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Theosophical Outlook

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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THE NEW YEAR.

Even in an age that is governed by convention there must be a certain aggressive incongruity in the usual greetings of the season. For there is now no peace on earth nor good-will toward men; and without peace on earth and good-will toward men there can be no happy new year, either here or elsewhere. We may pretend as we will, but there are no national frontier to human life. There are no boundaries and no divisions, no separated interests nor isolated advantages. Nor can tariffs and custom-houses prevent the contagion of human suffering that passes without let or hindrance wherever there are hearts to receive it.

And yet we may find such solace as we can in the reflection that all pain is remedial, and that humanity is still the master of its fate and the captain of its soul. If in its obdurances it can invoke the calamities of Nemesis so also the beatitudes are within its reach. If it can fall to the depths, so also it can rise to the heights. It is the realization of the darkness that proves the presence of the sun, and hope is not alone the memory of the things that have been, but also the promise of the things that shall be. We can conceive of nothing that is beyond our reach nor can we aspire to the unattainable.

And so in the midst of terrors we may remember the counsel given by one of the great sages of humanity, to keep

ever in view the ultimate perfectibility of the race. For this is something more than an exhortation to social piety. It is one of the ways in which progress may be hastened and the goal attained.

A CHANGE.

With this issue "U. L. T." changes its name to "The Theosophical Outlook," and ceases to be connected with any organization whatever. But it does not cease its devotion to the Theosophical Movement, to the Brotherhood of Humanity, and to the Study of Occult Science and Aryan Literature. And its conception of Theosophy is the philosophy promulgated by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875, a philosophy that has now laid its indelible stamp upon the thought of the world, that has given the death blow to materialism, and that has done more for the liberation of the human mind than all other agencies combined.

The initial work of Theosophy may be said to have been destructive as well as constructive. Indeed there can be no constructive work without a preliminary clearing of the ground and burning of rubbish. There could be no advance for a humanity that accepted authority in place of knowledge, that allowed itself to accept as truth the unverified assertions of another. It was the mission of Theosophy to show that knowledge existed, that it was unconditioned and boundless, and that religious creeds were its enemy. If it attacked the ecclesiastical systems of the day it was because

they had forgotten the divinity of man and his potential omniscience.

II. P. Blavatsky gave Theosophy to the world, not that it might be intellectually learned like a language or a science, but that it might be applied to the conduct of life, and that for all who wished it might become the truth that maketh free. No man is necessarily the better for his knowledge of the Theosophical philosophy. Some of the worst enemies that Theosophy has ever had have also been the most learned of its lore. Any man of average intellectual attainments may learn all of Theosophy that has been given to the world, but something more than average qualities are needed by those who would gain mental freedom through Theosophy, who would shake off the blight of authority, who would stand in the sunlight liberated and unbound. And no one knew better than H. P. Blavatsky how easy it was to learn and how hard to apply.

Indeed it has so proved itself. Almost from its inception the world of Theosophy has been perpetually rent by those who have claimed, tacitly or otherwise, the obedience of others on the ground of some special knowledge or some special sanctity. There are now some half-dozen organizations loudly acclaiming the Theosophical philosophy and secretly demanding of their adherents some genuflection or some obeisance to the superior wisdom of an individual. And they not only demand these things, but they are willing furtively to ostracize, to cold-shoulder, and to persecute when they are not accorded. There are orthodoxies and heresies and inquisitions, sacred formulas that must be observed, truths that must be hidden away, and falsities that must be asserted. A willingness to subordinate the judgment, to be guided, to be led, to be controlled, to think by proxy, seems to be an almost ineradicable part of human nature. It needs only that some one shall assert his possession of special knowledge and at once we find the bent knee of superstition, the instant abnegation of mental liberty.

Theosophy is neither a creed nor a dogma, and it contains neither. It is a vast proof of human brotherhood, and the Theosophist who does not practice brotherhood is a mere sounding brass.

Of what avail to know the whole Theosophical philosophy from alpha to omega if we allow superstition to corrode the mind, if we foster in ourselves the very vices of credulity and subservience that Theosophy was intended to eradicate?

The Theosophist should aim, not to know something, but to become something. His philosophy should be the architect's plan, and every act and thought should be stones well and truly laid in accord therewith. Having shaken off the fetters of theological creed, let him see to it that none other takes its place. Better he should err through mental independence than be right through obedience to another. Obedience to authority, reliance upon authority, have been the bane of ecclesiastical organizations all the way down through the ages, and with them have come paralysis of thought and the ossification of the mind. We are still saturated with the instinct to obey, with the disposition to accept the thoughts of other minds and to defer to judgments that are not our own. Not until we have learned to stand alone can we learn even the alphabet of the Divine Science.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

There is one Eternal Law in Nature, one that always tends to adjust contraries, and to produce final harmony. It is owing to this Law of spiritual development superseding the physical and purely intellectual, that mankind will become freed from its false Gods, and find itself finally Self-redeemed.—*Vol. II, p. 438.*

This drama of the struggle of Prometheus with the Olympic tyrant and despot, sensual Zeus, one sees enacted daily within our actual mankind; the lower passions chain the higher aspirations to the rock of Matter, to generate in many a case the vulture of sorrow, pain, and repentance.—*Vol. II, p. 440.*

Humanity is the child of Cyclic Destiny, and not one of its Units can escape its unconscious mission, or get rid of the burden of its coöperative work with Nature. Thus will Mankind, race after race, perform its appointed Cyclic Pilgrimage. Climates will, and have already begun to, change, each Tropical Year after the other dropping one sub-race, but only to beget another higher race on the ascending cycle; while a series of other less favored groups—the failures of Nature—will, like some individual men, vanish from the

human family without even leaving a trace behind.—*Vol. II, p. 466.*

Woe to those who live without suffering. Stagnation and death is the future of all that vegetates without change. And how can there be any change for the better without proportionate suffering during the preceding stage? Is it not those only who have learnt the deceptive value of earthly hopes and the passive allurements of external nature who are destined to solve the great problems of life, pain and death?—*Vol. II, p. 499.*

For upwards of sixteen centuries the new masks, forced over the faces of the old Gods, have screened them from public curiosity, but they have finally proved a misfit. Yet the metaphorical Fall, and the as metaphorical Atonement and Crucifixion, have led Western Humanity through roads knee-deep in blood. Worse than all, they have led it to believe in the dogma of the Evil Spirit distinct from the Spirit of all Good, whereas the former lives in all Matter and preëminently in Man. Finally it has created the God-slandering dogma of Hell and eternal perdition; it has spread a thick film between the higher intuitions of man and divine verities; and, most pernicious result of all, it has made people remain ignorant of the fact that there were no fiends, no dark demons in the Universe before man's own appearance on this, and probably on other Earths. Hence the people have been led to accept, as the problematical consolation for this world's sorrows, the thought of original sin.—*Vol. II, p. 503.*

That the Bible is not a book like the Koran, for instance, set forth by the founder of the religion as its authoritative exposition, is, in fact, the fundamental weakness of Bible Protestantism. But the Bible, so far from being such a book, is simply, so far as the New Testament—its important part for us—is concerned, a collection of Christmas writings, on its face, not essentially more conclusive than the works of other early Christian writers would be, especially if we consider the Gospel of St. Mark, and the Gospel and Acts of St. Luke; for no special reason is evident why their words should be infallible. They were not apostles; and we do not read of their having any divine commission to teach Christianity to the world.—*Rev. George M. Searle.*

The external world that we know is the world, not of dead outer things, but of human thoughts.—*Kant.*

MIND AND BRAIN.

A scientific friend says that the mind and the brain must be identical, since an injury to the brain means also an injury to the mind. What is the answer to this?

Your scientific friend must either be himself ignorant or perhaps he is only assuming that you are ignorant. He may as well say that a violinist ceases to be a musician because he has broken his violin, or that a carpenter ceases to be a carpenter because he has lost his tools, or that America and Europe no longer exist because the Atlantic cable has been broken, and they can no longer communicate with the old facility. The violinist is still a musician, although he has been momentarily deprived of the power to produce music. The carpenter is still a carpenter although he can not now make tables and chairs. And America and Europe would continue to exist even though the cable were never repaired.

Understand that the brain is the instrument used by the mind for its manifestation upon this plane of nature in exactly the same way that the violin is the instrument used by the musician for the production of harmonies. If the brain is damaged by accident or disease it may become useless for the purposes of the mind, which must therefore cease to use it. The injury may be so great as to destroy the brain, in which case we say that the man is dead, and this means that he is inhibited from manifesting, or making harmony, upon this plane until he can get for himself a new brain in a new body, which he will presently do. But the injury may not be so great as to cause death. The man himself may not be driven wholly out of the body, but the body may henceforth be so imperfect that it can no longer be used effectively. In this case the mind seems to be affected, but actually it is not affected at all. It is the instrument that is affected. The most skilled musician will produce discords if his instrument is out of tune, and if the cause is not understood we may suppose that the discords are produced by his lack of skill. But actually he is as skilled as ever, as we shall see at once when the instrument has been repaired. But even if the instrument could not be repaired the musician himself would be unchanged.

The corporeal world is merely the construction of the understanding.—*Paulsen.*

In deinem Nichts hoff' ich das All zu finden.—*Faust.*

DREAMS.

The popular scientist who "writes for the newspapers" has much to answer for in the way of misinformation, arrogance, and the solemn assertion as facts of his own guesses and assumptions. Dr. Garrett P. Serviss is by no means the worst of sinners in these respects, although he sometimes allows himself to speak, as it were, from a scientific Sinai and to rebuke the beliefs and opinions from which science has withheld the seal of its approval. It is therefore a peculiar pleasure to commend an article recently syndicated by Dr. Serviss in which he tells us something about dreams, and without the usual ecstatic approval of modern theories which have everything to sustain them except facts.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Dr. Serviss's suggestions relates to the respective functions of the mind and the brain. So far from asserting that the mind and the brain are identical, Dr. Serviss seems to think that the brain may act as a screen to the mind, allowing certain mental rays to pass, but actually obscuring or diverting more of these rays than it transmits. Speaking of a soldier whose mental powers were largely increased as a result of a wound in the brain, Dr. Serviss says, "The mind does, in most men, seem to be enclosed in an obscure shell which reveals bright gleams through its cracks."

The occultist could hardly express himself with more precision, although he might elaborate the idea by suggesting that the whole of material nature is, in a sense, a brain of infinitely varied texture which allows the universal mind or life to shine through with a correspondingly varied brilliance. These material media or vehicles range all the way from the opacity of the mineral kingdom to the relative transparency of the brain of the philosopher, and therefore the whole of evolution may be said to consist of the effort of the One Life or Mind of the Universe to fashion for itself a medium that shall ultimately transmit that One Life in its full glory. In this way we understand the meaning of the Eastern sage, who said that the universe exists for the purposes of the human soul, and is therefore knit together in all its parts by a single method.

But we should like to ask Dr. Serviss a question. If the brain acts as a veil of the mind, obscuring more than it transmits, is there any way in which the transparency of the brain may be increased? The idea that the human mind is actually something far greater than the brain can manifest is a most tantalizing one. We should like to enter into

possession of those mental fields from which, it seems, we are now excluded by the deficiencies of the brain, and we may reasonably believe that evolutionary nature intends that we shall ultimately do so. But how and when? Surely in this respect we can not be the sport of chance, and so we are driven to the Theosophical conception that the evolution of the individual is actually continued from life to life, from incarnation to incarnation, very much as a boy at school passes from class to class with a speed commensurate with his application. And in this case the nature of the application must be sought in the quality of thought which makes the brain either still more opaque to the real mind or still more transparent. And we must further suppose that this process is continuous from life to life, and that mental power depends upon the conscious efforts to purify thought and so to improve the quality or texture of the brain.

But Dr. Serviss has something more of interest to say. He suggests that during sleep the mind is liberated from the restraints of the brain, and may therefore function in a way far superior to that of the waking state. Thus he reminds us that Coleridge composed the most imaginative of all his poems in a dream; that Condorcet, the great French mathematician, more than once had the conclusion of some profound calculation, on which he had vainly labored before retiring to bed, presented to him in a dream. Dr. Olynthus Gregory, he tells us, often employed in lectures to his college classes ideas and even words which he had worked out while asleep, and doubtless Dr. Serviss could have furnished us with many other examples of a mental superiority which never showed itself except when the brain was paralyzed by sleep. Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, and Parnell—not to mention many others—are said to have owed much to this strange power of dreaming, and so we may properly ask ourselves what these things portend and whether there are actually undiscovered but available faculties that may be claimed and enjoyed by proper methods.

The answer must be sought in Occultism. Certainly it will be found nowhere else, and we can only regret that Dr. Serviss does not himself draw for his readers the inferences that positively stare at us from the printed page. If he had done this he would speedily have found himself committed to reincarnation, to a single evolutionary law that envelops the whole of nature, and to a spiritual principle pervading the universe and which is the one eternal reality underlying the phenomena which it alike causes and explains.

THE VISIT.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me."
So he passed not again through the gates of
birth,
But made himself known to the children of
earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and
kings,

"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged him, and served him with kingly
fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church, and palace, and judgment
hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his footsteps led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head,
And from under the heavy foundation-stones,
The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment
hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars,
then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes the
poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's
fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"Oh, Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images how they stand
Sovereign and sole through all the land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crook of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

The Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,

And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These he set in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment's hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me!"

—James Russell Lowell.

FAITHS OF INDIA.

Rarely indeed do we find the modern popular writer who will give to the faiths of India the study that they deserve or who will present them with the honest candor that he would demand for his own. Both these facts have been done by Mr. James Bissett Pratt, whose "India and Its Faiths" (Houghton Mifflin) is not only a monument of scholarship and research, but also of faithful effort to understand and to sympathize. Mr. Pratt traverses the whole field of Indian religion and of the social attempts that are now being made in the Orient, and while he believes that the ultimate solution of problems is to be found in Christianity he is never lacking in generous appreciation of the movements that lie beyond the scope of the churches.

Of this there are numberless illustrations, but one alone may suffice. Speaking of the *bhaktas*, whose philosophy is founded upon the *Bhagavad Gita*, he says:

The *bhaktas* with whom the ideas originated that get their classic expression in the *Gita*, while admitting that the way of inaction and knowledge if carefully followed would lead to salvation, pointed out a simpler and better way. It is, they said, not work itself, and as such, which binds one down to the world, but the spirit in which the work is done. The whole question is thus psychological; and the struggle is removed altogether to the inner sphere. The thing that binds the soul in slavery to the flesh and to this evil world is the *worldly state of mind*. Hence it is perfectly possible to do all one's duties as a member of society and still avoid the accumulation of new karma, provided one's aim in so doing be altogether selfless. "Do thine ordained work: for work is more excellent than no work." "In Works be thine office; in their fruits must it never be. Be not moved by the fruits of works; but let not attachment to worklessness dwell in thee. Abiding under the rule and casting off attachment, so do thy work, indifferent alike whether thou gain or gain not."

The author's comments upon the work of

the Theosophical Society are of particular interest, and none the less so because they are sometimes deservedly severe. He says that the influence of the society has in many respects been admirable:

There is a goodly number of Theosophist missionaries in India who have gone at their work in humble and earnest fashion; deeply religious souls who see that there is in Hinduism much that may be made ennobling, and who are endeavoring by publications, schools, and personal influence to reveal to Hindu boys and girls, men and women, a loftier outlook and a purer life than they have ever caught sight of before. These Theosophist missionaries have not necessarily ceased to be Christians; but they feel that there is more hope of success in teaching the Indian the inner meaning and the spiritual side of the religion into which he was born, than in indoctrinating him into a new religion which is foreign to his land. I know some of these earnest souls—women and men who are devoting their lives to the humble task of teaching little brown girls and boys and trying to make them into men and women of larger vision than their parents were. And there can be no doubt that many a Hindu today is a more intelligent man and a better man because of the work of the Theosophical Society. In every part of India you meet with men who will tell you that their first insight into a more spiritual interpretation of the rites and beliefs of their native religion came to them through some Theosophist or through reading some of the periodicals put out by the T. S. For the Society publishes several periodicals of an educative nature, some for children, some for adults. It has also a considerable number of schools in which systematic education in the better side of Hinduism is given to every Hindu pupil. And the Central Hindu College at Benares . . . was until the spring of 1913 a Theosophist institution.

But, says the author, the work of the Society has been marred by superstition and psychism. It is good to fight against materialism, but this should not be done by spreading abroad the belief that spirituality means a "belief in psychic planes, vibrations, magnetism, and mantras." Surely not such is the message that shall set the spirit free.

Even in the Indian Section the feeling of discontent and criticism is present, and it has been brought to a climax by Mrs.

Besant's recent attempt to present Hinduism with a new Messiah in the form of a rather commonplace native boy, whose father had entrusted him to her charge, and whom she had intrusted to Mr. Leadbeater for education. Her surprising revelation that this young gentleman was the latest representative of the Deity carried occultism too far for even the patient Indian.

Mr. Pratt is to be congratulated on a volume that is not only erudite, but that has the far larger grace of sympathy and toleration.

OCULTISM.

Only the progress one makes in the study of arcane knowledge from its rudimental elements brings him gradually to understand our meaning. Only thus, and not otherwise, does it, strengthening and refining those mysterious links of sympathy between intelligent men—the temporarily isolated fragments of the universal soul, and the cosmic soul itself—bring them into full rapport. Once this established, then only will those awakened sympathies serve, indeed, to connect *Man* with—what, for the want of a European scientific word more competent to express the idea, I am again compelled to describe as that energetic chain which binds together the material and immaterial kosmos—Past, Present, and Future, and quicken his perceptions so as to clearly grasp not merely all things of matter, but of spirit also. I feel even irritated at having to use these three clumsy words—Past, Present, and Future. *Miserable concepts of the objective phases of the subjective whole, they are about as ill adapted for the purpose as an axe for fine carving. Oh, my poor disappointed friend, that you were already so far advanced on THE PATH that this simple transmission of ideas should not be encumbered by the conditions of matter, the union of your mind with ours prevented by its induced incapacibilities. Such is unfortunately the inherited and self-acquired grossness of the Western mind, and so greatly have the very phrases expressive of modern thoughts been developed in the line of practical materialism, that it is now next to impossible, either for them to comprehend or for us to express in their own languages anything of that delicate, seemingly ideal, machinery of the occult kosmos. To some little extent that faculty can be acquired by the Europeans through study and meditation, but—that's all. And here is the bar which has hitherto prevented a conviction of the theosophical truths from gaining currency among

Western nations—caused theosophical study to be cast aside as useless and fantastic by Western philosophers. How shall I teach you to read and write, or even comprehend a language of which no alphabet palpable or words audible to you have yet been invented. How could the phenomena of our modern electrical science be explained to—say a Greek philosopher of the days of Ptolemy, were he suddenly recalled to life—with such an unbridged hiatus in discovery as would exist between his and our age? Would not the very technical terms be to him an unintelligible jargon, an abracadabra of meaningless sounds, and the very instruments and apparatuses used but miraculous monstrosities? And suppose for one instant I were to describe to you the lines of those color rays that lie beyond the so-called visible spectrum—rays invisible to all but a very few even among us; to explain how we can find in space any one of the so-called subjective or accidental colors—the complement (to speak mathematically) moreover of any other given color of a dichromatic body (which alone sounds like an absurdity) could you comprehend, do you think, their optical effect, or even my meaning? And since you see them not—such rays—nor can know them, nor have you any names for them as yet in science, if I were to tell you . . . “without moving from your writing-desk, try search for, and produce before your eyes the whole solar spectrum decomposed into fourteen prismatic colors (seven being complementary) as it is but with the help of that occult light that you can see me from a distance as I see you”—what think you would be your answer? What would you have to reply? Would you not be likely enough to retort by telling me that as there never were but seven (now three) primary colors which, moreover, have never yet by any known physical process been seen decomposed further than the seven prismatic hues, my invitation was as unscientific as it was absurd? Adding that my offer to search for an imaginary solar complement, being no compliment to your knowledge of physical science—I had better, perhaps, go and search for my mythical dichromatic and solar “pairs” in Thibet, for modern science has hitherto been unable to bring under any theory even so simple a phenomenon as the colors of all such dichromatic bodies. And yet truth knows these colors are objective enough.—*A Adept's letter in “The Occult World.”*

A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man.

THE CONQUEROR.

I face my failure with a glad despair;
Along the way I strove and strove again;
And now that I have missed the goal, elate
I drink and laugh and speak a deep amen!

The world was roseate before my eyes;
'Tis roseate still, but with the glow of fire.
That feed upon the fabric of my dreams,
And leave me but the ash of my desires.

Yet I will love my life unto the end—
There is no end, for life is life for ay,
And by the goodness of a God unknown
I'll dare the issues of another day!

—Richard Wightman.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

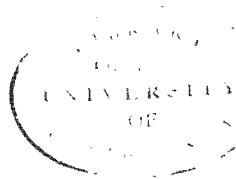
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METHODS.

The way to inculcate Theosophy is not by the mere repetition of Theosophical theories, but by showing the kind of action that would result from their application. It is not enough to assert that the world is suffering from wrong ideas. It is not enough to offer right ideas. It is essential to show how the problems of today can be solved from the standpoint of Theosophical thought, and the definite mistakes of which we are guilty because the basis of action is a wrong one. The Theosophist ought not to be indifferent to anything that is engaging the attention of the world, and especially he ought not to be indifferent to any of the schools of thought that influence behavior. Of what avail to prate about "three fundamentals" and the like if we fail to apply them concretely to the affairs of the world, and to show how they may be applied, demonstrating the kind of action that would result from them and how they would ameliorate human conditions? If we turn to the writings of the Founders of the Theosophical Society we find that their sympathies and their interests were as wide as humanity itself, that nothing escaped their attention, that they were constantly ready to set forth not only Theosophical principles, but the manner in which they could be definitely applied to the problems of their day. H. P. Blavatsky wrote about everything—a starving boy pressing his face to the confectioner's window, the philosophy of Tolstoy, the

social activities of the Salvation Army, Brahminism at home and abroad, eugenism and war. Nothing that was human was below her attention. We can hardly imitate her wisdom, but we can imitate her methods, and the more closely we do this the better we shall succeed.

THE FAITH HEALERS.

There is something almost amusing in the prosecution of faith healers in a Christian country. The biblical advocacy of faith and prayer in cases of sickness is unequivocal and emphatic, but if a Christian resorts to these practices he is prosecuted under the Christian law. It seems that we should either repudiate Christianity—at least in its present literal rendering—or else permit the faith healers to practice it. Certainly there seems to be some inconsistency between the spectacle of a whole nation asking God to end the war and that of a single individual being prosecuted for asking God to end a case of measles. But then civilization has never yet been accused of consistency.

Perhaps the part of wisdom lies in a combination of medicine and mind. The united efforts of Christian Science and castor oil are said to be most efficacious. All intelligent physicians now practice mental therapeutics. They know well the effects of the mind upon the body and the immense efficacy of tranquillity and confidence. H. P. Blavatsky, asked once as to the duty of the occultist when

confronted with sickness, replied that his duty was to consult the recognized medical authorities of the country in which he happened to be. She did this herself, and she was an obedient patient. So long as we resort to the barber and the manicurist in order to correct the external enthusiasms of nature there seems no reason why we should not avail ourselves of expert medical care for nature's internal extravagances.

None the less we ought not to persecute a Christian because we may think his Christianity is a little too literal.

THE CAUSES OF WAR.

The Rev. Joseph McMahon, speaking at Delmonico's in New York to an audience of women on the evils of war, said that materialism and biology were the actual causes of conflict. We blame Bernhardt for saying that "war is a biological necessity," while at the same time teaching our children that they are no more than glorified beasts, and that the law of the jungle is the only way to success. The Rev. Joseph McMahon spoke the words of truth and soberness. Would that there were more clergymen with a similar courage.

We are yet far from a realization of the extent to which the national mind has been poisoned by materialism. It is true that the leaders of the scientific world are no longer materialists, but their recantation came too late to prevent the public intelligence from being infected. Everywhere we hear the blatant preaching of the gospel of irresponsibility. Nothing is so popular as the doctrine of heredity, which takes from us the guilt of our own actions. Eugenism becomes the fad of a society that is naturally fearful of Nemesis and retribution. And because we are afraid we are also cruel—cruel to the sick and the deformed, eager to push from sight and hearing whatever seems to be a menace to health and to possessions. And all this is the evil work of materialism.

If we may rob a man on the stock exchange or in commerce there seems to be no valid reason why we may not rob him in battle and siege. If we may kill men by bills of exchange, by "corners" in necessities, by buying from him what he does not possess with money that we do not own, why may we not kill him with bullets and guns? The commercial miseries of the great cities of Europe

are hardly less than the miseries of the battle field. The casualty lists are as great, and the sufferings even more extreme and prolonged. A starving man is as worthy of pity as a wounded man—perhaps more so.

The era of peace will come with the era of spirituality, and not before. It will come when humanity perceives itself to be immortal, when the individual learns that he has always been a portion of that humanity, and that individual and nation alike are brought again and again to the moment of choice, with misery and happiness alike attainable. The world must learn that law rules over the human heart just as it rules over the cells of the body, and that for "every idle word" an account must be given, not in some far-away misty heaven, but here upon earth, either in this incarnation or in some incarnation yet to come.

The war is not a bolt from the blue. It is no more surprising than that an apple should fall from a tree. A civilization that has made of selfishness a god, that counts possessions as the proof of righteousness, that measures all human capacities by the length of teeth and claws, that preaches competition as the greatest of all virtues, is already doomed by Nemesis to a bloody extinction. The world has seen this thing before. It is the law. Whether it must see it many times again in the future depends upon a human willingness to recognize that cause and effect follow one another, that they always have, and that they always will.

If a person dies, it is only his body that dies; the human soul does not die, neither can it be buried, but it remains alive, and knows whatever it knew before it became separated from the body. It remains the same as it was before death; if a man has been a liar in his life, he will be one after death; and if he has been well experienced in a certain science or art, he will know that science or art; but a human soul that knew nothing about a certain thing during its life will not be able to learn much about it after death.—*Paracelsus*.

To unite one's soul to the Universal Soul requires but a perfectly pure mind. Through self-contemplation, perfect chastity, and purity of body, we may approach nearer to It, and receive, in that state, true knowledge and wonderful insight.—*Porphyry*.

EAST AND WEST.

Mr. James Bissett Pratt, at the conclusion of his "India and Its Faiths," attempts to convey some idea of the impression made on the mind of the Hindu by our Western civilization. Returning from the East, he tells us that he sat in a café watching the people and comparing them with an Eastern crowd:

I asked myself in what the difference consisted. Partly no doubt in costume and the loss of color, partly in avoirdupois, in complacency. But I thought the most striking difference between it and a company of Indians was to be found in the appearance of the women and in the attitude of the men towards them. When I looked attentively at the individual women at the tables round me, there could be no doubt who and what many of them were. And the bearing of their male companions made the relation between them quite transparent. I left the café and walked through the crowded streets. Everywhere the same symptoms of the great social disease of the West presented themselves. And I learned anew that an Indian woman with but two small rags may be modestly attired; and a European woman may be indecently clad, though robed in many metres of costly stuffs. . . . The blatancy with which the social vice is paraded through our city streets comes to him (the Indian) as a sort of blow in the face. I have talked with many Indians who have visited the West—Hindu, Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Parsee—and when I asked for their impressions of Europe and America I have discovered almost invariably (in spite of their courteous attempts to soften their words) that the open and widespread immoralities of our cities, our enticing and feeding of depraved tastes, our public indecencies, come to them with a shock that they have never been able to forget. It seemed to them almost incredible—as though on being introduced into a costly palace they found its interior a pigsty.

Drunkenness is another social vice almost unknown in India, and one that fills the Indian visitor with disgust and perplexity:

We might also borrow from him with some profit his sense of the indecency of drunkenness. For centuries the influence of Hinduism has been exerted against excessive drinking, and Mohammedanism and Buddhism have prohibited intoxicants altogether; and these forces—with other

forces allied—have built up a public opinion in all the upper classes of the Indian people against strong drink. European example is, indeed, beginning to break this down; but it is still possible to spend years in India and never see a drunken native.

Eastern visitors speak invariably of the materialism of the West. They hate and despise it. The Westerner, thinking that he will dazzle his visitor by his wealth and by his possessions, finds that he has but aroused his scorn:

"You Westerners," he will say, "have built a Moloch that is devouring you. You accuse the East of worshipping stocks and stones, and perhaps this is true:—but is it any nobler to worship silver and gold? You are the servants of *things*; the slaves of a convention which measures respectability by possession. You cram your houses with things—costly or cheap—and then build greater houses to store more things; you cover your backs and load your bodies with them, to make a show, and when you have worn them five times the fashion has changed and they must be thrown aside. With thirty gowns your women are wretched because they have nothing to wear. And you not only stuff your wardrobes, your houses and barns, your cities, your lands and the very sea; with an endless load of things; you stuff your minds and hearts with them. You have no time to think of the Invisible nor any real faith in it. You can not learn to love the Eternal, for things have blinded your eyes and stopped your ears. With wonderful energy you have banished the fear of the snake and of the pestilence; but you have made for yourselves a terror more terrible than they. *You are afraid to be poor.*

We can not understand that the culture of the soul is the one thing of importance in India. We try to force our civilization upon her people and we can not believe that they do not want it, that they live so constantly in Eternity that all things seem small and mean against that background. "When the sun is set, and the moon is set, and the fire is gone out, the soul is the light of man."

The enemies which rise within the body.
Hard to be overcome—the evil passions—
Should manfully be fought; who conquers
these
Is equal to the conqueror of worlds.

WAR.

The average man will give his instant assent to the proposition that war is a curse and that peace is a blessing. War means the destruction of life and property. It means the sorrows of bereavement and of parting. And it means a heritage of physical disabilities to generations yet unborn. So the man in the street has no doubt at all that war is a curse.

But if we stop to think—and how seldom we do this while so many people are willing to do it for us—some uneasy doubts about the reality of the curse may enter our minds. If we look a long way back in history we may hesitate to say that the wars of those days were curses. Sometimes they seem to be blessings. The causes of those wars may have been curses, but the wars themselves were remedies. Let us be careful not to confuse the disease with the cure. Doubtless the wars seemed to be curses at the time, and were so acclaimed, just as our wars seem to be curses now, but it is clear that their results were good. The Italian war of independence had good results, since it swept away a foreign tyranny, which was an evil. The war waged by Gustavus Adolphus was good. It was caused by religious intolerance, which was the real curse, and war was the remedy, although it plunged Europe in blood. The Peasants' War in Germany paved the way for modern German civilization and made it possible. It was not a curse, although its cause was a curse. The overthrow of Rome was clearly a part of the scheme of things. The French Revolution was the destruction of everything that damned human progress, and therefore it was not a curse, although at the time it must have seemed so. The real curse was the cruelty of the governing classes, which necessitated a revolution. We would not undo any of these wars today even though we could. And in a thousand years hence no man would undo the present war. We see now that all these convulsions were milestones on the road to advancement. But for them the world of today would be far darker even than it is. In fact the world would have perished from corruption and decay but for the wars that removed that corruption and decay. But it was the corruption and the decay that were the curse, not the wars that cured them.

Evidently our judgment may be vitiated by the shortness of our perspective. We are looking at a section of the picture instead of the complete canvas. And we are forgetting that humanity is governed by an unswerving

law of cause and effect, and that in a very real sense all effects must be good simply because they are effects and therefore educative and remedial.

Nature always destroys in order that she may build again and build something better. The destructive processes are painful, but the coming edifice will be worth all the suffering. Not a rood of arable land but was created by earthquake and volcano and flood. There can be no crops without the plow-point, and the plow-point must be sharp. It must neither swerve nor relent.

But war, you say, destroys thousands of lives. And yet nature would have destroyed all those lives one by one in the course of a few decades. She would have destroyed one by cancer, and another by tuberculosis, and another by accident, and another by starvation, and another would have gone out in shame. Nature would have spare not one. War has been more merciful because less painful.

War has waved her red wand over the cloud of individual selfishness that enwrapped the nations and has dissipated it. Never before was there such a volume of helpfulness and sympathy and fraternity, and these are the only permanent assets that any nation can ever have. Perhaps the price is high, but at least there is recompense in virtues that might never anywhere have shown themselves.

But there are other virtues that are disclosed by war. At the present moment there are some twenty millions of men who are facing death in defense of an ideal. It does not matter whether the ideal be a true one or not. The fact remains that these men are giving their lives for their countries and for their countrymen, and because they believe that others, and not themselves, will benefit from their sufferings. Can peace show any such spectacle as this? Are we so used to self-sacrifice that we can withhold our admiration from this colossal altruism, or set down as loss the price that must be paid for it?

It seems that the true calamity is not war, but the cause of war, which is hate and selfishness and greed. War itself is the tidal wave that washes these evils from our sight. It is the cause that we should deplore, not the effect.

If we were but able to see that the individuals that make up humanity have appeared again and again upon this earth, that whole nations reincarnate from age to age to face the results of their past deeds, we should understand the causes of war, and why

it is that all ancient hates must expiate themselves in the sufferings of individuals and of peoples. Then we should no more be guilty of the folly of supposing that war can be banished by treaties or by anything but the removal of its causes.

It is a larger perspective that we need and a larger recognition of law. If we are reaping, it is because we have sown. It is not the crop that we should deplore, but the seed from which it grew and that we ourselves planted.

A DEFECTIVE BABY.

A certain doctor whose capacity for self-advertisement needs no reinforcement has allowed a defective baby to perish without effort on his part to preserve its life. He seems to be proud of his action, or rather of his inaction, and he asks other doctors to imitate it. And a section of the public, always eager to applaud the unusual, has acclaimed this shameful deed as a triumph for eugenism and for the cause of human betterment.

A great man said once that the moral test of a particular deed was to ask ourselves what would be the effect of its general application. And so we may ask ourselves what would be the effect of a general license to doctors to destroy any life that they believed detrimental to itself or to the nation? First of all we may remember that doctors are no better and no worse than any other class of the community. There are doctors who practice illegally. There are fraudulent doctors. There are selfish, greedy, and unscrupulous doctors. Is it seriously suggested that any doctor, irrespective of age, capacity, character, or attainments, may allow a baby to die merely because it is a deficient or defective baby? What is a deficient or defective baby? Is there to be some test or standard? It is evident that there can not be. Every doctor must make his own test or standard for himself, and they will all differ. And so one baby will be refused the right to live because it is undersized, another because it is prematurely born, another because it seems to be malformed, and another because of a supposedly evil heredity. But the chief of all causes for such murder of babies will be the pitiful fact that they are unwanted, and in such cases it will be quite easy to discover that they are defective.

But it is time that we began to look somewhat more deeply than this into the meaning of life and to ask ourselves some of the questions that ought to be answered. And in a country that is avowedly Christian there

need be no apology for asking ourselves what becomes of the soul of that baby that is thus refused its right to a body? We can allow the body of the baby to die because we are afraid that we shall have one day to feed and clothe it, but we do not seem able to dispose of the baby itself in this way. The collective voice of religion all over the world assures us that the soul of that baby is immortal and that it must go on living forever. But how, and under what conditions, will it go on living? And will its future be affected in any way by our refusal to allow it to live for a few years in a body, as nature evidently intended that it should. It is the part of wisdom always to consider the possible results of our actions, and so we may ask ourselves what may be the possible results of our action in driving that soul away from its body. It is a serious matter even to drive a beggar from the door, since something must now happen to that beggar that would not have happened had we fed and helped him. May we not ask, and with some gravity, what happens to that soul as a result of being driven away from the door of incarnation.

But there are other things that we may ask. Is it conceivable that the soul of that baby began to exist at the moment of its birth, that it will now go on existing eternally, and that its only contact with earth life will be those few days that an ignorant and conceited doctor allowed it to live? Of course it is not conceivable. We might as well say that the bird that flies into our room through the open window began to exist as it crossed the sill. We can not have eternal life in one direction only. We can not have any sort of life in one direction only. If life continues after death it must have existed before birth, just as the bird must have existed before it fluttered into our sight through the open window. The fact that it exists now is proof positive that it existed then.

And if that soul has been brought into incarnation, into a human body, by a law of its own nature, is it possible that we can actually exclude it from incarnation by expelling it from some particular body that it has chosen, from the body to which it was attracted by the forces of its own fate. For it is not by chance that souls are attracted toward bodies, that one soul is drawn toward a beautiful body and another toward a body that is deformed or ugly. There is no such thing as chance in nature. The law of cause and effect holds good throughout. The links of the chain may be hidden in the mists that seem to precede birth and to follow death,

but they are neither broken nor interrupted. The mechanism of human fate may be so intricate as to defy our analysis, but we can at least know the great principle that animates it, the motive power that drives it. These are cause and effect, an absolute and unswerving justice, an identity between seed, and flower and fruit. And with such a comprehension we should be incapable of such a futility as seeking to exclude any soul from incarnation because its body is a defective one. It can not be done. Nemesis can not thus be thwarted.

A PREDICTION.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The Star Co.)

In 1892 there came into my possession an eight-leaf pamphlet, entitled "A Vision of the Future." It was headed by the following note:

"The manuscript of the following prophecy was written on August 27, 1890, and received by me September 3, 1890, from ———, who desires to remain unknown as its author for the present, but who also requests me to attest the date and to provide a few printed copies for private distribution. This I hereby do, in compliance with the wish of a friend, without any responsibility for the statements hereinafter made."—Elliott Cones, No. 1726 N Street, Washington, D. C., September 9, 1890.

It is interesting to read the prophecies which this pamphlet contains. The writer says:

"There will be war in Europe—the greatest and, in its consequences, the most terrific the world has ever seen. The whole map of that continent will be dissolved and rearranged. Its every government now existing will be overthrown, and in the impending political intrigues will occur the dissolution of the Turkish Empire. France will conquer Germany, regain her lost provinces, extend her boundaries, and become again the foremost power in Europe.

"Germany will lose her present military prestige and be torn with internal dissensions. Power will be vested in the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's molten image, until all royalty and aristocracy be swept away in the fall of all the houses that hold hereditary rights and privileges. Russia, in her convulsions, will greatly extend her dominions in Asia.

"The most pronounced and amazing feature of this age will be the increasing activity and influence of women in every walk in life and in all countries. Three of the most despised and apparently insignificant members of the body politic will rise to heights of power and

display the most vehement passions and exhibit the most noble heroisms. These are the woman, the workman, and the Jew. To those who remain in Palestine after the terrible wars I foresee will be entrusted the leadership of noble and honorable offices."

FROM EDWARD CARPENTER.

Ever men say: Here lies the truth, There lies the truth. Take this, cast that aside. Throw in thy lot with us. We are the wise, the rest are fools.

I go with these wise folk a little way, and then I draw back again; I throw in my lot with them, and then, alas! I throw in with the fools.

I can not for the life of me answer the questions that are continually being asked.

Is it for pleasure and the world and the present, or for death and translation and spirituality, that we must live? Is it for asceticism and control, or for ingenuity and sweet enjoyment?

Is it best to be an idler or a worker, an accepted person or a criminal?

Which is the most desirable and useful trade—to be a potter or a moulder or a parson or a prostitute or a town councillor?

Is it better to be surly and rude, or sympathetic and suave, to be quick-tempered or patient, cute or simple, moral or immoral?

To join the society for the suppression of vice, or to be one of the persons to be suppressed?

For the life of me I can not answer all these questions; I acknowledge that I am a fool. . . .

Till I think of the Present and the work I have actually to do—and then comes relief.

For the moment I am pledged to this or that:

Yet I feel that in the end I must accept all.

And shall be content with nothing less than all.

The main thing is that the messenger is perhaps even now at your door—

A little child, a breath of air, an old man hobbling on crutches, a bee lighting on the page of your book—who knows whom He may send?

Wonderful! The doors that were closed stand open. Yet how slight a thing it is.

The upturning of a palm? The curve of a hip, an eyelid? Nothing.

Nothing that can be seen with the mortal eye or heard by the ear, nothing that can be definitely thought, spoken, or written in a book—

Yet the doors that were treble-bolted and barred, and the doors weed-overgrown and with rusty old hinges,

Fly open of themselves.

That day—the day of deliverance—shall come to you in what place you know not; it shall come, but you know not the time.

In the pulpit while you are preaching the sermon, behold! suddenly the ties and the bands—in the cradle and the coffin, the ceremonies and swathing-clothes—shall drop off.

In the prison One shall come; and the chains which are stronger than iron, the fetters harder than steel, shall dissolve—you shall go free forever. . . .

All tools shall serve.

The spade shall serve. It shall uncarth a treasure beyond price. . . .

The writer shall write, the compositor shall set up, the student by his midnight lamp shall read, a word never seen before.

The engine driver shall drive in faith through the night. With one hand on the regulator he shall lean sideways and peer into the darkness—and lo! a new signal not given in the printed instructions shall duly in course appear.

PARACELSUS ON TELEPATHY.

(A. D. 1520.)

By the magic power of the will a person on this side of the ocean may make a person on the other side hear what is said on this side, and a person in the East thus converse with another person in the West. The physical man may hear and understand the voice of another man at a distance of a hundred steps, and the ethereal body of a man know what another man thinks at a distance of a hundred miles or more. What can be accomplished by ordinary means in a month (such as the sending of messages) can be done by this art in one day. If you have a tube a mile long, and you speak through it at one end, a person at the other end will hear what you say. If the elementary body can do this, how much easier will it be for the ethereal body, which is much more powerful than the former.—*Philosoph. Sag.*

Every kind of subjugation to another is pain, and subjugation to one's self is happiness; in brief, this is to be known as the characteristic marks of the two.—*Mann.*

To believe without knowing is weakness; to believe, because one knows, is power.—*Levi.*

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Civilization has ever developed the physical and the intellectual at the cost of the psychic and spiritual. The command over and the guidance of one's own psychic nature, which foolish men now associate with the supernatural, were with early humanity innate and congenital, and came to man as naturally as walking and thinking.—*Vol. II, p. 332.*

There is no Devil, no Evil outside mankind to produce a Devil.—*Vol. II, p. 406.*

Spirituality is on its ascending arc, and the animal or physical impedes it from steadily progressing on the path of its evolution, only when the selfishness of the personality has so strongly infected the real Inner Man with its lethal virus that the upward attraction has lost all its power on the thinking, reasonable man. In sober truth, vice and wickedness are an *abnormal, unnatural* manifestation, at this period of our human evolution—at least they ought to be so. The fact that mankind was never more selfish and vicious than it is now—civilized nations having succeeded in making of the former an ethical characteristic, of the latter an art—is an additional proof of the exceptional nature of the phenomenon.—*Vol. II, p. 116.*

Great intellect and too much knowledge are a two-edged weapon in life, and instruments for evil as well as for good. When combined with selfishness they will make of the whole of Humanity a footstool for the elevation of him who possesses them, and a means for the attainment of his objects; while, applied to altruistic humanitarian purposes, they may become the means of the salvation of many.—*Vol. II, p. 173.*

The Doctrine teaches that the only difference between animate and inanimate objects on Earth, between an animal and a human frame, is that in some the various "Fires" are latent, and in others they are active.—*Vol. II, p. 279.*

Of all the terrible blasphemies and what are virtually accusations thrown at their God by the Monotheists, none is greater or more unpardonable than that (almost always) false humility which makes the presumably "pious" Christian assert, in the face of every evil and undeserved blow, that "such is the will of God."—*Vol. II, p. 318.*

Whatever thou lovest, man, that to become thou must.

God, if thou lovest God, dust, if thou lovest dust,

GIFT
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Theosophical Outlook

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INSANITY.

A public health officer in New York says that the increase in insanity is one of the most pressing problems of the day. And after making all due allowance for the enthusiasm of the expert, we may well agree that the public health officer is probably right.

But the remedy is not easy to determine. The pressure of modern life is a tempting explanation, if only because it seems to call for no individual effort and to indicate a condition that is incurable. The pressure of modern life is also supposed to explain the spread of criminality, of the drug habit, and of various other social evils with which our legislation and our institutions seem unable to cope.

But perhaps the problem is not so far out of reach as our experts seem to think. And first of all we may note that increases in insanity seem to be periodic or cyclical. Dr. Mawdsley pointed out many years ago that these increases occurred toward the end of each century, and he advanced the ingenious and striking theory that waves of a new kind of consciousness reach humanity during these periods, and that the weaker brains are unable to stand the strain. Dr. Mawdsley did not explain what he meant by waves of consciousness, nor whence they came, but we may at least note with interest that great social movements, new social ideals and the like, seem to be governed by a similar cycle of about a hundred years,

and we might account for these, too, by waves of consciousness finding a lodgment in human brains and causing the feebler among them to succumb. But we may suppose that the enlargement of consciousness is from within, and not from without. The Theosophist will naturally recall the occult teaching on the subject of the hundred-year cycle, and the access of spirituality that marks its recurrence. And since visible nature is obviously governed by cycles and by periodicities there seems no reason why we should not suspect the presence of similar laws in the domain of consciousness. Indeed they must exist there, too.

A celebrated English alienist is responsible for another curious suggestion, and one of a most practical nature. He tells us that insanity is invariably marked by an abnormal selfishness. The lunatic thinks of nothing but himself. His whole mental field is bounded by his own supposed interests, his own delusions, and his own terrors. And, inversely, we are told that a dawning interest in other people is usually the first and certain sign of approaching recovery.

Now here we seem to see light. If selfishness is an invariable symptom of insanity may we not suppose that it may also be its cause?

Certainly it is significant that the phenomenal increase in insanity should accompany the preaching of a gospel of selfishness the like and the extent of which the world has never seen before. It may be coincidence, but, on the other

hand, it may be cause and effect, and the evidence seems to point to the latter hypothesis.

If worry produces insanity—and unquestionably it does—then we must face the fact that worry is a form of selfishness, an undue concentration upon our own personal hopes and fears—in other words, the thinking something to be important that is not actually important. Worry arises from a false sense of values, a wrong standard or gauge, an inadequate time perspective.

The remedy is obvious. It consists of a turning of the mind away from small things toward great things. We must think, not of littlenesses, but of immensities. We must extend our vision from the finite to the infinite. We must learn to think, not in times, but in eternities.

Insanity is rife in the West, but infrequent in the East. The eternity of the individual life is not a mere vague theory for the Oriental. It is the one dominant fact of his mind. He sees himself going forward from incarnation to incarnation, impelled by a law of cause and effect, reaping where he has sown, in utter justice, and under the sway of a law that is merciful because it is exact and inexorable. In the West we measure the value of all things against a background of threescore years and ten. Darkness preceded us and into darkness we go. Which belief is the more reasonable, the more probable? No wonder that events become for us gigantic, and that misfortunes seem to be portentous when measured by the ever-narrowing life span that remains to us. We have the wrong time standard. Our perspective is at fault. Values should be measured by eternities, and not by years.

This way lies sanity, and it is a sanity that becomes more brilliant as we advance. Lunacy is born of fear, and fear becomes for us impossible as we realize the continuity of life and its government by law. The gnat in the sunshine regards a summer shower as a calamity because its time standard is a few hours or days. The child cries over a broken toy because its horizon is so narrow. Are we any better when we clamor for possessions and mourn their loss? Should we do these things if our time standard were a greater one? We measure all values by our expectation of life,

and values increase in inverse proportion to that expectation. But suppose that expectation were suddenly doubled or trebled? Would our losses then seem quite so keen, our sorrows so insoluble? And suppose our expectation of life were eternity? Would there not then be a more just assessment of the things that happen to us? Would there then be so many tears or such foolish pleasures? Would worry be possible to us, or anxiety worth while? Should we fear insanity? Would it be the distressing problem that it is now?

GOD AND THE STRONG ONES.

"We have made them fools and weak!" said the Strong Ones;

"We have bound them, they are dumb and deaf and blind.

We have crushed them in our hands like a heap of crumbling sands,

We have left them naught to seek or find: They are quiet at our feet!" said the Strong Ones,

"We have made them one with wood and stone and clod;

Serf and laborer and woman, they are less than wise or human!"—

"I shall raise the weak," saith God.

"They are stirring in the dark!" said the Strong Ones,

"They are struggling, who were moveless like the dead,

We can hear them cry and strain hand and foot against the chain,

We can hear their heavy upward tread— What if they are restless?" said the Strong Ones,

"What if they have stirred beneath the rod?

Fools and weak and blinded men, we can tread them down again"—

"Shall ye conquer Me?" saith God.

"Ye have made them in their strength, who were Strong Ones,

Ye have only taught the blackness ye have known:

These are evil men and blind? Ay, but molded to your mind!

How can ye cry out against your own?

Ye have held the light and beauty I have given:

Far above the muddled ways where they must plod,

Ye have builded this your lord with the lash and with the sword—

Reap what ye have sown!" saith God.

—Margaret Widdemer.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole. Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

—Pope.

GHOSTS.

The *London Observer* varies the rather awful monotony of its war bulletins with the telling of some choice ghost stories. They are not stories of the usual or Yuletide variety, since they have been investigated by the Society for Psychical Research and pronounced authentic and genuine. Incidentally it may be said that the appetite of the Society for ghost stories is nearly insatiable. Forty years ago its members were telling each other ghost stories and they are doing so still. Every now and then some luminary of the Research world elaborates a theory in explanation, and it is received with applause and assent, which continue until some other luminary produces a variation, which also is received with applause and assent, and so the game goes on. Considering the extent of the Society's membership and the eminence of some of its exponents; considering also the industry with which its pursuits have been followed, it must be conceded regretfully that it has added less to human knowledge and more to human perplexity than any other organization of its kind.

In this case the ghost stories are of the usual variety, and perhaps a single one may be taken as a sample of them all. It was told by Lady Muir Mackenzie of a missionary in Mauritius who was known to Sir Harry Johnston, and the story has therefore a status that is irreproachable alike from the religious and social points of view. It seems that the missionary had managed to convert one of the native chiefs and after a time he had left for Australia. One day there was a knock at his door, and to his surprise in walked the chief, who begged him to read the Communion Service and to say certain prayers. It was not until the chief left that he began to wonder how he could have got there. He wrote to his friends in Mauritius and they replied that after he left the chief went to the bad, was arrested, and hanged the same day on which his ghost appeared in Australia. The conversion was evidently of the transitory or evanescent kind.

After several stories of this kind had been told it seems that one of the members reminded the company of the theory put forward by F. W. H. Myers. The attention of Mr. Myers had been at-

tracted by a certain experiment carried out by a citizen of London who had read much of the power of the human will and determined to put the matter to the test by trying to make himself visible to his two sisters, who lived at a distance of some miles. He told the ladies nothing of the matter, but when he called upon them some few days later they both told him that they had seen his figure simultaneously. The gas at the time was low, but the apparition seemed to be clearer than if it had been material. This experiment, said Mr. Myers, seemed to throw a light upon the whole subject of ghosts. It suggested that the apparitions were no more than pictures formed in human minds, and that if these pictures were fashioned with a sufficient intensity they might become visible to others.

Precisely so, but the theory does not belong to Mr. Myers. It was first elaborated by Madame Blavatsky in "*Isis Unveiled*," who tried hard to explain to an unbelieving world that human thought might become objective and that it often did so. That was at a time when European materialism had reached the definite conclusion that the "brain secretes thought in the same way that the liver secretes bile," and this fatuous dictum was received with a shout of applause by the world of science and became for a time their supreme test of scientific orthodoxy. It was to overthrow materialism that the author of "*Isis Unveiled*" advanced the occult teachings on the nature of thought and the phenomena to which it might give rise, and those same teachings have now to a large extent been accepted by the world of science, but without either an acknowledgment of its original error or of the source of that error's rectification. But for the heavy artillery directed by Madame Blavatsky against the fortifications of materialism it would now be impossible for members of the Society for Psychical Research to advance their interesting theories, or to tell each other their interesting ghost stories without a very real danger of the lunatic asylum, and we are sometimes inclined to regret that this danger has been so substantially removed.

As soon as you awake, examine with calmness
What remains to be done, what duties to fulfill.

Pythagoras.

JEWELS AND CHARMS.

Mr. George Frederick Kunz, the well-known expert on precious stones, has now written a companion volume to his "Curious Lore of Precious Stones." It is entitled "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," and it is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company (\$5). Probably so remarkable a collection of popular beliefs about jewels has never before been given to the world, and although Mr. Kunz speaks a good deal of "superstitions" we may reasonably believe that he attaches his own meaning to the word. After all a superstition seems to be no more than observation that has not yet been codified into law, or rather fact that seems to be inexplicable and that is therefore denied. Humanity from time immemorial has assigned certain influences to precious stones, and although materialistic science has seen fit to deride the belief it is quite likely that it may be rehabilitated and made respectable at any moment, as has already been the fortune of many another "superstition" of like kind.

An important section of the volume is devoted to meteors, about which a number of curious beliefs have grown up, and apparently some of them still exist, as is shown by the following story: "Some years ago a meteorite was given to Edward Herron Allen, the famous writer on palmistry and the violin, and this gifted man always wore it about him. One morning he awakened to find that the entire roof above him had fallen in, except just that portion over his bed. He told the story to one of the best-known ladies in Boston; one who is known for her public spirit, her love of art, and her faultless manner of entertaining. This lady successfully urged Allen to give her the meteorite. A few days later, while out driving, a great truck with two runaway horses attached to it struck her carriage. Instinctively she raised her muff to protect her face; the muff was almost cut in two, but the lady was not hurt. A few days later, while she was walking under some scaffolding, it fell, and the open part where the hoists went up proved to be just where she stood. Although surrounded by ruin, she remained unharmed."

The book is well worth reading even by those who hold themselves aloof from any belief that trenches on the uncon-

ventional. The many illustrations, colored and in line, are remarkably good, many of them being taken from "Ortus Sanitatis," by Johannis de Cuba, printed at Strassburg in 1483.

THE LAW OF CYCLES.

These columns have already contained a brief mention of Dr. Thomas E. Reed's new book on "Sex, Its Origin and Determination," published by the Rebman Company, New York (\$3). The sense of value inspired by this work increases largely upon further examination. Its direct intention, which is to study the metabolic cycle and its influence on the determination of sex, may well be left to the pathologist and the medical specialist, but the author's erudite inquiry into the general law of cycles must at once claim the attention of the philosophical student. The law of cycles, of periodicity, of rhythm, says Dr. Reed, is to be found everywhere. It is the regulator and the guide of all motion, and motion is universal:

All forces in nature seem to move directly, but on analysis it is found that the progression is never direct, but always by alternate deviations, first to one side, then to the other, of a common mean or norm. We look in vain for perfect equilibrium or absolute stasis. Wherever we appear to find it, we find only a change of one form of rhythm into another. The spiral nebulae manifest a form of rhythm, as do the revolution of double stars. Coming within the bounds of our own solar system, since revolution is but a completed rhythm, the revolution of the planets about the sun are examples of rhythm; the revolution of the earth on its axis and the revolution of the axis itself about a mean point, the North Pole, as well as a thousand other minor forms of rhythm which complicate the great astronomic rhythms. Light and sound progress through rhythmical vibrations of the air and ether. Flowing water and air are always rhythmical in motion. The rhythm of the revolution of the earth on its own axis and about the sun produces the diurnal and seasonal rhythms, which in turn are responsible for rhythms in plant and animal life.

Atoms and molecules are known to be in a constant rate of vibration, and some physicists are now teaching that the elements differ only in the rate and amplitude of the vibration of their electrons. That everything is in constant motion, that change is continuous, is an observation as old as Heraclitus and Buddha. Nothing ever is, everything is only becoming. Even truth can not be considered at rest and absolute. Nothing progresses directly, but only by spiral or vibratory motion.

Every form of matter is in continuous vibration, but any particular form of

matter is held strictly to its own rate of vibration, just as a pendulum can not beat outside of its own arc. Herbert Spencer, in his "First Principles," says:

Perhaps nowhere are the illustrations of rhythm so numerous and so manifest as among the phenomena of life. Plants do not usually show us any decided periodicities, save those determined by day and night, and by the seasons. But in animals we have a great variety of movements, in which the alternation of opposite extremes goes on with all degrees of rapidity. The swallowing of food is effected by a wave of constriction passing along the oesophagus; its digestion is accompanied by a muscular action of the stomach that is also undulatory; and the peristaltic motion of the intestines is of a like nature. The blood obtained from the food is propelled, not in a uniform current, but in pulses; and it is aerated by the lungs that alternately contract and expand. All locomotion results from oscillating movements; everywhere it is apparently continuous, as in many minute forms the microscope proves the vibration of cilia to be the agency by which the creature is moved smoothly forward.

The law of cycles, says the author, are found to prevail in the mental as well as in the physical world. Emotional states are likely to be alternating, depression following exaltation. Kraepelin has shown that every mania contains the potentialities of a melancholia, and that every melancholia lays the groundwork for a mania, that they are alternating phases of the same disease:

Lately it has been shown that similar alternating states may be detected in health, every individual displaying to a greater or less degree periodic depression and exaltation of minor degree, constituting what has been termed one's "good days" and "bad days." It is highly probable that on such bad days, periods when the vital energy is at its lowest ebb, susceptibility to infection is greatest, and at other times such infection may be resisted.

The influence of the lunar cycle upon animal life is very marked. Insects hatch their eggs in an average time of three and one-half days. Sometimes it is a week and a half, sometimes a multiple of the week:

The goose lays for two weeks, but sets four. The pigeon sets for two weeks after having laid two weeks. The period of incubation for the ostrich egg is exactly six weeks after four weeks of laying. In the higher mammals there are so many conditions which may retard or hasten birth, that the period of gestation is not very accurately determined. Where it is we generally find it limited by a definite number of months or weeks. Laycock in one hundred and twenty-nine species of birds and animals found only four exceptions to this rule, while sixty-seven were rigidly exact.

The same lunar cycle may be observed most markedly in disease, and physicians for generations have been aware of these seven-day changes. They are shown even in the ordinary cold in the head, while in fevers they are most noticeable:

In scarlet fever, supposing the incubation period to be seven days; from invasion to full height of fever and eruption is usually three and one-half days, and from that until the disappearance of these conditions another three and one-half day period. Desquamation can scarcely be complete before two weeks. Thus, counting the stage of incubation, a whole month of twenty-eight days is usually required to complete a simple case of scarlatina, and this in distinctly marked periods of three and one-half and seven days. The fever may arise anew from the setting in of new complications, but these cycles will still be manifest to a complete recovery of the case.

Enough has been said to show the value of a work that marks an advance alike in medical knowledge and in general science. For this we may well be grateful, while expressing the hope that the theosophic student will be encouraged along a line of observation and of inference that must certainly lead him to desirable conclusions. It is obvious that there is nothing either chaotic or accidental in nature. Mind and body alike are governed by laws that show themselves in periodicities. The periodicity of day and night enlarges and repeats itself in the cycle of life and death and rebirth. "As above, so below."

The world is a contradiction, a shade, a symbol—and, in spite of ourselves, we know that it is so. From this knowledge does all melancholy proceed. We crave for that which the earth does not contain; and whether this craving display itself by hope, by despair, by religion, by idolatry, or by atheism—it must ever be accompanied with a sense of defect and weakness—a consciousness, more or less distinct, of disproportion between the ideas which are the real objects of desire and admiration, and the existences which excite and represent them.—*Coleridge*.

Only those of tranquil mind, and none else, can attain abiding joy, by realizing within their souls the Being who manifests one essence in a multiplicity of forms.—*The Upanishads*.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

It is quite natural that the pessimistically inclined profane, once convinced of Nature's numerous shortcomings and failures, and especially of her autophagous propensities, should imagine this to be the best evidence that there is no Deity in *abscondito* within Nature, nor anything divine in her. Nor is it less natural that the Materialist and the Physicist should imagine that everything is due to blind force and chance, and to the survival of the *strongest*, even more often than of the *fittest*. But the Occultist, who regards Physical Nature as a bundle of most varied illusions on the plane of deceptive perceptions; who recognizes in every pain and suffering but the necessary pangs of incessant procreation; a series of stages toward an ever-growing perfectability, which is visible in the silent influence of never-erring Karma, or *Abstract Nature*—the Occultist, we say, views the Great Mother otherwise. Woe to those who live without suffering. Stagnation and death is the future of all that vegetates without change. And how can there be any change for the better without proportionate suffering during the preceding stage? Is it not those only who have learnt the deceptive value of earthly hopes and the illusive allurements of external nature who are destined to solve the great problems of life, pain and death.—*Vol. II, p. 499.*

The Secret Doctrine teaches that every event of universal importance, such as geological cataclysms at the end of one Race and the beginning of a new one, involving a great change each time in mankind, spiritual, moral, and physical—is precogitated and preconcerted, so to say, in the sidereal regions of our planetary system.—*Vol. II, p. 525.*

In our day of dreary soul-killing Materialism, the ancient Priest-Initiates have become in the opinion of our learned generations the synonyms of clever imposters, kindling the fires of superstitions in order to obtain an easier sway over the minds of men. This is an unfounded calumny, generated by skepticism and uncharitable thoughts. No one believed more than they did in Gods—or, we may call them, the spiritual and now invisible Powers, or Spirits, the

Noumena of the phenomena; and they believed simply because *they knew*. And though after being initiated into the Mysteries of Nature, they were forced to withhold their knowledge from the profane, who would have surely abused it, such secrecy was undeniably less dangerous than the policy of their usurpers and successors. The former taught only that which they knew well. The latter teaching what *they do not know*, have invented, as a secure haven for their ignorance, a jealous and cruel Deity, who forbids man to pry into his mysteries under the penalty of damnation.—*Vol. II, p. 545.*

This mystical symbol (the scarabæus) shows plainly that the Egyptians believed in reincarnation and the successive lives and existences of the Immortal Entity.—*Vol. II, p. 582.*

It was the knowledge of the natural laws which make of seven the root nature-number, so to say, in the manifested world, or at any rate in our present terrestrial life-cycle, and the wonderful comprehension of its workings, that unveiled to the Ancients so many of the mysteries of Nature.—*Vol. II, p. 657.*

ART OF THE THEATRE.

(Theodore L. Fitz Simons, in New York Evening Post.)

One must have a thorough knowledge of Hindu philosophy and of the mysticism of the East if he would discover the main error in Edward Gordon Craig's "Art of the Theatre," for it is on a misconception of the Oriental's point of view that Craig has built his brilliant but futile plan of regenerating the stage.

Mr. Craig takes as his hypothesis that it is in "that delightful land of death" alone that we are to find our inspiration. In other words, human emotions are not what the actor should aspire to express through gestures, which are mere distortions of the ideas they wish to portray. The motif to find expression, according to Mr. Craig, is the austere calm, aloofness, that one finds in the face of the Sphinx of Egypt and in the eternal statues of the Buddha in India.

It is obvious that if this hypothesis is true, it follows as a matter of course that the actor must be swept off the boards, unless the actor as we know him today change so radically that his body

shall be a medium for the expression of abstract ideas in place of emotions. As there seems no possibility of a human being, especially a theatrical human being, attaining such self-abnegation, such entire control of himself, we are bound to accept Mr. Craig's assertion that the Ueber Marionette must take the place of the actor of the future—that is, if we admit in the first place that the Art of the Theatre should be negative instead of positive. On this hangs the whole gist of the matter.

Mr. Craig shares, in common with the rest of the Western world this erroneous impression of Eastern religious thought. Except in exoteric Buddhism, the Oriental's conception of Brahm is not a negative one; on the other hand, Brahm is the symbol of perfect and absolute power and calm, yet out of this very calm he is continually evolving and weaving with restless energy human beings and various forms of life, the aim of whose existence is to attain the power of repose. In other words, Brahm consists of two elements, that which has attained Nirvana and that which is striving after the Nirvana attained. But even Nirvana itself in the last analysis is not a state of negative inertia; it rather is one of such force that they who dwell therein have nothing to strive for, since they have everything in themselves, being at one with the dynamic force of the universe.

If Mr. Craig had taken this view of Oriental occultism, which is the accepted view according to Tagore and other Hindu mystics; if he had founded his theories on esoteric Buddhism, instead of on the weak exoteric ideas of annihilation, the result would have been very different. He would then have seen that life, movement, and action are as divine as death, and as full of inspiration. He would then not have scorned the art of portraying human emotions in their various expressions of declamation, singing, and dancing, nor would he have looked upon the human body as an inadequate instrument to express the soul.

But most of all I love

Those happy ones to whom 'tis life to live
In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
Drinking the blessed Amrit of my Being.

—*Bhagavad Gita*.

EASTER ISLAND.

The following extract from the *Theosophist* of August, 1880, from the pen of H. P. Blavatsky, will be read with interest in view of the recent scientific expedition undertaken in order to solve the mystery of Easter Island and the gigantic statuary with which its terraces are crowded:

"We have as evidence the most ancient traditions of various and wide-separated people—legends in India, in ancient Greece, Madagascar, Sumatra, Java, and all the principal isles of Polynesia, as well as the legends of both Americas. Among savages, and in the traditions of the richest literature in the world—the Sanskrit literature of India—there is an agreement in saying that, ages ago, there existed in the Pacific Ocean, a large continent, which by a geological upheaval was engulfed by the sea (Lemuria). And it is our firm belief . . . that most, if not all, of the islands from the Malayan Archipelago to Polynesia, are fragments of that once submerged immense continent. . . . Notwithstanding the fact that New Zealand and Sandwich and Easter Islands are at a distance from each other of between 800 and 1000 leagues, and that, according to every testimony, neither these nor any other intermediate islands . . . could, since they became islands, ignorant as their people were of the compass, have communicated with each other before the arrival of Europeans; yet they one and all maintain that their respective countries extended far toward the west, on the Asian side. Moreover, with very small differences, they all speak dialects evidently of the same language, and understand each other with little difficulty, have the same religious beliefs and superstitions, and pretty much the same customs. And as few of the Polynesian islands were discovered earlier than a century ago, and the Pacific Ocean itself was unknown to Europe until the days of Columbus, and these islanders have never ceased repeating the same old traditions since the Europeans first set foot on their shores, it seems to us a logical inference that our theory is nearer to the truth than any other. Chance would have to change its name and meaning were all this due but to chance alone.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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CHANCE.

Miss Annie Lyman Sears, author of "The Drama of the Spiritual Life," falls into the usual confusion of thought with regard to chance which she seems to regard as in some way a disturbance to the orderliness of the universe. She says, "A tornado, a chance shot, a pure accident as we say, destroys the man of genius who might have greatly served the world, and this seems to us one of the most irrational of the facts of human experience. Or again two men may—without thought the one of the other, be following aims which are perfectly rational from the point of view of each of them, and yet a chance crossing by each of the other's path may cause disaster."

Here we have an example of a very common fallacy. An event is assumed to be insignificant because it happens to be small, or to seem small. Now a link in a chain may seem to be small so long as we overlook the fact that it is a link in a chain, and yet the fate of a ship may depend upon it. If our vision were so limited that we could see only one link at a time we might remain wholly unaware of the vast issues involved. How many links in the incalculable chain of human destiny are we able to see simultaneously? How often do we fail to recognize that even the smallest event is a link in a chain? How do we know where that chain began and where it will end?

Now every event in the life of the in-

dividual or in the history of a nation may be traced back from effect to cause until at last we reach some other event that we should thoughtlessly describe as accidental or insignificant. All things have minute beginnings. A poem once popular in our public schools describes how a great battle was lost because the horse of the general had been carelessly shod. A broken or missing nail had changed the fate of a nation. Would Miss Sears maintain that the issue of the battle belonged to the contemplated order of things, that it was a part of the divine scheme, but that the carelessness of the farrier was an accident? But if one was an accident then the other must have been accident also. If the loss of the battle was a link in the chain of destiny, then the breaking of the shoe nail must have been another link, and it is only the faulty perspective of our vision that causes us to describe one as small and the other as large. Actually they must have been of the same magnitude, and we should so see them if we had a better standard of values. It is said that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because he had an epileptic fit at the critical moment of the fight. Did the fit belong to the chapter of accidents, and the defeat of the army to the chapter of law? That is impossible. Were they both accidents? Or were both links in the chain of destined cause and effect, and links of the same size and import,

but now distorted by our false perspective or false standard of values.

Illustrations of the same kind come numerously to the mind. It is said that Rome was once saved by the cackling of the Capitol geese. The history of the whole civilized world would have been different but for the cackling of these geese. Did they cackle accidentally? Then the whole history of the civilized world must also be accidental, and there can be no such thing as law or destiny in human affairs.

The newspapers recently recorded the story of a man who won a large sum in a lottery. Unaccustomed wealth drove him to dissipation, and within a year he had committed suicide and his wife and children were beggars. Must we ascribe this domestic tragedy to chance? If not, then the drawing of the lottery ticket was not due to chance. If so, then there is nothing but chance anywhere and at all times.

It may respectfully be submitted to Miss Sears that chance and law can not exist side by side in the same universe. If chance causes a leaf to drop from a tree, then chance causes the planets to revolve around the sun, the rise and fall of empires, the birth and the destruction of races. The religious instinct is due to chance. Socrates drank the hemlock by chance. Chance is responsible for mother love, for compassion, truth, honor, and Calvary.

Why should not the "accidental" shot that destroys the man of genius be due to law? Has not the world witnessed many a shot that seemed at the moment to be wholly calamitous, but that were hallowed by time into benedictions. The death of Abraham Lincoln seemed at the time to be an unmix'd tragedy. But did not the manner of his death serve to give to his memory and to his example the inexhaustible force of martyrdom? Would we now rewrite any single page of history, if only it be so far distant that we can see it clearly? And there is no single page of history of which the first words, if we could but decipher them, did not consist of what we foolishly call accidents, insignificances, and trivialities. Once more we can not postulate the accidental as existing anywhere or at any time unless we are prepared to postulate the accidental as existing everywhere and at all times. There is no room for both of them in the same universe.

Thus we may believe that the home and the fount of destiny is in the small things of life, and indeed this is so familiar a truism as almost to demand an apology for its repetition. Patanjali says somewhere that this universe exists for the sake of the soul, which means that the universe is soul, individualized in humanity, and that it has passed upward to its present status through every kingdom of nature and through countless incarnations. The continuing and binding thread of its pilgrimage must be this same law of cause and effect, or Karma, which must therefore govern and control all events, and all events must be of the same magnitude, themselves the effect of antecedent causes and the parents of their appropriate results.

THE INVISIBLE.

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Unapprehensible, we clutch thee.

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air,
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder),
Cry: and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder,
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging heaven by the hems;
And lo! Christ walketh on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames.

—Francis Thompson.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. . . . And death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more: the first things are passed.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.—
Revelation.

CONCENTRATION.

An occult truth is very often hidden in the most obtrusive of places and it is passed by with little thought by the thousands of people who read it. As a matter of fact occult truths are constantly staring us in the face, which, if applied to ourselves and our experiences would lead to many startling revelations. In an article recently syndicated by Charles Thwing, LL. D., president of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio, the subject of "Mental Concentration as an Asset" is discussed with facility and precision, but with that insufficiency that marks so many of the pseudo-scientific articles that appear in the daily newspapers.

In describing mental concentration Professor Thwing says it is "a uniting, quickening, and vitalizing of all the forces of the reason devoted to a single end. It is thinking to a point. . . . Its forces are diffuseness, discursiveness, and indolence. Diffuseness is the playfulness of intellectual youthfulness. Indolence is a mental indifference which may or may not be recreative." A little further on he tells us that in concentration "the mind finds forces of which it has not been conscious. It seems often to create new forces. It raises itself to the *Nth* degree of power. It gets its second wind. Its slow-moving feet become wings. It runs with the chariots, not with the footmen, and it does not become weary. The spirit of the very gods seems to fill its being. Its sight becomes insight. It calls out the intellectual reserves. It discovers the truth of the remark of William James—"that each of us has resources of which he does not dream."

This is indeed a gorgeous prospect. We may all of us become geniuses if we will—even the least of us. No unusual erudition or elaborate education is postulated. If we will but bend our minds to the task we have before us to the exclusion of every other thought until that task is finished, we are promised not only a speedy attainment of our end and an effective one, but also an introduction to a higher plane of nature. If we will but do with our might what our hands find to do we shall assuredly reach the kingdom of heaven.

Thousands of Christian readers all over America have probably read Pro-

fessor Thwing's article, and those who have given it any thought at all have doubtless either denounced it as superstition or acknowledged it as one more of the fruits of modern psychological research. And yet that is precisely what Christ taught nearly two thousand years ago. The admonition to drive out the thousands of vagrant thoughts that find an easy entrance and a ready welcome to the dingy corridors of our minds; the exhortation to exclude these mental vagabonds and devote our energies to the proper entertainment of one worthy thought at a time bear a singular resemblance to the parable in the New Testament where Christ is represented as driving the thieves and money-changers out of the temple and restoring to it its proper function. We—our minds—are verily the temples of the Holy Ghost, and so long as we persist in entertaining the hosts of vagabonds we must not complain that royal visitors do not cross our thresholds. The minds of most of us are ill-prepared to receive that kingdom of heaven that is hidden deep within our natures—hidden underneath the heaps of rubbish that is left by the rabble of the thought world.

Occultists for unnumbered ages have realized this tremendous truth of the power of concentration which Professor Thwing now writes about and supposes to be a modern discovery. Patanjali, who wrote the most compact and comprehensive treatise on psychology that has ever been given to the world, gave detailed information about it thousands of years ago. But it matters little who discovered it, or when, if we will but avail ourselves of the opportunities it offers.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of right;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might.
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit
and live out thy life as the light.

—Nietzsche.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How fraught with punishment the scroll.
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.—Henley.

Earth may crumble back into earth; the spirit will still escape from its frail tenement. The wind of the storm may scatter his ashes; his being endures forever.—*Elegie*.

THE SPIRITUAL IDEAL.

Among the many books that inquire into the meaning of the religious life a high place of honor should be given to "The Drama of the Spiritual Life," by Annie Lyman Sears (the Macmillan Company; \$3). For Miss Sears has none of that sense of what may be called an explanatory superiority, or expository condescension, that so often mars the current analyses of religious feeling. She does not tell us that we are religious because our progenitors were afraid of thunder, or that belief in Deity is due to an aboriginal dread of devils. On the contrary she tells us that every human being has an ideal, a sense of difference between things as they are and things as they should be, and that the intellect strives constantly to realize this ideal. All religions have therefore a common basis. We may differ in our interpretations of ideals. There may be but little agreement as to the methods of their attainment. But one and all come from within, and they are divine.

Miss Sears may be said to cover the whole of religious thought, with many an incursion into the by-paths, and she does this so judiciously that her own preferences, if they exist at all, are wholly hidden. Speaking, for example, of genius, she says:

So wonderful is the endowment of genius that from earliest times men of genius, and especially men of religious genius, have been held to be divinely inspired. It was believed that they were "seized by the god" and that they received a direct revelation from the unseen world. Men of æsthetic genius as well as scientific discoverers themselves report inspired moments when they are swayed, as it were, by some power outside themselves, which flows through them as passive instruments of its will. In such divine moments the solution of a problem, or the motive or form of a poem or musical composition, has flashed upon their minds from some source other than that of their clear self-conscious purpose and intent.

Kant says that one reason why genius receives its title is that its subject can not explain it. He finds himself in possession of an art that he could not have learned and which he can not comprehend. Miss Sears continues:

In ancient times it was said that the poet was breathed upon by the Muses, but in our age of scientific methods another name has been found for these sudden inspirations of genius. This new name is the "subliminal consciousness." This sub-marginal region is a deeper region of consciousness than that of

the individual's own conscious intent. It is something more intuitive, and is truer in its verdicts, it is held, than the reasoning powers of the mind. The subliminal consciousness seems to contain the stored-up experiences and instinctive tendencies of the individual's own past; of the past of his ancestors, and even of his race; that is, the individual is not expressed merely or wholly in his own self-conscious purpose. . . . Who knows how much effort of the ages, effort individual and racial, apparently silent and unsuccessful, has gone to make possible the immediate inspiration of genius? But still we must admit that the nature of genius, in whatever field, is, after all, more or less of a mystery. It remains itself an "unanswered question."

This is, of course, quite good, but we may still wonder at a certain perversity that prefers a theory of racial memory to one of individual memory. If a portion of the subliminal consciousness is made up of "the stored-up experiences and instinctive tendencies of the individual's own past," why not the whole of it? It is not more difficult to believe in reincarnation than in racial memory, and it is far more logical and far more ethical. The geniuses of the world are, then, those who are able to recover from their subliminal consciousness (why not Higher Self) a memory of their past gains, and such a power results from personal effort. It seems strange that so many should be willing to swallow the camel of racial memory and yet strain at the gnat of reincarnation and of individual memory.

The volume contains so many examples of faithful interpretation that selection is both difficult and easy. For example, we have the following survey of Maia, or Illusion:

To the religious consciousness, then, change is either an evil which belongs to Maia—to the world of mere appearance and unreality or change which appears as genuine change is in reality simply eternal recurrence. What has been will be again. It is the same old story endlessly repeated, hence without significance or value. The finite, temporal world is an evil, therefore, which the religious consciousness must either ignore, or overcome by renouncing it. It is true that man is frail, temporal, and finite, that the generations pass and are no more. Yet in relation to the unchanging, the One, the Eternal, all mutability is, after all, but appearance. The Real, above all change, may be sought, and if rightfully sought, will surely be found. This, as we have already seen, is the attitude of Brahminism, of Buddhism, and also of Christian monasticism.

The book may safely be recommended to those in search of a study of religion

that has none of the defects usually associated with works of this kind.

THE SIXTH RACE.

(Written Down by Elsa Barker.)

Have you thought about the United States after this war? A new race is being prepared for in the United States. That is why you had to be born there—you through whom I write. That is why I am trying to use you in my work for Universal Brotherhood. . . .

The Theosophical Society could not have been born anywhere else. Spiritualism could not have been born anywhere else. In the United States is a readiness for new things, a reaching out for the untried, a welcome for things because they are new.

Of course this tendency may be and is abused. Almost any faker can find followers in the United States; but without that hospitable spirit towards the New, the great new race could not come into existence there.

This race is not made of new souls, but of the oldest and most experienced souls, experienced in other lives of the past. The ingenuousness and the child-like quality of Americans are the results of spiritual maturity. The race as a race, is in its youth; but the souls are old as time.

After they have taken a much-needed rest, many or most of the souls that go out by death in this war will find rebirth in the United States. Oh, that land will be a very wonderful place in seventy-five or a hundred years.

You will not be here then, unless you discover the fountain of immortal youth, or unless you come back soon, renouncing the rest of heaven.

Ponce de Leon was inspired when he sought the fountain in the New World. It is there if anywhere; but Australia and Russia will run you a keen race for the future.

No, I shall not tell you about the Seventh Race. It will come in good time; but now I want to talk to you about the Sixth, one of whose pioneers you are. . . .

When the Sixth Race is fully incarnate, all men and women of real development will be able to see in the astral world, and to hear unspoken words, and to read the thoughts of others. Of course there will be people of all grades

of development in that new race. Equality of development is a pretty dream, you Socialists. Have you not also your superior ones, your leaders? The less developed souls who come into incarnation with the Sixth Race are those who have earned in the past the right to be open to the quickening influences of the race. How have they earned that right? By their willingness to change and to grow. . . .

You wonder about the future of England. Old England is provided for. Has she not given birth to the civilization you enjoy? Other races were present of course; but language tells the story.

As I said before, England has been an instrument in the hands of these Great Ones who wished to make possible the fraternity of races. She has carried the torch round the world. She has tied continents together, and woven the chain which will bind men to each other in days that are to come. Honor her, for she deserves honor.

Honor all nations, as aggregates of souls, your brother souls; but honor most those nations that have worked with the Law and not against it. . . .

The Sixth Race is a sensitive infant and learns more through love than through discipline. The Sixth Race will apply the discipline to itself when it feels the need of it. Its schoolmaster will be curiosity, and its play will be the sciences and the arts of peace. Its cradle song will be a chant of brotherhood. No, it could not be rocked in a German cradle, but many a German-American will help to rock it. They make lovely cradle songs, the Germans, when they forget the superiority of being grown-ups and go back to the fancies of childhood, the myth-making fancies.

