years after

attaining Nirvana. What, then, is Nirvana? What did the Buddha Himself say?

First, that none could know it at first hand who did not live the perfect life. It was not a mere question of intellectual grasp; one might speculate about it, but could not know it without living the life. There are experiences possible to the human soul that no mere intellect will ever analyze without proving their impossibility—and yet they *are*. It is said that one not steeped in the *Upanishads*, who does not feel what Plato meant by his "Noumenal World of Ideas," can see anything but a negation of existence in Nirvana. Anything that is superpersonal, beyond our limited personal sense of individuality, at once becomes unreal, or a vague, unindividual, diluted, unconscious existence. Whatever Nirvana is, one negative definition can be given of it—it is *not* annihilation. When a monk, after a long discourse on spiritual matters, gives at the end the traditional benediction, "May you all attain Nirvana," and the people say in response, "Amen, Amen," they surely have no conception of Nirvana as nothingness, as cessation of being.

Mr. Leadbeater says that Nirvana has for ages been the term employed in the East to convey the idea of the highest spiritual attainment. To reach Nirvana is to pass beyond humanity, to gain a level of peace and bliss far beyond earthly comprehension. We learn from *The Secret Doctrine* that the Buddha taught a life of absolute selflessness, total absence of self-desire, as the way to the highest attainment, Nirvana; that is, annihilation, though not of the individuality but of the lower self and, through this, the realization of a higher individuality which makes for the peace of the world. This exalted consciousness, this exceedingly elevated spiritual condition, is the goal appointed for human evolution during this eon, or dispensation. It is to become an Adept, a man who is something more than man.

H. Fielding Hall, in *The Soul of a People*, has given an interesting account of the practical effect of Buddhism upon its votaries. But the Buddhist turns to Edwin Arnold's poem *The Light of Asia* as the only book in a western tongue which conveys a correct idea of the Buddhism that he knows and loves, not that of dry sacred scriptures in a dead language but the real living Buddhism of today. Why does the Buddhist turn from the magnificent rendition of Germany, England and France to the work of a poet? It is because to the learned professors of the West Buddhism is a system of philosophy, a religion, a morality, a splendid intellectualism, but to the Buddhist in a Buddhist land, Buddhism is Buddha! None but those born in the East can even dimly realize how the personality of Gautama, the Buddha, has stamped itself on the imagination of the people, with what awe, reverence, love and gratitude men and women regard Him whose constant assertion was that He was a man and

what all men could become. Imagination has played around His personality with hymns of praise and adoration, trying to realize the sublimity and tenderness of His character. By hundreds of names they try to express this deep emotion. He is to them the King of Righteousness, the Master, the Blessed One, Lord of the World; yet they believe that He was a man, as all men, and not to be worshiped as divine in ways that He did not share with his fellow men.

This mighty World-Teacher preached for forty-five years and when He died, at the age of eighty, His disciples said: "So passed away the great and loving Teacher, who never spoke an angry or a cruel word." Forests of flowers are daily laid upon His stainless shrines and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula: "I take refuge in Buddha."

Mr. Leadbeater says: "Perhaps of all the great religions it is Buddhism which comes closest to the true Theosophical attitude." And Sir Edwin Arnold remarks: "This venerable religion has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom."

The doctrine of compassionate kindness ennobles Buddhism and gives it its exalted place among the religions of the world. The importance of this doctrine is emphasized in the giving of the name "Maitri," or "Lord Maitreya," the Compassionate One, to the Bodhisattva, the Great One, the Christ, the blessed Buddha yet to be.



Now the Blessed One called the brethren and said: "Where, O brethren, is Ananda?"

And one of the brethren went and called Ananda. And Ananda came and said to the Blessed One: "Deep darkness reigned for want of wisdom; the world of sentient creatures was groping for want of light; then the Tathagata lit up the lamp of wisdom, and now it will be extinguished again ere he has brought it out."

And the Blessed One said to the venerable Ananda, as he sat there by his side:

"Enough, Ananda! Do not let yourself be troubled; do not weep! Have I not already, on former occasions, told you that it is in the very nature of all things most near and dear unto us that we must separate from them and leave them?"

"The foolish man conceives the idea of self, the wise man sees there is no ground on which to build the idea of self; thus he has a right conception of the world and well concludes that all compounds amassed by sorrow will be dissolved again but the truth will remain.

"Why should I preserve this body of flesh, when the body of the excellent law will endure? I am resolved; having accomplished my purpose and attended to the work set me, I look for rest! This is the one thing needed.

"For a long time, Ananda, have you been very near to me by thoughts and acts of such love as never varies and is beyond all measure. You have done well, Ananda! Be earnest in effort and you too shall soon be free from the great evils, from sensuality, from selfishness, from delusion, and from ignorance!"

And Ananda, suppressing his tears, said to the Blessed One: "Who shall teach us when thou art gone?"

And the Blessed One replied: "I am not the first Buddha who came upon earth, nor shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha will arise in the world, a Holy One, a supremely enlightened One, endowed with wisdom in conduct, auspicious, knowing the universe, an incomparable leader of men, a master of angels and mortals. He will reveal to you the same eternal truths which I have taught you. He will preach his religion, glorious in its origin, glorious at the climax, and glorious at the goal, in the spirit and in the letter. He will proclaim a religious life, wholly perfect and pure; such as I now proclaim. His disciples will number many thousand, while mine number many hundred."

Ananda said: "How shall we know him?"

The Blessed One said: "He will be known as Maitreya, which means 'he whose name is kindness.'"

—From *The Gospel of Buddha*.

SIMONY

By Charles Lazenby



SIMONY is defined as "the traffic in sacred things." In the eighth chapter of *The Acts of the Apostles* a story is told of a controversy between Simon Magus and the apostle Peter. It is from this incident that the name "simony" is derived. Many earnest students and lovers of the ancient teachers and initiates into hidden wisdom think that this story is in itself a lie, that it is one of the many falsities projected through prejudice in the early Christian centuries by some unscrupulous bigot against Simon Magus, one of the noblest and purest teachers of the ancient wisdom. Nevertheless, although the incident is probably false, Peter's reply in the story is absolutely true and in keeping with pure occult tradition in all ages. In its very nature it is the answer which all true teachers must give to those who would seek to buy spiritual instruction and powers. It is undoubtedly the answer Simon Magus himself would have given. The white and golden knowledge never has been nor ever can be bought and sold. Peter's words are:

Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.

Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God.

This answer should be held very clearly in the mind of every Shramana, of every Brahmana, of everyone who is beyond the probationary stage in the occult life.

No true Brahmana, no true disciple of the ever-living Christ, no true Yogi, no follower of the Path, no devotee who humbly partakes from the alms-bowl of Buddha, no knight of the Holy Grail who has drunk from that Cup, no spiritual Guru, no true Theosophist, can ever sell spiritual mysteries nor can any true teacher refuse to any seeker the teaching sought, through any consideration of money. Indeed, if consideration of financial or other reward or advantage enter the teacher's mind as a barrier to spiritual instruction, by that very consideration he ceases to be a true teacher and his instruction loses its vitality and becomes dead.

No spiritual message has ever been given by word of mouth to any hearer or seeker in which there was any question of payment or barter. In giving the gift, the message, the teaching, there is an overflowing joy, and the thought of receiving anything in return is abhorrent; it is impossible if the message has the true spiritual quality. Any human being who has evolved far enough to be a teacher, and who is truly initiated into the custodianship of the Christ Mystery, knows absolutely that the law of karma adjusts with unerring sight all the needs of the personality; he knows that it is forbidden to take thought for the morrow and, further, he knows that any thought of money or any obstacle to the progress of the seeker in the way of charges or fees is false and belongs to the world of barren illusion. The true teacher saith always: "Come unto me and I will *give* you rest." The gifts of God are without money and without price.

"Seek and ye shall find." But the seeker must remember that to obtain this rest he in his turn must give—not sell—what he can to those who need what he has to give. The realm of the Spirit is a realm of free giving and in it there is neither buying nor selling. In the Eastern scriptures you will find it stated that no spiritual message is given to one who approaches without the sacrificial fuel in his hands. The unspiritual priesthood and deluded teachers have interpreted this to mean offerings to the teacher, and it has become perverted by the exoteric ritualists to serve the eye-doctrine in the East in the same manner as the saying of Jesus—filled with irony—that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" has been made to serve the eye-doctrine in the West. The sacrifice referred to is not a sacrifice to the teacher but an attitude of mind, a willingness to surrender the whole being to the ideal presented by the teacher. This attitude of mind is the true attitude to adopt in approaching any spiritual ideal, for it is essentially the nature of spirituality to be filled with love and, as Narada says, "Love can never be made to serve personal desires; its nature is complete renunciation."

Every inch of barrier built through personal prejudice, through selfish desire, through love of ease and comfort, through personal ambition, through attachment to possessions—whether those possessions


be self-conscious virtue, mental attainment, or worldly goods—every inch has to be torn down and the Path left free and clear-stretching before the pilgrim can step into it. “For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life *for My sake*”—and he who gives a glass of cold water to one of the least of His little ones does it unto Him—“the same shall find it.”

The giving is thus on the part of the disciple as on the part of the teacher. Woe will follow that seeker who thinks to buy, and woe will follow that teacher who thinks to sell, the gifts of God.

If one ask: “What, then, may be sold by a religious teacher?” the answer is: “Anything a teacher thinks he has a right to sell he can sell”; because the problem would never arise for him if he had been truly initiated into the White Brotherhood of Teachers. If a sincere but uninitiated man ask regarding his livelihood, let such an one realize clearly that the message of the One Master is the guarantee at all times of the protection of the body and personality of the messenger. The word of the White Lodge has gone forth through the ages and its law is unalterable in our humanity: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat. Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

“Arise! Awake! Seek out the Great Ones and get understanding!”

AN AFFIRMATION TO THE CHRIST.



Oh Thou who art the freshness of the morn in balmy June,
 The fragrance of the roses in the joy of open noon,
 The bliss of Nature brooding at the full of perfect day,
 The wisdom of the Counselor beloved upon the way,
 The strength of Comrade trusted to retrace the Path of yore,
 We hold Thee, we enfold Thee, in our hearts forevermore.

Annie C. McQueen.

PYTHAGORAS

GREEK PHILOSOPHER; FOUNDER OF A BROTHERHOOD
AT CROTONA; INITIATE TEACHER

By Isabel B. Holbrook

(Continued from page 507)

Of the Transmigration of the Soul.

WHat he delivered to his Auditors (saith ^a Porphyrius) none can certainly affirm, for there was a great and strict silence observed amongst them; but the most known are these: First, he said, that the Soul is immortal; then, that it enters into other kinds of living creatures. [Or, as Laertius expresseth it, He first asserted, That the Soul passing through the circle of Necessity, lives at severall times in different living creatures.] Moreover, that after some periods, the same things that are now generated are generated again, and that nothing is simply New; and that we ought to esteem all animals creatures to be of the same kind with us. These doctrines Pythagoras seems to have brought first into Greece. ^b Diodorus Siculus affirms, he learn'd them of the Egyptians; ^c They were the first who asserted, that the Soul of man is immortal, and the body perishing, it alwaies passeth into another body; and when it hath run through all things terrestriall, marin^r, volatile, it again entereth into some generated human body. Which circuit is compleated in three thousand years. This opinion (adds Herodotus) some of the Greeks have usurped as their own, some more antient, others later; whose names knowingly I omit.

Pythagoras, (saith Theodoret) Plato, Plotinus, and the rest of that Sect, acknowledging Souls to be immortal, asserted, That they are præexistent to bodies, that there is an innumerable company of Souls; that those which transgresse are sent down into bodies, so as, being purify'd by such discipline, they may return to their own place. That those which, whilst they are in bodies, lead a wicked life, are sent down farther into irrational creatures, hereby to receive punishment and right expiation; the angry and malicious into Serpents, the ravenous into Woolves, the audacious into Lions, the fraudulent into Foxes; and the like.

This assertion he defended by many instances, particularly of himself. ¹ *Heraclides relates*, that he said, *He had been in former times Æthalides, esteemed the son of Mercury, [a powerfull Oratour, who wrote two Treatises, the one Mournefull, the other Pleasant; so that, like Democritus and Heraclius, he bewailed and derided the instability of life, and was said to die and live from day to day] and that Mercury had him request whatsoever he would, immortality onely excepted. That he desired, that he might preserve the remembrance of all actions, alive and dead; whereupon he remembered all things whilst he lived, and after death retained the same memory. That afterwards he came to be Euphorbus, and was slain by Menelaus. Now Euphorbus said, that he had been in former times Æthalides, and that he had received this gift from Mercury, to know the migration of the soul, as it past from one body to another, and into what plants and animals it migrated; and what things his soul suffered after death, and what other souls suffered. Euphorbus dying, his soul passed into Hermotimus, who desiring to professe who he was, went to the Branchidæ, and coming into the Temple of Apollo, shewed the shield which Menelaus had hung up there, [but ⁿ Porphyrius and ^o Jamblichus affirm, it was dedicated (together with other Trojan spoils) to Argive Juno, in her Temple at Mycena] for he said, That at his return from Troy, he had dedicated that shield to Apollo, it being then old, and nothing remaining but the Ivory stock. As soon as Hermotimus died, he became Pyrrhus, a sither-man of Delus; and again remembered all things, how he had been first Æthalides, then Euphorbus, then Hermotimus, and lastly Pyrrhus. When Pyrrhus died, he became Pythagoras, and remembered all that we have said. Others relate, that he said, he had been first Euphorbus; secondly, Æthalides; thirdly, Hermotimus; fourthly, Pyrrhus; and lastly, Pythagoras. ^p *Clearchus and Dicaarchus*, that he had been first Euphorbus; then, Pyrande; then, Calliclea; then a beautifull Curtezian, named Alce. ^q *For this reason, of all Homer's Verses, he did especially praise these, and set them to the Harp, and often repeat them as his own Epicedium.**

We are our own children—Pythagoras

The soul was not then imprisoned in a gross mortal body, as it is now; it was united to a luminous, heavenly, ethereal body, which served it as a vehicle to fly through the air, rise to the stars, and wander over all the regions of immensity.

—Pythagoras, in *Travels of Cyrus*.

Death has no power th' immortal soul to slay,
That, when its present body turns to clay,
Seeks a fresh home, and with unlesened might
Inspires another frame with life and light.

* * * * *

Souls cannot die. They leave a former home,
And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.
Nothing can perish, all things change below,
For spirits through all forms may come and go.
Good beasts shall rise to human forms, and men,

If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again.
Thus, through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go
And thus fulfil its destiny below.

* * * * *

All things are but altered, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
By time and force or sickness dispossessed
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.

—Pythagoras, in Dryden's *Ovid*.

What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?
That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
What thinkest thou of his opinion?
I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

—Shakespeare.



FROM the dawn of history, the belief in the transmigration of the soul—or reincarnation—has prevailed among the larger part of humanity with the unshaken intensity of conviction. Over the nations of the East it has held permanent sway. Ancient Egypt built up its grand civilization upon that truth as on a foundation-stone; its priest-teachers taught it as a precious secret to Pythagoras, Empedocles, Plato, Virgil and Ovid; by them it was scattered through Greece and Italy. We have given above, in the original of Stanley's *History of Philosophy*, the chapter on the teaching of

Pythagoras on this subject. You will see that he stands on record as remembering his former existences in the persons of the herald Æthalides; the Trojan Euphorbus; Hermotimus of Clazomenæ; and others, and, secondly, we find the ground, perhaps, for the close association of the sage of Crotona with the false doctrine—or false interpretation of the doctrine—that souls sometimes descend into lower animals, that there is a wandering of human souls through brute forms.

Of the first point we need speak but shortly. Himself an initiate (and thus with power and memory able to span his cycle of lives) and receiving his instructions and training from the greatest teachers of the Wisdom then on earth (and on higher planes from the White Lodge itself), his statements are clear-cut and admit really of no argument. But of the second point above mentioned, more can and should be said. Plato later seems to endorse this same view. Plotinus plainly says:

Those who have exercised human faculties are born again as men. Those who have used only their senses go into the bodies of brutes, and especially into those of ferocious beasts, if they have yielded to bursts of anger; so

that even in this case, the difference between the bodies that they animate conforms to the difference of their propensities. Those who have sought only to gratify their lust and appetite pass into the bodies of lascivious and gluttonous animals. Finally, those who have degraded their senses by disuse are compelled to vegetate in the plants. Those who have loved music to excess and yet have lived pure lives, go into the bodies of melodious birds. Those who have ruled tyrannically become eagles. Those who have spoken lightly of heavenly things, keeping their eyes always turned toward heaven, are changed into birds which always fly toward the upper air. He who has acquired civic virtues becomes a man; if he has not these virtues he is transformed into a domestic animal, like the bee.

It is difficult, really impossible, to determine, from what we have, what the views of Pythagoras were. We have of his own words only some aphorisms of practical wisdom and some symbolic sentences; from his disciples a few fragments—all devoid of the grotesque hypotheses generally ascribed to him. So, although his name has been synonymous with the transmigration of human souls through animal bodies, it is probable that it was used as an exoteric robe to conceal the inner and Theosophic truth of reincarnation—one that ethically could be used with the ignorant (the profane). It appears to have been necessary to use this gross, grotesque phrasing of a solemn and beautiful truth for the younger souls of humanity in the developing of their characters and in inbuilding into their natures a reverence for all creatures.

That reverence still holds in the East; the Hindu regards everything in the vast jungle of illusion as a human soul in disguise. Their earliest code of teachings—the Laws of Manu—includes it:

For sinful acts mostly corporeal, a man shall assume after death a vegetable or mineral form; for such acts mostly verbal, the form of a bird or beast; for acts mostly mental, the lowest of human conditions.

But we should look upon such a presentation as a coarse symbol—doubtless necessary for the time and class—caricaturing the inner vital truth of reincarnation, and based upon the striking resemblance between men and animals in feature, disposition, mien; the intelligence and kindness of the beasts approaching near to human character, the brutality of some men lower than animals, indicating that both were closely enough related to exchange souls—and under all the cosmic truth of evolution of life through form, from lowliest to highest.

The rare humanity of some animals and the notorious animality of some men first suggested the idea of interchanging their souls among the primitive peoples, and has nourished it ever since among the oldest portion of the race as a vulgar illustration of a vital reality.