We want to see more and more Frenchmen in the United States, for France has more to teach the new race than has any other nation—France the inspired prophet, and most of all France the critic. Americans are not critical enough, not analytical enough, not subtle enough. America needs France, and the men and women of France. You have heard the old saying, "Every man has two countries, his own and France." I may be misquoting, but the idea is there.

You wonder how any one born to the glory and charm of France should ever come to the New World? But many will

come, and more will follow, both by the path of the ocean and by the path of rebirth. You came that way yourself, if you but knew it.

Recover the memory of past births, you pioneers of the Sixth Race. You can do it. It is part of the heritage of that race. . . .

Increase your army and navy so long as you are nervous. Put lightning-rods on your house and burglar alarms on the doors and windows. Feel secure. Then dream about brotherhood—when you can trust in it.

Sit by the fire of your own coal dug from the ground by Dutchmen, as it burns in a chimney of your own bricks made by the hands of Irishmen, read your own newspapers printed in the language of Englishmen, by the light of your own lamp made by a German, on your own hearth-rug made by a Turk or an Armenian, enjoy the feel of your own muscles trained by a Swede, in your own linen washed by a Chinaman, listen to your daughter playing on your own piano the music of a Russian, an Italian, a Pole, or a Frenchman, see all over your own room things made by the sons of a dozen other races, your neighbors, your fellow-citizens, your fellow-Americans, then tell me whether you dare not to believe in Universal Brotherhood, and in the new race, the synthesis of all races.—*From "War Letters from a Living Dead Man."* Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

Every atom gives resistance not the universe
can break;

Each rose-petal holds perfection angel artists
could not make.

As each white wave feels the motion of the
moon-led tidal main,

Plato and the seven sages shine in every
human brain.

Each true prayer foretastes the glory saints
and prophets burn to teach

In my brother's heart enfolded lies the king-
dom Christ would reach.

Under every power and passion burns the
element divine:

if I grasp the moment's meaning, all eternity
is mine.

That the gods would give such things as are
good, for they know best what are good.

O sweet Pan and ye other gods, whoever ye
be, grant to me to be beautiful within.

—*Prayer of Socrates.*

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

January 1—The first duty taught in Theosophy is to do one's duty unflinchingly by every duty.

January 2—The heart which follows the rambling senses leads away his judgment as the wind leads a boat astray upon the waters.

January 3—He who casts off all desires, living free from attachments, and free from egoism, obtains bliss.

January 4—To every man that is born, an axe is born in his mouth, by which the fool cuts himself, when speaking bad language.

January 5—As all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so is the life of mortals.

January 6—Wise men are light bringers.

January 7—A just life, a religious life, this is the best gem.

January 8—Having tasted the sweetness of illusion and tranquillity, one becomes free from fear, and free from sin, drinking in the sweetness of Dhamma (law).

January 9—False friendship is like a parasitic plant, it kills the tree it embraces.

January 10—Cut out the love of self, like an autumn lotus, with thy hand. Cherish the road of peace.

January 11—Men who have not observed proper discipline, and have not gained treasure in their youth, perish like old herons in a lake without fish.

January 12—As the bee collects nectar, and departs without injuring the flower, or its color or scent, so let a Sage dwell in his village.

January 13—As rain does not break through a well-thatched house, passion will not break through a well-reflecting mind.

January 14—He who hath too many friends hath as many candidates for enemies.

January 15—That man alone is wise who keeps the mastery of himself.

January 16—Seek refuge in thy soul; have there thy heaven. Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts.

January 17—All our dignity consists in thought, therefore let us contrive to think well; for that is the principle of morals.

January 18—Flattery is a false coin which circulates only because of our vanity.

January 19—Narrowness of mind causes stubbornness; we do not easily believe what is beyond that which we see.

January 20—The soul ripens in tears.

January 21—This is truth the poet sings:

That a sorrow's crown of sorrows
Is remembering happier things.

January 22—Musk is musk because of its own fragrance, and not from being called a perfume by the druggist.

January 23—Not every one ready for a dispute is as quick in transacting business.

January 24—It is not every graceful form that contains as graceful a disposition.

January 25—If every pebble became a priceless ruby, then pebble and ruby would become equal in value.

January 26—Every man thinks his own wisdom faultless, and every mother her own child beautiful.

January 27—If wisdom were to vanish suddenly from the universe, no one yet would suspect himself a fool.

January 28—A narrow stomach may be filled to its satisfaction, but a narrow mind will never be satisfied, not even with all the riches of the world.

January 29—He who neglects his duty to his conscience will neglect to pay his debt to his neighbor.

FROM MARCUS AURELIUS.

Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that he does all that the daemon wishes, which Zeus has given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of himself. And this is every man's understanding and reason. Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashore, and mountains, and thou art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of man, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet, or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect

tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly, then, give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest. . . .

Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me—not so, but happy am I, though this has happened to me, because I continue free from pain, neither crushed by the present nor fearing the future. For such a thing as this might have happened to every man; but every man would not have continued free from pain upon such an occasion? Why, then, is that rather a misfortune than this a good fortune? And dost thou in all cases call that a man's misfortune which is not a deviation from man's nature? And does a thing seem to thee to be a deviation from man's nature, when it is not contrary to the will of man's nature? Well, thou knowest the will of nature. Will, then, this which has happened prevent thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, secure against inconsiderate opinions and falsehood; will it prevent thee from having modesty, freedom, and everything else by the presence of which man's nature obtains all that is its own? Remember, too, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle: not that this is a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.

There is, O disciples, a state where there is neither earth nor water, neither light nor air, neither infinity of space, nor infinity of reason, nor absolute void, nor the co-extinction of perception and non-perception, neither this world nor that world, both sun and moon. That, O disciples, I term neither coming nor going nor standing, neither birth nor death. It is without basis, without procession, without cessation; that is the end of sorrow.—*Urdana.*

That only which we have within can we see without.

If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none. . . .

He only is rightly immortal to whom all things are immortal. —Emerson.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE WORLD CRISIS.

It is no small matter for congratulation that America should possess such a thinker as Dr. Felix Adler, whose voice is so perpetually raised in indication of the better way in national action and in the conduct of the individual life. Dr. Adler is one of the few men now before the world who invite us to look at facts fearlessly, and to recognize that there is no royal road to reform, or indeed any other road than that of the toilsome and continuous effort of the individual.

In "The World Crisis and Its Meaning," published by Appleton's, we see Dr. Adler at his best. He tells us that there can be no permanent peace by any of the methods now so noisily advocated, and that without some radical change in human thought we must be prepared to regard war as a continuing institution. Indeed we might have learned this already, and from the many futilities that have now become a part of our history. The Baroness von Suttner, for example, implored the world to lay down its arms, and to cease forthwith the infliction of wounds and death. It was the humanitarian plea, and it was heard with respect. But it produced no effect, because it left the causes of war undisturbed. A humanity trained in the ways of selfishness and of rivalry, inured to the tragedies of commercialism, accustomed to the far more terrible wounds and deaths of peace, was not likely to be deterred by mere physical bloodshed. The Baroness

von Suttner appealed to emotionalism, and nothing is more short-lived.

Another typical inefficacy was the argument of Norman Angell. War, he said, was always commercial, and it was waged with the hope of financial profit. It was only necessary to show that there could be no such profit and war must come to an end like all other bad investments. It was the appeal to greed, and it failed because war is not caused by greed. It deserved to fail.

Religion has had no better success than emotionalism and greed. At the present moment we have an ever enlarging circle of nations, all of whom are praying to the same God for success in killing their enemies. To judge from the national prayers of the belligerents we might suppose that bloodshed was the only passport to Divine favor, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is in very truth to be taken by violence. Lord Kitchener exhorts the soldier to "Fear God and serve the King"—by killing Germans. The German chancellor says, "Let your hearts beat for God and your fists beat on the foe." From all over Europe echoes the cry, "In the name of Christ, kill." Was there ever such a horrid sound?

The old remedies have obviously failed, but the crop of new ones is continuous. They are illusions, and an illusion, says Dr. Adler, is the notion that what ought to be can be realized immediately, without working over the actual, without effort, without pain—at least with a mini-

mun of effort and pain. All we need to do is to form a few peace societies, to build a Peace Temple somewhere, to call meetings, and pass resolutions, and sing hymns, and prate about treaties and international police. The people who advocate these things, these "pills against the earthquake," are usually easy-going and pleasure-loving people who do not realize that the world is not made for enjoyment, but for the doing of stern work, and for the personal sacrifice without which all such work is futile. These are the illusions that must be denounced because they are a deception of one's self. War can not be banished in any of these ways. If we have nothing better, then we must reconcile ourselves to a world henceforth and continuously at war.

Reform, says Dr. Adler, springs from the existence of an ideal, and an ideal is the mental picture of something that ought to be. Therefore an ideal condemns the actual, but if the ideal is to become an actuality there must be a clear recognition of what the actual now is. But the actual would not now exist if it had not at some time been an ideal, and the ideal of a nation is but the aggregate of the individual ideals of its people.

Therefore if we are to abolish war we must begin with the individual. We must change his ideals, or rather he must change them for himself. He must learn to think in some new way, to look upon his interests in some new light, to adopt some new standard of life and conduct. So long as the individual believes that his own material well-being is the paramount consideration, that the acquisition of possessions should be his first concern, that he may inflict suffering upon others if his interests seem to demand it, so long that individual will be a war maker, no matter how vociferous his clamors for peace or how large his donations to benevolence. It is with the basic principles of the individual that we have to deal, and not with the collective action of nations or communities. Of what value is it to demand peace while our own state of mind is one of war, and the ordinary war of commercialism is far more pitiless, more ruthless, more conscienceless than that of rifles and bayonets? Certainly it is a hard saying, and possibly an unwelcome one to those

whose ideas of reform consist of applying a moral coercion to some one else and never to themselves. And it is precisely for that reason that Dr. Adler is to be applauded for saying it.

Therefore there is no individual too obscure to be a peacemaker, and in the most practical of all ways. Instead of writing letters to the newspapers in order to explain what a King or a Czar ought to do we can begin the reign of peace by creating in ourselves a feeling of good-will toward the people whom we now dislike. Some of us dislike colored people, and some of us dislike Poles, and Russians, and Japanese. We all have national antipathies, and some people dislike all races except their own, and these people usually ask to be commended as patriots. Actually they are the war-makers, and bloodguiltiness is upon their heads even though they never fire a shot.

The second step is to overcome our personal repugnance and so to take a fraternal view of other men. "Like St. Francis in the legend, bathe your lepers, tend those who are repugnant to you. If there is any one whom you particularly dislike, think kindly of him at this moment. He is your leper—see whether you can not imitate St. Francis and be in thought and deed his friend." Thus, and thus only, can we overcome war. There is no other way.

But we can not do any of these things without the creation of a new basis for action, and we can wish that Dr. Adler had given us some more substantial aid in this direction. He advises us, and most wisely, to "so act as to evoke in another the efficient idea of himself as a member of the infinite organism, and thereby corroborate in yourself the same efficient idea with respect to yourself." But suppose he should ask what is meant by the infinite organism, and why the infinite organism should be of any concern to him. And these are precisely the questions that he will ask if he has imbibed the materialism of the schools, and so learned to look upon himself as a physical mechanism wound up like a clock and destined to extinction with the exhaustion of the initial force. Unless he learn to look upon himself as individually immortal, as absolutely his own creation under a law of cause and effect, as the unfinished part of a structure that

will one day be four square and reach from earth to heaven, it will be hard to give him any adequate reason for the creation of that good-will that is so desirable. He will see no reason why he should resist those temptings from below that seem to promise so much pleasure. If he came out of the darkness and is destined to return to the darkness at any moment, why should not he eat, drink, and be merry, even though he drink the blood of his fellow-men and make merry on their miseries and desolation?

The man who has a conception of individual immortality and of an eternal growth that depends wholly upon his own "self-induced and self-devised efforts" will need no other basis for action. It is only those without compass, map, and destination that stray from the path. The enunciation of moral axioms is of little value unless at the same time we show that they belong to a law of life, and that the destiny of the individual through unnumbered ages depends upon their observance. And if that lesson be learned we shall then see a rectification of individual conduct that will not only banish war, but most of the other evils under which we are suffering.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Lunar magnetism generates life, preserves and destroys it.—Vol. I, p. 427.

Each week has a distinct Occult character in the lunar month; each day of the twenty-eight has its special characteristics; for each of the twelve constellations, whether separately or in combination with the other signs, has an Occult influence either for good or for evil.—Vol. I, p. 440.

Every symbol in *every* national religion may be read esoterically; and the proof of its being correctly read when transliterated into its corresponding numerals and geometrical forms, may be obtained from the extraordinary agreement of all glyphs and symbols, however much they may externally vary among themselves.—Vol. I, p. 477.

More and more, as chemical and physical sciences progress, does this Occult axiom find its corroboration in the world of knowledge; the scientific hypothesis, that even the simplest elements of matter are identical in their nature,

and differ from each other only in consequence of the various distributions of atoms in the molecule or speck of substance, or of the modes of its atomic vibration, gains more ground every day.—Vol. I, p. 491.

Materialism and skepticism are evils that must remain in the world so long as man has not quitted his present gross form to don the one he had during the First and Second Races of this Round. Unless Skepticism and our present natural ignorance are equilibrated by Intuition and a natural Spirituality, every being afflicted with such feelings will see in himself nothing better than a bundle of flesh, bones, and muscles, with an empty garret inside, which serves the purpose of storing his sensations and feelings.—Vol. I, p. 521.

A wooden or a stone block is motionless and impenetrable to all intents and purposes. Nevertheless and *de facto*, its particles are in ceaseless eternal vibration which is so rapid that to the physical eye the body seems absolutely devoid of motion; and the spatial distances between those particles in their vibratory motion is—considered from another plane of being and perception—as great as that which separates snowflakes or drops of rain.—Vol. I, p. 553.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

January 30—Mite added to mite becomes a great heap; the heap in the barn consists of small grains.

January 31—He who tasteth not thy bread during thy lifetime, wilt not mention thy name when thou art dead.

February 1—Two things are impossible in this world of Maya: to enjoy more than Karma hath allotted; to die before one's hour hath struck.

February 2—A student without inclination for work is like a squirrel on its wheel; he makes no progress.

February 3—A traveler without observation is a bird without wings.

February 4—A learned man without pupils is a tree which bears no fruit; a devotee without good works is a dwelling without a door.

February 5—When fate overtakes us, the eye of Wisdom becomes blind.

DREAMS.

The fact that the *London Observer* has opened its columns to a discussion of dreams is a reminder of the rapidity with which "superstitions" pass into the domain of science. Forty years ago dreams belonged exclusively to the domain of the fortune-teller. The dream was a synonym of fanciful unreality. A serious discussion of the dream states would have been a passport to the lunatic asylum. Today there is hardly a single psychologist of note who has not made a contribution to a study now recognized to be of supreme importance. Freud has written a book about dreams. So has Bergson. Münsterburg, Henry Holt, and a dozen others have joined in the discussion. It is true that these eminent men are not in agreement, that they are usually in diametrical opposition, but what else can be expected from a method that begins with the formulation of a theory and that passes on to the support of that theory by the careful selection of favoring facts and the equally careful rejection of all evidence that seems to be hostile. Freud, for example, maintains that dreams represent our unsatisfied desires, heedless of the fact that nightmare is a common human experience. Bergson describes the dream as a repetition of the waking states, although many dreams have been supernormal and prophetic. And so it goes. If theories and facts do not coincide they can easily be made to do so.

A popular discussion is not always fruitful, since a proper verification of evidence is seldom possible. At the same time some of these letters to the *Observer* are deeply significant. For example, there is the letter from Mr. David Gow, who tells us of a lady who dreamed continually of wandering about a certain house and who eventually found herself on a visit to its original. She learned that the house was supposed to be haunted, and her surprise can be pictured when she herself was recognized as the ghost. Here we seem to have a case of astral projection, although we have still to account for the choice of a house with which the dreamer was normally unfamiliar.

A letter from Mr. Sax Rohmer is equally interesting, although we can hardly feel that it is adequate as a general theory of dreams. Mr. Sax Rohmer

says that dreams can be explained only by a theory of preëxistence, and he refers us to the composition of man as furnished by the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. But why must we resort to a work so recondite and so difficult to understand? The Egyptians taught what is practically the same as the theosophical theory of the sevenfold nature of man. All occult systems of all times have taught this under various guises, and, as Mr. Rohmer rightly says, it is the only theory that explains normal as well as abnormal mentality. It may be said to imply preëxistence and reincarnation, but this is far from saying that all dreams may be explained by reincarnation. Mr. Rohmer says: "If we regard the brain as an engine room and the spirit as an engineer, we can see how, when the engine lies idle in sleep, the engineer is at liberty to take leave 'ashore.' Habits formed on earlier voyages guide his steps, sometimes, to once familiar spots. On his return to duty—with the body's awakening—the 'engine-room' becomes a whispering gallery of old memories."

The theory is ingenious and in many cases correct. But not in all. If the soul may be guided by memories of past lives it may be guided also by memories of the present life, and by a thousand influences not yet understood nor charted.

The dream problem will be solved only when we realize that there are many planes of consciousness congenial to the Soul, but from which it is ordinarily debarred by the limitations of the physical brain. It is true that the brain acts as the medium and the transmitter of the Soul, but it acts also as its veil and screen. It rejects far more than it receives. Its hospitalities to consciousness are restricted. Liberated from the sleeping brain, it enters into its own, so to speak, and assumes its rightful omniscience. Thus we become gods when asleep and know the things that "it is no lawful for man to utter." Consciousness returning to the brain on awakening tries to print upon the memory its experiences, and the brain, seeking to receive them, succeeds only in mutilating and distorting them. They are not of the kind to which it is used.

Therein lies the whole task of the occultist. He must train his brain, he thought, to receive those higher states c

his own consciousness to which it is ordinarily unresponsive. In other words he must learn to incarnate in his own brain. Habituating his brain, for example, to realize the continuity of his existence it becomes gradually willing to receive the records of that continuity. Weaning his brain from exclusive thoughts of limitation and separateness and possession, it becomes hospitable to a consciousness, which is actually himself, and which knows nothing of these things. And this, it seems, is the intent and purpose of all evolutionary processes, the goal "to which all creation moves."

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(From the New York Sun of Sept. 21, 1897.)

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the *Sun*:

DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so. Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

115 WEST NINETY-FIFTH STREET.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You

might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HYMN.

Death is before me today
Like the recovery of a sick man,
Like going forth into a garden after sickness.

Death is before me today
Like the odor of myrrh,
Like sitting under the sail on a windy day.

Death is before me today
Like the course of the freshet,
Like the return of a man from the war-galley to his house.

Death is before me today
As a man longs to see his house,
When he has spent years in captivity.
—Quoted by Breasted "Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt."

That which I strove to be
And was not—comforts me.

—Breasted.

Nothing pleases God more than a mind free from all occupations and distractions . . . such a mind is in a manner transformed into God.—*Albertus Magnus*.

A PROPHECY.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* reminds us of the following words, written in June, 1914, by Leopold von Schroeder, professor of Sanskrit and Indian literature at the University of Vienna. Professor von Schroeder must have had a prophetic insight into the events then impending, as well as into events even greater that must yet be settled in the mental and ethical realms of human nature:

But the great international contest, the greatest which this century will have to fight out, is not a world-war, though that may come, too, but a far more momentous issue. What is in my mind is not a deadly struggle for predominance in the Far East, India, or Africa, or for the right of nationalities, a subject which more than ever excites the human fancy. The war for nationalities will be terrible, but in the end will also yield to common sense because the question of nationalities imperils the common weal. Nor do I think of a war for economic superiority either in the old or in the new world, in Europe or America. The supreme issue will not be that between the white and yellow races, or between capital and labor, between the rich and poor. The vital question is neither social nor racial. All those are big problems which mankind will have to fight out and decide one way or the other. But the greatest of all questions is far closer to our truest interests. It is the eternal problem whence we come and whither we go, for what end we live, to what purpose all human and cosmic evolution proceeds. Science alone can not answer that question, which despite all apparent superficiality and commercialism of the present material age is foremost and innermost, though often dormant and subconscious. The fight of all fights is the great fight for faith which must supplement knowledge, since knowledge, by its very nature, is limited and relative. But the soul can not live on bread alone, it yearns for the boundless and absolute, for God and religion. The real issue of the great fight to come will be the question whether our age will, shall, and ought to have a religion, and what kind of religion.

The learned professor is right when he says that it is the "eternal question" that is always foremost and innermost, no matter how much it may seem to be submerged by self-interest and the sanctified greeds of commercialism. Of one thing we may be quite sure. The war is not a mere interlude or interruption. Never again will the world, or any part of it, move upon its old courses. And humanity will demand of itself an explanation of a calamity that must have been born in human minds and in human thought, through some mistaken ideal, through some ignorance of law

and destiny. Fools may prate as they will of some method to regulate human greed while still deifying it as the lord of life under the name of competition and progress, but men of good-will all over the world know already that this can not be done and that nothing but some spiritual philosophy of life, some new ideal of human brotherhood based upon spiritual knowledge, can either heal the wounds already inflicted or prevent the advent of fresh ones.

What will Professor von Schroeder himself do to that end? His studies in Oriental philosophies should stand him in good stead.

AN ASTRAL LIMB.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*—by no means a credulous or superstitious newspaper—is interesting itself in strange tales often told of cripples who many years after the accident which left them maimed have suffered aches and pains from the severed member, although it had been safely buried perhaps a thousand miles away. The skeptical, says the *Globe-Democrat*, are—skeptical, but even they must be satisfied by a case that has recently come to light in McAlester and that is vouched for by the sexton of Oakhill cemetery and his wife, as well as the man who owned, so to speak, the buried limb:

About three weeks ago Anderson Pugh, a local employee of the Standard Oil Company, had his leg amputated as a result of an accident. The leg was wrapped in grave cloth and buried by George Burt, the sexton of Oakhill cemetery. What happened after that time is told by Mr. Burt in his own way, and affirmed by Mrs. Burt, who was a witness to all that transpired.

"A few days ago," says Mr. Burt, "Anderson Pugh came to me and said, 'Burt, you have buried my leg in a cramped position, leaving a crease in the bottom of the foot, and it is giving me such pain that I want you to take it up, straighten it out, and bury it again.' He described the crease, telling just how it ran across the bottom of the foot.

"Well, I went down to the cemetery the next day and dug up the limb, and sure enough I found that I had buried it so that it was cramped, leaving a crease in the foot just as Mr. Pugh had described. I straightened the member out, wrapped it in new cloths, and replaced it in the grave. Mr. Pugh says that since that time he has not suffered the slightest pain from the missing leg."

Anderson Pugh, the man who lost the leg, said that everything Sexton Burt had told was true. He declared that he had suffered constant pain from the time his leg was buried, and the feeling had always been with him that the leg was stiff and cramped until it had

been unearthed and reinterred by the sexton, after which all pain had vanished.

There is nothing mysterious about these numerous and well-attested experiences. The astral body, which may be described as an ethereal duplicate of the physical body, is actually the seat of all bodily sensation. The surgeon's knife which removes the physical limb has no power over the astral limb, which may remain in magnetic connection with its material counterpart and faithfully record its vicissitudes.

SOME FRAGMENTS.

The truest happiness is to be found in the deep interior study of the great mysteries of nature and life, seeking thus to find the best manner in which the soul may express itself and in a constant fulfillment of this manner when found. If they can be taught to see and feel this and the true meaning of it, the work is done. Labor, therefore, faithfully to accomplish this in yourself, for we can teach others only what we ourselves know, and this knowledge is one with experience. The divine light burns for all; take your part of it and, illuminating your own heart, the power will then be yours to illumine others. Remember words are not needed.

In the silence these things are done. Those in whose midst you may live, quiet and unknown, will have the radiance cast upon them merely by your presence. It is not what you say and do, but what you *are* that tells, and that which will leave its ineffaceable mark upon each character you meet as upon all time. The Soul desires to express itself in its reflection, your life. So live that it may do so. So think and act that you may become a channel for higher things to descend to lower planes.

Duty is not an ogre, but an angel. How few understand this. Most confuse it as they do conscience.

Sorrows, crosses, these are our opportunities, could we but see it so. But he is far along who does so see it. He has attained who fully realizes it.

Meditate on things you want to know. . . . Seek all knowledge within yourself, do not go without. You understand what is meant by this; not what books should be neglected, but that in-

formation obtained from them should be *drawn within*, sifted and tested there. Study all things in this light and the most physical will at the same time lead to the most spiritual knowledge.

The Lodge force working in a pure, devoted heart sets free the Soul and lets it speak. The eternal verities resound forever upon the spiritual planes and where the mind is pure and will hearken, the Soul echoes them.

What of the darkness? What of the light? They are one to those who see. How plain these matters are in higher moments, how drearily obscure at other times. This will show you the value of higher moments perhaps, and what those always living in them enjoy.

Be what you love. Strive after what you find beautiful and high and let the rest go.

Can you not live so as to feel the great throbbing heart around you, so as to express that feeling in even the smallest detail. Let there be nothing cold or cynical in your view of life. Sense the pathos and the pity of it, trusting that some day to your now darkened eyes the mystery and the pain will be untangled. Feel, feel, with everything that cries, with everything that suffers, and in the most broken fragment of a life find some beauty. Let your own quivering heart-strings teach you the anguish in other hearts and live to ease it. Pain is our best teacher. Do not dread nor flee her therefore, she comes in mercy. Go forth to meet her, trembling, perhaps, but reverently, patiently, unflinchingly; only so can the lesson be learned and from the dark hours spent with her a light shall arise, showing the way to stumbling feet, giving the power to comfort and console. And in the peace of that, your heart shall understand and be satisfied.

Through these tears of blood you will learn; through this suffering you will gain the power to aid your fellows. What to you is the approbation or disapprobation of any one? Work and wait on, and all will be well.

Sink into the very depths of your being, you will find all there. Be a follower of no man, follow the inner voice.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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A PATRIOTIC HOPE.

The deserved distinction that has been won by Cardinal Gibbons, his intellectual eminence, and the sincerity of his patriotism, preclude the suspicion that his pronouncement printed in the *San Francisco Examiner* of January 23d, was based on the conventional platitudes to which lesser men so commonly resort. Therefore it becomes proper to examine that statement with some care in order that it be neither accepted nor rejected without the consideration that it merits.

Cardinal Gibbons has an abiding hope that our present form of government will endure, and that for many generations to come the flag will float over a free and enlightened people. In this hope all men of good-will must share. For many thousands of years we have seen the struggles of humanity upward toward freedom and enlightenment, and if the road has been marked by discouragement and tragedy as at the present time we may none the less believe that the movement has been forward and that no effort has been lost.

But what are the factors that have contributed to such success as has been won, and that must be continued if the advance is to be maintained? Our statesmen, says the Cardinal, must have wisdom, our people must have patriotism, and our army and navy must be animated by valor. But greater than any of these things is the "protection of an overruling Providence."

And so it is in no spirit of levity that we would ask the Cardinal what he means by an overruling Providence? In a matter of such tremendous import it is well to cultivate alike a directness of speech and a precision of thought. Are we to suppose that an overruling Providence will in any way compensate for human folly, or change the direction of universal law? May we expect that divine intervention will interpose itself between cause and effect? Are we to believe that we shall reap what we have not sown, or gain some kind of immunity for our mistakes, our ignorances, our wilfulnesses? Would any of these things conduce to the dignity of human life, to its sense of responsibility, to its growth? Or would it be well that we should rather pray that not even the hand of Providence be ever laid upon the sweep of inexorable law, and that the undeviating succession of cause and effect be allowed to continue forever its educative and redemptive work?

A contemplation of nature certainly gives us no reason to believe that these laws are ever abrogated. The whole of science is based upon the proper conviction that they never have been or can be abrogated. The fate of nations is as directly the result of the things that those nations have done or left undone as the production of water in the laboratory is directly the result of the mingling of the proper gases. No man ever breaks the laws of bodily health with impunity. His pieties will not save him from the

nemesis of hygiene. Providence will not "overrule" the penalties of violated law. Indeed there can be no other adequate conception of Providence than that of a law that does not change, and that gives tranquillity by its inexorableness. Any other conception would be anarchy and torment. The expectation of intervention, even its possibility, would be destructive of human dignity, fatal to human responsibility, and a barrier to human growth.

The Cardinal bases what we may almost call his invocation of an overruling Providence on the fact that our government is based upon religion, that we acknowledge its power in our official utterances, that prayers are read before Congress, that we observe the Christian Sabbath. These things justify us in remembering that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and in expecting a measure of divine favor that shall be outside of and beyond the law of cause and effect.

But there are now some dozen nations engaged in the greatest war of history, and most of them are Christian nations. They, too, observed the Sabbath. Prayers were read before their legislatures, and the religious terminology was invariably employed in their official utterances and documents. And at this moment all of those nations are praying to the same God with extraordinary fervor and with unprecedented energy for partisan interference on their behalf, for the abrogation of universal law in their favor, and for some special and discriminating aid in the destruction of their enemies. Each one prays as though an "overruling Providence" were specially interested in its fate, as though each one were a "favored nation," a "peculiar people," and essentially the object of Divine solicitude. With such an object-lesson before us we might be better advised to inquire into the nature of law, not so that it may be put on one side in our interests, but rather that we may comply with it, and so avoid the perils of infraction that can never be turned aside nor stayed until the uttermost debt be paid.

For generations to come our historians will be searching for the causes of the present war. They may search blindly. They may arrive at innumerable wrong conclusions. But the causes are there somewhere, and they lie in human deeds

and thoughts. They are as certain as the causes of the least of the natural phenomena around us. War, like all other events, is the vindication of law. Its remedy is to be found in the observance of law, and it will never be found elsewhere. The whole science of history is comprised in a study of human events and an inquiry into their causes. And the causes are always definite and precise like the causes of an eclipse or a sickness. Nowhere is there the smallest evidence of an intervention outside of the domain of law, outside of the sequence of cause and effect. We know, or think we know, why Rome fell, why Greece fell, why there was a peasants' revolt in Germany, and revolutions in England and France. We can trace the causes of American independence, of the Civil War, and of all the other crises in the national life. It is by the study of law that we acquire wisdom, and we can acquire it in no other way. And in no other way can we render homage to Providence, since unless law and Providence are identical then there is neither law nor Providence anywhere in nature.

Therefore, and with a profound respect for the moral and intellectual eminence of Cardinal Gibbons, we would suggest that the only way to the perpetuation of human liberties is a study of those laws of individual and national responsibility upon which all liberty depends, upon which all enlightenment depends, and that no worthy aspiration can ever rest successfully upon the expectation of a divine intervention outside the inexorable sequence of cause and effect.

VITAL PHENOMENA.

Professor W. M. Bayliss, in an address delivered at the Manchester meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, makes this conclusion: "It would probably not be going too far to say that the peculiarities of the phenomena called 'vital' are due to the fact that they are manifestations of interchange of energy between the phases of heterogeneous systems. It was Clerk Maxwell who compared the transactions of the material universe to mercantile operations in which so much energy is transferred from one place to another, energy being the representative of credit."

It might be well to call attention to the

fact that there is more involved in the phenomena called "vital" than is here suggested, since they seem to hold relation with centres of varying power. This is instanced in the life of a cell, the life of an amœba, or the life of a man. These varying centres are the motive power in this transfer of the universal energy. The question then must be, What is it that in these varying degrees has power to produce this interchange of energy? Here lies a ball upon the table. Now it is thrown by a man across the room. The arm performed the action, but it did so because it was willed to do so. An invisible, intangible lever within the organism is the real cause of the action performed. This lever well deserves scientific attention. It is a lever of all degrees of power. In the case of the amœba we see that it can decide to close its protoplasmic protuberance around a particle suitable for food and absorb it, or not do so. These observations reveal the fact that there is a selective consciousness active in this mechanical transfer of energy which is wholly unexplained by the transfer itself. Perhaps no scientific theory will ever become satisfying knowledge until this consciousness is recognized and understood by self-conscious man in his own consciousness.

It is just here that science and religion meet and fulfill each other. True religion is man's effort to reach up to a full measure of Self-Consciousness. Because this effort postulates as a prerequisite that the limitations imposed by selfish thinking be obliterated it is not to be confounded with senseless piety. The understanding of it is rather to be sought in its scientific aspect. That there is such an aspect, that it has been known, intelligently applied, and with success in varying degree, is attested by all the world's saviors, sages, saints, and mystics. These now form a class wholly unique in the eyes of the psychologist. He finds them as the possessors of super-normal powers, which are unexplained except by their own statements.

It is only when science sees in religion its complement that the true significance of the phenomena called "vital," and man's mysterious connection with it will be revealed. Nor can science be expected to see in religion this complement, except in so far as religion continues to

be truth, pure and simple. It is because religion has invariably been frustrated in its fruition by the erection of limitations to the mind, such as that prejudice which grows out of loyalty to its organization, or dogma, which is the fixed state of that which must remain universally pervasive or cease to be the essence of spirituality, that science will not reverence her. And it is because science has been determined to ignore the invisible and intangible in nature and confine herself to what her hands and eyes, vivisection knives and microscopes, could divulge, that religion found herself unable to bestow the much-needed leadership to science. These facts, coupled with the other fact that intellectuality and spirituality are respectively centrifugal and centripetal forces, produce an ever-increasing divergence between man's two methods of knowing truth. Such a divorce is not only hazardous to the understanding of the phenomena called "vital," but to vitality itself on all its planes of manifestation. It means the stagnation of knowledge, the reign of immorality, and a silencing in man of the expressions of the divine harmonies that make his nature.

—♦— VIVISECTION.

A correspondent asks the following question: "If vivisection is of value in the struggle against disease, why is it opposed by Theosophists?"

Our correspondent is apparently of the opinion that anything becomes justifiable if it can be shown to be of value to the science of medicine. Does he actually believe this? If not, then his question falls to the ground.

Vivisection is usually defended on the score that the bodies of animals are so similar to those of men that experimentation upon animals becomes peculiarly profitable. Then why not vivisect other human beings whose bodies are not only similar, but identical? Surely this would be still more profitable. But doubtless our correspondent would object to this. He would protest against the vivisection of his grandmother, for example. He would remain unmoved by the plea that the cause of medical science would be advantaged. He would say that the price is too high. In other words, he would admit that the means does not necessarily justify the end. First we must know what is the end, and then

what are the means proposed. For some things have a price that is prohibitive, however desirable they may seem to be in themselves.

There are many other things that might possibly be of service to human health. It might be of service to kill all criminals, all degenerates, all alcoholics, all hoboos and paupers, and all victims of tuberculosis and cancer. A very good case might be made for such a course from the standpoint of bodily health. But something intervenes. Something tells us that there is a higher good than that of the body, a higher law than that of its health. There are some things that we may not do. We may not lie for the sake of wealth, nor torture for the sake of health.

Let us be careful to measure values. A stain upon the body, a disease, will presently pass away, perhaps only with the death of the body, but it will pass. But a stain upon one's Self will not pass away until it has been expiated. True evolution means the restraint of the lower by the higher, the subordination of the transitory by the permanent. Let us be heedful lest we reverse that process and purchase the shadow at the cost of the real.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

It has been stated before now that Occultism does not accept anything inorganic in the Kosmos. The expression employed by science, "inorganic substance," means simply that the latent life, slumbering in the molecules of so-called "inert matter," is incognizable. All is Life, and every atom of even mineral dust is a Life, though beyond our comprehension and conception, because it is outside the range of the laws known to those who reject Occultism. "The very atoms," says Tyndall, "seem instinct with a desire for life." Whence, then, we would ask, comes the tendency "to run into organic form"? Is it in any way explicable except according to the teachings of Occult Science?—Vol. I, p. 269.

Everything in the Universe, throughout all its kingdoms, is *conscious*; i. e., endowed with a consciousness of its own kind and on its own plane of perception. We men must remember that, simply because we do not perceive any sign of consciousness which we can recognize, say, in stones, we have no right to say

that *no consciousness exists there*. There is no such thing as either "dead" or "blind" matter, as there is no "blind" or "unconscious" Law. These find no place among the conceptions of Occult Philosophy. The latter never stops at surface appearances, and for it the noumenal Essences have more reality than their objective counterparts; wherein it resembles the system of the mediæval Nominalists, for whom it was the universals that were the realities, and the particulars which existed only in name and human fancy.—Vol. I, p. 295.

The Universe is worked and guided, from within outwards. As above so it is below, as in heaven so on earth; and man, the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm, is the living witness to this Universal Law, and to the mode of its action. We see that every external motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by internal feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body, can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse, given through one of the three functions named, so with the external or manifested Universe.—Vol. I, p. 295.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

February 6—Keep thine eyes open, or Fate will open them for thee.

February 7—He who kisses the hand he can not cut off will have his head cut off by the hand he now kisses in the next rebirth.

February 8—He who keeps to his business, he who loves his companions, he who does his duty, will never be poor.

February 9—A thousand regrets will not pay thy debts.

February 10—Fallen flowers do not return to their stems, nor departed friends to their houses.

February 11—To feel one's ignorance is to be wise; to feel sure of one's wisdom is to be a fool.

February 12—One proof is better than ten arguments.

I thirst for truth,
But shall not drink it till I reach the source.—Browning.

AN INFINITE ENERGY.

(Herbert Spencer in "Religious Retrospect and Prospect.")

Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or rather we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable.

Under one of its aspects scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of Nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity; where there seemed absolute inertness it discloses intense activity; and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvelous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discovers in so-called "brute matter" powers which but a few years before the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible; as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aerial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which, translated into multitudinous and various electric pulses, are re-translated a thousand miles off by another iron plate, and again heard as articulate speech. When the explorer of Nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding solid bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts—when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars—when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions;—the conception to which he tends is much less that of a universe of dead matter than that of a universe everywhere alive.

While the beliefs to which analytic science leads are such as do not destroy the object matter of religion, but simply transfigure it, science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an increasing capacity for wonder. Among savages the lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilized art, astonishing

the traveler by their indifference. And so little do they perceive of the marvelous in the grandest phenomena of Nature that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. This contrast in mental attitude between the lowest human beings and the higher human beings around us is paralleled by contrasts among the grades of those human beings themselves. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader, who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick; but it is the biologist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speck of protoplasm under the microscope shows him life in its simplest form and makes him feel that however he formulates his processes, the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer-stalker climbing the mountains above him, does a highland glen arouse ideas beyond those of sport or of the picturesque, but it may, and often does, in the geologist.

Hereafter as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment. At present the most powerful and the most instructed mind has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolizing in thought the totality of things. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other divisions even rudely to conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena. Wider and stronger intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their totality. We may say that just as an undeveloped musical faculty, able only to appreciate a simple melody, can not grasp the variously entangled passages and harmonies of a symphony, which in the minds of composer and conductor are unified into involved musical effects awakening far greater feeling than is possible to the musically uncultured; so by future more evolved intelligences the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible all together, with an accompanying feeling as much beyond that of the present cultured man as his feeling is beyond that of the savage.

But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable

Existence everywhere manifested, to which he can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.

NOSTRADAMUS.

Various ancient prophecies that seem to have a bearing on current events have been published in these columns from time to time, and it need hardly be said that they have been regarded from the occult and in no way from the political point of view. The London *Observer* has lately opened its columns to a correspondence on the predictions of Nostradamus, and in its issue of December 5th there is a letter from Hamilton Minchin, who quotes some half-dozen of the 956 quatrains of the celebrated astrologer. Mr. Minchin believes that he has found four quatrains that seem to refer to the war in France, and three to the siege of Constantinople. One he omits as being obscure; the other two run thus:

Par cité franche de la grande mer Seline,
Qui porte encore a l'estomac la pierre,
Angloise classe viendra sous la bruine,
Un rameau prendre du grande ouverte guerre.

("By a city of the Mediterranean Sea—Which carries still a stone in its stomach—The English fleet will come in a fog—To take a branch of the great open war.")

Logmion grande Bisanse approchera,
Chassée sera la barbarique ligue
Des deux lois l'une lestinique lachera
Barbare et franche en perpetuelle brigue.

("The French Republic will approach Constantinople—The barbaric league shall be expelled—Of two laws the bad one (?) shall yield—Hun and Frenchman in perpetual enmity.") The French critics are agreed that Logmion is the French Republic.

Après la pluie laict assez languette,
En plusieurs lieux de Reims le ciel touché:
O quel conflit de sang pres d'eux s'appreste,
Pères et fils Roys n'oseront approcher.

("After the long reign of milk (peace)—In various parts of Reims lightning will fall—O what a bloody con-

flikt is prepared near them—Fathers and sons will not dare approach.")

Long temps sera sans etre habitée,
Ou Seine et Marne autour vient arrouser,
De la Tamise et martiaux temtéee
De ceus les gardes en cuidant repousser.

("A long time shall be uninhabited—Where Seine and Marne come to water about—By the Thames and martial people attacked—Deceived (?) the guards in thinking to resist.")

Le Camp plus grand de route mis en fuite,
Gueres plus outre ne sera pourchasse;
Ost recampe et legion reduite,
Puis hors des Gaules du tout sera chassé.

("The greatest camp in disorder shall be routed—And shall be pursued not much further—Encamped again, and the army set in order—Then later shall be wholly driven from France.")

SOME FRAGMENTS.

Beware of anger, beware of vanity, beware, too, of self-depreciation; these are all lions in your path. Live each day and each moment in the day by the light within, fixing your gaze upon it with faith and love. When the hours of darkness come and you see it not, wait in patience and contentment, knowing it still burns and that when morning dawns, if your watch has been constant, you will see it burning, perchance more brightly than before. "The darkest hour is before the dawn"; grieve not, therefore, nor feel one moment's disquietude. Your lamp is lit, tend it faithfully, it matters not that the outer eyes do not behold it. Keep yourself *high* and strengthen your faith. By your own supreme act of faith you must claim and hold these things.

Let not humility, that tender presence, become a stumbling block. In so doing you sin against the higher self.

Closer insight gives heavier responsibility—do not forget that—and a responsibility which affects others more than it does yourself. See to it, then, that the outer does not obscure the inner, for your lamp must be carried aloft for others to see, or not seeing it, to continually feel. Do not confuse the outer with the inner, therefore, though the outer be full and rich; remember it is so because of the inner shining through and look ever back to that which shines. No

sorrow, no disappointment, lie there, but a fullness of realization of which you have no conception and a power and strength which shall lift you above these confusions to a sure place of your own. You have been too harsh with your lower nature, that leads to dangerous reactions. Quiet, steady effort is far better, casting aside all thoughts of results.

Treat your mind as a child, lead it firmly but gently, and in all ways and at all times strengthen your faith.

Your instrument must not be like another's instrument—no need to duplicate these. It is your special kind which is needed and wherein you differ from others is not where you fail, but where, if perfected, you may do your own special work which they can not do.

How much misinterpretation and misunderstanding there is regarding these things, and by the most enthusiastic, the most devoted souls, whose emotional intensity, driving them along, blinds them utterly, and in the *full chase* of new experience they see not that they are following only their own desires and again losing the substance for the shadow. It is discouraging, and yet the forces thus generated can be used for higher ends, and the good intention of the deluded one counts for him. But remember, O disciple, that in the silence these things are performed and recognized and in the silence alone.

Few indeed understand how deep that silence must be, few save those who have at some time known the peace of it. *All excitement* is psychic, and though these whirlwinds of force descend, you must learn to hold yourself still in their midst, feeling neither attraction nor repulsion, else chains are forged to draw you to them. There are some who need this lesson badly, all more or less.

The great force acts dually, and you must stand *still*, not passive or inactive, but unswayed. You must learn to take psychic emotions in hand as well as physical.

Hold your purpose and your ideals clearly and steadily before you.

Desiring truth, you shall surely have it; intending righteousness, you shall surely so perform, though all things seem to conspire against you. In times

of confusion and difficulty rest upon that and you may then unshaken see no agreement, no light ahead.

I measure the height, not merely the depth of a soul, by its stillness.

Harmony, sacrifice, devotion—take these for key notes, express them everywhere and in the highest possible way. The beauty of a life like that, the power of it, who can measure or set bounds to.

Those who know and love you can always see it, and it may also be shining in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own.

The Lodge waits and watches ever, ever works—think you not we have patience?—and those who serve us must do the same.

You are right, no detail is overlooked. Life is made up of details, each a step in the ladder; therefore who shall dare say they are small. We are closer than you know and love and thought bring us still nearer.

Kill out doubt which rises within; that is not yourself, you know. The doubt is a *maya*, cast it aside. Listen not to its voice which whispers low, working on your lack of self-confidence. Therefore, I say, have neither vanity nor self-depreciation. If you are the Higher Self, you are all that is great, but since your daily consciousness is far, far below, look at the matter impartially and frankly. Vex yourself not with contradictions. You know that you must stand alone; *stand*, therefore.

If you have patience and devotion you will understand these things, especially if you think much of them and meditate on them, for you have no conception of the *power of meditation*.

One who never turned his back, but marched heart forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noontide in the bustle of man's work time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, heart and back as either should be;
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed!"—fight on forever,

There as here! by *GeBrozeng*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

There is one ever-fruitful cause of the perplexities felt by every thoughtful mind that contemplates the convulsions of war and the threatened dissolution of our social systems. We ask ourselves why these things should be, what we have done to deserve them, and to what theory of the divine government of the world we can assign them? And we ask these questions not only concerning the fate and fortune of nations, but also of those incalculable vicissitudes that seem to assail the individual life.

The solution is twofold. First we must ask ourselves who and what we actually are. And then we must inquire if we have the right time perspective, or whether we are looking at events from an angle so narrow as to rob them of their significance. A single day in a human life would seem to be utterly meaningless if we were to isolate it from all the days that preceded it and from the hopes that animated it. There are some pains that we willingly endure for their prospective benefits, and that even cease to be pains in view of those benefits. The part becomes intelligible only when considered in its relation to the whole.

And so the first of these questions is nearly always answered from a standpoint of misconception and mistake. Persistently we look upon ourselves as a unit of consciousness, or even of matter, living in a world which is quite separate

and distinct from it, and even hostile to it. We imagine the universe to be made up of two parts—ourselves, and that which is not ourselves. And the larger of those two divisions, that which is not ourselves, we suppose to be something rigid, implacable, and unfriendly, something that must be overcome and conquered, something that can not be conciliated, something that inflicts evils upon us. And if we are piously inclined we learn also to look upon God as a being outside of ourselves, of uncertain temper, and who must be propitiated by worship and flattery.

This is the first of the delusions from which we must escape, and we find then that we have also escaped most of our terrors. At least we shall have learned not to be afraid. We shall see then that we do not stand arrayed against nature as units pitifully struggling against adverse forces that are set upon our destruction. We shall see then that we are parts of the universe, intimately related to all other parts, that what we call our consciousness is but a ray of a larger consciousness, and that even its seeming pains become benefits when considered in relation to the whole. If we can conceive the fingers of the hand as being endowed with a consciousness of their own we can imagine them as complaining bitterly of the compulsions that sets them to work on piano practice. But if that lesser consciousness should learn to merge itself into the consciousness of the body as a whole it would then participate

in the musical benefits sought for, and the lesser pains would become mere means to a valued acquisition. That is to say they would cease to be pains at all. In the same way if we could see that we are actually parts of the universe we should also see that all experience is good, and that only when it is isolated does it seem to be evil.

The second of the two questions, as to whether we have the right time perspective, lends itself equally to misconception. Of course we have not the right time perspective, as we see at once by a study of history. But in the meantime we may note that the calamities of war are no more than an almost infinite repetition of the individual calamities to which we are quite well accustomed and to which we are largely indifferent. The pain of the wounded soldier is not greater than the pain of the individual who has been crushed in a street accident, or shot in a street brawl. His pain is the same, but it is now repeated in the case of large numbers of persons. It distresses us that thousands of men should be killed, and it ought to distress us, but nature would presently have killed all those men, and usually in ways far more painful and tragical. It is true that women and children must starve because of the war, but individually they will not suffer more than the women and children who at this moment are starving in the streets of our great cities. The real tragedy is not that men should die, or that women and children should starve. The real tragedy is the pitilessness that causes these things, the selfishness from which they spring, and it is lamentably true that we see very few efforts to mitigate selfishness. On the contrary, we acclaim it under the name of competition, and under the excuse of the survival of the fittest, as the cornerstone of our civilization, the ark of the covenant of what we call our progress.

But history also has something to say by way of consolation, and he must indeed be blind who can not see a purpose and intention in history, the evidence of a force that moves to righteousness, and that compels even the wrath of men into its service. Once more it is our pitifully short perspective that deceives us, our refusal to look at all events as both effects and causes, and all of them

bound together by plan and purpose. Now the story of the world contains wars upon its every page, but is there a single page that we would willingly blot out from the record? Should we be willing to dispense with any one of them if only it be far enough back to permit of the appearance and appraisal of its results? One of the most frightful phenomena of mediæval European history was the Turkish invasion that swept up to the gates of Vienna before it was arrested and turned back. For centuries the Turks rode rough-shod over the Christian peoples of the East. They drenched with blood every inch of what are now the Balkan States. Their arrival seemed to be the end of civilization, it was the very portent of cataclysm. But would we now efface that page even if we could? Of course not. If the Turks had not closed the eastern doorway to India it would never have occurred to Columbus to search for another and more peaceful route, and so to discover America. Probably there would have been no renaissance of the arts and of literature in Europe. There would have been no science, and none of the religious questioning that produced the Reformation. It was the Turks who destroyed the decaying remnants of the Roman Empire and who liberated the peoples of Europe to autonomous and independent life, burying their paltry feuds, and arousing among them the stirrings of a national altruism, of a willingness to die for a cause. These things might indeed have come in so many better ways, but they did come, and all things eventually worked together for good. If humanity will not allow itself to be blessed by peace, then it must be blessed by war. But we need have no doubt about the blessing.

Of course the problems would become so much more clear if we were able to see not only the continuity of purpose throughout history, but also the continuity of the individual lives that make history, the reappearance of the individual human units that we call ourselves. Then indeed we should crown ourselves with a dignity that would banish all the petulances of life and that would interpret the present by the light of an infinite past in which we were the participants and actors.

AUGUST STRINDBERG.

It is strange how readily we observe and admire in others the qualities or opinions that we ourselves possess while remaining entirely blind or indifferent to views or speculations that we do not happen to hold or of which we disapprove. Since the death of August Strindberg, the great Swedish dramatist, there have been many accounts of his character and of his work, but we have to examine his writings for ourselves to discover how frequent are his references to Theosophy and to occult thought in general. He seems to have been strongly attracted to the idea of reincarnation, and it is evident that he had not only studied the archaic thought with much attention, but that much of it was adopted by him as the only plausible explanation of the phenomena of life. Thus in his "Blue Book" he says:

Life is hard to live, and the destinies of men appear very different. Some have brighter days, other darker ones. It is therefore difficult to know how one should behave in life, what one should believe, what views one should adopt, or to which party one should adhere. This destiny is not the inevitable blind fate of the ancients, but the commission which each one has received, the task he must perform. The Theosophists call it Karma, and believe it is connected with a past which we only dimly remember. He who has early discovered his destiny, and keeps closely to it, without comparing his with others, or envying others their easier lot, has discovered himself, and will find life easier. But at periods when all wish to have an easier lot, one often engages in a fruitless struggle to make one's own harder destiny resemble the lot of those to whom an easier one has been assigned. Thence result disharmony and friction. Even up to old age, many men seek to conquer their destiny and make it resemble that of others.

No man, says Strindberg, could endure life if he knew the Karma that lay in front of him, and this was certainly borne out in the tragic fate of the dramatist himself. Elsewhere in the same work he says:

Thus Darwinism made it seem probable that men derived their origin from animals. Then came the Theosophists with the opinion that our souls are in process of transmigration from one human body to another. Thence comes this excessive feeling of discomfort, this longing for deliverance, this sensation of constraint, the pain of existence, the sighing of the creature.

Strindberg was disposed to believe that natural phenomena are often portents of pending events in the lives of men and nations. Thus he recalls the earthquake

in Scandinavia which preceded the separation of Norway and Sweden and he asks, "Are these portents or not? Are symbolic natural phenomena portents?" Elsewhere he discusses the reality of thought forms and once more quotes the Theosophists. He says:

Theosophists say that we can create thought-forms which assume life and reality. They mean that men can send from a distance evil suggestions which others carry out. Thus criminal romances have never deterred any one from crime; they have on the contrary given scoundrels bright ideas for new pieces of rascality. I actually know of a society novel which criticized bank and joint-stock company frauds with the result that such frauds increased. It is as though one let loose demons.

Therefore it is dangerous merely to think evil of men; one may do them harm thereby.

Strindberg was not without his own personal experiences. He says that there are "projections" that he can not explain, and then he continues:

It is possible that only poets and artists possess the power so to project their inward images in every life that they become half real. It is quite a usual occurrence that the dying show themselves to their absent friends. Living persons can also appear at a distance, but only to those who keep them in their thoughts. I used to show my initiated friends the following phenomenon: I observed a stranger who resembled an absent acquaintance. As soon as my eye completed the image, whatever unlikeness remained was erased. "See, there goes X," I said. My friends saw the resemblance, understood that it was not X, comprehended my meaning and agreed with me without further thought. If we shortly after met X we were astonished, and attempted to find no explanation in face of the inexplicable latter part of the phenomenon.

But one day I went down a street and "saw" my friend, Dr. Y, who lived fifty miles away. It was he and yet it was not he. It was the same little figure, although somewhat wavering and uncertain. The gray-yellow face was also the same, although almost ghost-like, with deep furrows which followed the oval lines of the face, and with the forced laugh of suffering. When I came home I read in the paper that the man was dead.

There is much more in the writings of Strindberg that might be profitably quoted, but enough has been said to show the tendency of his mind toward mysticism and a genuinely occult thought.

The human is essentially the humane. All intellectual processes that overlook or ignore simple kindness or compassion are inhuman, to say the least, and can alone never determine the higher evolution of man.—J. D. BUCK, M. D.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Attention has already been drawn to Mr. Sinnett's article on "Our Unseen Enemies and Allies" that appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* of October, 1915. The main contentions of the author will be well remembered. He endeavored to show that there are invisible entities of enormous power both for good and evil, and that the war that is being waged on the physical plane is but a reflection of that greater struggle that takes place in the unseen world and that actually determines the issue for which armies are contending on the field of war. The idea is by no means a new one to Theosophists, and indeed it is to be found in the occult writings of all ages, but that it should now find expression in pages so staid as those of the *Nineteenth Century* is certainly significant of the penetrating power of the ancient lore.

Mr. Sinnett now returns to his subject in the November issue of the same magazine. He entitles his article "When the Dark Hosts Are Vanquished" and he tries to sketch the immediate effects of the war upon civilization. But first he summarizes his previous argument and attempts to show that there is actually nothing new in the idea of the intervention in the affairs of the world of invisible powers working actively for evil. He says:

For all who cling in any way to orthodox theology the notion of Evil powers intervening more or less definitely in our affairs is one that can not be abandoned. They may decline to take Bible stories at the foot of the letter, but unless they discard them absolutely with contempt even in their most refined allegorical sublimation, they must work with a residual conception to the effect that some such intervention has actually been operative from an early stage in the great human drama. In harmony with that conception the latest developments of belief among highly unorthodox students of spiritual mysteries point with precision in the same direction. And that belief at all events puts an intelligible face upon much trouble with which the world has been afflicted throughout its history. Suppose we put it aside for the moment, treating all the traditions of theology as so much childish nonsense—a course which must be followed if we insist upon throwing the Satanic hypothesis overboard altogether—we have to fall back on a curious conception of human nature in order to explain human history. We must regard it as innately depraved; as turned out of Divine creative hands with a natural predilection for all that is anti-Divine. To say that all the

cruelty, hatred, and blood-thirst that has transfigured the records of the past has been the natural fruit of human passion is certainly to declare the creative undertaking that has engendered the human family a somewhat deplorable failure—if we start with the assumption that it had a benevolent inspiration at the outset.

By any hypotheses, says Mr. Sinnett, we have to grant a considerable range of free play to human will, but it is only by adopting the Satanic hypothesis in some form or other—as in the form of the disembodied Black Adept—that we can account for the prodigiously evil growths of free-will. We can recognize that selfishness is a natural characteristic of humanity—till neutralized by spiritual intelligence. But spiritual intelligence prompted by love is an equally natural development. An external stimulus is needed to expand the selfishness of the child into the depravity of the grown man, when he in maturity develops the tendencies that account for crime, warfare, and cruelty. But it is not only in war that we may suspect the activities of the Black Forces:

The Satanic hypothesis, whether we work it out to perfection under Milton's guidance or deal with it more vaguely, would account for these intricate phenomena. That conception shows the world under the influence of an ever-present force aggravating every condition that makes for human suffering. Wherever, whether in private life, in industrial life, or internationally, friction of interests provokes unfriendly feeling, the Satanic influence accentuates the trouble. Without such cultivation it might or probably would fizzle away harmlessly. In the culture of Satanic influence the evil microbes multiply. That clumsy blockhead Othello would not have committed murder without the influence of Iago. No great war that has devastated the world would ever have been waged without the pressure of the unseen influences working in the background to obscure the otherwise obvious motives for keeping the peace. So with class jealousies and labor troubles. Neither the rich nor the poor, neither the employer nor the employed, are naturally vile. Sometimes they have, or seem to have, conflicting interests, and as a general rule some thickness of the head which tends to mutual distrust. It is only when this tendency is as carefully cultivated as the gardener's nursling in a hot-house that it can give rise to fierce quarreling, rioting, massacre, or the minor miseries of industrial strife. Failure to understand this fundamental idea—repudiation of the Satanic hypothesis ensuing from the gross caricature of it presented to us by the mediæval churches—has given rise to a false philosophy of life that has, to put the idea abruptly, made God responsible for suffering.

That spiritual evolution can come only

by suffering is, says Mr. Sinnett, a false belief. The path of suffering bravely trodden, does no doubt lead to the spiritual goal, but the Divine programme did not provide for the suffering with which it came to be strewn. Humanity might have evolved by the method of Harmony and Peace. It is the intervention of a mighty power making for evil that has entangled the evolution with suffering:

A pretty analogy here may appeal to the fancy of those who have made a study (under favorable conditions) of the natural law which regulates the ultimate transfer of animal consciousness to the higher realms of human life. When the highest animal form has been attained to, the consciousness seated in it is almost ready for an ascent to a higher form still. It becomes quite ready, when loving treatment by a higher being already human evolves the love principle in the still animal consciousness. Or, strange to say, in cases where the animal in question is horribly ill-treated, extreme suffering gives rise to the same result, the actual differentiation of the consciousness seated in the animal form, till then too vague to be thought of as an individuality. (Woe betide the author of the extreme suffering, of course; but that is another story.)

In the same way the extreme sufferings involved by war will find their compensation in a quickening of the spiritual life. Mr. Sinnett seems to think that such suffering is not necessarily due to national Karma, but rather to the attack of malefic forces. Here we are inclined to disagree with him, since such an attack would not be successful unless the ground had been prepared by wrongdoing. None the less it may well result, and certainly must result, in the access of spirituality that he foresees:

In the minor complications of individual life undeserved suffering is compensated for in later lives—the full theory requiring more elaborate interpretation than is possible here—and so in later generations the suffering nations as such will rise to heights of moral progress as a consequence of what they have gone through, the dignity of which can not be overestimated. It would be rash at present to predict precisely the shape that progress will assume. It will not necessarily imply the mere restoration or increased accumulation of material wealth, though that may incidentally arise, but it will certainly include the happiness naturally accruing from a generally diffused desire to promote happiness all round—a freer play of all nobler emotions; a reign of love, to use a compact expression, that will have replaced the reign of mutual jealousy, distrust, and hatred.

But Mr. Sinnett does not seem to think that the new day will be heralded by a

"coming Christ," and in this connection we may commend his words to those whose eyes are so fixed upon the future that they sometimes overlook the plain duties of the present moment:

There never has been a time when current imagination has been untouched with a belief in a "Second Coming" of the spiritual manifestations that introduced Christianity into the world. Enthusiasm always fixes on a near future for the expected Incarnation, undismayed by the disappointments of the past. Delusions on that subject are operative in the present day, but it may be premature as yet to attempt their dispersion by venturing on any more authentic forecast. All that it is safe to feel sure of is this: the purification of the world, by the elimination of the evil influence that has poisoned its progress till now, will render possible such a plain manifestation of Divine power that the idea of a Second Coming eventually is more than acceptable to all who are endeavoring to forecast the character of the new era. Certainly the project is liable to be completely misconceived. The world is not in need of a new "Teacher." No startling novelties in ethical theory can possibly be in reserve for us. But the ethics we already have may be so filled with a new spirit as to have vital influence on the world instead of being politely disregarded as amiable platitudes. From what focus the new inspiration will emanate we do not yet know. We can only feel quite sure that the conditions provided for it will be appropriate to modern civilization, and wholly unlike those of the Gospel story. The early teaching crept up into the world's thought from lowly beginnings. The Influence that will vivify it—later on in this wonderful century—will radiate over us from lofty levels. Divine wisdom will not make mistakes from which commonplace humanity would be guarded by its own lesser intelligence.

In conclusion Mr. Sinnett has a word to say to those who look upon death as the cessation of their human terrestrial interests:

The conception of death gathering significance for many thinkers in these days treats it in no mere vague phrase as *Janua Vita*, but as a stage—a very attractive and interesting stage if properly understood—on the road to another period of physical existence. Certainly, as a rule, so long a stretch of more attractive existence on higher planes of consciousness intervenes before each of us in turn takes up again the burden of incarnate life, that its resumption within any century that sees it laid down for a time is highly improbable at the first glance. But we are living in improbable times. It may be that many of those who "pass on" in the midst of this agonizing struggle will be too content with the condition they will reach to accept the offer of renewed life on the physical plane. And no compulsion will be exercised. But the same readiness for self-sacrifice at the call of duty that has hurried thousands into what seemed death will operate to render most of them willing to make another sacrifice, and

return to physical life in order to take part in the work of carrying on the progress of the new era. Will some of us be inclined to complain that the new lives will have no conscious link with those now surrendered, and more than these have with still earlier lives? Again the great principle of Compensation will come into play. As a natural consequence of an immediate (or nearly immediate) reincarnation the returning multitude (for we may fairly think of it as such) will generally be endowed with faculties, rare amongst us as yet, which will enable them to be definitely conscious of the higher plane they have left for a time, and a previous physical experience. Such faculties may not be the endowment of all, but they will be so general that the continuity of life, its varied manifestation on different planes and the immense importance of effort and progress on this plane, will be matters of common knowledge.

Mr. Sinnett's article is one of rare interest and can hardly fail to command the attention that it deserves.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Occult teaching corroborates the popular tradition which asserts the existence of a Fountain of Life in the bowels of the Earth and in the North Pole. It is the blood of the Earth, the electro-magnetic current, which circulates through all the arteries, and which is said to be found stored in the "navel" of the Earth. —Vol. II, p. 418.

Occult Philosophy teaches that even now, under our very eyes, the new Race and Races are preparing to be formed, and that it is in America that the transformation will take place, and has already silently commenced.—Vol. II, p. 463.

The ancient Adepts have solved the great problems of Science, however unwilling modern Materialism may be to admit the fact. The mysteries of Life and Death were fathomed by the great master-minds of antiquity; and if they have preserved them in mystery and silence it is because these problems formed part of the Sacred Mysteries, which must have remained incomprehensible to the vast majority of men then, as they do now.—Vol. II, p. 471.

To demonstrate more clearly the seven in Nature, it may be added that not only does the number seven govern the periodicity of the phenomena of life, but that it is also found dominating the series of chemical elements, and equally

paramount in the world of sound and in that of color as revealed to us by the spectroscope. This number is the factor, *sine qua non*, in the production of occult astral phenomena.—Vol. II, p. 663.

The business of the man of exact science is to observe, each in his chosen department, the phenomena of Nature; to record, tabulate, compare, and classify the facts down to the smallest minutiae which are presented to the observation of the senses, with the help of all the exquisite mechanism that modern invention supplies, not by the aid of metaphysical flights of fancy. All that he has a legitimate right to do is to correct by the assistance of physical instruments the defects or illusions of his own coarser vision, auditory powers, and other senses. He has no right to trespass on the grounds of Metaphysics and Psychology. —Vol. II, p. 701.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

February 13—Rain in the morn brings the sun after noon. He who weeps today may laugh tomorrow.

February 14—The soothsayer for evil never knows his own fate.

February 15—Like oil, truth often floats on the surface of the lie. Like clear water, truth often underlies the seeming falsehood.

February 16—Often vinegar got for nothing is sweeter to the poor man than honey bought.

February 17—Every tree hath its shadow, every sorrow its joy.

February 18—The fields are damaged by weeds, mankind by passion. Blessed are the patient and the passionless.

February 19—The virtuous man who is happy in this life is sure to be still happier in his next.

The Past! What is it? Nothing. Gone! Dismiss it. You are the past of yourself. Therefore it concerns you not as such. It only concerns you as you now are. In you, as you now exist, lies all the past. So follow the Hindu maxim: "Regret nothing; never be sorry; and cut all doubts with the sword of spiritual knowledge."—William Q. Judge.

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she;

Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

—*Browning.*

A BIT OF SCIENCE.

The following comment on the connection between sunspots and the weather is extracted from "The Sunspot" for February and was written by the distinguished astronomer, Father J. S. Ricard, of the University of Santa Clara Observatory. It seems a sufficient answer to the smaller men of the scientific world who deny the reality of all the phenomena that they can not understand:

"Whether the spots on the sun do or do not *cause* changes in our weather, we prefer very much to leave to others to decide. We are well aware that a number of scientists and others who are not scientists, endowed as they seem to be or pretend to be, with a higher degree of intellectual penetration than the ordinary run of mortals can boast of, have emphatically solved the question in the negative. If the reasons for this bold conclusion are really decisive, the only rational course to follow is to assent to them and pass on to something else.

"As this, however, is a question of Cosmical Physics entirely above the range of human intuition, it is easy enough to conceive that the only acceptable scientific method of procedure, according to the canons of Inductive Philosophy, would be, first, to make very sure of a long series of facts covering a fairly large number of years; after which, if the said facts appeared to evolve themselves according to a certain law, it would be both timely and proper to institute an investigation into the question of causality. Such has been the plan the Observatory of Santa Clara has adopted and followed. The facts have been ascertained for many a long year already and they have developed themselves according to a certain law—the *synchronism between solar and terrestrial disturbances*. So the inquiry into the cause of these correlated phenomena would now be in order.

"But whether the conclusion shall be that the spots do or do not cause weather change, it is *certain* that if they do not, it were a glaring fallacy, a pitiable "faux pas" in the field of logic, to conclude that, *therefore*, the spots can not be utilized in forecasting the highs and the lows of the weather map. For, as Carothers says with remarkable acumen, '*Superficial disturbances on the sun and air disturbances on the earth may be brothers and sisters with a common parent.*'

"Now, by observation, it is well known that the brother and the sister do *synchronize*. *Therefore the presence of the one can serve to foretell the presence of the other.* Hence it is that, independently of the question of causality, which so far has been immaterial to us, and which has been purposely excluded lest it should clog the issue, we have always given the time of arrival of storms on the Pacific Coast and have also, for some time past, given a schedule for the entry of areas of high barometer or cool waves. As regards these latter, we simply calculate the dates of sunspots or faculae crossing the sun's Central Meridian and we set down these dates for the *synchronous* arrival of high-pressure areas on this Coast.

Friendship is of the feeling spiritual nature. Pushing research inwards we shall find that our feeling of our friend is in the same inner place and of the same essence as our innermost perception of self-being. It is of less immediate intensity than that, because we are not perfect friends. We know our friends by the same light of consciousness as we know ourselves, not intellectually, but nearer home. Our feeling of essential self-existence is of the same kind and on the same plane as our feeling of our friend's self-existence. It is really the Great Self reflected in two mirrors, the causal vestures, two rays of the same golden sun.—*Dr. Herbert A. W. Coryn.*

Spirit is common to all men; but the consciousness of it, and much more, the self-consciousness of it, is another matter. The consciousness of it makes a man super-human; and the self-consciousness of it makes a man Master.—*G. R. S. Mead.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THEOSOPHY AND THE CHURCHES.

The reality and extent of the decline in the membership of country churches has now been placed beyond dispute by the Gifford Pinchot commission. The investigations of the commission have been confined to Ohio, a fairly representative state, and it seems that ten per cent of the country churches there have been abandoned and that more than half of the remainder are decreasing in membership and even are dying.

A similar census in the great cities would probably produce a result that would be different numerically, but not different so far as the essentials are concerned. The city church is able to employ sensational preachers and sensational methods. At best it becomes a mere centre of intellectualism and so attracts the intellectual curious, while at its worst it rivals the moving-picture show, not only in its spectacular features, but even in its suggestiveness. That a large congregation can be collected by a sermon on "Should Women Propose?" can hardly be considered as evidence of Christian vitality. There is always an audience for the clown.

The decline of the church is due primarily to education and to a growing recognition that organized religion is pretending to a knowledge that it does not possess. Minds that have been expanded in the schoolroom by an endowment, however scanty, of proved and ascertained fact, that have been trained to

demand fact, can hardly be expected to tolerate a theology that is not only unproved and unprovable, but that is even demonstrably false and puerile. Modern education constitutes a perpetual challenge to theory and creed. It insists that the intelligence shall be satisfied, and that there shall be no faith without evidence. We have boasted for long enough that superstitions must wane with the advent of the schoolmaster, and if we are now to find that the test was a more searching one than we had supposed, that it includes even some of our supposed sanctities, it would seem the part of wisdom to accept the verdict and to put our theological house in order.

It is not too late. Indeed no time could be more propitious. But the work must be done by the churches themselves, and as a preliminary it would be well for them to abandon the theory that their failure is due to the growing irreligion of the people. As a matter of fact the forces of real religion were never more active. A constantly increasing idealism is abroad in the land, and a constantly increasing desire to attain to it. There was never a clearer recognition of the difference between things as they are and things as they ought to be, or a more hearty wish to lessen the distance between them. If the churches wish to lead and to illuminate, their opportunity to do so is here and now. But first they must clarify their own vision.

And so it may be asked of the churches if they are more anxious to fol-

low the myths and traditions of their own organized theologies or the actual and essential teachings of the faith that they profess. As students at least of theological history they must know that there are practically no important points of resemblance between Christianity as it is now taught and Christianity as it was taught during the first centuries of the Christian era, and that they are giving to the opinions of Milton and Luther an adhesion that they deny to the great fathers of the early church. They must know also—unless dogma has wholly sealed their sight—that if they were now to read the New Testament for the first time they would bring from that perusal a conception of Christianity wholly different from that now preached from their pulpits, a conception that can not be a part of Christianity because it is not a part of common sense. And it may be said with every confidence that if the churches were to preach a real Christianity they would no longer complain of waning influences nor of a popular indifference. On the contrary, they would have to erect new buildings and larger ones.

An example may be given of the very numerous perversions of Christianity of which ecclesiasticism has been guilty. It must be well known to every theologian that a belief in reincarnation or repeated earth lives was a part of primitive Christianity, that it was a common belief among the early churches, and it is affirmed in many parts of the New Testament as well as in the more distinctively Jewish books. It must also be known to every theologian that the doctrine of pre-existence continued to be a part of Christianity until it was banned by the Council of Constantinople as inimical to priestly powers. It is today the belief of the vast majority of the human race, indeed of nearly the whole human race with the exception of the Christianity from which it was so iniquitously expunged.

Why have not the churches the courage to revert to this early and salutary teaching, and so give bread instead of a stone to those who ask of them an explanation of the mysteries of life and a reading of the riddle of fate and fortune? Why do they not explain that the vicissitudes of existence, the problems of character and capacity, the infinite

variations of human development, are but the logical continuation of past lives, and that unswerving law and never blind chance is the arbiter of human destinies? It is true that this is not a part of theology, but what does that matter if it be indeed a part of Christianity? Is theology preferable to Christianity? Is Christianity dethroned in favor of a Westminster Confession or a Thirty-Nine Articles or an Apostles Creed? Does a Bible Encyclopædia or a Biblical Commentary take the place of the Gospels and rival them in authority? Will it be denied, can it be denied by any theologian, that reincarnation was indeed a part of the first Christian teaching? If so, will any theologian say so audibly so that he may be audibly corrected of ignorance and error? Why, then, is it not now taught by those who complain that they can not get a hearing for their childish parodies of great truths that are so well within their reach and that they neglect?

This is only one example out of many. It was said that those who lead the life shall know of the doctrine—not guess at it, nor repeat parrot-fashion what others have said about it, but know it. Have the churches taught the possibilities of knowledge, of the unveiling of an inner sight, of a comprehension of heavenly mysteries? Have they themselves any trace of the gnosis from which nothing is hidden? Of course they have not. But they might have it, and then in very truth they could lead and teach. It is not too late.

AFTER DEATH.

How is it possible for the ordinary human being to know anything about the states of consciousness that follow death?

It is not possible to know such things without the development of faculties that the "ordinary human being" does not possess. At the same time there are certain legitimate inferences based upon reason and analogy, and these would have come to our aid long ago if we had not been blinded by creeds and dogmas especially fostered in order to create uncertainty and fear. For example, I do not know what will be my state of consciousness tomorrow, but since the whole of my life has been made up of to-days and tomorrows I am justified in as-

suming that the thread of continuity will not now be broken, and that my state of consciousness tomorrow will be very similar to my state of consciousness today after making allowance for normal fluctuations and the slight increase of experience.

Theology for its own purposes and to the end that fear may be increased has taught us that death means some vast and mysterious change in state or condition for which we should do well to prepare ourselves by attention and deference to its teachings. We speak of death as the beginning of eternity as though there could possibly be any beginning to eternity. We like to imagine that the dead have suddenly entered into some state of omniscience, that for them all problems have been solved, all mysteries fathomed, all doubts and difficulties ended. But actually there is no reason for such a belief, which is both inconsequential and illogical.

There is no reason why the state of consciousness of the dead man should be markedly different from that of the living one. Nothing has happened to him except that he has lost his body. He himself, his mind, must be the same as it was before. Nothing has happened except that he has passed away from a particular material covering or garb. If he was a passionate, or greedy, or sensual man before his death it seems inevitable that he must be a passionate, or greedy, or sensual man after his death. These qualities belong to the mind, and not to the body. It is the mind that is greedy, or passionate, or sensual, and the mind has not been affected by death.

And here we seem to see one of the operations of karma. Passion and greed and sensuality, while they are mental qualities, can be gratified only through the mediation of the body, and while the man is still in his body they are so gratified. But what must be the state of the mind that is still consumed and tortured by these fires and can no longer gratify them for lack of the requisite body with which to do so? The Greek myth pictures this very condition for us. It represents Tantalus as chained to the rock to suffer hunger and thirst while fruits and wines are placed just beyond his reach. But here there is no act of a vindictive deity. Passions that depend upon

the body must wear themselves out through inanition when there is no longer a body through which they can be fed. And until they have worn themselves out they must tie the soul to the plane of desire and prevent its recession to the place of its peace. This seems to be legitimate reasoning from the analogies of life. The moment we understand that death is but the logical sequence to life, and that its conditions are governed by cause and effect like everything else in nature, we can at once picture to ourselves the state of the various orders of mind when they pass away from the body. If the mind has learned during life not to depend upon the body for its gratifications it will be well for it after death when there is no longer a body to depend upon. It is the normal state or condition of the mind during life that must give to it its upward or downward gravitation after death. Thus comes full responsibility and self-direction.

Am I right in assuming that the after-death state of those who die in battle must be a terrible one?

It would be well to assume nothing of the sort, since you know nothing of the merits or demerits of the individuals who thus die. But we do know that very large numbers of these men are dying, not in pursuit of some selfish aim, but in defense of their own ideals, that no personal benefits to themselves could possibly accrue from their actions, and that they are indeed giving their lives for their fellow-men. An army surgeon who has just written a book of his experiences tells us that upon one occasion he entered a railroad car filled with the wounded and they assured him unanimously and almost clamorously that there was nothing the matter with them, but that it was the men in the next car who really needed his attention. And yet the arm of the first man that he examined was so nearly severed that he could have pulled it off with a jerk. Do you know of many persons in the so-called peaceful cities of the world who are thus giving their lives for others, or who are so exalted with a divine altruism as this? And do you think that the post-mortem condition of such men as these must be a terrible one? It seems time for some of us to rub our eyes rather hard and so to wake up from our dreams

of a sacred commercialism and of a diabolic militarism. War has its compensations, terrible as it is. The evil from which we are suffering is not that men should kill each other, but that they should so hate each other as to wish to kill each other. And the true tragedy of civilization is that men should actually be taught to hate each other under the prostituted names of patriotism and of a social evolution that has competition for its cornerstone.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

To the Eastern Occultist the Tree of Knowledge, in the Paradise of man's own heart, becomes the Tree of Life Eternal, and has nought to do with man's animal senses. It is an absolute mystery that reveals itself only through the efforts of the imprisoned Manas, the Ego, to liberate itself from the thralldom of sensuous perception, and see in the light of the one eternal present Reality.—Vol. II, p. 621.

This number (seven) is closely connected with the Moon, whose Occult influence is ever manifesting itself in septenary periods. It is the Moon which is the guide of the Occult side of terrestrial nature, while the Sun is the regulator and factor of manifested life.—Vol. II, p. 629.

Only three submerged, or otherwise destroyed, Continents—for the First Continent of the First Race exists to this day and will prevail to the last—are described in the Occult Doctrine, the Hyperborean, the Lemurian (adopting a name now known to Science) and the Atlantean. Most of Asia issued from under the waters after the destruction of Atlantis. Africa came still later, while Europe is the fifth and the latest continent—portions of the two Americas being far older.—Vol. II, p. 641.

It was the knowledge of the natural laws which make of seven the root nature number, so to say, in the manifested world, or at any rate in our present terrestrial life cycle, and the wonderful comprehension of its workings, that unveiled to the Ancient so many of the mysteries of Nature. It is these laws, again, and their processes on the sidereal, terrestrial, and moral planes which enabled the old Astronomers to calculate

correctly the duration of the cycles and their respective effects on the march of events; to record before hand—to prophesy it is called—the influence they would have on the course and development of the human races. The Sun, Moon, and Planets being the never-errring time measures, whose potency and periodicity were well known, became thus respectively the great ruler and rulers of our little system in all its seven domains, or "spheres of action."—Vol. II, p. 657.

DEATH.

What is this rest of death, sweet friend?

What is the rising up, and where?

I say, death is a lengthened prayer,
A longer night, a larger end.

Hear you the lesson I once learned:

I died; I sailed a million miles

Through dreamful, flowery, restful isles,—
She was not there, and I returned.

I say the shores of death and sleep

Are one; that when we, wearied, come

To Lethe's waters, and lie dumb,

'Tis death, not sleep, holds us to keep.

Yea, we lie dead for need of rest,

And so the soul drifts out and o'er

The vast still waters to the shore

Beyond, in pleasant, tranquil quest:

It sails straight on, forgetting pain,

Past isles of peace to perfect rest,—

Now where it best abide, or best

Return and take up life again?

And that is all of death there is,

Believe me. If you find your love

In that far land, then, like the dove,

Pluck olive boughs, nor back to this.

But if you find your love not there;

Or if your feet feel sure, and you

Have still allotted work to do,—

Why, then, haste back to toil and care.

Death is no mystery. 'Tis plain

If death be mystery, then sleep

Is mystery thrice strangely deep,—

For oh, this coming back again!

Austerest ferryman of souls,

I see the gleam of shining shores,

I hear thy steady stroke of oars

Above the wildest wave that rolls.

—Joaquin Miller.

For every spirit as it is more pure

And hath in it the more of heavenlie light.

So it the fairer body doth procure to habit it.

For of the soul the body form doth take

For soul is form and doth the body make.

—Spenser.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

For a clear understanding of life it is necessary to see religion and science in the light which is the life of each. Science must be seen as that body of natural law laid bare by scientific investigation, but not colored by the hypotheses of any passing scientist. Religion must be recognized apart from creed and dogma, and its understanding sought in the consciousness of man. Religion will then appear as the truth, and science will be seen to be the delineation of that truth in the laws of physical life.

The religions of the world, for ages past guarded in fortresses of contention, have now been compelled to go abroad to intermingle. Travel, education, and translation have disclosed scriptures of ancient faiths making the light in which we view religion an universal one.

By this universal light we see religion in its definite life cycles like those that exist in all other departments of nature. With the same regularity with which the sun lights the land of first one nation and then the next so has the spiritual sun of religion revealed life in a new light to the successive nations of humanity. Humanity's greatest gifts of thought and expression have been begotten by the rise of these spiritual suns. Their power is the power to illuminate the consciousness of men. The civilizations and religions of China, India, Persia, Egypt, and Christendom have arisen, and lived their life and passed away, only to come to life again in a successor. In this comprehensive aspect religion is seen to be interwoven with all that there is of life in humanity. It appears to hold the first place of dignity and importance. It is seen to obey the strictest laws of evolutionary growth. It has a birth, a development, a florescence, and a decay. The world's Christs and sages comprise it and they possessed an influence and a knowledge that may seem unaccountable.

It is in these masters of religion, then, that the purpose and explanation of religion must be sought, and not in the erring, undeveloped men they strove to teach, and it is strangely significant that the respective founders of all the world faiths are in full accord. And we may further note that whereas the amount of religious lore used by the adherents of

the several faiths is voluminous, the respective founders of these faith epitomize their science in a few terse statements.

This same economy may be found to underlie the inquiries of physical science. For with all due respect to the many departments in which science labors, the results resolve themselves into two broad sets of facts. These are the facts that concern matter, so called, on the one hand, and force on the other.

If science devotes herself to the study of the stars she finds herself asking these ultimate questions: What is this motion that actuates it? What are the laws and meaning of this joint action? If science devotes herself to the study of a man, a plant, an insect, or the life of a cell, she asks the same questions. What is this protoplasm? What is this life force that actuates it? What is the meaning of this interaction that we call a life?

One department of science, mathematics, does not appear to deal with either matter or force, but with eternal verities which exist independent of both and reside in the realm of pure consciousness only. With this important exception the facts of science are chiefly the facts of what is commonly called matter and force. The mathematical element is seen to exist in the various quantities and ratios in which matter and force combine to produce the world of living things. It is this point of combination that is the vital one. For as chemistry attempts to cover the department of substances, and physics to the department of force, it is to religion, the science of sciences, that we must turn for a knowledge of the mystery of their eternal wedlock. Religion, like mathematics, holds a place entirely its own. It can be comprehended only in man's pure consciousness. Here intellection is replaced by perception.

Since the attempt is to approach religion through science this consciousness in which religion resides must be approached through matter and force. It is necessary to understand what matter and force are shown by science to be. It is necessary to be led away from the endless varieties of substances to the place where we can understand that all substances are in reality but the same substance. It is necessary to see in all force, whether it be manifesting as

sound, motion, or electricity, but different aspects of the same force. Science has conclusively proven these truths for us. She has shown us even more than this. She has brought to light the link of interdependence between force and substance. She has shown that the quality of the atoms composing the elements which make all substances depends upon the number of unit charges of force.

Science says, for instance, that all substances, whether clouds, animals, plants, or minerals, can by means of fire, electricity, or chemical processes, be broken down into their constituent parts and analyzed. When this is done to a molecule of water, for instance, it becomes one atom of hydrogen gas and two atoms of oxygen gas. When this is done to a molecule of common salt it becomes one atom of chlorine and one atom of sodium. Thus have the substances of forms been reduced to the elements which compose them. Science has conclusively proved that all substances are some combination of two or more of these seventy-odd basic elements. It has conclusively proved that substance is never diminished nor destroyed. Instead it is endlessly transformed. In the case of the salt which appeared to be destroyed it is found that not only are these two constituent elements of chlorine and sodium able to recombine to form the original molecule of salt, but they have each an equal power to join a new partner or any number of new partners, thus building other substances. In this way do the elements forever combine, release, and recombine. The variety of proportions is infinite. In the one case is water, salt, or cheese, and in the other a brain, a cloud, or a piece of steel. With the more intricate substances, such as the brain, the combinations are more complex. This is the world at which man looks. It is this ever-changing substance that he inhabits as a body.

Having seen that all substance is the result of a ceaseless interplay of some seventy-odd elements it is next necessary to see what gives rise to the differences in these elements. It is necessary to see the relation that exists between substance, and the energy that causes it to move and to have life. This energy plays throughout the whole of substance.

As the substance is seen to be one mass, so is the force seen to be one force. Whether we see force moving in substance as life, or whether we see force moving the ether and by different rates of this etheric vibration giving rise to sound, or color, or light, or heat, or electricity, it is the same force.

Now when science examines one atom of hydrogen to ascertain what it is that causes it to be such an atom and not an atom of sodium she discovers the difference to consist in the number and arrangement of certain constituents called electrons. And when electrons are examined they are discovered to be electrical force. In each electron a negative nucleus appears to attract one or more positive charges of force. The positive charge is able to manifest because of the native partner. The negative partner comes to life because of the positive charge. The two are actually one.

These two, then, matter and force, are aspects of one eternal reality. It is with this eternal reality that religion, the science of sciences, would deal. It is in each breast the "I am," and it is the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." For going from the single atom to man, constituted of atoms in aggregate, the truths of atoms must still hold good. Man, like the atom, is force and substance. His force is thought or consciousness, and the substance in which this force acts must be his substance. Consciousness, and the substance in which consciousness acts, have been proved by the atom to be, in reality, identical. Religion is the process by which is established the identity of the knower with that which is known.

Next week a brief attempt will be made to show how the great religious teachers of the world have set themselves to this problem, which is practically the same as the problem of material science.

At vesper tide
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
"Since none I wronged in word or deed to-day,
From whom should I crave pardon? Master, say."

"From the sad child whose play thou hast not planned,
The goaded heart whose friend thou didst not stand,
The rose that dies for water from thy hand."

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

February 20—What ought to be done is neglected, what ought not to be done is done. The sins of the unruly are ever increasing.

February 21—Without Karma, no fisherman could catch a fish; outside of Karma, no fish would die on dry land, or in boiling water.

February 22—Let every man first become himself that which he teaches others to be.

February 23—He who hath subdued himself may hope to subdue others. One's own self is the most difficult to master.

February 24—Hatred is never quenched by hatred; hatred ceases by showing love; this is an old rule.

February 25—The path of virtue lies in the renunciation of the seven great sins.

February 26—The best possession of the man of clay is health; the highest virtue of the man of spirit is truthfulness.

FRAGMENTS.

There was great war on earth; vast armies meeting in the shock of battle: war on land, war on sea, war in the upper reaches of the sky. And the angels who, by God's command, keep (like faithful sentinel stars) forever watch and word o'er men, saw and heard these things—wings folded crosswise, arms upon their breasts, breathing the rhythmic silences of adoration, against which beats ceaselessly the noise of man's activity.

Then those other angels, whose high office it is to bear in their stainless hands up to God's throne, the prayers and offerings of men, passed and repassed swiftly in countless numbers; and though many, many of those prayers shone with the lambent light of faith and courage and resignation (all so dear to God); yet others were clamorous, crying out against God's wickedness, or moaning in despair why things so terrible should be. And the watching angels saw and heard these things also. Then they counseled among themselves, perplexed as to what change had caused these special clamours; wherein were things different from what they had been before?

God heard the angels conferring and sent a message to them: "Men only see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and touch with their hands. The tumult and horror and agony of war they can perceive; they have yet to recognize the more deadly horror and destruction of their cancerous 'peace,' filled with blasphemy and evil, Satan's pleasure ground, where souls are suffocated in the poisonous gas of luxury and bodily ease and soft comfort. St. Michael pierced the curtain with his lance, and now men see at last the conflict that was waking all along."

The angels murmured, understanding God, "May victory crown St. Michael and his hosts."—*Caré in the Theosophical Quarterly.*

THE IRREVERENT BRAHMIN.

A Brahmin, fat and debonair,
Denied the potency of prayer!

"Absurd!" he scoffed, "to say that Gods
At ease on high would stoop to Clods.

And heed our million warring prayers
To regulate our small Affairs."

This Dogmatist of early days
Was lost within a jungle's maze,

Where, wildly ranging wide about
To find a pathway leading out,

Upon a Forest Godling's Shrine
He chanced, o'erhung with leaf and vine,

And—wonder! horror!—crouching there
A mighty Tiger, bowed in prayer!

(Tail curled, as may be well supposed,
Paws folded, eyes devoutly closed.)

"Strong God," he heard the Tiger say,
"I pray thee, send to me a Prey"

The trustful Tiger closed his Prayer—
Behold! a Brahmin trembling there!

The Brahmin never scoffed a whit.
The Prayer had answer—*He was It.*
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

According to the teaching of the Upanishads, behind and above the psychical man stands the spiritual man, the Higher Self, the immortal. To him are given many names: the Ancient, the Seer, the ancient Poet, the Lord. The aim of all life is the passage from the mortal, psychical self of illusion, of dream and desire, to the immortal Self of Divine life.—*Charles Johnston.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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HUMAN INTELLECT.

Mr. Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the *New York Sun*, seems to have been in a despondent mood when he lectured at the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church on "Efficiency in the Twenty-First Century." The human mind, said Mr. Mitchell, does not seem to have evolved at all during historical periods. It has increased the volume of its possessions, but not its capacity. It has acquired experiences, but not power. It has gained distance, but it has not improved; and progress is by no means the same thing as evolution.

This must be disconcerting enough to modern complacency, and it becomes still more disconcerting as Mr. Mitchell proceeds to prove his contention. Where, he asks, can we find an equal to the mind that wrote the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*? Have we ever exceeded in political skill the men who conducted the diplomatic correspondence of antiquity? Have we better military tacticians than the officers on the general staff of Alexander, or better artists or better lawyers than the ancients? These questions answer themselves. If we would find the highest peaks of the human intellect we must go far back in history. Emerson, the greatest philosopher of modern times, knelt at the feet of Plato, and said that for two thousand years the world had done no more than repeat his doctrines. We may doubt if today there is a single figure on the human stage who will be

remembered two thousand years hence, or who will shine with other than a light reflected from events.

Now Mr. Mitchell is unquestionably right when he says that the human mind has not evolved during historical periods. But he is not right when he assumes, as he seems to do, that there can be no human evolution at all except the evolution of the mind. He might draw exactly the same inference from the fact that there has been no evolution of the human body, that physical advance seems if anything to have retrograded. But just as man possesses mental faculties that are higher than those of the body, and to which those of the body are subordinated, may he not possess other faculties that are higher than those of the mind, and to which those of the mind must in their turn be subordinated? We do not ask of the plant that it shall produce an indefinitely lengthening stalk. On the contrary we expect that the growth of the stalk shall presently cease in order that the flowers or fruits may appear. Does Mr. Mitchell seriously think that any conceivable evolution of the human mind could ever produce a perfected human race, or even a tolerably happy human race?

Indeed this is just what he does seem to think, and it is inexplicable that he should thus wholly ignore the faculties that even in their present rudimentary development are so far above those of the intellect. He asks, for instance, if some future Newton will ever discover

a pellet or pill that can be carried in a snuff-box, and that will supply the human body with direct nutrition. Wars, he reminds us, are usually food wars. Solve the food problem and there will be but little incentive to fight. But does Mr. Mitchell actually believe that this would be progress? Can there be any other progress than the eradication of the combative instincts? Do we reform the thief when we lock up the spoons? Do we reform him even though we make him a present of the spoons, or show him how to eat more comfortably without spoons? Of course we do not. He will be reformed when he ceases to be covetous of what does not belong to him, and not until then. In other words he never will be, and never can be, weaned from his dishonesty by any intellectual means whatsoever. He may be persuaded that it is unprofitable to steal spoons, but he will still wish to steal. He will be as much a thief as ever he was. Intellect, unilluminated by something that is above the intellect, is far more likely to make him a thief than an honest man.

The future of the race will depend, not upon the evolution of the intellect, but upon the evolution of the moral sense, and the moral sense means something vastly greater than mere pieties or futile adhesions to ethical codes furnished by ancient teachers. The powers to be unfolded by the moral sense, as compared with the powers of the intellect, are as sunlight to a candle flame, and if we know but little of those powers it is because we have not obeyed the laws of their unfoldment. They bear the same relation to the intellect as the flower to the stalk. But even now we may ask what would be the condition of the world if it were governed by the intellect alone, if there were nothing in human nature with the power sternly to forbid the intellect to do those things that seems to be demanded by its conception of self-interest? Some of the worst men that the world has ever known had colossal intellects. The best men that the world has ever known, its greatest benefactors, had equally colossal intellects, but they had something that was manifestly greater than intellect, something that could emergently direct the intellect and compel it to disregard self-interest. It was not by an intellectual process that

Socrates was persuaded to drink the hemlock. Intellect would have advised submission to his judges.

It is strange that we should so deify the intellect when it has obviously reached the limit of its beneficent capacities. It is even more strange that we should so ignore the spiritual faculties of which the triumphs are so blazoned in imperishable letters across the pages of history. Humanity has neither laurels nor gratitude for its intellectual giants. Their light is so quickly swallowed up in the darknesses of time. We take their gifts unthankfully, because we know that it was not love that offered them, or that invoked the power to give them. But Christ is remembered, and Buddha, and Socrates, and Confucius, although they conferred no material benefits and were wholly indifferent to them. They will still be remembered when Haeckel, Darwin, and Spencer, when all the inventors and discoverers of the day are not even names. Surely there is something here that is worthy of inquiry, something at least that ought not to be ignored when we ask ourselves as to the purpose of evolution and the future of the human race.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birth-day Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

February 27—Man walks on, and Karma follows him along with his shadow.

February 28—Daily practical wisdom consists of four things: To know the root of truth, the branches of truth, the limit of truth, and the opposite of truth.

March 1—Four things increase by use: Health, wealth, perseverance, and credulity.

March 2—To enjoy the day of plenty you must be patient in the day of want.

March 3—Expel avarice from your heart, so shall you loosen the chains from off your neck.

March 4—Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, greediness by liberality, lie by truth.

March 5—Do not speak harshly to anybody; those who are so spoken to will answer thee in the same way.

By the crime of not giving alms, a man becomes poor; by the defect of poverty he commits sin; by sin, he certainly goes to hell; again he becomes poor, again he becomes a sinner.—Sanskrit

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Why do Theosophists disapprove of capital punishment?

To answer such a question at the length that it deserves would occupy more space than can be given to it in these pages. But before citing some of the chief theosophical objections it may be pointed out that it is not only Theosophists who object to capital punishment. The opposition is now widespread throughout civilization and it is growing stronger. And it comes from the wisest and best classes of humanity.

On the other hand we may significantly inquire into the motives that prompt us to inflict capital punishment. Are we actuated by a desire to benefit the criminal, or to benefit ourselves? No one has ever yet been quite so silly as to argue that capital punishment is of advantage to the criminal. It is imposed as an advantage to ourselves, and in order that we may be protected against violence, and that those who are inclined to violence may be deterred. Now self-protection may be justifiable. Usually it is. At the same time it contains no elements of altruism, and therefore this particular form of punishment is distinct from all other forms. Penologists are now in general agreement that punishment should be reformatory, and that it should be of benefit to the wrongdoer as well as to society. Why, then, should we discriminate against one particular form of crime, and a form that is not necessarily the worst? Why should we say in effect that all criminals are susceptible to reform except murderers? There are cases where murder has been almost a venial offense in comparison with some other crimes of which the law hardly takes cognizance at all.

But of course there are other reasons why capital punishment should be adjudged not only wrong, but stupid. Do we know actually what becomes of a human being after we have destroyed his body? Are we quite sure that we have robbed him of his power for harm? We can not be sure of this unless we know what has become of him, and there are very few of us who make any pretense to such a knowledge as this. Unless we are materialists we must believe that he is still in existence. And if we have any power of consecutive reasoning we must suppose that a man after death is very

much the same as he was before death? Why should there be any difference, merely because he is no longer in a physical body? The qualities that made him what he was are mental qualities, not bodily, and there is no reason why the mental qualities should be changed by death, which does not affect the mind at all. And since it was the mind of the man that was criminal, and not the body, it would seem the part of prudence to keep that mind in its physical casement, where it can be watched and guarded, rather than to liberate it into spheres where its powers for mischief may be vastly enhanced. Modern experiments in telepathy, now so precise as to be beyond cavil, have so fully demonstrated the possibilities of mental influences and mental contacts as to give to such questions as this a very practical import and one that it would be, and indeed is, folly to overlook. Those whose conception of punishment is mere vindictiveness or revenge are, of course, themselves so near the plane of savagery that argument would be wasted upon them. But the more intellectually evolved would do well to ask themselves if capital punishment may not be actually the liberation instead of the extinction of evil forces that are made still more evil by the horrors and the terrors of the scaffold.

MIND AND BODY.

In the last issue of the *Outlook* an attempt was made to show that matter and force are aspects of one eternal reality. It is with this eternal reality that religion, the science of sciences, would deal. It is in each one the "I am," and it is the light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." For, going from the simple atom to man, constituted of aggregates of atoms, the law of atoms must still hold good. Man, like the atom, is force and substance. His force is thought or consciousness, and the substance in which this force acts must be his substance. Consciousness and the substance in which consciousness acts have been proved by the atom to be, in reality, identical. Religion is the process by which is established the identity of the knower with that which is known.

Turning to the great masters of religion, it is seen that the axiomatic statements uttered by them deal with this fact

and may be roughly classed into two groups. The first may be said to deal with the knowledge of an universal law in which, and to which, man was mysteriously connected by his thought. The second deals with a certain efflorescence of human consciousness that was man's consummation, and the purpose for which the whole evolutionary march existed.

As instances of the first are the statements of Christ and Buddha known as the golden rule. Paul refers to an universal law when he says "God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Christ declares the same law when he says: "For every idle word ye shall answer in the day of judgment." And again: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Krishna says, "He who with a pure heart offereth a fruit or flower in my name is dear unto me."

These statements appear to be uttered in the light of an unveiled vision that was able to see man's fate and fortune indissolubly bound up with the way in which he used the force called thought. Just so, in the world of chemical elements, a force manifesting in one way would give rise to an element that was death-dealing, and a force manifesting in another way would give rise to an element that was life-giving. So also in the case of man, who, in his self-consciousness, has the free will to manipulate the force of thought. By some manipulations of this force he produces pain and death. By other manipulations of this same force he brings forth beneficences and ever more abundant life.

It is with this ever more abundant life that the greater number of the utterances of the Christs and Saviors deal. Their message appears to relate to what lies in store for man when his life has become identified with the All Life. It is the state of the knower and the known as one. It is force and substance in a state of identity. Science continually divorces this state. The intellect looks out upon substance as something apart and separate from itself. To it the world of sense is to be studied and learned. Religion says *it is* and ever has been, *because* of the Eternal Witness who perceives it. The first is rightly called learning; but for knowledge, for understanding, for the participation in an

"ever more abundant life," the limitations of selfishness must disappear, and the life and that in which it lives must be identical.

It is in this light that we must view such statements as the following. Christ says, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within." Patanjali, the Hindu sage, writes, "This universe exists for the purposes of the soul." Krishna declares, "There is life on both sides of death for those who know me as I am." This "I am," which so constantly recurs on the lips of all the teachers of the Divine Science means "the soul of the world," the One Life of the Universe. It is that in man which lives and thinks. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," says Christ. In the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* we find the man whose vision had been opened to his own immortal and divine nature uttering such words as these: "I am the God Osiris. I am he who was dead and behold I am alive forevermore." The Delphic Oracle said, "Man, know thyself." "As above so below." Christ said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you." St. Paul said, "Know ye not that ye are Gods?" and "Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Spirit?" But Christ also said: "They who lead the life shall know of the doctrine."

This points to religion as a definite method, taught by definite teachers, to arrive at a definite purpose. It points to this purpose as the participation by the individual consciousness in the universal consciousness.

Why should this be an impossibility? Since the atoms that make man and the worlds cycle through all space, since that which gives rise to them is force, and since thought is force, what is there that is unscientific in such a postulate? How does science know what power thought may possess when it becomes spiritualized, by which is meant when it moves with, and not contrary to, the evolutionary momentum. The methods of the sage rather than the vivisectionist will prove these matters.

Religion is a science wholly its own, where the methods become introspective, and the qualities dealt with are eternal realities, not transformations. These eternal realities answer all questions—alike of stars or cells.

SUGGESTION.

That a certain process of rarefaction is active in the thought of the day is evidenced by the fact that one of the most brilliant of modern political essays should be based upon the laws of psychological suggestion. The author of "Politics and Crowd Morality" is Arthur Christensen, and he describes his work as a "study in the philosophy of politics." Into his demand for a reform of electoral methods we need not enter, except to notice his argument that crowd consciousness under the influence of suggestion is now so well developed as to rob the average vote of its individuality. The voter exercises the franchise as a member of a group with group consciousness, and it is this group consciousness that submerges the ballots of the thinker and the student.

Suggestion, says Mr. Christensen, is the phenomenon which subjects the individual to an impression which forces his thought processes in a definite direction. The assertion that is constantly repeated is presently believed without the cooperation of the reason, and this is suggestion.

The action of suggestion on the physical condition of the individual, its power of inducing sickness and conversely of promoting a cure, is a matter of common knowledge. A woman patient was brought into a hospital in Copenhagen who was suffering from a cancer in the abdomen. She implored the surgeons to operate upon her. They proceeded to do so, but discovered that the cancer could not be removed. With the view of quieting the patient, the surgeons told her that the operation had been successfully performed. Contrary to everybody's expectation, the patient recovered and was discharged from the hospital. A short time afterwards she was killed in an accident, whereupon the body was dissected, and it was found that the cancer had disappeared. The release from a depressing auto-suggestion, and the simultaneous imparting of a cheering suggestion, had strengthened the woman's physical condition to such a degree that she had got the better of her sickness. Numbers of such cases are to be found in the case books and in the accounts of miraculous cures.

The forms of suggestion are almost innumerable. Advertisements depend for their success on suggestion, but it finds a more serious form in the shibboleths and pithy phrases so much loved by the crowd and so provocative of a display of the crowd consciousness. Thus we have "Back to Nature," a phrase that means absolutely nothing, since no one can escape nature, "Down

with Rome," "The Struggle Against Capital," "The Right to Live," "The Century of the Child." Such phrases are extraordinarily productive of unreflecting action. They are suggestions that call forth collective or class consciousness.

But the author is probably wrong when he says that the crowd soul is only the sum of the single souls which make up the crowd. Just as the combination of certain chemical elements will produce a product wholly different from its component parts, so the combined consciousnesses of the crowd will produce a result of which its individuals would be incapable. Thus the cruelty of crowds is well known, and it is usually a cruelty foreign to the nature of the individuals who compose it. The loves and hates of crowds are far in excess of, and different in their nature from, the loves and hates of the individuals composing the crowds. Religious suggestion is peculiarly potent upon crowds who are easily swayed from their intellectual basis and transferred to a region of unreasoning emotionalism. Of this we have an example in Billy Sundayism, and it may be said that those who applaud the surface results of such propaganda as this are apt to forget the dangers of popularizing these forms of collective suggestion. The same crowds that can be brought in tears to the penitents' bench by the religious revivalist can be lashed by the political agitator to the sacking of a bank. The community that has used itself to the excitation of the crowd consciousness is on the brink of ruin. Minds that have allowed themselves to become plastic to suggestion are at the mercy of all who are disposed to mold them:

The French Revolution is the happiest hunting-ground for the phenomena of crowd-suggestion. It shows an uncritical fanaticism leading sometimes to self-sacrifice—as at the famous meeting of the national convention during the night of August 4, 1789, when the representatives of all the three estates, under the influence of inter-suggestive enthusiasm, vied with one another in renouncing all their privileges—sometimes to the heroic exploits of the wars of the Revolution, now to the murder ecstasy of the September massacres. Sentimental fraternity-feasts alternate with butcheries, in which cannibal features can often be discerned, and in which fear, sadism, and the predatory instinct collaborate. The power of shibboleths has rarely been more clearly seen. The shouts of "Vivat!" and "Pereat!" were continuous; the refrain "Citoyen!" roused

men's hopes; and the fateful "A la Lanterne!" found an answer in the reflex motions of the crowd. In the words "third estate," "the nation," "the people," a magic power resided; while the word "aristocrat" was enough to set the murder instincts of the crowd in motion, and the word "veto" acted as a red rag even to those who did not understand what it meant. In short, the French Revolution can only be understood if it is regarded in the light of the Alpha and Omega of crowd-psychosis—suggestion.

The student of occultism will find much of interest in such speculations and in the reminder that the forces of collective suggestion were never more active than at the present time, and never more potent. It is a day of war-cries, appeals, and trumpet-calls, a day when we are attracted by one loud noise after another, and indeed by nothing else, when the unpent oceans of emotionalism refuse to be guided by intelligence and permit no other direction than that of a blatant assertion which outrages alike discretion and reason. And who can say what the end of it shall be?

MOHAMMED.

The January issue of the *Theosophical Quarterly* contains a weighty and eloquent letter written by Mr. J. W. Peatch in defense of Mohammedanism against some critical remarks that appeared in a previous issue of that excellent magazine. Mr. Peatch's communication is a lengthy one and there is no need to follow him over so extensive an area, but some of his paragraphs are so striking as to justify reproduction and reflection. Thus we find him pleading for the superhuman qualities displayed by Mohammed himself and asking:

Do you think it was all mere human power that upheld the brave Arabs and their Holy Prophet through their trials and the tortures placed upon them by the Christians, Jews, and the more barbarous heathens? Was it mere human power that helped the poor linen-clad, ill-armed Arabs when they hurled themselves against the splendid, firmly-formed, well-armed, and bronze-covered Legions of Cæsar? It must have been like the breakers upon a rockbound shore, and yet they hurled themselves upon it, time after time, until the mighty legions of the Romans were scattered like chaff. What power do you think it was that urged them on? Certainly no human power.

That Mohammedanism had a beneficent influence upon the wild tribes among whom it was born, and that it has now a beneficent influence upon the almost equally wild tribes to whom it is

preached, is almost unquestionable, and this point is well urged by Mr. Peatch:

Do you not think that the world at that time needed something higher, purer, and better than the corrupted Christianity and Idolatry of the period? Those calling themselves Christians then worshiped God, Christ, Mary, Peter, Paul, and many of the other saints, and those who were not Christians were either a kind of Paganistic Jews or pure—or rather impure—idolaters and heathens. Do you not think that Islam came as a blessing upon the world at that time and ever since? Do you not think that Islam came as a gleaming light of Hope and Salvation in the dark evil days of pagan Arabia, the days of tyranny and strife? Terrible reports come down to us of those far-off days amid which Mohammed (on whom peace) was born and grew up in the pure, stainless life he did. Brothers, Sisters, and Children were killed with impunity, or sold into slavery; drunkenness and vice were rampant; some few records—which seem incredible, and I can not vouch for the truth of this statement—tell how even mothers were taken to wife and Fathers married their own daughters. Murder and theft were the common things of the day, and what little law and order there was did not even attempt to stay this, or even hold it in check. Do you not think, then, that the world has benefited by the coming of the Holy Prophet (on whom peace); coming amidst all this Vice, Sin, and Strife, and struggling for Mastery; at last sweeping it all aside and trampling it all under foot: founding the mighty Empire of the Saracens, a nation of purity and freedom?

More than once, says the writer, he has been asked to consider the greatness of modern civilizations as a proof of the truth of Christianity, and for this question he has an unqualified negative:

An Empire such as England, America, France, or any other of the great Empires of the world could have been built up just as well upon Hinduism, Judaism, Buddhism, or any other sensible religion. A religion does not make an earthly Empire. Who, then, I ask, built up ancient Egypt? Did Ammon, the King of the Gods of the Egyptians, build up the Empire? Did Ra, Osiris, Horus, Set, Menthu, or any of the two thousand odd gods or goddesses build it? (Personally I think that beneath the grotesque cloak of idolatry of the Egyptians there was hidden the truth of the One God, but that is not the subject.) Who built up Babylon? Did Nimrod? Did Baal? Did Astarte, or Astoreth? Or any other of the infamous deities of this people build up the vast Empire of Babylon? Who built up Assyria, that fierce race of warriors who came from the Babylonians? Who built up Rome, Greece, Phœnicia, Carthage? Could not England have been raised up out of the sea in the same manner as these dead nations have been raised up?

It would be interesting to follow Mr. Peatch still further in his interesting argument, but space forbids. None the less it is well that we should be reminded,

and reminded often, that every faith has its beauties and moreover that every faith has played its part in the evolution of the race, and perhaps a part that only it could play so well.

THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings:
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes,
Like tracks behind it, where it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have
known
And yet made comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life; and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by,
Like some marsh breeze whose poisoned
breath
Breathes into homes like fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair:
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and molding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Every century an attempt is being made to show the world that Occultism is no vain superstition. Once the door is permitted to remain a little ajar, it will be opened wider with every new century. The times are ripe for a more serious knowledge than hitherto permitted, though still, even now, very limited.—Vol. I, p. 21.

The days of Constantine were the last turning-point in history, the period of the supreme struggle, that ended in the Western world throttling the old religions in favor of the new one, built on their bodies. From thence the vista into the far distant past, beyond the Deluge and the Garden of Eden, began to be forcibly and relentlessly shut out by every fair and unfair means from the indiscreet gaze of posterity. Every issue was blocked up, every record upon which

hands could be laid destroyed. Yet there remains enough, even among such mutilated records, to warrant us in saying that there is in them every requisite evidence of the actual existence of a Parent Doctrine. Fragments have survived geological and political cataclysms to tell the story; and every survival shows evidence that the now secret Wisdom was once the one fountain-head, the ever-flowing perennial source, from which were fed all the streamlets—the later religions of all nations—from the first down to the last.—Vol. I, p. 28.

Spiritual Mind . . . takes no cognizance of the senses in physical man.—Vol. I, p. 123.

The reincarnationists and believers in Karma alone dimly perceive that the whole secret of Life is in the unbroken series of its manifestations, whether in, or apart from, the physical body.—Vol. I, p. 259.

INCREASING THE SMALL.

Whosoever adapteth himself shall be preserved to the end.

Whosoever bendeth himself shall be straitened.

Whosoever emptieth himself shall be filled.

Whosoever weareth himself away shall be renewed.

Whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased.

Therefore doth the Sage cling to simplicity, and is an example to all men.

He is not ostentatious, and therefore he shines.

He is not egotistic, and therefore he is praised.

He is not vain, and therefore he is esteemed.

He is not haughty, and therefore he is honored.

And because he does not compete with others, no man is his enemy.

The ancient maxim, "Whosoever adapteth himself shall be preserved to the end," verily it is no idle saying.

Without doubt he shall go back to his Home in peace.—*Laotze.*

Agonies are one of my changes of garments. I do not ask the wounded person how he feels. I myself become the wounded person.—*Walt Whitman.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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WOMEN AND RELIGION.

Mr. W. L. George, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, tries to tell us why women are more religious than men. Perhaps it would be more to the point if he were first to prove that women actually are more religious than men, since an appearance of religious zeal may be no more than an attachment to formulas and conventions, a habit of conservatism. If we are asked to assume that church attendance is an indication of religious feeling then it becomes necessary to say that it is nothing of the sort, and that there is much more religion outside the churches than in.

But Mr. George may be right in his contention. Probably he is right, but at least he is deplorably wrong in the arguments by which he sustains it, arguments so weak, indeed, as to be pitiable. Women, he says in effect, are more religious than men because they are less educated and less intelligent. Evidently we must regard religion as something from which the world is being slowly weaned by education. The perfected humanity, finished and polished by the schoolhouse and the university, will doubtless be wholly devoted to materialistic biology and mechanistic philosophy. In other words it will be composed of persons precisely like Mr. George—a prospect too melancholy for consideration.

Was there ever so false an argument as this? Women are not less educated

than men. On the contrary they are much better educated. They remain longer at school and they continue their education by reading—which men seldom do. Women are not less intelligent than men. On the contrary they are now so much more intelligent that there can be no comparison. The woman's club, for example, devotes itself steadily to serious topics. It makes at least a pretense of interest in art, science, sociology, and literature. The man's club devotes itself with unwavering fidelity to money. Generally speaking, it never deviates to the things that are worth while. In the vast majority of married couples the woman is incontestably the more intelligent in the breadth of her interests and in her conception of social duty.

Assuming that Mr. George is correct in his assertion that woman are more religious than men we have to look elsewhere for the explanation. And it can be found quite easily. Feminine interests lie almost exclusively with persons. That is to say they are the interests of sympathy. The interests of the man are with things, and they are usually gratified, not by sympathy, but by aggression and rivalry. The activities of women tend directly toward religion. The activities of men tend directly away from it. And the reading of such a portrait as this is unmistakable.

It need hardly be said that sympathy fills the whole field of religion, as religion is understood from the theosophical standpoint. When we have once

conceded the fact of human sympathy we have conceded also the entire theological philosophy if we have but the courage to follow the thread of logical reasoning. For sympathy is inexplicable except on the theory of an actual identity between its subject and its object. It is the direct assertion of nature that pain in the part must also be pain in the whole, and that there can be no single life that is outside of, and unaffected by, the universal life. If we ask ourselves what constitutes the supreme greatness of the "divine men" who stand out like lighthouses on the dark waters of humanity we are forced to recognize that it was their power of sympathy, and nothing else. If we were to arrange the great men of the world in an order of precedence it would be the man of greatest sympathy who would stand at their head. Nothing else would count at all. There could be no other claim to priority. A thousand years hence we shall have forgotten the men of intellect, and the inventors, and the statesmen. We shall have forgotten Spencer, and Darwin, and Haeckel, and Edison. But Socrates will not be forgotten in a thousand years, nor Christ, nor Buddha. Humanity feels no gratitude to its intellectual giants. Thanklessly it takes what they have to give and it offers no laurels in return. But it does not forget the men who loved, who had sympathy. They brought nothing with them that could be touched nor weighed nor measured. They added nothing to the store of material possessions. None the less their names stand out imperishably on the annals of time. They alone are the immortals.

Therefore it is evident that the evolution of the individual depends entirely upon his power to sympathize, and upon nothing else. This is the heavenly vision of a life not bounded by self-interest nor limited by greeds. So far as we are capable of sympathy so far have we broken down the limitations of the personality, and embarked upon the evolutionary current that brings all possible attainments within our reach. Herein are to be found the forces that translate intellect into genius, reason into intuition. The sympathy that is felt first for the individual must be fanned into a flame until it includes the group, the nation, and humanity. Sympathy is the

recognition of identity between one's self and another, and therefore of a necessary community of pleasures and of pains. It must be extended until, as Buddha is represented as saying: "Forgoing self, the universe grows I."

It is therefore easy to understand that women should be more religious than men, even though they may incline by temperament to the conventional ways of showing it. They are more religious because their activities are directed toward persons rather than toward things and possessions, because they live in their sympathies rather than in their self-interests.

THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

In a recent number of *Art and Archaeology*, the popular organ of the Archaeological Institute of America, is an article on the Pyramid of Cheops by Edgar J. Banks. This representative article shows how meagre an interpretation of world wonders the public is destined to receive at the hands of a science that refuses to consider life's spiritual significance. In the light of the occultism of the ages these pyramids have a meaning much more commensurate with their grandeur, and of much more importance to the man of the hour, than any that have been approached by the inferences of scientific investigators.

Some of the familiar facts contained in the article, quoted at random, will put us in a position to see the unsatisfying conditions of scientific perspective.

"The pyramid covered thirteen acres of ground, and was a perfect square, originally measuring 756 feet. . . . The four sides pointed to the four cardinal points. . . . 481 feet high, its sides sloped at an angle of 75 degrees. . . . It is estimated that in the entire pyramid are 2,300,000 blocks of stone averaging in weight two and a half tons. . . . The entrance was at the centre of the north side. The descent from this entrance is 23 degrees, terminating at last beneath the very centre of the pyramid in a large chamber . . . but—the king was never buried there. . . . The chamber was only a part of the plan of the wily old king to deceive the future grave-robbers."

The description tells that the second important chamber is reached in a like manner, but is some twenty-five courses of stones higher. It is situated in the

centre also and is called the Queen's Chamber.

"But the queen was not buried there; this chamber, too, was constructed to lead the grave-robbers astray. . . . At the height of 138 feet above the foundation, or at the fiftieth course of stones, is a small antechamber, and beyond is the Royal Chamber. . . . The walls are of polished granite. . . . The roofing slabs, weighing about fifty-four tons each, are the largest stones in the pyramid. . . . In the corner is a stone sarcophagus which must have been built into the pyramid, for it is too large to have been carried through the passageways. Perhaps there the king was buried, but we do not know. It has been long empty. . . . Some say that the men found only the empty sarcophagus, without its lid. Others say they found there a hollow stone in which lay the statue of a man, but the statue enclosed a body whose breastplate of gold was brilliantly set with jewels. A sword of inestimable value lay upon the corpse. At the head, with the light of day shone a carbuncle as large as an egg."

This summary serves to reawaken our abiding admiration of the greatest piece of work done by the hand of man on earth, and at the same time to show how unable is the advanced guard of our own time to understand these signs of past attainment.

The knowledge that has come with the dawning of an age destined to carry the races of the globe to a yet higher watermark on the evolutionary shore declares the exact purposes of these pyramids. This is a relief to the mind hungering for consistency. It is hard to imagine that a people as highly intelligent as the pyramid builders prove themselves to be were unable to devise a simpler and less conspicuous means of frustrating the purposes of grave-robbers.

Such was not their design. It was a far loftier one. The pyramids of Egypt, as likewise the pyramids of ancient America and all other lands, have a meaning connected with man's immortal spiritual nature, its eternally periodic evolutions, and the attainments destined to be accomplished at its cyclic culminations.

The "men made perfect" understood these cycles. They took this means of preserving the god-like knowledge for

future generations, who, in the lapse of the intermittent dark ages, would lose the remembrance of their heritage. Nations, like waves, rise, then sink back into the ocean from which they came, but only to arise again after an interval. As they advance toward knowledge they find the landmarks of others who have passed before them. By the signs and symbols that are left them they are able to confirm their intuitions. For the spiritual truths are destined to be realized again and again in increasing degrees by individuals and races. When the course of their evolutionary development has brought them through the materialistic stage they learn that all things are of the same identical and indestructible substance, and they realize that the eternal and divine reality exists within themselves.

It is from such unity as the apex of a pyramid that all life proceeds, by means of the perpetual trinity or triangle of father, mother, son, to its manifestation in the square or four elements of material nature. It is in a cycle, analogous to that traced in the heavens by the stars, hence the astronomical correspondences. In fact there are no correspondences, laws, cycles, origins, or destinies that are not here symbolized. Thus did the "men initiated into the realization of their own immortal natures" perpetuate its truths to light the way for others down through the ages. Through the degrees of, first, intellect, which is the masculine element, and, second, intuition, which is the feminine element, man will arrive at the royal condition of their union in divine wisdom.

Nor do we need to turn our eyes so far back as to the king initiates of Egypt, or ancient America. In the history of our own remembrance and making, such ones stand out in bold relief and blazing light as having attained to heights inexplicable from our lowly viewpoint. Who can interpret the saints, prophets, saviors, and Christs that the world has known, and by whom it has been taught? They, too, are entitled to the breastplate of sparkling jewels; they, too, radiate light at the rise of their spiritual suns; they, too, have wielded, with success, the two-edged sword against the angel of the Lord that guards the Paradise of man's nature. These are the truths that the pyramids would have us hear them speak.

PAUL AND THEOLOGY.

The crucible into which dogmatic theology has been thrown is growing hotter daily, and therefore the dross is constantly more visible. Of this we have additional evidence in the unaccustomed appearance of a religious article in the January pages of the *North American Review*. It is entitled "Saul of Tarsus," and its author is Mr. Ellwood Hendrick, who seems to think, and with reason, that we must place upon the shoulders of Paul the responsibility for the perversions and extravagances that have clung so obstinately to Christian theology. Orthodoxy, in other words, has become Paulism, and opposed to orthodoxy are the simple and unequivocal teachings of Jesus:

We must remember that Jesus preached a very simple gospel, which any one can understand. The substance of it is that we must keep love in our hearts; that anger and hatred and malice and revenge are all danger signals of that which is not of the Kingdom of God. So long as we keep love in our hearts we can not go entirely astray, no matter what happens to us.

Jesus, says Mr. Hendrick, was undoubtedly of the belief that he was the one expected by the Jews who should establish the Kingdom of God. He believed that he had the message that should liberate the world:

It was a very simple one of love and forgiveness. He clung to it all through his life. He strove to make those who believed in it a colony so inspired by love and good-fellowship that all the rest of the world would see the folly of pride and self-seeking and join in a real Kingdom of God, Jews and Gentiles all. This was his ideal: very simple, very beautiful, and yet very difficult of attainment. In all the centuries that have passed since then, no thought so lovely has been given us. He would define nothing, determine nothing, establish nothing, and preach nothing except his one gospel of love. Judges, lawyers, pettifoggers, priests, elders—all sorts of people tried to induce him to commit himself on one question or another, but they never succeeded. He would not dogmatize. If you have love in your hearts, he held that you may be trusted to find answers to questions of conduct as they arise; without it neither laws nor rules can guide you.

Jesus appeared to be quite sure that the world would one day adopt the religion of love and that it would be the end of the age, or of the world. He may have thought that this consummation would come quickly, but as to that we know nothing, since the Gospels have all been rewritten and copied and modified to

compel them to fit the dogmas that came after. But Jesus himself gave no dates:

He knew that when this spirit of love and sympathy shall have spread itself over the earth, then the Kingdom of Heaven will be at hand; and it looks to me as though he had this in mind rather than the trumpeting, thunder-clapping, bone-jumping resurrection day of orthodoxy. Granted a reign of love and sympathy and good-fellowship over all the world, and we know that the spirit of Christ will be with us and animate us whether we look at it as mystics or as mechanistic biologists. I postulate that there is no other dogma in the teachings of Jesus.

But this is as far apart as the poles from the theology of Paul, who had worked out his own series of theories that was disconcerting to the other apostles, who hesitated to become entangled in a complicated code of dogma and rules invented by their brother apostle:

It was Paul who developed the theory that the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, after creating the world in six days and putting Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and observing Adam's disobedience, and putting all the children of earth under the ban of his curse, had then repented of his act and made a sacrifice of Jesus so that the curse might be lifted. Then Paul invented justification by faith, and so justification by faith took the place of love and he had a workable argument, sound in logic, beginning with the Garden of Eden and ending in the escape of his followers from hell-fire. Stand up and say you believe, and you are saved; fail in this opportunity, and you shall go to hell. That was an easy doctrine with which to impress the crowd and bring them into the organization under fear. I do not think Jesus ever taught it. I do not believe he even thought of it as a way to establish what he called the Kingdom of God. On the other hand, how could Paul imagine the Kingdom of God as coming about through sympathy and good-fellowship? He was apparently without good-fellowship, and it is doubtful if he was a man of sympathy. He was too busy "fighting the good fight" to engage in sympathy. Paul's problem was not a problem of love, although this was important because Jesus had so constantly taught it; Paul's problem was one of organization. He wrote wonderful phrases about love, but in practice it had to give way to system and order. And his organization proceeded with great success. As soon as he obtained a good start at his work the other apostles drop out from the pages of the record. They could not get along with him; Barnabas was the first to befriend him and the first to leave him. Mark could not work with him, and Peter was entirely out of accord with him.

The mind of Paul inclined naturally toward rites and ceremonies. Consulting with Peter, he was assured that circum-

cision was not important and that the gospel of Jesus was of the heart:

As soon as Paul learned that circumcision was not essential he substituted baptism for it. He had to have a rule and a rite, so he adopted baptism, which was workable, and thus baptism became essential to salvation. Imagine Jesus saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me—after they have been baptized."

Paul, says the writer, is actually responsible for anti-Semitism. A gospel of love would have been welcome to the Jews, but Paul had no idea of such a gospel, and so the opportunity for Jewish support was lost:

The Jewish congregation felt that they had more authority for the laws inscribed on their scrolls than for the doctrines of Paul, and they did what any Christian church would do today if any one were to come to them as Paul went to the synagogues. They plainly told him to clear out. Then Paul, being known as a Christian, could not stone them to death as had been done to Stephen because he could not agree. So he did something far worse than throwing stones at them; he complained that the Jews were persecuting him, and by the persuasiveness of his talk and the volume of it, inflamed the people against the Jews. It was the beginning of the persecution of the Jews, and has continued to this day, remaining one of the most unkind and unchristian features of Christian society. There is bitter cruelty in it. And the higher we go where the graces of life arise in Christian society, the more subtle is this attitude of ungraciousness likely to be toward the Jews. Granted that Christianity might have prevailed without Paul, then we should all have been Jews and the Jews would have been different. They would not have been thrown into ghettos in mediæval days, nor put under a social ban by inhibitions and prohibitions at the gates of the most delectable social achievements. This attitude of mind comes with the increase of authority of the church. Jesus leaned the other way. Paul started it.

It is hard to understand why modern theology should shape itself upon Paulism to the neglect of the other apostles, who were in sharp divergence with him. Perhaps it is because it is so much easier to believe than to love, so much more pleasant to be rid of the burden of self-redemption:

In the gospel of love and good-fellowship as the means of bringing about the Kingdom of God it seems possible that we might agree. Of course, some of us are so crabbed and selfish that our idea of love and good-fellowship is to have others give us whatever is theirs while we give nothing in return. This is a frequent attitude of the man who boasts of wanting nothing but what is right. But even old skinflints may become animated by a new spirit if all the rest are full of loving kindness. Jesus knew all this, and how earnestly and how tenderly he sought to tell

it. It is so simple, so scientific; and as available today as it was two thousand years ago. It is sound psychology—indeed, we can find no fault with it whatever. It requires no abuse of the mind to believe in it. On the other hand, of all the doctrines that Paul and his followers have added on: the virgin birth, the prophecies fulfilled and unfulfilled, justification by faith, vicarious atonement, and the many other articles of faith that in our unbelieving hearts we know are not so: these things seem idle dreams, speculations of a day that is past, speedily vanishing into thin air. Without them, we could all go to church and sing Christian hymns. With them, the number of Christians must of necessity be limited, grouped by denomination and according to such dogma as they can bring their minds to endure.

If Christian theology wishes to recover the hold that it had once upon the minds of men it will have to redeem itself from Paulism, to abandon its freight of dogmas already rejected by the reason of humanity and establish itself once more upon the altruism that was the cardinal teaching of its founder.

THE CATACLYSM.

The following article is reprinted from our issue of March 7, 1914. It was written in answer to a question as to the meaning of the statement in the "Secret Doctrine" to the effect that "Europe in general is threatened with, or rather is on the eve of, a cataclysm, to which her own cycle of racial Karma has led her."

In answer to this letter the present writer is, of course, unable to add anything to the words that have been quoted. Nor does it seem that anything need be added. The statement is precise, definite, and unqualified, and it may yet be our lot to add the fulfilment of this prediction to the already large number of accomplished prophecies, scientific and otherwise, that stands to the credit of the *Secret Doctrine*.

But there seems no reason why such a prediction should arouse surprise. Indeed it would occasion no comment whatever were we less blinded by a fatuous self-esteem and by a complacency that persistently confuses mechanical invention and discovery with progress. If we were able mentally to detach ourselves from the age in which we live and to look at it in its true perspective we should certainly find no cause either for the self-esteem or for the complacency. The late Alfred Russell Wallace, a trained observer in whom benevolence was admirably blended with scientific

wisdom, said in effect that humanity has never before reached so low a point of degradation as the present, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, revered by some as a prophet, said many years ago:

It is reserved for some great critic to give us a study of the psychology of the nineteenth century. Those of us who as adults saw it face to face in that last moiety of its days when one fierce hand after another—Marx's, Zola's, Ibsen's, Strindberg's, Turgenieff's, Tolstoy's—stripped its masks off and revealed it as, on the whole, perhaps the most villainous page of recorded human history, can also recall the strange confidence with which it regarded itself as the very summit of civilization, and talked of the past as a cruel gloom that had been dispelled forever by the railway and the electric telegraph.

Elsewhere Mr. Shaw gives us another survey of civilization as it is today. One of the characters in *John Bull's Other Island* is represented as saying:

This world, sir, is very clearly a place of torment and penance, a place where the fool flourishes and the good and wise are hated and persecuted, a place where men and women torture each other in the name of love; where children are scourged and enslaved in the name of parental duty and education; where the weak in body are poisoned and mutilated in the name of healing, and the weak in character are put to the horrible torture of imprisonment, not for hours but for years, in the name of justice. It is a place where the hardest toil is a welcome refuge from the horror and tedium of pleasure, and where charity and good works are done only for hire to ransom the souls of the spoiler and the sybarite. Now, sir, there is only one place of horror and torment known to my religion; and that place is hell. *Therefore it is plain to me that this earth of ours must be hell, and that we are all here to expiate crimes committed by us in a former existence.*

Now whether there is anything to justify the particular prediction that has been quoted must remain a matter of personal opinion. To some of us it may seem that the cup of racial transgressions is full, pressed down, and running over. There are many sociological writers to-day, and their number is increasing, who seem to see enormous portents for civilization, not in the astral light, but in the newspapers. At the present moment there is hardly a nation in Europe that is not obviously on the brink either of war or of revolution. One of the bloodiest struggles in history has just been brought to a momentary truce in the Balkans, and it was a struggle in which the atrocities committed by Christians upon Mohammedans and then by Christians upon Christians were probably without parallel in the history of the world. It had been

immediately preceded by another war between Turkey and Italy, and this, too, was marked by Christian horrors that can not be described with decency. The efforts of the peace advocates to which we so often "point with pride" have about as much effect as hymns or incantations, and the armament that they are supposed to limit are increasing with such frightful rapidity as to bring the end clearly in view to every eye unobstructed by cant and folly. And side by side with these awful examples of human incapacity and passion we see a steady growth of such social scourges as disease, insanity, alcoholism, and prostitution. We see the rich becoming richer and the poor becoming poorer, and above and under it all the menacing mutter of the masses of the people, who are seeing the visions and dreaming the dreams that belong to the cycle of revelation in which they live.

Where, then, is there room for complacency or indeed for anything but forebodings? Indeed there might be some hope if we could see any concerted effort to stem the tide of selfishness from which these horrors arise. Practically speaking, there is no such effort except among the few Theosophists who have remained faithful to their philosophy and who have resisted the temptation to "imagine a vain thing." Never before has there been such a mania for legislation and never before has there been so obstinate a blindness to the true causes of the social cataclysm that threatens us. For some two hundred years Europe has seen an unending stream of laws intended to pacify and to palliate, and yet the latter end of the nations is worse than the first if we may judge from a discontent that grows more clamorous day by day. And yet the one thing needful is contemptuously neglected and derided, and that one thing is the teaching of human brotherhood, not as a pious theory, but as a fact in nature, and sustained and proved by an evolutionary scheme undeniable in its manifested varieties.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton asks somewhere, "Can you tell me in a world that is flagrant with the failures of civilization what there is particularly immortal about yours?" Truly there is nothing immortal about any civilization that has forgotten brotherhood and duty. And where duty and brotherhood are forgotten there truly are the very seed and the flower of death.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

The *Secret Doctrine* is an uninterrupted record, covering thousands of generations of seers, whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions, passed on orally by one early race to another, of the teachings of higher and exalted Beings, who watched over the childhood of humanity.—Vol. I, p. 293.

Where is that daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to minerals a *consciousness of their own*? All he can say is, that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension.—Vol. I, p. 298.

So long as we enjoy our five senses and no more, and do not know how to divorce our all-perceiving Ego from the thralldom of these senses—so long will it be impossible for the *personal Ego* to break through the barrier which separates it from a knowledge of "things in themselves," or Substance.—Vol. I, p. 351.

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effect. The vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies.—Vol. I, p. 121.

The Future, like the past, is ever alive in the present.—Vol. I, p. 131.

The man's lower principles are disintegrated in time, and are used by Nature again for the formation of new human principles; the same process also taking place in the disintegration and formation of Worlds.—Vol. I, p. 196.

Since no single atom in the entire Kosmos is without life and consciousness, how much more then must its mighty globes be filled with both—though they remain sealed books to us men who can hardly enter even into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?—Vol. II, p. 742.

Karma is a word of many meanings, and has a special term for almost every one of its aspects. As a synonym of sin, it means the performance of some action for the attainment of an object of *worldly*, hence *selfish*, desire, which can

not fail to be hurtful to somebody else. Karma is action, the cause; and Karma again is the "Law of Ethical Causation"; the effect of an act produced egoistically, in face of the Great Law of Harmony which depends on altruism.—Vol. II, p. 316.

There *can be no objective* form on Earth, nor in the Universe either, without its astral prototype being first formed in Space. From Phidias down to the humblest workman in the ceramic art, a sculptor has had to create first of all a model in his mind, then sketch it in dimensional lines, and then only can he reproduce it in three dimensional or objective figure.—Vol. II, p. 697.

Woe to those who live without suffering. Stagnation and death is the future of all that vegetates without change. And how can there be any change for the better without proportionate suffering during the preceding stage? Is it not those only who have learned the deceptive value of earthly hopes and the illusive allurements of external nature who are destined to solve the great problems of life, pain, and death?—Vol. II, p. 499.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

March 6—This life is in the world of work and retributive justice; the life that follows is in the world of great reward.

March 7—Excuse is better than disputation; delay is better than rashness; unwillingness of strife is better than eagerness in seeking it.

March 8—Cut down the whole forest of lust, not the tree. When thou hast cut down every tree and every shrub, then thou wilt be free.

March 9—The avaricious go not to the world of the gods (Devas), for the fool commands no charity.

March 10—He who holds back rising anger like a rolling chariot is called a real driver; other people are but holders of the reins.

March 11—The fool who is angered, and who thinks to triumph by using abusive language, is always vanquished by him whose words are patient.

March 12—The best of medicines is death; the worst of diseases is vain anticipation.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

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The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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EDUCATION.

Never before has there been such attention paid to the needs, real and imaginary, of children. Books on the training of the young come, not singly, but in battalions. Every aspect of child life is made the subject of investigations, analyses, and reports. Federal inspectors hurry from school to school, each with his own armory of fads and fancies, each equipped with his mechanism for measuring, not only bodies, but minds and morals. And all this is done under the apparent conviction that the sphere of parental responsibilities must be constantly narrowed and that of the state enlarged. In a volume recently published we find that no less than forty-six large pages are devoted to untruthfulness in children, with the profound conclusion that this moral delinquency is due to a physical cause that is removable. Indeed all juvenile delinquencies are now attributed to bodily defects. We are alluringly assured that if we will but allow carte blanche to the surgeon, if we will only place him in a position of supreme and unchallenged authority we may confidently expect the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth as soon as the young generation shall have attained to adeptship. It seems delightfully simple—too good to be true.

The backward child receives the lion's share of attention. The experts are very careful not to tell us what they mean by a backward child. It would seem that

before we can pronounce any child to be backward we must first reach some common agreement as to the standard or normal child, and of course there is no such thing as a standard or normal child. In some communities we find that a child who shows indifference to "religious" instruction is considered to be backward. The backward child of one locality would be considered quite normal in another where different standards prevail. Generally speaking, any child is considered to be backward, or abnormal, or degenerate, who is not exactly like all other children. And all such backwardness, or abnormality, or degeneracy is ascribed to bodily causes. It is a sort of backwater from the materialism which scientists of rank are now eager to repudiate.

And yet the education of children ought not to be difficult if it be allowed to proceed from correct principles, but it is naturally difficult to train a child if we have no adequate conception of what a child really is. So long as we suppose that the mind of a child is the product of its body, that the two are practically identical, so long we shall confuse cause and effect and find ourselves in an endless whirlpool of disappointment. So long as we believe that the mind of the child is a sort of *tabula rasa*, a clean sheet waiting for such inscriptions as we may please to place upon it, so long shall we be bewildered to find that other scribes have been already at work and

that their handicraft is shown by what we call innate tendencies and characteristics. And so long as we fatuously seek an explanation of these tendencies and characteristics in what we call the "laws of heredity" so long shall we pursue the phantom of what we call eugenics, but that is so little like eugenics that Professor Galton would certainly register his protest if he were alive to do so.

The training of a child should be comparatively simple if it is allowed to proceed from a basis of right and wrong. Right behavior consists of unselfishness and of nothing else. Wrong behavior consists of self-seeking, of the desire for advantage at the cost of others. One springs from the higher nature and the other from the lower, and there is hardly any child too young to be taught to discriminate between them and to regard them as actual realities in its life, as indeed they are. The child who is taught to avoid certain acts because they are wrong, to perform other actions because they are right, is not likely to lose that power of discrimination in later life. Of course it may conflict, certainly it will conflict, with the lesson to be taught later on by a materialized biology that "self-preservation is the first law of life" and that the law of the jungle is also the law for humanity, but perhaps we have yet to learn that the moral law must prevail even over a bastard biology or the scientific sanctification of our greeds.

The extent to which the difficulties of education would be removed by a knowledge of reincarnation is, of course, incalculable. We should cease then to demand that all children be alike or to marvel at those inherent characteristics that now so perplex us. We should see that tendencies, idiosyncrasies, even what we call degeneracies, are no more than a continuation of a character-building that began ages ago and that perhaps even the most distressing of them become almost insignificant in the light of that greater time standard. We should understand then what we call character, whether in the child or the adult, is no more than the memory of past experiences, the uppermost tier of stones in the building that shall one day be four square and perfect, reaching from earth to heaven. Only thus can we look upon the child understandingly, only thus can

we acquire an educational confidence in the perfectibility of its nature, no matter to what extent the animal and the passionate may seem for the moment to have the upper hand.

The educational fads and fancies of the moment will, of course, pass. Other fads and fancies have similarly had their day and ceased to be. There will be no neglect of the actual and proved facts of science, but they will be relegated to their proper place. And it will be a place always subordinate to the realization that all children are equally participants in the radiance from the One Light of the Universe and that the chief object of education is to call that forth in order that all other things may add themselves thereto.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

March 13—An easy temper is a good counsellor, and a pleasant tongue is an excellent leader.

March 14—A good word in time is better than a sweet pie after meals.

March 15—Foolish pride is an incurable malady; a bad wife is a chronic disease; and a wrathful disposition is a life-long burden.

March 16—Truth is brighter than the sun; truth is the sunny day of reason, and falsehood the mind's dark night.

March 17—All has an end, and will away. Truth alone is immortal, and lives forever.

March 18—The light of all flesh is the sun; the light of the soul—truth everlasting.

March 19—The road to sin is a wide highway; the way out of it, a steep and rugged hill.

We are thoughts;
Thou shouldst have thought us;
Feet to run on
Thou shouldst have given us!
We are deeds:
Thou shouldst have achieved us!
Doubt the throttler
Has crippled and ruined us.
On the Day of Judgment
We'll come a-flock,
And tell the story,—
Then woe to you! —*Peer Gynt.*

There are two that are never satisfied :
He who seeks after learning and he who
seeks after wealth. —*Arabian Proverb.*

GENIUS.

What is meant by genius? Is it merely a term to express extraordinary dexterity or efficiency?

The word is often misused in this way and by those who seek to degrade what they can not understand. Thus we frequently find that mere unusual cleverness is described as genius, and that even the intellectual acquisition of an extraordinary number of facts is loosely attributed to a genius with which it has nothing to do. Ignorance always resents the incomprehensible, and tries to ignore it. Even Carlyle is supposed to have said that genius is no more than the capacity to take pains, since the genius seems able to do things without taking pains. It is one of the marks of his genius.

It is not easy, nor is it always wise, to attempt definitions, but perhaps it might be said that genius is the capacity to acquire knowledge without the mediation of the senses. As an example we may take the case of Beethoven, who was a master of the piano at the age of four years, and without any of the usual preparations of training and exercise. Now here we seem to have a power that is *sui generis*, and that is certainly not a mere extension of any normal capacity. Beethoven did not take pains to acquire music—at least not in this life. Neither practice nor exercises were necessary to him. His knowledge came by processes wholly distinct from those normally in use, and wholly unrelated to them. The same may be said of the military capacities of Joan of Arc. Their origin is out of sight. We can see neither their birth nor their increase. Such powers are wholly of a different order to those of normal men. They are as incomparable as walking and flying.

Genius will never be understood until we resort to the golden key of the human soul, whose omniscient powers are shorn from it by incarnation. The powers of genius are latent in every man, but they are dimmed and obscured by the untrained brain, which refuses to receive impressions to which it has not been gradually educated. The dull glow of light which one may perceive at the bottom of the ocean is none the less sunlight because it is subject to the characteristics and the limitations of the water through which it passes. Evolution

means no more than a change in the nature of the medium through which consciousness passes, but the consciousness itself does not change. It is omniscient and omnipotent. Genius in its completeness is the capacity to dispense with the medium, at least in its grosser aspects. It means that the man no longer looks upon the world through the narrow and tarnished windows of his house and that he has stepped into the open air. And this power may have been earned in the present life or it may have been won in some past incarnation.

DEATH AND AFTER.

Go then, fool, and tremble beneath the sword of death.

Tremble and quake at the talk of fools: in quivering anguish

List to the foolish prate of the crowd, as if thou wert nothing.

Nothing, in sooth, but the dust of the earth and a clod from the fallow.

Is not thy body forever transformed, and flows it not ever

Into the river of time? And in ceaseless alternation

Doth it not cast off the old for the new, ever losing and gaining?

Art so mad as to think that thy poor corporeal substance,

Whether in whole or in part, for ever shall be as it has been?

Art so mad as to dream that the bones and the flesh of thy boyhood

Still shall abide with thee now? that thou comest unchanged to thy manhood?

Seest thou not how thy limbs, renewed in the process of change,

Take to themselves new form? . . . Yet ever one nature persisting

Ruling within thy heart is forming for ever a being,

Thou thyself, that one and the same abidest unchanging.

Thus springs life into light and bodies rise to perfection;

Out of the hidden seed thy being expands and increases,

What time the spirit-builder collects and gathers the atoms.

Welds them to form, and breathes in a spirit, and guides the creation

Up to time when the fetters that bind the life are broken.

And back to the seed flies the spirit, but thence he again reënters

The world eternal and ageless. And this is "death" to mortals,

Since in their folly they know not the light to which we hasten.

TRANSMIGRATION.

"The Transmigration of Souls," by D. Alfred Bertholet, translated by Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M. A., and published by Harper & Brothers, is by no means a profound treatise nor even a careful presentation. Its size is inadequate and its scope is meagre, not to speak of faulty logic and of fact. None the less it contains interesting and important citations which give it dignity and value.

The author quotes Herodotus as saying that reincarnation was a part of the belief of ancient Egypt, although he believes that rebirth was considered as the reward of merit rather than the result of general law:

We may be referred to a famous passage in the Greek historian Herodotus, in which he says: "Now the Egyptians are the first who have affirmed the opinion that the human soul is immortal, and that when the body decays the soul invariably enters another body upon the point of birth. When it has thus successively passed through the bodies of all the animals on earth, in the water, and in the air, it returns once more into a human body upon the point of birth, and this circle of migrations it competes in three thousand years."

Professor Bertholet finds substantial reasons to believe that reincarnation was a part of the early Celtic religions, although our knowledge of these faiths is very limited:

"Our knowledge of the Celtic religion in general is extremely vague, and of Celtic ideas upon metempsychosis we know very little. Caesar, however, in his "De Bello Gallico" (VI, xiv, 1) tell us that the Druids—the Celtic priests—believed that the soul did not die, but passed from one individual to another; they regarded this belief as a great stimulus to morality and felt no fear of death. A somewhat later writer, Diodorus Siculus, says, when describing the Gauls, that at meals they would often dispute about trifles and challenge one another to duels, "for of the end of life they make no account. In fact the opinion of Pythagoras prevails among them, that the souls of men are immortal, and come to life again after a certain term of years, entering other bodies."

The Druids are supposed to have borrowed the tenet from the Greeks, but it is hard to understand why the possession of a truth should always be attributed to borrowing unless this truth happens to be a Christian doctrine, in which case a divine origin is invariably assumed. Thus we find that the Druids are supposed to have borrowed from the Greeks, and the Greeks to have borrowed from India or Egypt:

Whether there was any direct connection

between the Indian belief in metempsychosis which we have just described and the Greek doctrine remains an open question. The Greek historian Herodotus thought that his countrymen had borrowed the theory from the Egyptians. This supposition is excluded by the facts we have already stated concerning the Egyptian form of the belief. Historically it can apparently be demonstrated to have first appeared in Thrace, upon the northern frontier of Greece. To Thrace belongs the legendary figure of the famous singer Orpheus, from whom the mysterious sect of the "Orphici" took their name. Their doctrines are highly colored by poetical imagery, but the following are the main points which concern our present investigation: soul and body are united by a compact unequally binding upon either; the soul is divine, immortal, and aspires to freedom, while the body holds it in fetters as a prisoner. Death dissolves this compact, but only to reimprison the liberated soul after a short time: for the wheel of birth revolves inexorably. "Thus the soul continues its journey, alternating between a separate, unrestrained existence and fresh reincarnation, round the wide circle of necessity, as the companion of many bodies of men and animals" (Erwin Rhode: *Psyche*). To these unfortunate prisoners Orpheus proclaims the message of liberation, that they stand in need of the grace of redeeming gods and of Dionysius in particular, and calls them to turn to God by ascetic piety of life and self-purification: the purer their lives, the higher will be their next reincarnation, until the soul has completed the spiral ascent of destiny, to live forever as God, from whom it comes. The Orphic belief seems to have been widely current in the Greek colonies in southern Italy and Sicily.

It is certain that reincarnation took a strong hold upon the Greek mind with its lofty metaphysical concepts. The Mysteries must also have played their part in its dissemination:

At least three names in this connection must be mentioned, the poet Pindar, the philosopher Empedocles, and Plato. Pindar considered that the soul must pass through at least three earthly lives before it could escape the compulsion to reincarnation. Upon the last occasion when it was sent to the upper world by the queen of the lower world, it received the privilege of entering the body of a king, hero, or sage. After death the soul went to the Islands of the Blessed, where undisturbed enjoyment awaited it, and was honored as a hero by men. . . . In general, Plato also regarded the soul as passing through several bodies, at least three (as did Pindar), an interval of a thousand years elapsing between each reincarnation. The soul chose its new position in life for itself (this is a point peculiar to Plato), always in accordance with the character which it had acquired during its former existence, so that the soul was "symmetrical" with the body which clothed it. This man's moral action ultimately determines whether he rises upwards or sinks to the level of the animal world. The upward path eventually enables him to avoid the necessity of reincarnation and leads him home

to the "realm of eternal and untroubled being."

The author is disposed to question the prevalence of the belief among the early Christians and to dispute the biblical passages that point in its direction. But here his theological prejudices are so evident as sometimes to be almost childish and seriously to mar the value of his work. But he finds "traces" of the doctrine in Philo:

Traces of the Greek doctrine of metempsychosis are also apparent in the works of Philo, a writer representative of Greek Judaism, and an early contemporary of Jesus. He considers that a fall from God is the only reason why the soul is bound to this earthly life, i. e., to the body. The ideal of the soul is to aspire to direct contemplation of the Deity: only the wise and virtuous can attain this object during the earthly life, and success is not complete until after death, when the soul returns to its original incorporeal state. He who can not avoid the sins of sense is compelled to enter another body after death.

A page is devoted to Mohammedanism, but without mention of the Sufis, who are supposed to hold a belief in reincarnation as an esoteric truth:

The great religions of the world, Islam and Christianity, have no official place for the reception of metempsychosis; the doctrine made its way, for the most part, into those sects which were especially open to foreign influence. Such, among the Mohammedans, were the sects of the so-called Mutazilites, the Druses and the Nossairians. Quite recently an American, Samuel Ives Curtiss, explored the Hermon and Lebanon districts, the homes of the Druses and Nossairians, more thoroughly than any previous traveler, and extracts from his diaries provide some information upon their beliefs. It appears that, after the sacrifice of the usual offerings, the soul of the dead man may go forth by an opening over the house door and enter the body of a child on the eve of birth; only the soul of a good man can enter a human body; the souls of bad men enter animals. These statements are in almost literal agreement with the account given of the Druses of the Hermon in the twelfth century by the learned Rabbi Joseph of Tudela, who made a journey to the East.

This little volume will doubtless take its place as a convenient collection of citations, but as an argument *pro* or *con* it has no value whatever.

In still rest, in changeless simplicity, I bear, uninterrupted, the consciousness of the whole of humanity within me.—*Schleiermacher*.

I am a part of the part, which at first was the whole.—*Goethe*.

THE OTHER ONE.

(By Arthur Christopher Benson.)

These, then, are some of the talks we have held together, that Other One and I. But I must say this, that he will not always come for being called. I sometimes call to him and get no answer; sometimes he cries out beside me suddenly in the air. He seems to have a life of his own, quite distinct from mine. Sometimes when I am fretted and vexed, he is quietly joyful and elate, and then my troubles die away, like the footsteps of the wind upon water; and sometimes when I would be happy and contented, he is heavy and displeased, and takes no heed of me; and then I, too, fall into sorrow and gloom. He is much the stronger, and it matters far more to me what he feels than what I feel. I do not know how he is occupied—very little, I think, and what is strangest of all, he changes somewhat; very slowly and imperceptibly; but he has changed more than I have in the course of my life. I do not change at all, I think. I can say better what I think, I am more accomplished and skillful; but the thought and the motive is unaltered from what it was when I was a child. But he is different in some ways. I have only gone on perceiving and remembering; and sometimes forgetting. But he does not forget; and here I feel that I have helped him a little, as a servant can help his master to remember the little things he has to do.

I think that many people must have similar experiences to this. Tennyson had, when he wrote "The Two Voices," and I have seen hints of the same thing in a dozen books. The strange thing is that it does not help one more to be strong and brave, because I know this, if I know anything, that when the anxious and careful part of me lies down at last to rest, I shall slip past the wall which now divides us, and be clasped close in the arms of that Other One; nay, it will be more than that! I shall be merged with him, as the quivering water-drop is merged with the fountain; that will be a blessed peace; and I shall know, I think, without any questioning or wondering, many things that are obscure to me now, under these low-hung skies, which after all I love so well.—*From "Escape and Other Essays."*

THE ATOM.

If I could get within this changing I,
 This ever altering thing which yet
 persists,
 Keeping the features it is reckoned by,
 While each component atom breaks or
 twists,
 If, wandering past strange groups of
 shifting forms,
 Cells at their hidden marvels hard at
 work,
 Pale from much toil, or red from sudden
 storms,
 I might attain to where the rulers lurk.
 If, pressing past the guards in those grey
 gates,
 The brain's most folded intertwined
 shell,
 I might attain to that which alters fates,
 The King, the supreme self, the Mas-
 ter Cell,
 Then, on Man's earthly peak, I might be-
 hold
 The unearthly self beyond, unguessed,
 untold.
 What is this atom which contains the
 whole,
 This miracle which needs adjuncts so
 strange,
 This, which imagined God and is the
 soul,
 The steady star persisting amid
 change?
 What waste, that smallness of such
 power should need
 Such clumsy tools so easy to destroy,
 Such wasteful servants difficult to feed,
 Such indirect dark avenues to joy.
 Why, if its business is not mainly earth,
 Should it demand such heavy chains
 to sense?
 A heavenly thing demands a swifter
 birth,
 A quicker hand to act intelligence.
 An earthly thing were better like the
 rose
 At peace with clay from which its beauty
 grows.
 O little self, within whose smallness lies
 All that man was, and is, and will be-
 come,
 Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
 And tells the tracks by which the
 planets roam.
 That, without moving, knows the joys of
 wings,
 The tiger's strength, the eagle's se-
 crecy.

And in the hovel can consort with kings,
 Or clothe a god with his own mystery.
 O with what darkness do we cloak thy
 light,
 What dusty folly gather thee for food,
 Thou who alone art knowledge and de-
 light,
 The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the
 good.
 O living self, O God, O morning star,
 Give us thy light, forgive us what we
 are.
 —From *"Good Friday and Other Poems,"*
 by John Masefield.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

The whole Kosmos is guided, con-
 trolled, and animated by almost endless
 series of Hierarchies of sentient Beings,
 each having a mission to perform, and
 who—whether we give them one name
 or another, whether we call them Dhyan
 Chohans or Angels—are "Messengers" in
 the sense only that they are the agents
 of Karmic and Cosmic Laws.—Vol. I,
 p. 295.

The whole order of Nature evinces a
 progressive march towards a higher life.
 There is design in the action of the
 seemingly blindest forces.—Vol I, p. 298.

This "thinking of one's self" as this,
 that, or the other, is the chief factor in
 the production of every kind of psychic
 or even physical phenomenon. The
 words "whosoever shall say to this
 mountain be thou removed and cast into
 the sea, and *shall not doubt* . . . that
 thing will come to pass," are no vain
 words. Only the word "faith" ought to
 be translated by "Will." Faith without
 Will is like a windmill without *wind*—
 barren of results.—Vol. II, p. 62.

It has been stated before now that Oc-
 cultism does not accept anything inor-
 ganic in the Kosmos. The expression
 employed by Science, "inorganic sub-
 stance," means simply that the latent life,
 slumbering in the molecules of so-called
 "inert matter," is incognizable. *All is*
Life, and every atom of even mineral
 dust is a Life, though beyond our com-
 prehension and perception, because it is
 outside the range of the laws known to
 those who reject Occultism.—Vol. I, p.
 269.

The ant may also, for all we know, see

the avenging finger of a Personal God in the hand of the urchin who, under the impulse of mischief, destroys, in one moment, its ant-hill, the labor of many weeks—long years in the chronology of insects. The ant, feeling it acutely, may also, like man, attribute the undeserved calamity to a combination of Providence and sin, and see in it the result of the sin of the first parent.—Vol. I, p. 157.

Science is before a dead wall, on the face of which she traces, as she imagines, great physiological and psychic discoveries, every one of which will be shown, later on, to be no better than cobwebs, spun by her scientific fancies and illusions.—Vol. I, p. 158.

Were a truly learned Occultist-Alchemist to write the "Life and Adventures of an Atom," he would secure thereby the supreme scorn of the modern Chemist, though perchance also his subsequent gratitude.—Vol. I, p. 167.

There is a predestination in the geological life of our globe, as in the history, past and future, of races and nations. This is closely connected with what we call Karma, and what Western Pantheists called Nemesis and Cycles. The law of evolution is now carrying us along the ascending arc of our cycle, when the effects will be once more remerged into, and re-become the now neutralized causes, and all things affected by the former will have regained their original harmony.—Vol. I, p. 702.

The day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the Forces we know are but the phenomenal manifestations of Realities we know nothing about.—Vol. I, p. 555.

Gods! of a truth, I ween in the shadowy
houses of Hades
Spirit and form do abide, but within them is
no understanding.
For in this selfsame night the form of the
hapless Patroclus
Hovered above me and wept with sore
lamentation and wailing,
Spake his behests, and marvelous like to him-
self was the phantom,

—*Iliad*, xxiii, 103-107.

Man erroneously limits consciousness by qualifying it with the character and limitation of the forms through which it is expressed.—D. N. Dunlop.

LESSON ON REINCARNATION.

Is it after all so certain that my soul has only once inhabited the form of man? Is it after all so unreasonable to suppose that my soul, upon its journey to perfection, should have been forced to wear this fleshly veil more than once? Possibly this migration of the soul through several human bodies was based on a new system of thought. Possibly this new system was merely the oldest of all.

The path by which the race is to arrive at perfection must be trodden by every individual man, early and late. But can he be supposed to have traversed this path in one and the same life? Can a man be both a Jew and a Christian in one and the same life? Can he surpass both of these in one and the same life? Surely not; but why should not every individual have lived more than one life in this world? —

Why should not I at one time have taken those steps toward perfection which can bring but temporal rewards and punishments to men? Why, again, should I not have made at another time that progress to which our vision of eternal reward is so great a help? Why should not I return as often as I am capable of acquiring fresh knowledge and further power? . . . Well for me that I forget. The recollection of my former state would enable me to turn my present condition to but poor account. But have I forgotten forever what I must forget for the time being? Or is that I should lose so much time? Lose time? What need have I for haste? Is not the whole of eternity mine?

Man doth usurp all space,
Stares thee, in rock, bush, river, in the face.
Never yet thine eyes behold a tree:
'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity.

—Henry Sutton.

"Where is the stream?" cried he with tears. "Seest thou not its blue waves above us?" He looked up and lo! the blue stream was flowing gently over their heads.—*Novalis*.

Ah! let a man beware, when his wishes, fulfilled, rain down upon him, and his happiness is unbounded.—*Walter de la Mare*.

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Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT,
THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THE STUDY OF OCCULT
SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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SURVIVAL.

Mr. William Archer, distinguished as a man of letters and as a dramatic critic, believes that psychic research sheds at least a ray of light on the problem of immortality and that science may yet have some definite comfort of survival to offer to those who have been bereaved by war.

We are sorry to be unable to agree with Mr. William Archer, or to discern the particular ray of light of which he speaks so hopefully. Light there is indeed. It has never failed, and it does not come in fitful gleams, but with the full radiance of the sun. But its source is not the laboratory of the psychic researcher. *Ex nihil, nihil fit*. If we must await our assurances of immortality upon such dull mechanism as this then our plight is indeed a perilous one. Imagine, if we can, the mental status of the man who will reject the spiritual philosophies of the ages, the testimony of hierarchies of sages and seers and the evidences of his own introspection and self-realization, only to be finally convinced by the maunderings of Sludge the medium, the squeaking and gibbering idiocies of the seance room. If these constitute a ray of light, what then must darkness be?

The psychic researcher falls into the common error of supposing that material appliances can be used in the examination of immaterial things, and that the senses can be employed for the analysis

of the supersensuous. Life can not be seen, nor touched, nor weighed, nor measured. If the psychic researcher should tell us that he had found laboratory evidence for the survival of life after death he would do no more than prove that whatever else he might have found, it certainly was not life, for life is not to be found in this way. Material mechanism and the physical senses can be employed only toward material and physical things. The attempt to apply them to what is neither material nor physical is not only certain to fail, but it seems to imply a certain stupidity on the part of the investigator that produces a feeling of bewilderment and hopelessness. For what should we think of a man who tried to make a watch with a pick and shovel, who first asserted that his failure to do so was proof that watches do not exist, and who then announced his hope that he would presently succeed. Watches can not be made with picks and shovels.

Those who wait for a physical proof of immortality will wait in vain. And those who think that the beliefs of humanity on the question of immortality are affected by the verdicts of the psychic researchers are likely to be undeceived. In this respect at least the savage dancing around his totem pole has more intelligence than the professor of biology, for he does not allow intellection to triumph over feeling. The rejection of the survival of life has no place

on the path of human progress. Indeed it hardly admits of discussion. It is a mental disease.

THOUGHT AND DESTINY.

The fact that must be realized is that man is the maker of his destiny. This is true for two reasons. The first is that thought, or consciousness, is the one force moving in the universe. The second is that man has free will in its use.

It is a long process to reduce the universe of phenomenal manifestations to the constituent elements, atoms, and electrons, and thereby see, as the ultimate result, that there is but one force actuating but one substance. This science has done for us. Her facts are well established, and now commonly known and accepted.