As the fruits of this idea are beneficial, it was firmly held by the priests and philosophers as a moral fable, through which they popularly taught not only reincarnation but respect for virtue and for life.

If we look deeply into the ancient records, we shall find that the old Egyptian priesthood adopted three styles of teaching all doctrine: (1) a crude shaping of the priestly thought for the vulgar religion of the populace; (2) half-veiled tenets for the priests of the outer temples; and (3) the pure truth for the hierophants of the inner temple, after full initiation. The same triple shaping of the central thought, adapted to the audience, was followed by Pythagoras, Plato and other teachers. And so, as said above, although the name of this great initiate-teacher of Crotona is held in some schools of thought as synonymous with the idea of soul-wandering through animals, a careful study of the fragments of his writings and of his disciples' books, using our own knowledge of the Theosophic teachings on re-incarnation, shows that he stood but for the fact that souls must always, by all the forces of the universe, find expression of their strongest nature, but that it would be as impossible for a gallon to be contained in a pint measure as for a human spirit to inhabit an animal body. His disciple Hierocles put it thus:

The man who has separated himself from a brutal life by the right use of reason, purified himself as much as is possible from excess of passions, and by this become a man from a wild beast, shall become a God from a man, as far as it is possible for a man to become a God. . . . We can only cure our tendency downwards by the power that leads upwards, by a ready submission to God, by a total conversion to the divine law. The end of the Pythagorean doctrine is to be all wings for the reception of divine good, that when the time of death comes we may leave behind us upon earth the mortal body, and be ready girt for our heavenly journey. Then we are restored to our primitive state. This is the most beautiful end.

Stanley has under the *History of Timæus, the Locrian*, one of the later disciples of Pythagoras, a long treatise *Of the Pythagoricall Transmigration*. Timæus denies, in no uncertain words, that his great Master taught this in any literal sense, and says that he meant merely to emphasize that men are assimilated in their vices to the beasts; it was a metaphor, clothing the lowest phase of the real idea of a philosophy which was spiritual evolution.

It all rests in the axiomatic truth that human atoms and emanations traverse the entire round of lower natures. That has been artistically presented in a poem so little familiar to many that we introduce it here. Its merit, the mature keen judgment displayed, its poetical depths become phenomenal when we learn that it was the work of a seventeen-year-old girl—Emma Tatham, by name, of London, England. Between the age of sixteen and that of seventeen and a half she wrote, besides this, other brilliant and exquisite poems, toned in such a vein of lofty piety as if issuing from a deep and wide range of religious experiences. Death cut off this young poet at the very beginning of her brilliant career; we can but see in her the re-

incarnation of some ego who had been in a former life intimately in touch with the great sage of Crotona, her memory of that association not wholly obliterated by her draughts from the Cup of Lethe.

THE DREAM OF PYTHAGORAS

PYTHAGORAS, amidst Crotona's groves,
 One summer eve, sat; whilst the sacred few
 And favored at his feet reclined, entranced,
 Listening to his great teachings. O'er their heads
 A lofty oak spread out his hundred hands
 Umbrageous, and a thousand slant sunbeams
 Played o'er them; but beneath all was obscure
 And solemn, save that, as the sun went down,
 One pale and tremulous sunbeam, stealing in
 Through the unconscious leaves her silent way,
 Fell on the forehead of Pythagoras
 Like spiritual radiance; all else wrapt
 In gloom delicious; while the murmuring wind,
 Oft moving through the forest, as in dreams,
 Made melancholy music. Then the sage
 Thus spoke:

"My children, listen; let the soul
 Hear her mysterious origin and trace
 Her backward path to heaven. 'T was but a dream;
 And yet from shadows may we learn the shape
 And substance of undying truth. Methought
 In vision I beheld the first beginning
 And after-changes of my soul. O joy!
 She is of no mean origin, but sprang
 From loftier source than stars or sunbeams know.
 Yea, like a small and feeble rill that bursts
 From everlasting mountain's coronet,
 And, winding through a thousand labyrinths
 Of darkness, deserts, and drear solitudes,
 Yet never dies but, gaining depth and power,
 Leaps forth at last with uncontrollable might
 Into immortal sunshine and the breast
 Of boundless ocean—so is this my soul.
 I felt myself spring like a sunbeam out
 From the Eternal, and my first abode
 Was a pure particle of light wherein,
 Shrined like a beam in crystal, I did ride
 Gloriously through the firmament on wings
 Of floating flowers, ethereal gems, and wreaths
 Of vernal rainbows. I did paint a rose
 With blush of day-dawn, and a lily-bell
 With mine own essence; every morn I dipt
 My robe in the full sun, then all day long
 Shook out its dew on earth, and was content
 To be unmarked, unworshipped and unknown,
 And only loved of heaven. Thus did my soul

Live spotless like her Source. 'T was mine to illumine
The palaces of nature and explore
Her hidden cabinets and, raptured, read
Her joyous secrets. O return, thou life
Of purity! I flew from mountain-top
To mountain—building rainbow-bridges up—
From hill to hill and over boundless seas:
Ecstasy was such life, and on the verge
Of ripe perfection. But, alas! I saw
And envied the bold lightning, who could blind
And startle nations, and I longed to be
A conqueror and destroyer, like to him.
Methought it was a glorious joy, indeed,
To shut and open heaven as he did,
And have the thunders for my retinue,
And tear the clouds and blacken palaces,
And in a moment whiten sky and sea
And earth; therefore I murmured at my lot,
Beautiful as it was, and that one murmur
Despoiled me of my glory. I became
A dark and tyrant cloud driven by the storm,
Too earthly to be bright, too hard of heart
To drop in mercy on the thirsty land;
And so no creature loved me. I was felt
A blot where'er I came. Fair Summer scorned
And spurned me from her blueness, for—she said—
I would not wear her golden fringe and so
She could not rank me in her sparkling train.
Soft Spring refused me, for she could not paint
Her rainbows on a nature cold as mine,
Incapable of tears. Autumn despised
One who could do no good. Dark Winter frowned,
And numbered me among his ruffian host
Of racers. Then unceasingly I fled
Despairing through the murky firmament,
Like a lone wreck athwart a midnight sea,
Chased by the howling spirits of the storm,
And without rest. At last one day I saw,
In my continual flight, a desert blank
And broad beneath me, where no water was;
And there I marked a weary antelope,
Dying for thirst, all stretched out on the sand,
With her poor trembling lips in agony
Pressed to a scorched-up spring; then, then, at last,
My hard heart broke and I could weep. At once
My terrible race was stopped and I did melt
Into the desert's heart, and with my tears
I quenched the thirst of the poor antelope.
So, having poured myself into the dry
And desolate waste, I sprang up a wild flower
In solitary beauty. There I grew
Alone and feverish, for the hot sun burned
And parched my tender leaves, and not a sigh