That thought, or consciousness, is the one power that moves on and effects the substance of life can be an observed fact. In the lower forms of life, not yet credited with consciousness by the materialistic scientist, it is consciousness, nevertheless, that effects all reaction to environment. Just as consciousness directs the man on Market Street, so is it also consciousness that directs the cell-workers, in the alimentary canal, within the body of the man, in the performance of their functions. All is consciousness, but the degrees of its particular expression are infinitely varied. What other power is it in animal or man that is able to produce from the common substance meat, respectively fur, feathers, and a human brain? Is it not, in each case, the creature's ideal of its need? Its desire for growth works as a motor power to produce that ideal, and create the means that are expedient to its fulfillment. In the case of man the force has reached its most potent aspect. He stands alone, and his range of thought is unlimited. The degrees of consciousness below man remain in undifferentiated groups, and the range of consciousness is limited. Man is as the whole, in a particular aspect. From the whole he freely draws his life and strength. In it lies his hope and future power. With every thought not consonant with this truth there is a disturbance of the equilibrium of life. It takes the form of loss of strength, laxity of growth, and death in all its modes.

Health of body, peace of mind, and power of comprehension give way to disease, unhappiness, ignorance, and incapacity.

The man who sees this truth sees thereby the means of self-liberation. In this liberation of himself he exercises also a liberation that effects all life. It is his aspect of such liberation, and an aspect that is possible to no other than himself. The ignorant will be molded after their own molds, but, until those molds fit harmoniously with the machinery that moves as one great life, this stronger momentum, that carries the great life, will ruthlessly crush them. Only the wise man uses this majestic power of thought in freedom. Others not only destroy themselves, but will not hear of thought as a power. Yet, with it, they have arrived to where they are, and by it they accomplish each daily act.

Beginning where one happens to be, one may ask the question, "What brought me into this particular place, into this particular room?" The answer is, a thought, made potent by will. If the thought is in agreement with the great constructive thought of nature, then the will of the individual assumes a force that is free and powerful in proportion. If, on the other hand, the will of the individual is at variance with the central will that moves life, if, for instance, the room is a prison, it was in this case, likewise, thought and will that caused the result.

Moving into a wider area of observation, one might ask the question, What brought me into these circumstances? The circumstances may be pleasant or they may be those of the suffering, the incapable, or the diseased. In every case the answer is the same. The individual experiences produced the effects that are attached to himself by his thought and the efforts of his will. The cause was set up yesterday, or a thousand years ago. For, as this universal matter and energy are seen to be eternal, likewise is man without beginning and without end. His thought has forever fashioned, and will continue forever to fashion, more ideal mansions for its habitation. No other force than this mystic power, within the eternal experiences, has brought to birth the beauties that express themselves in the manifested worlds.

Since all time is an eternal present,

this process must be seen to be working now. Man's thought and will is the great lever that eternally moves and raises all. That which is the constructive force must also be the destructive. The new forms, in the act of their expression, destroy what is old, and an obstruction to growth. The world is a gigantic consciousness which is a result of the totality of man's consciousness. Its ideal resides in the collective human ideal. It is man's thought and will that furnish the eternal fountain welling up into everlasting life.

This is the viewpoint at its greatest expanse. We leave the small area of the room, and the personal circumstances, and step, for his consideration, into an area that is world wide. We must see for ourselves that the world owes its change to the influence of man's thought. Do we not all stand witness over a period when we can see this change? Do we not continually see the world rising up to fulfill the standard that man's thought and will demand of it? In the space of fifty or a hundred years the face of the earth has changed in answer to man's effort of will to move toward the ideals formed by his thoughts. These thoughts held up higher ideals for plant life, animal life, and human life in all of their departments. The fulfillment comes continually in newer plants, higher grade animals, and more efficient machines and methods. It comes in the ever-widening range of education, of government, and of individual expression. It approaches the spiritual realization that all individuals are equally important, and that the real treasure lies within the individual. But for all the thoughts, ideals, and creations that have been born of him there are a myriad greater ones as yet unborn. In the collective individual resides the motor power that moves the whole. Its purpose is the expression of a harmony wherein the life has evermore abundant loveliness, knowledge, and happiness. The pattern has its varied threads and colors, but all are related, and it grows in beauty everlastingly. The shuttles of the loom fly back and forth, from mind to mind, from age to age. This day a thousand pens will write; tomorrow a thousand eyes will read. This hour a thousand ships and trains start east; a thousand ships and trains start west.

Thus in this loom fly thoughts and things. The pattern is spread before the eye that will look for it and follow it in all its workings.

Behold the musicians thinking music, and by effort of will making it manifest for those of other types. Behold the scientist reaching out in thought to that which lies just ahead, and, by effort, capturing facts to be used by farm and factory! Behold the artist making beauty manifest! He is creating and enjoying, but not for himself alone. His is but the universal beauty in one of its modes. His is but a particular quality of the universal thought and will. To him the world looks for this expression of beauty, and he looks within himself. When he has delivered it, it belongs to the world. It comprises all that she has of art. His joy is to give it, and see it live. Each gift is as a seed that, by the life of its inspiration, has power to grow to greater expressions of its greatness in its successors. Thus have come the world's pictures and statues, its buildings, arches, and bridges, its porcelains, vases, and vessels, its rugs, draperies, and laces. These are his gifts. They are likewise the treasures and the pleasures of all the world. They are but an aspect of itself.

So also with the gifts of the poet, the philosopher, and the Christ. These are they who have transcended the particular. Here thought has for its range the universal. This thought, through the avenues of sympathy and love, reaches out into all life as feeling. From feeling life there arises an identity with it. This identity is knowledge. This knowledge is delivered, by such ones, to the world to light it.

These place the world's ideal above the things that pass away. They place it in the eternal facts of man's true nature, where thought and will reside. What they deliver is the picture of the whole made perfect by love. For the individual it is the state of happiness. It is the goal to which all human thought and will aspire. Such aspiration has different stages. The different stages suggest a diversity of means to arrive at one common end. The means to this one end reach all the way from the Christ, who has attained divine enlightenment, back through the philosopher, the poet, the musician, the scientist, and every walk

of life, even to the dark ways of ignorance and suffering in lust and crime.

Yet, all the while, and for each individual, it is the ideal that man thinks that holds happiness, and according to the will that executes such thought that destiny is created. If the thought is founded in truth, which is a synonym for love and justice, it is free and powerful. The man is happy and efficient. No matter what his lot, or work, such form of thought links him with the source of all power. Within himself it is always saying, "Rise up, and do more, and I will help you." "Express perfection in the present moment, there is no other time." "You have nothing to fear when your thought and will work to express their share as an indefensible part of the perfection of the whole." Desire and thought brought us into life, desire and thought will bring its perfection.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

March 20—The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of one's self is difficult to perceive.

March 21—Good people shine from afar like the snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot at night.

March 22—Where two women meet, there a market springs; where three congregate, a bazaar is opened; and where seven talk, there begins a fair.

March 23—Extensive knowledge and science, well-regulated discipline and well-spoken speech, this is the greatest blessing.

March 24—The subtle self is to be known by thought alone; for every thought of men is interwoven with the senses, and when thought is purified, then the Self arises.

March 25—Lead me from the unreal to the real! Lead me from darkness to light! Lead me from death to immortality!

March 26—The Sage who knows Brahman moves on; on the small, old path that stretches far away, rests in the heavenly place, and thence moves higher on.

How canst thou escape sin? Think of three things: Whence thou comest, whither thou goest, and before whom thou must appear.—*Hebrew*.

"HOPE FOR UNBELIEVERS."

Speaking from the point of view of one whose convictions about death and immortality had been essentially those of a rationalist, Mr. William Archer, the English critic, has a word of comfort to offer, even from this practically negative ground, to those who have lost friends in the war. He speaks of a class of people "whose existence, in these latter days, one had scarcely suspected—people who are troubled by 'the hot, crude threat of hell' for their beloved dead." It is mainly bereaved mothers who are the prey to this anguish. Mr. Archer thinks they must be "relatively few," for "the twentieth century has horrors of its own, enough and to spare, without the hauntings of this mediæval spectre." Speaking figuratively, he finds "a much more interesting, if less pitiable, frame of mind" to be that of "the people who see neither a green lamp nor a red at the tunnel's mouth, and wonder whether it is simply a black and endless void from which there is no emergence." To them he feels "some glimmer of light at the farther end would mean a marvelous reassurance, and would lend a new interest to the course they have yet to run before they follow their lost ones into the enigmatic night." He writes, he tells us in the London *Daily News*, because his answer is "not a flat negative," and because, as such a time as this, "it seems almost a duty to make a clean breast of any belief that may by chance give comfort, here or there, to some perplexed and yearning spirit." Thirty years ago, he recalls, "there were two opinions, and no more, on the subject of immortality":

There were those who believed in it as an article of religious faith, and those who, on scientific grounds, positively and dogmatically rejected it. These two opinions are, of course, still with us, and the second—the school of disbelief—has largely gained ground on the first. Anthropology has analyzed the illusions which gave rise to the belief in survival; and the doctrine of evolution, with its insistence on the unity of all organized existence, has rendered it increasingly difficult to conceive the process by which man, in his long ascent of the biological scale, can have contrived to develop an immortal soul. But of late years a third party has arisen, which, admitting this theoretical difficulty, holds that there is nevertheless positive evidence of survival after death, before which all *a-priori* objections must vanish. If their position could be established—if we could believe in another life as confidently as we believe in the existence of the man at the other end of the telephone wire, though we do not actually

see him—the revolution in our habits of thought would be enormous, and would be felt even by those to whom immortality is an article of faith. But the question is, Can we accept the alleged evidence? . . .

It would be a great deal too much to say that I believe in the alleged evidence for a future life; but I do emphatically believe that there is "something in it"—that it is not mere trickery and illusion. There is a distinct, undeniable glimmer of light in the tunnel, though we can not, I think, say for certain that it comes from another world at the farther end. It may be some sort of unaccountable phosphorescence; it may be some equally unaccountable reflection of the common daylight at our own end; but whatever it is, it proves that all the facts of the universe are not summed up in the formulas of our physical philosophy. That is why orthodox science angrily refuses to look into the evidence. It hates to enlarge its formulas, and prefers to attribute to mere fraud and folly everything that does not fit into them. Fraud and folly have done much to complicate the inquiry, but no one who looks seriously into the evidence can believe that they account for everything. Death is no longer the simple matter—as simple as the blowing-out of a candle—that it seemed to the rationalist of thirty years ago. It is beset by possibilities and uncertainties which it is not reason, but unreason, to deny or to ignore.

If you choose to say that these uncertainties lend "a new terror," Mr. Archer replies that "you are in a strong position." For the intimations of immortality that we receive from automatic writing and other phenomena of a like nature are "in truth anything but exhilarating." But—

Was it to be expected that they should? It is manifest that "another life," if it exist at all, must exist outside of time and space; and how are the conditions of such a life to be conveyed to creatures who can no more think themselves out of time and space than they can lift themselves up by the hair of the head? It is absurd to criticize any "news from nowhere" that filters through to us because it does not answer to our expectations; for the one thing certain is that any expectations our reason can form are bound to be fallacious. It is precisely because the Heaven and Hell of Dante are, so to speak, physically comprehensive to our time-and-space-bounded faculties that we know them to be unreal.

In the poems of Rupert Brooke, himself now gone in quest of a solution, we find the enigma admirably stated. He is keenly alive to the difficulties, the improbabilities, that beset the idea of another life. Sometimes he seems to abandon it altogether; as in the lines:

Exile of immortality, strongly wise,
Strain through the dark with undesiring eyes
To what may lie beyond it. Sets your star,
O heart, forever? Yet behind the night
Waits for the great unborn, somewhere afar,
Some white tremendous daybreak. . . .

This daybreak for the unborn will not carry much consolation to those who have seen the

sun of their own life go down in blood. But the same poet has elsewhere given perfect expression to all that we can dimly guess of an inconceivable world in which we shall

Spend in pure converse our eternal day;

Think each in each, immediately wise;

Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say

What this tumultuous body now denies;

And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;

And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

There is no reason absolutely to despair of such a state, because the evidences that point toward it are as yet trivial and baffling.—

Literary Digest.

(This article is commented upon on the editorial page.—ED. OUTLOOK.)

MEDITATION AND RECOLLECTION.

(By Evelyn Underhill.)

Recollection, the art which the practical man is now invited to learn, is in essence no more and no less than the subjection of the attention to the control of the will. It is not, therefore, a purely mystical activity. In one form or another it is demanded of all who would get control of their own mental processes; and does or should represent the first great step in the education of the human consciousness. So slothful, however, is man in all that concerns his higher faculties, that few deliberately undertake this education at all. They are content to make their contacts with things by a vague, unregulated power, ever apt to play truant, ever apt to fail them. Unless they be spurred to it by that passion for ultimate things which expresses itself in religion, philosophy, or art, they seldom learn the secret of a voluntary concentration of the mind.

Since the philosopher's interests are mainly objective, and the artist seldom cogitates on his own processes, it is, in the end, to the initiate of religion that we are forced to go, if we would learn how to undertake this training for ourselves. The religious contemplative has this further attraction for us; that he is by nature a missionary as well. The vision which he has achieved is the vision of an intensely loving heart; and love, which can not keep itself to itself, urges him to tell the news as widely and as clearly as he may. In his works, he is ever trying to reveal the secret of his own deeper life and wider vision, and to help his fellow-men to share it; hence he provides the clearest, most orderly, most practical teachings on the art of contemplation that we are likely to find. True, our purpose in attempting this art

may seem to us very different from his: though if we carry out the principles involved to their last term, we shall probably find that they have brought us to the place at which he aimed from the first. But the method, in its earlier stages, must be the same; whether we call the Reality which is the object of our quest æsthetic, cosmic, or divine. The athlete must develop much the same muscles, endure much the same discipline, whatever be the game he means to play.

So we will go straight to St. Teresa, and inquire of her what was the method by which she taught her daughters to gather themselves together, to capture and hold the attitude most favorable to communion with the spiritual world. She tells us—and here she accords with the great tradition of the Christian contemplatives, a tradition which was evolved under the pressure of long experience—that the process is a gradual one. The method to be employed is a slow, patient training of material which the license of years has made intractable; not the sudden easy turning of the mind in a new direction, that it may minister to a new fancy for “the mystical view of things.” Recollection begins, she says, in the deliberate and regular practice of meditation; a perfectly natural form of mental exercise, though at first a hard one.

Now meditation is a half-way house between thinking and contemplating; and as a discipline, it derives its chief value from this transitional character. The real mystical life, which is the truly practical life, begins at the beginning; not with supernatural acts and ecstatic apprehensions, but with the normal faculties of the normal man. “I do not require of you,” says Teresa to her pupils in meditation, “to form great and curious considerations in your understanding: I require of you no more than to look.”

It might be thought that such looking at the spiritual world, simply, intensely, without cleverness—such an opening of the Eye of Eternity—was the essence of contemplation itself; and indeed one of the best definitions has described that art as a “loving sight,” a “peering into heaven with the ghostly eye.” But the self who is yet at this early stage of the pathway to Reality is not asked to look

at anything new, to peer into the deeps of things: only to gaze with a new and cleansed vision on the ordinary intellectual images, the labels and the formulæ, the “objects” and ideas—even the external symbols—amongst which it has always dwelt. It is not yet advanced to the seeing of fresh landscapes: it is only able to reëxamine the furniture of its home, and obtain from this exercise a skill, and a control of the attention, which shall afterwards be applied to greater purposes. Its task is here to *consider* that furniture, as the Victorines called this preliminary training: to take, that is, a more starry view of it: standing back from the whirl of the earth, and observing the process of things.

Take, then, an idea, an object, from amongst the common stock, and hold it before your mind. The selection is large enough: all sentient beings may find subjects of meditation to their taste, for there lies a universal behind every particular of thought, however concrete it may appear, and within the most rational propositions the meditative eye may glimpse a dream:

Reason has moons, but moons not hers
Lie mirror'd on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers
But, O delighting me.

Even those objects which minister to our sense-life may well be used to nourish our spirits too. Who has not watched the intent meditations of a comfortable cat brooding upon the Absolute Mouse? You, if you have a philosophic twist, may transcend such relative views of Reality, and try to meditate on Time, Succession, even Being itself; or again on human intercourse, birth, growth, and death, on a flower, a river, the various tapestries of the sky. Even your own emotional life will provide you with the ideas of love, joy, peace, mercy, conflict, desire. You may range, with Kant, from the stars to the moral law. If your turn be to religion, the richest and most evocative of fields is open to your choice: from the plaster image to the mysteries of Faith.

But, the choice made, it must be held and defended during the time of meditation against all invasions from without, however insidious their encroachments, however “spiritual” their disguise. It must be brooded upon, gazed at, seized again and again, as distraction seem to

snatch it from your grasp. A restless boredom, a dreary conviction of your own incapacity, will presently attack you. This, too, must be resisted at sword-point. The first quarter of an hour thus spent in attempted meditation will be, indeed, a time of warfare; which should at least convince you how unruly, how ill-educated is your attention, how miserably ineffective your will, how far away you are from the captaincy of your own soul. It should convince, too, the most common-sense of philosophers of the distinction between real time, the true stream of duration which is life, and the sequence of seconds so carefully measured by the clock. Never before has the stream flowed so slowly, or fifteen minutes taken so long to pass. Consciousness has been lifted to a longer, slower rhythm, and is not yet adjusted to its solemn march.

But, striving for this new poise, intent on the achievement of it, presently it will happen to you to find that you have indeed—though how you know not—entered upon a fresh plane of perception, altered your relation with things.

First, the subject of your meditation begins, as you surrender to its influence, to exhibit unsuspected meaning, beauty, power. A perpetual growth of significance keeps pace with the increase of attention which you bring to bear on it; that attention which is the one agent of all your apprehensions, physical and mental alike. It ceases to be thin and abstract. You sink as it were into the deeps of it, rest in it, "unite" with it; and learn, in this still, intent communion, something of its depth and breadth and height, as we learn by direct intercourse to know our friends.

Moreover, as your meditation becomes deeper it will defend you from the perpetual assaults of the outer world. You will hear the busy hum of that world as a distant exterior melody, and know yourself to be in some sort withdrawn from it. You have set a ring of silence between you and it; and behold! within that silence you are free. You will look at the colored scene, and it will seem to you thin and papery: only one amongst countless possible images of a deeper life as yet beyond your reach. And gradually you will come to be aware of an entity, a *You*, who can thus hold at arm's length, be aware of, look at, an idea—a

universe—other than itself. By this voluntary painful act of concentration, this first step upon the ladder which goes—as the mystics would say—from "multiplicity to unity," you have to some extent withdrawn yourself from that union with unrealities, with notions and concepts, which has hitherto contented you; and at once all the values of existence are changed. "The road to a Yea lies through a Nay." You, in this preliminary movement of recollection, are saying your first deliberate No to the claim which the world of appearance makes to a total possession of your consciousness: and are thus making possible some contact between that consciousness and the World of Reality.

Now turn this new purified and universalized gaze back upon yourself. Observe your own being in a fresh relation with things, and surrender yourself willingly to the moods of astonishment, humility, joy—perhaps of deep shame or sudden love—which invade your heart as you look. So doing patiently, day after day, constantly recapturing the vagrant attention, ever renewing the struggle for simplicity of sight, you will at last discover that there is something within you—something behind the fractious, conflicting life of desire—which you can recollect, gather up, make effective for new life. You will, in fact, know your own soul for the first time; and learn that there is a sense in which this real *You* is distinct from, an alien within, the world in which you find yourself, as an actor has another life when he is not on the stage. When you do not merely believe this but know it; when you have achieved this power of withdrawing yourself, of making this first crude distinction between appearance and reality, the initial stage of the contemplative life has been won. It is not much more of an achievement than that first proud effort in which the baby stands upright for a moment and then relapses to the more natural and convenient crawl; but it holds within it the same earnest of future development.—From "*Practical Mysticism*." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

I give nothing as duties.

What others give as duties I give as living impulses.

Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?

—Walt Whitman.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

A New York journal finds grave cause for concern in the increasing degeneracy of the young men and boys of the city. They are to be seen, we are told, at every street corner after nightfall. They are unemployed and unemployable. They are addicted to alcohol and drugs. They have neither decency nor a sense of responsibility. Most of them will become professional criminals, and already they are a menace and a terror.

It is a serious matter, and all the more serious inasmuch as every great city could tell a similar story. It forms an illuminating comment on the claims to success that are so constantly made by our many agencies of social reform. The suppression of one evil seems to imply the creation of another. The prohibition of alcohol is followed at once by the increased use of drugs. We exult loudly in the mitigation of bodily disease, and we become suddenly aware that our lunatic asylums are overcrowded. We applaud ecstatically the triumphs of material science which are to abolish poverty and discontent, and we find that most of these achievements are being used for international murder. And, finally, we foresee the millennium in universal education, only to discover that we have exchanged ignorant criminals for learned ones.

But what are we to do, asks the New York journal, in this matter of youthful depravity? What is its cause and

how can it be cured? Is it due to the moving-picture show, or to the war, or to the lack of religious teaching in the schools? For all these are gravely advanced as causes. Is it the result of overcrowding, or of the tariff? How would it do to appoint an investigating commission of the politically unemployed? Doubtless they would oblige. Or perhaps the clergy would like to point a moral and adorn a tale. Or why not pass a law, and then say, like Mr. Micawber when he had given his I. O. U., "Thank God, that's paid."

Actually there is no cause for surprise in the juvenile depravity of the day, but there is cause for a great deal of surprise in the fatuity that can not see its cause, that is willing indeed to see any and everything except its cause. For how were these boys trained? Were they saturated with the prevailing conviction of the day that the supreme object of human life is to acquire possessions and to gratify all sensuous pleasures so far as the police will permit? Were they taught that "self-preservation is the first law of life," that the "devil takes the hindmost," that only the "fit"—that is to say the most aggressive—can survive? Were they taught to worship "success," and the sublime duty of "getting on"? Were they invited to emulate the great deeds of our "captains of industry," and to acquire wealth by whatever means happens to be most accessible? Perhaps they were not actually

taught any of these things. They may never have heard of them. But the spirit of them is fatally easy to learn. It has saturated our materialistic atmosphere. It poisons the unborn baby. It is enshrined in our nursery sayings, and it finds its citadel in our schools and universities. It is the gospel of selfishness, and science has fitted it with a wreath and halo.

Certainly it would be hard to explain to any of these young degenerates why they should become henceforth law-abiding citizens. It would be hard to explain to any one who has been educated in the prevailing materialism why virtue is better than vice, or why any natural instinct should be suppressed or controlled. If the possession of another's watch or purse seems to be desirable, why should it not be secured? The doctrine of heredity assures us that we are merely the mechanical product of a past in which we did not participate, and that our own moral obliquities became inevitable through the mating of our grandparents. Biology is equally sure that there is no essential difference between a human being and a clock, except in the matter of complexity, and that perhaps the clock may even have the better of it, since it was unquestionably designed, whereas a human being is a mere "fortuitous concourse of atoms." If then the universe is a matter of chance, if there is no survival after death, if the moral law is no more than a pietistic figment, why should conduct have any other arbiter than self-interest? It is of no use to tell the hoodlum that prison or disease will ultimately be his reward. He does not believe it, or he is quite willing to take the chance. Moreover, he may say that he can not help his behavior, that it is due to heredity, to a brain lesion, or tonsils, or adenoids. And since that is precisely what we have been saying ourselves in our eagerness to be "scientific," we can not very well contradict him. *Hinc illac lachrymæ.*

There is of course no remedy for youthful depravity, nor indeed for any other social evil, except the adoption of a spiritual philosophy, and its practical application to life. This does not mean a system of creeds or dogmas, as those terms are usually understood. It means no more than a recognition of the continuity of life, the dissociation of life from the body in which it momentarily

resides, and the government of that life by a purposeful moral law whose educational operations extend throughout eternities. It means an effort to realize that every human being is a combination of god and animal, and that the mind is the battleground of the two, and that joy and pain are the results of that struggle.

Such a remedy has, of course, none of the spectacular features in which our reformers so much delight. It is slow and prosaic, although perhaps not quite so slow and prosaic as we might suppose. But the disease also was of slow advance. It began with the learned disquisitions of the literati. It became gradually popularized. It filtered and seeped downward, spreading itself slowly through literature, the drama, and theology. At last it reached the level of the public mind, that seized eagerly upon it as offering immunity from responsibility. And now it is producing the inevitable depravities with which it was charged. But there is no other remedy than this, and there is no more encouraging sign of the times than the gradual revolt against a materialism that first destroys the human soul and then has come perilously close to the destruction of human society.

WHY A FAD?

A book reviewer in the *New York Times* says: "One hesitates in classifying Tagore among the mystics. We have had our Blavatskys, our Swarnis and the writers of various theosophic diatribes, and about all these there is something that ever savors of the trivial either in literature or religion."

A reviewer who hesitates to place Tagore among the mystics would hesitate also to place Napoleon among the soldiers or Plato among the philosophers. But perhaps the hesitation is due only to the paucity of vocabulary and feebleness of perception.

But why is Theosophy a fad when it is forth in the prose of Blavatsky, something lofty and inspiring when found in the poetry of Tagore? The reason, if we may judge from the context, is to be found in the enthusiastic approval given to Tagore by Mr. Yeats—himself a Theosophist, by the way. Tagore becomes respectable under its auspices, but in order that conventional religion may not be shocked by praise

a "pagan" it is thought desirable to couple such praise with a contemptuous word for Madam Blavatsky and the poor Swamis, whoever they may be.

GOD AND THE WAR.

The habit of military commanders to impute their victories to God—and presumably their defeats to the Devil—is not, after all, much of a compliment to the Deity. One would suppose that if God were actually to take sides in a battle the struggle would be over in about three minutes. This comment is called forth by the bulletin of the Grand Duke Nicholas, which says, "God has granted the brave troops of the army of the Caucasus such great help that Erzeroum has been taken." But there are others. We may wonder if Providence would have shown such unneutral interest in the Grand Duke had that doughty warrior's artillery been less efficient.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

March 27—Neither by the eyes, nor by spirit, nor by the sensuous organs, nor by austerity, nor by sacrifices, can we see Brahma. Only the pure, by the light of wisdom and meditation can see the pure Deity.

March 28—By perfection in study and meditation the Supreme Spirit becomes manifest; study is one eye to behold it, and meditation is the other.

March 29—Alas, we reap what seed we sow; the hands that smite us are our own.

March 30—Thoughts alone cause the round of rebirth in this world; let a man strive to purify his thoughts; what a man thinks, that he is; this is the old secret.

March 31—"My sons are mine; this wealth is mine"; with such thoughts is a fool tormented. He himself does not belong to himself, much less sons and wealth.

April 1—He who leaves the society of fools cleaves unto the wise.

April 2—The self is hidden in all beings, and does not shine forth; but it is seen by subtle seers, through their sharp and subtle intellect.

HIGHLIGHTS ON RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

At the invitation of the Churchmen's Union there has been issued a book entitled *The Faith and the War* and consisting of essays from eminent writers of the Anglican Communion. This book has called forth in the January pages of the *Athenæum* an article some nine columns in length.

The writer appears inspired by the hope that, in taking the thought of the world as we find it expressed in such representative men as these, by freely exposing its fallacies and as freely possessing ourselves of its gifts of pure intuitional truth, the world will arrive at an adjustment with a philosophy which will hold for it the way, the truth, and the light. The reviewer states four purposes as guiding his remarks:

First we would suggest an ever more frank recognition of the changed and changing beliefs as to the possible origin as well as the possible future of the world we inhabit. . . . Our second purpose is to suggest that the very fact of the question being asked by a Christian, as well as the charge made by some that God is responsible for the war, proves, not that the question or the charge is justified, but that our comprehension of what Christianity really is and what is comprised in the idea of God is still on a very low plane. . . . Thirdly we would say a word in deprecation of the dogmatic assertion which so often is allowed to usurp the place of reasoning argument. . . . Lastly, and with the greatest emphasis, we would urge Christ's ministers to eschew all attempts to compromise with evil in any form or shape.

In a time when deeds are of so much greater account than words few readers will concern themselves with the words of those theologians whose main interest is to define what all must agree in regarding as indefinable. An electrician appointed to carry out certain work who delayed action while he theorized as to what electricity was would find but little employment. . . .

If electricity for lack of proper conducting was knowingly going to waste, as is undoubtedly the case with the spiritual energy of our people stirred up by the war, we should have little respect for the electrician who sat down to write a treatise on the origin and attributes of the force he had been placed in a position to control. . . . Some points of analogy between the two may be suggested without irreverence.

First, faith and electricity are both regarded by most people, at present at all events, as largely inexplicable. Secondly, the force of electricity is discoverable all around us, as is the effort toward good, if right methods are adopted. In addition, it is believed by many men of science that the material world is dominated by the one, as religious people hold that the spiritual world is dominated by the other.

Consequently, if we are not wrong in ask-

ing that the electrician shall first make it his business to help the world to benefit by what he has made his special study are we wrong in asking that our spiritual teachers should adopt a like procedure?

Certainly we are not. The nature of things demands that there is inherent in it an absolute law of life. This law must be the eternal law; it is, therefore, positive, definite, and final. It pervades all life through all time and change. And, since everything is relative until viewed in its all-encompassing light, the one supreme requisite to the man desiring such comprehensive vision is "an open mind." There may have been a time when dogma and anthropomorphism seemed the only alternative to an irreligious view of life, but it can hardly be so now in the face of the divine order that science reveals to us. To quote the writer:

Some well-intentioned folks think it wrong for others to suggest that they can not be far out if they seek to worship a Spirit in spirit, and do not see the necessity for spending thought and time in inquiring as to whether that Spirit can be conceived in a definite form. . . . Mr. Glazebrook elucidates the matter by saying in this explanation:

"Personification is one of the most familiar and effective ornaments of poetry and rhetoric. It involves a process in two stages. First a number of individual persons or actions are grouped together under an abstract or a collective term. For instance, all Israelites are grouped together as Israel, all cases of dying as Death. Then this new term is treated as if it were the name of a person, and we get such statements as Israel is the Servant of Jehovah, or Death Reigned from Adam to Moses. Such expressions are not merely picturesque, but have a great practical value; for they supply a sort of shorthand, enabling a writer to say a great deal in a few words. Arguments based upon a literal treatment of personification are as common and as fallacious as those which depend upon a literal use of metaphor or parable."

It is thus with the term God. Perhaps to this is due a large measure of the dogma that reasoning man tries to accept in the name of the Most High. It is evident that his priests and ministers have lost the possession of spiritual insight which alone can give them the power to replace this meaningless anthropomorphic deity by the living Spirit, to be known by each within himself, and to be seen everywhere, moving from all its centres in one evolving purpose. They are not able to see the dogmatic hell and heaven brought to vitality on earth. Here and now is the surge of

transition. A law of cause and effect works its meaning through many lives of toilsome progress, where happiness rewards right effort, and pain is the result of wrong. This is considered in a paragraph of the reviewer which can be quoted:

Mr. Taylor thinks it safe to say that the prime offenders in the war "will have the least to pay," by no means a declaration that we should care to make. Rather does it increasingly seem to us that exterior appearances are misleading, and that hidden from us there is often a happiness or despair which completely transcends all outward signs to the contrary. Mr. Taylor remarks that "if the world and its maker are to deserve my respect, to say nothing of my worship, there must be hell," or "something very like it"; had he added "for the individual," we should have been far more ready to agree with him.

We can not agree with Mr. Emmet's excuse in *Ethics of the New Testament* for allowing environment to control conduct in the individual. Modern practices are, undoubtedly, always creating fresh difficulties for those who feel the necessity of being of the world while in the world. On the other hand we have the opportunity of an increased comprehension of Christ's advice to us, and the individual today is better able to justify Christian conduct by what the world accounts common-sense than ever he was before. What, for instance, is the present war but, as Mr. Emmet says, "the accumulated folly of the past"? Every sensible person deplores the war, may not the Christian urge that a more real adherence to Christianity could have prevented it? In this connection we can not do better than quote Mr. Emmet's concluding words:

"While the Christian shows himself the bravest and most formidable of soldiers, he stands out as the most determined enemy of war for the future, because he will, by the faith that can move mountains and the love which dares the impossible, set himself to remove the conditions which have made it inevitable and to develop in the individual and nation alike a temper of mind in which it shall become unthinkable."

Mr. Burroughs in his essay on *Faith and Reality* has the following wise words relating to the bearing of the war on Christianity:

"It is simply not true to say that the real ground of faith has been in any way disturbed by the events of the past year. Our belief in the value of beauty and the power of art is not destroyed by the eruption of ugliness on a large scale when, say, coal mines or factories invade a picturesque moor or valley. . . . Even the worldly had of recent years begun to groan under our growing bondage to things present and seen."

The reviewer continues his comment upon another phase of the discussion:

As Professor Gardner says, early Christianity, which should have been borne in upon us all by the daily clearer view which we obtain of the predominance of law both in the world of nature and in that of spirit

has been in the modern world, and especially in England and America, almost buried out of sight by a spurious Christianity, and a moral feebleness, which have led us to imagine that a man or a nation can escape the consequences of their actions, that they can slip off their evil habits as a serpent slips off his old skin, and stand on the same moral level as if they had never offended.

The reviewer then proceeds:

To us it seems plain that evil is the outcome of man, of his own free will refusing to be guided by the Divine conscience within him. In his ignorance he has sought to achieve happiness by easier ways, and painful experience is teaching him how mistaken he has been. The only question is as to how bitter is to be the experience humanity must pass through before it awakens to reality.

Selfishness is accounted by most Christian teachers to be an accursed thing. We should get nearer the truth were they to put "foolish" before the noun. The life of the Christian is too often represented by ministers as an existence in which joy can find little place.

Too long, we think, Christians have forgotten to emphasize from examples around us still that the life spent in service accomplishes the highest self-interest. Ask your real Christian, struggling against the material ills of life, cognizant of all the evil that is opposed to him, whether in self-interest he will give up the struggle. Ask, do we say? There is no need to ask; look into the face of such men or women and you will know that in so-called selflessness they have obtained the reward sought after by so-called selfishness.

One more paragraph will conclude the points, out of many of interest, that space permits:

The president of the Churchman's Union, in the first chapter of *The Faith and the War*, entitled "Providence and the Individual," has a fine passage on the widening intelligence concerning religion:

"Man comes into the Divine presence full of self-seeking, anxious to get his own way, ready to accept as his Divine patron any power which will further his private ends. And then by degrees more and more as the ethical level of life is raised, man finds that there is a higher and better will than his own, that the lines of his best development and his highest happiness lies in growing into a right relation toward this encompassing power, in subordinating his immediate impulses to a higher law, in thinking less of the things which can be seen and more of the things which are invisible and eternal. He passes the bridge which leads from magic to religion."

When anger is repressed by reason of inability to do immediate harm it retires into the heart in the form of malice.—*Arabian*.

When the I, the Me, and the Mine are dead, the work of the Lord is done.—*Kabir*.

SALAMAN AND ABSAL

(By Edward FitzGerald.)

O thou! whose Spirit through this Universe
In which thou dost involve thyself diffused;
Shall so perchance eradicate human clay
That men, suddenly dazzled, lose themselves
In ecstasy before a mortal shrine
Whose light is but a shade of the divine;
Not till thy secret beauty through the cheek
Of Laila smite doth she inflame Majnun;
And not till thou have kindled Shirin's eyes
The hearts of those two rivals swell with blood.

For Loved and Lover are not but by thee.
Nor Beauty; mortal beauty but the veil
Thy heavenly hides behind, and from itself
Feeds, and our hearts yearn after as a bride
That glances past us veiled—but ever so
That none the veil from what it hides may know.

How long wilt thou continue thus the world
To cozen with the phantom of a veil
From which thou only peepest? I would be
Thy Lover, and thine only—I, mine eyes
Sealed in the light of thee to all but thee,
Yea, in the revelation of Thyself,
Lost to Myself, and all that Self is not
Within the double world that is but one.
Thou lurkest under all the forms of thought,
Under the form of all created things;
Look where I may, still nothing I discern
But thee throughout this universe, wherein
Thyself thou dost reflect, and through those eyes

Of him whom Man thou madest scrutinize.
To thy Harim dividuality
No entrance finds,—no word of this or that:
Do thou my separate and derived self
Make one with thy essential! Leave me room
On that Divan which leaves no room for
Twain,
Lest, like the simple Arab in the tale,
I grow perplexed, O God! 'twixt "me" and
"thee"

If I—this spirit that inspires one whence?
If thou—then what this sensual impotence?

—Translated from the Persian.

If the doors of perception were
cleansed, everything would appear to
man as it is, infinite. For man has closed
himself up, till he sees all things through
the narrow chinks of his cavern.—*William Blake*.

Lovers put out the light and draw the
curtains when they wish to see the God
and the Goddess: and in the higher com-
munion the night of thought is the light
of perception.—*Patmore*.

Some contemplate the Formless, and
others meditate on Form: but the wise
man knows that Brahma is beyond both.

SELF-ADJUSTMENT.

(By Evelyn Underhill.)

This climb up the mountain of self-knowledge, said the Victorine mystics, is the necessary prelude to all illumination. Only at its summit do we discover, as Dante did, the beginning of the pathway to reality. It is a lonely and an arduous excursion, a sufficient test of courage and sincerity; for most men prefer to dwell in comfortable ignorance upon the lower slopes, and there to make of their more obvious characteristics a drapery which shall veil the naked truth. Time and complete self-knowledge, indeed, is the privilege of the strongest alone. Few can bear to contemplate themselves face to face; for the vision is strange and terrible, and brings awe and contrition in its wake. The life of the seer is changed by it forever. He is converted, in the deepest and most drastic sense; he is forced to take up a new attitude towards himself and all other things. Likely enough, if you really knew yourself—saw your own dim character, perpetually at the mercy of its environment; your true motives, stripped for inspection and measured against eternal values; your unacknowledged self-indulgences; your irrational loves and hates—you would be compelled to remodel your whole existence, and become for the first time a practical man.

But you have done what you can in this direction; have at last discovered your own deeper being, your eternal spark, the agent of all your contacts with Reality. You have often read about it. Now you have met it; know for a fact that it is there. What next? What changes, what readjustments will this self-revelation involve for you?

You will have noticed, as with practice your familiarity with the state of Recollection has increased, that the kind of consciousness which it brings with it, the sort of attitude which it demands of you, conflict sharply with the consciousness and the attitude which you have found so appropriate to your ordinary life in the past. They make this old attitude appear childish, unworthy, at last absurd. By this first deliberate effort to attend to Reality you are at once brought face to face with that dreadful revelation of disharmony, unrealness, and interior muddle which the blunt moralists call "conviction of sin." Never again

need those moralists point out to you the inherent silliness of your earnest pursuit of impermanent things: your solemn concentration upon the game of getting on. None the less this attitude persists. Again and again you swing back to it. Something more than realization is needed if you are to adjust yourself to your new vision of the world. This game which you have played so long has formed and conditioned you, developing certain qualities and perceptions, leaving the rest in abeyance: so that now, suddenly asked to play another, which demands fresh movements, alertness of a different sort, your mental muscles are intractable, your attention refuses to respond. Nothing less will serve you here than that drastic remodeling of character which the mystics call "Purgation," the second stage in the training of the human consciousness for participation in Reality.—From "Practical Mysticism." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

NEW BUDDHIST RELIC.

A number of sacred Buddhist relics, including a bone of Buddha (says the *Springfield Republican*), have just been unearthed at Taxila, near Rawalpindi, in the Punjab, India. When Buddha died near Kusinara, about the year 483 B. C., fragments of his bones were distributed as relics to a large number of the more important religious centres. A quarter of a century ago, knowledge of these centres was meagre, and no authentic discovery of them had been made. Since that time, however, several certain relics have been found.

Taxila, long before Alexander the Great made it a military centre, was one of the holiest and most important Buddhist sites. The relics of Buddha that have been found there were protected in various ways, generally being placed in a crystal box within a covered or cleft bowl upon which the nature of the treasure is described. The workmanship on these cases is very fine. There is a vast field of search still untouched in India, but the skillful and energetic work of the British archaeological society has already cleared up many uncertainties and identified many of the holy places of Buddhism; such as Kusinara, the scene of Buddha's death, and Rummīn-dei, his birthplace. But there still remain hundreds of ancient un-

opened stupas, or dome-shaped earth shrines, many of which may contain priceless material regarding this important period. The most tantalizing of all are five "grand stupas" at Khatmandu, which the government of Nepal will not allow to be touched, and which very likely will not be opened for many decades or even centuries.

THE PHARISEES.

(By Berton Braley.)

We sit in placid peace and smug content
 Thanking our God that we are not as they
 Who trample forth to ravage and to slay
 With every means grim science can invent;
 Yet with war's horrors there is blessing blent,
 The ancient spartan virtues come in play
 And heedlessness and sloth are swept away
 And faith and courage thrill a continent.

We have no war—and yet within our gates
 Woe, want, and pain hold bitter carnival;
 Dull-eyed we watch them, while we thank the fates
 That we know not the conflict's dreadful thrall;
 Greed, poverty, and suffering increase—
 We shirk our task—then boast about our Peace!
 —*Harper's Weekly.*

ARCHAEOLOGY.

G. W. Monkhill, graduate of McGill University, Montreal, who accompanied the Yale and Geographical Society expeditions on their search for Aztec ruins in the Andes, has just returned.

He says that the archæologists discovered what appeared to be evidence of a pre-Aztec civilization, which flourished about the eighth century. An enormous edifice, apparently a fortification, formed of stones weighing thirty and forty tons each, was discovered near Ollantaylambda, forty-five miles from Cuzco, Peru. In the opinion of Mr. Monkhill the work is more remarkable than the construction of the pyramids, for the stones had been transferred from a quarry across the river and up a steep mountainside.

"The only theory advanced as to the method used by the natives to move the stones," said Mr. Monkhill, "is that the river was dammed, the stone advanced to the middle, then a second dam constructed behind the stone and including the second half of the river, the first obstruction meantime being destroyed."

That ancient people may have known

more of the laws of nature than ourselves seems never to occur to the archæologist.

THE MADMAN.

The wild-duck, stringing through the sky,
 Are south away.
 Their green necks glitter as they fly,
 The lake is gray,
 So still, so lone, the fowler never heeds.
 The wind goes rustle, rustle, through the reeds.

There they find peace to have their own wild souls.
 In that still lake,
 Only the moonrise or the wind controls
 The way they take,
 Through the gray reeds, the cocking moorhen's lair,
 Rippling the pools, or over leagues of air.

Not thus, not thus, are the wild souls of men.
 No peace for those
 Who step beyond the blindness of the pen
 To where the skies unclose.
 For them the spitting mob, the cross, the crown of thorns,
 The bull gone mad, the Saviour on his horns.

Beauty and Peace have made
 No peace, no still retreat,
 No solace, none,
 Only the unafraid
 Before life's roaring street
 Touch Beauty's feet,
 Know truth, do as God bade,
 Become God's sons.

—*John Maschfield in "Good Friday." (Macmillan.)*

So long as a man seeketh his own will and his own highest good, because it is his, and for his own sake, he will never find it; for so long as he doeth this, he is not seeking his own highest good, and how then should he find it? For so long as he doeth this, he seeketh himself, and dreameth that he himself is his highest good. . . . But whosoever seeketh, loveth, and pursueth goodness, as goodness, and for the sake of goodness, and maketh that his end—for nothing but the love of goodness, not for love of the I, Me, Mine, Self, and the like—he will find the highest good, for he seeketh it aright, and they who seek it otherwise do err.—*Theologia Germanica.*

Mysticism is the art of union with Reality. The mystic is a person who has attained that union in greater or less degree; or who aims at and believes in such attainment.—*Evelyn Underhill.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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A NEW CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, the well-known minister of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church in New York, has resigned his pastorate in order that he may help in the foundation of what he calls a "new Christianity" that shall be more spiritual, more tolerant, and more social or practical. Dr. Eaton modestly explains that he does not wish to abolish either the church or Christianity, but they must be modernized "like the aeroplane or the automobile and made equally useful." The aeroplane leaves much to be desired as an example of utility, seeing that it is now employed exclusively for war, but doubtless this little detail escaped Dr. Eaton's attention amid the stresses of his new evangel.

Now we may confess to a little uncertainty as to Dr. Eaton's meaning. Christianity must surely consist of the teachings of Christ and of nothing else. There may be other teachings of equal value and of equal truth, but they are not Christian teachings unless they can be shown to have emanated from the founder of Christianity. What, then, does Dr. Eaton mean by a "new Christianity." If it is new it is not Christian, and if it is Christian it is not new. By Darwinism we mean the evolutionary theories promulgated by Darwin, and not some other theories that we think Darwin might have promulgated if he were still alive. No one has a right to speak of Darwinism unless he is prepared to

point in confirmation to chapter and verse of Darwin's writings. And in precisely the same way no one has a right to talk about Christianity except from the basis of something that Christ said or that He is believed to have said. We may be of the opinion that Christ would be an advocate of eugenism, or preparedness, or unpreparedness, or free silver, or anti-toxins, or a protective tariff, but we have no right to call any of these things the "new Christianity." There is no new Christianity. There never can be one. There may be new interpretations of the old Christianity, and we hope that there will be. When Dr. Eaton talks of the "new Christianity" what he probably means is not Christianity at all, but Eatonism. But when he says that religion must be practical and useful we may express our hearty agreement, although with an uneasy suspicion that Dr. Eaton's ideas of practicality and utility are not ours.

What we actually need is not a new Christianity, but the old one. If we were to abolish priestcraft and establish Christianity in its place there would be no need for these constant thunderings from little theological Sinais, and perhaps we might then find that most of our social problems solved themselves. For as a matter of fact Christianity has not been preached or taught for a thousand years and more. The theology of the churches does not bear the dimmest resemblance to the religion of Christ. It is far more

like the cult of Ashtoreth or Baal. It is a priestly invention designed for the double purpose of ecclesiastical domination and the gratification of a popular taste for ritual and sacerdotalism. This should be clear enough to any one who can read the New Testament with unclouded vision and freed from the saturation of early teachings and inherited traditions. If we may look anywhere for an epitome of Christianity it is surely in what are known as the benedictions, and in that extraordinary text which defines the whole of human duty as a love for one's neighbor. Compare these things with those impudent theological inventions known as the vicarious atonement, justification by faith, substitution, baptism, and damnation. Compare them with the vast mechanism of the churches, their wealth, their formalism, their insistence upon beliefs, and often their arrogances. Let us suppose that the simple law of human brotherhood had been taught by the churches for the last two thousand years as the one Christian essential, as Christ said it was. Suppose that the control of thought had been urged as the one possible road to progress. Would civilization now be at the point of despair, as it actually is? Would the whole world be given over to war and rumors of war? Would there be the forebodings and the anxieties that are now the dominant marks of civilization? Such questions answer themselves.

And so we think Dr. Eaton would have been better advised if he had announced that henceforth he would preach the old Christianity instead of the Churchianity that has usurped its place. At least he would have been guiltless of the absurdity of talking about a new Christianity, by which he probably means the advocacy of crude and hysterical reform, the "happy thoughts" of those who bring neither wisdom nor reflection to the greatest of human problems.

Sooner or later this will of course be done. Sooner or later some clergyman will discover what Christianity actually means, and the results will be surprising. There will then be no complaint of empty churches nor of languid congregations. Never before was the world so hungry for the religion of human brotherhood, for a religion that releases the

human soul, and that brings with it, not speculations nor dogmas, but knowledge. For a thousand years it has asked for bread and been given a stone. For a thousand years it has asked the causes of human misery, and for the meanings of fate and fortune, and it has received no more than mesmeric invitations to faith. But a Christianity pure and undefiled would have satisfied these demands. It would have shown a universe governed by law, not only in the domain of matter, but also of mind. It would have shown the individual human soul struggling upward toward perfection through countless incarnations, forever reaping what it has sown and welding its innumerable experiences into the fabric of its character. It would have answered the demand for justice innate in every human being by the assurance that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and that "for every idle word ye shall answer."

It is toward this knowledge and this realization that the world is tending. The churches can either lead or they can follow, but they can not do both. And least of all can they invent new religions in order to palliate the travesties that they have made of the old ones.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

April 3—Patience leads to power; but eagerness in greed leads to loss.

April 4—Three things make a poor man rich: courtesy, consideration for others, and the avoidance of suspicion.

April 5—When trust is gone, misfortune comes in; when confidence is dead, revenge is born; and when treachery appears, all blessings fly away.

April 6—The world exists by cause; all things exist by cause; and beings are bound by cause; even as the rolling cart-wheel by the pin of an axle-tree.

April 7—The living soul is not woman, nor man, nor neuter; whatever body it takes, with that it is joined only.

April 8—He who wishes to reach Buddhahood, and aspires to the knowledge of the Self-Born, must honor those who keep this doctrine.

April 9—As the spider moving upward by his thread gains free space, thus also he who undertakes moving upward by the known word Om, gains independence.

MOLDS OF MIND.

We are the results of our past thoughts. The cruel man has a cruel face because of cruel thoughts. The kindly man has a kindly face because of kindly thoughts. These are evident facts. That the law holds good for the entire man, for the entire collection of men, and for the circumstances of a man's life are not so evident, but they are equally true. That limbs, features, brain, and bodily organs are as they are because of thought, are healthy because of healthy thought, unhealthy because of unhealthy thought, is the statement of a truth that has always been declared by religion and philosophy, and that is now being unveiled by science. These tend constantly toward a perfection of form and a function of higher quality as the direct results of the evolving harmony of the consciousness that is the man himself. These are its externalities. They are no more due to chance than anything else that we see to be rooted in eternal law.

It is in the realization of this truth that man's liberation lies. This liberation has been spoken of by all the world saviors. It is toward such liberation that the daily effort of every human being is directed, whether or not he gives a name to his effort.

The human mind in its totality embraces everything that is thinkable. Humanity and its achievements give it expression. If one set of men hold one set of ideas in regard to anything whatsoever, there will be another set who hold equally opposite ideas. There will be every grade between the two. This is necessary. It is the only way any ideas at all could exist. For who could conceive of darkness except as a contrast to light? Who could conceive of happiness except as the liberation from the bondage of suffering and unhappiness? Who could arrive at knowledge except by deliverance from states of ignorance? Humanity itself, and each individual in humanity, is slowly and painfully working its way through these states and conditions which are known as the "pairs of opposites," in order to arrive, first individually, and then collectively, at a state of positive knowledge and bliss which is above these and unaffected by their relativity.

As the mind is the maker of these

states it is likewise the liberator from them. We make the molds of our own minds and behold in them the finality of reason. Thus we keep the mind partitioned and narrowed. The wise man, by reason of his very emptiness, alone possesses the truth. Every man has a mold of mind that is particularly dear to him. It is himself. He is a manifestation of consciousness in that state. While he remains immersed in himself he can not view the mold of his own making with impartial eyes. Yet he is the eternal creator of those states.

Here is a man who is a miser. His mind has made a picture of happiness as consisting in the hoarding of gold. This idea is the god to whom he pays worship. Some such god rules the life of every man. Only the service of truth which engenders a light by which the unity of life is seen brings liberty. For the existence of any kind of a god, from the wooden images of the savage through all the mental images of civilization to the real god of divine realization within the mind of a Christ, is the existence that resides in mind, in consciousness, in spirit, of which man is the living temple. The god of the miser is therefore a real god, and he is worshiped with real worship—the worship of sacrifice. Thus do men create their own gods and spend their lives in their worship.

The miser sacrifices everything he has to his god. He sacrifices his time to acquire and hoard the gold. He sacrifices the pleasures, the comforts, and even the necessities that the gold would buy for him. He sacrifices friends. He sacrifices his entire life as literally as does the sister of mercy. The man of the world who desires money to spend does the same. In the beginning his life was one continual sacrifice. Every dollar that could be spared must be sacrificed that it might be sown as seed to become the growth that seemed the one thing worth while to his set of ideas. Here was the god of his mind, here the shrine at which he offered the sacrifices of his life. And because he offered real sacrifices this god granted him his wishes. Little by little he climbed the ladder of wealth. Or if in one short life he did not reach his measure of fullness, if all too soon he found himself released by death from his material body, unable to

touch his gold or his pleasures, he is still the same mind, and he suffers the same hungers. These longings cause him to gravitate toward his unfinished task when the night of death is over, and he finds himself once more in the conditions of material life. He may do this again and again, starting each time where he left off. In fact he will do so until experience shall bring a change of mind. So is it with every man, the artist, the musician, the scientist, the religionist, the thug. The mind dictates the mode of life. Through experience it is found to fall short of total satisfaction, and then the set of ideas is changed. Through change the mind enlarges. It takes on new viewpoints. It comprehends greater areas of life. Through all these states there is one definite longing that abides. It is the longing for consummated peace and happiness. Philosophy and religion have for their common end the discovery of that which is this state of satisfaction, and the delineation of the means to the attainment of that state.

They make the most definite declarations. The first is with regard to man's nature. They say that no matter what the vesture through which a man manifests himself he is essentially his bundle of ideas. He is his mind. He is a particular aspect, *his* particular aspect, of the universal mind now latent within him. They further say that this mind is limited by the ideas that it sets up, and by nothing else. When a set of ideas is held, as in the case of the miser, it matters not what ideas exist in the greater world of ideas, they are non-existent for that man. He has made the mold of his own mind, and so long as he will not break this mold it is not to be broken from without. Yet nothing except the internal attitude limits and partitions the mind. The universal mind laps and bathes this man, as it does all men, constantly beating its way for admission through all the avenues of life.

Only as we sacrifice these molds of mind and thus pay worship to the god of truth will he be known. He will then be seen in every creature and in every circumstance. He permeates the boundless life, showing virtue by means of vice and sin, knowledge through ignorance, and life through death.

Plato says that Time had its original from an intelligence.—*Plutarch*.

WHY?

Why are Theosophists divided into so many sections? And may I ask also why there seems to be such a lack of charity among them?

When Dr. Johnson was asked to explain one of his many mistakes he said that it was due to "ignorance, sir, pure ignorance." It is to be feared that some such reply must be made to the present question.

The indictment is a true one, a shamefully true one, and it may as well be confessed. Indeed, it can not be hidden. The society was founded to form the nucleus of an universal brotherhood of humanity. Not only has it failed to do so, but it has produced among its members more unbrotherliness than any other organization of its kind. Intended to promote a broad and liberal thought on philosophical and religious lines, its adherents are often remarkable for a narrow and bigoted sectarianism that they mysteriously suppose to be a virtue. It would be hard to find anywhere on earth such hard and crude fanaticism as flourishes, and is even applauded as a merit, in the Theosophical Society. So far from displaying a breadth and a tolerance that should set an example to the more orthodox forms of religion, a directly opposite example has been set. There is hardly a Christian sect in the land that is not richer in these virtues than the Theosophical Society. Its history has been one prolonged quarrel. In the name of brotherhood its members hate each other, denounce each other, boycott each other, and persecute each other. Nothing is to be gained by adding phariseism and pretense to these other faults, and every Theosophist knows well that this indictment is a true one. Perhaps confession may be a prelude to reform.

Indeed the indictment might be a much longer one. Make a list of all the objects ostensibly pursued by Theosophists and there you have also a reverse list of all their peculiar and pet vices. Denouncing authority in matters of religion, it is often the Theosophist whose knee is perpetually bent in sycophantic adoration of some self-acclaimed teacher. Discouraging superstition, his credulity is almost without limit. Recommending independence of thought and judgment, he searches perpetually for some one on

whom to lean. A clever tongue, an agile pen, an ingratiating personality, a skillful use of occult jargon, for him are sure signs of adeptship. If these are lacking, then a self-affixed label will do just as well. Professing loyalty to the founders, he insults them by his public adulation. His sense of a heresy is abnormally developed, and his vindictiveness when a heresy has been found is almost unbounded. Formulas and vain repetitions are his stock in trade, and he yearns inwardly for the day when the whole of Theosophy can be reduced to a written creed, as it has already been reduced to a mental one. And it would be better for the theosophical heretic to fall into the hands of the Inquisition than into those of his brother Theosophists.

These are the facts, and it is useless to hide them. They are known to the whole contemptuous world. Theosophy is regarded as synonymous with superstition, credulity, and priestcraft. Its dogmas are more aggressive and often sillier than those of theology, its punishments more cruel.

There are, of course, many Theosophists of whom these things can not be said, who work quietly and unobtrusively, and who are free from the poison that persuades mere vanity that its mission is to lead and to guide. But by their very virtues they are obscure and unnoticed, and so the field is left to blatancy and dogmatism, to the strutting of "our local adepts," and the fawnings of their followers.

Time brings all things to trial, and these are the days of trial and of the searchings of Karma.

A BOOK OF PLAYS.

It is strange that so skilled a writer as Theodore Dreiser, turning his attention toward the vast fields of Occultism, should be able to find nothing worth writing of, nothing worth saying. Here we have a volume of seven plays devoted to the occult and the metaphysical, but we search in vain for a single gleam of knowledge or even of tolerable speculation. We are rewarded not even by a helpful thought or an aspiration. In a domain so richly stored with a mysterious beauty we find that Mr. Dreiser concentrates his whole attention upon the ash barrel.

The play called "Laughing Gas" may be

taken as a sample of them all. An eminent physician, Vatabeel, submits to a surgical operation, and we are allowed to see the various states of consciousness that supervene. Around the operating table stand Demyaphon, a personification of nitrous oxide gas, and Alcephoran, a power of physics. There are shadows and voices of the "first, second, third, and fourth planes," whatever they may be, and there is also the "Rhythm of the Universe," which persists in saying "Om! Om! Om! Om!" at inopportune moments, and for reasons best known to itself.

Demyaphon is decidedly garrulous and does much of the talking, which ought not to be allowed in an operating room. After the "Rhythm of the Universe" has said "Om!" eight times—surely it should be seven—Demyaphon remarks irrelevantly:

Material planes that recede—each one more material than the other, as you sink to your own. Spirits almost more material than yourself. Because of the points spoken of as in your favor, you think you will regain life. You do not know that they are standards set by you in previous experiences, eons apart. To live you will have attain to a new one now.

Nice cheerful person, Demyaphon. No wonder the patient remarks "Ah!" Then Demyaphon continues in the same lightsome strain:

Round and round, operation upon operation, world upon world, hither and yon, so you come and go. The same difficulty, the same operation, ages and worlds apart. Your whole life repeated detail by detail except for slight changes. Now if you live you must make an effort or die. (*The gas smiles.*)

There is, of course, no particular reason why laughing gas should not sometimes smile. It is what one would expect it to do on occasions. Then Vatabeel himself has something to say:

There is something vastly mysterious about this—horrible! In older worlds I have been, worlds like this. I have done this same thing. Society has done all the things it has done over and over. We manufacture toys—the same toys over and over. Does Life produce its worlds and evolutions the same way? Great God!

Precisely! Great God! That is how we ourselves feel about it. Then Demyaphon replies:

The resistance which you are now displaying is in part by reason of your previous efforts and previous successes. You are the victim of experiences of which you have been

made the victim. A patient, a subject, a tool, a method, round and round and round you go, a servant of higher forces, each time seemingly a step farther, each time in this way, for the same purpose, the same people, to no known end, over and over.

Decidedly discouraging, we should say. Demyaphon is by no means a cheering gas, or spirit, or whatever he is. He should cultivate optimism, like the New Thinkers. Hear him again:

And the humor of it is that it is without rhyme or reason. Over and over! Eon after eon! What you do now you will do again. And there is no explanation. You are so eager to live—to do it again. Do you not see the humor of that?

Demyaphon is right. It is without rhyme or reason. But we do not intend to do it "over and over." We shall never read this play again, nor any other by Mr. Dreiser. Life is sad enough without that. And we believe that this same intention will persist "eon after eon."

PLAYS OF THE SUPERNATURAL. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

When a fact enlists the imagination it gains enormously in force and value. Such a fact is the following: In a quarry in the province of Gerona, Spain, near the northeastern end of the Pyrenees mountain chain, a human jawbone, with a full set of sixteen lower teeth, was found imbedded in a very hard stratum of travertine rock, at a depth of some five yards beneath the surface.

Geological science is able to say that this rock tomb belongs to a time so remote (the Pleistocene period) that it is useless to try to measure its antiquity in centuries or millennia. Archæological science is able to say that this man belonged to the Mousterian race, or Neanderthal group of primitive humanity.

The discovery of this strange relic was made by quarrymen, sawing out building stone, as long ago as 1887; but it was only in the year 1915 that the results of a complete scientific study of it have been published. The jaw, in its solid setting of rock, remained in the private collection of Don Pedro Alsus, who died a few months ago.

Travertine is a massive limestone, formed by deposition from calcareous springs or streams. The quarry in which the jaw was found lies in the bed of an

ancient lake, of which only a small part yet remains, under the name of the lake of Banolas. Formerly this lake evidently filled a large portion of the depression in the land, whose centre alone is occupied by the existing lake.

In that valley, around the shores of that lake, the man whose jaw has been so marvelously preserved probably passed his life. He was not alone. He belonged to a race which has left many marks of its presence and of its ingenuity on both sides of the Pyrenees Mountains, among whose foothills and in whose caverns prehistoric men seem to have loved to dwell.

The Mousterians could make fire. They had good-sized skulls, but Professor MacCurdy says that their brains still lacked the superior organization that characterizes the modern human brain. Nevertheless, to make fire was a feat of applied intelligence that must cause us to respect them. As a race they seem to have disappeared somewhat suddenly, and they were succeeded by another race, the Aurignacians, "of a different type, both physically and mentally." The Aurignacians adorned their caverns and their persons with products of artistic taste and skill, very crude as measured by our standards, of course, but intensely interesting as tokens of the spirit of progress animating man in his earliest days.

A PREDICTION.

A correspondent suggests the republication of the following excerpt from the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 708). The suggestion is a good one, and it is hereby followed:

"Why, then, should Occultists and Astrologers, as learned as these Astronomers, be disbelieved when they prophesy the return of some cyclic event on the same mathematical principles? Why should the claim that they *know* this return be ridiculed? Their forefathers and predecessors, having recorded the recurrence of such events in their time and day, throughout a period embracing hundreds of thousands of years, the conjunction of the same constellations must necessarily produce, if not quite the same, at any rate similar, effects. Are the prophecies to be derided, because of the claim made for hundreds of thousands of years of observation, and for millions of years for the human races?

In its turn, Modern Science is laughed at by those who hold to biblical chronology, for its far more modest geological and anthropological figures. Thus Karma adjusts even human laughter, at the mutual expense of sects, learned societies and individuals. Yet in the prognostication of *such* future events, at any rate, all foretold on the authority of cyclic recurrences, no psychic phenomenon is involved. It is neither *prevision*, nor *prophecy*; any more than is the signaling of a comet or star, several years before its appearance. It is simply knowledge, and mathematically correct computations, which enable the *Wise Men of the East* to foretell, for example, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; that France is nearing such a point of her cycle; and that Europe in general is threatened with, or rather is on the eve of, a cataclysm, to which her own Cycle of racial Karma has led her.

IMMORTALITY.

(By Richard Jeffries, in "The Story of My Heart.")

There were grass-grown tunuli on the hills, to which of old I used to walk, sit down at the foot of one of them, and think. Some warrior had been interred there in the ante-historic times. The sun of the summer morning shone on the dome of sward, and the air came softly up from the wheat below; the tips of the grasses swayed as it passed sighing faintly; it ceased, and the bees hummed by to the thyme and heath-bells. I became absorbed in the glory of the day, the sunshine, the sweet air, the yellowing corn [wheat] turning from its sappy green to summer's noon of gold, the lark's song like a waterfall in the sky. I felt at that moment that I was like the spirit of the man whose body was interred in the tumulus. I could understand and feel his existence the same as my own. He was as real to me two thousand years after interment as those I had seen in the body. The abstract personality of the dead seemed as existent as thought. As my thought could slip back the twenty centuries in a moment, to the forest days when he hurled the spear or shot with the bow, hunting the deer, and could return again as swiftly to this moment, so his spirit

could endure from then till now, and the time was nothing.

* * *

Two thousand years being a second to the soul could not cause its extinction. It was no longer than my thought occupied to me. Recognizing my own inner consciousness, the psyche, so clearly, death itself did not seem to me to affect the personality. In dissolution there was no bridgeless chasm, no unfathomable gulf of separation; the spirit did not immediately become inaccessible, leaping at a bound to an immeasurable distance. Look at another person while living; the soul is not visible, only the body which it animates. Therefore merely because after death the soul is not visible is no demonstration that it does not still live. The condition of being unseen is the same condition which occurs while the body is living, so that intrinsically there is nothing exceptional or supernatural in the life of the soul after death. Resting by the tumulus, the spirit of the man who had been interred there was to me really alive, and very close. This was quite natural, as natural and simple as the grass waving in the wind, the bees humming, and the lark's songs. Only by the strongest effort of the mind could I understand the idea of extinction; that was supernatural, requiring a miracle—the immortality of the soul natural, like earth. Listening to the sighing of the grass, I felt immortality as I felt the beauty of the summer morning! and I thought, beyond immortality of other conditions, more beautiful than existence, higher than immortality.

In a good man wrath lasts for a moment; in a middle man for two hours; in a base man for a day and a night; in a great sinner until death.—*Sanskrit*.

That which shows God within me fortifies me. That which shows him without me makes me a wart and a wen.—*Emerson*.

No one could tell me where my soul might be:

I searched for God, but God eluded me;
I sought my brother out and found all three.

Our soul having lost its heavenly mansion came down into the earthly body as into a strange place.—*Philo*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Price 5 Cents

THE NEW SORCERY.

The New York *Evening Post*, in an editorial reprinted upon another page, draws attention to an aspect of modern business life that is not without a certain sinister significance. It is the invasion of the commercial field by a sort of bastard mysticism and the open recommendation of certain psychological processes as an aid to salesmanship.

The range of what may be called the new sorcery is a wide one, and those who are disposed to look upon it as a mere momentary aberration, a transient eccentricity, are unaware of the extent to which it has saturated the popular mind. There are now scores of volumes, all of them persuasively written, all of them appealing to the sordid hunger for "success" and advocating it as the greatest of the virtues, and all of them advising some illegitimate mental way to secure it. The commercial colleges have openly adopted the same expedients. Under the cover of a sickly and unreal mysticism their students are taught to practice hypnotism in order that they may obtain some subtle advantage over their prospective customers. One would suppose that the virtues of punctuality, courtesy, industry, and fidelity had been wholly superannuated in favor of the new mental juggleries. Rectitude and reliability are all very well in their way and for those unable to rise to the heights, or sink to the depths, of the new psychology. But science has now shown the

better way. Henceforth the palm of commercial success will be given to those who can "hold an idea in the mind," or "visualize" their ambitions, or harness the image-making power to the service of their greeds and so rob their customer of his free will. The divine forces of the universe are supposed to be vastly interested in salesmanship and eager to coöperate in the stimulation of competition and rivalry. But they must be invoked in the right way. They must first be conciliated by the usual metaphysical rubbish about the Absolute, and Cosmic Consciousness, and Spiritual Identities, and they can then be depended upon to hold themselves at the service of the commercial traveler who is versed in the new witchcraft and who holds the diploma of Voodoo from the business college and the course in salesmanship. Now we can smile at these extravagances with the conscious superiority of the thick-headed. We can look superciliously upon a revival of "superstitions" that we had supposed to be killed and buried by education. None the less it is hard to believe that methods so widely advocated, so extensively practiced, and by those who can hardly be classed among the ignorant and credulous, it is hard to believe that such methods have no basis of fact and experience to sustain them.

Of course they have. We can hardly describe the results of psychical research as highly scientific merely because they

have been obtained in the laboratory and by recognized leaders of thought, and at the same time dub as superstitions the practical applications of those results in the hands of the commercial salesman. They are one and the same thing. If thought transference, the potency of the visualized idea, their coercive powers upon their victims, are facts in nature; if one mind can control another by the use of the subtle forces of imagination and will, we can hardly suppose that there is any patent upon these processes or that they are at the service only of college professors or operative only under the license of the Society for Psychical Research. If hypnotism can be used to gratify an unholy scientific curiosity, if it can be made the sport of the marvel hunter and the popular lecturer, it must be equally available to the salesman, and for the attainment of ambitions that are even lower than his. Indeed there is no limit whatsoever, except the limit set by Nemesis, to the use of such powers as these. Nothing more is needed than a knowledge of their mechanism. Any man can make explosives who knows the process and can obtain the ingredients. Any man can make poisons who possesses a chemistry book and who has access to the materials. And any man can practice hypnotism who has been shown the way, and unfortunately the supply of material is uncontrollable, since it consists only of thought, imagination, and will. So far from being surprised at the prevalence of this sort of commercial sorcery it is strange that it is not still more widespread. It has been industriously taught by our psychical researchers for some forty years and more.

Hypnotism is the correct name for the new methods. They consist of robbing the prospective customer of his free will and independent judgment, of forcing him to believe what is not true and to see what is not there. If the psychical researcher can compel his victim to see non-existent marks upon a piece of white paper there is no reason why the commercial salesman should not force his victim to see non-existent virtues in a pair of socks, or a non-existent need upon his part for a shipment of those socks. Why not? The psychical researcher has no monopoly of such powers or any others. His will is not ex-

ceptional, and his intelligence is usually below, rather than above, the average. Why, then, should we be surprised that his discoveries—although they have been known immemorially to the discreet—should speedily be enlisted by greed and fraud? It would be strange if they were not.

Of course it is not only commercialism that has grasped at these illicit powers. They are now in more or less general use by those eager to profit at the expense of others. Health, wealth, and happiness are no longer to be sought by a compliance with law, but by a violation of law. All that we have to do is to "enter the silence," or "hold an idea." Health comes from lying to ourselves and wealth from a state of mind, no matter from whose pocket the wealth is thus filched. To call these horrid ways by the name of sorcery would, of course, be to surrender to an obsolete superstition. Let us be modern and call them psychology. Let us be up to date and describe them as New Thought. So much depends upon a name.

There will be a reaction. *Cela va sans dire*. Let us hope that it be not a tragical one. An inert stupidity will presently awake to what is going on in its midst and to the psychic thuggerly of which it is being made the victim. And then will come terror, resentment, and revenge. It will be a part of the Nemesis predicted by H. P. Blavatsky when she spoke of hypnotism as one of the menaces of the days to come. For it is the old-fashioned witchcraft, strong, impenitent, malefic.

THE WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

The following item appears in the *Scientific American* of March 11th:

According to a recent report of the Public Health Service, there are now forty-one establishments in this country and abroad licensed to manufacture viruses, serums, toxins, and analogous products for the treatment of human beings, and over sixty different products are propagated therein. The establishments producing viruses, etc., for use on domestic animals are much more numerous.

This little insertion in the scientific news of the day may be commented on with profit. It indicates the methods of science for securing a healthy humanity. It makes us ask ourselves—seeing that disease is everywhere on the increase—if science intends to multiply serums to

keep pace with the multiplying diseases? It makes us ask ourselves seriously if our only hope lays in such methods as these?

Now the idea of immunity from disease and the method of securing it is borrowed from the intelligence seen working in the lower forms of life. The consciousness of insects and animals is able to react against disease and poison, and to manufacture, in varying degrees, an antidote. This reaction takes place whether the poison is from an external source, or is the product of germs multiplying within the body. That this power of the insects and animals is seen constantly to decrease as they approach the higher forms hardly makes us willing to consent to the idea that a caterpillar, for instance, is endowed with a power that has altogether vanished in the case of man. The intelligence seen in these lower forms ought rather to make us more hopeful of our own. It ought to have every power of the caterpillar, and innumerable more. It might even cause us to decide, in all frankness, that such methods as have come to seem good under the lead of a school of thought that was wholly subservient to the things which it could touch with its hands, could see with its microscopes, and cut with its knives, was a school that had bent backward in this direction, and had thereby made mistakes that were disastrous and far-reaching. Out of these mistakes humanity will have slowly and painfully to work its way. Nothing but suffering is able to open our eyes to the fact that we set up the causes of it daily. For we are an arrogant people, persistent in calling our age the culmination of enlightenment and progress, notwithstanding the ancient pyramids and buried splendors of past races as proofs to the contrary. Such arrogance is blinding. It can not see the irony of its claims or the unholy and unnatural ground on which they rest. For these claims arise from the fact of our material discoveries, mechanical contrivances, and systematized methods, which, together, constitute a frankenstein monster, whom man serves in slavery and at the cost of everything most excellent in his nature. Departing from the dignity of thoughtfulness, man gives himself up to be carried away by a science wholly engrossed in the ma-

terial and visible, and inconsiderate of his ancient prerogatives. He can no longer assume that state of mind which says, "These things do not seem wise or good. Surely the law of life must be entered by ways and methods that are not intuitively felt to be so incompatible with the natural order. Surely that law of life still holds a kingdom of health, happiness, and peace in which unreasonableness holds no part."

A forgotten passage, in an old fashion book, calls this wisdom of the world the foolishness of God.

THE MYSTICS OF BUSINESS.

(From the N. Y. *Evening Post* of March 21.)

A vast amount of "inspirational" literature for business men is appearing nowadays. It takes the form of treatises and leaflets, series of articles in newspapers, publications by "schools" of super-salesmanship, and so on. It is addressed mainly to agents and commission men and commercial travelers—to anybody, in short, who has anything to sell. But the surprising thing about it all is its method. Its aims not so much at practical instruction as at a revolution of the entire mental and moral being of the salesman. His whole spiritual nature, it seems, must be quickened before he can successfully take orders for hosiery. He has to go through a long course of brooding over the deep things of the soul. Instead of being exhorted in the old crude way to hustle and "git thar," he is taught how to release the dynamic energies hidden in his breast, how to develop an irresistible will-power, how to make selling shirts or hats an exercise in transcendental philosophy.

Specimens of the sort of mystic productions we mean have been appearing in the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*. They seek to convey, not advice, but stimulus. They are not instruction, but thrilling messages. The goal is not merely money-making, but "man-building." The man is to be built very much after the fashion of a Hindu ascetic wrapped in contemplation of his inner self—except that here the concentration of his gaze upon his own faculties is to be under expert direction. His mentor stands at his elbow to shout in his ear from time to time: "Live in the 'I will'

atmosphere"; "Eliminate doubt and 'It can't be done'"; "Keep a true focus on the world"; "Sell to yourself first"; "Keep your dynamo working." And if these cries seem a trifle disconnected to the young man ambitious to make a record in placing orders for toilet articles, he may turn his thoughts to such a continuous flow of the doctrines of the higher salesmanship as the following:

When you know where lies your real strength, and know how to find the mighty principle which governs the best impulses, then you are ready to meet every emergency. It is the strong character in man that gives him power with other men. Forceful character is nothing more than the larger development of the positive mental faculties of man. Happiness comes from service to others rather than to self. Be serious about your life problems. Overcome all difficulties. Dig deep into your own consciousness. You are stronger than you know. Living is more important than you think. Your potential producing powers are greater than you now believe.

We have no wish to decry these solemn views of business. Earnest and even fierce preaching of energy and determination may serve to stir up those qualities in some laggards. And it has always been true that exalted motives are a good thing for even lowly work. Many women have gone about their household tasks buoyed up by a sense of something finer—sweeping a room, it may be, "for Thy laws." But there is, clearly, a novel element in all this modern injunction to salesmen to lift themselves by their own moral bootstraps. It links itself with the vague ideas current about occult, psychic powers dormant in man. Sometimes, it is believed, they may be wakened and used for healing disease, sometimes for unrolling the book of fate, sometimes for piercing the veil of death. The singular thing is to find all this order of thought—or emotion—seized upon in the endeavor to enable people to sell more buttons and tape.

It is to be desired that there were some way of finding out the actual practical results of all this teaching of "success-power"—or, more vulgarly, ginger and "pep." That it must lead to disappointment is certain. Many a young salesman, thoroughly equipped by the new instruction, must have dismal experiences of unexpected failure, and be thrown back despairingly upon himself with the conviction that everything is not a dynamo that makes a noise like one.

It is evident, also, that a type of salesman disagreeable to the prospective customer is frequently developed by these modern ways of teaching. What passes for "efficiency-training" may be only old impudence writ large. But we are plainly in for a great vogue of this style of filling business men with metaphysical impulses and deep spiritual longings. It is one of the signs of a recurring mysticism even in the midst of a society that seems material and sordid.

THE IMMORTAL SEA THAT BROUGHT US HITHER.

(By Christopher Pearse Cranch.)

Tell me, brother, what are we?

Spirits bathing in the sea

Of Deity!

Half afloat and half on land,
Wishing much to leave the strand,
Standing, gazing with devotion,
Yet afraid to trust the ocean—

Such are we!

Wanting love and holiness
To enjoy the waves' caress;
Wanting faith and heavenly hope,
Buoyantly to bear us up;
Yet impatient in our dwelling,
When we hear the ocean swelling,
And in every wave that rolls
We behold the happy souls
Peacefully, triumphantly,
Swimming on the smiling sea,—
Then we linger round the shore,
Lovers of the earth no more.

Once—'twas in our infancy—
We were drifted by this sea
To the coast of human birth,
To this body and this earth,
Gentle were the hands that bore
Our young spirits to the shore;
Gentle lips that bade us look
Outward from our cradle nook
To the spirit-bearing ocean
With such wonder and devotion,
As, each stilly Sabbath day
We were led a little way
Where we saw the waters swell
Far away from inland dell,
And received with grave delight
Symbols of the Infinite:—
Then our home was near the sea;
"Heaven was round our infancy";—
Night and day we heard the waves
Murmuring by us to their caves,—
Floated in unconscious life,
With no later doubts at strife.

Trustful of th' upholding Power,
Who sustained us hour by hour.

Now we've wandered from the shore,
Dwellers by the sea no more;
Yet at times there comes a tone
Telling of the visions flown,
Soundings from the distant sea
Where we left our purity:
Distant glimpses of the surge
Lure us down to ocean's verge;
There we stand with vague distress
Yearning for the measureless,
By half-wakened instincts driven,
Half loving earth, half loving heaven,
Fearing to put off and swim,
Yet impelled to turn to Him
In whose life we live and move,
And whose very name is Love!

THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE.

It is probably well known (says the *Springfield Republican*) that the Hopi snake dance is an elaborate prayer for rain, in which the animal brothers of the Antelope and Snake *gentes* of the tribe must take part. They are gathered from the fields for that purpose, specifically entrusted with the prayers of the human participants, and then given their liberty to bear these petitions to the divinities who are able to send copious rains upon the otherwise parched fields of the Hopis. It is not extraordinarily difficult to procure permission to witness these dances. Roosevelt says in his "A Booklover's Holidays" (Scribner; \$2 net) that he was admitted to the sacred room, or kiva, as a former great chief at Washington; and that "very few white men have been thus admitted, and never unless it is known that they will treat with courtesy and respect what the Indians revere." But George Wharton James, in "Our American Wonderlands" (McClurg; \$2 net), tells of witnessing the dance four times, and compares his experiences with the authentic descriptions of Hamlin Garland, Dr. Fawkes, representatives of the Bureau of Ethnology, and others. He, like the Colonel, is glad to dissipate the impression that the dance is a wild, frenzied, fanatical ceremony, with half-nude Indians shrieking and gesticulating as they toss venomous snakes around with an utter disregard of the consequences.

The Colonel, indeed, was struck by the

quietness of the room in which the snake priests prepared for the dance, and by the quietness of the snakes. "One glided sinuously toward me; when he was a yard away, I pointed him out to the watcher with the eagle feathers; the watcher quietly extended the feathers and stroked and pushed the snake's head back, until it finally turned and crawled back to the wall. . . . Every move was made without hurry, and with quiet unconcern; neither snake or man, at any time, showed a trace of worry or anger." According to one of the descriptions quoted by Mr. James, even as carried in the dance the snakes hung peacefully, and without any action whatever, and only struck or coiled to strike after falling upon the bare rock. The Colonel offers the plausible explanation that the snake priests develop the same calm power over serpents that some men have over bees. Both writers emphasize the artistic value of the Hopi dances, the Colonel speaking in especial of the beauty of the antelope ceremonial. Each, too, makes mention of the newer efforts of the government to preserve the worthy aspects of this and other Indian arts. Secretary Lane has appointed a special instructor in native Indian music, Geoffrey O'Hara, whose purpose is to perpetuate and develop the wealth of Indian melody and poetry, and ultimately all the dancing that goes with the melody.

HOW STRANGE!

A little group of Lascars and Malays stood the other day in the auditorium of the Seamen's Institute, New York, waiting to be assigned to cots and food. Suddenly one of them found the courage to speak to the house steward.

"The east?" he asked timidly; "the east, where is she?"

The steward is accustomed to strange questions, so he did not stop to wonder. "Right there," he pointed, indicating the general conception of where the sun rises.

From beneath his coat the Moham-medan produced his tiny prayer mat, and, facing the east, he knelt and prayed.

It is strange how these superstitions persist among Oriental peoples.

THE TAO DOCTRINE OF LAO-TSZE.

(Translation of Reinhold von Plaenkner, quoted in Pfeiderer's "Religion and Historic Faiths." New York: B. W. Huebsch.)

There does exist an all-filling, completely perfect being which existed before heaven and earth. It exists in sublime stillness, it is eternal and unchangeable, and permeates unhindered everywhere. One might look on it as the creator of the world. I do not know its name, but I like the best to call it Tao (the Way); if I were to give it an attribute, it would be that of highest sublimity. Yes, sublime is that being about which moves the all and in all; as such it must be eternal; and as it is eternal, it must also be omnipresent. Yes, Tao is sublime, sublime is heaven, sublime the earth, sublime, too, is the ideal of men. * * *

The whole of created Nature, all its doing and working, is but an emanation of Tao—Tao making itself visible. Although this being is all spirit and no matter, yet does it compass all things visible and all beings are in it. Inconceivable and invisible, however, there dwells in it a sublime spirit. This spirit is the highest and most perfect, for in it are truth, faith, trust. From eternity unto eternity its glory will never cease, for in it is the union of the true, the good and the beautiful in the highest degree of perfection. But how can I know that? I know it from itself, from Tao. For through this spirit the incomplete achieves completion, perfection, fulfillment; him who is bowed down it raises up, it strengthens the weak, corrects the imperfect, as it gives new life to barren vales, new life and freshness to ruins. There are naturally only a few who understand that; most men are blinded by error. * * *

But the wise man grasps Tao, compasses it in its totality, and places it before the world, as a luminous model. For even though it be not seen, it shines clearly toward us everywhere; and though it stand not before our eyes as itself, it does make itself known through its revolutions. Though it does not praise itself for its works, yet its works do praise it; though it does not show itself in its sublimity, yet its sublimity surpasses all things. How could there

be any desire to dispute concerning it? The words which those of old had already spoken, "That which is imperfect, he will perfect," they are not vain words. No, we will in truth see perfection in light, when we enter into and return to him.

DRAGONS IN CHINA.

It seems as though one more ancient "superstition" is to be justified. An Associated Press bulletin from Peking tells us of popular excitement aroused by the reported discovery of a cavern in Szechuen Province containing the fossil remains of a dragon 500 feet long. The Chinese government discouraged the resulting religious enthusiasm while instructing certain competent persons to make a proper investigation of the discovery. Among these was Mr. J. O'Malley Irwin and Mr. M. Hewlett, the British consul at Ichang, and Mr. Irwin now gives us the following description of what he saw. He says:

A large rock is seen at the entrance to the cave and about eight yards behind this is a peculiar piece of rock somewhat like the coil of a large reptile. This resemblance, faint as it is, evidently appealed to the Chinese mind, for we were informed that the cave was sometimes called the dragon cave and that it was reputed to extend for fifty li or about seventeen miles, and to lead to the "Lung Wong Tung" or "Cave of the Dragon King," situated near Ichang.

In former years many foreigners have penetrated far beyond the spot where the fossils are now plainly visible, so that it seems likely that they have been recently uncovered, probably by a heavy discharge of water through the cave. When with the lighted lanterns we had penetrated about 100 yards we found ourselves walking along a ridge in order to keep out of the surrounding pools of water, and it was the peculiar serpentine course of this ridge which excited our curiosity and led to a closer examination which revealed the fact that we were walking along the back of what we at first supposed to be a Chinese dragon carved in stone, and that there were six or eight of these "stone dragons" lying coiled together. Additional lights in the shape of flares of bamboo rope and the examination of some loose pieces of scale informed us that the supposed stone carvings were in reality fossil.

Having no means of measuring the specimens we agreed to return to the cave early the following morning to take measurements and make such further investigations as the short time at our disposal would admit. The measurements and facts ascertained upon our return were as follows: Length of the largest fossil was between sixty and seventy feet from a point where the head was partially buried in the cave wall to the first point of contact with any of the other specimens, thus showing the length to be at least between

sixty and seventy feet, and it seemed to us that the same reptile extended for another sixty or seventy feet, but owing to the intermingling of coils of various reptiles at this point error is possible here and confirmation or otherwise must be left to more skilled observers with plenty of time at their disposal.

The depth of the portion of the body uncovered and shown in a photograph was two feet. Two legs or paddles partially uncovered were observed about twelve or fourteen feet from the head and another pair about forty or fifty feet from the same point. The head appeared to be large and flat. It seems probable that the specimen examined is a fossil of a *Morosaurus camperi* and that it and the other reptiles were trapped in the cave in past ages and there starved to death; comparison between the length of the reptile and the depth of the body and its thinness would also point to starvation as the cause of death.

An account of the discovery, accompanied by flashlight photographs and some specimens of scale have been sent to England and will be submitted to expert examination at the British Museum. Specimens and photographs have also, I believe, been sent to Tokyo for expert examination. The various experts will doubtless in due time pronounce judgment as to the genuineness of the fossils, but in any case, whether the specimens are in the meantime looked upon as fossils, stone carvings, or peculiar water formations in the soft limestone, they will, I venture to predict, remain objects of extraordinary interest, and nothing short of the definite pronouncement of experts will convince the ordinary unskilled observer that they are anything else but fossils.

Those interested in the matter would do well to consult the "Secret Doctrine," where the references to dragons are numerous and illuminating.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

April 10—The wheel of sacrifice has Love for its nave, Action for its tire, and Brotherhood for its spokes.

April 11—Man consists of desires. And as is his desire, so is his will; and as is his will, so is his deed; and whatever deed he does, that he will reap.

April 12—A stone becomes a plant; a plant a beast; the beast a man; a man a Spirit; and the Spirit—God.

April 13—There exists no spot on the earth, or in the sky, or in the sea, neither is there any in the mountain-clefts, where an evil deed does not bring trouble to the doer.

April 14—Whoever, not being a sanctified person, pretends to be a Saint, he is indeed the lowest of all men, the thief in all worlds, including that of Brahma.

April 15—If a man consorting with

me (Buddha) does not conform his life to my commandments, what benefit will ten thousand precepts be to him?

April 16—He who smites will be smitten; he who shows rancor will find rancor; so, from reviling cometh reviling, and to him who is angered comes anger.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Since no single item in the entire Kosmos is without life and consciousness, how much more than must its mighty globes be filled with both—though they remain sealed books to us men who can hardly enter even into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?—Vol. II, p. 742.

Each week has a distinct occult character in the lunar month; each day of the twenty-eight has its special characteristics; for each of the twelve constellations, whether separately or in combination with other signs, has an Occult influence either for good or for evil.—Vol. I, p. 440.

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its Occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effect. The vowels especially contain the most Occult and formidable potencies.—Vol. I, p. 121.

Each people and nation . . . has its direct Watcher, Guardian and Father in Heaven—a Planetary Spirit. We are willing to leave their own national God, Jehovah, to the descendants of Israel, the worshippers of Sabaoth or Saturn; for, indeed, the Monads of the people chosen by him are his own, and the Bible has never made any secret of it. . . . The "Lord" Jehovah took Israel for his portion; what have other nations to do with that particular national Deity? Let, then, the "Angel Gabriel" watch over Iran and "Mikael-Jehovah" over the Hebrews. These are not the Gods of other nations, and it is difficult to see why Christians should have selected a God against whose commandants Jesus was the first to rise in rebellion.—Vol. I, p. 630.

Each entity must have won for itself the right of becoming divine, through self-experience.—Vol. I, p. 132

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE MAN OF GENIUS.

A considerable shelf could be filled with the modern books that have been written upon the meaning and nature of genius, and it may be said that the theories advanced in those books are quite as varied as their size and binding. The mystery of genius stands unsolved, alike by those who would dismiss it with some foolish and depreciatory phrase and by those who recognize its shining isolation among the phenomena of the human mind.

Perhaps no other word has been so misused. It has been misused by a current colloquialism which identifies it with mere skill, aptitude, and capacity. It has been still more misused by the intellectual conceit of the day, which refuses to recognize any powers essentially different from its own, and which defends itself by arrogant denials against every mystery that it can not solve. Carlyle is supposed to have said—although he said nothing of the sort—that genius is merely the capacity for taking pains. It was a phrase exactly adapted to our vanities, and therefore it was greedily accepted. We can all take pains, or we think that we can, and therefore we are all geniuses. Assuredly we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us.

But certainly genius is not merely the capacity to take pains. There are innumerable people who have an almost infinite capacity to take pains, and they have not a single mark of genius. And

there have been many geniuses whose chief characteristic has been the power to achieve great things without taking any pains at all. Beethoven, who was a master of the piano at the age of four years, can hardly be said to have taken pains to acquire the art of music. Certainly Joan of Arc took no pains to acquire the art of war, nor Abraham Lincoln the art of government. Whatever else genius may be, it certainly does not come from taking pains. The definition is not only incorrect. It is diametrically and pointedly false.

Genius is not an extension of some normal power in the same way that running is an extension of walking. It is distinctive and abnormal. It stands alone. It is a light shining in darkness, a green tree in a desert, a star in the sky. There have been mighty intellects that were wholly untouched by genius, and there has been genius nearly unsupported by intellect. Zerah Colburn, who at the age of six performed mathematical feats that are nearly incredible, was not intellectual, seeing that he could do nothing else, and certainly he did not acquire this power by taking pains. Mozart said that his musical compositions came "involuntarily, like dreams." There was no intellectual power here, nor the taking of pains. Robert Louis Stevenson said that the plots of his novels came to him in dreams, and while Stevenson was certainly a man of intellect as well as a man of genius, we may seriously ask our-

selves whether these powers were co-operative or antagonistic. Unquestionably they were different, and even unrelated.

Ordinary minds obtain knowledge through experience. Genius needs no experience—at least as that word is ordinarily used. Ordinary minds traffic with the outside world over the bridge of the senses. Genius is independent of the senses. Ordinary minds must cogitate, reflect, compare, and analyze. Genius perceives. It needs no clumsy mechanism. It is a flame without fuel. It is the primordial fire, consciousness without a veil.

Genius will never be understood without the aid of Occultism. We may prate as we will about the subconscious mind—of all idiotic phrases the most idiotic. We may deceive ourselves by meaningless words until our ignorance becomes contagious, but eventually we shall be forced toward the truth, and therefore toward freedom and wisdom. Without the postulate of a divine and indwelling consciousness which is obscured and obstructed by the brain we shall never know the meaning of genius nor realize its accessibility by all. When that divine consciousness is forced into the mold of the senses, shaped and governed and deluded by them, it becomes the normal mentality of humanity. When that divine consciousness is liberated from the senses it becomes genius, however slight that liberation may be, however rigidly it be confined to the line of least resistance. Wherever we see a display of knowledge that could not have been gained normally through the sense avenues there we see a ray of that divine consciousness. Perhaps it is only a ray. Perhaps it flashed forth but once like a spark from a flint. But it proves the presence of the sun, as certainly as does a passing gleam in the stagnant waters of a sewer.

We can not take a portion of occult philosophy and reject or ignore the remainder. If the "subconscious mind" has powers that are greater and grander than those of the normal mind, then the subconscious mind must be the greater and grander of the two. It can not be the satellite of its inferior. It must be the normal mind that is the satellite, the servant, the tool. If the "subconscious mind" has knowledge that it could not

have gained during this life—the knowledge of Mozart, for example—then it must have gained that knowledge in some other life. It must be the "subconscious mind" that travels eternally onward from incarnation to incarnation, projecting from itself the messenger, the ambassador, the tentacle, that we learn to call our minds, and withdrawing it back again to itself, experience-laden, at the close of the incarnation that we call death. This is what Krishna means when he says that the devotee, being reborn, comes again into contact with the knowledge already gained. He can reach his soul and draw from the experience of the ages. He is a genius.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Fearful and wonderful are the diplomacies of the popular scientist. He writes for the newspapers, and so he must be careful to express no opinion that may offend the prejudices of its readers and thus divert the nimble nickel from the office treasury. If he ventures on a suggestion that may conflict with a theological dogma he does so with a genuflexion to the church. If he throws a comfortable crumb to orthodoxy he calls the attention of science to the fact that he means no harm, and that faith must always live in a world of its own, from which facts are rigidly excluded.

Take, for example, the case of Professor Garrett P. Serviss, whose ingratiating countenance, invariably portrayed at the head of his column, is calculated to inspire confidence and even credulity. Professor Serviss replies to the questions of the scientifically curious and presents them with a selection of theories for which they may pay their money and from which they may take their choice according to their prejudices and previous conditions of servitude. Thus we find one luminary who wants to know if man has reached the summit of his possibilities. Will the professor, who knows everything, please tell him?

The professor will. The brain, he says, has been growing in complexity "for tens of thousands and probably hundred of thousands of years." Chronology, we observe, is always treated with a tactful deference. It does not matter, he continues, "whether we assume that the mind is simply a manifestation of the

activity of the brain, or that the brain is only an instrument of the mind, the final result is the same as far as the development of man's physical form is concerned."

But the question did not relate to the physical form. It related to "man," and therefore it matters a great deal whether "man" is or is not simply a brain. Indeed nothing else matters. But apparently it was necessary to hold the scales evenly between theology and materialism. Once more you may pay your money and take your choice. Whatever your opinions may happen to be the popular scientist will be pleased to confirm them.

But having made his little obeisance to popular materialism and displayed a desirable neutrality, the Professor goes on to argue from the anti-materialistic standpoint. The mind, he says, for ages, "has been shaping and improving its tool," and in fact we may consider that every part of the body is thus the tool of the mind, and subject to its shaping and molding influence.

Admirable! Nothing could be better. But how about the alternative offered to us in the previous paragraph? We may believe, it seems, that the carpenter and the saw are identical, but none the less the saw has been sharpened and improved by the carpenter. There may be no difference between the violinist and the violin, but the violin owes its harmonies and its perfections to the violinist. It is hard to resist the conviction that if the learned professor would but descend from the fence and say something definite he would be more helpful than he is. But it is one of the rules of the modern newspaper to say nothing that can possibly offend any one with a nickel. All orders attended to with promptness and dispatch.

There are other questions, such as "How did animal life come into existence?" Some say one thing, replies the Professor, and some another. The beginning of life may be regarded as "miraculous," and then again it may be the result of "chemical and physical operations." It may have started from some "original germ" by a special effort of creative power," and then have "just growed," like Topsy, and of course there is always "evolution from preceding forms." On the other hand it may have

done none of these things. So now we know all about it, and we are all pleased and contented and happy because, you see, we were right after all. The Professor says so.

SUCCESS.

Character and knowledge come from the same source; they come from life. Such men as Lincoln, Emerson, Plato, or Christ were great because they were reflectors of more life than the average man. When Lincoln wrote his expressions of sympathy to the mother who had lost five sons in the war we see him occupying a place outside of himself. He was in this woman's grief. Not, however, as one who comes to add more tears, but as one who stands on a foundation of eternal depth and endurance, and with the guidance of an outstretched hand assists another to rest upon the same within himself.

The great have had some reserve force to offer, else we would not acknowledge them. The fact is we look to them, and count on them, yet, while we accord them success, we can not see the source of it in the commonplace and memento. Character is a development which has its roots deep in life—a life which expresses itself in sisters and brothers, in employers and mothers-in-law, in strangers and in neighbors. Secretly or ruthlessly we evade the distasteful in these, to overleap our true selves in a personal striving which begins and ends in surfaces. We refuse intercourse with these claims of the larger life and then wonder that we remain small.

Nothing is small or great to a member of life. Life is dealt with in its moments. Each moment has its eternal value. Something of all that has been in the past made this moment. It presents itself for a new birth. As we are masters of it, or fail to be such, do we create future moments of mastership or of serfdom.

For serfdom is that state of the mind which feels itself in the misery and discontent of bondage to a disagreeable present. It therefore restlessly strives to loosen its fetters from the things of the hour, and enter a set of circumstances which its desires have pictured as existing in a future. These future conditions appear just within its grasp, yet they are ever denied by the demands of

present duty. The life is filled with unrest. It is meeted out with silent hate and grudge.

From such an attitude of slavery there is but one escape. The condition must be mastered by a mind that lets go of it. Liking and disliking are means of attraction. The most complete acceptance wins the freest passport. As a man sets up different modes of thought, which are different rates of etheric vibration, so does his instrument of sending become the one station in all life most receptive to their reflex action. He is, therefore, in his moments of mastery approaching mastership, and in his moments of inward rebellion he is renewing the causes of slavery. He makes that which appears as the limitation of the present extend also to the future in his own character. This character can move out into liberty only through mastery. It can evade nothing. It can skip nothing. It can never get rid of itself. But it can master all things, and thus change everything with which it is connected. This is the mastership that makes some men great and more successful than others. Nothing can shake or jar such a great one. No days can go wrong with him. He realizes that life must have her share in redeeming him from himself into her largeness. He knows he is not brave enough to do this by himself. If left alone, a man's efforts are always after his own desires. A duty may be planned that is full of purpose, but if life presents something else, this must be recognized as equally a portion of the ultimate object of living. Hence it has a claim as important as any, though it come dressed in insignificance and distastefulness, and obtrude itself right in the face of the regular and important. Only a master of character will see that success or failure here is success or failure all the way through. It is only as a great one's life and light have been shared—engendering light and faith where there was none—that his flame comes to include these extensions from himself. This is a success not counted in houses or merchandise, but extending through life after life in character, knowledge, and circumstances.

The shouts of the success lecturers of the day—"fix your will on the goal, hold it there, fight hard, and success is yours"—founded as they are on a perversion of the basic truths, on a direct violation

of the law of life, are in the end, no matter what the temporary result may seem to be to the contrary, productive of a dwarfed character, a limitation of natural help, and a set of future conditions that will be most painful to eradicate. Such action is total loss.

The most profound philosophy has the most practical help to true success. It is for the very reason of the subtle power of the will, of the energy it is capable of generating and storing in unseen realms, and of the mysterious part that this energy will play in shaping the events of future fate and destiny, that it is declared to be a power which it is unwise to use in ignorance. Its only right use, since it is life's one great power, is the use that recognizes it as such, and uses it with and not contrary to, life's evolutionary aims. Now life's evolutionary aims must necessarily include the perfection of all men. In the perfection of himself a man has a right to follow the calling of his tastes and intuitions. It is obligatory that he use his will. He is successful only as he brings the whole force of himself into play. But this will is not the will that forces its way at the expense of other life. It wins its way by the merit that it earns in living for that life. Many of its victories are victories of restraint.

For each man has a place wholly his own, and all life will love him, and be grateful to him, in proportion as he fills it well. He is without a duplicate in all the universe. He is able to furnish to the whole something that is different from all others. This is his pride, his importance, and his high place of responsibility. But his dependence is as great. It is all other life that makes his life rich. When he would not have been able to grow by himself it forced him to do so. What he could not furnish from within, it freely supplied. He is free to draw on its thoughts, its beauty, and its knowledge without limit. As far as he can see the whole of life exists but to complete and to enrich his own.

But let not the fact of power within, and bounty without, deprive the things of the commonplace, and the trials of the moment, of their true setting. Rather believe that in the patience engendered by the lowliest is won the poise that will be needed for the greatest.

Let a man take himself where he finds himself; let him enlarge his responsibility

to himself and to life; let him exercise this responsibility with an unflinching will, and with a silence that courts nothing. Let him know that when the battle is won on this inner battlefield, the victory is his. Then he steps out through the opening that his own greater character makes possible. He may not see this move—but neither does he see the acorn change into the oak. True growth and true development are thus. This is true development. Nothing else abides. Only its victories measure true success.

TO VOLNEY STREAMER.

When in the tranquil æons,
Where in the cosmic plan,
How did I meet you
And know you and greet you,
Ere you were born a man?

*Dim like a dream in the morning,
Blurred like a cross-writ page,
My memory clings to you,
Grope for you, sings to you,
Friend of my yesterage!*

Were we two souls in the æther
Flung from a central Soul?
In the vaults of the Blue
Did I first find you,
Where the great sun-rivers roll?

Did we together wander
Unto the gates of the earth,
Longing for breath
And the wisdom of death,
Seeking the boon of birth?

Where did we meet thereafter?
Why do you serve me so?
What have I wrought for you?
Could I have fought for you,
Died for you, ages ago?

Once in a city of wonders,
Was I a poet-king?
And were you a lad
Of the sheep-lands, mad—
Mad with the passion to sing?

And could I have heard your piping
(Oh, the centuries since!)
Bid my horns blown for you,
Shared my proud throne with you,
Clad you with purple, a prince?

Where does our dust lie buried?
When shall it all be clear?
From There and Then,
Oh, how and when
Did we come to the Now and Here?

*It is dim like a dream in the morning;
It is blurred like a cross-writ page:
Yet—somehow I cling to you,
Grope for you, sing to you—
Friend of my yesterage!*

—John G. Neihardt.

MR. SINNETT AGAIN.

An article by Mr. A. P. Sinnett is always an intellectual delight to the student and we may congratulate ourselves that a certain softening of the English crust of literary convention is enabling Mr. Sinnett's articles to appear more frequently in the staid columns of the *Nineteenth Century*. Some of the articles have already been mentioned in these columns, and now we have another entitled "The World's Place in the Universe," and equally rich in helpfulness and suggestion.

Astronomy, says Mr. Sinnett, has forced itself upon theological recognition. Orthodox religion was anxious enough to be on the side of the angels, but it unaccountably supposed that the angels would be disestablished if one were allowed to see how they did their work:

Religion reconstructed on scientific principles must build up a conception of divinity by working from below upward. The earlier fashion attempted to work from above downward. "In the beginning" certain things happened, we were told—by teachers who, quite reasonably in dealing with young people, ignored the idea that Eternity has no beginning. But now that embryology must be recognized as a method of creation when we talk about the human form, we feel the need of an embryology as applied to planetary creation. And so we come to recognize the subtle, mysterious laws of organic growth—not as displacing the Divine creative Will, but as the agency by which it is fulfilled in physical manifestation.

And so we must recognize that Divine agency finds its expression and mechanism through an elaborate hierarchy of Spiritual Beings behind which is the Power that we may symbolize as the Sun.

But we can not stop when we reach the Sun. We are dealing with Infinity. And so we know now that the Sun himself is moving through space at the rate of twelve to fourteen miles a second and drawing his retinue of planets with him. And since all celestial movements are elliptical or circular we may assume that the Sun also is moving in this way, though the measurable arc may be so small as to seem like a straight line. The

Sun therefore must be revolving around a centre:

The centre around which the Solar System is gravitating will be found to be the star Sirius. Common knowledge gives us an approximate measure of some stellar distances. The figures accepted by astronomers for the moment as the distance of Sirius, taking "light years" as the unit, is 8.8, or call it eight and three-quarters. A light year is the distance light crosses in a year, moving at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. So it would be inconvenient to give stellar distances in miles. Moreover, there is a wide margin for possible errors in calculations concerned with the parallax of stars. Perhaps it will be found that Sirius is a bit further off than the currently accepted calculation assumes, but anyhow the real distance is in the same order of magnitude. Estimates of the size and luminosity of Sirius vary very widely—from 300 to 1000 times the size and brightness of our sun, but either guess fits in with the main idea to be grasped. Obviously our Sun can not be the only one that revolves around Sirius. Directly that idea is appreciated, we realize that Sirius must be the central sun of a vast system, in which such suns as ours must be, to Sirius, what the planets are to our Sun.

Just as astronomy helps us to understand the infinitely great, so there is another science that helps us to understand the infinitely small:

Certainly if we turn our attention from the appalling magnitudes of astronomy to the phenomena of the infinitely little, the measurements we have to deal with are equally bewildering. Physicists tell us that a cubic centimeter of water contains thirty trillions of molecules. That if a glass globe four inches in diameter were absolutely empty and air molecules admitted at the rate of a hundred million a second, 50,000 years would elapse before the globe was full. Such figures are more amusing than instructive, but they may help us, to some extent, in our attempt to formulate a conception of the Divine Hierarchy. The attributes of the physical molecules—the laws they obey, are obviously as much an expression of Divine Will as the forces that regulate the march of solar systems in the Svrian Cosmos. Within our Solar System the Divine Hierarchy extends downwards, as definitely as, beyond it, it extends upward; and though, as we attempt to understand it in its lower levels, we shall soon find mental difficulties almost as insuperable as those attending efforts in the other direction, we can, with the help from certain sources of information, arrive at some intelligence conclusions.

The author's sketch of the part played by Free Will and Karma upon this tremendous stage seems to be particularly fine. The stage is set for the performance of the Divine Will, but the actors are responsible for the rôles that they play:

In other words, while Divine agency in-

vests them with their opportunity, their own free will is left to determine the use they make of this. But they must not be allowed to wreck the whole undertaking by too gross a misuse of that free will. The drama is intended to have a happy ending. So over and above or apart from the hierarchies that provide the conditions, Divine ordination provides for a governing hierarchy that does not actually control the actors—put words into their mouths, so to speak, or manage them like marionettes—but causes them to feel disagreeable consequences from blundering; invests them with larger consciousness as they willingly fall into line with the Divine idea. Of course that governing hierarchy is merged in its loftier levels with the superior agents of infinite Divinity, but on its less exalted levels is in close touch with our own humanity. This thought leads up to what is perhaps the most important idea of all that I have been endeavoring to suggest. Humanity itself recruits the governing hierarchy. Its members on the first important level above ordinary humanity have been, at some remote periods in the past, human beings like (the best of) ourselves. We speak of them now, those of us who have the privilege of more or less knowing them, as great adepts, Masters of Wisdom, Brothers of the Great White Lodge, or by any other phrases approximately appropriate. They are in normal periods equal to the task—under Divine inspiration, of which they, of course, are vividly conscious—of carrying on the government of the world in so far as it needs adjustment or interference.

We are not able wholly to understand their place in nature. They work on planes of consciousness beyond our cognition, and they employ forces unknown to science, "using the physical body merely as a vehicle to be occupied or left aside as convenience may suggest:

But we need not torment imagination by following that thought too far. It is enough to know that here and now we are candidates for the Divine evolution; that there is no solution of continuity from this stage of existence up to those that have been faintly suggested in these pages and are hopelessly dazzling to mental vision as we dwell in thought on their attributes and power. This humanity of ours, even as we contemplate its visible varieties from the savage to the greatest philosopher, is obviously a vast procession moving through the ages, each immortal spirit ever seeking new and new incarnations till gathered experience and effort entitle it to those of the loftiest order. The appreciation of this idea marks a huge advance beyond the primitive conception of an eternal perpetuation of each grotesquely incomplete being. But such an appreciation is merely a step in the direction of the grander conception. The highest level of moral and intellectual attainment on the stage of this world's potentialities is but a new beginning, a point of departure for a progress beyond the precise comprehension of physically incarnate intelligence, but happily not altogether veiled from our view. No matter for the moment whether there be other worlds affording still more

favorable opportunities for embodied consciousness. That is no concern of ours. We may be fully content to know that however the preparatory processes leading up to the Divine Hierarchy may be provided for in other worlds, this of ours has a place in the Universe in direct relation with all the infinitudes that simple word represents—with all that the most illuminated reverence can suggest when we presume to speak of God.

Mr. Sinnett is to be congratulated on an article that is both strong and helpful and that can hardly fail of its effect on recipient minds.

THE PILGRIM.

I am my ancient self.
Long paths I've trod,
The luring light before,
Behind, the rod;
And in the beam and blow
The misty God.

I am my ancient self.
My flesh is young,
But old, mysterious words
Engage my tongue,
And weird, lost songs
Old bards have sung.

I have not fared alone.
In mount and dell
The one I fain would be
Stands by me well,
And bids my man's heart list
To the far bell.

Give me nor ease nor goal—
Only the Way,
A bit of bread and sleep
Where the white waters play.
The pines, the patient stars,
And the new day.

—Richard Wightman in *"Ashes and Sparks."*

STILL UNFULFILLED.

(Isaiah, Chapter 11.)

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse; and a branch shall grow out of his roots;

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with

equity for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked; and righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatlings together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed and their young ones shall lie together and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the suckling child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand in the cockatrice den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

April 17—"He abused me, he reviled me, he beat me, he subdued me"; he who keeps this in mind, and who feels resentment, will find no peace.

April 18—Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

April 19—When your mind shall have crossed beyond the taint of delusion, then will you become indifferent to all that you have heard or will hear.

April 20—The wise guard the home of nature's order; they assume excellent forms in secret.

April 21—If thou loset all, and gettest wisdom by it, thy loss is thy gain.

April 22—Empty thy mind of evil, but fill it with good.

April 23—Great works need no great strength, but perseverance.

Every atom in the Universe has the potentiality of self-consciousness in it, and is, like the Monads of Leibnitz, a Universe in itself, and for itself. *It is an atom and an angel.*—Vol. I, p. 132.

Tzu Kung said: "I am anxious to avoid doing to others that which I would not have them do to me." The Master said: "Tzu, you have not got as far as that."—*Analects*. Digitized by Google

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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FIT TO SURVIVE.

The doctrine of the survival of the fit was naturally hailed with delight as a message of emancipation from the moral law. Humanity, already restive under the restraints of ecclesiastical creeds, turned with relief toward a science that promised to abolish them. The supernaturalism of the churches had been tried in the balances and found wanting, and the scientific reaction, when it came, swept away not only the supernaturalism, but also the morality upon which it had been founded, but which it no longer represented. Indeed there was a certain vindictiveness in the energy with which the world of intellect repudiated the old theology and turned toward the new evangel of materialism that offered a justification for most of the things that men wanted to do.

The extent to which Darwin and his teachings had been misunderstood need not be considered here. Darwin, in his old age, asked plaintively if the blame for that misunderstanding must be laid on his own powers of exposition or upon the receptive intelligence of his audience. No one lamented the misconception more than himself nor the waywardness with which his teachings had been enlisted in the service of a predatory selfishness. But it was too late to rectify the wrong. Nor would humanity have willingly surrendered a doctrine that exalted aggression and force to a

place among the virtues. It was too convenient to be abandoned.

Darwin did indeed teach the survival of the fit. With an almost unprecedented prodigality of evidence he showed that nature gave her protection only to those creatures that were able to adapt themselves to their environment. In every department of life we were invited to observe the struggle for existence and the extinction of the conquered. For the weakling, for the disabled, for the inefficient, there was no toleration. In the tremendous conflict of evolution no quarter was expected or given. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," was inexorable in her demand for fitness. She would tolerate only the best. All others must go down.

Darwin's illustrations were drawn mainly from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and here we find the reasons for the misconceptions that have proved so fatal. They would have been avoided had we proved a little more attentive to his teachings about the human kingdom, but these we carefully avoided in our eagerness to find a justification for our animal behavior.

It is true that Darwin taught the survival of the fit, but he gave no justification for our hasty and careless, and even vicious, assumptions as to what constitutes fitness. Nowhere does he suggest that there is any general standard of fitness to be applied indiscriminately to all departments of nature. Quite the con-

trary. He tells us that fitness is adaptability to environment, but before we can determine as to the fitness of any particular character or capacity we must first of all decide as to the nature of the environment. That the fitness of the tiger is to be found in the length of his claws and the sharpness of his teeth is true enough. It is true enough that cunning, ruthlessness, and secretiveness are among the marks of fitness in the animal world. But they are not necessarily among the marks of fitness in the human kingdom. And Darwin never said that they were, nor thought that they were. Indeed he said and thought directly the opposite. To quote Darwin and his "survival of the fit" in defense of human rapacity or predatoriness is to show one's self wholly ignorant of Darwinism. It was against this very mistake—often a willful one—that Darwin protested. The environment in the various kingdoms of nature is wholly different. The capacity that marks the maximum of fitness in one department may equally be the sign of the minimum of fitness in another. Nature may applaud the efficiency of teeth and claws in the tiger. She may instantly condemn a corresponding efficiency in men. And when we look at the European war and the calamities produced by this very misconception of Darwinism and by a determination to become "fit" by imitating the fitness of the tiger, we may realize that we are learning a lesson that ought not to be repeated. The jungle is not a pleasant place to live, and nature has evidently determined that mankind shall be driven from it and divorced from its laws.

It may be remembered that Huxley did what he could to rectify the mischievous misunderstandings of Darwinism. Addressing the University of Edinburgh, he said that the survival of the fit was undoubtedly a law of nature, but that we must be extraordinarily careful to make no mistake as to nature's definition of fitness. The fitness of one department was no indication of the fitness of another. And then the great evolutionist went on to one of the most surprising declarations ever made in the name of science. He said that fitness in the animal kingdom consisted of rapacity, cruelty, speed, and the power of concealment, but that in the human kingdom it

consisted of unselfishness, of the disposition to serve and to renounce. The principle was the same. Nature was still determined to preserve the fit, but the conditions of fitness had changed between the two kingdoms. Indeed their character was reversed. The animal must serve itself. Man must serve others. Nature demanded selfishness from the animal, but unselfishness from man. She would destroy the animal for the lack of those very characteristics that she would presently destroy man for possessing. This, said Huxley, was the true Darwinism. Man might continue for a time to imitate the tiger and to obey the law of the jungle. Nature was slow, cautious, and deliberate. But the time would soon come when man must recognize, not that the law had changed—laws never change—but that man had reached a point where the application of the law had changed. Those who persisted in their obedience to the rule of the jungle would be among the unfit to survive, and nature would destroy them. Nature seems to be doing so now. And she will certainly extend her corrective hand so far as may be necessary.

Therefore it is time that we ceased to quote Darwinism as a justification for selfishness. Darwinism contains no such teaching. Darwinism says that selfishness is a good thing for tigers, but the worst of all bad things for men. Darwinism says that human society must be founded, not on antagonisms and rivalries, but on helpfulness. And so it may be suggested to those who talk overmuch about the survival of the fit in justification of their own wrongdoing that they appeal unto Cæsar somewhat less eloquently lest it happen that unto Cæsar they must go.

For heaven ghostly is as high down as up, and up as down; behind as before before as behind, on one side as another. Inasmuch that whoso had a true desire for to be at heaven, then that same time he were in heaven ghostly. For the high and the next way thither is run by desires, and not by paces of feet.—*The Cloud of Unknowing*.

Feel sin a lump, thou wottest never what, but none other thing than thyself.—*The Cloud of Unknowing*.

THE RULE OF THE GODS.

What is the Karmic reason for the absence of great men in these great times? How long before the Masters of Wisdom may be expected to rule humanity?

The great men will come when the causes that produce great men have matured, but we do not know except in a general way what those causes are. The great men of the world have usually come in groups, and those groups seem to obey a cyclic law like everything else in nature. There are seasons of night and day in human history just as in the life of the individual, periods when genius blazes forth irresistibly, and other periods when the fires die down and the "dark ages" supervene. We find one such group of great men in ancient Athens, another during the Elizabethan period in England, and still another and a very extensive one covering the Napoleonic era and the American Revolutionary War. It may be that these successive groups are composed more or less of the same men who are brought back into incarnation by the still unexhausted forces that they themselves generated or guided.

The second question is comparatively easy to answer. We may expect that the Masters of Wisdom will rule humanity as soon as humanity is willing to be ruled by the Masters of Wisdom. Indeed, those who are anxious to be ruled by Masters of Wisdom may have their desire at once. They need not wait for some spectacular event. The scriptures of the world are full of the advice and precepts given to the world by Masters of Wisdom, and there is certainly no precipitate haste to take the advice or to obey the precepts. We may even observe that those who seem most expectant of the coming of some sort of Avatar are often curiously indifferent to the teachings of the Avatars who have already come. One might almost suppose that they expect the new Avatar to abrogate the moral law rather than to enforce it, and so to relieve them from obligations that they seem to find irksome. It may be that such an Avatar would be gratified to find that new buildings had been erected for his accommodation, and that all sorts of "occult" orders had been established for his welcome, but the uninitiated may be excused for believing

that his coming might above all other ways be hastened by "the formation of the nucleus of an universal brotherhood of humanity," a feat that so far has been hardly even attempted, much less achieved.

If a Master of Wisdom were incarnate today it is hard to see in what way he could add to the teachings already given. Certainly he would not interest himself in the little people who whisper mysterious nothings to each other and quite heartily hate those who do not happen to agree with them. Presumably such a Master could do no more than counsel men to love each other as of old. He could not add to the wisdom of Christ, and Buddha, and Krishna, nor would he be likely to attempt such a thing so long as that wisdom is utterly ignored. The way is already wide open to those who wish to be governed by Masters of Wisdom and to enter into relationships with them, and it is a way alike so hard and so easy that there are very few who can see how it opens before their feet.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

April 24—Sleep is but birth into the land of Memory; birth but a sleep in the oblivion of the Past.

April 25—To forgive without forgetting is again to reproach the wrongdoer every time the act comes back to us.

April 26—Every man contains within himself the potentiality of immortality, equilibrated by the power of choice.

April 27—He who lives in one color of the rainbow is blind to the rest. Live in the light diffused through the entire arc, and you will know it all.

April 28—Every time the believer pronounces the word Om, he renews the allegiance to the divine potentiality enshrined within his soul.

April 29—People talk of the Devil. Every man has seen him; he is in every sinful heart.

April 30—The Higher Self knows that highest home of Brahman, which contains all and shines so bright. The wise who without desiring happiness worship that SELF, are not born again.

THE ORIGIN OF REASON.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, draws eloquent attention to the significance of Mr. Arthur J. Balfour's "Humanism and Theism," a significance that will not be lost upon the Theosophist, who will see in it the evidence of a further approach toward the Occult Philosophy.

One of the most striking of Mr. Balfour's contentions is the argument that reason must have not only a rational end, but a rational origin. Naturalism would ask us to believe that human reason was derived from animals that have no reason, and, still further back, from substance that is not even sentient. Nor does the struggle for existence explain the higher faculties already common to humanity. A love of beauty and of virtue do not aid in the struggle for existence. On the contrary they hinder it. None the less we have them. Another point of value advanced by Mr. Balfour is the orderliness of the universe. Can we believe that non-sentient matter, unconscious matter, presents movements and combinations calculable by the mathematician. The mathematical mind finds in nature the evidence of intelligent mathematical design.

Humanity has steadily developed the powers, sensory and otherwise, that serve to bring it into relation with reality. There was a time when men were slowly developing the sense of sight by the evolution of pigment cells covered by transparent skin:

In the early stages of sensitiveness to light there might have been agnostics as to the claim that these new impressions gave real knowledge of objective reality. They might have maintained the whole of this new kind of experience to be purely subjective. Others, noting the universality of the new ideas, their consistency and their coincidence with undeniable experiences in touch, might have maintained that this new phase pointed us to "a beyond," though the exact nature of that "beyond" could not be known. And their faith would have been justified by the event.

There are no longer agnostics as to the reality of the sense of sight, but there is a sturdy reluctance to recognize that the process of enlargement still continues, and that what may be called the advance guard of other and far greater powers are dealing with realities that are none the less realities because they have not yet been generally attained.

The skeptic maintains that we have "neither a faculty nor the rudiment of a faculty" for apprehending divinity, and that we are merely wasting our time on matters that can never come within the sphere of knowledge. But this is denied by Mr. Ward. He says that we have the rudiment of a faculty, and perhaps something much more than a rudiment. We have the rational and moral nature of man, phenomena that are just as portentous as the slow development of the physical eye and just as significant:

May it not, then, be maintained that similarly the rational and moral faculties of man, while they explain lower stages of experience, likewise suggest further and higher stages; that while they explain the past, they forecast the future; that while they explain phenomena of which sensible knowledge by itself gave only an initial apprehension, they give likewise an initial apprehension of a further Reality, full knowledge of which would, in turn, complete their somewhat indefinite intimations? Is not this an intelligible explanation of the appearance, at the highest stage of evolution hitherto reached, of conscience and the religious consciousness? And when—in spite of theological logomachies which represent partly, as I have said, the waste incident to evolution—men of religious genius one after another give a more coherent account of the Being to whose existence all religions point, have we not the growth in consistency which justifies faith or trust, and is the first test that we are on the track to more systematic knowledge?

Mr. Balfour objects strongly to the theory that would account for all human powers upon the ground of heredity. Without disputing the facts of heredity he shows that there have been additions to consciousness and that, in the words of Mr. Ward, "when we come to conscious life, each stage in its evolution gives new perceptions differing in kind from the previous stage." For this reason Mr. Balfour "demands a source for reason and morals distinct from the shady ancestry which naturalistic evolution provides."

Mr. Balfour's book and Mr. Ward's essay have therefore a distinct significance for the Theosophist, who will be reminded of those numerous and extensive parts of the *Secret Doctrine* dealing with the sources of the Higher Mind and the debt of humanity to the Solar Gods. Indeed what have we here but a modern interpretation and confirmation of the myth of Prometheus the Titan who suffered for his priceless gift of fire to men?

REINCARNATION IN FICTION.

Comparatively few novelists have chosen reincarnation for their theme and this is strange, considering the prominent place Occultism has always taken in fiction. Marie Corelli wrote a novel of reincarnation, but with this exception there are very few story-tellers of the front rank, or anything like the front rank, who have felt themselves drawn toward a theme that should be so rich in romance and the drama.

But now comes Mr. Vance Thompson with a series of stories based upon the idea of rebirth. He calls his book "The Carnival of Destiny," and perhaps its purpose is best outlined in the following quotation from his preface:

He in whom life is potent has journeyed long through the years, acquiring, attaining, perfecting the machine which is his Ego.

For him, as for others, existence is a closed door, behind which mysterious silences stretch away. Yet now and then he hears faint sounds in the corridor—shadowy steps and voices. But does he hear? He does not know.

Walking in a crowded street he sees a face; and it haunts him, he knows not why. And he says to himself:

"Yes, I have seen that face before, but not as now—I did not see that face in a crowded street." Suddenly an inevitable memory rises in him. The sight of that face has created a vision of a wet roadway, of swords, of torches, of blood. And he knows. Nor does it seem strange to meet, thus, in a crowded street, him whom he killed in the gray mist of time. Again and again in the centuries he shall meet and know him—as when first he saw him in the torchlight, his enemy. Life is so long, so long—and there is no end.

Men and women I know passed in their interminable journey down the years; in the darkness. Now and then I saw them—as nightfarers see the word on a sign-post by the light of a carriage-lamp, held high. So they stood for a moment, urgent and proximate, in a wavering circle of light; they stepped back into the shadow of the years; then darkness and silence. I shall not see them again; and if I see them, shall I know? They have vanished into the Presence.

Tomorrow on the bridge by the old church I may meet a haggard man who has come sinning down the years; and though once he lay in the reeds with his black brother, the bull, and dwelt once in the tenement of black fumes, I shall not know him as he passes, cloaked in his unfamiliar life. And he will go his way down the long road that has no end, faring as men must, in the peril and presence of love.

For no man journeys alone. Always love is with him. Persistent and terrible as life, the love that can not die and will not change in all the years. And now it is something white-toothed and vehement; and now it is a gray thing huddled by a tomb; and when he touches it on the shoulder it turns its eternal

eyes upon him and smiles—and he knows the smile and the eternal eyes.

"Is it you?" he whispers.

And love says: "It is always I."

The author begins his story with the narrative of Ahi and Marj, primitive folk who have little or no language, but who manage in some way or other to love each other and to say so. But Vah intervenes in the savage idyl, and as Vah is a giant in strength he overcomes Ahi and takes Marj for himself, and she speedily becomes reconciled to the loss of her first lover. And so there is murder and treachery and the sowing of the karmic seeds.

We need not follow Mr. Thompson through a series of stories in which many ages of human history are represented, and in which the same characters appear again and again in order to play the drama that was begun in the first chapter. The stories are told with extraordinary power, and as works of dramatic fiction they leave nothing to be desired. But the author would seem to have little or no conception of the real purport of reincarnation, or of the real goal to which Nemesis points the way. It is sufficient for him to picture the perseverance of attractions and repulsions from life to life, and the identity of the drama which is played upon so many different stages. Of the spiritual meaning of life and fate he gives us hardly a glimpse.

And reincarnation implies something more than a mere perpetuation and recurrence of forces. It has a goal as definite as the goal of the man who crosses a desert, and that goal is the perfection of character. Every virtue becomes the evidence of a lesson learned, and every vice the proof of a lesson still unlearned. But the vicissitudes and pains of life must not be regarded as sentences passed by an implacable judge upon a criminal. If we may regard them as retribution it is not in the vengeful sense of that word. Rather we may look upon them as the inevitable results of imperfections of character. For character is always the helmsman that stands at the wheel of life. Character steers us into the deep seas of safety or among the rocks of misfortune, and character is of our own making. The selfish man finds himself lonely and isolated, the passionate man is stunned, the dishonest man is distrusted. These pains are kar-

ma, and when the imperfections that caused them have been removed by experience it is obvious that the pains must go, too. The object of reincarnation is that we may encounter the fruits of our characters and that character may be changed and perfected under the impulse of experience.

None the less Mr. Thompson's story will serve a purpose, if only to familiarize his readers with ideas that can hardly fail to lay hold of the imagination. And it may be that other writers will be similarly encouraged to enter a storehouse so richly filled with material for a class of fiction that has been strangely neglected.

THE CARNIVAL OF DESTINY. By Vance Thompson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

TELEPATHY.

(By Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.)

Many recent scientific discoveries, in my opinion, point to a day, not far distant perhaps, when men will read one another's thoughts, when thoughts will be conveyed directly from brain to brain without intervention of speech, writing, or any of the present known methods of communication.

I can imagine, as I have already told the electrical engineers, men with coils of wire about their heads communicating thought to one another by induction.

It is a speculation, of course. I can not fill in all the details at present. If I could I should not be simply chatting about it, but would be helping to manufacture apparatus. A hundred reasons point to the end I have in mind, but there is a large gap to be bridged over before the end is reached.

It is not unreasonable to look forward to a time when we shall see without eyes, hear without ears, and talk without tongues.

Speculation of this character has a legitimate value to science. It may help the individual worker to achieve his object and it stimulates interest and enthusiasm in others. No man ever made a great scientific discovery without imagining the end to be achieved before he had worked out the preliminary details.

Briefly, the hypothesis that mind can communicate directly with mind rests on the theory that thought or vital force is a form of electrical disturbance, that it can be taken up by induction and trans-

mitted to a distance either through a wire or simply through the all-pervading ether, as in the case of wireless telegraph waves.

There are many analogies that suggest that thought is of the nature of an electrical disturbance. A nerve which is of the same substance as the brain is an excellent conductor of the electric current. When we first passed an electric current through the nerves of a dead man we were shocked and amazed to see him sit up and move. The electrified nerves produced contraction of the muscles very much as in life.

The nerves appear to act upon the muscles very much as the electric current acts upon an electro-magnet. The current magnetizes a bar of iron placed at right angles to it and the nerves produce, through the intangible current of vital force that flows through them, contraction of the muscular fibres that are arranged at right angles to them.

It would be possible to cite many reasons why thought and vital force may be regarded as of the same nature as electricity. The electric current is held to be a wave motion of the ether, the hypothetical substance that fills all space and pervades all substances. We believe that there must be ether, because without it the electric current could not pass through a vacuum or sunlight through space. It is reasonable to believe that only a wave motion of a similar character can produce the phenomena of thought and vital force. We may assume that the brain cells act as a battery and that the current produced flows along the nerves.

But does it end there? Does it not pass out of the body in waves which flow round the world unperceived by our senses, just as the wireless waves passed unperceived before Hertz and others discovered their existence?

This, then, is my thought, that every man is sending out from his mind vibrations of enormous rapidity and infinitesimal wave-length that pass completely round the earth and would reveal his thoughts, if there were some way of perceiving them or recording them.

It is remarkable that nearly all our recent steps in science have had to do with discoveries of new vibrations. Suppose you have the power to make an iron rod vibrate with any desired frequency in a

dark room. At first, when vibrating slowly, its movement will be indicated by only one sense, that of touch. As soon as the vibrations increase, a low sound will emanate from it and it will appeal to two senses.

At about 32,000 vibrations to the second the sound will be loud and shrill, but at 40,000 vibrations it will be silent and its movements will not be perceived by touch. Its movements will be perceived by no ordinary human sense.

From this point up to about 1,500,000 vibrations per second we have no sense that can appreciate any effect of the intervening vibrations. After that stage is reached its movement is indicated first by the sense of temperature and then, when the rod becomes red hot, by the sense of sight. At 3,000,000 it sheds violet light. Above that it passes into the ultra-violet rays and other invisible radiations, some of which can be perceived by instruments and employed by us.

Now it has occurred to me that there must be a great deal to be learned about the effect of those vibrations in the great gap where the ordinary human senses are unable to hear, see, or feel the movement.

THE CHURCH.

(By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.)

With the rise of the Protestant Reformation, which was the expression of the Renaissance in the North, the world for the first time awakened to the fact that the church had undergone a radical transformation, and that the purpose of withholding the Bible from the people, as it had been withheld for centuries, was to prevent the change from becoming known. More and more clearly it was being seen that the church was in reality the Roman empire resurrected, and wielding its authority not now solely from the Seven Hills, but also from the throne of the hereafter. The assault which then began under the leadership of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Calvin, and others, while carried on with a fervor worthy of the ancient prophets, had as its aim, not the complete divorcement of Christianity and Cæsarism, but the overthrow of the Roman organization, with its centralized, imperial authority. That organization itself, even without this centralized authority, was no part of

Christianity seems not to have been perceived, for on the ruins of the Roman church in the North rose organizations not utterly dissimilar. For centuries still the idea was to prevail that the spiritual kingdom is not wholly spiritual, that inner perception must somehow be squared with outer authority. Naturally, therefore, the creed had to be maintained or the church as a material organization would disappear. For it would then be possible for a man to become a Christian by practicing the Sermon on the Mount, and not as now by accepting the Thirty-nine Articles or those other matters of profession which virtually all the churches still insist are of divine origin.

Is it any wonder that the tide has gone out and left the church utterly powerless; that the whole vesture of Cæsarism with which she overawed the millions has been stripped off piece by piece; that art has become art, still capable of arousing men to its defense; that philosophy has become philosophy, honorably installed in our educational system; that organization is still active in politics and industry; and that the church is nothing? Is it not a comment upon the hollowness of her pretensions that as civilization has advanced the church has receded and that annually her remaining millions ooze away and are lost in secular affairs?

All this would be of little moment and would merit the unconcern with which it is popularly regarded were there not a tremendously serious side to the matter. For nineteen centuries society has left in the hands of the church the direction of the moral forces of the world. And now, after all these centuries, we find ourselves falling into the same moral vacuum into which the Roman Empire fell. After eighteen hundred years it is as easy for men to thrust bayonets into each other as it was in the heathen world. Is it not apparent that the church has collapsed?—From *"The World Storm and Beyond."* Published by the Century Company.

Thou oughtest diligently to attend to this: that in every place, every action or outward occupation, thou be inwardly free and mighty in thyself, and all things be under thee, and thou not under them; that thou be lord and governor of thy deeds, not servant.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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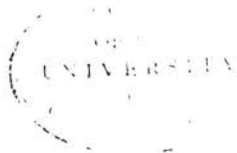
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HAECKEL AND CHANCE.

We are not at all sure whether Haeckel's reaffirmation of what may be called the dice-box theory of human life and evolution is a mark of his courage or of his ignorance. There is always something admirable in a willingness to stand alone, but we may reasonably doubt if Haeckel is aware that he does stand alone. He seems still to look upon himself as the representative of science and the spokesman of the world's intelligence. He still regards himself as the leader of the serried ranks of materialism, pressing victoriously onward to the overthrow of superstition and credulity. The serried ranks of materialism melted away ten years ago, and only their ghosts remain, but Haeckel does not seem to know it. He is a survival, a relic, an antiquity, an anachronism. We may even suggest that he is a scientific absurdity, and not a particularly honest one.

Haeckel's new book, *Eternity*, is beginning to appear serially in the columns of the *Truthseeker*. It is described as "World-War Thoughts on Life and Death, Religion and the Theory of Evolution." No one, says Haeckel, who looks upon the calamities of war can hesitate for a moment to attribute them to chance, and so to be confirmed in the conviction that chance rules the universe and that the immortality of the soul is a myth. That the calamities of war have had a diametrically opposite effect upon the human mind, that it now believes in

law and immortality more firmly than ever before, is either unknown to Haeckel or disregarded by him. He is, of course, writing only for intelligence, and the test of intelligence is agreement with him. In this way he secures an applauding assent that is attenuated but unanimous.

Look, he says, at the vicissitudes of the battlefield and be persuaded. Ten men are killed by an exploding shell, and the eleventh escapes untouched. One man receives a hundred wounds, and his comrade, two feet away, receives none. Severe injuries recover, while lesser hurts prove to be fatal. Improper treatment, careless, and ignorance claim thousands of victims, who, but for adverse chance, would have recovered. The breadwinner is carried away by death, while the man with no one dependent upon him survives. An epidemic may follow the misconduct of an individual, and the fate of millions may be invoked by one. How, then, can we assume that there is a "moral order of the world"? Let us give up these "nebulous fancies." Let us recognize them as "the products of uncritical credulity or of deep-rooted mystical superstition."

Now it would be an insult to Haeckel's intelligence to suppose that he himself is deceived by all this nonsense. In spite of his constant appeal to intelligence and to "the thinking man" he is actually doing no more than he has always done, that is to say he is addressing himself to

ignorance and bigotry that has been adroitly flattered into attention. He is well aware that the leaders of the scientific world have no sympathy whatsoever with his philosophy, and that if they do not reply to him it is not because they can not do so, but because they do not think it worth their while to do so. They do not reply to the advocates of the Copernican astronomy, and for the same reason. It is not worth their while.

None the less we may ask ourselves what Haeckel means by his frequent references to cruelty, justice, kindness, and humanity. Apparently he himself recognizes some kind of moral law in the world, since there are actions that he applauds and other actions that he condemns. What right has he either to applaud or to condemn? Doubtless he would say, as of course he does say, that actions that bring suffering to others ought to be reprobated. But why? If there is no such thing as a moral law, why should any man hesitate to enrich himself, or benefit himself, at the expense of others? For example, Haeckel applauds capital punishment on the ground that it is "kinder" than life imprisonment. But what does he mean by "kinder"? Why should any man be kind? What is kindness? Apparently Haeckel himself has fallen into the "uncritical credulity" which admits the existence of a moral ideal common to the race, and which judges of actions by their conformity with that ideal. We can all understand the restrictions imposed upon others so that they shall not interfere with the comfort of the community. But when we speak of the virtues we do not mean the restrictions that are imposed upon individuals by the community. We mean the restrictions that are imposed by the individual upon himself, and for the well-being of the community. And since Haeckel admires the virtues, or professes to do so, we may reasonably ask him why self-restraint is an admirable thing? Why is it good to think of others rather than of one's self? What makes it good? Is there some sort of standard or type of conduct to which men are in the habit of turning for guidance? It would seem so. May we not then have Haeckel's august permission to give the name of divinity or the moral law to that standard or type of conduct of which we are all aware, and which

draws the line between virtue and vice? And if there is actually such a moral law, may we not suppose that its infraction brings sorrow and pain, since there can be no law without its corresponding sanction? May we not go further and say that all pain is the result of an infraction of the moral law? *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Now of course all this must be evident enough to Haeckel, since it must be evident enough to a child. We can only suppose that Haeckel is addressing himself to the intellectually infantile, indeed to the intellectually deficient, which is actually what he has always done. It was this that caused his distinguished countryman, Professor Friedrich Paulsen, to say of *The Riddles of the Universe*, "I have read this book with burning shame—with shame for the level of general culture and of philosophic culture among our people. That such a book was possible—that it could have been written, printed, bought, read, admired, and believed by a nation that possesses a Kant, a Goethe, a Schopenhauer: this is painful."

But no doubt Haeckel's new book will be read with acclaim by shallow minds who suppose that disbelief is a mark of superiority. It will also be read with satisfaction by those in search of justification for misconduct. But there will be no need for the judicious to grieve. There was a time when Haeckel could beguile an honest unwariness, but that time has passed. His philosophy has been tried in the balances and found wanting. Denouncing superstition, it is of all superstitions the most superstitious. Appealing to intelligence and wisdom, it is now seen to possess neither the one nor the other.

A man may know the world without leaving the shelter of his roof; through his own windows he may see the Supreme Tao. The further afield he goes the less likely he is to find it. The Sage then, knows things without traveling, names things without having seen them and performs everything without action.—*Laotse.*

The scholar and the virtuous man will not desire to live at the expense of the virtue. They will, on the contrary, give up their lives to possess it.—*Confucius*

THE WILL.

In what way can the Will be strengthened?

In the same way that muscles are strengthened—by exercise.

But there are two wills, so to speak, or rather the will acts in two different capacities. It may be dominant and free, or it may be subject and controlled. If I will to possess a picture or an automobile it is not the will itself that dictated its own activity. It was my desire to possess something that proceeded to use the will as its tool or instrument. First came the desire to possess, and it was this desire to possess that subjugated the will and made it the instrument for its gratification. In this case the will, however powerful it may be, is subordinate to desire. It is not free will. Now the will that is thus subordinate to desire may be strong, and it may be trained by all sorts of exercises, just as a slave may be trained to very high efficiency. An engine may be enormously powerful, but its fate is wholly in the hands of the engineer, who may drive it to destruction in a moment, or waste its highest energies, or direct it to mischievous purposes. Its strength and excellences will not save it. Slavery, simply because it is slavery, means the curtailment of one's highest powers. It is incompatible with perfection.

It is only the freed will that becomes irresistible, and the will may be freed by the steady refusal to permit of its use by the lower nature. This means no more than the old familiar self-denial, now much out of favor when a dozen pestilential philosophies would have us believe that the highest of all duties is to gratify our greeds, and that the success of our spiritual aspirations may always be measured by our bank balances. There are even Theosophists who propagate this poison and who measure the spiritual status of others by the income-tax schedules. Their peculiar Theosophy is naturally popular—among the wealthy.

The will is to be freed, not by spectacular exercises, but by the steady determination to ignore the clamor of the lower nature and to govern it inexorably, as one would govern an animal. There is hardly an hour of the day without its opportunity for thus strengthening the will and asserting its

freedom, disentangling it from the mesh of greeds, and restoring it to its position as the driving force that carries alike man and nature onward toward perfection.

WAR VISIONS.

The appearance of apparitions upon battlefields of Europe will doubtless be a matter of dispute for years to come, and it will be a dispute that will settle little or nothing. Witnesses of these apparitions will doubtless assert that they have seen what they have seen, while a skeptical materialism will talk learnedly of collective hallucinations in the jargon commonly employed by those who suppose that to name a thing is also to explain it. We have already heard of the archers of Mons and of the apparitions of Jeanne d'Arc, and now some stories of "The Comrade in White" seen by French soldiers who have been left wounded on the battlefield. One of such stories appears in *Life and Work* and it is copied by *The Living Church* of Milwaukee. The soldier who tells this particular story says:

It was the next day. At noon we got word to take the trenches in front of us. They were two hundred yards away, and we weren't well started till we knew that the big guns had failed in their work of preparation. We had advanced 150 yards when we found it was no good. Our captain called to us to take cover, and just then I was shot through both legs.

I fell into a hole of some sort. I suppose I fainted, for when I opened my eyes I was all alone. The pain was horrible, but I didn't dare to move lest the Germans should see me, for they were only fifty yards away, and I did not expect mercy. I was glad when the twilight came. There were men in my own company who would run any risk in the darkness if they thought a comrade was still alive.

The night fell, and soon I heard a step, not stealthy, as I expected, but quiet and firm, as if neither darkness nor death could check those untroubled feet. So little did I guess what was coming that, even when I saw the gleam of white in the darkness I thought it was a peasant in a white smock, or perhaps a woman deranged. Suddenly I guessed that it was "The Comrade in White."

At that very moment the German rifles began to shoot. The bullets could scarcely miss such a target, for he flung out his arms as though in entreaty, and then drew them back till he stood like one of those wayside crosses that we saw so often as we marched through France. And he spoke. The words sounded familiar, but all I remember was the beginning, "If thou hadst known," and the ending, "but now they are hid from thine eyes." And then he stooped and gathered

me into his arms—me, the biggest man in the regiment—and carried me as if I had been a child.

I must have fainted again, for I woke to consciousness in a little cave by a stream, and "The Comrade in White" was washing my wounds and binding them up. I wanted to know what I could do for my friend to help him or to serve him. He was looking toward the stream and his hands were clasped in prayer; and then I saw that he, too, had been wounded. I could see, as it were, a shot-wound in his hand, and as he prayed a drop of blood gathered and fell to the ground. I cried out. I could not help it, for that wound of his seemed to be a more awful thing than any that bitter war had shown me. "You are wounded, too," I said. Perhaps he heard me, perhaps it was the look on my face, but he answered gently: "This is an old wound, but it has troubled me of late." And then I noticed sorrowfully that the same cruel mark was on his feet. You will wonder that I did not know sooner. I wonder myself. But it was only when I saw his feet that I knew him.

The London *Light* expresses itself as much interested in these stories and prints the following letter from a correspondent:

SIR: I was much struck by the account in *Light* of "Le Camarade Blanc," as for some time past I have heard of him through the wounded soldiers I came across in the hospitals at Nice. Many of them—men from the Eighty-Seventh and One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Infantry, who have been fighting in the Argonne—have seen him, and on several occasions he has walked through their trenches.

He has chiefly been observed after severe fighting, bending over the dying and helping them to pass away in peace; he has often been shot at by the Germans, but apparently pays no heed to them. I had heard all this weeks ago, and had been much interested, so that when the article in *Light* caught my eye I translated it into French and gave it to some of the men to read; they said it must be the same apparition which comes to the soldiers in the Argonne; they also added that it seemed to flit from one place to another, and had been seen by many at Soissons, Nancy, and Ypres.

Yours, etc., E. B. M.

It may be suggested that these apparitions are projections from the minds of powerful occultists and that they are intended to enhearten the combatants. Thus we find that the British see visions of British archers, French officers speak of apparitions of Jeanne d'Arc, and now comes this testimony from French privates of appearances of Christ. Perhaps corresponding stories will presently come from other parts of the war field.

Hold thou to thy centre and all things shall be thine.—*Christian Mysticism*.

REBIRTH.

Lady, what of lovers true,
When they lie down, two by two,
Under linen bands and rue,
Dead—who loved so truly?

In the dim earth lie they low,
Side by side and do not know.
With the worm for bedfellow,
Dead, who loved so truly.

Through the shroud and linen band
They can touch nor knee nor hand,
Give nor take nor understand,
Dead,—who loved so truly.

Over them the dim years flow;
Life calls to them "Live!" and lo!
They are flower and flower, and know—
They who love so truly.

So they pass the cycle through
Love and die and live anew,
Side by side; for lovers true,
Love but once: for ever.

—Vance Thompson.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

May 1—The eternal Spirit is everywhere. It stands encompassing the whole world.

May 2—He who feeds the hungry before he has assuaged his own hunger, prepares for himself eternal food. He who renounces that food for the sake of a weaker brother is—a god.

May 3—The altar on which the sacrifice is offered is Man; the fuel is speech itself, the smoke the breath, the light the tongue, the coals the eye, the sparks the ear.

May 4—One moment in eternity is as important as another moment, for eternity changeth not, neither is one part better than another part.

May 5—Better it would be that a man should eat a lump of flaming iron than that one should break his vows.

May 6—Even a good man sees evil days, as long as his good deeds have not ripened, then does the good man see happy days.

May 7—By oneself the evil is done, by oneself one suffers; by oneself the evil is left undone, by oneself one is purified

NEW THOUGHT.

(By Stephen Leacock.)

Here we have first of all the creed and cult of self-development. It arrogates to itself the title of New Thought, but contains in reality nothing but the Old Selfishness. According to this particular outlook the goal of morality is found in fully developing one's self. Be large, says the votary of this creed, be high, be broad. He gives a shilling to a starving man, not that the man may be fed, but that he himself may be a shilling-giver. He cultivates sympathy with the destitute for the sake of being sympathetic. The whole of his virtue and his creed of conduct runs to a cheap and easy egomania in which his blind passion for himself causes him to use external people and things as mere reactions upon his own personality. The immoral little toad swells itself to the bursting point in its desire to be a moral ox.

In its more ecstatic form this creed expresses itself in a sort of general feeling of "uplift," or a desire for internal moral expansion. The votary is haunted by the idea of his own elevation. He wants to get into touch with nature, to swim in the Greater Being, to "tune himself," harmonize himself, and generally to perform on himself as on a sort of moral accordeon. He gets himself somehow mixed up with natural objects, with the sadness of autumn, falls with the leaves and drips with the dew. Were it not for the complacent self-sufficiency which he induces his refined morality might easily verge into simple idiocy. Yet, odd though it may seem, this creed of self-development struts about with its head high as one of the chief moral factors which have replaced the authoritative dogma of the older time.

The vague and hysterical desire to "uplift" one's self merely for exaltation's sake is about as effective an engine of moral progress as the effort to lift one's self in the air by a terrific hitching up of the breeches.

The same creed has its physical side. It parades the Body, with a capital B, as also a thing that must be developed; and this, not for any ulterior thing that may be effected by it, but presumably as an end in itself. The Monk or the Good Man of the older day despised the body as a thing that must learn to know its

betters. He spiked it down with a hair shirt to teach it the virtue of submission. He was of course very wrong and very objectionable. But one doubts if he was much worse than his modern successor who joys consciously in the operation of his pores and his glands, and the correct rhythmnical contraction of his abdominal muscles, as if he constituted simply a sort of superior sewerage system.

I once saw a man called Juggins who exemplified this point of view. He used to ride a bicycle every day to train his muscles and to clear his brain. He looked at all the scenery that he passed to develop his taste for scenery. He gave to the poor to develop his sympathy with poverty. He read the Bible regularly in order to cultivate the faculty of reading the Bible, and visited picture galleries with painful assiduity in order to give himself a feeling for art. He passed through life with a strained and haunted expression waiting for clarity of intellect, greatness of soul, and a passion for art to descend upon him like a flock of doves. He is now dead. He died presumably in order to cultivate the sense of being a corpse.

ESSAYS AND LITERARY STUDIES. Published by John Lane Company.

CHINESE DRAGONS.

(J. O'Malley Irwin in *Scientific American*. April 15.)

While exploring a large cave on the right bank of the river, about one mile above the Customs Station at Ping Shan Pá, we discovered the fossils about to be described. The cave is reputed by the Chinese to extend some twenty miles to a point near Ichang. . . . The Chinese name of the cave is Shen K'an Tzu, which means "The Holy Shrine," and one of the characters forming the word K'an is the Chinese character for "dragon." A large rock is seen at the entrance, and some eight or ten yards behind this there is a peculiar piece of curved rock bearing some slight resemblance to a portion of a dragon's body; the resemblance is possibly suggestive enough to impress the Chinese mind, but altogether fails to impress the foreigner. After proceeding some hundred yards inside the cave we found ourselves walking on a peculiar ridge in order to avoid the surrounding pools of water. This ridge curved backward, and forward

across the width of the cave like the curves of a large serpent, the suggestion being so strong that we lowered our lamps in order to examine the ridge more closely. To our astonishment and delight, we found that we were in very truth walking along a perfect fossil of some huge reptile. Further inspection revealed the presence of six or eight of these enormous monsters. Having taken a few small specimens of loose portions of scale for examination in a better light, we left, planning to return the following morning for the purpose of measurement.

On our return the following morning we selected one of the largest fossils lying for a great part of its length isolated from the others—the coils of the remainder being rather entangled. The isolated portion measured seventy feet, so that it is absolutely certain that the length is at least seventy feet, and as far as we could ascertain, this same specimen extended for another sixty or seventy feet. However, I admit that error is possible here, owing to the interlacing coils of the reptiles. The depth of the body seen in the foreground of the first illustration is two feet. The head is partially buried in the cave wall and appears to be a large, flat head similar to that of the *Morosaurus Comperi*. About twelve or fourteen feet from the head two legs are seen partially uncovered, and again two more about fifty feet from the head. The fact that several persons have penetrated this cave in former years beyond the point where the discovery was made seems to indicate the fossils have been but recently uncovered, probably by a heavy discharge of water through the cave. It seems probable that these reptiles were trapped by some volcanic disturbance and starved to death; the size of the bodies compared to their length would indicate this. A point of peculiar interest is the resemblance to the Chinese dragon of these fossils. I believe that it has heretofore been supposed that the Chinese borrowed their idea of the dragon from Western mythology. The discovery has created a great stir among the local Chinese and foreigners, who are daily flocking to view the fossils.

(Those interested would do well to examine the photographs reproduced in the

Scientific American. It looks as though one more derided fable had entered the domain of fact.—ED.)

THE CENTRAL I.

O little self, within whose smallness lies
All that man was, and is, and will become,
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam;
That, without moving, knows the joy of wings,
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,
And in the hovel can consort with kings
Or clothe a god with his own mystery:
() with what darkness do we cloak thy light,
What dusty folly gather thee for food,
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.
() living self, O god, O morning star,
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.
—John Maschfield.

SOULS ON FIFTH.

Mr. Granville Barker's little book "Souls on Fifth," can hardly be regarded as a philosophical inquiry. It is too lightly written for that. But none the less it presents a philosophical idea that may lose none of its popular force from the lightness of its garb or the vein of fancy that pervades it. Mr. Barker imagines Fifth Avenue, New York, a peopled by the souls of those who frequented it while alive, and who discovered to their surprise that death means no essential change in consciousness, and that the thought forces generated during life persist on the other side of the veil. Heaven and hell, in other words, are within them always. The molds into which they have forced their minds must be changed by the same forces that made them. Death can do no more than remove the physical expression. Thus we have an interview with the soul of the Reverend Evan Thomas:

He spoke with equal ease and cheerfulness about his past life and his present death. Was this state of things the Heaven he had spent so much time and energy preaching about? No, on the whole he didn't think so. But in that case had his soul (I had put this delicately) and the thousands a

thousands of other souls besides that we knew were drifting up and down—had they taken, so to speak, the wrong turning? No, he didn't exactly think that either. I must remember, of course, that he had not been dead long. I must also remember that for many years now the world, or, at any rate, that part of it that lived and moved on Fifth Avenue, had taken heaven so much for granted that it had become the vaguest of ideas to them and had entirely ceased to believe in hell. Now people can not possibly go to places they don't understand or believe in; that stands to reason. And he quoted me a line from the Acts about the man who died and went to his own place. That had furnished him, he thought, with a solution of this question.

The Reverend Evan Thomas had set out to convert Fifth Avenue, but he found that Fifth Avenue had converted him:

And that, my dear sir, is why, though disembodied, I am still here, and why we are all here; poor souls. In our lifetime, this, at its best, was all we strove toward, and in our death we have come "to our own place."

Fifth Avenue was crowded with the "tip-top" people who used to belong here and never thought there was any further to get. And then there are all the people who badly wanted to get here in their lifetime and never could."

The souls on Fifth Avenue were shaped and marked according to their quality. Their habits of thought were now visible enough to the observer and there need be no other hell than some of these horrid figurations:

Some were warty; I never could bring myself to touch them. Many had holes in them and some were thick like little mattresses and plain dark gray. And when I had begun to learn the language of the signs, I found there were things marked upon some souls of which I can not speak. They did not know that the evil thing was plain. They would talk to me as carelessly and as pleasantly as you please. But while I listened to what they said I looked at what they were. There were the jagged lines that told of secret cruelties, stained blood-red into the souls of the torturers, whose homes had been but dungeons of despair for weaker souls than they. There were the white disease spots of the coward; mildew spots that rot away, in time, the very substance of the soul. There were the blisters of slanderous thoughts, which thicken and coarsen till the soul, a horny mass, is not sensitive to truth and love and beauty any more. No, there is no hell for such spirits. Is there any need for one?

There is much more of the same kind, vivid and suggestive, and clearly written with a purpose beneath its somewhat mocking tone.

SOULS ON FIFTH. By Granville Barker. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

FROM UPANISHADS.

"Bring from yonder a fig."

"Here it is, my lord."

"Break it."

"It is broken, my lord."

"What seest thou in it?"

"Here are but little seeds, my lord."

"Now break one of them."

"It is broken, my lord."

"What seest thou in it?"

"Naught whatsoever, my lord."

And he said to him: "Of that subtleness which thou canst not behold, beloved, is this great fig-tree made. Have faith, beloved. In this subtleness has this All its essence; it is the True; it is the Self; thou art it, Svetaketu."

"Let my lord teach me further."

"Be it so, beloved," said he.

What is the nature of the self and how to find it? Most of all is the self realized in dreamless sleep. For then the individual consciousness is merged in the All or One. This state is one of absolute unconsciousness, not of knowledge. In such deep sleep there is no other. "There is no second outside of Him; no other distinct from Him."

"While He sees not, yet without seeing He sees; the sight of the seer is not to be broken, for it is imperishable. But there is naught beside Him, naught apart from Him, that he should see. . . . When He understands not, yet without understanding He understands; the understanding of the understander is not to be broken, for it is imperishable. But there is naught beside Him, naught apart from Him, that he should understand."

How, then, shall we define the self, if He is unknowable? It can only be done in negative terms—"Neti, Neti." (It is not so, it is not so.)

"Thou canst not see the seer of seeing, thou canst not hear the hearer of hearing, thou canst not comprehend the comprehender of comprehension, thou canst not know the knower of knowledge; He is thy soul, that is within all." —Paul Deussen in *"The Philosophy of the Upanishads."*

That only which we have within can we see without.

If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none. . . .

He only is rightly immortal to whom all things are immortal. —Emerson.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"The world," says an Eastern theosophical lecturer, "is trembling on the verge of a wonderful discovery which will revolutionize science, transform religion, and revitalize philosophy." We wonder how the theosophical lecturer is aware of this interesting fact. Is he one of the favored ones who are allowed to peep behind the scenes, or is he merely indulging in the sensationalism which always finds a profitable market? But perhaps we are doing him an injustice. Possibly he is referring to the remedial power of fraternity, which would certainly deserve to be described as a wonderful discovery and which Theosophists are supposed to preach and to practice, but without noticeably doing either the one or the other.

The discovery of an ancient American sun temple ought to hasten the day when some serious attempt will be made to synthesize the archaeology of the country and indeed of the world. What, if any, was the relation between these early sun worshippers and the serpent mound builders whose structures are the amazement of the traveler? Who were the architects of the ruined cities of South America? What is the meaning of the traces of the Egyptian cult that have so often been reported by explorers of these ruined cities? And what connection is there between American archaeology and that of the rest of the world? What we

need is not so much the reports of individual excavators and discoverers as some attempt at a synthesis that shall reconstruct for us the life of a prehistoric humanity of which we now know so little. And when that time comes we shall find that we have a confirmation of theosophical teachings that will compel attention.

Reports of superhuman phenomena on the battlefields of Europe are increasing in number, and some of them are now so abundantly sustained as to command the attention of even those superior persons who would like to prohibit a belief in anything until they have graciously affixed their imprimatur. But the world at large is somewhat more willing to be convinced than it used to be. Some of the veils of nature have worn a little thin, and there is now a disposition to believe that the confines of reality are not necessarily bounded by our sense organs. There may, after all, be a spiritual government of the world, unseen but emergent, and that hastens into activity to save humanity from follies that would otherwise be fatal. We may go back as far as we will in history without ever passing wholly from the radiance of the saints and sages who have incarnated, like successive ambassadors, in order to bring to mankind the identical message of human brotherhood and of the spiritual law. Why should we suppose that these men are less active in the

service of the race because they no longer move among us in visible form? Indeed such a thing is inconceivable, unless indeed we belong to the pitiful little group of materialists who try to compensate for their numerical weakness by a vocal and literary noisiness that deceives no one. Perhaps the day is not far off when a recognition of the reality of the spiritual government of the world will in itself serve as an invocation of beneficent interferences of which we now get some faint premonitory evidences.

The reappearance of Professor Haeckel in the sacred cause of chance reminds us of an essay devoted to the Jena philosopher by Horace J. Bridges, and which appeared recently in a remarkable volume entitled *Criticisms of Life*, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The essay is a long one and singularly able, rich in the phrases that deserve to be remembered. Thus we find Mr. Bridges speaking of "the egregious incompetence and the blatant dogmatism" of Haeckel. *The Riddle of the Universe*, he says, is "scientifically old-fashioned and philosophically beneath contempt." It is full of a "childish materialism" and a "farrago of utter nonsense" that was denounced by Professor Friedrich Loofs of Halle in terms intended to provoke a libel suit. Mr. Bridges says: "I met in Jena in 1909 some university students who, having formerly been enthusiastic disciples of Haeckel, had abandoned their allegiance in disgust because they were convinced that he had deliberately 'faked' some of the pictures which illustrated his chapters on human phylogeny and embryology. But I know of no reason for suspecting him of bad faith. All his amazing oracles can be sufficiently accounted for by the hypothesis of ignorance and over-weening self-confidence." We may allow ourselves one further quotation from Mr. Bridges because it seems to have a certain prophetic value. He says: "What is needed in this modern world is that we should make a clean sweep of both types of fatalism—the theological and the pseudo-scientific alike. If Fichte be right, a philosophic reform can not precede, but must advance step for step with a moral and spiritual reawakening. . . . Only this

truth can justify our intuitive revulsion from the money-worship and the luxury worship which, in our time more than ever before, are eating into the souls of nations. America today is palsied by the moral skepticism which expresses itself in the conviction that every man has his cash price, and is a fool if he does not make it a high one. Such a standard of values turns life into dust and ashes. In every case of national ruin which history has preserved to us it was this practical materialism and ethical skepticism which ultimately caused the collapse by producing the conditions which made it inevitable. If present-day civilization dies, it will die of these idolatries, to which Professor Haeckel's sham philosophy is the appropriate theoretical counterpart."

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

May 8—Purity and impurity belong to oneself; no one can purify another.

May 9—Self is the lord of Self; who else could be the lord! With self well subdued, a man finds a master such as few can find.

May 10—If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greater of the two conquerors.

May 11—Who is the great man? He who is strongest in patience. He who patiently endures injury, and maintains a blameless life—he is a man indeed!

May 12—If thou hast done evil deeds or if thou wouldst do them, thou mayest arise and run wher'er thou wilt, but thou canst not free thyself of thy suffering.

May 13—There is a road that leads to Wealth; there is another road that leads to Nirvana.

May 14—An evil deed does not turn on a sudden like curdling milk; it is like fire smouldering in the ashes, which burns the fool.

May 15—An evil deed kills not instantly, as does a sword, but it follows the evil-doer into his next and still next rebirth.

Well-makers lead the water whither they will; fletchers bend the arrow; wise people fashion themselves.—*Buddha*.

CONCERNING MATERIALISM.

The scientific attainments of Professor Haeckel have not vouchsafed a viewpoint that looks upon life from an unimpeachable stronghold. They disclose the fact of a man who has spent his life in the contemplation of law throughout universal nature, only to see therein the working of blind chance, with no design and no purpose. He expresses himself as disbelieving in the continuity of individual life, and as attributing such momentous happenings as, for instance, the European war, solely to chance. Professor Haeckel and his philosophy have been again brought to notice in an article published in *Current Opinion*, which says:

The utterances of Professor Ernst Haeckel command peculiar attention. There is no other man now living who occupies a position parallel to his. He is the last survivor of that great group of men who ushered in the new era of modern science. With Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall he helped to found the theory of evolution and to introduce the evolutionary point of view in all branches of human thought.