Came from the winds. I seemed to breathe an air
 Of fire, and had resigned myself to death,
 When lo! a solitary dewdrop fell
 Into my burning bosom; then, for joy,
 My spirit rushed into my lovely guest
 And I became a dewdrop. Then once more
 My life was joyous, for the kingly sun
 Carried me up into the firmament
 And hung me in a rainbow, and my soul
 Was robed in seven bright colors and became
 A jewel in the sky.

“So did I learn
 The first great lessons; mark ye them, my sons.
 Obedience is nobility; and meek
 Humility is glory; self alone
 Is base and pride is pain; patience is power;
 Beneficence is bliss. And now, first brought
 To know myself and feel my littleness,
 I was to learn what greatness is prepared
 For virtuous souls, what mighty war they wage,
 What vast impossibilities o’ercome,
 What kingdoms and infinitude of love
 And harmony and never-ending joy,
 And converse and communion with the great
 And glorious Mind unknown are given to high
 And godlike souls.

“Therefore the winds arose
 And shook me from the rainbow where I hung
 Into the depths of ocean; then I dived
 Down to the coral citadels and roved
 Through crystal mazes, among pearls and gems
 And lovely buried creatures who had sunk
 To find the jewel of eternal life.
 Sweet babes I saw clasped in their mothers’ arms;
 Kings of the north, each with his oozy crown;
 Pale maidens, with their golden streaming hair
 Floating in solemn beauty, calm and still,
 In the deep, silent, tideless wave; I saw
 Young beauteous boys washed down from reeling masts
 By sudden storm; and brothers, sleeping soft,
 Locked in each others’ arms; and countless wealth,
 And curling weed, and treasured knots of hair,
 And mouldering masts, and giant hulls that sank
 With thunder sobbing; and blue palaces
 Where moonbeams, hand in hand, did dance with me
 To the soft music of the surging shells,
 Where all else was at rest. Calm, calm, and hushed
 And stormless were those hidden deeps, and clear
 And pure as crystal. There I wandered long
 In speechless dreamings and well-nigh forgot
 My corporal nature, for it seemed

Melting into the silent infinite
Around me, and I peacefully began
To feel the mighty universe commune
And converse with me, and my soul became
One note in nature's harmony. So sweet
And soothing was that dreamlike ecstasy,
I could have slept into a wave and rolled
Away through the blue mysteries forever,
Dreaming my soul to nothing; I could well
Have drowned my spark of immortality
In drunkenness of peace; I knew not yet
The warrior life of virtue, and the high
And honorable strife and storm that cleanse
And exercise her pinions. I was now
To learn the rapture of the struggle made
For immortality and truth; therefore
The ocean tossed me to his mountain chains,
Bidding me front the tempest; fires of heaven
Were dancing o'er his cataracts and scared
His sounding billows; glorious thunders rolled
Beneath, above, around; the strong winds fought,
Lifting up pyramids of tortured waves,
Then dashing them to foam. I saw great ships
As feathers on the opening sepulchres
And starting monuments,
And the gaunt waves leaped up like fountains fierce
And snatched down frightened clouds, then, shouting, fell
And rose again. I, whirling on their tops,
Dizzy, flew over masts of staggering ships,
Then plunged into black night. My soul grew mad,
Ravished with the intense magnificence
Of the harmonious chaos, for I heard
Music amidst the thunders, and I saw
Measure in all the madness of the waves
And whirlpools; yea, I lifted up my voice
In praise of the Eternal, for I felt
Rocked in His hand, as in a cradling couch,
Rejoicing in His strength; yea, I found rest
In the unbounded roar, and fearless sang
Glad echo to the thunder, and flashed back
The bright look of the lightning, and did fly
On the dark pinions of the hurricane spirit
In rapturous repose; till suddenly
My soul expanded and I sprang aloft
Into the lightning flame, leaping for joy
From cloud to cloud. Then first I felt my wings
Wave into immortality, and flew
Across the ocean with a shouting host
Of thunders at my heels, and lit up heaven
And earth and sea with one quick lamp, and crowned
The mountains with a momentary gold,
Then covered them with blackness. Then I glanced
Upon the mighty city in her sleep,

Pierced all her mysteries with one swift look,
Then bade my thunders shout. The city trembled
And, charmed with the sublime outcry, I paused
And listened.

“Yet had I to rise and learn
A loftier lesson. I was lifted high
Into the heavens, and there became a star;
And on my new-formed orb two angels sat.
The one thus spoke: ‘O spirit, young and pure!
Say, wilt thou be my shrine? I am of old,
The first of all things and of all the greatest;
I am the Sovereign Majesty, to whom
The universe is given, though for a while
I war with rebels strong; my name is Truth.
I am the Spirit of wisdom, love and power,
And come to claim thee; and, if thou obey
My guiding, I will give thee thy desire—
Even eternal life.’ He ceased, and then
The second angel spoke. ‘Ask not, O soul!
My name; I bid thee free thyself, and know
Thou hast the fount of life in thy own breast
And need’st no guiding. Be a child no longer;
Throw off thy fetters and with me enjoy
Thy native independence, and assert
Thy innate majesty. Truth binds not me,
And yet I am immortal; be thou, too,
A god unto thyself.’

“But I had learned
My own deep insufficiency, and gazed
Indignant on the unholy angel’s face
And pierced its false refulgence, knowing well
Obedience only is true liberty
For spirits formed to obey; so best they reign.
Straight the base rebel fled and, ruled by Truth,
I rolled unerring on my shining road
Around a glorious centre, free—though bound,
Because love bound me—and my law became
My life and nature; and my lustrous orb
Pure spirits visited. I wore a light
That shone across infinitude and served
To guide returning wanderers. I sang
With all my starry sisters, and we danced
Around the throne of Time and washed the base
Of high Eternity like golden sands.
There first my soul drank music, and was taught
That melody is part of heaven and lives
In every heaven-born spirit like her breath;
There did I learn that music without end
Breathes, murmurs, swells, echoes and floats and peals
And thunders through creation, and in truth
Is the celestial language and the voice

Of love; and now my soul began to speak
The speech of immortality. But yet
I was to learn a lesson more severe—
To shine alone in darkness and the deeps
Of sordid earth. So did I fall from heaven
Far into night, beneath the mountains' roots
There, as a diamond, burning amidst things
Too base for utterance. Then, alas! I felt
The stirrings of impatience, pining sore
For freedom, and communion with the fires
And majesties of heaven, with whom erewhile
I walked, their equal. I had not yet learned
That our appointed place is loftiest,
However lowly. I was made to feel
The dignity of suffering. O, my sons!
Sorrow and joy are but the spirit's life;
Without these she is scarcely animate.
Anguish and bliss ennoble; either proves
The greatness of its subject and expands
Her nature into power; her every pulse
Beats into new-born force, urging her on
To conquering energy. Then was I cast
Into hot fires and flaming furnaces
Deep in the hollow globe; there did I burn,
Deathless in agony, without murmur,
Longing to die, until my patient soul
Fainted into perfection; at that hour,
Being victorious, I was snatched away
To yet another lesson. I became
A date-tree in the desert, to pour out
My life in dumb benevolence and full
Obedience to each wind of heaven that blew.
The traveler came; I gave him all my shade,
Asking for no reward; the lost bird flew
For shelter to my branches, and I hid
Her nest among my leaves; the sunbeams asked
To rest their hot and weary feet awhile
On me, and I spread out my every arm
To embrace them, fanning them with all my plumes;
Beneath my shade the dying pilgrim fell,
Praying for water; I cool dewdrops caught
And shook them on his lip; I gave my fruit
To strengthen the faint stranger and I sang
Soft echoes to the winds, living in nought
For self but in all things for others' good;
The storm arose, and patiently I bore
And yielded to his tyranny; I bowed
My tenderest foliage to his angry blast
And suffered him to tear it without sigh
And scatter on the waste my all of wealth;
The billowing sands o'erwhelmed me, yet I stood
Silent beneath them; so they rolled away

And, rending up my roots, left me a wreck
Upon the wilderness.

" 'T was thus, my sons,
I dreamed my spirit wandered till, at length,
As desolate I mourned my helpless woe,
My guardian angel took me to his heart,
And thus he said: 'Spirit, well tried and true!
Conqueror I have made thee, and prepared
For human life. Behold! I wave the palm
Of immortality before thine eyes!
'T is thine; it shall be thine, if thou aright
Acquit thee of the part which yet remains
And teach what thou hast learned.'

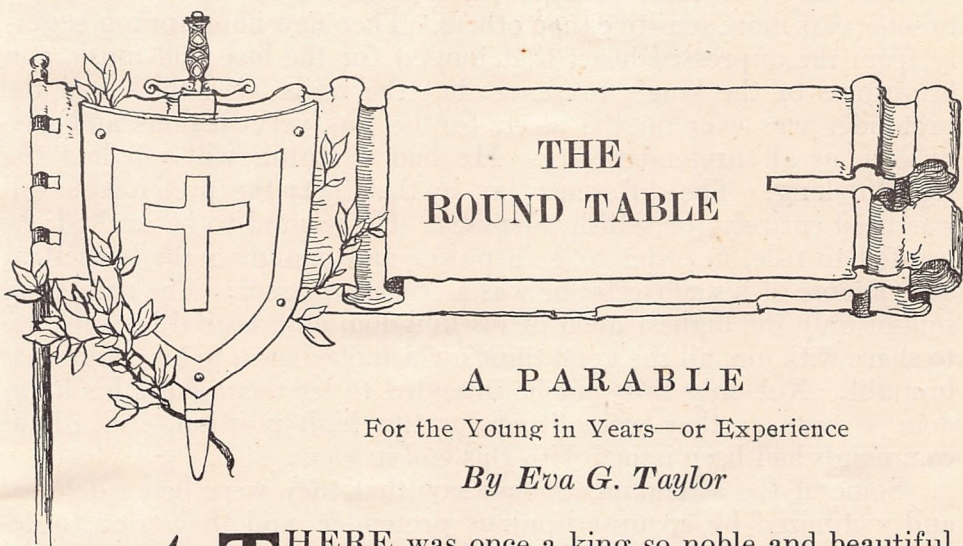
"This said, he smiled
And gently laid me in my mother's arms.
Thus far the vision brought me, then it fled
And all was silence. Ah! 't was but a dream;
This soul in vain struggles for purity;
This self-tormenting essence may exist
For ever; but what joy can being give
Without perfection! vainly do I seek
That bliss for which I languish. Surely yet
The Dayspring of our nature is to come!
Mournful we wait that dawning; until then
We grovel in the dust, in midnight grope,
Forever seeking, never satisfied."

Thus spake the solemn seer, then pausing, sighed,
For all was darkness.



From *Der Gute Kamerad*.

PYTHAGORAS AND HIS SCHOLARS, BY TH. A. BROUNIKOFF



THERE was once a king so noble and beautiful that a luminous light—more glorious than streams from our sun at midday—radiated from his very presence. He loved all his subjects with a deep compassionate love. He desired for them all the best things that his kingdom afforded. He prepared a palace in which it was a delight to dwell. His system of government was so perfect that to execute the least of his commands brought untold gladness and beauty into the life. But one day a pretender to the throne set up a rival kingdom within the city walls and attacked the king's outposts. Then he overcame the king himself and threw him into a dungeon of the castle. This pretender—a

leering, ugly little imp—strutted about in the palace and gave orders, while the king was kept in the dungeon below. None dared refuse him obedience, though they knew that he had no right to the throne.

While he was attempting to rule the wholly disordered kingdom, the real king in his dreary dungeon was trying to let his beautiful light shine out through the one little grating in his cell. He tried to let it shine in order that it might be less dark for his poor attendants, as they passed to and fro in their execution of the pretender's orders. His voice was music itself, and he tried to still some of the discord which reigned supreme within the palace walls. He spoke words of hope and cheer, but his former subjects could not hear. The pretender was incessantly clamoring without, vociferating his petty opin-

ions and bellowing his insane commands. The shuddering courtiers could only obey in silence.