This is the school whose intellectual gift to the world included also the doctrine of materialism. Materialism has more of responsibility in it for the increase of immorality, disease, and insanity than all other factors combined. It is the infection at the heart of human society. The various forms of social corruption are but symptoms arising from it. The doctrine is summed up by Professor Haeckel himself when he expresses the philosophical conclusions that are the product of this school of science. We will remind ourselves of these conclusions, in order that we may be the better able to watch the thought of the world as it unfolds and reveals that which is untrue in the light of truth. This truth will be seen to rest upon the fact of the human soul—its immortality and its evolution through metamorphosis and reincarnations:

Modern science and its surest foundation, the doctrine of evolution, can not recognize the truth of this mystical article of faith (the immortality of the human soul). Physiology, whose province is the study of life itself, refutes the belief in immortality as positively as the study of the comparative psychology of man and the other vertebrates. So also does the history of the development of the brain and its functions. The immaterial soul is nothing but a function of that organ, the work of the material brain. Pure reason can

not possibly admit the idea of the eternal duration of the soul.

Never before has thinking man felt so strongly the dominant force of blind chance as in the colossal tragedy of this world war. Even in ordinary times of peace, free-thinking and clear-seeing men have found it difficult to lend credence to "beautiful promises."

All natural history, the whole course of civilization, go to prove the reverse. We need but think of the infinite misery of human life in states of slavery and barbarism, of the unspeakable misery in hospitals and infirmaries, in prisons, in modern large cities; or of the bitter suffering of millions of people in all ages in hard times, in times of great epidemics and war. And now this world war, with the staggering misery it has inflicted upon the masses and the individual, must surely destroy all faith in a "benign" Providence.

Yes, it may do so until both Providence and the suffering are seen to exist in a rigid law of cause and effect, and nowhere else. The same one who writes these sentences of doom has done as much as any other to present data that prove the very order, design, and immortality that he refutes. A summarized review of the philosophy which Haeckel elucidates in his latest work will give convicting evidence in favor of eternal and purposeful life. The reviewer says:

The basis of the monistic philosophy is the law of substance which teaches the constancy of matter and the constancy of energy. The sum-total of matter in the world is always the same, no matter what different forms it assumes. The sum-total of energy in the universe is the same, no matter what changes of form it undergoes. These two laws, otherwise known as the laws of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy, are but two phases of one and the same law, the law of substance, which is the supreme and most general law of nature. All other laws are subordinate to it. It is universally operative in space and time and is therefore eternal.

Space is infinite, and therefore the world as a whole, the cosmos, with its space filled throughout with either ponderable or imponderable matter, and with its constant sum of energy, is eternal and infinite.

Although the world as a whole is everlasting and eternal, the individual parts of which it is made up are transitory and impermanent. Stars, planets, and entire celestial systems may be destroyed and reduced to particles and in time form nebulae and other stars. As it is with the large bodies so it is with the smaller. They all possess the character of impermanence. Hence Haeckel rejects the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

So also do all the materialistic scientists of the last century. This is materialism. It leaves life without purpose, without meaning, and without hope. It

does so because it labors under the delusion that the bodily senses know all that can be known. If these can not perceive the consciousness that guides a star, a sun, or a gnat, then none exists.

We would ask of such, what it is that bridges the gap between old and new forms, and causes them to perpetually re-emerge with ever-increasing beauty and perfection, if it is not a continuity of some entity of consciousness, which as a helmsman summons and steers its particular crew of atoms? It utilizes their kindred memory and knowledge, and, as one force, brings them into newer and larger experiences. The atoms of a bird, for instance, must hold the memory of nest-building, and the bird must be some force that holds and directs these particular atoms. We can not suppose that the orderly life cycles pursued by the countless inhabitants of the plant and animal worlds are being pursued for the first and last time? It is more reasonable to suppose that what is known has been learned through former experience, and that what is being experienced will add to knowledge and increased perception.

It is exactly this evolution of the particular part through constant change that establishes the reasonableness of the idea of individual immortality. It is exactly this that established the idea of a link of existence between the intermittent life periods of the particular part.

When such a particular part has evolved through many life-cycles of increasing consciousness to the state where it is self-conscious, and has free will, such consciousness can never cease to be conscious of its own identity. It is a man, and, as a man, it can not unknow the knowledge of manhood and be as a child. In the lower forms of life this consciousness is confined to the perception of sensation. In the case of self-conscious man there is consciousness in life itself. The entity says, "I am," "I live." In both instances the source of the life is the same. The substance of the life is the same. It is the universal matter and force. This exists eternally in itself. It therefore exists eternally for the consciousness of each entity, in the measure to which this consciousness realizes its eternal nature. Immortality, in this sense, depends on realization. Some men may know eternal life, and

others may not. But this does not prevent all entities from moving forward to this state in an evolution that works through cause and effect in unbroken continuity. Forms appear and disappear, it is true. Their disappearance may be likened to the period in which the bloom of last season sleeps in the seed that will produce the bloom of next season. There are no leaps or breaks other than such as this. Each entity of consciousness mounts to self-consciousness under a law of perfect sequence. Under the same law, and by means of the experience of many incarnations, the self-conscious entity learns ever more of the eternal nature of its life, and finally wins the higher heights of immortality and bliss.

In the measure that a man declares his immortality is he approaching to it. In the measure that he denies it, is he excluding the source of his life. By the one, he dwarfs his reason. By the other, his reason approaches more and more the Infinite Reason.

GHOSTS.

T. Everett Harré, author of the novel, "Behold the Woman!" just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, in discussing the claim made by the Rev. Charles Tweedale of Yorkshire, England, that he took a photograph of a ghost, details of which have just been cabled to the New York press, declares it is quite probable that Mr. Tweedale has done what he asserts. Ghosts, says Mr. Harré, are as real as trees and plants, and under certain conditions might register their vibrations on the camera plate.

"I consider it quite probable that the time will come when we shall be able to take moving pictures of life in the other world, and reproduce on the screen the doings of spirits," said the author. "I do not think the time is far distant when we shall be able to photograph the visions in people's minds, and that a camera, fitted for its peculiar purpose, set by a bed at night may photograph a sleeper's dreams.

"Ghosts are real—as real as brick houses, railroads, plants, and trees. Photographic plates properly sensitized, in my belief, would register the beings of the other dimensional world just as plates now register scenery, human

beings, all things of concrete physical bulk. Our senses only inadequately register sight and sound; there is an infinite world of color about us to which our eyes are blind, and of sound to which our ears are deaf. We have lost the acute sense of smell possessed by animals and savages. Processes of reason through ages have dulled instincts which are more fundamental and true. Ghosts are merely living entities in a world of infinite higher vibration than that of the world we appreciate. That human beings, under conditions of high nervous tension can see spirits is unquestionably possible. The visions of great mystics and religious ecstasies were as real as anything can be real—indeed, more real than knives and forks, drink and food.

"Since the publication of my novel, 'Behold the Woman!' people have asked me if the vision beheld by Mary of Alexandria could have been more than something within her own consciousness, if I believed any human being could enter into the other world and see all this remarkable woman did. Yes, I do. Mary, having gone through the gamut of human experience: sin, vice, suffering, having enjoyed glory and power, degradation and shame, gained from her experience, and impelled by the yearning of her heart, found the divine realities which are more actual than life. I may say that immediately before writing the chapter of the book in which these things are described, I, myself, had an experience which perhaps enabled me to understand and put down the greatest moment of that wonderful woman's life.

"Keyed up to the necessary tension, where the impediments of the bodily senses are scaled—as one scales a stone wall and looks over—I believe it is possible to behold phases of that higher life as St. Theresa beheld them. . . . There are many ways to rise to the heights of vision—nervous exhaustion after long illness, the overwrought condition after a great tragedy, the loss of one much loved by death, sincere prayer, the ecstasy of a religious revival, fasting and meditation. At such times we may register the subtle vibrations. However, going along in our humdrum way, overworking, overeating, obsessed by material cares, we are generally less

psychic than cats and dogs, indeed less responsive in registering actual things of gross bulk about us than a camera plate.

"A French scientist has actually sensitized screens to the degree that they register the vibrations of human emotions. When we scientifically understands the laws of vibration of the world we call the spiritual to the degree we understand the vibrations of light and color, I believe we shall be able chemically to sensitize films to record those vibrations, and then moving pictures of doings in the other world that actually exists in what we think is empty air about us will lift us in the evenings from the monotony of a life of eating and money-making. What thrills! What wonder! What a revelation of mysteries! And it may not be far away."

SIGHT AND SOUND.

By a news item from London we learn of the invention of a mechanism for the relief of the blind, and since it is based upon an occult truism now dimly perceived by science it becomes of something more than humanitarian interest.

The retina of the eye, says the item in question, is no more than a highly nervous kind of skin that is sensitive to light. Nature, in other words, wishing to introduce man to a new department of nature, proceeded to develop an organism that should be responsive to the necessary vibrations, and the eye was the result. But all skin areas are sensitive to light, although in a far lesser degree, and so we are promised the aid of an instrument by which the blind may not only recognize the presence of light, but may even be aware of its strength and direction. And this means that the totally blind will become only partially blind.

The basis of the invention is silenium, which becomes structurally changed by light. These changes are represented by sounds and the varying sounds are conveyed to the blind by means of a miniature telephone apparatus. He will not be able to see the light, but he will be able to hear it, and since the use of silenium already enables us to send photographs by means of electricity it is

evident that there are great possibilities in front of the new invention.

The attention is at once arrested by the apparent recognition that it is the inner man, or consciousness itself, that perceives and that its unified power of perception is limited to the five sense avenues, each responsive to its own particular rates of vibration and to no others. Actually it is not the eye that sees. It is consciousness that sees, or rather that receives those particular rates of vibration that constitute light. Consciousness may thus be compared with a prisoner whose knowledge of the outside world is limited by five narrow apertures in his cell walls. He may see the glint of water, but he knows nothing of the ocean. He sees the trunk of a tree, but not its foliage, the base of a mountain, but not its summit, nor the clouds above it. He looks only at fragments and the panorama of sea and land and sky is hidden from him.

Occultism has been saying for ages that the senses and the brain hide from us far more than they disclose. That we are looking at the world from the window of an automobile can hardly be considered as proof that we should see nothing at all if we should alight from the automobile. Still less is it a proof that we ourselves *are* the windows of the automobile, or that we should cease to exist if some one should break those windows. The windows are a great convenience for those who must ride in automobiles, but at least let us remember that they are only windows and that they do not permit us to see the whole circle of the horizon. We can alight whenever we choose to learn the mechanism of the door.

Lord of a thousand worlds am I,
And I reign since time began;
And night and day, in cyclic sway,
Shall pass while their deeds I scan.
Yet time shall cease, ere I find release,
For I am the Soul of Man.

—Edward Carpenter.

The nightmare of materialism, which has turned the life of the universe into a useless game, is not yet past; it holds the awakening soul still in its grip. Only a feeble light glimmers like a tiny star in a vast gulf of darkness.—M. T. H. Sadler.

BREAD AND SALT.

The Western world is still a long way from understanding the mind of the Orient or the differences in ideals that separate East and West. But we are at least helped to this end by such articles as that contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* for May by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany and entitled "Bread and Salt." Religions, says the author, is the central fact of Oriental life. It is not a superfluity of life, nor its decoration, but life itself. The visible world is but the expression of things unseen, and it is to this unseen world that the Oriental is constantly attentive:

The Oriental does not know "material things" as the Occidental knows them. To him organic chemistry does not take the place of God. He is, in his totality, God-centred. His centre of gravity is the altar and not the factory, and back of his prayer for daily bread is the momentum of ages of mystic contemplation. The Oriental finds kinship, not with those who go for their daily bread no farther than the bakery, but with the writer of this modern psalm:

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
Back of the flour the mill;
Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower
And the sun and the Father's will.

It is not my purpose to exaggerate the piety and moral rectitude of the Oriental. I am fully aware of the fact that he is lamentably lacking in his efforts to rise to the height of his noblest traditions. Nevertheless those who know the Oriental's inner life know also that from seed-time until harvest, and until the bread is placed upon the family board, this man's attitude toward the "staff of life" is essentially religious. In the name of God he casts the seed into the soil; in the name of God he thrusts the sickle into the ripe harvest; in the name of God he scatters his sheaves on the threshing floor and grinds his grain at the mill; and in the name of God his wife kneads the dough, bakes the bread, and serves it to her family.

An inability to understand the Oriental mind lies at the root of the discontent in India. The white man is not lacking in benevolence, but his only conception of benevolence is a material one. If tradition, sentiment, and religion stand in the way of hygiene and commercial development he can not conceive that the Oriental should cling steadfastly to his customs and should be indifferent to the "prosperity" that is the be-all and end-all of the white man's existence. The white man offers his sanitary regulations as a preventive of cholera, and the Hindu prefers the cholera. He gives elaborate instruction in agriculture and he finds that his pupil

has gone on a pilgrimage at the critical time when seed should be sown. He shows him how to avoid the plague and famine, only to discover that the Hindu believes that the remedy is worse than the disease. Then the white man denounces the folly and superstition of the Hindu and proceeds to make him "happy" by main strength. But it is neither folly nor superstition. It is a radical difference in ideals. What the white man believes to be the substance the Hindu believes to be the shadow. And when we look at Europe we are inclined to believe that the Hindu may be right.

A SUN TEMPLE.

A report issued by the Smithsonian Institute to the Secretary of the Interior gives an interesting account of an ancient sun temple recently discovered in the Mesa Verde National Park. It is described as a new and mysterious type of ruin, and the results of its excavation, says the report, "were more striking than had been anticipated."

The ruin has the form of the letter D, and is in two sections, the first being apparently the original structure and the second an annex. The south wall which includes them both is 121.7 feet long and the whole ruin 64 feet wide. It contains a thousand feet of walls, four feet in thickness. The rooms in the building are of various sizes, some of them circular and some of them rectangular. There are twenty-six of these rooms, arranged in series, and with intercommunications. The corners are perpendicular and the curved walls are among the best in the building.

One of the most remarkable features of the structure is a stone fossil set in the outer wall. It appears to be the fossil leaf of a palm tree of the cretaceous epoch. The rayed leaf resembles the sun, and there can be no doubt that this was the cause of its veneration and that the builders of the temple were sun-worshippers. "At all events," says the report, "they have partly enclosed this emblem with walls in such a way as to enclose the figure on three sides, leaving the enclosure open on the fourth or west side. There can be no doubt that the walled enclosure was a shrine and the figure in it may be a key to the purpose of the

building. The shape of the figure on the rock suggests a symbol of the sun, and if this suggestion be correct there can hardly be a doubt that solar rites were performed about it."

The age of the building is naturally a matter of speculation, and it is probably far older than archaeologists at present will be willing to admit. On this point the report says:

It is impossible to tell when Sun Temple was begun or how long it took for its construction or when it was deserted.

We have, however, knowledge of the lapse of time because the mound had accumulated enough soil on its surface to support growth of large trees. Near the summit of the highest wall in the annex there grew a juniper or red cedar of great antiquity, alive and vigorous when I began work. This tree undoubtedly sprouted after the desertion of the building and grew after a mound had developed from fallen walls. Its roots penetrated into the adjacent rooms and derived nourishment from the soil filling them.

Necessarily when these roots were cut off, thereby killing the tree, I was obliged to fell it, but the stump remains, cut off about a foot above the ground. A section of this tree at that point was found by Gordon Parker, supervisor of Montezuma National Forest, to have 360 annual rings; its heart is decayed, but its size suggests other rings and that a few years more can be added to its age.

It is not improbable that this tree began to grow on the top of Sun Temple mound shortly after the year 1540, when Coronado first entered New Mexico, but how great an interval elapsed during which the walls fell to form the mound in which it grew and how much earlier the foundations of the ruined walls were laid no one can tell.

The temple, says the report, was certainly not the work of a small tribe or clan, nor does it bear any sign of patch-work creation. It must have been designed in its entirety and it must have been the work of a large and unified people who had reached a definite stage of art and architecture.

And so we have one more confirmation of occult science, which denies that human evolution has been in a direct line from barbarism to civilization, asserting, on the contrary, that civilization and barbarism have always existed side by side, just as they do today.

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul

Strike through some finer element of her own? —Tennyson.

I said, Ye are gods, and all of you sons of the Most High.—*Psalms lxxvii.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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PLEASE, DR. GLADDEN.

Elsewhere in this issue of the *Outlook* is printed an extract from Dr. Washington Gladden's little book on "The Forks of the Road." It is an indictment of dogmatic religion as a war-maker, an indictment, we may suppose, to which public opinion has already given a large approval. Religion, says Dr. Gladden, has become "a type of nationalism baptized as Christianity." God has become a patriotic institution. His characteristics are those of militarism.

The law of love, says Dr. Gladden, is like the law of gravitation, or any other dictate of nature. Its violations are not punished by some superior being. The act and the result of the act are twin births. Nemesis is automatic. Just as a dollar has two sides, just as the existence of one side of a dollar proves the presence of another unseen side, so cause and effect are inseparable and mutually indicative. The reaction of evil upon mind and character are inescapable, and since character is the steersman of life, so we encounter the rocks, or the deep safe water, just as we ourselves determine.

Now all this is unquestionably good, but why is Dr. Gladden so tardy? Why did he not say these things before? Why did he not denounce a theological dogmatism and materialism before it produced the dire results of which war is perhaps not the greatest?

But we should like to ask Dr. Gladden

another question. Transgressions of the law, he says, "register themselves instantly in the character of the transgressor." Of course they do, and we hope that we may presently congratulate theology on its recognition of a fact that it has tacitly denied for a thousand years or so. But how about the characters, already soiled, with which we were born? Were these soiled in some other way than by transgressions of law? And how is the smirch removed, since this has evidently not yet been done at the conclusion of our lives? Are we born with characters already stained through no fault of our own? And is there some sort of a superhuman laundry that will cleanse and renovate our character after death by some other mechanism than that of conscious effort, and under conditions wholly different from those that produced the stain and the distortion? Dr. Gladden is a good logician and we ask to know.

Thus inevitably, "inescapably" as Dr. Gladden would say, does every sane and helpful truth point to the reincarnation of the soul. If Dr. Gladden does not accept reincarnation, then will he be good enough to explain to us the origin of innate character distortions and also their ultimate remedy? He is a champion of justice and he begs us to rely upon it. Therefore he will not say, he can not say, that the individual soul arrives upon earth with a sort of handi-

cap that it did nothing to deserve. But what will he say?

VIVISECTION.

The spectacle of the New York *American* denouncing vivisection is nearly as surprising as that other spectacle of Saul among the prophets. The usual policy of the popular newspaper is to point with adulatory awe to the achievements of modern science and to ask triumphantly if it is not better that a guinea pig should have a headache than that a baby should die of tetanus. The argument is supposed to be conclusive, as of course it is to half-witted people.

But the *American* brushes aside with contempt the lying apologetics of the medical Brahmin. It tells us that 99 per cent of these experiments are useless and resultless and that a possible 1 per cent of value could be obtained equally well from dead bodies. Vivisection, says the *American*, produces callousness to human suffering and stimulates the mania for operating, the "curse of modern surgery."

All of which goes without saying except to the aforementioned half-witted people, who unfortunately are in the majority. Every experiment, suggests the *American*, that involves vivisection ought to demand a separate permit, and the application should specify the nature of the operation and the advantage to be expected from it.

But the plea against vivisection ought not to be based upon an estimate of its medical value. If this is to be the test, then there is no reason why we should not vivisect our grandmothers, or, better still, our congressmen. We may reasonably argue that they have no other value, and certainly the vivisection of human beings must be more profitable to sacred science than that of animals. The fact that we do not vivisect our grandmothers or congressmen, in spite of obvious advantages, is evidence that even medical benefits can be purchased at too high a price and that we are disposed to draw the line somewhere. And if the public had any conception of the incalculable tortures wantonly and wickedly inflicted upon animals for the gratification of a mere horrid curiosity they would draw another line, and one that would protect these helpless creatures.

Certainly every Theosophist ought in some way or other to go upon record in this matter, even at the cost of a little time that would otherwise be devoted to the Absolute. Somewhere there is an authoritative letter referring to the benediction of the "chohan" conferred upon a certain woman—not usually popular among Theosophists—for her champion-ship of animals. The "chohan" evidently thought much of this service even more than of recondite interpretations of metaphysical things that do no matter.

SCIENCE AND OCCULTISM.

It would almost seem that the aspirant for occult knowledge need no longer be referred to any specific category of literature. The current scientific manual will give him all he needs. But he must use it only as a starting point and for supply of facts. In other words he must dare to think and to speculate, to argue from the things that he now knows to those other things that he does not yet know.

Take, for example, Professor Walter B. Cannon's new book on "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear, and Rage," just published by D. Appleton & Co. It is a startling revelation of fact and research. On reaching its last page the student may begin at once to exercise his speculative faculties. If pain, hunger, fear, and rage produce such disastrous results upon the bodily fabric are we to assume that it is only what we may call the evils of consciousness that react upon the body? Or do the virtues of consciousness produce a corresponding effect? If rage inhibits the digestive processes may we suppose that they would be aided and advantaged by benevolence? If the blood can be poisoned by thoughts of fear, can it be purified by courage and tranquillity? One would suppose so. If the brain is coarsened by one emotion, is it clarified by another? These are questions unanswered by the author, who would doubtless plead that he is concerned with disease and not with health. But the student may answer them for himself and a hundred others like them. And he will find that there is no single fact in nature, however slight, that does not lead undeviatingly to Occult Science.

But to return to Professor Cannon. We will select a single passage that may

be said to represent his whole work. He tells us, for example, that "the conditions favorable to proper digestion are wholly abolished when unpleasant feelings, such as vexation and worry and anxiety, or great emotions, such as anger and fear, are allowed to prevail." He tempts a child and a dog with the sight of food. So long as the emotion is one of pleasurable anticipation the secretion of gastric juice is free and copious. But presently the child becomes peevish and the flow of gastric juice stops at once and is only tardily resumed. He gives food to a dog and then admits a cat to the room. The same result follows. The gastric flow ceases and it begins again only after long-continued petting.

The most striking discovery relates to the secretion of adrenin by the kidneys. Roughly summarizing the results, it may be said that an excess of adrenin produces glycosuria with diabetes and Bright's disease. The secretion of adrenin is a direct concomitant of fear, and therefore diabetes and Bright's disease are called fear diseases. One is reminded irresistibly of the commendation given by the Bhagavad Gita to those who "have no fear of men and of whom men are not afraid." Evidently there is no conflict between religion and science, and even the microscope may help us to an understanding of Karma.

Ex uno disce omnes. We need not follow Professor Cannon through his elaborate treatise. He has established the fact that wrong thinking vitiates the bodily processes, breaks down their morale, destroys their efficiency. The student must do the rest for himself.

It is an easy process. He need do no more than reason. If consciousness regulates the efficiency, the structure, of the human body, then presumably consciousness regulates the efficiency and the structure of all bodies. If consciousness accounts for sugar in the blood, or diabetes, it accounts also for good health. It accounts also for the sap in the tree and the spark in the flint. It accounts for all characteristics of matter everywhere. The moment we have looked on a human face and recognized in its conformation the presence of cruelty or kindness, courage or cowardice, fear, avarice, or treachery, we understand the color and the shape of

the flower, the fruit, the tree. We understand why the planets swing around the sun, the ebb and flow of the tides, the force of the volcano. If we understand any law we understand all law. We see consciousness eternally changing its states or conditions, eternally shaping and molding matter to correspond with those states or conditions:

Slow grows the splendid pattern that it
weaves,
Its wistful hands between.

The human brain is the most delicate and intricate material mechanism that consciousness has yet produced. And consciousness can perfect it or ruin it. The brain is not consciousness, but it is the implement of consciousness. It transmits the light and also obscures it, like a dirty window. Consciousness in its utter perfection is always there, just as the sun is always in the sky. The glimmer of light in the prison cell is sunlight. The faint green glow at the bottom of the sea is sunlight. But sunlight is conditioned by the medium through which it passes. We know it in no other way. And so we know of consciousness only as it is conditioned by brains that have been improved or deteriorated by thought. Some brains allow only a glimmer of consciousness to pass through them. Others transmit it in fuller measure. The whole material universe, from the flint to the brain of a Plato, is an expression of the state of the universal consciousness that lies behind it. And it proclaims that state to those who can read. There are no secrets in nature. Nature babbles forth her mysteries unceasingly.

But enough has been said. The student can do all things for himself if he be but furnished with a fact. He can see the universal life becoming individualized. He can see its creative path from form to form. He can see thought as creator and destroyer, fashioning its own capacities and disabilities, manufacturing happiness and sorrows upon the iron anvil of experience. He can see the law of cause and effect, from whose decree there can be no appeal and that is so utterly merciful because it is also so utterly just.

Dreams are rudiments of the great state to come. We dream what is about to happen.—Bailey.

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

It is estimated that there are over eight million Americans who have forsaken their respective churches in order to enroll themselves under the banners of the various present-day movements. These movements include New Thought, Christian Science, Divine Healing, Unity, and a dozen others. But in fact they all constitute one great movement. It is the outcome of an expanse of consciousness on the part of mankind which requires a God that answers the demands of reason and not merely of a credulous faith. The idea of a venerable gentleman in white raiment upon a golden throne, although still petitioned by the warring hosts to slay their enemies, no longer commands the attention of intelligence. None the less there are human faculties higher than the intellectual that feel intuitively that there is some meeting ground between the heart and the head, between hope and cold reason. It is in answer to this feeling that people are reaching out and appropriating to their needs whatever is available. They seem to have heard an inner assurance that the time is at hand when they may know the truth.

This movement, like all other movements, is due to certain definite causes. In the present instance two may be mentioned, in addition to the fact that the churches have lost all traces of spirituality. First, the cyclic period has arrived when consciousness receives an influx of light, just as the earth is periodically reanimated by the rising sun or the rising life of spring. And, secondly, and because it is now such a period, definite spiritual knowledge has appeared in the world. The people of all other ages have had such spiritual knowledge taught to them by the enlightened. Why should it stop with this age?

This knowledge comes from a common source that all may freely visit and from which all may appropriate. It shows the identity of Mind, Law, and God. It has been visited by those who wished to know of religion in the light of universal law. It has been visited by those who found the battle of life hard, and who, in good faith, wanted help. And it has been seized upon and perverted by those desirous of some royal road to personal gain. As a re-

sult of the first there are eminent scientists interpreting psychological verities in the light of the etheric vibrations of thought, and in the light of the continuity of the individual life. As a result of the second there is coming more and more into existence a strong current of spirituality formed by those who have been truly influenced by spiritual ideals. And, furthermore, as a result of the third, there are endless perversions and distortions of truth appropriated by the well-meaning as well as by the selfish. These take a variety of forms. Among the less prominent are cults for the development of personal magnetism, for the teaching of the use of the will, for the flowering of cosmic consciousness in return for cash remittances in advance, for character building by thought force, for prosperity treatments and personal advancement. These, as a matter of fact, dam up all possibility of ever seeing the real meaning of spiritual knowledge or the peace, power, and happiness that it is able to bestow. But humanity represents all types and all stages of development, and perhaps such things as these are to be expected. Nevertheless they can not be silently ignored. They bring in their wake too much of personal ruin and national danger.

Since the churches through their fall into materialism and consequent loss of real spiritual insight are unable to meet the intelligent demand that religion be taught in the light of scientific knowledge they are equally unable to foster in the people a healthy moral nature. The old-time "Fear of the Lord" is out of style. It is the absence of the sense of a universal law working for righteousness that instills such boldness into this zest of the American people to make religion "practical," and this willingness to use spiritual powers for personal advantage. Let those who will hearken to it lest we become a nation steeped in black magic. In these methods we are giving ourselves up to the forces of evil. We shall bring on ourselves loss of power, loss of integrity, and certain destruction. Since the churches can neither instill morality nor answer the problems that face the intelligent, let a philosophy that is the source of all religion and which suffers these indignities of perversion utter its warning. Let

it unremittingly declare that the law of life is a unity of interdependent parts, that these move forward in an evolution which is begotten in the Divine Mind manifesting in collective human thought, and that nothing can be a secret or personal gain. There is an undeviating law of cause and effect working for the perfection of the righteous and for the destruction of the wicked.

LIFE.

What am I, Life? A thing of watery salt

Held in cohesion by unresting cells,
Which work they know not why, which never halt,

Myself unwitting where their Master dwells.

I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin;

A world which uses me as I use them,
Nor do I know which end or which begin

Nor which to praise, which pamper,
which condemn.

So, like a marvel in a marvel set,

I answer to the vast, as wave by wave
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,

Or the full moon comes swimming
from her cave,

Or the great sun comes north, this myriad I

Tingles, not knowing how, yet wondering why.

There is no God, as I was taught in youth,

Though each, according to his stature,
builds

Some covered shrine for what he thinks the truth,

Which day by day his reddest heart-blood gilds.

There is no God; but death, the clasping sea,

In which we move like fish, deep over deep

Made of men's souls that bodies have set free.

Floods to 'a Justice though it seems asleep.

There is no God, but still, behind the veil,

The hurt thing works, out of its agony.

Still, like a touching of a brimming Grail,

Return the pennies given to passers-by
There is no God, but we, who breathe the air,
Are God ourselves and touch God everywhere.
—John Masefield.

THE ORGANIC LAW.

(By Washington Gladden.)

We often hear orthodox teachers sneering at the law of love as a mere sentimentality—"gelatinous" is the term by which they are apt to characterize it. It is sentimental in just the same sense that the laws of hydrostatics or electro-dynamics are sentimental; it is derived from a book in the same way that the law of gravitation is derived from a book; it is an induction from the facts of life; and its sanctions no more depend on any positive injunction than do the sanctions of the law of dietetics. If you eat poisonous or indigestible food, the retribution is not deferred until after death and the judgment, nor is there any scheme of substitution by which you may evade the penalty; it follows the transgression instantly and inevitably. Not less swift and certain are the consequences of every violation of the moral law. The reaction of the evil deed upon the mind, the heart, the will of the evil-doer is utterly inescapable. Transgressions of the law of love register themselves instantly in the character of the transgressor. They darken his judgment; they inflame his passions, they mar his relations with those from whom he has withholden the good-will which is their due. We hate those whom we have injured, so long as the injury is unrepented of and unforgiven. We can not help it, we are made that way. Not only is every selfish act a manifestation of an unsocial nature, it tends to make the man who does it more unsocial. Selfishness breeds hate, and hate, as Jesus has told us, is incipient murder. Such is the penalty of the law of love in its reaction upon the individual. Upon society its effects are no less deleterious. Every violation of the law of love sets up irritations, resentments, suspicions, jealousies, which disturb all human relationships, which tend to break out in quarrels and collisions of will, and to make helpful human relationships difficult or impossible. The enmities and fightings which keep hu-

man society in turmoil are thus perfectly explicable; there is nothing occult or mysterious about them; if they should cease we should know exactly how to go to work to reproduce them; if we should conclude that they are undesirable we know how to get rid of them.

About all this how much do the people know who are led into the churches by the current popular evangelism? Not so much as they ought to know. Some of them have gained an inkling of it; to not a few among them these deeper and larger meanings of life have been revealed; but by most of those who magnify and extol what they call "the good old gospel," truths of this nature are but dimly apprehended. What the real forces are which are shaping their own lives and the life of the society in which they live, they very imperfectly understand. And they do not see that because of their failure to understand these things they are cherishing influences and habits of thought and speech and action which can only result in filling the earth with bitterness and strife and contention. That they understand them so imperfectly is mainly the fault of Christian teachers.—*From "Forks of the Road." Published by the Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

William Butler Yeats, Poet Laureate of Ireland, says in the preface to his "Reveries Over Childhood and Youth" that "some surviving friend of my youth may remember something in a different shape and be offended with my book." Yes, there are surviving friends who remember things in a different shape, but they are not offended. They only wish that Mr. Yeats had more equally distributed his emphasis, and that he remembered more clearly the benefactions of occult teachers to whom he owed so much.

Mr. Yeats' mystical experiences began when he was young. He tells us of a girl cousin at Ballisodare who had seen strange sights, often meeting people who spoke to her, but whom she knew "were not people of this world":

Though it was all years ago, what I am going to tell now must be accurate, for no great while ago she wrote out her unprompted memory of it all, and it was the same as mine. She was sitting under an old-

fashioned mirror reading and I was reading in another part of the room. Suddenly heard a sound as if somebody was throwing a shower of peas at the mirror. I got her to go into the next room and rap with her knuckles on the other side of the wall to see if the sound could come from there, and while I was alone a great thump came close to my head upon the wainscot and on a different wall of the room. Later in the day a servant heard a heavy footstep going through the empty house, and that night when I and my two cousins went for a walk she saw the ground under some trees all in a blaze of light. I saw nothing, but presently we crossed the river and went along its edge where, they say, there was a village destroyed, I think in the wars of the seventeenth century, and near an old graveyard. Suddenly we all saw light moving over the river where there is a great rush of waters. It was like a very brilliant torch. A moment later the girl saw a man coming towards us who disappeared in the water. I kept asking myself if I could be deceived. Perhaps after all, though it seemed impossible, somebody was walking in the water with a torch. But we could see a small light low down on Knock-na-rea, seven miles off, and it began to move upward over the mountain slope. I timed it on my watch, and in five minutes it reached the summit, and I, who had often climbed the mountain, knew that no human footstep was so speedy.

Mr. Yeats says that only when he began to study psychical research and mystical philosophy did he break away from his father's influence, which seems to have been that of a kind of lofty materialism. The elder Yeats had taught his son "never when at school to think of the future or of any practical result." He used to say, "When I was young, the definition of a gentleman was a man not wholly occupied in getting on." The author had a friend from whom it was sought to separate him because of their mutual inclination to mysticism:

My friend, now in his last year at school, was a show boy, and had beaten all Ireland again and again, but now he and I were reading Baron Reichenbach on Odic force and manuals published by the Theosophical Society. We spent a good deal of time in the Kildare Street Museum passing our hands over the glass cases, feeling or believing we felt the Odic force flowing from the big crystals. We also found pins blindfolded, and read papers on our discoveries to the Hermetic Society that met near the roof in York Street. . . .

My friend had written to some missionary society to send him to the South Seas, when I offered him Renan's "Life of Christ" and a copy of "Esoteric Buddhism." He refused both, but a few days later, while reading for an examination in Kildare Street Library, he asked in an idle moment for "Esoteric Buddhism" and came out an esoteric

Buddhist. He wrote to the missionaries withdrawing his letter and offered himself to the Theosophical Society as a *chela*. He was vexed now at my lack of zeal, for I had stayed somewhere between the books, held there perhaps by my father's skepticism. I said, and he thought it was a great joke though I was serious in my own mind, I did not know "a single person with a talent for conviction." For a time he made me ashamed of my world, and I wondered if his world (his father was a notorious Orange leader), where everything was a matter of belief, was not better than mine. He himself proposed the immediate conversion of the other show boy, now a Dublin mathematician and still under five feet. I said, "Did he refuse to listen to you?" "Not at all," was the answer, "for I had only been talking a quarter of an hour when he said he believed." Certainly those minds, parched by many examinations, were thirsty.

Sometimes a professor of Oriental languages at Trinity College, a Persian, came to our Society and talked of the magicians of the East. When he was a little boy, he had seen a vision in a pool of ink, a multitude of spirits singing in Arabic, "Woe unto those that do not believe in us." And we persuaded a Brahmin philosopher to come from London and stay for a few days with the only one among us who had rooms of his own. It was my first meeting with a philosophy that confirmed my vague speculations and seemed at once logical and boundless. Consciousness, he taught, does not merely spread out its surface, but has, in vision and in contemplation, another motion and can change in height and in depth.

Mr. Yeats relates other experiences of an unimportant nature, but not the experience with H. P. Blavatsky that we should have expected to occupy a prominent place in his memories. Apparently he can recall with ease the professor of Oriental languages. His recollection of the Brahmin philosopher is still a good one. But of the teacher for whom his reverence was once so great we have no single word.

It is incontestable that a violent or deep emotion can be transmitted instantaneously from one mind to another . . . and as the most violent emotion which man can undergo is that which grips and overwhelms him at the approach or at the very moment of death, it is nearly always this supreme emotion which he sends forth and directs with incredible precision, through space, if necessary across seas and continents, toward an invisible goal.—*Maeterlinck*.

The incomprehensible slumbers in every corner.—*Maeterlinck*.

UNEXPLORED, UNCONQUERED.

Out of the clouds come torrents, from the earth

Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air

Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.

Death's unseen seeds are scattered everywhere.

Yet in his iron cage the mind of man

Measures and braves the terrors of all these;

The blindest fury and the subtlest plan

He turns or tames or shows in their degrees.

Yet in himself are forces of like power,

Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to brain

Pass across oceans, bringing thought to flower—

New worlds, new selves, where he can live again

Eternal beauty's everlasting rose

Which casts this world as shadow as it grows.

—*John Masefield*.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

May 16—The calumniator is like one who flings dirt at another when the wind is contrary, the dirt does but return on him who threw it.

May 17—The virtuous man can not be hurt, the misery that his enemy would inflict comes back on himself.

May 18—Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

May 19—If a man understands the self saying "I am He," what could he wish or desire that he should pine after the body?

May 20—That word which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious disciples, that word I tell thee briefly, it is OM.

May 21—As a person having seen one in a dream, recognizes him afterwards; so does one who has achieved proper concentration of mind perceive the SELF.

May 22—It is better to do one's own duty, even though imperfectly, than to perform another's duty well.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
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Vol. I. No. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, May 20, 1916.

Price 5 Cents

MENTAL HEALING.

Nearly every day brings an inquiry from some anxious student as to the attitude of the Theosophical Society toward Christian Science and the many other schools of mental healing. These questions indicate a fallacy that it would be well to remove.

The Theosophical Society has no attitude toward these movements. It has no attitude toward any movement except the movement of human fraternity. Human fraternity is the one thing unto which "all other things are added." Nor is there now any one in our midst, nor available, with authority to add to, remove from, or interpret, the presentation of Theosophy received some forty years ago. Those in possession of that presentation—that is to say those within reach of a public library—have all the information that is obtainable, and they may draw their own conclusions in contempt of the heresy hunters. In other words, the member of the Theosophical Society may believe what he pleases about mental healing, the tariff, preparedness, gravitation, and all other questions that swim within his ken. And if he supposes that there are teachers or leaders in our midst who are qualified to guide his footsteps he is recommended to join some church where they make a specialty of guiding footsteps, and where priestcraft is always available to weak-minded persons who are in need of it.

None the less we may exercise our

common sense on such matters, assuming that we have any. And to common sense it will always seem deplorable that there are such large numbers of persons whose minds seem to be concentrated perpetually on the health of their bodies. It is one of the diseases of the age, and a dangerous part of the very materialism that these people profess to deplore. The spectacle of hundreds of human beings assembled in a church in order to tell each other about their toothaches, their pains in the back and elsewhere, is of the sort to make angels weep. It is still more saddening that we should be compelled to refrain from casually asking an acquaintance how he is for fear he should tell us.

H. P. Blavatsky, asked once as to the duty of the occult student confronted with illness, said that he would do well to seek the advice of the recognized medical authorities of the country in which he happened to be and to follow that advice. It was a part of the concentrated common sense that distinguished H. P. Blavatsky and that she tried so vainly to impart to her followers. And it may be said that this reply will bear a good deal of analysis. It seems to indicate some of that "divine carelessness" which is antiseptic and prophylactic. Physical disease may indicate many things, but among them is invariably some broken physical law that must be identified. A toothache may be the Karma of some long-past

age. Doubtless it is. But its immediate cause is some neglect of physical hygiene. We may bludgeon away the pain by meditating on the Absolute. But it is so much easier to go to the dentist. Doubtless the pain can be removed by concentrating the mind upon the Monad, or indeed upon the ink-bottle. But, once more, it is so much easier to go to the dentist. Let us follow the line of least resistance and refrain from besieging the Gods overmuch lest perchance we remind them of other things—to our cost.

There is, of course, no such thing as physical pain. All pain is mental. We feel pain when the mind becomes aware of bodily derangement—fortunately for ourselves. And we are apt to increase the pain when we direct the mind unduly toward the affected area. Therefore the part of wisdom is obvious. First, we seek out rapidly and “carelessly” the cause of the pain, apply the physical remedy, and then compel the mind to concern itself with other things. An admirable alternative to thinking about one’s own pain is to think about the pain of another. The curative effects of such a procedure are almost unbelievable, which shows once more the agreement between religion and science.

The “divine carelessness” that has been recommended is an integral part of a spiritual philosophy. The mind that thinks habitually in terms of the continuity of life, of reincarnation, and of the universal law of cause and effect will find presently that it has a new standard of values and that its estimate of the things that are “worth while” is a larger and better one. In this way it becomes easier to divert the mind from the transitory and so to give to the transitory a much-needed opportunity to adjust itself. There is in very truth a genuine mental science and it is to be found first of all in that “judicious neglect” that refuses to allow the body to fill the whole horizon and that refuses to the passions of the body their ancient domination.

Blood for blood, and blow for blow;
Thou shalt reap as thou didst sow.

—*Aeschylus.*

Save not thy life at the expense of another’s, as he will take two of thy lives in future births.

CREATORS.

The real power and the immortal part of man is his consciousness or mind. His body, his circumstances, his particular talents, powers, and qualities represent a certain total produced by his thought. These may be said to be “pictures in actuality” by which he sees life. In each case the man who sees the pictures also made the pictures. As the imagination begets mental images, so do the thoughts, ideals, and efforts beget the material actualities which this experimenter experiences.

Man is so much greater than he knows. He feels as though he moved alone. He feels as though his thoughts and acts were his concern alone, and that, once passed, they are gone forever. It is not so. As the smoke from a chimney rises and floats into the air and is diffused throughout the sky, so is it with all nature and with man. He has no area or fixity. He is a product of, and contributes to, the whole. From it he draws his life, and to it his thought and life move out to build or to retard. When these react they close in upon him as a centre. The circles from a pebble cast into a lake will illustrate these facts. In the case of men these facts express themselves in life as relatives; as friends and enemies; as good and evil fortune; as power and weakness. Each man finds surrounding him out of the products of the collective life those particular products that were of his own making. Certain characters to whom he owes a debt hold out a hand for payment. Certain characters that owed a debt to him come with self-sacrifice or love to pay it. Like sands upon the seashore do we mould and shape each other, moving together to a common destiny. No man escapes. Each man that lives must also think and act, and as he thinks and acts will be the links that bind him here and there, bind him to this or that, bind this or that to him. As thinking, idealizing, and making effort, are continuous with life, so the results of these are ever present. The struggle to master present circumstances and to picture and move out into new ones constitute living. In this way life is an individual matter for every man. He affects the whole life and the whole life affects him, but the happiness or misery of it appear to be, for him, his very own. This is the su-

preme fact. It is the fact in which salvation lies.

No two persons produce the same mental pictures. They may have the main features in common, just as faces have the same features in common, but they are none the less individual. They may be as different as it is possible for difference to exist. In this diversity of feeling and circumstance, extending all the way from squalor, disease, misery, and crime, to usefulness, happiness, and conscious attainment, there are pictures of one-half that often remain wholly unknown to those of the other half. How is this? The answer of the philosophy of the ages speaks of law and justice, and would unfold life's meaning.

We make the world what it is. Each man makes the pictures that he sees. Each has some ideal ahead that he knows the world ought to be. Let him see to it, for upon such depend what the world will be. The god-like principle that reigns imperishable in the core and heart of life casts forth these images of its eternal beauty and harmony. These are heard by the builders and pilgrims as echoes, and are seen and followed as horizons. All must needs march and labor, but few are large enough to look up and behold the mighty plumb line. The labor, the time, the material, that are wasted when a wall must be pulled down and built again have an exact analogy in the moral world.

The plumb line is the perfect character, and nature will stop at nothing short of this. Our Reality and Inner Self is this nature and this demand. Through life after life of tears and toil will this force of our being push its way, at last to be delivered in perfection.

The ignorant and foolish make mistakes and bring on suffering. Only the man of wisdom knows the truth of life's simple daily maxims, and walks in Blessedness. And wisdom comes from love and sympathy. Wisdom and knowledge are a widened consciousness. Consciousness is life. Our knowledge is in exact proportion to our consciousness. We are conscious in exact proportion as we feel or vibrate with the feelings or vibrations of the life that we contact. We become immortal beings possessed of understanding as we lift the bars that separate our interests.

This is the deep meaning cast with us in our respective lots. The miserly husband finds himself with an extravagant wife. The sensitive woman finds herself with a harsh and cruel child. The bustling, impatient father finds himself with a slow and lazy son. We attract that which we dread equally with that which we desire. Thus in a constant action and reaction a friction is produced destined to round that which is sharp and to smooth that which is rough. This is the moving of the law of life. It is to be mastered in cooperation.

Let the niggardly man release his grasp and move his hands from off the gold. Let him sit undisturbed and see it go. For go it must. This is what he dreaded. Let him fight the unseen fight until he wrench a conquest. This conquest must be made ere he can become aware of immortality. Let the sensitive woman nerve herself to look without a shudder on that which horrified. This is the poise demanded by helpfulness and perfection.

IDEALISM.

What is the meaning of the statement in the "Secret Doctrine" that Theosophy is a system of "objective idealism"?

It means that we know of the outside world only through the ideas that it creates in ourselves. The image of a landscape that is thrown upon the focussing screen of a camera is not the landscape itself. It is an image of the landscape. It is the link between the photographer and the landscape. In the same way the objective world produces pictures or images within the brain and it is at these pictures that we look, and not at their causes. Of their causes we know nothing.

The state or condition of consciousness exercises a selective power over these images. It notes those with which it is in affinity and discards the rest. An artist and a farmer may look at the same view and see totally different pictures. The artist with his consciousness attuned to beauty will see nothing but beauty. The farmer may see nothing but utilities. In each case there is a selective process.

For the occult student it is of the highest importance to realize that consciousness looks only at its own states

or conditions, and not at the objective causes of those states and conditions. Theosophy says that these ideas have an objective cause and that it may be known in its entirety by the right processes. Subjective idealism says that the states of consciousness are the only realities and that they have no objective cause.

WHY?

EDITOR OUTLOOK—*Sir*: It was certainly a severe indictment that you brought against Theosophists in your issue of April 1st. But who shall say that it was too severe? Indeed after some twenty-five years of experience I know it to be a true one. One could belong to a Christian church for a lifetime and not see so much crude superstition, such impudence of intolerance, such almost incredible credulity as one finds nearly everywhere in theosophical circles.

Why is it? The question remains unanswered. Ever since the great split that need not otherwise be designated I have been asking myself if it is not possible to effect some kind of theosophical reunion. I have done more than this, for in the course of many wanderings I have asked prominent Theosophists everywhere for their views. The results have not been encouraging. Perhaps I made a mistake in going to the "prominent" Theosophists, since it was with their own prominence that they seemed mainly concerned. Everywhere I met the same insurmountable wall. Theosophy itself had taken a secondary position with most of them. The supreme question had become the deference that must be paid to themselves as leaders, teachers, adepts, and illuminati. They all had their little bands of followers who prated ceaselessly about loyalty, and it was a loyalty, not to Theosophy, but to the little "local adepts." And whoever would not pay that loyalty must be cast forth from the congregation of the elect. They were anathema.

It all seems very sad, but there is no remedy. Superstition is an integral part of human nature and so is the worship of personalities, and a willingness to crook the knee to self-acclamation.

And yet we may take some consolation from the fact that there are very many Theosophists of whom we hear

nothing—not being "prominent"—who hold themselves aloof from the *banda log* and their local adepts and who by their adhesion to first principles have saved themselves from the credulities, the arrogances and the cruelties so deplorably manifest elsewhere. Perhaps they will one day get together, as the promotion people say, and arrange some sort of an organization. I suggest as its motto "No adept need apply."

F. T. S.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1916.

A DEFENSE OF ISLAM.

Lord Beaconsfield said once that war had at least the useful effect of compelling us to learn geography. If he had lived until the present day he would have said that war persuaded us also to study the religions of our enemies and our friends.

Of this we have some evidence in the little book on Mohammedanism by Professor C. Snouck Hurgronje (Putnam's \$1.50 net). It is certainly a pleasing picture that the author gives us, and perhaps the most pleasing part of it is his description of *Ijmâ*, or that part of the law of Islam that sanctions any doctrine whatsoever upon which all Mohammedans are in agreement. Thus we are told that mysticism is not to be found in the *Qorân*, but that it entered the world of Islam by permission of *Ijmâ*. The author believes that mysticism came to Islam through Christian and Neo-Platonic media:

There were those who, by asceticism, by different methods of mortifying the flesh, liberated the spirit that it might rise and become united with the origin of all being; to such an extent, that with some the profession of faith was reduced to the blasphemous exclamation: "I am Allah." Others tried to become free from the sphere of the material and the temporal by certain methods of thought, combined or not combined with asceticism. Here the necessity of guidance was felt, and congregations came into existence, whose purpose it was to permit large groups of people under the leadership of their sheikhs to participate simultaneously in the mystic union. The influence which spread most widely was that of leaders like Ghazali, the Father of the later Mohammedan Church, who recommended moral purification of the soul as the only way by which men should come nearer to God. His mysticism wished to avoid the danger of pantheism, to which so many others were led by their contemplations, and which so often engendered disregard of the revealed law, or even of morality. Some wanted to pass over the gap between

the Creator and the created along a bridge of contemplation; and so, driven by the fire of sublime passion, precipitate themselves towards the object of their love, in a kind of rapture, which poets compare with intoxication.

The author removes some of the misconceptions that have helped to prejudice the modern world against Islam. Thus he tells us that polygamy, although *showed*, is far from being *recommended* by the majority of theologians. Indeed many of them dissuade men from marriage altogether. Elsewhere the author touches on the topic of religious intolerance, also a reproach against Islam. Intolerant Islam certainly is, but "there are still Christian churches which accept religious liberty only in circumstances that make supreme authority unattainable to them; and which, elsewhere, would not disdian the use of material means to subdue spirits to what they consider the absolute truth."

THE ETERNAL PAN.

Onward and on, the eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wax in flame into new forms,
Oxygen, and air, of plants and worms.
The world is the ring of his spells,
And the play of his miracles.

As the bee through the garden ranges,
From world to world the godhead changes,
As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
From form to form he maketh haste;
This vault which grows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for the night.
What reck's such traveler if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers,
A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
Or the stars of eternity?

Thou meekest him by centuries,
And lo, he passes like the breeze;
Thou seek'st him in globe and galaxy,
He hides in pure transparency;
Thou askest in fountains and in fires,—
He is the essence that inquires.
He is the axis of the star,
He is the sparkle of the spar,
He is the heart of every creature,
He is the meaning of every feature;
And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more deep, more high.

—Emerson.

Living for ages in the night-realm, we dream that our darkness is full day.

SELF-RESTRAINT.

(From Marcus Aurelius.)

Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores and mountains; and thou art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose to retire into thyself. For nowhere either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that, by looking into them, he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly, then, give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest. . . .

Unhappy am I, because this has happened to me—not so, but happy am I, because I continue free from pain, neither crushed by the present nor fearing the future. For such a thing as this might have happened to every man; but every man would not have continued free from pain on such an occasion. Why, then, is that rather a misfortune than this a good fortune? And dost thou in all cases call that a man's misfortune which is not a deviation from man's nature? And does a thing seem to thee to be a deviation from man's nature, when it is not contrary to the will of man's nature? Well, thou knowest the will of nature. Will, then, this which has happened prevent thee from being just, magnanimous, temperate, prudent, secure against inconsiderate opinions and falsehood; will it prevent thee from having modesty, freedom, and everything else by the presence of which man's nature obtains all that is its own? Remember, too, on every occasion which leads thee to vexation to apply this principle; not that this is a misfortune, but that to bear it nobly is good fortune.

All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws.

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he.—*Proverbs, xiii.*

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

(Albert Ernest Stafford in the *Toronto World*.)

William Quan Judge died on March 21, 1896, twenty years ago, and I think I am right in saying that he has been a dominant influence in my life since I first met him in 1884. He was born April 13, 1851, and would have been sixty-five this week had he lived. . . . Of course it was not Mr. Judge who influenced me, but the eternal principles which he represented. Had it not been Judge, some other had brought the message. Judge did not write much. He was accused of being a mere organizer. He had the business faculty and common sense. He tried to lead no one. He had no ambitions. When the resignation of the president of the society to which he was devoted left him acting president with the succession certain, he never rested till he got the resignation withdrawn and the president reinstated. He edited a magazine, *The Path*, for the ten years before his death, and it is a mine of occult knowledge and suggestion, always tempered with reason and common sense. He published two little books, "Echoes of the Orient" and "The Ocean of Theosophy." In the preface to the latter he says: "An attempt is made in the pages of this book to write of Theosophy in such a manner as to be understood by the ordinary reader. Bold statements are made in it upon the knowledge of the writer, but at the same time it is distinctly to be understood that he alone is responsible for what is therein written. . . . The tone of settled conviction which may be thought to pervade the chapters is not the result of dogmatism or conceit, but flows from knowledge based upon evidence and experience." He adds that it "is only a handing on of what has been known before."

A collection of letters selected from a private correspondence with Mrs. Julia Verplanck, afterwards Mrs. Archibald Keightley, was made and edited with copious and valuable comments by that lady, whose death I regret to say was announced last fall. This volume of "Letters That Have Helped Me," is invaluable for the student of occult science and ethics who is desirous of knowing life not merely in theory, but in practice. A second volume of "Letters" was

published after Mr. Judge's death, but I have not found them of the same value as the first, though it contains some unforgettable passages, and such phrases as the profound one—"Cast no one out of your heart." That was spoken in a stormy time when old friends had turned against him, comrades had abandoned him, and a great conspiracy to overthrow him was reaching its culmination. But his royal nature was always supreme. "Cast no one out of your heart." Another passage from the same book touches on the philosophy underlying the saying I have quoted. "Now this is, as I said, an era. I called it that of Western Occultism, but you may give it any name you like. But it is Western. The symbol is the well-intended American Republic, which was seen by Tom Paine beforehand 'as a new era in the affairs of the world.' It was meant as near as possible to be a brotherhood of nations, and that is the drift of its declaration and constitution. The T. S. is meant to be the same, but has for many years been in a state of friction. It has now, if possible, to come out of that. It can not be a brotherhood unless each, or some, of its units becomes a brother in truth. And Brother was the noble name given in 1875 to the Masters. Hence you and I and all of us must cultivate that. We must forgive our enemies and those who assail us, for only thus can the great brothers properly help by working through us. There seems to be a good deal to forgive, but it is easily done inasmuch as in fifty years we'll all be gone and forgot."

A conspiracy of those hostile to the spiritual interests of humanity . . . surrounded Judge in the last years of his life. I did not understand many of the occurrences at the time, and there are many things I do not understand yet. But the larger issues have cleared the vision of many who were blinded in the lesser struggle, and Judge's vindication, if he needed one, is apparent enough to the student. It has always been rather amusing to me to hear rank outsiders like A. Lillie, J. N. Maskelyne, Frank Podmore, and others who have only had hearsay to go upon when those in the very centre and swirl of affairs found it exceedingly difficult to steer their way through all the illusive happenings. As

long as no one stuck by principle there was no real difficulty, and I can not say that I have ever regretted the revealing experiences I had between the years 1895 and 1902. During that time scarcely a hint was given to those who had been enlisted in a great cause. They had to trust their own intuition and work out their own salvation. False teachers, or perhaps it would be better to say self-deluded teachers appeared on every hand. The small old path remained clear and plain, and those who stuck to it eventually found themselves at one once more and together in a larger field. . . .

It was only in the last few weeks that I have had explained to me, by the bringing together of certain letters and documents I have had in my possession since 1894 and onwards, how the cherished and trusted friends of Judge were led to select as his successor one utterly unworthy of the position. He had indicated a certain person, it appears, from letters which I have. That person, as far as I can determine, was wrongly identified by those who had the matter in hand. This was done in 1896. Not till 1900 was I made aware that there was another person, and that person had never been publicly identified with Judge's work. Not until October 21, 1911, did I hear that person's name. And not until the last few weeks, when the inquiries of New York detectives concerning the usurper, led me to bring the various letters together, was I led to see the bearing of this fact on all that had gone before and gone wrong.

In the year 1900 I placed on public record in print the fact that there was another person who should, as I understand it, have been chosen to take Judge's place when he died. If ever this wrong be righted it will be shown to have resulted as a necessary event in the testing and preparation of those who were going through a trial. To the world at large the whole matter may at present appear trivial, and possibly many who read this may regard it as moonshine. Very well. It is not for them. It must be apparent that if the intuitive faculties and functions are to be trained and tested it must be in actual service. Those who failed in the test will have other opportunities, for nature is in-

finitely merciful and forgives until seventy times seven. But the lost opportunity can never be recalled. It is perhaps impossible that the person who was originally intended, whose name has never been published and could not be without permission, could now occupy the position Judge's death left vacant twenty years ago. But loyalty to a principle and to an ideal will dictate the respect due to such a choice.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

May 23—The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.

May 24—The path of virtue lies in the renunciation of arrogance and pride.

May 25—He who wrongs another unjustly will regret it, though men may applaud him; but he who is wronged is safe from regret, though the world may blame him.

May 26—There is more courage in facing the world with undisguised truth than in descending into a wild beast's den.

May 27—True clemency is in foregoing revenge, when it is in one's power; true patience is in bearing up against disappointments.

May 28—The happy man must prepare ere the evil day comes; and when it does, let the thought that every good and great man has been made to suffer at some time console him.

May 29—Wealth in the hands of one who thinks not of helping mankind with it, is sure to turn one day into dry leaves.

What is now called the Christian religion was in existence also among men of old times, and has never been lacking since the beginning of the human race, till Christ himself appeared in the flesh. Since that time the true religion has begun to be called the Christian religion.—*St. Augustine.*

We are not the mannikins on which the rolling heavens play.—*Rubaiyat.*

He giveth unto his beloved in sleep.—*Psalms cxviii.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

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MONOPOLIES.

A news item to the effect that William Schlatter, faith healer, has been arrested in New York on a charge of practicing medicine without a license reminds us of the time when Schlatter was the sensation of the day. He claimed to have cured thousands, and certainly there were thousands who claimed to have been cured. The old man seems to have fallen upon evil days and to have become something of a charlatan since he was accompanied by a clergyman who collected the fees that Schlatter himself repudiated.

But sooner or later we shall have to revise the laws that make of healing the monopoly of a small group that calls itself scientific. The laws are already a dead letter so far as wealthy organizations like that of the Christian Science Church are concerned. They ought not to be used as a hammer to crush poor men. Medical science itself is inclining more and more in the direction of what may be called mental therapeutics. The use of more than some half-dozen standard drugs is discountenanced everywhere. It is becoming increasingly apparent that the doctor knows practically nothing about the human body and the finer forces that play through it, and we may readily believe that medical antipathy to unorthodox practices is due not so much to the fact that these practices are ineffective, but to the fact that they are effective. But behind all such ques-

tions lies the broad right of every human being to seek relief from suffering in any way that he pleases. The persecution of the faith healer is precisely on a par with the persecution of the Quaker. In each case we see an attack upon orthodoxy, and the invocation of the law in its defense. And the community that allows orthodoxies legally to entrench themselves is in a bad way.

SUPERSTITION.

An Eastern clergyman who has already obtained far more publicity than his intelligence should warrant is gravely concerned by what he calls the recrudescence of superstition, and by superstition he means whatever he himself does not happen to believe. Theosophy, he says, is making its appearance under a dozen other forms. It is the inspiration of most of the books that call themselves New Thought. The newest psychology is practically a presentation of Theosophy, while the number of people who do not call themselves Theosophists and who yet entertain a belief in reincarnation is "appalling." Something must be done, says our ecclesiastical friend, but he does not say what. How would it do to pass a law?

Now we are quite ready to admit that there is a recrudescence of superstition, but Theosophy is its enemy, not its friend. The fortune-teller and the necromancer flourish as never before, while reports from the great society

centres of the world show a veritable orgy of crystal gazing and of practices even more unholy. It would be strange if it were otherwise, with psychic research showing the way in the sacred name of science, and with religion utterly and wholly ignorant of the forces that it should be able to explain. But why drag in Theosophy, which has neither part nor lot in any of these things? It would be as intelligent to attack the Episcopal Church on the ground that the Holy Rollers are guilty of excesses. But to identify one's opponent with some admitted evil with which he has no connection is an old forensic trick, and one that has been worn somewhat threadbare.

Actually it is the churches themselves that are responsible for this recrudescence of superstition. But for their own descent into materialism there would have been no reaction in the direction of superstition. Deprived of spirituality mankind always descends into credulities. Superhumanism, which is quite different from supernaturalism, is a demand of the human mind, and it will find expression either through the wholesome channels of religion or through the unwholesome channels of superstition. The churches could have met this demand, and in fact they have no other reason for their existence. But since they did not meet it, since they abashed and discouraged it, they seem now in a fair way to be ousted from the field where Theosophy alone is offering knowledge as the antidote to pernicious credulities and to psychic practices against which its perpetual protest is a matter of record.

That a large part of the new psychological literature is a mere rehash or dilution of Theosophy is true enough. It is equally true that the new philosophies such as Bergsonism and the system put forward by Mr. Henry Holt are filched bodily from Theosophy and sadly mutilated in the process. But these are things that can not be helped. Theosophy is neither copyrighted nor patented. Any one may "discover" Theosophy, and put it forward under his own name, and with his distinguished face printed upon the title-page. These are among the penalties of a pioneer truth. All that can be done is to suggest to the seriously interested that they will find

copies of the writings of H. P. Blavatsky in any public library, and that they will then recognize the central flame from which the modern philosopher and the psychic researchers have lit their miserable little torches.

MATERIALISM.

Is the prevailing Materialism the direct result of modern Science or is it a phase to which the human mind is prone? And what is the remedy?

Modern Science has much to answer for in the promulgation of Materialism but let us not lay upon its shoulders a burden unfairly heavy. Orthodox religion has done its full share in the production of materialistic thought. Indeed we may almost say that Science did no more than substitute one kind of Materialism for another.

Go back some half-century or less, and we find a materialistic religion in full force. Matthew Arnold had full justification for his celebrated saying that the ordinary Christian conception of the Trinity was that of "three Lord Shaftesburys," three pious and benignant old gentlemen whose chief function was to smile approval upon religious conventions. Those were the days when the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, that Baptist Boanerges, described hell as a place of actual flames wherein souls, transformed into an "asbestos-like substance," were eternally tormented. And, conversely, the orthodox heaven was a place of dubious but material delights fashioned upon a pattern of gaudy and vulgar splendors that would delight the heart of a Bowery pawnbroker. Here we had a religious materialism running mad, and perhaps it was even more objectionable than the scientific Materialism that followed it. At least it was more crude and more coarse. Religion must certainly throw no stones at Science for its Materialism. It was religion that set the example and that led the way. But the scientific Materialism was more mischievous. Both were expressions of a mental phase.

Perhaps the best of all remedies is the one that is self-applied. For we are all materialists at heart. We all think in terms of matter. We may saturate ourselves with contrary theories, but actually our habits of thought are ma-

WILLIAM BLAKE.

materialistic. Matter remains for us the Reality in Nature. We are always on our knees before Things. We think, move, and have our being in a world of sense. Actually it is not beliefs that we have to overcome, but habits of thought. When we realize, and not merely believe, that Life is the one reality in nature and that forms are but the garb that eternally melts and changes, then we shall be no longer materialists. It is not enough to know something. We must become something.

THE STRUGGLE TO EXIST.

Is there any evidence that we possess any faculties or powers other than those called forth by the struggle for existence?

We possess many such faculties and powers and those that by common agreement are pronounced to be the highest are the very ones that seem to retard us rather than to help us in the struggle for existence. The power of sympathy, for example, was certainly not called forth by the rule of the jungle. It is in direct opposition to what is usually meant by the survival of the fit. Biology tries to persuade us that victory all along the line goes to the sharpest teeth and the longest claws, and yet even those who have little or no power of sympathy are by no means reluctant in the homage that they pay to sympathy and self-sacrifice. Humanity has no permanent crown to offer to intellectual achievements. It has never shown gratitude for material gifts. We have forgotten the name of the man who invented the wheel. In a hundred years' time we shall have forgotten Edison and Darwin and Haeckel, or they will be mere labels for intellectual curiosities. But we shall not forget the name of Plato, or Emerson, for these are men whose genius was that of sympathy.

Other faculties that do not help us in the struggle to live are the love of music and the love of art. Indeed they hamper us. But we have them, and we know that they adorn us. For these there is no niche in the biological edifice. They belong to another order of being than that with which biology deals. Their home is in the kingdom of heaven, and they are predictions of its dominance.

"William Blake's message is slowly remaking the world." Mr. Charles Gardner, author of *Vision and Vesture: A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought* (E. P. Dutton & Co.) seems to approve of this judgment, since he makes of it the foreword to his excellent little volume. And here we see one of the faults of the literary specialist, for William Blake had no message of his own and he always said so. Like all occult teachers, he repeated and transmitted as it was given to him to see, and he proved his own greatness by his disclaimer of originality.

What Blake called the Poetic Genius seems to be the Spiritual Soul in more modern terminology. The supreme faculty of the Poetic Genius was imagination, and so we have such men as Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Dürer. Imagination in its higher aspects was the passage from death to life, or initiation. The Poetic Genius is the same in all men, but its manifestations vary. Blake makes this clear in his "Principles" that are worth quoting:

THE ARGUMENT.

As the true method of knowledge is experience, the true faculty of knowing must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.

PRINCIPLE FIRST.

That the Poetic Genius is the true Man, and that the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius, which by the Ancients was called an Angel and Spirit and Demon.

PRINCIPLE SECOND.

As all men are alike in outward form, so (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius.

PRINCIPLE THIRD.

No man can think, write, or speak from his heart, but he must intend truth. Thus all sects of philosophy are from the Poetic Genius adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

PRINCIPLE FOURTH.

As none by traveling over known lands can find out the unknown; so from already acquired knowledge Man could not acquire more; therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists.

PRINCIPLE FIFTH.

The religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation's different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is everywhere called the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE SIXTH.

The Jewish and Christian Testaments are an original derivation from the Poetic

Genius. This is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

PRINCIPLE SEVENTH.

As all men are alike (though infinitely various) so all Religions, as all similars, have one source. The True Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius.

The visions that come from the imagination are different. All are inexpressible, but the mystic tries to express them in the terminology with which he is most familiar. But all true vision depends upon love. "Love to another will give understanding of man, and self, and of Nature. To seek this understanding through Nature, like Wordsworth, is to risk being ensnared by her witchery."

Blake's "Halls of Los," says the author, are the Akashic Records, perhaps seldom more graphically described than in his *Jerusalem*:

All things acted on Earth are seen in the
bright Sculptures of
Los's Halls, and every Age renews its powers
from these Works,
With every pathetic story possible to happen
from Hate or
Wayward Love, and every sorrow and distress
is carved here;
Every Affinity of Parents, Marriages and
Friendships are here
In all these various combinations wrought
with wondrous Art.
All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage
of seventy years.
Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb
and Sinai;
And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet
and Calvary.

Every renaissance of art, literature, and religion comes from the Akashic Records. The New is always a reinterpretation of the Old, and its medium is human genius. But the evil man also may visit these records. One may understand "all mysteries and all knowledge" and yet miss one's way unless guided by love.

Blake condemns Swedenborg severely and justly because he supposes that he is "the single one on earth that ever broke a net." Any man, he says, may read Paracelsus or Boehme and "produce ten thousand volumes of equal value with Swedenborg's."

In considering the relation of Blake to more modern movements the author has something interesting to say about Theosophy:

Theosophy is new only in Europe; in Asia it has its roots deep and far in the boary

past. Its branches have stretched into every land, and in each land that has had any mysticism of native growth, Theosophy has made itself at home. It is impossible to sum up in a few words the teaching of a cult that has had so many ramifications. Its main principles do not make it distinctive from other religions. Foremost it places the doctrine of brotherhood which it pursues with much gentleness and sweetness and kindness. The doctrine of Reincarnation is always associated with Theosophy, but it has been held by many who were not Theosophists, and it is not necessary to subscribe to it in order to become a Theosophist. . . . There is little that Theosophy would controvert in the teaching of Blake. It takes his apocalyptic view of regeneration, his doctrine of judgment as a present process; it finds like him that the Eternal is always present to the wise; and it understands far better than most Christians Blake's doctrine of all things being imaged in the sculptured halls of Los' Palace. Theosophy calls the sculptured Halls the Akashic Record, and claims that its seers have access to these Records, and thus gain a secret knowledge of things and events which is only possible for those in an advanced stage of spiritual consciousness.

None the less the author has a word of criticism for Theosophy. He says it is too tolerant, too sweet. It lacks the iron hand and the edge of the sword. It must kindle a "pitiless fire" if it is to create a new heaven and a new earth.

If this be a defect it is an amiable one. Perhaps we may even partially correct it by saying that the author's enthusiasm for Blake robs him wholly of that rotundity of vision essential to the successful critic, and that his efforts to trace the influence of Blake upon modern thought are often grotesque and absurd. Blake has had no influence whatever upon modern thought, and when we see that the author ascribes the genius of Yeats to the influence of Blake we can only hold up our hands in amazement, remembering the long connection of Yeats with H. P. Blavatsky. And it may be said further that when Mr. Gardner speaks of Cagliostro as a charlatan he is guilty of a display of mere bigotry. Did he ever read anything of Cagliostro's except from the mouths of his enemies and detractors? And is he not aware that the same congenital incapacity to understand that he himself displays in the case of Cagliostro was responsible for the almost universal contemporary opinion that Blake was a lunatic? Thus do we hasten to profit by Mr. Gardner's admonition and to put a preliminary edge upon the sword of controversy.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

May 30—Like as the night follows the day, so misfortune is the shadow of joy; Karma bestowing her lots with both hands.

May 31—The eagle catcheth not flies; but even the eagle is disturbed by them.

June 1—Judge the tree by its fruits, man by his deeds.

June 2—Theosophy is not the acquirement of powers, whether psychic or intellectual, though both are its servants.

June 3—Neither is Theosophy the pursuit of happiness, as men understand the word; for the first step is sacrifice, the second, renunciation.

June 4—Life is built up by the sacrifice of the individual to the whole. Each cell in the living body must sacrifice itself to the perfection of the whole; when it is otherwise, disease and death enforce the lesson.

June 5—Theosophy is the science of life, the art of living.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

This "thinking of oneself" as this, that, or the other, is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomenon. The words "whosoever shall say to this mountain be thou removed and cast into the sea, and *shall not doubt* . . . that thing will come to pass," are no vain words. Only the word "faith" ought to be translated by "Will." Faith without Will is like a windmill without *wind*—barren of results.—Vol. II, p. 62.

The Astral Light . . . keeps an un-mutilated record of all that was, that is, or ever will be. The minutest acts of our lives are imprinted on it, and even our thoughts rest photographed on its eternal tablet.—Vol. I, p. 178.

Memory—the despair of the materialist, the enigma of the psychologist, the sphinx of Science—is to the student of old philosophies merely a name to express that power which man unconsciously exerts with many of the inferior animals—to look with inner sight into the Astral Light and there behold the images of past sensations and incidents.—Vol. I, p. 179.

The spoken word has a potency not

only unknown to, but even unsuspected and naturally disbelieved in, by the modern "sages." . . . Sound and rhythm are closely related to the four Elements of the Ancients. . . . Such or another vibration in the air is sure to awaken the corresponding Powers, union with which produces good or bad results, as the case may be.—Vol. I, p. 325.

The Elementals . . . are considered as the "spirits of atoms," for they are the first remove (backwards) from the physical atom—sentient, if not intelligent creatures. They are all subject to Karma and have to work it out through every cycle.—Vol. I, p. 241.

That flash of memory which is traditionally supposed to show a drowning man every long-forgotten scene of his mortal life as the landscape is revealed by the intermittent flashes of lightning—is simply the sudden glimpse which the struggling soul gets into the silent galleries where his history is depicted in imperishable colors.—Vol. I, p. 179.

A thorough familiarity with the occult faculties of everything existing in nature, visible as well as invisible; their mutual relations, attractions, and repulsions; the cause of these traced to the spiritual principle which pervades and animates all things; the ability to furnish the best conditions for this principle to manifest itself. In other words a profound and exhaustive knowledge of natural law—this *was* and is the basis of magic.—Vol. I, p. 244.

Death hath 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.
So I myself (well I the past recall),
When the fierce Greeks begirt Troy's
holy wall,
Was brave Euphorbus; and in conflict
drear
Poured forth my blood beneath Atrides'
spear.
The shield this arm did bear I lately saw
In Juno's shrine, a trophy of that war.
—Dryden's "Ovid."

All succeeds to the will.—Eddas.

THE CASE OF JOHN SMITH.

A mark of the increasing interest in mystic thought is to be found in a book entitled *The Case of John Smith*, by Elizabeth Bisland, recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains the ruminations of a natural mystic who without much education has a certain direct vision which he is anxious to share. Its philosophical purport may be gleaned from a few extracts wherein we see the Spirit of Understanding instructing her pupils:

Without knowing how, they found themselves still supported by that strong and tender touch, rising up through the deeps of space as a bubble rises through the deeps of ocean.

In those infinite crystalline fields they saw the seeds of worlds flung abroad in luminous dust as a sower flings out grain in the spring furrows. Saw these seeds unfold in the nourishing bosom of the abyss, take on new forms as plants and suns, grow in orderly ranks of sidereal systems, develop through unreckonable æons, swell with the milk of life, ripen, harden, and disperse again the seminal of new growth. . . .

Then the outer ends of these worlds began to die. The sap of warmth flowed more sluggishly; the hot vapors chilled to snow, the waters congealed, the impulse of life grew sluggish, the worlds hardened, died, and crumbled again to cosmic dust, began once again the long story of world life and death. . . .

You see how life pervades all things, how all the threads of the warp and woof pass through one another in a close weaving of endlessly intricate pattern. Nothing dies or decays, but everything changes into new forms. Worlds only pass into other worlds to begin once again the climb toward perfection. We ourselves pass again and again through every form of life.

The Spirit is forced to explain away the regrets felt by her pupils at the loss of so much toil and labor:

"Nothing is ever lost," the Spirit repeated. "It is one of our saddest mistakes to think that; it discourages so many. Learn this once and deeply, for all real wisdom and understanding rest upon the perception of that truth. *Memory is immortal. Matter never forgets.* The outer consciousness may not visualize it, but the subconsciousness holds recollection of all the phases through which it has ever passed."

Their guide stooped and gathered a handful of dust:

"Here," she said, "in this humble powder lies a mighty history of suns and stars. This has passed through a thousand worlds, through a million living bodies, of men and animals, fish, birds, serpents, plants, insects, trees, and every one of those transmutations it remembers. Through each transmutation

it has learned something, has added to its powers.

"We, too, are water, and minerals, with all their records. Though our outer minds may forget, or recall but obscurely, our inner one is sure in its recollection. It knows what to do with food, how to separate what is needed, to cast aside what is superfluous. It remembers how to lengthen our bones, renew our blood, repair and cleanse, and rebuild the waste of its dwelling. And, more strange and startling still, it remembers how to form a new seed of being so minute as to be invisible, and yet with its chronicle of all its course of living packed in that tiny compass, so that while passing through the state of embryo it repeats all the forms of life through which it has climbed and successively partakes of each of those previous shapes—lancelet, fish, amphibia, reptile, tailed mammal, ape—before it reaches the highest step of human likeness with which to be born into the world."

The instructor uses some revealing similes to show the deathless nature of the soul's individuality:

Also we know that what we call spirit, soul, consciousness, ego, is a quality of matter as cohesion is a quality of iron. It inheres in matter, is an essential part of it, as heat is an essential element of fire. All matter has this soul, this ego. Take water as an example. You may freeze it so that it becomes as solid as a rock, yet it is still water. Vaporize it to steam it is no less water. Turn it to clouds, mist, dew, frost—through all these changes it has the soul, the ego, of water. Even untwist the two chemical strands of which it is woven, yet wherever two parts of hydrogen are mixed with one of oxygen, water is instantly reborn. That soul, which is water, survives all disintegration and rushes into existence again somewhere else.

The Spirit explains that the Soul is the abode of knowledge. When man seeks knowledge through the avenue of the senses he is but traveling further from its source:

Learning is recollecting. The soul in its previous existence has held these ideas, and knowledge is possible just because the mind does not acquire something that is alien to it, but recovers what is its own. . . .

"See!" said their guide to her wondering charges as they floated with her through the ocean of time. "It is as I told you. Matter, intelligence, never forgets. Always man through all the ages has mistily recalled, has embodied in his myths and religions a recollection of whence and how he came, has guessed that he has come and gone through the universe as he will come and go again."

The rise and decline of the religions of the world pass before their eyes. They see that one after another has been born of this conception of unity and cyclic evolution. They see how the attainment

of the individual to a consciousness of Reality has always been the end in view. They see how the great religions have been successively perverted from this end of individual freedom and have become organizations which enslaved thought and bound men's minds in molds. They see how the Aryans had most nearly of all peoples approached a true conception of the human soul:

Beginning to dream of something enormous, intangible, unconditioned by forms and passions like their own—of Brahma, the All, who listened to no prayers, was remote, moveless, brooding, incomprehensible. They dreamed of emanations from this mighty Something,—Shiva, who cast out of one hand all the pulsing, pulsating life they saw around them, and caught it back into the other hand, worn, exhausted, broken, to make of it life anew and cast it forth once more on its phase of being. In their imaginings they saw him, as flinging this river of existence from palm to palm above his head. The life of the universe a mere whirl of dancing atoms never an instant at rest, changing every instant, every instant dying and coming again to rebirth. The God himself dancing with long beautiful movements in the eternal ebb and flow, the ceaseless flux of all things. And his wife was Kali-deva, Death.

But there was still another force somewhere, another person in the Trinity. Vishnu, the Preserver of the life Shiva created and destroyed. He caught the passing atom for a moment, gave it love and help and nourishment. Gave it joy; endeavored to teach it as it passed; whispered to it hope of return to the light as it vanished into darkness. . . .

We know now that Shiva's river of dancing atoms, forever passing from birth to death and back to birth again, whirls through the universe, carrying in its waves planets, suns, stars, worlds, man, beast, the tiniest animalculæ and infusoria, herbs, stones, water, metals, elements, and the invisible gases. Each and all move, change, are transformed by living to death, and by death and disintegration to life again: are forever through æons of time being sucked in and breathed out, eternally rising and setting in "The days and nights of Brahma."

Life was a great wheel lifting him up into the light and inexorably carrying him down into darkness, and up and down again. No bribes of blood, or gifts or prayers could stay that great wheel. But man could, if he chose, cut himself free from it; could loosen the bonds of the law. The Law was that all one's deeds were seeds from which rose inevitably their natural growth. If one sowed corn, corn grew, not sesamum. If one sowed only good there would at last be no evil to expiate and therefore no need for further life; one was freed from the wheel and passed into Nirvana—pure, passionless content and poise.

The author has done a creditable piece of work, and if she inclines some-

what to intellectualism she ought none the less to be assured of an appreciative hearing.

IMMANENCE.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed
sod.

There do I dwell, in weakness and in
power;
Not broken or divided, saith our God!
In your strait garden plot I come to
flower!

About your porch My Vine
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed
hour.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Yea! on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to
meet

Your hard and wayward heart. In
brown bright eyes
That peep from out the brake, I stand
confest.