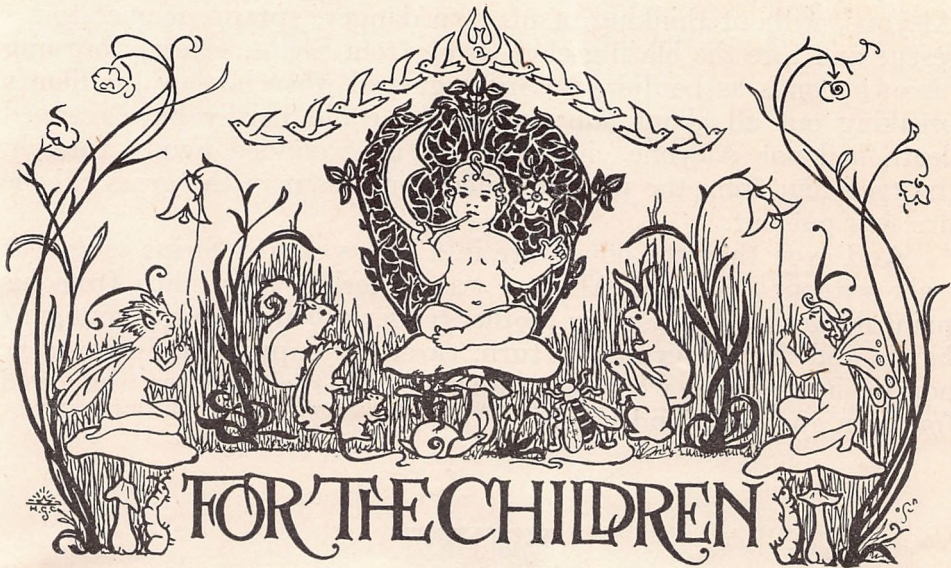
Now and then faint whispers came from the centre of the citadel to some ears more sensitive than others. Then new hope sprang eagerly from the oppressed heart that longed for the love and music and brightness of the king's presence; but the walls were thick and the pretender was ever on the alert, for he was very jealous and suspicious, as all pretenders are. He had a strong will—so had the rightful king. The difference lay in this fact: the pretender's will was used entirely for selfish purposes. He wanted to be exalted; he wanted to rule, in order to gain power and dominion for himself at the expense of his subjects; he was a cruel oppressor. The good king sought only the highest good of his kingdom and desired his subjects to share with him all the good things which obedience to his commands brought. Not only this, but he intended to let them share his kingdom as soon as they were fitted for this high position, and all his commands had been issued with this end in view.

Some of the attendants at last saw that they were being deluded and victimized by an unscrupulous pretender, and they tried to devise means to place the rightful king again on the throne. Others temporized and said: "We cannot help it; we will have to obey the pretender and let him rule over us." So the king remained in his dungeon, and it was the only bright place in the palace. It became a very centre of light instead of a dark dungeon; while in the palace—formerly beautiful—darkness, disorder and confusion reigned. And bye and bye the pretender put his subjects to death, one by one.

Is the ending too sad? Then you may make one for yourself—with the following key:

The king is the Divine Presence within the very centre of the soul. He is alive there, though powerless to act until our will liberates him. The pretender is the personal self, that struts about in defiant pride and claims to be the real self. The subjects and retainers are all the powers and faculties that obey the ugly little imp of self. When we grow stubborn and say: "I must and I shall have my own way," it is not the real Self that says it—it is the pretender, posing as the real king. This personal self is our worst enemy. It tries to divert our powers to its own base uses and will destroy us at last, if we listen to it. The real king—the divine inner Light—wills only our good; love, light, music and beauty fill the life given over to him. Our will power is a force for good when he rules it; a source of trouble and misery for ourselves and others when swayed by the selfish self.

Each may finish out the story for himself. Shall it have a beautiful ending, with the king restored to his own, or shall all the soul's noble powers be put to shameful and ignominious death? Which shall it be?



THE BROTHERS

Adapted from "Rents in the Veil of Time"

By Betelgueuse



SIRIUS and Alcyone were inseparable playmates. There was only two years' difference in their ages, so they played the same games, liked the same things and were always together. Their mother, Selene, was tender and kind, and even when they were quite young often read to them from a great book which was very, very old. They loved to sit at her knee to hear the curious colored diagrams explained by her.

One day, when Alcyone was about twelve years old and he and Sirius were out for a walk in the woods, an accident happened to Sirius which might have ended fatally for both the brothers.

Sirius was running on ahead, and came upon the bed of an old camp-fire. The fire had been built in a shallow pit, but there was nothing on the surface to show that it was not a mere bed of ashes. However, when Sirius sprang upon it he at once sank through the charred mass below, spraining his ankle as he did so. Alcyone, running up, saw that his brother had been injured and saw also, to his great horror, that the supposed ashes retained sufficient heat to ignite his brother's clothing.

Sirius, nursing his wounded ankle and trying to extricate himself from the pit, was quite unconscious that his clothing was on fire; but

Aleyone, without thinking of his own danger, sprang at once to his rescue and tore the blazing cloth away from Sirius, severely burning his own hands as he did so. Sirius gasped when he saw the flames breaking out all about him; indeed, he could hardly have escaped death had not Aleyone, in spite of his wounded hands, forcibly dragged him from the pit and rolled him about in the grass till the fire was put out.

And even then the boys were in a bad way, for Sirius could not walk without help and Aleyone was suffering very much from his painful burns. So the elder brother tenderly bound up the younger's hands and then Aleyone, in turn, carefully supported Sirius as he hopped homewards, where they were met by their mother who cared for them anxiously and wisely.