On every nest
Where feathery Patience is content to
brood

And leaves her pleasure for the high em-
prise
Of motherhood—
There doth My Godhood rest.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take;
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.
In beggar's part,
About your gates I shall not cease to
plead—

As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.
—Evelyn Underhill.

The universe around man is only a
projection of his own inner conscious-
ness.—*Kant.*

The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
are within ourselves alone.—*Whittier.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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GIFT
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Vol. I. No. 23.

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THE WORLD MOVES.

We are still much in the habit of talking loosely of the conflict between religion and science, forgetful of the fact that wherever such a conflict is found to exist one or other of the disputants must be sailing under a false flag. For there can be no religion that is not also science. Nothing that is untrue can at the same time be religious. Whatever is true is both science and religion, and whatever is untrue is neither science nor religion. The theologians of the last century who maintained that the world was created out of nothing some five thousand years ago may have believed that they had religious sanction for their contention. In other words, they believed that it was true. But when science proved that it was untrue it ceased at that moment to have any right to a place among religious concepts. The schoolboy who defined faith as the power to believe what we know to be untrue would have to revise that definition nowadays. Nothing that is known to be untrue can have any place either in science or religion. And nothing that is known to be true can be excluded from either.

This is recognized clearly enough by Professor Newman Smyth in his remarkable book, "The Meaning of Personal Life." Professor Smyth is a Christian scholar of eminence and distinction whose Lowell lectures of 1902 were a worthy introduction to his later

work. Professor Smyth sets himself to the detection of the missing link in the current materialistic schemes of evolution. If these schemes are true, then they must be accepted by religion. Religion can not afford to deny anything that is true. But, says the author, they may be true so far as they go, and yet be insufficient. They may not be the whole truth. They may cover only a part of the ground. They may tell us accurately enough what has happened, but they may fail to explain why it happened. And it may be just here that religion will find its justification.

Science says that the world has been built up from atoms and electrons, that these atoms and electrons have ceaselessly assembled themselves into more and more delicate and intricate forms until at last we have a universe of vast complexity, but of a precise and orderly balance and proportion. We may suppose that space was once filled utterly with motionless and incoherent atoms, that there came a moment when those atoms moved and gyrated, that solar systems coagulated and received their impetus, that vegetation appeared upon worlds of slime and water, that animal life arrived upon the scene, and that all early and primitive forms became more and more complex until at last we have the material systems as we now see them, but still with infinite complexities ahead of them. All this may be true as sketched for us by science. Unquestion-

ably it is true. It conforms with probability and knowledge. But is there any reason why religion should fear it? Is there any reason why religion should fear anything that is true, unless it is willing to confess itself as a champion of the false?

Professor Smyth sees nothing disconcerting in the scientific system of evolution. He willingly accompanies the scientist just so far as knowledge and legitimate inference will permit, and then he asks triumphantly for the explanation. Why do the atoms group themselves into orderly forms and not into chaotic forms? Why do they advance from complexity to complexity as though they knew their way, as though they had a guide and a pilot? Why do they observe the laws of harmony and proportion, and why is a certain mathematical precision stamped upon their wanderings? The theory of chance is, of course, mere scientific buffoonery, Haeckelian drivel. Chance produces disorder and not order, anarchy and not harmony. If we are to say that chance is responsible for Bode's law of planetary distances we might just as well say also that a violin came into existence by chance, and that the violinist, created also by chance, produces a chance combination of notes that we know as a Beethoven Sonata. The theory of chance is not scientific, even though it may emanate from scientific men. It is a mere guess, and an extraordinarily silly one. It is far less intelligent than the folk lore of the Apaches.

Since we must postulate a force that guides the atoms, says Professor Smyth, let us give that force the name of Personality. It is a bad choice so far as terminology goes. Why not call it Consciousness, or Life? None the less it may serve. Personality, then, must have been present from the beginning. It must have supplied the models around which the atoms successively grouped themselves in ever progressive forms. Personality, we may suppose, remained constant. It was the forms that changed. And Personality became more apparent as the forms became more transparent to its light. In the lower kingdoms of nature we see little of the Personality. Its medium is too dense, too opaque. But as the media become more refined, more delicate, so they be-

come more transparent to the Personality, until at last we have the true personality of man. It is a case of Personality advancing through the kingdoms of material nature, governing those kingdoms and assembling them, in order to reach the point where the Personality becomes self-expressive through matter.

At this point we naturally become curious as to whether the learned author will have the courage of his convictions, whether he will tell us directly that the progress of the Personality through its material forms is still continued after the human kingdom has been reached. It is gratifying to find that he does so. He asks how we are to overcome the apparent cessation and negation of the process by death, and he replies:

We have this reassuring knowledge that this mortal body is by no means the final conceivable perfection of embodiment; other obedience and better-organized service to spirit of material forces may with reason be supposed. Both from the comparative perfection of the human brain in relation to all previous organization of matter for mind, and also from its imperfection in relation to a conceivable future, we may gain a prophetic insight into the significance of the present for the future embodiment of spirit. If, indeed, we are forced to assume that in known physics and chemistry the end of all matter in its possible fitness for mind had been reached, then a halt might be called to our faith; but we have not come to the end of the science of material energies. We have of late been beholding new revelations of radiant energies. What latent energies are yet to be revealed out of the depths and silences of space, who can tell? We who are just beginning to learn how much further the Creator has gone with radiant matter than we had dreamed can not presume to say that he can go no further either with it or us.

This is eminently satisfactory. It is so close to Theosophy as to be almost identical. And because it is so close to Theosophy we may welcome Professor Smyth's book as a landmark in theological thought.

Again that Voice, that on my listening
ears
Falls like star-music filtering through
the spheres,
"Know this, O man, sole root of sin in
thee
Is not to know thine own divinity."

—James Rhoades.

The mind phasing in man is illimitable.—Edgar J. Larkin

FREUDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

What is the origin of human character in its more malefic manifestations? Whence come the "compulsive and obsessive neuroses" that seem to be so much a feature of the present day and that so largely occupy the attention of the physician and the psychologist? The replies to these questions are very numerous and that they are never in agreement is a matter of small concern to philosophical partisanship. Every school has its devotees, and every school basis its argument upon a careful isolation of friendly facts and an equally careful exclusion of the unfriendly.

In this arena Professor Freud has already won a place by his erudition. He is the founder of a "school," a "system," and he has his enthusiastic advocates and assailants. Professor Freud says we must look for the origin of neuroses, by which he means no more than malefic characteristics, in the psychic wounds suffered in early childhood. These psychic wounds, the result of childish disappointments, misunderstandings, or hardships, give to the character a twist or a direction that may later show itself as actual neuroses.

It is an ingenious theory, and of course it can be "proved" in the usual way. That a thing may be so can be solemnly paraded as a proof that it is so. That a child was once terrified by the sight, for example, of a dead body, can be compelled to account for subsequent characteristics, with which the early experience seems to have no sort of connection, but with which it may be ingeniously linked by a series of unverified and unverifiable hypotheses. Dreams, says Professor Freud, represent the fulfillment of some unattained desire. Doubtless this is true of many dreams, since the dream states are quite as varied as the waking states. But is it true of nightmare, or of that other and quite common dream where the sleeper imagines himself to be in some public place without clothing? Moreover, we should like to know why the same experience will affect different children in different ways. One child might be seriously affected by the sight of a dead body, and another be quite undisturbed. It is very certain that if we once espouse the theory that adult neuroses are always caused by the psychic wounds of child-

hood we shall always find it possible to find the connecting links. If the theoretical cause does not fit the theoretical effect it can be made to do so by main strength.

But there is no need to dwell overmuch on the Freudian philosophy. Like the many that have preceded it we may expect that it will have its little day and cease to be. The shores of time are littered with the wrecks of such as this, and even their names have been obliterated.

Doubtless there are some neuroses, some malefic characteristics, that are the result of childish experiences. But those other characteristics that made those experiences so fruitful must also have had their cause in the past. What was it, and when was that past? Doubtless we shall be told heredity. The supply of absurdities is infinite, and they all hurry to support each other. The present is always the result of the past; that goes unsaid; but we object to the drawing of a line on the assumption that behind that line there was no past at all. Why fence in a portion of time and demand that all causes and all effects shall be crowded within that particular corral? It would be as intelligent to say that we are now experiencing the results of what we did in April, but that we have no relation whatsoever with March, and in fact that there was no such month as March. If we are now reaping the fruits of what we did, or of what was done to us, forty years ago, then we are also experiencing the results of what we did or of what was done to us four thousand years ago.

It seems a strange obliquity that thus blinds us to the fact of continuity, that compels us to segregate time into watertight compartments, that mesmerizes us by the infliction upon our thought of innumerable beginnings and endings where causes and effects suddenly stop. At least Theosophy has the charm of simplicity in its postulate of One Life, and One Law, and an absolute continuity of consciousness governed by cause and effect.

There is apparently behind the world of phenomena, as we know it, an entirely unknown region, the very first coast lines of which we are only just beginning to perceive.—A. Z. *German*

A CLASSICAL DEATH PHANTOM.

Sir Oliver Lodge, watchful in defense of spiritualism, hastens into print in the May issue of the *Nineteenth Century* with an article entitled "A Classical Death Phantom." He has found a case where a communication through an entranced medium has shown a classical scholarship "beyond that of the recorder and beyond that of the medium." That such an instance is so nearly unique as to justify a fourteen-page article in the *Nineteenth Century* has in itself a significance that seems to have eluded Sir Oliver's attention.

The communicating intelligence, says the author with a delightful caution, purported to "represent some part or aspect of the deceased F. W. H. Myers." It seems that there are other intelligences communicating through other mediums that give the same name, although they are of a different nature, so that this particular entity whose medium is Mrs. Piper is conveniently known as Myers(P). Now on the particular occasion under consideration a question as to the nature of *Lethe* was put to Myers(P)—the irreverence is not ours—by a Mr. Dorr. Now Mr. Dorr, it seems, is not a classicist, nor is Mrs. Piper, but none the less the replies showed a definite classical knowledge:

Among them came references to Anchises, Sibyl, Hades, etc., which clearly referred to the sixth book of the *Æneid*, where is narrated the visit of *Æneas* to the infernal regions to see his father Anchises, where he sees the Souls mustering on the flowery banks of the water of *Lethe*. These reminiscences therefore, if not immediately intelligible, quickly become so. But there was another group of references—to Iris, Morpheus, Cave, Entwined love, Poppies, Olympus, Sad lonely mate, and Ceyx—which were more puzzling. Indeed they seemed, not only to Mr. Dorr, but also to some classical scholars in this country to whom they were submitted, to be rather a meaningless jumble of disconnected notions, and to bear no relation to the question about *Lethe*, to which they were claimed as an appropriate response.

That Myers(P) should so ill express himself is doubtless to be explained by the restrictions of mediumship and perhaps also by the presence of the Society for Psychical Research, which in itself is somewhat proficient in "meaningless jumbles" and should feel quite at home with them. But the difficulty disappeared on the discovery that these confused references were reminiscent of the

eleventh book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a book quite unknown to Mr. Dorr and of course to Mrs. Piper and "not very familiar to classical students in general." On the other hand Mr. Myers was a conspicuous classical scholar. The inference is obvious, or Sir Oliver seems to think that it is.

Now it is only the clairvoyance of an adept that could diagnose with certainty either this or any other specific phenomenon. The lives and the forces on the unseen planes of nature are just as varied as those others that visibly surround us and the attempt to identify them from a casual narrative would be futile. None the less we are strongly reminded of the characteristics of the human elementary, that cast-off mental vesture saturated with the thought forces of its owner and lawlessly summoned to a hideous simulacrum of life by the necromancy called mediumship. An elementary thus revitalized would act precisely like Myers(P).

Sir Oliver Lodge then goes on to consider the incident related by Ovid where a vision of Ceyx appears to the widow in order to convey the news of his death. But Ovid does not suppose that the vision is really the spirit of Ceyx, "as many do in like cases at the present day." He believes it to be a semblance sent by the Gods and therefore, says Sir Oliver, analogous to the "veridical death wraiths" of the Psychical Researcher.

There is no analogy whatever. The death wraith is a *mayavi rupa* created by the concentrated thought of the dying man, who *imagines himself* to be in the presence of his friend or relative. It is always seen at the moment of death, or nearly so, and not afterwards, and it usually depicts or indicates the manner of death. The vision depicted by Ovid was of quite another kind. It was sent, he says, by "the Gods," by which he means either the Higher Self of the widow, or of Ceyx himself. And if we had eyes to see and ears to hear we should know that such messages from the Higher Self are by no means unusual.

The story has, of course, another and a much higher interpretation. Ceyx was the son of Venus or Lucifer, and he undertakes his fatal journey in order to rescue his brother, *Dædalion*, who has

been changed into a falcon. The symbol of the Higher and the Lower Minds seems clear enough. But who, or what, is the wife, Alcyone, daughter of Eolus?

BIBLE TEACHING.

A recent conference of social and religious workers find what they regard as a serious problem in the number of English-speaking children who are ignorant of the Bible.

Why encumber children with the things that do no matter while we neglect the things that are of importance? The real importance lies with the causes that called the sacred writings into existence. But we submerge the spiritual reality in favor of a pretense that concerns itself with literary and educational values.

Why not teach a child that he has a Higher and a Lower nature? These are things that he can comprehend for himself. Why not teach him to identify the voice of conscience and the voice of temptation that are so continually audible within him? Why not instill in him a sense of fearful obedience to the one, and of unrelenting antagonism to the other? Why not train him to realize that there is no greater responsibility for him in life than the responsibility for the victory of right within himself? These things are not true because the Bible says so. The Bible says so because they are true. The sacred writings of the world do not reveal them. They confirm them.

It is true that we can remind ourselves of the importance of this obligation by revisiting the Scriptures. Here we see prophets, saints, and sages attesting to the triumph of righteousness, and we see plagues, wars, and scourges as the outcome of its defeat. We see these same things today. In the framework of a hundred different stories we have the one eternal theme of Reality. It is the story of the evolution of the human soul. It is the story of the conflict between man the animal and man divine. The spiritual nature on its journey through material experiences is submerged. The human will must raise it from the dead, must restore it to Paradise.

The trouble is that we no longer feel the reality of these facts. We no longer

believe them. We have followed the voice of scientific authority until we have been weaned away from all of our spiritual "fairy tales." We forget that there are some forms of truth that can not express themselves in scientific terms. They can only be clothed in allegory and myth. We have suffered ourselves to be deceived in the overthrow of spirituality by materiality. This is why our children are suffering. The fact that a certain amount of indigestible lore has not been presented to them matters not at all.

Every child has within him a record of the journey of its own soul. Are we sure that we do well when we make such haste to conform him with the regular and the orthodox? He is not something newly created out of nothing. He has spiritual memories and intuitions. These are fresh and near the surface, until we, in our ignorance, destroy them. If we would treat our children as the immortal beings that they are we should do things differently. We should first give right action the place of chief importance. The child would be taught to do right as a duty and a necessity, and not as a sort of solicitation for a reward. Secondly, we should encourage him to look within himself for the truth, and to speak the thoughts that arise there. We should never ask him to believe something because some one else said that it was so. Thus we should lead him to the development of character and to the expression of his own message. These are the two factors of true living. We are too eager to conform everything with stereotype codes.

The mighty monarch, He, the man, the one who doth the essence start towards that peace of perfect stainlessness, lordly, exhaustless light.

The Man, the size of a thumb, the inner self, sits ever in the heart of all that's born, by mind, mind ruling in the heart, is He revealed. That they who know, immortal they become.

The Man of the thousands of heads, and thousands of eyes, and thousands of feet, covering the earth on all sides, He stands beyond, ten finger-breadths.

The Man is verily this all, what has been and what will be. Lord, too, of deathlessness which far all else surpasses.—*Shvetashvatara Upanishad*

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

We can find no great profit in an inquiry as to the opinions of others upon such a subject as death and survival. But we are living in a day of borrowed beliefs and of vicarious thinking. The Sunday supplement furnishes us with a complete equipment of convictions on all topics under the sun, and if any more profound knowledge should be needed it can be found in the cheap manuals of self-education now given to the world with such profit—to the publishers.

And so we have a little volume on "What Happens After Death" that has just been issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. It is made up of the opinions of those who, for some inscrutable reason, are supposed to know, but who actually know no more than we do ourselves. None the less the following quotations may be of interest:

THE THEOSOPHIC VIEW.

(By Mrs. Annie Besant.)

Man is a spiritual intelligence, clothed in matter. The conditions of the world in which our consciousness works when outside the physical body—whether leaving that body in sleep or dead—are as various as those of the physical world. The man after death, in his desires and emotions, is the same man as he was before death. Our work, then, on the other side of death is the building of conscience and of faculty out of the experiences gathered during physical life. With these we return to a new earth-life, to make further progress.

A SCIENTIST'S VIEW.

(By Sir Hiram S. Maxim, C. E., M. E.)

All the matter that goes to make up our bodies is eternal. The soul, the mind, or the spiritual part, is only a condition of matter. It is not eternal in the same sense that matter is. It has been transmitted to us by our parents, and we are able to transmit to our children; so we live in our descendants. The unfortunates who fail to pass their soul on to the next generation are forever lost; with them death ends all.

AN AGNOSTIC PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW.

(By Dr. Max Nordau.)

Death means final extinction of all consciousness and eternal dissolution of what was a personality. What value, what interest, can an immortality have

for me in which I should no longer remember my past life. In this case it is not me that survives, the immortality of this alien soul is not my immortality and does not concern me in any way. The immortality of the personality is neither conceivable nor desirable. Nothingness is more consoling.

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW.

(By Rev. J. E. Roberts, M. A., B. D.)

It is impossible to accept Jesus Christ as an authoritative teacher and to deny a life after death. If death ends everything, it should end Christianity; for then Christianity is founded upon a delusion. Our Lord builds his philosophy of life upon the clear conviction that death is but the covered way leading to another form of life. Death is only sleep as seen from the under side; from the upper side it is awakening.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC VIEW.

(By George E. Winter.)

Not only do the dead return, but they endeavor to describe the life led by the spirit when it has thrown off the encumbrance of the flesh. The evidence comes through the phenomena of "trance mediumship." Most people find the transition and awakening on the other side more natural than they had expected. One spirit expressed it as like waking in a strange bedroom when on a holiday. There is no drastic change in the personality. The spirit commences its new life just as it left off here.

NEW THOUGHT.

How rarely do we find the modern champion of truth appearing in the arena unshielded as did David of old. This fact is strongly instanced through the pages of two books, *Mental Harmony: Its Influence on Life and Think Right for Health Success*, both by Grace M. Brown. Authors are usually content to issue one book at a time, but the New Thinkers seem to celebrate so rapidly that they issue their works in batches.

The two books are similar. They are exhortations to a realization of the Unity and Divinity of life. But this lofty spiritual purport makes the usual obeisance to modern practicality and materiality. Right thought is urged as a sort of Aladdin's Lamp for obtaining health, happiness, and success. Now these things may be good in themselves.

but they are not spiritual aims. A concern for them is not necessarily blame-worthy, but at least it is unnecessary. He who works with the Law will have them as a matter of course. Spirituality has its own gifts, among which a "freedom from desire" is not the least. But New Thought seems to live, move, and have its being in an atmosphere of desire.

A further question presents itself. Of what value are lengthy disquisitions on self-development without the doctrine of reincarnation? If we come into the world imperfect and die without attaining perfection, where and when do we then attain to it, and under what conditions? Humanity represents every grade of development. All are forced to make constant effort. Why is this, unless earth is the scene and the only scene of human evolution? The doctrine of reincarnation is not repugnant to Christianity, although the New Thought writer seems to be always fearful of treading upon the toes of orthodoxy. Reincarnation conforms more closely and more logically with Christian ethics than do the theories that now usurp its place. Most of us can see this truth for ourselves, but public opinion, or what we suppose to be public opinion, makes cowards of us all.

ANCIENT DENTISTRY.

A Los Angeles archaeologist has made the interesting discovery that dentistry was practiced by the prehistoric inhabitants of California. He has unearthed a complete set of tools that were obviously intended for dental purposes and that seem to be admirably adapted to their purpose.

This opinion is confirmed by the further discovery of the prehistoric skulls upon which these very implements may have been used. There are evidences that the missing teeth were artificially extracted, while the skulls contain other teeth that have been cleverly filled with a mixture of stone dust and asphaltum. The age of these remains has not been determined.

Admirable dental tools, constructed of metal, have been found in the ruins of Babylon, and it is known that dentistry of a high order was practiced by the early Romans. The tools discovered in California are of a somewhat crude

workmanship, but we may reasonably doubt if they were more productive of pain than their modern successors. It seems hardly possible.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

June 6—Harmony is the law of life, discord its shadow; whence springs suffering, the teacher, the awakener of consciousness.

June 7—Through joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, the soul comes to a knowledge of itself.

June 8—The eyes of wisdom are like the ocean depths; there is neither joy nor sorrow in them. Therefore the soul of the disciple must become stronger than joy, and greater than sorrow.

June 9—We hate but those whom we envy or fear.

June 10—Self-knowledge is unattainable by what men usually call "self-analysis." It is not reached by reasoning or any brain-powers.

June 11—Real self-knowledge is the awakening to consciousness of the divine nature of man.

June 12—Will is the offspring of the Divine, the God in man; Desire, the motive power of the animal life.

THE INFINITE.

Buddha, Confucius, Christ,
Mahomet and Socrates.

Shall we worship one as a god
And scorn or forget the rest?
Is our skin brown, yellow, or white?
Were we born in the East or the West?

Knowest not they are all divine?
Teacher and prophet each?
Be catholic as this great world
With its wealth of life to give
In praise of the living God.

But no one can live or die
That you and I be saved.
No, we ourselves are fate;
Salvation is ours alone
To wrest from the hand of doom.

When the preacher has had his say
And the zealot has prayed his prayer,
Come out where the stars are strewn
And brood on the beauty of heav'n;
Then go to the world of men
And live and labor and serve.

—From "The Victory," by Charles
Keebler.

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Price 5 Cents

A HAIR OF THE DOG.

President John Grier Hibben of Princeton University is courageous enough to express the opinion that the great need of the world after the war will be for college men who have had a training first in science, second in the classical languages, and lastly in philosophy. It is gratifying to know that the college men have a career of utility ahead of them. A retrospect of their achievements is certainly not a cheering one.

If intellectual attainments are to heal the wounds of war it seems strange that they were not more effective to prevent them. For scientific achievements are not wholly unknown to us. We have had a long series of discoveries and inventions, all of them hailed as the heralds of the millennium and most of them now being employed in the wholesale destruction of human life. Science gave us the airship, and practically all the airships in the world are now being used to kill. Science gave us chlorine gas. Science gave us innumerable explosives, most of them useless except for war. If war is the work of the devil, as some have quite plausibly urged, then science has been the devil's chief of staff. Science has built the foundations of war and laid its coping-stone of horrors.

We find precisely the same indictment when we turn from inventive science to its speculative domain. It is the science of Haeckel and of Darwin that

has done more to damn the human soul than the mythical Satan could ever hope to accomplish. Science has been preaching materialism for half a century. It has persuaded innumerable human beings that they are only glorified wild beasts, and that the law of the jungle, the law of tooth and claw is the only road to success. And now when the world is red with the results of these very teachings we are complacently told by President Hibben that what we want is more of them.

As a matter of fact the world has no particular reason to be grateful either to science or to intellect. It has no laurels either for the inventor or the discoverer. It will remember Lincoln long after it has forgotten Edison, and we shall still read Emerson when Darwin is but a half-remembered name.

Nature herself has never called either upon education or science when she has needed some supremely great man to save a race or a nation. She prefers to go to the backwoods. Her favored messengers are such as Lincoln and Jeanne d'Arc. There were scholars, scientists, and intellectuals at the time of the Civil War, but in most cases they hindered rather than helped. Ask each nation to name its greatest and its best and note how few among them were highly educated. The Apostles were not noted for erudition, nor was Socrates a scholar. In the matter of intellectual acquisition

a modern university graduate would put the whole of Valhalla to shame.

President Hibben should think again, or rather he should think. Intellect without ethics is a curse, and it has been always a curse. Science, unilluminated by a spiritual philosophy, has brought mankind to the pit of hell, and now it would become us to take heed lest some worse thing happen to us. In the meantime we do not propose to ask the college graduate to direct the course of the world's affairs. That would indeed be a hair of the dog that bit us. We know him too well for that.

SOME NOTES.

We note with satisfaction that a festival in commemoration of the birth of Buddha has been held in Los Angeles, that a well-known Theosophist was among the speakers, and that three Christian clergymen participated in the proceedings. Evidently the world moves in spite of persistent efforts to keep it stationary. A few years ago these Christian clergymen would have been excommunicated with bell, book, and candle for such a recognition of a light beyond the radius of their churches. The *Bhagavad Gita* is not a Buddhist scripture, but we may hope that some one at the festival was inspired to read that famous passage: "I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the virtuous and for the destruction of vice."

The other side of the shield is presented by the Methodist Congress in New York State. The proceedings are sufficiently characterized by the following comment by the San Francisco *Argonaut*:

"Nero is said to have fiddled while Rome was burning—although he probably did nothing of the sort—and so earned for himself an abominable immortality. Heaven forbid that we should draw comparisons between Nero and the Methodist Convention lately in session in New York State, but we may at least say that this gathering of religious eminences showed surprisingly little appreciation either of the problems of the day or of their own opportunities to serve. The creation of nine new bishops is hardly likely to stir the blood or quicken the pulse, important as

such a step may be. And among the other activities reported from the convention hall the place of prominence seems to be occupied by a sturdy confirmation of the rule threatening expulsion to any member who plays cards, or dances, or visits a theatre. Why it should be unlawful to play cards but not dominoes, to dance but not to run, to attend a theatre but not a circus, is one of those mysteries into which it would be useless to inquire, simply because there is no solution. Another restrictive measure, and a new one, is an ordinance inflicting penalties upon any minister officiating at the marriage of a divorced person.

"A discreet citizenship everywhere will be sorry to see these evidences of petrification, just as it would be sorry to see the stultification of any organization that might do good to a world badly in need of it. But the sentiment of the average man will be somewhat different. It will be one of stupefaction that so large a number of educated persons can meet at so tremendous a crisis in the world's history and so nearly confine their discussions to the things that do not matter and that can not possibly matter. It is quite a feat in its way."

Here are some facts for the pacifist with a recommendation that he divert some of his energies to a field where they may be more effective. Last year in the United States alone 75,000 persons were killed in accidents, and nearly 2,000,000 were wounded. About 35,000 workmen were killed at their tasks while the railroads accounted for 10,000 lives and 200,000 wounds. Is it not strange that of this frightful casualty list we hear practically nothing, but is it in any way less tragic or less deplorable than the casualty lists from the battlefields of Europe? Why are there no conventions, congresses, and conferences to lessen the loss and suffering at home and such an outpouring of zeal to end the hardly greater miseries abroad? Is it the unusual rather than the horrible that shocks our sensibilities?

I am blown to and fro!
Cradle and grave,
An eternal sea;
A changing web,
A glowing life. —Faust.

MEMORY.

What is memory? I have searched the current works on psychology, and while they all give different and often conflicting theories they all seem to be unsatisfactory.

Memory is the power to recall a picture upon which the mind has once looked, and this pre-supposes some medium or substance upon which the picture has been printed or impressed. What is called a failure of memory is equivalent to an inability to find some desired page in a book. The page exists. It is unaffected by our failure to find and read it. In the same way every picture that has been made by the mind must be considered still to exist and memory is the power by which we find it at will.

This becomes evident by a moment's thought. For example, I may try for a long time to recover a particular mental picture and I may fail to do so until suddenly it flashes back into the mind. Now the picture originally existed, since it represents an experience through which I passed. It now exists visibly once more, since I have succeeded in recalling it. Therefore it must have continued to exist between those periods. It is like the page of the book that I once read and that I now succeed in discovering after a long search. The page was there all the time. There can be no doubt about that. It did not cease to exist merely because I could not find it. In the same way all mental pictures exist indefinitely. Those who have good memories find them easily.

The record or register of these mental pictures is the astral light, and every human mind is more or less in contact with the astral light, and especially with that particular part or plane of it which he has saturated with the thought forces of his own personality. The astral light and the mind act and react upon each other. Thus thoughts tend to recur after they have once been entertained, and mental pictures, once fashioned, present themselves again and again for our consideration until we either starve them by neglect or succumb to them by translating them into corresponding action. For example, I entertain the thought of some wrong action. I may presently dismiss it, but none the less I have created a picture in the astral light

which will presently return to my mind and renew the old temptation. I must either destroy it by my neglect or it must eventually compel me to action and to the commission of the deed.

Psychology now knows well that nothing is ever forgotten. We may not be able to recall the pictures, but they are there. The phenomena of mesmerism and of other abnormal states show clearly enough that all the pictures of the past life, every thought and deed, even the least among them, are ready once more to float the vision if the right conditions are supplied. Psychologists have invented the theory of what they call the subconscious mind or the subliminal self. They suppose that the record of experiences slips slowly from the domain of what we may call awareness, down through the floor of the mind into some sort of subterranean mental chamber whence it may again emerge into the mind, into awareness, if the proper conditions are furnished. But there is no need to invent a new theory and a clumsy one. The phenomena of the "subconscious" were fully understood by the ancients and investigated by the direct vision of their seers. They knew of the existence of the astral plane and of its records that become gradually dimmed and beyond the reach of the normal mind. But the records are never obliterated. They may be summoned again by the mind that knows how to clear a space for their reception. And eventually these "lost" memories take their place in the experience of the soul and become part of the web and woof of character.

Character is thus made up of the subtle essences of memory. It is memory. The man who has been cheated many times becomes cautious and suspicious. He may have forgotten the details of his unpleasant experiences. He may never think of them. But none the less they have changed his character. He remembers them through his character. Without memory there could be no character, no tendencies, no fixed ideas, no predilections, no antipathies, no affinities.

Psychology tells us that we never actually forget any incident or thought of our lives. Occultism says the same. Psychology tells us that these memories are stored in our unconscious minds, al-

though it does not tell us how a mind can be unconscious. Occultism tells us that these memories are printed on the waves of the astral light and that their essence is eventually absorbed by the Soul. But occultism tells us more than this. It tells us that the memories of all our past incarnations are also stored in the soul and that they are available if we can make room for them in the mind by stopping its chattering and babbling. The psychologist seems to have no idea of the purpose of anything or indeed that anything has a purpose. He supposes that the subconscious mind stores itself automatically with worthless lumber, that it works uselessly and mischievously like an untended machine. Occultism shows the mind like a loom in which every thought thread must eventually show itself in the fabric of character.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Life is moved by one effort. It is the effort for individual expression. It comes from the depths of infinite perfection. Each life has won its area of consciousness. The widening of this circle of consciousness is the evolutionary journey. One phase of this journey is expressed in an amoeba; another in a Christ.

The kingdoms of nature reveal a common fact concerning growth in consciousness. It is to be affected by a loss of identity in some wider area of life. This process is seen in action, as individual atoms, individual crystals, individual notes, or individual colors merge their individuality into a combination that shall produce more beauty and complexity. There is always the effort to greater individuality. There is always the need to forego something to this end.

This process can be observed. There is the universal substance out of which the worlds were made. There is any mass of liquid or gas. There is sound. There is light.

The universal substance began evolution in an impulse which changed it into atoms, as milk is curdled. These atoms no sooner expressed their being than the desire for further expression caused them to submerge it. It was necessary that they reach out and join forces with more of life. They must become part

of a combination of atoms. In this act they die, and this death gives birth to a higher order of life. An element has now come into being. Or, again, there is a homogeneous mass of gas or liquid. In exactly the same way as substance individualized and became atoms, so this molten mass individualizes and becomes crystals. It matters not whether we speak of the crystals that form the mineral worlds, or the crystals of a frozen pond. World processes are revealed when a mass of syrup cools and hardens into sugar. The desire and opportunity for individuality called forth the one and the other. This movement toward individuality called forth the tones from sound. This inherent desire called forth the colors from light.

Yet death is in every case the passage to a higher life. Again and again the atoms must give up individuality and become elements. Again and again the elements must give up individuality and become substances. Tones forego their identity to blend into a harmony, and colors merge into each other for the birth of hues.

Herein lies the process that gave rise to the vast complexities of the kingdoms of the universe. The geometrical forms that characterize the crystals of the mineral world could alone teach man the one secret of life. A thousand times over have the ages witnessed their deaths of sacrifice. Ruskin writes in *Ethics of the Dust*:

Several simple forms agreeing to give up their individuality in the formation of a greater common beauty have formed together. They do this absolutely without flaw or fault when they are in fine temper; and observe what it signifies. It signifies that the two or more minerals of different natures agree somehow, between themselves, how much space each will want; agree which of them shall give way to the other at their junction, or in what manner each shall accommodate itself to the other's shape. And then each takes its permitted shape and allotted share of space, yielding, or being yielded to, as it builds, till each crystal has fitted itself perfectly and gracefully to its differently natured neighbor.

This seems to imply both concurrence and compromise, regulating all wilfulness of design; and, more curious still, the crystals do not always give way to each other. They show exactly the same varieties of temper that human creatures might. Sometimes they yield the required place with perfect grace and courtesy, forming fantastic but exquisitely finished groups, and sometimes they will not yield at all, but fight furiously for

their places, losing all shape and honor, and even their own likeness in the contest.

This is the history of crystals, of men, and of worlds. There are lives within lives. They are carried in a common purpose. There are cycles within cycles. They move in a single cause. Forever there abides this cause. Forever there abides that from which it proceeded and to which it will return.

The force that moved outward from this eternal centre of life in the beginning is a definite force. It has moved on and out to the production of man. He has come through an evolution that has individuality as its efflorescence. He has climbed through the kingdoms of life as a spark increasing in light. He has now arrived at the evolutionary outpost. The force that brought him has come to rest in him. It is latent. It is locked in man. It is his Spiritual Will, for he is an individualized vehicle of omnipotent Will and Thought. He says "I am." He says "I will." This is the spiritual cord that binds him with the source of life. This is his means of involution. This is his means of resurrection into immortality.

He has now to re-merge into the Great Life. He has now to assume in individual form the binding power of spirituality. He is to become the selfless man. Instead of perceiving the many separate, he will perceive the one. Instead of resistance he will yield and sacrifice. Instead of seeking without, he will seek within. There will be one heart of humanity for him. He will be that which he is, the individualized consciousness of life.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

June 13—Will is the exclusive possession of man. It divides him from the brute, in whom instinctive desire only is active.

June 14—To obtain the knowledge of self is a greater achievement than to command the elements or to know the future.

June 15—The great watchword of the True is this—in last analysis all things are divine.

June 16—Fear is the slave of Pain, and Rebellion her captive.

June 17—Endurance is the free companion of Sorrow, and Patience her master.

June 18—The husband of Pain is Rap-ture, but the souls are few in whom that marriage is consummated.

June 19—Spirituality is not what we understand by the words "virtue" and "goodness." It is the power of perceiving formless, spiritual essences.

THE FINISH.

Out of that wonderful land where God is,

The Lords of Karma the path have shown.

And given us lessons to learn in bodies—

Oh, many the bodies our souls have known!

In gem, and blossom, and sentient being,

In dull cave dweller and thinking man,

All things knowing, and feeling, and seeing—

This is the purpose and this the plan.

Forms are fashioned in wide world places

From flame and ether and common clay;

While egos wait in the high star spaces

'Till the call shall come, which they must obey.

Oh, never a wish or a hope lies hidden

Of good or evil in any heart.

But back to earth shall the soul be bidden

To live out its longing and play its part.

Grief and pleasure and joy and sorrow,

Out of old sowings we gather them all—

And the seed of today we shall harvest tomorrow,

When our souls come back at the karmic call.

Over and over the lesson learning,

Till, letter perfect, and meaning clear—

Back on the spiral pathway turning

We carry the knowledge we gathered here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From the dawn of life altruism has been no less essential than egoism. Self-sacrifice is no less primordial than self-preservation.—*Data of Ethics*

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

The December issue of *The Word* (H. W. Percival, 25 West Forty-Fifth Street, New York City) contains an article on H. P. Blavatsky, unsigned, but evidently the work of one who knew her well. Mme. Blavatsky's appearance in New York, says the writer, synchronized with the spiritualistic movement that swept like a wave over the entire country after the Civil War:

As great a service as any she ever performed was her work of helping people to know practical facts about the astral plane, and in giving warning against the dangers of familiarity with "shells" or disembodied entities that her influence had a widespread recognition. She certainly prevented many from falling into error in their search for true knowledge. And her activity as an opponent of spiritism was an undoubted factor in creating the hostility she met with in introducing Theosophy. But it is true also that she made a host of friends among the leading spiritists of New York, and retained them, interesting many of them subsequently in her teachings.

The author writes interestingly of Mme. Blavatsky's associates in New York, and among them of Mr. William M. Ivins, the noted New York lawyer who was her legal adviser, and whose opinion as a man of the world is entitled to no ordinary weight:

Mr. Ivins, in a conversation in this year (1912), reaffirmed his admiration for "that wonderful woman," and said she had, all in all, the most brilliant attainments of any woman he had ever met. He deplored her decision to devote her life to building up a society, and thought that had she given her time exclusively to pen work, she would have won renown and lived a much more tranquil life. He conceded that she possessed psychic gifts of great power, but thought she should have used her talents in the service of general literature and not gone off to India to teach religion. But he liked her; thought her a true comrade, and did not accept as believable any of the charges brought against her integrity as a doer of psychic miracles. He had seen her perform too many phenomena to question her supreme gift in that line. His only criticism was of her good judgment in undertaking the thankless task of convincing people of other planes of existence. One plane, and that this material one, was as much as could be grasped by people, and not many understood even material existence. When asked if Mme. Blavatsky could be considered in any sense a business woman, he laughingly replied that she had not the least aptitude for business affairs, and could not be induced to concentrate her attention on the details of her own affairs. He said she was a generous woman, kindly

in her attitude, and had a disposition to give to every one who appealed to her for aid, and had not the slightest idea of the value of money. He had heard her charged with doing the work of political spy, and laughed in derision; said she had not a single qualification for such an occupation, and no one would want her services in such a capacity.

Another loyal friend was Mr. Charles Sotheran, himself an occultist of attainments and a leader of occult thought in New York:

He was an admitted occultist, but was opposed to the prominence given occult phenomena on the ground that it could but add to the burdens imposed by the ignorant upon those who demonstrated laws they could not master. And he deplored the tendency of many about Mme. Blavatsky to have her become the miracle worker of the age. He spoke of her intellectual ability as of far greater value to the new Society than any mere psychic power she possessed, and he tried to counteract the influence of those who, appreciating her less, would have had her waste her time upon phenomena. A wise friend he was, and a true prophet, for he counseled her to discourage those who expected her to entertain them with signs and wonders, and to insist upon the serious study of the hidden forces of nature.

The author draws attention to one of H. P. Blavatsky's predictions to the effect that the larger growth of the Society and its more permanent membership would be in America. Conditions, she said, would be greatly changed in England and in India in twenty-five years, and the Society would be more active in the United States after that period.

The article is an extended one and is not to be adequately represented by quotations. It should be read in its entirety. It is a fresh obligation under which the theosophic world has been laid by *The Word* and by its learned editor.

A LETTER OF SENECA.

The following extract from the forty-first letter of Seneca to Lucilius reminds us strongly of well-remembered passages in the *Bhagavad Gita*:

Do you ever come across a man unafraid in danger, untouched by desires, happy in misfortune, peaceful in the midst of a storm, elevated above ordinary mortals, on the same plane as the gods, does not reverence seize you? Are you not compelled to say, "Such an exalted being is certainly something different from the miserable body which he inhabits?" A divine strength rules there, such an excellent mind, full of moderation, raised above all trivialities, which smiles at that which we others fear or strive after: a

heavenly power animates such a person, a thing of this kind does not exist without the cooperation of a deity. The largest part of such a being belongs to the region from which he came. Just as the sun's rays touch the earth in reality and yet are at home only there from whence they came, so an eminent holy man associates with us. He is sent to us that we may learn to know the divine better, and although with us, still really belongs to his original home. He looks thither and reaches towards it; among us he walks as an exalted being.

Nothing can be more commendable and beneficial if you persevere in the pursuit of wisdom. It is what would be ridiculous to wish for when it is in your power to attain it. There is no need to lift up your hands to heaven, or to pray the servant of the Temple to admit you to the ear of the idol that your prayers may be heard the better. God is near thee; he is with thee. Yes, Lucilius, a holy spirit resides within us, the observer of good and evil, and our constant guardian. And as we treat him, he treats us; no good man is without a god. Could any one ever rise above the power of fortune without his assistance? It is he that inspires us with thoughts, upright, just, and pure. We do not, indeed, pretend to say what God; but that a God dwells in the breast of every good man is certain.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

Symbolologists have discovered with dismay that . . . the Trinity . . . was in truth only an astronomical triad, composed of the Sun (the Father) and the two planets Mercury (the Son), and Venus (the Holy Ghost), Sophia, the Spirit of Wisdom, and Love and Truth, and Lucifer, as Christ, the "bright and morning star." For, if the Father is the Sun (the "Elder Brother," in the Eastern Inner Philosophy), the nearest planet to it is Mercury (Hermes, Buddha, Thoth), the name of whose Mother on Earth was Maia. Now this planet receives seven times more light than any other; a fact which led the Gnostics to call their Christos, and the Kabbalists their Hermes (in the astronomical meaning), the "Seven-fold Light."—Vol. II, p. 570.

While the Astral Light is the Universal Cause in its unmanifested unity and infinity, it becomes, with regard to mankind, simply the effects of the causes produced by men in their sinful lives. It is not its bright denizens—whether they are called Spirits of Light or Darkness—that produce Good or Evil, but mankind itself that determines the unavoidable action and reaction in the

great Magic Agent. It is mankind which has become the "Serpent of Genesis," and thus causes daily and hourly the Fall and Sin of the "Celestial Virgin"—which thus becomes the Mother of Gods and Devils at one and the same time; for she is the ever-loving, beneficent Deity to all those who stir her *Soul* and *Heart*, instead of attracting to themselves her shadowy manifested essence, called by Eliphas Levi—the "fatal light" which kills and destroys. Humanity, in its units, can overpower and master its effects; but only by the holiness of their lives and by producing good causes. It has power only on the manifested *lower* principles—the shadow of the Unknown and Incognizable Deity in Space. But in antiquity and *reality*, Lucifer, or Luciferus, is the name of the Angelic Entity presiding over the Light of Truth as over the light of the day. In the great Valentinian Gospel *Pistis Sophia* it is taught that of the three Powers emanating from the Holy Names of the three Triple Powers that of Sophia (the Holy Ghost according to these Gnostics—the most cultured of all) resides in the planet Venus or Lucifer.—Vol. II, p. 539.

Mercury receives seven times more light and heat from the Sun than the Earth, or even the beautiful Venus, which receives but twice the amount falling on our insignificant Globe.—Vol. II, p. 31.

Pythagoras and the ancients made the number *six* sacred to Venus, since: "The union of the two sexes, and the spagyricization of matter by triads, are necessary to develop the generative force, that prolific virtue and tendency to reproduction which is inherent in all bodies."—Vol. II, p. 626.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought, it is founded on our thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is; this is the old secret.—*Buddha*.

There is mind in everything, not only in human and animal life, but in plants, in minerals, and in space.—*Flammarion*.

Mind in the matter is no more unnatural than mind in the flesh and blood.—*Henstreet*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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AMONG THE PROPHETS.

The London *Lancet* may almost be said to be the official spokesman of medical science throughout the English-speaking world. It is staid, conventional, and orthodox. Its sense of responsibility gives to it a veil of actual solemnity. One would as soon expect profanity from a bishop as the slightest scientific irregularity from the *Lancet*.

Its current reference to occult mental powers is therefore almost a portent. We rub our eyes with bewilderment at the sight of Saul among the prophets. That the *Lancet* should even admit the existence of psychic phenomena is bewildering enough, but that it should go on to speak of the "mental concentration of the Indian Mahatmas" that is said to give them "powers of insight and of divination that to the ordinary man may well seem to partake of the miraculous," is itself so miraculous as to make us gasp. These powers, says the *Lancet*, are "well known," and it then goes on to speak of the relation between states of consciousness and the feats that are usually described as miracles.

So the world does move. Galileo was right. When H. P. Blavatsky reintroduced Theosophy to the Western world her theories were received with a shout of derision. It became a shout of religious execration when she said that there were groups of divinely wise men in the world who possessed abnormal powers amounting almost to omnipo-

tence, and that the many "Saviors" recorded in history were emissaries from those groups. The contumely poured upon her teachings was of so extravagant a kind as to make her wonder if she had done well to cast such pearls before such swine. And now we find the *Lancet* speaking of the "well-known" powers of the Indian Mahatmas. How long have these things been "well known" to the *Lancet*?

Perhaps it would be ungracious to expect that the *Lancet* should swim well in such strange waters, or that it should show any adequate comprehension of a spirituality to which wonder-working is but an insignificant concomitant. Rome was not built in a day, and we may well be satisfied with an admission that shows how widely the heaven of Theosophy has worked, and how strong must be the force that thus breaks into such unexpected display.

None the less it was predicted by H. P. Blavatsky herself. She said that Theosophy, no matter how loud the derision, would presently find its way almost unnoticed into the minds of men, and that even its terminology would become a part of the common speech. The prediction has been fulfilled a hundred times over. There is hardly a scientific discovery of the day that was not foreshadowed by the *Secret Doctrine*. An orthodox psychic research deals more liberally with the incredibilities than Theosophy has ever done. The men who

talked materialism twenty years ago are talking Theosophy today. A dozen philosophical systems, either filched bodily from Theosophy, or diluted to taste, are offered to the thinking world as solutions of our greater human problems. The authors print their own distinguished faces upon the title-pages and graciously accept the adulation of the academies. But they know well, Bergson and Holt and Muensterberg and all the rest of them, that they are reaping where they have not sown. They know the source of their illumination. They know the well from which they draw their water. And the world will know it, too, in good time. But it does not matter.

Beliefs are of no value unless they are translated into action. No man is necessarily the better for a belief in Mahatmas, or in reincarnation, or in anything else. There are malefic enemies of the human race who believe all these things. The degraded masses of India believe them. The Brahmins who foster and profit by that degradation believe them. H. P. Blavatsky did not put forth her teachings in order to add one more to the intellectual emotions and hysterics of the day. She had one aim, and one aim only, and it was to inspire to the practice of fraternity and to prove that it was a law of nature. If Mahatmas exist then there is indeed a spiritual government of the world, and an aid and inspiration for those who would help forward its work. If the reincarnation of the human soul is a truth, then there is a law of justice that it would be the part of wisdom to obey, then there is hope for the discouraged and a new strength for the weak. H. P. Blavatsky never said or wrote a word except as a reason for human brotherhood, and those who profit intellectually by her teachings and fail to translate them into human action are robbers. But intellectual acceptance must come first. And for this reason we may congratulate ourselves by the obvious permeation of modern thought by theosophical ideas, by the daily increasing evidences that theosophical concepts are at the helm of a now fast moving human thought. And among these evidences the comments of the *Lancet* are by no means the least.

He giveth unto his beloved in sleep.
—*Psalms cxxvii.*

THE ASTRAL PLANE.

EDITOR OUTLOOK—*Sir*: I inclose an article by Mr. William M. Reedy, the unusually able editor of the *St. Louis Mirror*. I believe it would be worth your while to print it. It relates to the now famous Patience Worth, and it illustrates the confused mentality of the psychical researcher who first finds that his facts conflict with his theories and then arranges and selects his facts into the needed consonance.

The psychical researcher is certainly "up against it" in the matter of Patience Worth. Here is a whole mass of communications coming through a Mrs. Curran, who, however intelligent she may be, could not conceivably have originated them. They are wise, witty, humorous, poetic, and pathetic. They are literature of a high order. And they are couched in a mediæval language that could hardly be simulated—certainly not by Mrs. Curran. But they contain some few expressions that were not in use when Patience Worth is supposed to have lived. And some of the archaic terms are still to be heard in the Ozark Mountains and Mrs. Curran was familiar with them. Moreover, the name of Patience Worth occurs once in a novel which Mrs. Curran may have read. So here is material in plenty for the theorist. The subconscious selfists select their facts and argue from them to the exclusion of the others. The spiritists do the same. No one has a theory that will explain *all* the facts. No one seems to be concerned with *all* the facts. And so the rivals make faces at each other and call names. Even Mr. Reedy proclaims that he is so varnished with convictions as to be impermeable to facts. Curious, is it not?

It is still more curious that no one awakes to the fact that phenomena of this kind have been exhaustively analyzed by ancient philosophers. There is nothing new about them except a modern conceit that supposes them to be new. They were quite familiar to Paracelsus, Boehmen, Iamblichus, and a host of others. They are commonplaces in India, where they are detested. Mme. Blavatsky wrote voluminously about them and her explanations have never even been challenged except by ignorant self-interest. Every human being is more or less in touch with the Astral Plane, which is saturated with the personalities

of the dead. We could all produce a Patience Worth of some sort if the natural and wholesome positivity of our minds would permit us to do so. The phonograph record will always produce the appropriate sounds if we comply with the necessary conditions. In this case the necessary conditions are a mediumistic temperament and mental passivity. But the mental passivity is rarely complete enough wholly to exclude some traces of the medium's personality which then tinges the "communication." Hence the modern phrases used by Patience Worth. We are all of us saturating the astral atmosphere with our thoughts, and the sum-total of that saturation is a simulacrum, or reflection, of the personality. It is like a mirror that has preserved a record of every image cast upon it. The duly equipped observer—the medium—can develop those images in a sort of composite picture of a personality to which he gives life and movement, but he is nearly sure to get his own image mixed in with it. Mrs. Curran is listening to, and reproducing, a phonograph record, but she is unconsciously interfering with it. It is her own mind that gives to it a certain personification, that adjusts the astral record to the occasion. We all of us do this to some extent. We all act automatically under the pressure and persuasion of astral records. But the rationalized mind protects us from sheer automatism. The medium is not so protected. That is what a medium is. Undoubtedly there was once such a woman as Patience Worth. The astral record of her personality, impinging upon a medium, becomes personified by the medium and so assumes the characteristics of a living discarnate being. The psychic researchers when they overcome their self-conceit—a formidable task—will see this clearly enough, and then they will avoid Patience Worth. Some of her tribe are not so harmless. If we leave the front doors of our houses open to any chance visitant we may be favored with a call from the curate. On the other hand it may be a burglar. Better keep the door locked and open it only to proper credentials.

F. T. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2, 1916.

There is nothing dead in nature.—
Paracelsus.

HAECKELISM.

Professor Ernst Haeckel's new book, now so much quoted in American newspapers, is no more than a re-statement of his old philosophy with the addition of much new and intolerant dogmatism. Age has certainly brought no access of wisdom or humility to Professor Haeckel. There was a time when he would have hesitated to personify the whole scientific world in himself, or to identify his own opinions with the sum-total of human knowledge in its every department. But here we see this feat performed. No guess is too extravagant or too illogical to be described as science, no speculation too wild to be set forth as knowledge. In arrogance, in a certain offensiveness of dogma, Professor Haeckel has no rivals.

"Physiology," he tells us, "absolutely disproves the belief in the immortality of the soul." But what has physiology, which is the science of the human body, to do with the human soul? Professor Haeckel might as well tell us that physiology disproves the nebular hypothesis or the Baconian theory. Presumably he means that physiology in its researches into the human body has not discovered the human soul. Therefore the human soul is not discoverable and is non-existent. Physiology has not revealed the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*. Therefore they had no authorship. Physiology has not disclosed the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask. Therefore there was no such man. A high school boy who argued in such a way would be sent to the bottom of the class.

But there is worse to come:

From the cradle to the grave every human being is the toy of chance, for chance is everything and everywhere.

Chance rules our life even before birth. The very circumstance of our birth is a matter of chance. Chance, too, into what sort of an individual we develop. Everybody knows how different may be the physical and mental endowment of various children having the same father and mother, in spite of certain family traits which they possess in common. Of a dozen children born in one and the same family two may be highly talented, three or four may be utterly worthless, and the remaining six or seven may present the normal average.

All this curious, inexplicable differentiation is due to chance, which, in selecting this trait and discarding that and eliminating a third has governed the formation of that unique mosaic of traits, which, in aggregate, we call character.

The pretty phraseology of the advocates of

the idealistic beliefs concerning the "higher guidance" of our destinies through an "all-wise Providence" are charming and exquisite, but they are not in harmony with the teachings of science. The entire process of evolution is purely mechanical, without any "sagacious plan" or "universal goal."

The man of education and culture, who has some knowledge of biology and is convinced of the truth of the monistic belief, regards the ultimate annihilation of his individuality—his personal death—with calm resignation, knowing that the same is in the nature of things and must occur some time or other. Content to live as worthily as possible, he is fully satisfied to leave the determination of his hour of destiny to blind chance, which, in lieu of a wise and loving Providence, rules the entire universe.

So chance rules the "entire universe." Bode's law of planetary distances is the result of chance. So is the precession of the equinoxes. Periodicities everywhere throughout nature are due to chance. In a world obviously governed by mathematical precisions, by unvarying sequences, by unbroken regularities, Professor Haeckel can see nothing but chance and accidental combinations. We must believe either that Professor Haeckel is suffering from what may be called the monomania of materialism, or that he is merely writing to secure the applause of ignorant people. For it is only ignorant people who now read Professor Haeckel. The world of science only laughs. In point of fact the world of science is ashamed of Professor Haeckel.

From such a basis of clumsy materialism it is only natural that the moral law should be pushed out of sight. And so we find Professor Haeckel recommending suicide. He says that to denounce suicide is "idiotic." He says that suicide in the case of the hopelessly maimed, of those to whom life seems to have nothing to offer, is "perfectly proper and morally justifiable." Of course it is, from the materialistic standpoint. So is highway robbery, and forgery, and murder. Why not? If a human being is only a piece of mechanism governed by chance—although it is hard to see how even mechanism can be governed by chance—why should there be any self-restraint at all? Why not rob and kill? Is it any wonder that half the world should now be at war after fifty years of Haeckelism? It was Haeckelism that made the war. It is Haeckelism that fills our lunatic asylums and jails. Haeckelism lies at the root of

drink and drugs and crime. Haeckelism is the enemy of the human race.

"THE MANIA."

Under the title of "The Mania" Mr. Irving Bacheller contributes a corrosive satire to the pages of the *Outlook* of May 31st. He describes it as the "photograph of a growing brain interior," and his spokesman, a sort of imperialistic lunatic, has discovered that things have got turned around and that we are actually worshipping Satan and not God. Good and evil have in some way changed places and instead of giving our admiration to those who have saved life or made it beautiful we reserve our homage for the destroyers of life. There is hardly a cultured home in America or Europe, he says, that does not have upon its walls the portrait of some world-famous criminal. But there are no portraits of the saints. Religion has become something that is urged upon the people by their rulers because it makes them more contented. The glory of some imagined future is a compensation for the miseries that are not imagined, and this anticipated bliss is to be won by an acquiescence in tyranny:

"What you have said seems to indicate that the people are fools."

"Fools! No! They are wise. They have discarded sentiment and are living on a business basis. Some go to church, but only with the hope of reward. Even here in America they are recovering from the sentimentalism that once afflicted them. Home and mother have become a joke. Whenever religious sentiment appears in a novel it is hit on the head with the club of ridicule. Your theatres indicate that "virtue" in women is rapidly becoming a joke. Your libertines are reaching the high plane of European efficiency. They make a very creditable showing. The humbug of marriage doesn't worry you as it used to. Your alleged democracy is disappearing. Your well-born girls are looking for titled husbands. Church and politics are progressing into emotionless machines. The orator and the poet—those captains of sentiment who used to quicken and direct the motions of the crowd—have passed out. They are not in the pulpit or the legislature. Why? They are no longer needed. Emotions are unfashionable. The men who appealed to them are as out of date as the muzzle-loading gun. Your national legislature is a machine run by committees. Your colleges are machines. They, like ours, look only to the development of the intellect and the muscle. The same is true of your great commercial enterprises. You will grant that there is no sentiment in them. The human heart stands discredited the world over. It is the human brain that

wears the crown. Which brain will rule?—that is the great question in this war. The one which has the cleverness to rule has the right to rule. Guns, Zeppelins, liquid fire, poison gas, are only accessories and tools of the clever brain.

"In America you are getting along—making real progress. You will soon be ripe for imperialism and great movements. You can presently exchange ten million of this dumb herd of yours for some great design that will live in history, and hang the portrait of a new hero on walls unbuilt."

It is a grim picture and with no more than an artistic exaggeration of the truth. Nothing is more remarkable than the success with which orthodox religion has turned the attention of men away from their earth life and toward some other life that is supposed to follow it. It is an intentional and flagrant inversion of importances. It is a deliberate bid for alliance with tyranny. Christ never showed any particular interest in a life after death. He barely mentioned it. Still less did he acquiesce in worldly unhappiness for the sake of some bliss to come. He did not seem to think that it mattered much what happened to a man after he was dead, but he did seem to think that it mattered a good deal what happened to him before he was dead. He taught his followers to pray that the kingdom of heaven should come to them; not that they should go to the kingdom of heaven. He was supposed to have been the herald of peace on earth, and his every admonition was directed to the establishment of a paradise here and not elsewhere. But we have changed all that. We must acquiesce in hell upon earth for the sake of a heaven elsewhere.

One of the function of Theosophy is to restore to life the dignity that belongs to it. For death has nothing more to offer than rest and replenishment; for other lives on earth. Life is not a preparation for death. Death is a preparation for life. We sleep to wake, not wake to sleep.

We have experimental proof of the existence in ourselves of transcendental faculties, the full development of which would place us in a perfectly new sphere of life.—*Judge Troward.*

We may believe that mind is the cause, not the consequence, of brain development.—*Alfred Russel Wallace.*

PATIENCE WORTH.

(William M. Reedy in *St. Louis Mirror*.)

When the writings of Patience Worth were first made public it was naturally supposed that they would be subject to fierce attack by orthodox religionists who believe that spiritism is either a fake or a manifestation of the devil. It was not expected that the writings or the methods of those communicating the writings to the world would be assailed by one who is known everywhere as a believer not only in the possibility, but in the actuality of communications between the dead and the living. From a spiritist standpoint, Professor Hyslop delivers a tremendous attack on the book introduced and compiled by Mr. Casper S. Yost—"Patience Worth: A Psychic Mystery" (Henry Holt, New York). Professor Hyslop's review of the book appears in the current issue of the *Journal of Psychological Research*. The professor indulges in some rather strong language for a cool-minded scientist, as he professes to be. So far as I am interested in the Patience Worth phenomena—and that is only in so far as the communications are good literature—the great psychical researcher is not at odds with anything I have said on the subject in the *Mirror*. He admits that Patience Worth's writings in the book in question are good literature and deserve reading on that account alone. Professor Hyslop finds fault with Mr. Yost's introduction and comment. They are not scientific enough for him. My judgment of both was that they were too wholly acceptive of the spirit theory of the communication; too Hyslopian, I might say. According to the article in the psychical research journal, Mr. Yost does not go deeply enough into the history of Mrs. Curran, through whom the Patience Worth communications come. He says Mr. Yost does not tell enough about Mrs. Curran's reading. He does not believe that Mr. Yost has made allowances for the possibilities of subconscious memory. There are other suggestions in Professor Hyslop's article much more ugly than these and no better sustained. Mrs. Curran is not an illiterate, ignorant woman. She has done very considerable reading. It shows in her ordinary speech. Any one may know it by even a casual glance at the bookcases in the parlor where the Patience Worth communications are de-

livered' over the ouija board. It is not now, and never has been, asserted that Mrs. Curran is a woman without any literary mental deposit whatever. Her father wrote well and was well read. Professor Hyslop thinks that Mr. Yost should have told in his introduction that Mrs. Curran had read Chaucer and discussed him with her husband. I don't see what bearing this would have had on the subject. Familiarity with Chaucer or even with Piers' Plowman would not equip anybody to do the Patience Worth writing. There is no more Chaucer in Patience Worth than there is Patience Worth in Chaucer. Professor Hyslop writes himself down no philologist when he conveys the impression that the Patience Worth writings are a mosaic of archaisms. This is not true. The archaisms, the obsolete and obsolescent words in the writings are very few in number. What Professor Hyslop does not understand is that the language in which Patience Worth writes is a language which she has constructed for herself out of simple Saxon root-words. It is as much an individual language as the one invented by Chatterton in the Rowley poems, or by Mr. James Boswell's friend, George Psalmanazar. The modern neologisms in the writings are but little more numerous and frequent than the archaisms upon which Professor Hyslop lays so much stress. That there are some words used in the writings which are of a later date than the supposed or alleged date of Patience Worth's existence on earth is true. This has never been denied by the Currans or any one who has studied the phenomenon. Professor Hyslop to the contrary notwithstanding, the Patience Worth writings and the manner of their receipt have been examined by scientific men trained in psychology. They have also been examined philologically. Not only that, but men who have examined the writings have not been deceived as to the extent of the reading of either Mr. or Mrs. Curran. The Currans are intelligent people; people indeed of very much more than ordinary intelligence—although this last phrase is such a banality. Professor Hyslop calls attention to the appearance of the name Patience Worth in Mary Johnston's novel, "To Have and to Hold." This was referred to in one of the *Mirror* articles setting forth the Pa-

tience Worth writings. The name was not discovered there until long after the Patience Worth communications had begun. If Mrs. Curran or Mr. Curran read Miss Johnston's novel they surely had forgotten this name, Patience Worth, which occurs but once in that very interesting tale. Professor Hyslop is grieved that Mrs. Curran would not submit to hypnosis at the hands of Professor Morton Prince of Boston. Mrs. Curran very frankly stated her reason for this refusal; that she did not care to submit herself to a condition, one of the consequences of which might be her loss of a power from which she obtains so much mental and spiritual gratification. That Mrs. Curran lived in the Ozark Mountains, where there still linger many of the locutions of the seventeenth century, is thoroughly well known. On at least one occasion the meaning of a strange word was unknown to everybody who studied the manuscript, until Mr. Curran recalled it as a part of speech which he had heard years before in the Ozark region. Professor Hyslop seems to imply that Mr. Holt edited Mr. Yost's comment upon the Patience Worth poems with a view to eliminating all evidence that might tend to support other than spiritistic explanations of the writings. This is not true. So far as Mr. Holt had anything to do with Mr. Yost's comment, his editorial action had a tendency to eliminate elements tending to give the comment too much of a flavor of acceptance of spiritistic origin. It seems to me that when Professor Hyslop uses such language as this: "the publisher has only joined with the original parties to perpetrate a fraud on the community," he goes beyond the license of either literary criticism or scientific analysis. I do not believe that there is a spirit called Patience Worth. I am as strongly convinced as one possibly could be that the beautiful thoughts and language which come through Mrs. Curran's officiation at the ouija board, come from her subconscious self, or telepathically from those around her, and not from a separate entity. This, it seems to me, Mr. Casper Yost does not believe. I am pretty sure that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Curran agrees with me. I can not conceive of anything possible in this world that would convince me of actual communication between the dead

and the living. I am as uncompromisingly anti-spiritistic as Professor Hyslop is comprehensively credulous in that respect. I say this only to indicate that it is from no prejudice in favor of the position taken by Mr. Yost or the Currans that I express my faith in their good faith as against the insinuations and accusations of Professor Hyslop of the Society for Psychical Research. Nothing true that Professor Hyslop says openly or by insinuation concerning Mrs. Curran and her relation to the Patience Worth phenomenon has been concealed by Mr. or Mrs. Curran. The facts of Mrs. Curran's reading, of her residence in the Ozark region where archaic seventeenth-century words still live, of her association in early life with spiritist preachers, of the occurrence of modern neologisms in the writings, have never been concealed. Her refusal to submit to hypnosis by Professor Prince was widely published at the time it occurred. No person who has made any study of the Patience Worth works and works has been put off, no matter what line of investigation his inquiries took. So far as I have knowledge of the Patience Worth "mystery" and those immediately connected therewith, I feel justified in saying that Professor Hyslop's review of the book in the current issue of the *Journal of Psychical Research* is a wanton and only too probably a malicious attack unjustified by the facts of the case. I do not believe that the best work of Patience Worth appears in the book edited by Mr. Yost. I do not accept so far as Mr. Yost does, the idea that there is an entity separate from Mrs. Curran called Patience Worth. I am not interested in the "spook" feature of the work at all. I do know, however, that everybody identified with the communications and the publication has dealt fairly, openly, and above board with everybody who has made any pretense of investigating the phenomenon.

I say there is not a Red Indian by Lake Winnipic can quarrel with his squaw, but the whole world must smart for it. Will not the price of beaver rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe.—*Carlyle*.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

June 20—The discovery and right use of the true essence of Being—this is the whole secret of life.

June 21—When desire is for the purely abstract—when it has lost all trace or tinge of "self"—then it has become pure.

June 22—Adepts are rare as the blossom of the Udumbara tree.

June 23—The one eternal, immutable law of life alone can judge and condemn man absolutely.

June 24—Will and Desire are both absolute *creators*, forming the man himself and his surroundings.

June 25—Will creates intelligently; Desire blindly and unconsciously.

June 26—Man makes himself in the image of his desires, unless he creates himself in the likeness of the Divine, through his will, the child of light.

THE DECEIVER.

(Sarah N. Cleghorn in the *Survey*.)

A very sly, deceitful woman this!
She sends a secret telegram, and then
Pretends surprise when the neglectful son
Comes home at last to see his aging, fond,
Long-hoping parents. Or she button-holes
And artfully disturbs the peace of mind
Of careless husbands, with a whispered word
About the pale wife's slowly hollowing cheek.
She shrewdly was suspected, twice or thrice,
Of warning and enlarging messages
(A little cold, a little cold and brief).
Entrusted to her by estranging friends:
So sly and deep and meddlesome she is!
'Tis known she sold her ancient heirloom watch
To send away a convalescent child
For seaside air: and yet she brazenly
Declared she lost it in the gipsy woods
Along the road that leads to Pleasant-vale.
Such a deceiving woman as she is!

Dreams are rudiments of the great state to come. We dream what is about to happen.—*Bailey*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. I. No. 26. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, June 24, 1916.

Price 5 Cents

A CENSUS.

The *New International Year Book* for 1915 says that there are 30,000 enrolled members of the theosophical society. This is, of course, a defective estimate. It includes the membership in one organization only. There are very many independent and unaffiliated societies not included in the census. And there are thousands of Theosophists who, for reasons best known to themselves, are content to pursue their work in private and to abstain from any formal association whatsoever.

None the less the showing is an impressive one, impressive alike by its success and by its failure. Its success is shown by the fact that Theosophy has taken its place in the thought of the world and that it actually stands at the helm of modern mysticism and of occult research. The ultimate triumph of Theosophy will never be proved by a counting of heads. Nor is such a thing to be wished for. Labels are alike deceptive and seductive. They are usually a substitute for actual values. The work of Theosophy is best performed by the exercise of a constant and modifying pressure upon the mental movements of the day. And it may be said that the part of occult wisdom is to ask and to accept from all men whatever they are prepared to give rather than what they are not prepared to give.

But what a vastly greater work might have been done by these thousands of

Theosophists if they had shown even the slightest comprehension of the real essentials of their philosophy. If they had only known how to think they could have transmuted the forces of destruction into those of construction. It was once said, and with high authority, that human nature has not substantially changed in a million years, and it is easy to believe this when we see that even Theosophists are unable to rid themselves of crude superstitions, servile prostrations before authorities and leaders, with their invariable concomitants of fanaticism and cruelty. Such things have always been the result of organizations and perhaps they always will be. Even the least formality of membership becomes a wall that separates those that are within from those that are without. It creates a caste, and from caste come orthodoxies and heresies, creeds and dogmatists, and then at last the "leader" with his, or her, little coterie of sycophants and adulators. It is the old story, as old as the world. Even Paul protested against it two thousand years ago when he wrote: "Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul? I thank God that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius."

None the less it is better to look upon the things that have been done rather

than upon the things that might have been done, save in so far as a recognition of failure shall bring wisdom. And that Theosophy should find a place of dignity in the *International Year Book*, that it should be among the recognized forces of the day is no small matter.

TOLERATION.

Among stories from the battlefield is one of a Jewish Rabbi who equips himself with crucifix and ritual for the consolation of Christian soldiers whom he may meet upon his path of mercy. And there is another story of a Catholic priest who serves as interpreter to a Protestant clergyman who fails to make himself understood by a wounded Frenchman of his own faith. Such are among the shining fruits that spring from this soil of human hate.

What a contrast to the attitude of childish and pettish intolerance that marks so many of the religious congresses of peaceful lands, their insistence upon silly and meaningless creeds, their denunciations of harmless pleasures, their concentration upon puerilities and the things that are of no moment. Something more than the karmic account between the nations is now being settled by the tornado of war that has swept across Europe. It is also stripping away the surface growth of caste and intolerance, and showing the pure gold of human nature of which the very existence is forgotten in the sordid and ugly struggles of peace.

PARACELSUS.

This issue of the *Outlook* contains some extended quotations from Browning's *Paracelsus* that may serve as an invitation to the study of one of the most remarkable mystic poems of the age. Where did Browning get his insight into the nature of such a man as Paracelsus? His own temperament was hardly sympathetic with the aspirations that he depicts. Indeed he seems to have had an antipathy to the somewhat darkened expressions of Occultism that were current in his own day. And yet he describes the great mediæval Adept with a warmth and an accuracy that leave little to be desired, and that seem to betoken a comprehension that is not easily to be accounted for.

We might ask a somewhat similar

question of Sir Edwin Arnold and his authorship of the *Light of Asia*. Without a trace of the mystic temperament, and without any known or deep sympathy with the teachings or life of Buddha, he none the less gives to the world an immortal poem that eclipses everything else that ever came from his pen and that in some places shadows forth a knowledge that ordinarily comes only from initiation—if we may accept H. P. Blavatsky's statement to that effect. These are among the real occult phenomena of the day, and perhaps their explanation remains unsuspected save by the few students who know how to reason from the seen to the unseen.

PATIENCE WORTH.

When Dr. Johnson was asked what he thought of a certain performance by trained animals he said that the really remarkable fact was not that they should do such things so well, but that they should do them at all. Similarly we may say of Henry Mills Alden's comments on the *Patience Worth* phenomena which appear in the current issue of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. Mr. Alden has nothing particular to say, nothing that is illuminating or even suggestive. But it is remarkable that he should say anything at all.

The *Patience Worth* communications are not comparable, says Mr. Alden, with the works of the masters of literature. Mr. Yost, who edits them, presents us with a mystery, not a miracle of art:

It is the mystery he seeks to impress upon his readers, emphasizing its inexplicability, making it seem impossible of solution save by the complete elimination of Mrs. Curran's personality from any other than a mediatorial capacity. This subordinate relation to the phenomenon is assumed by Mrs. Curran, though unconsciously she may be as really the principal as any one ever is in creative imaginings or in dreams. In the terminology of "Psychic Research," she is technically a "medium" under "control," but the psychologist is not bound by these terms. To him this mystery is a common wonder—as common as genius.

Genius, says Mr. Alden, and here he speaks commendably, is a generic term "applicable to every source not otherwise definable." It may have a "haunting, obsessional implication," but it is equally applicable to "transcendent intuition." In other words it may be a

recrudescence of the forces of basic human nature, or it may be a foretaste of our psychical evolution. In still other words it may look either backwards or forwards. The mind, or the intermediate field of consciousness, is bounded on the one side by the subconscious and on the other side by the supraconscious—terms shamefully illogical, but serviceable.

We may congratulate ourselves, says Mr. Alden, that our wanderings from normal consciousness are directed rather toward the *supra* than the *sub*. Modern research has little in it of demonology, and even our superstitions no longer terrify us. We study them instead. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, but Mr. Alden is entitled to his belief:

The trance-mediums, on the contrary, have, since the *Divine Revelations* of Andrew Jackson Davis, been concerned more with illuminations than with shadows, seeking to derive uplifting knowledge from celestial spheres and supernal intelligences; and, altogether, they have given no glimpses of the under side of things or of human strangeness, such as abound in some of Shakespeare's plays, in a few of the novels of Dickens and Thomas Hardy, and in De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* and his *Suspiria de Profundis*. There is more of the occult in Maeterlinck's plays than in all the records he has given us of "psychic" manifestations.

The "illuminations" thus mysteriously derived, in the automatic deliverances that have taken a written form, have been obvious, and, on the whole, boresomely tedious, suggesting no alliance with genius, in either the special or generic application of the term. These writings attributed to Patience Worth are exceptional—especially the poems. Notwithstanding an intolerable deal of chaff and the extravagantly overdone archaism we find gleams of genius.

But who, or what, is Patience Worth? Mr. Alden does not know, but he is coy in saying so. Patience Worth, he reminds us, is a character in Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*, a novel of the year 1621. May not some shadowy reminiscence of the name have been lodged in one of the "crannies" of Mrs. Curran's mind?

Well, what of it? Does that account for the wise and witty philosophy of the poems? Does it account for anything? Does it account for anything? And how does Mr. Alden know that the Patience Worth of Mary Johnston's novel was not a real character? Novelists often have recourse to historical records for their material. Per-

haps Mary Johnston herself is a "medium."

And so we must confess that Mr. Alden does not help us much. Nor does Mr. Yost nor any of the other writers about Patience Worth. Mr. Alden seems to verge timidly upon the truth when he says in his concluding paragraph that death is an undoing of the fabric life, "and our psychical researches disclose only mortal vestiges in our own shadowy imaginings." If Mr. Alden would take the trouble to acquaint himself with the occult theories of the Astral Plane—perhaps he has done this, but does not like to say so—he would find that there is no insoluble problem about Patience Worth, and he would not be compelled to confess that "We have yet to fathom the mystery of our controls." But, once more, the remarkable thing about Mr. Alden's article is not that he should have done it so well as that he should have done it at all. —◆—

SOME USEFUL DREAMS.

(San Francisco Call.)

Let people scoff at dreams, but they have played a useful part in many lives. It is probable that no modern man reduced dreaming to so scientific and useful a point as Robert Louis Stevenson.

He was a wonderful dreamer, and could dream in sequence, continuing a dream from the point where he had broken off, like a serial story. It was in this way that the greater part of *Jekyll and Hyde* was put together. Well, if a man can dream a masterpiece of fiction, it is worth something.

The finest national hymn in the world is the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who wrote the hymn, heard the soldiers singing "John Brown's Body." The tune sunk in her mind, and she thought she would like to write new words to fit it, but they couldn't come. She retired for the night, and dreamed the whole poem as it stands. Getting out of bed, and scarcely conscious of what she did, she wrote the verses, then got back into bed and slept till morning.

But perhaps the cake is taken in this sort of thing by the inventor of the sewing machine. Elias Howe was the man, and his difficulty was not the machine, but the needle. He might have failed altogether but for this dream.

He thought he was in a strange and savage land and was to be executed if he did not complete the machine and make it sew.

He was given twenty-four hours, and he spent it in an agony of work, apparently. It was all useless, until he was actually being led to the place of death. On the way he noticed that the warriors who guarded him carried spears which were pierced near the head. Instantly the inventor saw the solution of his difficulty, and whilst he was begging for time he awoke. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. He leaped out of bed, rushed to his workshop, and before breakfast he had modeled the first sewing-machine needle, with the eye at the point!

THE WISER FOLLY.

Some day we shall have the good theosophical novel, but apparently that day is not yet. In the meantime we may be thankful for such small mercies as are vouchsafed.

"The Wiser Folly," by Leslie Moore (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is not a theosophical novel in any real sense of the word. It is a novel in which one of the characters happens to be a Theosophist—at least he thinks himself to be one. It would be just as good a novel without the Theosophist, and indeed we are not at all sure what he is doing *dans cette galère*. But there he is.

His name is Corin and he is a sort of sculptor. He goes down with his friend John, a Catholic, to do some restoration to an ancient country church in England, and of course there are religious discussions, but we are not sure whether the author favors the Theosophist or the Catholic. He seems to be neutral in thought and word, like President Wilson. Thus we find John explaining his friend's creed to the heroine of the story, who asks him what is Theosophy:

"Oh," smiled John, "it's too complicated an affair to compress into sentence or two. But take, for instance, pain—the apparently undeserved and ghastly suffering with which one is sometimes brought in contact. Instead of saying, as we do, that there are endless mysteries of pain and suffering which our finite minds can not possibly understand, they wish to find some quite definite and tangible solution, therefore they adopt the Buddhistic theory of reincarnation and karma. We work out, they say, our karma in each succeeding incarnation for the sins of the last. There is, in their eyes, no such thing as an innocent victim—with one exception. All

suffering, even that of the veriest babe, is the suffering it has deserved for former sins."

"Oh!" A moment she was silent. "How about the exception?"

"The exception, in their eyes, is any great teacher, who, having fulfilled all his own karma, voluntarily returns to teach and aid those in a lower state of evolution. You understand that according to their theory a man is bound to return to this earth, whether he will or no, till his debt of karma has been paid. It is only when that debt is paid that the return becomes voluntary; and, when sought, is purely for the good of mankind."

She looked across the heather.

"It would seem," said she reflectively, "that even that theory makes something of a call upon faith."

"It does," returned John. "And yet you must see that it reduces the mystery of pain to terms capable of being grasped by the human intelligence. It's the same with every other mystery. There's the makeshift in the whole business. On the one hand they allow the existence of a God presumably infinite; but, on the other hand, they wish to reduce Him, and His dealings with creation, to terms capable of understanding by their finite intelligence. But I forgot, strictly speaking they would not, I suppose, consider their intelligence finite, since, according to them, there is in every man the potential divinity."

"What do they mean?" she asked. "Are they talking about the soul?"

"In a sense, yes," returned John. "But the soul, apparently, has no exact individuality of its own; at least, not a lasting individuality. It is a spark, an atom, of the Great Whole, which when it has developed to its utmost, and finished all its work, including possible return in the body to the earth as a teacher, will eventually receive its reward by becoming merged and absorbed in the Divine Whole from whence it proceeded. Apparently, also, if a soul refuses to develop, it can eventually be extinguished, or what is equivalent to being extinguished."

"It doesn't seem exactly a pleasant creed," said she, meditatively. "Absorption or extinction, as the two final alternatives, are not what one might term precisely satisfactory to contemplate. It is certainly nicer to believe that one retains one's individuality."

Much nicer, Rosamund, although, perhaps, some better word than "nicer" might be found. We quite agree with you, and therefore intend to adhere to our individualities, and also to avoid the fate of souls that "refuse to develop." We shall try to sail adroitly between Scylla and Charybdis.

Later on we find Corin himself trying his hand at theosophical definitions. Talking with another character called David, he uses the word karma and is challenged for a definition:

"Karma," quoth he, "shows us clearly the justice of the whole of the so-called injustice of the world."

David grinned.

"It's not what you might call a little subject," he remarked.

"Yet," retorted Corin, "it is simplicity itself. No evil suffered by man, woman, or child is undeserved. It is suffered as punishment for sin committed."

David looked down towards the sea.

"A baby can't sin," he said quietly, "yet I've seen some poor little beggars mishandled in a way that would make your blood boil."

Corin shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll allow that there are brutes in the world," he admitted, "but there's no undeserved suffering. What such a child suffered it suffered for sins committed in a past life."

David turned an amazed face upon him.

"Past life," he ejaculated.

"Of course," said Corin calmly. "How do you interpret such suffering if it isn't inflicted for sins committed in a past life? Wouldn't it be horrible injustice otherwise? You don't, I suppose, imagine the Powers above to be unjust?"

"No," said David simply. "I've never gone so far as that."

"Then how on earth are you going to explain the apparent injustice of the world?" cried Corin. "Can't you see that it apparently reeks with injustice?"