THE LADYBUG IN THE LADY'S-SLIPPER

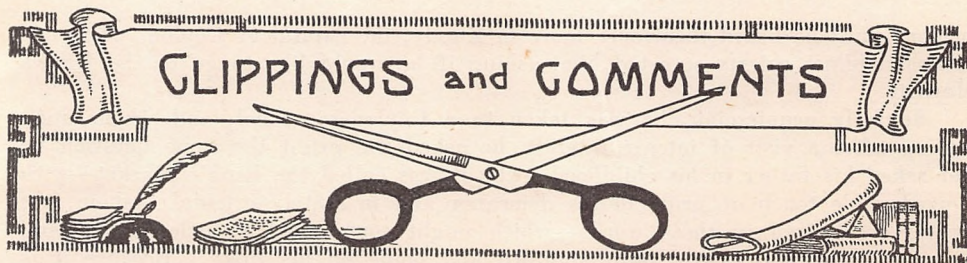
By Minna Kunz



A yellow lady's-slipper,
Like a bright golden dipper,
 Tipped its bowl,
So a passing ladybug
Could come creeping, nice and snug,
 Down the hole.

Then she shook a drop of dew
For a shower-bath, and you
 Should have seen
How the bug's silk robe shone out,
Casting, in the cave about,
 Lights of green.

So may you and all of us,
Without any kind of fuss,
 Creep away,
And in some night-darkened heart
Light a light which will impart
 Brightest day.



ADVERTISING THE CHURCHES

At the Toronto Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, to be held this month (June), the churches of the United States and Canada are to advertise on a large scale. The various church papers are asked to furnish information as to the denomination of their churches, their membership, the quantity of church and educational property owned, et cetera. They are also to send post-cards for decorative purposes, illustrating the church property. All are invited, without restrictions as to denominations.

Everything which tends to break down religious, national or racial barriers is of interest to Theosophists, as also anything which draws men to the Christ life; so that an undenominational union of churches, even for merely advertising purposes, is especially pleasing.

THE KING'S MARKET

All who have read with interest that remarkable little book *Education as Service*, by J. Krishnamurti, will hail with joy every indication that our leading educators are recognizing more and more the spiritual aspect of their profession while not neglecting anything essential along the form aspect of knowledge. The materialism of the nineteenth century is slowly giving way to the spiritualism of the twentieth, and nowhere is it more manifest than in what is emphasized most in the qualification of a teacher. Her attitude towards her profession, her ability to discern the weakest points in individual pupils and willingness to help them at some personal sacrifice, her conscientiousness in the discharge of duties, especially those not "nominated in the bond," these count for far more than proficiency in translating, solving intricate problems or diagramming involved sentences—although the teacher possessed of the former qualities is seldom lacking in all that is essential in the latter.

At a recent convention of the Colorado Teachers' Association, under the department of Higher and Professional Education, an address was given by one of the prominent educators of the state, Dean Hellems of Colorado University, on *The King's Market*, which illustrates so well the spirit of service which is permeating so largely the education of the present—and which I believe will do so to an even greater extent in the future—that I present some of its salient features and give therefrom a few quotations.

The address began with reminiscences of the speaker's boyhood, relating how his early days were spent in a small town and how he delighted to go with his father to the market. Upon one occasion, when he was showing unusual interest in the scenes, his father said: "It's good fun, isn't it, but it's different from the King's Market." When the boy asked what "The King's Market" was, and how it differed from theirs, his father answered only the latter part, saying: "Why, you see in our work-a-day market the seller tries to give as little as he can for his money, but in the King's Market he tries to give as much." The child did not understand nor did the father attempt to clear up the mystery, but the words remained in his

memory until he heard them once more in Kandy, the capital of Ceylon, when one of its Buddhist priests accosted him, asking if he would like to go to the King's Market.

Joyfully acquiescing, he was taken to a Ceylonese school, and when, upon leaving after a visit of intense interest, he asked the priest the same question he had asked his father in his childhood—why it was called the King's Market—with a pardonable touch of pride in his demeanor and in stately oriental fashion, the answer was given in these words—which might sound just a little formal and pedantic to us but seemed only dignified and noble on his lips: "Because it is a place where the mind is without fear and the head is held high; where knowledge is free; where we strive to give rather than to take; where words come out from the depths of truth; where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection; where the mind is led forward into ever widening thought; where the young are prepared for the heaven of freedom that knowledge and virtue alone can give."

"I do not know," said Dean Hellems, "how these words affect you, but it seems to me I have never heard any finer description of the calling that is ours. Since that hour I have never thought of school or college except as 'The King's Market'; and when the day's dull routine benumbs me; when the unending, unimportant tasks wear down my strength; when the bitter sense of failure and defeat weighs hard upon me; then I raise my head from my hands and declare proudly: *'Yet I, too, am a servant in the King's Market, where the mind is without fear and the head is high; where knowledge is free; where we strive to give rather than to take; where words come out from the depths of truth; where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection; where the mind is led forward into ever widening thought; where the young are prepared for the heaven of freedom that knowledge and virtue alone can give.'*"

Fellow Theosophists, let me use the same words to you. "I do not know how these words affect you, but it seems to me I have never heard any finer description of the calling that is *ours*," for I feel that we too are preeminently servants in "The King's Market." Whether educated or not according to the world's standard, each and every one of us who has a knowledge of Theosophic truths should consider it a sacred trust and dedicate it to the service of the King of kings, Teacher of teachers, Server of servers.

—Sarah H. Richards.

THE POEM "STRIVE, AND WAIT, AND PRAY"

This poem, which we published in our April issue as an original, we find to be one of Adelaide Anne Proctor's, an English poetess who died in 1864. That particular poem may be found on page 89 of the 1884 edition of her works.

Now L. C. B. was perfectly honest in her report of the circumstances under which the poem came to her. The experience raises decidedly interesting queries, however. Had she probably heard it long ago and forgotten it until, by some magic through her Christmas night T. R. C. associations, it was recalled from her subconscious mind? Perhaps it can be explained by this of Mrs. Besant's, from page 259 of *A Study in Consciousness*, when, in speaking of how knowledge may reach the brain, she says: "It may have been communicated by some entity on the higher plane, who has acted directly on the mental body," while "the circumstances of the communication may not be remembered." This later hypothesis is peculiarly interesting in this particular case, for the present notice of the poem, brought about by our unconscious plagiarism, put us in possession of the added fact that about ten years ago this same poem was handed around among Theosophists with the whispered intimation that it was the work of one of the Masters—the original mover at that time being likewise perfectly sincere in what he thought were honest statements.

We apologize for our own and L. C. B.'s innocent error in this matter. The