It is to be feared that the author does not know very much about Theosophy. May we suggest that he consult some convenient primer on the subject, and as an evidence of good faith it will be a pleasure to send him one, free, gratis, for nothing and postage paid.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

June 27—Theosophy is the vehicle of the spirit that giveth life; consequently, nothing *dogmatic* can be *Theosophical*.

June 28—Some pluck the fruits of the tree of knowledge to crown themselves therewith, instead of plucking them to eat.

June 29—It is not necessary for truth to put on boxing-gloves.

June 30—You can not build a temple of truth by hammering dead stones. Its foundations must precipitate themselves like crystals from the solution of life.

July 1—One can not fill a vacuum from within itself.

July 2—When a certain point is reached, pain becomes its own anodyne.

July 3—Many a man will follow a misleader. Few will recognize truth at a glance.

Hate and fear breed a poison in the blood which if continued affect eyes, ears, nose, and the organ of digestion.—*Pythagoras*.

WISDOM FROM "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

This "thinking of one's self" as this, that, or the other, is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomenon. The words "whosoever shall say to this mountain be thou removed and cast into the sea, and *shall not doubt* . . . that thing will come to pass," are no vain words. Only the word "faith" ought to be translated by "Will." Faith without Will is like a windmill without *wind*—barren of results.—Vol. II, p. 62.

To demonstrate more clearly the seven in Nature, it may be added that not only does the number seven govern the periodicity of the phenomena of life, but that it is also found dominating the series of chemical elements, and equally paramount in the world of sound and in that of color as revealed to us by the spectroscope.—Vol. II, p. 663.

Sound being the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and Immortals.—Vol. I, p. 502.

The two Poles are called the "right" and "left ends" of our Globe—the Right being the North Pole—or the head and feet of the Earth. Every beneficent (astral and cosmic) action comes from the North; every lethal influence from the South Pole.—Vol. II, p. 418.

During the Manvantaric solar period, or life, there is a regular circulation of the vital fluid throughout our System, of which the Sun is the heart—like the circulation of the blood in the human body; the Sun contracting as rhythmically as the human heart does at every return of it. Only, instead of performing the round in a second or so, it takes the solar blood ten of its years to circulate, and a whole year to pass through its auricle and ventricle before it washes the lungs, and passes thence back to the great arteries and veins of the System.—Vol. I, p. 591.

Professor Jevons attributes all the great commercial crises to the influence of the sun spots every eleventh cyclic year (see his Investigations into Currency and Finance.)—Vol. I, p. 592.

The fearful unbelief is the unbelief in myself.—*Carlyle*.

PARACELSUS.

(By Robert Browning)

PARACELSUS:

I profess no other share
In the selection of my lot than this
My ready answer to the will of God
Who summons me to be his organ. . . .
How know I else such glorious fate my own,
But in the restless, irresistible force
That works within me? Is it for human will
To institute such impulses?—still less,
To disregard their promptings. What shall I
Do, kept among you all; your loves, your
cares,
Your life—all to be mine? Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns
impart. . . .

What shall I say?

Festus, from childhood I have been pos-
sessed

By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or fierce,
As from without some Master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current: this but ill
Expresses what I would convey: but rather
I will believe an angel ruled me thus,
Than that my soul's own workings, own high
nature,

So became manifest. I knew not then
What whispered in the evening, and spoke
out

At midnight. If some mortal, born too soon,
Were laid away in some great trance—the
ages

Coming and going all the while—till dawned
His true time's advent; and could then re-
cord

The word they spoke who kept watch by his
bed,—

Then I might tell more of the breath so light
Upon my eyelids, and the fingers light
Among my hair. . . . I seemed to long
At once to trample on yet save mankind,
To make some unexampled sacrifice
In their behalf, to wring some wondrous
good

From heaven or earth for them, to perish
winning

Eternal weal in the act. . . .

And softer came the voice—"There is a way:
'Tis hard for flesh to tread therein, imbued
With frailty—hopeless, if indulgence first
Have ripened inborn germs of sin to
strength:

Wilt thou adventure for my sake and man's,
Apart from all reward?"—I answered not,
Knowing him. As he spoke, I was endued
With comprehension and a steadfast will;
And when he ceased my brow was sealed his
own. . . .

Festus, I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:

He guides me and the bird. In his good
time!

FESTUS:

Men have set out as gallantly to seek
Their ruin. . . . Were I elect like you
I would encircle me with love, and raise
A rampart of my fellows; it should seem
Impossible for me to fail, so watched
By gentle friends who made my cause their
own.

Stay with us, Aureole. Cast these hopes
away.

PARACELSUS:

I have not lightly disesteemed. But, friends,
Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may be-
lieve.

There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error: and, to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring
The source within us; where broods radiance
vast,

To be elicited ray by ray, as chance
Shall favor: chance—for hitherto, your sage
Even as he knows not how those beams are
born,

As little knows he what unlocks their
fount. . . .

Hence, may not truth be lodged alike in all,
The lowest as the highest? some slight film
The interposing bar which binds a soul
And makes the idiot, just as makes the sage
Some film removed, the happy outlet whence
Truth issues proudly? . . .

Two points in the direction of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!

I am here, in short: so little have I paused
Throughout! I never glance behind to know
If I kept my primal light from wane,
And thus insensibly am—what I am!
Oh, bitter; very bitter!

And more bitter!

To fear a deeper curse, an inner ruin,
Plague beneath plague, the last turning the
first

To light beside its darkness. . . .
God! Thou art mind! Unto the master-
mind

Mind should be precious. Spare my mind
alone! . . .

Thus far, a man; let me conclude, a man!
Give but one hour of my first energy,
Of that invincible faith, but only one!

A VOICE WITHIN:

Must one more recreant to his race
Die with unexerted powers,
And join us, leaving as he found
The world he was to loose, bound? . . .
Art thou the poet who shall save the world?
Thy hand to mine! Stay, fix thine eyes on
mine!

PARACELSUS:

I am he that aspired to know: and thou?

APRILE:

I would love infinitely, and be loved!
. . . Take me to thyself.
Eternal, infinite love.

PARACELSUS:

I, too, have sought to know as thou to love—
Excluding love as thou excludest knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I, power. We
wake.

APRILE:

Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so
great,
Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our task un-
done. . . .

. . . Let our God's praise
Go bravely through the world at last! What
care
Through me or thee?

PARACELSUS:

Thy spirit, at least, Aprile! Let me love.
I have attained, and now I may depart.

Why strive to make men hear, feel, fret
With what is past their power to compre-
hend?
I should not strive now: only, having nursed
The faint surmise that one yet walked the
earth,
One, at least, not the utter fool of show.

Not alone

For their possessor dawn these qualities,
But the new glory mixes with the heaven
And earth; man, once descried, imprints for-
ever

His presence on all lifeless things:

. . . I stood there
On sufferance—not to idly gaze, but cast
light on a darkling race: save for that doubt,
I stood at first where all aspire at last
To stand: the secret of the world was mine.
I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed,
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,
But somehow felt and known in every shift
And change in the spirit,—nay, in every pore
Of the body, even)—what God is, what we
are,

What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life forevermore,

Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes; where dwells enjoyment there is
he:

With still a flying point of bliss remote,
A happiness in store afar, a sphere
Of distant glory in full view; thus climbs
Pleasure its height forever and forever. . . .

Progress is

The law of life, man is not Man as yet. . . .
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till
then,

I say, begins man's general infancy. . . .
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast
supplant

Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too
fast
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which
fade

Before the unmeasured thirst for good:
while peace

Rises within them ever more and more.
Such men are even now upon the earth
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round
Who should be saved by them and joined with
them.

Such was my task and I was born to it.

FESTUS:

And here on earth

Shall splendor sit upon thy name forever.
Sun! All the heaven is glad for thee. . . .
For after-ages shall re-track thy beams,
And put aside the crowd of busy ones
And worship three alone—the master-mind,
The thinker, the explore, the creator!
Then who shall sneer at the convulsive
throes

With which thy deeds were born, would scorn
as well

The sheet of winding subterranean fire
Which, pent and writhing, sends no less at
last

Huge islands up amid the simmering sea.
Behold thy might in me! thou hast infused
Thy soul in mind; and I am grand as thou,
Seeing I comprehend thee—(I so simple,
Thou so august. I recognize thee first;
I saw thee rise, I watched thee early and
late,

And though no glance reveal thou dost accept
My homage)—thus no less I proffer it,
And bid thee enter gloriously thy rest.

PARACELSUS:

I bid these walls

Be consecrate, this wretched cell become
A shrine, for here God speaks to men
through me.

After, they will know me. If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one
day.

You understand me? I have said enough.

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The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

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THEOLOGY AND THE SOUL.

The many philosophies, more or less rational, that are now being presented for the consideration of a somewhat inattentive and preoccupied world seem to be defective at the point of personal application. In other words they invite us to believe something, to accept something, but they seem to contain no definite inference that we ought to *become* something. They lay no compelling hand upon human action, nor do they give us any clear vision of a law of right and wrong with its consequences upon human happiness. For example, we might accept the whole of the Bergsonian philosophy without being aware of any coercive effect upon conduct. The inference may be there, but if so it is among the inferences that we are naturally prone to ignore.

And yet there is a certain basis upon which every mystical or spiritual philosophy ought to rest, and it is a basis quite easy to find. For no such philosophy is comprehensible without a clear realization of the essential difference between consciousness or life, and the body in which consciousness or life happens to be. No one can possibly understand, or even begin to understand, an occult philosophy until he shall first have learned to think of himself as a unit of consciousness that inhabits a body, until he shall have learned to discriminate between himself and the physical form in which he resides, and that is subject, like

all the physical forms of nature, to the law of eternal change.

Dr. George Macdonald, in the course of a notable address to parents, once advised his auditors never to teach their children that they *have* souls, but rather that they *are* souls. The parents themselves probably needed such instruction far more than their children, who had not yet come under the perplexing spell of an absurd theology. Indeed we may thank the dogmas of the churches for the discouraging fact that the great majority of persons habitually think of themselves as bodies that in some mysterious way are supposed to possess souls. Theology has nothing at all to say as to the nature of the soul. It does not tell us what it is or where it is. It is something that we possess, and it is something that we must "save," but of the fact that the soul is the man himself they seem to have no inkling. Now if John Smith can be said to have a soul, we should like to have a definition first of John Smith and then a definition of his soul. Apparently there is both the possessor and that which is possessed. And as a result of this fatal ambiguity there are innumerable John Smiths who habitually think of themselves as bodies that own some vague and nebulous and intangible property that they call their souls, and that it behooves them to "save." What is it, and why should it be saved, and from what should it be saved? The first duty that philosophy

owes to John Smith is to persuade him that he does not own a soul, but that he *is* a soul. Perhaps it may then be possible to convince him that he, John Smith, a soul, resides in a body, precisely in the same way that the body resides in a suit of clothes or in a house. And, by way of continuing the analogy, we may then hope to convince him that just as his suit of clothes will wear out without affecting him in any way, except that he will have to procure a new one, so his body will wear out, and that it will make no essential difference to himself. Obviously he must be precisely the same man that he was before. If he was greedy, or sensual, or passionate, before his body wore out, he will still be greedy, or sensual, or passionate, after it is worn out. Death will make no difference whatsoever to him except that whereas he was living in a body before death he will have lost that body after death. This fact is so self-evident that we can only wonder that theology should ever have been able to hide it, and that Christendom in general should have been juggled into the belief that death implies some essential change in the nature of the man and in the kind or quality of his thinking. And it is just here that we find the main reason for the fear of death that theology has found it so profitable to encourage and to sustain. And here, too, we find the reason why philosophy is so often incomprehensible to the average man.

It is hard to resist the conviction that the chief obstacle to the spread of Theosophy is this inability to discriminate between the man himself and his body, and it is an inability that it should be the first object of the student to remove. Certainly it is of no value to inculcate the more recondite aspects of occult philosophy until this has been done. Centuries of materialism have had the effect of producing not so much materialistic thought—very few people think at all—as materialistic molds of mind, mental shape that have become automatic and characteristic.

Give me inward beauty of soul, and let the inward and outward man be at one.—*Socrates*.

True love and true knowledge are inseparable.—*Paracelsus*.

STRESS.

The engineer has uncovered a law of nature that particularly lends itself to metaphysical and ethical application. He has revealed this fact in working with his problems of stress. There are certain structures that exert, or may sustain, a stress that is difficult of determination. A common example of this is furnished in the arched rings of bridges. In order to ascertain what stress may be applied to such a structure the engineer has been led to use a model of glass. This is because the internal condition of transparent metals under stress can be made visible in polarized light. It is in this that the significant law is displayed.

When loads are applied to the glass model it seems to glow with color in the polariscope. The color changes with the increase of stress. The normal gray white becomes first a yellow; then a reddish purple; and, as the stress is continually applied, it finally becomes a well-defined blue. With a further increase of stress the scale of colors is approximately repeated. The same amount of stress invariably produces the same degree of color. Here we find a definite relation between stress and color. This leads to the inference that there must also exist a definite relation between other kinds of stresses and the varied manifestations of the physical, mental, and spiritual realms. They must all be the direct result of certain qualities of force. The stresses of a man's mind must have results as definite as those seen in the case of the stresses on the glass model.

This arises from the scientific and philosophical fact that there is one ocean of force showing itself in various ways. In the same way that stresses are converted into the color scale they could also be rendered in terms of sound. Sir William Thomson tells us that, "If a person were nine times as strong as the most muscular arm can be, he could vibrate his arm to and fro thirty times per second, and without any other musical instrument could make a musical note by the movement of his hand which would correspond to one of the pedal notes of an organ." The amount of force brought to bear would cause the ether to vibrate at a particular rate of speed. This particular rate of speed would show itself

as a particular musical note. A greater force would cause the etheric particles to vibrate at a higher speed. This would bring forth a higher note. It would be theoretically possible to produce all the musical notes by some such force. They would be produced in the one ocean of substance throughout which the force of life plays.

The vibrating points do not travel. It is only the impulse to vibrate which is passed from neighbor to neighbor. The point remains at the original station in the all-pervasive, jelly-like ether, except that, in that station, it vibrates to and fro 200, 300, 700, or 800 times per second. These vibrations will produce the commonly used notes of the musical scale. Were we to apply a force that would cause the ether to vibrate 400 million million times per second, instead of 400, the ether would express this fact as red light. Every manifestation throughout nature is the expression of certain rates of vibration which take place in the ether. The vibrating particles are the negative points that make up the illimitable ocean of space. The ancients called this ether the "Immaculate Mother." At one rate of vibration she gives birth to one thing. At another rate of vibration she gives birth to another. The vibration is the positive force. It is that which gives rise to manifestation. The ether is vitalized by this force. It is the immortal Spirit of Life. It is that which is the "I am" in man.

This force vibrates according to the impulse which is given to it from points of individualized consciousness, or the life which is behind all form. This force imposes itself from any of the three planes, the physical or material, the mental, and the spiritual. A man can raise his arm and set a ball in motion; he can plan a system of government; he can become a Christ.

This is the most stupendous mystery of man's nature. He can generate this force at will. He has it in his power to set the ether into vibrations of whatever order he may determine. He must necessarily do so in the very act of living and thinking. All men do so continually. It is thus that fate and fortune are born. All men express the differences that arise from vibrations of different orders. These differences are

as vast as those seen to exist in the material manifestations of nature. In the case of these natural forms and forces, science is beyond doubt. It is now definitely known that a difference in the rate at which the ether is vibrating is the one difference between the dense, inert rock, and the light, volatile cloud. The law does not stop short at the mind of man. The stresses of mind are exactly analogous to the stresses brought to bear in the case of the glass model. Just as there is mathematical precision in the appearance of the red or the blue color of the glass model, so there is mathematical precision in the changes of human character and capacity. One stress causes the envelope of the soul to vibrate in one way. Another stress causes the envelope of the soul to vibrate in another way. The stress is the particular quality of thought. The envelope of the soul is that which encloses consciousness in individuality. Thus man is literally the expression of the stresses of mind which he exercises.

Christ said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence." For such is the energy that must be employed to change the stresses of mind. They must be changed from those of selfishness and doubt to those of altruism and courage. Thoughts of self hold the consciousness bound in personality, as the life forces were bound within the rock. The selfless man passes into conditions of light and freedom. This change is a scientific process which is mystically called the "redemption." It is to be effected through the stresses of mind.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June contains an article by the Rev. George Hodges on "The Liberty of Difference." The difference referred to is, of course, religious difference, and the author finds some satisfaction in the evidence furnished by current literature of a wider toleration not only between Christian and Christian, but between Christian and those whom we like to call Pagan. Even the missionary finds to his consternation that the "gentle people" of India and China are shocked by some of the stories of the Old Testament.

Mr. Hodges pays some special attention to "India and Its Faiths," by James Bissett Pratt, himself a missionary, but

with a deep and sincere appreciation of religious beauty wherever it is to be found. Mr. Hodges says:

Considering what the West might learn from the different customs and ideas of the East, Professor Pratt finds the most important lesson in the value of the soul. An Indian creed would say, "I believe in the soul. I believe in its endless progress as it takes its way through changing forms, in worlds that rise and pass. I believe that the material world, with all it has of luxury and wealth, and with it the human body itself, are but means in the education and refinement of the soul, and that whenever they stand in the way of the soul's progress they must be denounced and despised. And I believe that the human soul may enter into, or is already and forever in, immediate communion with the divine." Mr. Pratt says, "A friend of mine in Calcutta has a servant and a clerk. The servant spends every spare hour of his twenty-four worshipping at the shrine of Kali; and the clerk—a man still under forty—is saving his money so that in a year or two he may leave his family well provided and wander forth as a *sannyasi* to spend the rest of his days in meditation. To us Westerners this seems incomprehensible, and doubtless it is extreme. But it is not merely its extreme form that seems to us so strange. The very notion of contemplation has become to us both unintelligible and unendurable. We say we have no time for contemplation—we have too much to do to spend our minutes in that fashion; but this is an evasion. The truth is that we do not know how to meditate, and are afraid to learn. . . . I doubt whether there is one man in fifty of us who would be willing to be alone and quiet and awake and without a book for ten minutes." And he quotes Rabindranath Tagore: "You Americans have no leisure, or if you have, you know not how to use it. In the rush of your lives you do not stop to consider where you are rushing to or what it is all for. The result is that you have lost your vision of the Eternal."

Other books noticed by Mr. Hodges as evidencing a widening religious toleration are Evelyn Underhill's "Practical Mysticism" and "The Drama of the Spiritual Life," by Annie Lyman Sears. "At the present hour," says Miss Sears, "many persons are prophesying that when the war in Europe is finally over there will follow, out of man's sense of his own weakness and his great need, a revival of religion. What we need to be sure of is that this revival . . . shall be a reawakening of a religious spirit that is truly spiritual, that is, profoundly ethical."

The metempsychosis is, therefore, the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.—*Hume*.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

(Edgar Lucien Larkin, Director Mount Lowe Observatory, in *S. F. Examiner*.)

Once annually I have printed in the *Examiner* during fifteen years this statement: Scientific explorers may at any time discover a magnificent law of nature so deep, far-reaching, and comprehensive, that beside it, all laws known before will dwindle, as it were, into little by-laws.

The discovery that all elements of matter known can be disintegrated back into original electrons was such a discovery. It was so great that all human wisdom was surpassed; and all laws known appeared to be subsidiary and secondary. But there is surely a greater discovery coming. And will be due and ever coming until it is discovered what mind is, and what life is.

The discovery by some tireless researcher of the true nature of mind, or of life, will be transcendent and at once render all other laws mere by-laws. The language of physical science may as well admit the word create now, as to delay.

It is contrary to intuition in some minds to conceive of the absolute ultimate units of matter as being inert. But the words intuition is not a scientific word. Science demands absolute proof. But the mighty hermetic philosophers of very remote antiquity, far back of what we call history, intuitively taught that ultimates of matter are alive.

The primordial cosmical ocean of electrons was a living sea. The life we observe is within plants and animals; the line of demarcation between being invisible now—they merge. A question of startling import is: Is the quantity of electrons increasing? Are electrons creating more; is the quantity growing?

I have two books, just received, saying: "Creation is in process all the time."

What creates? The only possible answer is Mind. If not, then electrons surely created and now possibly create themselves. They have not existed forever. If electrons created themselves then they think, are mind, for creating is a mind process. This has to be, since nothing can exist, come into being, without being thought before.

Suppose that 180 electrons begin to revolve around a common centre with great speed to form an atom. Then 179

or 181 would not form an atom of that element. The counting of 180 electrons with absolute accuracy, and all numbers for all other elemental atoms is a mind function of supreme or highest order. Then mind existed before electrons. Therefore mind created electrons.

I assert that no entity can appear in cosmic space unless thought before. If 180, or any other fixed and set number of electrons know how to count themselves out from adjacent centillions and assemble into one atom; then mind and electrons are identical. Thus all science now approaches mind from every direction.

The term cosmic consciousness is rapidly increasing its appearance in literature. Professor Bose in India discovered sensation comparable to nervous sensitiveness in metals. And were the ancient hermetists here now, they would assert that matter is alive. They had a secret order entitled the Sublime Order of Philalethes or searchers after truth. Hermetic wisdom is now being revived. See this: It seems to me that masters are giving out wisdom to counteract the mind injuries of the war. I can guardedly say to the reader that an impulse in the very mind of the race is now acting. I receive letters daily giving theories regarding the nature of mind. Rates of vibration, flow of electrons, result of action of brain cells; cause of actions of brain cells, indwelling of a thinker in from external source, reflex activity due to external stimulation; flow of nervous energy; these and more keep me well informed.

Usually the letters close with the information that in the last analytical disintegration, matter merges into mind. But the fact is, matter merges back into electrons. How often have I stated in these columns that electrons either know of themselves how to assemble themselves to form about a hundred sets, called atoms; or are assembled and set into motion by an external force!

But positively, this assembler and starter is mind. The entire process of atom building is mental, and of the highest order—counting high numbers without a trace of mistake. The process is perfect.

Here is work for some master inventor: Discover some method of refracting ultra-ultra-violet-energy to a focus as

in the case of visible radiations. Low red waves are 33,000 to the inch, and high violet, 63,000; but ultra-ultra are 250,000 and, beyond doubt, more. They pass through refracting media and are not turned out of their paths as in the case of visible energy waves. The great lenses up here on Mount Lowe form images of the sun and planets on any receiving surface, but the incredibly short rapid waves pass through lenses, metals, everything in the observatory, building and all, and into the rock-hewn mountain. Go invent a way of utilizing these centillions per second waves and change the entire course of human civilization.

PATIENCE WORTH.

Professor James H. Hyslop of the Society for Psychical Research is very angry with Mr. William Marion Reedy of the *St. Louis Mirror*. So is Professor Robert T. Kerlin of Lexington, Virginia. These gentlemen write to Mr. Reedy complaining bitterly of the suppression of vital facts in connection with *Patience Worth*. Professor Hyslop favors the spiritist theory. He seems to think that she is a real, solid, substantial "Spirit," dwelling on the "other shore." Professor Kerlin believes that *Patience Worth* is "another self" of Mrs. Curran, "a richer, deeper, retired self." Both of these eminent men believe that they are right. Quite unaccountably they believe also that they constitute a sort of court of final appeal. Professor Hyslop is also angry with Mrs. Curran because she would not let herself be hypnotized. He says he has "an entirely distinct method which would have settled the question of subconscious production." But he does not say what it is—doubtless prevented by his initiation vows.

The chief fact that Mr. Reedy and Mr. Yost are supposed to have suppressed is the startling one that Mrs. Curran once read Chaucer. Well, what of it? Most of us have read Chaucer. But *Patience Worth* did not talk like Chaucer, not in the least. Doubtless Mrs. Curran has also read Shakespeare; perhaps even Pier's Plowman. If these are vital facts, then only the Recording Angel can furnish them all. The only really vital fact is the fact that Mrs. Curran, herself in no way a genius, has yet produced a work of genius. And the psychical researchers, writhingly anxious

to explain the miracle, point triumphantly to the fact that Mrs. Curran once read Chaucer. Could anything be more pitiful? Certainly the reading of Chaucer had no such effect upon us, although we intend to try it again. Who knows? It seems, too, that Mrs. Curran "has the writing strain in her family." How extraordinary! So have most other people nowadays. Apparently all that is necessary to the production of a work of genius is to have read Chaucer and to have had a grandmother who used to write verses. At least there are supposed to be "vital facts" that must be carefully submitted to the pundits.

But Professor Kerlin's theory is at least a respectable one. Moreover, he seems to be not quite so conceited as his rival. It appears that *Patience Worth* is another self of Mrs. Curran, "that Self, with a capital letter, which even every frivolous daughter of Eve possesses." Now undoubtedly every frivolous daughter of Eve does possess that Self. Even psychical researchers possess it. We all possess it. There is no other reality. But the Self is not a kind of spiritual Puck hiding under a ouija board, jocular, mischievous, and sportive. The Self does not use, and misuse, archaisms. But Professor Kerlin admits that his theory is a "facile" one. It is. It is born of some imaginary necessity to have a theory. It meets some of the facts, but not all of them. If it is a true theory, then what does it matter whether Mrs. Curran ever read Chaucer or not? It is as immaterial as her reading of the newspaper. The professor speaks of "the beauty and fervor and freshness" of these effusions. He says they are "genius, nothing less." And yet they are so faulty. The Self, apparently, is like a precocious child, brilliant but erratic, a sort of celestial imp.

No, *Patience Worth* is not a "spirit," whatever that may be, nor Mrs. Curran's other Self. We shall understand the problem when we study the Astral Plane and its records, which are personified by the mind of the medium. And the only reason that the psychical researchers do not study the Astral Plane, or admit that they do, is the fact that it is not "modern" enough to have been discovered by themselves.

I said, Ye are gods, and all of you sons of the Most High.—*Psalms lxxvii.*

PYTHAGORAS.

"He is a god!" the awe-struck sailors cried;
"We saw him come adown the mountain-side,
As though a spirit o'er the earth did glide.

"Our little boat was rocking by the shore,
And ready we to ply the dripping oar.
'Are ye for Egypt?' said he; nothing more.

"We thought within our greedy souls 'twere well
To carry him to Egypt, and to sell
Him for a slave beyond the ocean swell.

"But here he sat, his head upon his hand,
Or from the prow the trackless ocean scanned,
As if its mystery he would understand.

"No food nor drink he tasted, though the morn
Three times anew above the wave was born,
Three times to darkness fell, and death forlorn.

"And favoring breezes blew us on our way,
Across a dimpling sea that smiled as gay
As merry children at their harmless play.

"What mused he on? Why drooped his lofty brow?
He looks upon us kindly even now,
As into Egypt's river runs our prow."

Upon the welcome earth where first they trod,
They raised an altar from the fresh-cut sod,
And offered fruits to him as to a god.

They sought his pardon and implored his ruth;
And yet no god was he—this stately youth
Was but an earnest seeker after truth.

This was the noble Samian who sought
O'er land and sea the depths of human thought,
And then at last his native people taught.

—*Elizabeth French.*

WHAT IS COMING?

Organized Christianity is making itself particularly audible nowadays, eagerly explaining that while it did nothing to prevent the war it is quite prepared to end it in return for a new measure of popularity and power. The opinion of Mr. H. G. Wells on the peace-making capacities of the churches will therefore be read with interest. It is extracted from his new book, "What Is Coming?" just published by the Macmillan Company:

Pacifists in their search for some definite starting-point about which the immense predisposition for peace may crystallize have suggested the Pope and various religious organizations as a possible basis for the organization of peace. But there would be no appeal from such a beginning to the non-Christian majority of mankind, and the suggestion in itself indicates a profound ignorance of the nature of the Christian churches. With the exception of the Quakers and a few Russian sects, no Christian sect or church has ever repudiated war; most have gone out of the way to sanction it and to bless it. It is altogether too rashly assumed by people whose sentimentality outruns their knowledge that Christianity is essentially an attempt to carry out the personal teachings of Christ. It is nothing of the sort, and no church authority will support that idea. Christianity—more particularly after the ascendancy of the Trinitarian doctrine was established—was and is a theological religion; it is the religion that triumphed over Arianism, Manichæism, Gnosticism, and the like; it is based not on Christ, but on its creeds; Christ, indeed, is not even its symbol; on the contrary, the chosen symbol of Christianity is the cross to which Christ was nailed and on which He died. It was very largely a religion of the legions. It was the warrior Theodosius who, more than any single other man, imposed it upon Europe. There is no reason, therefore, either in precedent or profession, for expecting any plain lead from the churches in this tremendous task of organizing and making effective the widespread desire of the world for peace. And even were this the case, it is doubtful if we should find in the divines and dignitaries of the Vatican, of the Russia and British official churches, or of any other of the multitudinous Christian sects, the power and energy, the knowledge and ability, or even the good-will needed to negotiate so vast a thing as the creation of a world authority.

The churches were never so keenly anxious to lay the world under some sort of obligation to them, to pose as a redemptive agency, and to demand the allegiance due to beneficences. But the record is fatally against them.

Everything is a series and in a series.
—Swedenborg.

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she;

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just.

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky;

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die. —*Alfred Tennyson.*

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

July 4—Esteem that to be eminently good, which, when communicated to another, will be increased to yourself.

July 5—Be persuaded that those things are not your riches which you do not possess in the penetralia of the reasoning power.

July 6—As many passions of the soul, so many fierce and savage despots.

July 7—No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself.

July 8—It is the business of a musician to harmonize every instrument, but of a well-educated man to adapt himself harmoniously to every fortune.

July 9—It is excellent to impede an unjust man; but if this be not possible, it is excellent not to act in conjunction with him.

July 10—Sin should be abstained from, not through fear, but for the sake of the becoming.

And yet I must needs say that there is a very fair probability for preëxistence in the written word of God as in that which is engraved upon our rational natures.—*Glancvil in "Lux Orientalis."*

Beware when the great God lets loose a new thinker on this planet.—*Emerson.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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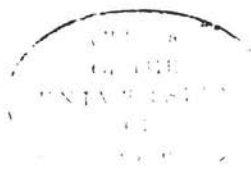
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SCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE.

Plato gave one of the fruits of his philosophical knowledge in the epitome, "God geometrizes." The Delphic Oracle declared the condition of knowledge in the injunction, "Man know thyself." There is here an identity of Nature, God, and Man that the world of science little suspects. Yet the scientist to the measure of his capacity can help us to a verification of both Plato and the Oracle. It is he who has shown Nature's mathematical law and geometrical order. He may also be regarded as "The witness of the universe." With him lie the means to scrutinize. He must not be thought of as the only witness or the most trustworthy. His comprehension is too limited. It lacks the illumination of intuition that characterized the Christs and sages. These alone bring a realization of the significance of the witness and his relation to that which he witnesses. These alone understand the significance of man in nature. The laws that the scientist reveals may be put to philosophical purposes. They may be applied to verify Plato's declaration that "God geometrizes." They may lend themselves to the acquisition of the knowledge which is to be had from within the Self.

The scientist has found the means to look everywhere throughout the universe. It is well enough to declare in a sweeping phrase, "the orderly march of

events." It is more convincing to consider department after department.

The mineral world is made up of crystals. These crystals are of six kinds. The first group has three axes at right angles. The second has its fundamentals in the square and pyramid. The third has its faces referred to four axes. The fourth is characterized by the rhomboid, prism, and dome. In the fifth system there are three unequal axes at right angles. In the sixth system are three unequal axes all oblique to each other. The crystal may be said to be perfect in the matter of the position of the faces and of the angles between them, aside from the fact that some crystals are deformed by conditions of environment.

The substances which make the minerals, and the substances of the other kingdoms of nature, may be analyzed. They are found to be composed of chemical elements. These are seventy-odd in number. One would little suspect the laws that exist in them.

The chemical elements increase in weight in mathematical proportions until a group of eight is formed. Such a group has the related properties of a family unit. There are twelve such groups. The law of mathematical periodicity is so exact that elements not discovered can be predicted. A number can be attached to each element, and the weights of the elements that combine are ratios of these numbers, or whole multiples of these numbers.

The nature and composition of these chemical elements has more of interest. The chemical elements are different because the atoms that compose them may have different numbers of electrons. Electrons are charges of negative and positive electricity. As the number of electrons increases we find definite mathematical combinations. Three electrons form a triangle; four a square; five a pentagon. But when the number exceeds five, one electron seeks the centre. This has been illustrated with magnets that were suspended in a solution. Thus, with six magnets, there is one at the centre, and a pentagon of five surrounding it. With, say, ten magnets, there is a triangular group of three within, surrounded with a group of seven. This two-group system lasts until there are fifteen magnets. It then changes to one in the centre, surrounded by five, in turn surrounded by nine. This three-group arrangement lasts until the number of magnets increases to twenty-seven, when the four-group arrangement comes into evidence. In this case there is one at the centre, surrounded by five, surrounded by nine, surrounded by twelve. As these respective groups of three, or five, or nine, recur in the elements, so do similar properties recur.

A similar law is noticed in the case of the vibrations that produce the musical notes. These notes are born in mathematical exactitude. When the number of vibrations that produces any note is doubled, or halved, the note repeats itself an octave higher or an octave lower. Light has a similar octave containing the seven rainbow colors, and a set of vibrations which passes out of the range of vision to begin a new octave in both directions. Below the visible spectrum this octave is a thermal octave. Above the visible spectrum this octave is a radio-active octave. Bode's Law of planetary distances tells us that each time we move out twice as far again from the sun there is a planet as the result.

There are also mathematical relations between vibrations and form. Musical notes are the result of vibrations. Experiments show that musical notes are in turn related to geometrical figures. When different musical notes are sounded it is found that sand sprinkled on a metal plate will vibrate into differ-

ent geometrical figures. The same note always produces the same figure. It is the same inherent mathematical law that causes the surface of the planet Mars to be marked as it is known to be. The canals of Mars form so remarkable a geometrical network of fine straight lines that they have been ascribed to the artificial skill of engineering. But nature does the same in the drying of a mud flat. An apt comparison has been made between the canals of Mars and geometrical designs that are formed when the water has evaporated from mud. Examples of nature's mathematics are to be found wherever we look.

A scientist in explaining the matter of leaf arrangement wrote down in order the series of fractions which represented the kinds of leaf arrangement that had been noticed. There were one half, one third, two fifths, and three eighths. The fraction expresses the angular divergence of the successive leaves. The numerator indicates the number of turns made for one cycle. The denominator gives the number of leaves in a cycle. The relation which these fractions bear to each other contains an arithmetical law which holds good for all leaves. The numerator of each fraction is the sum of the numerators of the two preceding fractions. The denominator of each fraction is the sum of the two preceding denominators. The series can be extended by this rule to five fifteenths, eight twenty-firsts, thirteen thirty-fourths, and twenty-one fifty-fifths. These numbers have been verified by observation. The series one half, one third, two fifths, three eighths, five fifteenths, eight twenty-firsts, thirteen thirty-fourths, and twenty-one fifty-fifths comprise all the variations of the arrangements of alternate leaves that usually occur. The abnormal exceptions are few.

Thus instances could be multiplied. They could be taken from ant-hill, beehive, seed-form, and snowflake. They could be taken from the veins of minerals and the veins of leaves. They could be taken from the life cycles of plants, animals, and diseases.

It would seem that man stood in the universe as its centre and that he viewed it as a revolving panorama. The exact regularity with which the phases of time and form recur would justify such a

conclusion. These changes appear like increasing and decreasing geometric perspectives. Plato had reference to this fact when he said that man, by continually looking without through the senses, viewed only the passing shadows of His Reality.

We see the perpetual motion of universal life. We forget that all motion must be about some point. It must take its rise in some force. Man is that point. Man is that force. He is at once the eternal witness and the eternal experimenter. In one sense he is to the universal life what the motionless hub is to the wheel. In another sense he is, in his thought, omnipresent. His thought may hold him to the circumference of the wheel of life. Here he will revolve as an isolated particle in the darkness of ignorance. Or, by his thought, he may live in the heart of life.

This metaphysical truth has analogies in the common world. It is man's inability to "be still" and realize the depths of his own consciousness that give rise to time and space and all the panorama of nature. In reality there is only Here and Now. It is always Here and Now. In this realization is knowledge and the Kingdom of Heaven.

We are like earth worms crawling around a mound of earth. Because one side is light and one side is shadow, there appears to be day and night. For this lowly consciousness of the worm it is so. But for the man who stands above in the sunlight the days are longer. For the man who has withdrawn his mind from the pairs of opposites into the motionless central point of his own immortal consciousness of the day is eternal light and life. For the real sun is there. The source of life is there.

Man now speaks of himself as "I." He has come out into the circumference of life as individuality. When this individuality, by conscious effort of involution, fathoms the depths of itself, it will then say, as Christ and Solomon say, "I am." "Before the universes were, I am." This is the knowledge of the Self. It is to this knowledge that Plato and the Oracle would point.

It is to be observed that the natural world exists and subsists from the spiritual world, just as an effect exists from its efficient cause.—*Swedenborg*.

WAR MYSTICISM.

Mr. Gilbert Hirsch, writing in the New York *Evening Post*, says that Lieutenant-General Helmuth von Moltke, the retired chief of the German General Staff, who dropped dead in the Reichstag a few days ago, owed his downfall not so much to military misfortune as to the fact that he was a Christian Scientist—"not merely a believer, but one of the leaders of the movement in Germany."

There are two reasons, says Mr. Hirsch, why Christian Science should be barred by the German authorities. In the first place Christian Science comes from America, and in the second place—and here it seems to be unfairly bracketed with palmistry, astrology, and mediumship—it stimulates "in the individual soldier and soldier's wife a solicitude about their own personal destinies which is not compatible with complete self-surrender to the state." For these reasons there has been a campaign, not only against Christian Science, but against the whole soothsaying fraternity.

We must confess to a certain amount of sympathy with the views of the German government, so far at least as the broader aspect of the problem is concerned. Christian Science does not tend toward self-forgetfulness, but toward self-emphasis. Nor can there be any real sympathy with the material sufferings either of the individual or of the state on the part of a philosophy whose cornerstone is a denial that material suffering can exist. That many Christian Scientists are sympathetic goes without saying. It is alike one of the lovelinesses and one of the uglinesses of human nature that creed and conduct so rarely agree. But they are sympathetic in spite of their philosophy, and not because of it. Even Calvinists are not always personally cruel, as they would be if they believed their own creeds.

So far as the fortune-tellers and the mediums are concerned the German government is entirely right, not in penalizing these people, but in believing that their practices are a direct stimulus to self-concern and to an attention to the personal welfare as opposed to the welfare of the state.

Incidentally we may note with Inter-

est Mr. Hirsch's suggestion that: "There seems to be some hidden connection between unconventional religious views and a love of music among German staff officers. Von Moltke was known as one of the most accomplished musicians in Berlin. And the son of one of the greatest violinists the world has known, who is also a member of the General Staff, is among the most devoted followers of Rudolf Steiner, the leader of the German theosophists."

A DREAM.

The following remarkable dream story is told by Mr. Henry Holt in his work, "On the Cosmic Relations," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It is, he says, the strongest evidence for survival that he has met with in his reading, although he has met evidences still stronger in his own experience.

Mr. D., personally known to Mr. Gurney, had a factory in Glasgow, which he represented in London. I condense his narrative, says Mr. Holt, mainly in his own words. One of his employees in Glasgow, Robert Mackenzie, left his employ

Through the selfish advice of older hands, who practiced this frightening away systematically to keep wages from being lowered, a common device. . . . A few years afterwards my eye was caught by a youth of some eighteen years of age ravenously devouring a piece of dry bread on the public street, and bearing all the appearance of being in a chronic state of starvation. Fancying I knew his features, I asked if his name were not Mackenzie. He at once became much excited, addressed me by name, and informed me that . . . he was literally homeless and starving. . . . In an agony of grief he deplored his ever leaving me under evil advice, and on my unexpectedly offering to take him back he burst into a transport of thanks. . . . He resumed his work . . . and I did everything in my power to facilitate his progress.

The boy's gratitude was such that whenever Mr. D. was in sight of him at the factory,

Let me look towards him at any moment, there was the pale, sympathetic face with the large and wistful eyes, literally yearning towards me as Smike's did towards Nicholas Nickleby. . . . This intensity of gratitude never appeared to lessen . . . through lapse of time. . . . I was apparently his sole thought and consideration, saving the more common incidents of daily life.

Mr. D. moved to London, and never again saw Mackenzie in the flesh. Some

dozen years elapsed, when, one Tuesday morning after his workmen's annual ball the preceding Friday, Mr. D. had a dream:

I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert Mackenzie, and, feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if most desirous for an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply for his want of manners. On this, the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward. "What is all this, Robert?" I asked, somewhat angrily. "Did you not see I was engaged?" "Yes," he replied, "but I must speak with you at once." "What about?" I said; "what is it that can be so important?" "I wish to tell you, sir, that I am accused of doing a thing that I did not do, and that I want you to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive me for what I am blamed for, because I am innocent." Then, "I did not do the thing they say I did." I said, "What?" getting same answer. I then naturally asked, "But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?" I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer, in the Scottish dialect, "Ye'll sune ken" (you'll soon know). This question and the answer were repeated at least twice. I am certain that the answer was repeated thrice, in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream, *qua* mere dream, might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom, much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workmen's ball; Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide." With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, "No, he has not committed suicide." "How can you possibly know that?" "Because he has just been here to tell me."

By the next post the manager wrote that it was not suicide. It appeared that Mackenzie had drunk aqua fortis in mistake for whisky. Later Mr. D. says of the dream:

I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place, so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at Mackenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was of an indescribable bluish-pale color, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I could not account. . . . Still pondering upon the peculiar color of his countenance, it struck me to consult some authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by aqua fortis, and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's "Domestic Medicine and Surgery," p. 172, I found these words under symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid: ". . . the skin covered with a cold sweat; countenance livid and expressive of dreadful

suffering; . . . aqua fortis produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that the external stains, if any, are yellow, instead of brown." This refers to indication of sulphuric acid, "generally outside of the mouth, in the shape of brown spots." Having no desire to accommodate my facts to this scientific description, I give the quotations freely, only, at the same time, stating that previously to reading the passage in Mr. Walsh's book, I had not the slightest knowledge of these symptoms, and I consider that they agree fairly and sufficiently with what I saw, viz., a livid face covered with a remarkable sweat, and having spots (particularly on the forehead), which, in my dream, I thought great blots of perspiration. It seems not a little striking that I had no previous knowledge of these symptoms, and yet should take note of them.

THE SHADOW-WATCHERS.

(From Plato's Republic.)

"Imagine a number of men living in an underground cavernous chamber, with an entrance open to the light, extending along the entire length of the cavern, in which they have been confined, from their childhood, with their legs and neck so shackled, that they are obliged to sit still and look straight forwards, because their chains render it impossible for them to turn their heads round: and imagine a bright fire burning some way off, above and behind them, and an elevated roadway passing between the fire and the prisoners, with a low wall built along it, like the screens which conjurors put up in front of their audience, and above which they exhibit their wonders."

"I have it," he replied.

"Also, figure to yourself a number of persons walking behind this wall, and carrying with them statues of men, and images of other animals, wrought in wood, stone, and all kinds of materials, together with various other articles, which overtop the wall; and, as you might expect, let some of the passers-by be talking, and others silent."

"You are describing a strange scene, and strange prisoners."

"They resemble us," I replied. "For let me ask you, in the first place, whether persons so confined could have seen anything of themselves or of each other, beyond the shadows thrown by the fire upon the part of the cavern facing them."

"Certainly not, if you suppose them to have been compelled all their lifetime to keep their heads unmoved."

"And is not their knowledge of the

things carried past them equally limited?"

"Unquestionably it is."

"And if they were able to converse with one another, do you not think that they would be in the habit of giving names to the objects which they saw before them?"

"Doubtless they would."

"Again: if their prison returned an echo from the part facing them, whenever one of the passers-by opened his lips, to what, let me ask you, could they refer the voice, if not to the shadow which was passing?"

"Unquestionably they would refer it to that."

"Then surely such persons would hold the shadows of the manufactured articles to be the only realities."

"Without a doubt they would." . . .

"Now this imaginary case, my dear Glaucon, you must apply in all its parts to our former statements, by comparing the region which the eye reveals to the prison house, and the light of the fire therein to the power of the sun; and if, by the upward ascent and the contemplation of the upper world, you understand the mounting of the soul in the intellectual region, you will hit the tendency of my own surmises."

In the manifold unity of universal life the innumerable individualities distinguished by their variations are, nevertheless, united in such a manner that the whole is one, and that everything proceeds from unity. For all things depend upon unity, or develop from it, and because they appear distant from one another it is believed that they are many, whereas in their collectivity they form but one.—*Hermes*.

Celestial order reigns over terrestrial order: all that is done and said upon earth has its origin in the heights, from which all essences are dispensed with measure and equilibrium: nor is there anything which does not emanate from one above and return thither.—*Hermes*.

There was never a more beautiful, a juster, a more moral, fruitful, and probable creed.—*Maeterlinck on Reincarnation*.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

Mr. Claude Bragdon is already known as a writer on four-dimensional space and upon other topics of a like kind that are becoming almost respectable in these days of an unafraid conjecture. Now he gives us another volume, perhaps the best that he has written, and he calls it "Four Dimensional Vistas."

Mr. Bragdon follows a course that is abundantly justified by orthodox precedent. He does not attempt to prove the existence of a fourth dimension. That would be, at present, impossible. The individual may, perhaps, prove it for himself, but he could not communicate his proof to another. Mr. Bragdon attempts rather to show that a fourth dimension would explain many phenomena that are inexplicable without it, such as dreams and clairvoyance. It would help to elucidate the mystery of genius and also of those higher states of consciousness in which the mystic moves and has his being, but that are capable neither of definition nor interpretation. In other words the Fourth Dimension is a working hypothesis and one that elucidates many a problem otherwise insoluble. The ingenuity and lucidity with which the author presents these many phases of his topic are admirable and enviable.

Turning to the higher aspects of the problem, Mr. Bragdon compares the subjective field of consciousness with a plane in which the conscious experience of the individual is represented by a single line. But in sleep and trance we have an augmented freedom of movement, and it includes the future as well as the present and the past. Thus we can adjust the will in the light of the past to the events that shall befall and so the past and the future in higher time become identical:

If the present moment can again intersect the stream of past conscious experience, it may equally do so with regard to the future. This brings up the tremendous question of free-will and fore-ordination. Upon these the Oriental doctrines of karma and reincarnation cast the only light by which the reason consents to be guided. As these doctrines are intimately related both to higher time and to trance revelations, some consideration of karma and reincarnation may appropriately find place here.

Karam is that self-adjusting force in human affairs which restores harmony disturbed

by action. It is the moral law of compensation, and by its operation produces all conditions of life, misery and happiness, birth, death, and rebirth; itself being both the cause and the effect of action. Its operation is indicated in the phrase, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The essential idea of reincarnation is indicated in the following quotation from the Upanishads: "And as a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another, newer, and more beautiful shape, so does this Self, having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another and more beautiful shape."

Reincarnation is the periodic "dip" of an immortal individual into materiality for the working out of karma, after an interval, long or short, spent under other conditions of existence. These alternations constitute the broader and deeper diapason of human life, of which the change from waking to sleeping represents the lesser, and the momentary awareness and unawareness of the sense mechanism to stimulation, the least.

Thus a physical incarnation, in the broadest sense of the term, is the interval, long or short, of the immersion of consciousness in materiality. Under fatigue, the cell life withdraws; that is, it ceases to respond to physical stimuli, and so passes out of incarnation. When this occurs *en masse* there transpires that hiatus of the personal consciousness called sleep, and while sleep lasts the personality is out of incarnation. After death—in the interval between one life and the next—the specific memories of the personality fade out as in sleep, or rather, become latent, leaving the soul, the permanent life centre, clear and colorless, a mysterious focus of spiritual forces and affinities (the seeds of karma) ready for another sowing in the world of men. This centre of consciousness is thereupon drawn to the newly forming body, the life environment of which will rightly and justly—perhaps retributively—bring the tendencies and characteristics of the conscious centre into objectivity again. Character is destiny, and character is self-created. "All that we are is the result of what we have thought." But in the vast complexity and volume of human life there is a constant production of forms, with all the varieties of characteristics and capacities requisite to meet the needs of every soul, thirsty for the destiny that awaits it; and here heredity plays its part. Beyond the individual soul is the world-soul, which periodically incarnates in the humanity of a planet, and beyond the worlds of a single system, suns and congeries of suns.

The profound and pregnant doctrines of karma and reincarnation, here so sketchily outlined, are but expansions of one of the fundamental propositions of all Eastern philosophical systems, that the effect is the unfolding of the cause in time.

Mr. Bragdon's treatise should not be neglected even by those who are but little attracted by the usual fourth dimension theories. Rarely have we seen anything more full of importances to the

student or couched in more careful and persuasive language.

FOUR DIMENSIONAL VISTAS. By Claude Bragdon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A POOR BOOK.

It may be readily conceded that Mr. M. MacDermot Crawford, author of "Peeps Into the Psychic World," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, intended to advance the cause of Mysticism and Occultism by his literary labors. Unfortunately he has done nothing of the sort. He has come perilously near bringing it into ridicule. Traveling over a field extraordinarily rich in the materials for philosophical discussion, he shows a positive dexterity in their avoidance. Turning with some impatience from a chapter on the psychic influence of jewels we search hopelessly through the pages devoted to reincarnation for some scrap of original thought, or at least for some definition or presentation that shall worthily live in the memory. We find nothing. A belief in reincarnation, we are told, is derived from "universal savage beliefs." Admiral Jellicoe is supposed to be the reincarnation of Drake, and the King of the Belgians of William the Silent. There is also a "plump little lady" who believes herself the reincarnation of Louis XIV and who calls attention to her nose in proof thereof. There are dozens of stories of this kind that might be leniently described as silly, and harshly described as drivel. Some two hundred pages are thus filled, and in spite of some careful search we fail to find anything that can be read without waste of time. To comment upon these absurdities would require as much space as the book itself.

At the same time we may protest against the use of the word Theosophy in connection with nonsense of this sort. Unfortunately there is no way to prevent such caricatures from being given to the world. All that we can do is to express a well-founded conviction that the author knows nothing whatever about Theosophy and that all he has done is to write an astonishingly silly book for weak-minded people.

Comprehend clearly that this sensible world is enfolded, as in a garment, by the supernal world.—*Hermes*.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

July 11—Vehement desires about any one thing render the soul blind with respect to other things.

July 12—Many men who have not learnt to argue rationally, still live according to reason.

July 13—The equal is beautiful in everything, but excess and defect do not appear so.

July 14—It is the property of a divine intellect to be always intently thinking about the beautiful.

July 15—As two pieces of wood may come together in the ocean, and having met, may separate again; like this is the meeting of mortals.

July 16—Youth is like a mountain torrent; wealth is like the dust on one's feet; manhood is fugitive as a water-drop; life is like foam.

July 17—Who fulfills not duty with steadfast mind, duty which opens the portals of bliss, surprised by old age and remorse, he is burned by the fire of grief.

THE WISDOM OF KIM.

(Rudyard Kipling: A Chapter Heading.)

Something I owe to the soil that grew—

More to the life that fed

But most to Allah, who gave me two
Separate sides to my head.

I would go without shirts or shoes,

Friends, tobacco, and bread,

Sooner than for one instant lose

Either side of my head.

Behold the sad future in store for us—to minister to the wants of a fluctuating and dissoluble body. No more may our eyes distinguish the souls divine. Hardly through these watery spheres shall we perceive, with sighs, our ancestral heaven; at intervals even we shall cease altogether to behold it. By this disastrous sentence direct vision is denied to us; we can see only by the aid of the outer light! these are but windows that we possess—not eyes. Nor will our pain be less when we hear in the fraternal breathing of the winds with which no longer can we mingle our own, since ours will have for its dwelling, instead of the sublime and open world, the narrow prison of the breast.—*Hermes*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Price 5 Cents

A WARRIOR.

An old lady in southern California, suffering constant pain from a chronic disease, believes that she can help the soldiers in Europe by an uncomplaining endurance of her own affliction. She thinks that courage, patience, and fortitude, wherever or by whom they are manifested, must in some way be added to a common stock upon which all who are in need may draw, and that in spite of her age and her infirmity she, too, can be a factor in the salvation of the world from the scourge of war.

Truly this old lady is a warrior and a wise one. Would that the army to which she belongs were a thousand times greater than it is. There is in very truth a common stock of thought force, and it is of two kinds. There are thoughts of self that accumulate upon the unseen planes of nature until at last they react upon the world as war, and pestilence, and convulsions of nature. And there are other thought forces, those of courage and endurance and self-sacrifice, that hold back the floods of Nemesis and mitigate the calamities that would otherwise destroy the race. Every vital thought that emanates from a human brain is a reinforcement either of the destructive or the preservative forces of nature. Every such thought is a weapon in angelic or demon hands.

The thought plane is a reality, a reality more tremendous for good and evil than any that appeal materially to

our senses. It is fed from human minds that know little of the progeny to which they give birth, of the fates that they create, of the silent, relentless forces that inexorably ban and bless. And so once more we may salute the old lady who will henceforth bear her pain in silence and courage in order that the pain of others, thousands of miles away, may be lessened. She, too, is taking her part in a struggle in which there are no racial divisions, and although it be unseen of men it will not go uncounted upon a record that is of all others the brightest and the best.

AVIATION.

The last issue of the *Scientific American* contains a full-page article on Aviation. We are told that scientific achievement is on the eve of adding this crowning gift to its list of big guns, Zeppelins, and hospital cars. We are even told how it is to be done. There is a sense of weight as the explanation unwinds the last of such terms as breathing hose, cockpit rubber sides, sound-conducting diaphragms, and all the rest of it. An old colored mammy in the South would say, "Lord bless my soul!"

It is to be hoped that blessing finds its way from somewhere. Humanity, left alone, seems determined to keep power browsing on its metallic tastes. But it has been said that consciousness is a circle, and if such is the case, it is to be supposed that the metallic side of

the circumference must expand equally with the arc that moves heavenward. The point of importance centres in the fact that these arcs move in opposite directions.

History gives evidence that there have been, and that there are, men who are not bound by the gravity of the earth. We may be sure that "self-adjusting safety valves" play no part in such conquests of spiritual consciousness over physical nature. It is rather to be inferred that the consciousness of such as these has released itself from the tyranny of physical dependence as the first prerequisite to success.

The matter of flying is in itself of no importance. The fact that humanity possesses latent powers is a fact of true concern. Here are millions of people pinning faith to mechanical inventions, like the man who sang hallelujahs to his feet, while he ignored the mighty functions that were being carried by them.

Spiritual philosophies have brought their one message to the world again and again. "Know ye not that ye are gods" are no vain words. They are the utterances, the almost pitiful beseechings, of the most powerful men that earth has produced. But they possessed no whistles or electric lights to direct the way. To rivet attention on such as these is the burning of the bridge to man's true power.

TO WARRIOR SOULS.

Search ye the seas for Kitchener,
And search the foam blown shore,
But all earth holds of Kitchener
Shall walk with men no more!

A light fades out across the sea,
And out across the land,
But a breath of wind goes blowing free
From clinging mist and sand.

Deep calls to deep through sun and
shade

A-down the ways of men,
And ye who fought with Kitchener
Shall fight with him again!

—M. E. Buhler.

Sympathy between two distant minds, sympathy so strong that one communicates with the other without using the regular channels of the senses.—*Bacon*.

ATLANTIS.

(Springfield Republican.)

Concerning the fact that the great continent of Atlantis may once have existed, M. Pierre Termier of the French Academy of Sciences remarks in a recently published separate of the Smithsonian annual report: "No affirmation is yet permissible, but it seems more and more evident that a vast region, continental or made up of great islands, has collapsed west of the Pillars of Hercules, otherwise called the strait of Gibraltar, and that its collapse occurred in the not far distant past. In any event, the question of Atlantis is placed anew before men of science."

To many minds Atlantis has been a fabled country, a part of the interesting mythology of the Eastern world, and an inexhaustible subject for poets from the days of Plato on, but now M. Termier says: "It may be, indeed, that the poets were once more right. After a long period of disdainful indifference, observe how in the last few years science is returning to the study of Atlantis. How many naturalists, geologists, zoologists, or botanists are asking one another today whether Plato has not transmitted to us, with slight amplification, a page from actual history of mankind."

From the Smithsonian pamphlet, in which M. Termier quotes a part of Plato's dialog "Timæus," or "Concerning Nature," the following facts, as stated by an old Egyptian priest, are secured: "Athens was destroyed by a singularly powerful army which came from an island larger than Libya, and even Asia, lying in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the strait called the Pillars of Hercules. From this island one could easily pass to other islands, and from them to the entire continent which surrounds the interior sea. In the island of Atlantis reigned kings of amazing power, having under their domain several other islands also, and some parts of the continent, as well as Libya as far east as Egypt, and Europe as far as the Tyrrhenian Sea. All this power was once united to subjugate Athens, but the Athenians stopped the invasion and restored all the nations living on that side (east) of the Pillars of Hercules to independence. Later, with great earthquakes and inundations, in a single day and one fatal night, all who

had been warriors against Athens were swallowed up, and the island of Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea."

The author says that the above narrative has not at all the coloring of a fable, but an exactness almost scientific. It may be thought that the dimensions of the island of Atlantis are slightly exaggerated here, but we must remember that the Egyptian priest did not know the immensity of Asia.

In another dialog, "Concerning Atlantis," which is also from the "Timæus," Plato describes the famous island: "According to the Egyptian tradition a common war arose 9000 years ago between the nations on this side of the Pillars of Hercules and the nations coming from beyond. On one side it was Athens; on the other the kings of Atlantis. We have already said that this island was larger than Asia and Africa, but that it became submerged following an earthquake and that its place is no longer met with except as a sand bar which stops navigators and renders the sea impassable."

Plato also develops the Egyptian tradition of the fabulous origin of Atlantis, fallen to the share of Neptune and on which this god placed his ten mortal children. He describes the cradle of the Atlantic race as a fertile plain located near the sea and opening into the central part of the island. About it a circle of mountains protects the plain from the icy blasts of the north; in these superb mountains there are numerous villages, rich and populous. In the plain there is a magnificent city, the palaces and temples of which are constructed from stones of three colors drawn from the very bosom of the island; here and there are mines yielding all the metals useful to man, and finally the shores of the island rise perpendicularly and commanding above the tumultuous sea. We may smile in reading, but the geographic description of the island is not of the sort which one jokes about and forgets. This description tallies well with what we would imagine today of a great land submerged in the region of the Azores and enjoying the eternal springtime, which is the endowment of these islands; a land formed from a basement of ancient rocks bearing, with some fragments of whitish calcareous terranes, extinct volcanic mountains and lava

flows, black or red, long since grown cold.

Such is the story of the Atlantis of Plato, a history fabulous in its origins, like the majority of histories, yet extremely exact and highly probable in its details of tragic termination. This is all that antiquity teaches us, for the accounts of Theompompus and Marcellus, much vaguer than that of Plato, are interesting only from the impression that they leave us of the wide circulation of the legend among the people along the Mediterranean shores. Down to very nearly our own era, there was a general belief, all about the Mediterranean, in the ancient Atlантиan invasion, which was checked by the very sudden submergence of the country from which they came.

According to M. Termier, the study of the physical geography of the Atlantic Ocean tends to show us what might well have been the base of this great oceanic continent, the loftiest spires of which form the Azores. He looks forward to the day when the charts of the Atlantic will be exact and detailed, affording a closer study with this point in view. Geology also indicates the possibility of there once having been a great table land surmounted with volcanoes in the eastern Atlantic where now Gough Island, St. Helena, Ascension, Cape Verde Islands, the Canaries, Madeira, the Azores, and a few others, all of which are either integrally or in the greater part formed of lava, and many of which bear volcanoes, appear above the surface of the sea. Volcanoes are held to be the results of convulsions or the breaking away of some portion of the earth's crust. Therefore, these islands seem indicative of a great upheaval, and the depths which surround them are the resting place of earlier mountains, volcanic lava from some of which has been dredged up. The entire eastern zone of the Atlantic bottom, continues the author, is in movement, forming an unstable zone on the planet, and in such a zone, great cataclysms have occurred and may again occur at any moment.

Not only oceanography and geology teach us the possibility, even probability, of there once having been an Atlantis, but zoölogy shows a certain continental origin of the present fauna, or animal

life, of the Atlantic islands which still remains, as well as the strange relationship and reappearance of certain marine animals and shells found only on these islands, and indicating that they must once have been closely connected. M. Termier believes that Atlantis existed, that zoölogy and geology prove that a cataclysm, not unlike that mentioned by Plato, occurred, and that it now remains for ethnography, anthropology, and oceanography to solve the problem as to whether men lived at this time who could withstand the great reaction and transmit the memory of it. Nowadays even the most modern sciences permit our belief in Plato's legend, and lead us to look further into the great Atlantic abyss for our lost continent.

AN HOUR'S THINKING.

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

A man who will sit down without any books, papers, or other artificial helps and think consecutively on one subject for a single hour can control the destinies of the world. Anybody who doubts this should make the trial. There is more magic in consecutive thinking than in fairy charms or witches' kettles.

Alas! thinking is almost the worst of pains. As we look back over history it is evident that it never has been resorted to except under the most desperate circumstances. Desperate circumstances are generally those in which man is confronted by the demon Work. Man has rarely been willing to think except when thinking would save manual labor. The common lever—the first of all machines—was the product of laziness, and so was the valve gear by which steam engines were first made automatic. Mechanical thought has been fairly common, on account of this indolence. But abstract thought, which is its own reward, is generally held to be a poor employer. Almost all of us avoid it.

After working all day or all week in a great hurry we amuse ourselves in a great hurry, so that we will not have time to think. We invent all kinds of appeals to the senses, things which hammer on the eye or the ear or the palate, require no effort to take in, and pulverize meditation. We surround ourselves with man-made things and forget these that man did not and can not make. We are without awe.

Even in our literature we seem dazzled by the lights of cities and hypnotized by moving crowds. Not for our up-to-date poets, as for David, is it true that "the heavens declare the glory of God: the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

The poets, like the rest of us, are bewildered by the tragedies in the relations of man with man, and have little to tell on the profounder subject of the relation of man with the universe. Our civilization moves impetuously on, yet it has not answered the ancient questions as to the meaning and worth of life itself. It is further than ever from answering such questions because it renders us almost incapable of asking them.

An hour's thought—but is that not the telephone bell ringing, or an automobile at the door, or steps on the porch? Or can it be that we fell asleep at the end of the first five minutes, to the solemn ticking of the clock?

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

July 18—Even in a forest hermitage, sin prevails over the unholy; the restraint of the senses in one's own house, this is asceticism.

July 19—Who performs a right action, free from impurity, the house of that man is a forest hermitage.

July 20—As the streams of a river flow on, and return not, so pass away the days and nights, taking away the lives of men.

July 21—Unenduring are youth, beauty, life, wealth, lordship, the society of the beloved; let not the wise be deluded by these.

July 22—In this world, fugitive as tempest-driven waves, death for another is a rich prize earned by virtue in a former birth.

July 23—The shadow of a cloud, the favor of the base, new corn, a flower, these last only a little time: so it is with youth and riches.

July 24—Let the wise think on wisdom as unfading and immortal; let him fulfill his duty as though Death grasped him by the hair.

THE SWEET-SCENTED NAME.

A little peasant girl lay ill in her bed. And in heaven God called an angel to His side and bade her go down to earth and dance before the little girl and amuse her. But the angel thought it unbecoming to her dignity to dance before the people of the earth.

And God knew the proud thoughts of the angel and ordained a punishment for her. She was born into the world of men and became a little child there—a princess in a royal house—and she forgot all that she had known of heaven and her former life, forgot ever her own name.

Now the angel had been called by a name of purity and fragrance, and the people of the earth knew no such names as these. So when she became an earthly princess she had only a human name, and was called the Princess Margaret.

When the little princess grew up she often felt as if she wanted to remember something she had once known, but she could not think what it might be, and she became unhappy because she could not remember.

One day she asked her father:

"How is it we can not hear the sunshine?"

The king smiled at the question, but he could not answer it, and the little princess looked very grieved.

Another day she said to her mother:

"The roses smell very sweet; how is it I can not see their scent?"

And when her mother laughed at the strange question the princess felt sadder than ever.

Some time afterwards she came to her nurse and said:

"How is it that names are not sweet-scented?"

The old nurse laughed at her, and again the princess was grieved that no one could answer any of her questions. Then a rumor went about the land that the king's daughter was different from other people, and that her mind was weak. And everybody tried to think of some means to cure her and make her well.

She was a quiet and melancholy child and was always asking strange and unusual questions. She was thin and pale, and no one thought her beautiful. But she grew older, and at last the time

came for her to marry. Many of the young princes came to her father's court to woo her, but when she began to talk to them no one wanted to have her as a wife. At last a prince named Maximilian arrived, and when the princess saw him she said to him:

"With us human beings everything seems quite separate from other things—I can only *hear* words, I can not smell them; and though I can see flowers and smell their scent, yet I can not hear them. It makes life dull and uninteresting, don't you think?"

"What would make life more beautiful for you?" said Maximilian.

The princess was silent for some time, but at last she said, "I should so much like to have a sweet-smelling name."

"Yes, fair princess," said he, "the name Margaret is not nearly good enough for you. You ought to have a name of sweet fragrance, but there are no such names known upon the earth." Then the poor little princess wept sad tears, and Maximilian felt very sorry for her, and he loved her more than any one else in the whole world. He tried to comfort her by saying, "Do not weep, dear princess. I will try and find out if there are such names, and come and tell you of them."

The princess smiled through her tears and said, "If you can find for me a name which gives forth a sweet odor when it is spoken, then I will kiss your stirrup-leather." And she blushed as she said this, for she was a princess and very proud.

Hearing this, Maximilian grew bold and said, "And will you then be my wife? And the princess answered that she would.

So Maximilian departed to search out all the world until he found out a name which would give forth a sweet fragrance and perfume the air when it was spoken. He traveled into far lands and made inquiries of rich and poor, learned and ignorant; but everybody laughed at his quest, and told him he had set out upon a foolish errand. At last, after long journeying, he came again to the town where the princess dwelt. Just outside the town was a peasant's cottage, and at the door stood an old white-haired man. As soon as Maximilian saw him he thought in his heart "the old man will know," and he

went up to him and told him of his quest, and how he was in search of a sweet-smelling name.

The old man looked up gladly and answered at once, "Yes, yes; there is such a name—a holy and spiritual name it is. I myself do not know this name, but my little grandchild has heard it."

So Maximilian went with the old man into the poor cottage, and there he saw a little pleasant girl lying ill on her bed. The old man went up to her and said, "Doonia, here is a gentleman who wants to know the holy name you told me of; can you remember it and tell him?"

The little girl looked joyfully at Maximilian and smiled sweetly at him, but she could not remember the wonderful name. She told the prince that in a dream an angel had come to her and danced before her, and as she watched the angel she saw that his garment was of many colors, like a soft rainbow. Then the angel had talked to her, and told her that soon another angel would come and visit her and would dance before her in still more beautiful colors than those she had seen. He told her the angel's name, and as she heard the name she smelt a delicious fragrance, and all the air was filled with a sweet scent. "But now," said the child, "I can not remember that wonderful name, though it still makes me happy to think about it. If only I could remember it and say it myself I think I should be quite well again. But the beautiful angel will soon come, and then I shall remember the name."

Maximilian went away to the palace and told the princess all that had befallen him, and she came with him to the cottage to visit the sick girl. As soon as she saw the child she was filled with pity and sat down by her side and petted her and tried to think of something that would amuse her and make her forget her pain.

By and by she got up and began to dance before the sick child, clapping her hands together, and singing. And as the little girl watched the princess she saw all kinds of lovely colors and heard many beautiful sounds. She felt very happy and she laughed aloud in her happiness. And suddenly she remembered the name of the angel and spoke it aloud. And all the cottage was filled with a sweet scent as of flowers.

Then the princess remembered all she had been trying to recall, and she knew that the sweet-scented name that she had been seeking was her own heavenly name, and she remembered why she had been sent upon the earth.

The little peasant girl soon became quite well, and the princess married Maximilian and lived with him happily on the earth until the time came for her to return to her heavenly home and God's eternal kingdom.

THE SWEET-SCENTED NAME. By Fedor Sologuh. Edited by Stephen Graham. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CONQUERING ILLUSION.

(From Rudyard Kipling's "Kim.")

Kim peered at the cross-legged figure, outlined jet-black against the lemon-colored drift of light. So does the stone Buddhist sit who looks down upon the patent self-registering turnstiles of the Lahore museum. The Lama held his peace. Except for the click of the rosary and the faint clop-clop of Mah-hib's retreating feet, the soft, smoky silence of evening in India wrapt them close.

"Hear me! I bring news!"

"But let us——"

Out shot the long, yellow hand compelling silence. Kim tucked his feet under his robe-edge obediently.

"Hear me! I bring news! The Search is finished. Comes now the reward. . . . Thus. When we were among the hills, I lived on thy strength till the young branch bowed and nigh broke. When we came out of the hills I was troubled for thee and for other matters which I held in my heart. The boat of my soul lacked direction; I could not see into the Cause of Things. So I gave thee over to the virtuous woman altogether. I took no food. I drank no water. Still I saw not the Way. They pressed food upon me, and cried at my shut door. So I removed myself to a hollow under a tree. I took no food. I took no water. I sat in meditation two days and two nights, abstracting my mind; inbreathing and outbreathing in the required manner. . . . Upon the second night—so great was my reward—the wise soul loosed itself from the silly body and went free. This I have never before attained, though I have stood on the threshold of it. Consider, for it is a marvel!"

"A marvel, indeed! Two days and two nights without food! Where was the Sahiba?" said Kim, under his breath.

"Yes, my soul went free, and wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop falls into water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all kings. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own painted rocks at Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we have ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they were within my soul. By this I knew that the soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things. By this I knew that I was free. I saw thee lying in thy cot, and I saw thee falling down hill under the idolater—at one time, in one place, in my soul which has touched the Great Soul. Also I saw the striped body of Teshoo Lama lying down, and the hakim from Dacca kneeled beside, shouting in his ear. Then my soul was all alone, and I saw nothing, for I was all things, having reached the Great Soul. And I meditated a thousand-thousand years, passionless, well aware of the Courses of All Things. Then a voice cried: 'What shall come to the bug if thou art dead?' and I was shaken back and forth in myself with pity for thee, and I said, 'I will return to me chela, lest he miss the Way.'

"Upon this my soul, which is the soul of Teshoo Lama, withdrew itself with strivings and yearnings and retchings and agonies not to be told. As the egg from the fish, as the fish from the water, as the water from the cloud, as the cloud from the thick air—so put forth, so leaped out, so drew away, so fumed up the soul of Teshoo Lama from the Great Soul. Then a voice cried: 'The River! Take heed to the River!' and I looked down upon all the world which as I have seen it before—one in time, one in place—and I said, 'Yonder is the River of the Arrow at my feet.' At that hour my soul was hampered by some evil whereof I was not wholly cleansed, and it lay upon my arms and coiled around my waist: but I put it aside, and I cast forth as an eagle in my flight for the very place of the River. I pushed aside world upon world for

thy sake. I saw the River below me—the River of the Arrow—and descending the waters of it closed over me; and behold, I was again in the body of Teshoo Lama, but free from sin, and the hakim from Dacca bore up my head in the waters of the River. It is behind the mango—to be here—even here!"

"Allah Kerim! Oh well that the Babu was there! Wast thou very wet?"

"Why should I regard? I remember the hakim was concerned for the body of Teshoo Lama. He haled it out of the holy water in his hands, and there came afterward a horse-seller from the north with a cot and men, and they put the body on the cot, and bore it up to the Sahiba's house."

"What said the Sahiba?"

"I was meditating in that body, and did not hear. So thus the Search is ended. For the merit that I have acquired, the River of the Arrow is here. It broke forth at our feet, as I have said. I have found it. Son of my soul, I have wrenched my soul back from the threshold of freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free. Just is the Wheel! Certain is our deliverance! Come!"

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled as one may who has won salvation for himself and his beloved.

You complain that you can never know me, but do you know yourself? If I chose I could tell you a story that would open the ears of your memory!

You think so much of the future that you forget the past.

Some day you will forget me, when the walls of another birth are built around your spirit;

But I warn you now that I shall insert the knife of my insinuating presence between the bricks of every future house that your soul builds.

When you feel the wind that blows through the crevice, you will shiver with delicious cold.

And I shall stand outside the pierced wall and laugh to myself in the rain.

—From "*Songs of a Vagrom Angel*," by Elsa Barker.

He who, outside of pure mathematics, says a thing is impossible, speaks without reason.—*Arago*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz: .

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. I. No. 30. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, July 22, 1916.

Price 5 Cents

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE.

Dr. Samuel Graham Wilson, D. D., has written a book called "Bahaim and Its Claims." The ostensible object of the book is to "expose" Bahaim, and to denounce the Christian ministers who have aided in its exposition. But Dr. Wilson has actually exposed himself as a narrow-minded and fanatical bigot of the class that has done more than any other to discredit religion in general and Christianity in particular. Dr. Wilson's ire is peculiarly aroused by the contention that all religions are but aspects of a central truth. He repels so heterodox a theory with the theological scorn with which we are lamentably familiar. Indeed his arrogance is so offensive as to cause a well-known reviewer to remark that vacillating Christians are more likely to be attracted to Bahaim by this book than repelled from it.

Indeed the reviewer is far more interesting than the book about which he writes. America, he says, is peculiarly the home of new religions. Inhabited by peoples of many nations who have been cut loose from their traditions and customs and simmering in the noxious preparation for prigs that we call education, what more likely than that there should always be a welcome for fads and fancies? If a man should wear his clothes inside out on religious grounds he would unquestionably find imitators everywhere, and especially if he should charge a substantial fee for a permit or

a diploma. We value all things, including religions, by the price tag, and the best of all ways to crowd the lecture hall is to charge an almost prohibitive admission fee. All rubbish can be sold if only it cost enough.

But we need not be uneasy, says the reviewer. There may be some five thousand adherents of Bahaim in America, but what of it? What are they among so many? Other systems, he says, have their followers in like numbers, but they are so small as to be negligible. Dr. Wilson need not be alarmed. Great is Diana of the Ephesians, and the silver-smiths who minister to her shrine are not likely to be impoverished yet a while.

It is evident that this reviewer is not likely to do himself serious physical injury by the energy of what he would doubtless call his thought processes. His brain is by no means over-engined, or perhaps he is merely anxious to write nothing that shall side-track an orthodox Christian nickel. It is true that five thousand people would make a poor showing at an election. We may even doubt if they could raise enough money to bribe a ward heeler. Neither could the twelve apostles. It was many a long year before the early Christian church numbered five thousand people, and if there had been very superior book reviewers in those days we can imagine the lofty disdain with which they would have waved aside the claims of the little

groups of devotees that were not only contemptibly small, but criminally poor. Now before we can estimate the influence of five thousand people we should like to know what sort of people they are. A good deal depends upon that, as even a book reviewer can understand. If they are ordinary self-seeking human beings, greedy for recognition and applause, avid for distinction and reward, then indeed it may be admitted that five thousand people are pitifully inadequate to influence the thought of the world. But if these five thousand people are united in thought and feeling, indifferent to self-interest and careless of acclaim, animated by some high resolve that submerges their personalities, then we should think that five thousand people, or five hundred people, or fifty people, would be irresistible, and that they could mold the thought of the world as a potter molds a piece of clay. It has been done before. Why not again?

Perhaps it would be too much to expect that a book reviewer on a daily newspaper should endanger his position by any signs of an embryotic intelligence, but surely he must be aware of the fact that numerical weakness and financial poverty, so far from being a bar to religious or philosophical success, are actually among the essentials of success.

We do not know how many Theosophists there are in America, since there must be very many who do not so avow themselves on the census returns. Probably the reviewer in question would not think much of their numbers or of their wealth, yet it is none the less a fact that they have most markedly affected the thought of the day, and to an extent that will presently be recognized and acknowledged. And their success would have been a hundredfold greater if they had been alive to their opportunities.

There is nothing unworthy of belief in what you have been told concerning the sacred sleep and seeing by means of dreams. I explain it thus; the soul has a two-fold life, the higher and the lower. In sleep the soul is liberated from the constraint of the body and enters as an emancipated being on its divine life of intelligence. The night of the body is the daytime of the soul.—*Iamblichus*.

POWER.

The supreme scientific question of the day is the question of power, or force, which exists universally. In the ultimates of matter it actuates the electrons. It causes them to combine and to form atoms. It acts within the atoms as an attractive force, binding them into molecules, and, as a repelling force, it causes the molecules to decompose. By its power to bind and loose the elements it brings into being all the forms of manifested life.

Since we know of this power through ourselves as self-conscious beings its study becomes self-study. We must learn how and why it acts within ourselves.

The first survey of mankind shows a variety of types possessing all degrees of power. Also each single individual possesses various means of generating different qualities of power. It is just this that constitutes man's complex nature. He has an arm with which to lift, a brain with which to think, and a heart with which to love. The fact suggests itself that the ultimate object of this complexity may be to reach some such Mastership of power as is represented in the highest types that humanity has produced. That Masters of Power have always existed is the testimony of human history. The line of evolutionary march shows a variation of type extending from the totally inefficient to those who so far transcend men *en masse* that their powers are inexplicable. The question arises, what are men, what are any of the forms of life, and what is the relation that exists between them and this universal ocean of force in which they live and move and have their being?

Man may look within himself and observe how force works there. He uses it and notes it, in a centre that he calls consciousness. He can look in the atom and molecule and perceive how the force works there. Must he not intuitively suppose that it acts in this instance, also, from some such centre? And since it is the same force moving, in both cases, through atoms that are identical, must not the laws that accentuate the one be the same as those that accentuate the other? It ought to be possible to ascertain something of the nature of man, since, in the man, we see force being

summoned and used at will, and in the molecule we see the result of the action, as atoms build themselves up into aggregates.

Two atoms are attracted to each other because they represent opposite electrical poles. When opposite electrical poles are brought into affinity an electrical current is set up. The electrical current gives rise to an electrical spark. Where before there was nothing, there arises a spark. It flashes its life, and sinks again into that from which it came. This is seen to happen anywhere in the universe, since force or energy fills infinite space, and in its homogeneity is identical throughout. We conceive this fact, but the meagre consciousness that limits us prevents a fuller comprehension. The best that can be done is to study the workings of energy in the atom and through all forms of life to man. Since man is the crowning product of this working he may also be the ultimate organ of its generation. For the real man is seen to be consciousness, and consciousness itself is force as it exists back of all change. It is forever the spectator of change. Consciousness, or the eternal "I am," may be likened to that which was before the spark came into life, and at the same time was the spark. It must exist likewise after the spark. For the spark withdrew into itself.

As something happened when the atoms drew near into affinity, so must there be a result from the current and the spark they generated. These results will now become a cause. Other affinities will be attracted, stronger currents will be generated, and greater sparks or lives will flash into being. This is the story of evolution. It is the story of the attraction and repulsion of electrical poles. The ocean of boundless *Beingness* is an ocean of latent points of force, or sparks of life, or centres of consciousness. In the manifestation of being these have become active in the infinite variety of combinations. These combinations are held together by affinity and released when that affinity is overpowered by the greater force of the universal ocean from which they severed themselves. They sever themselves, each time, to give expression to that state of individual consciousness which they have reached. They are moved by the desire to express,

ever more and more, of that which is their life.

When we view man in the light of an universal ocean of life, or force, of which there is a north, or positive, pole of being, and a south, or negative, pole of being, we are at once at a loss to know where to place him. If looked at from the great homogeneity on its way to greater and greater heterogeneity, then man stands at the outermost sphere of complexity and diversity and is, therefore, at the south pole of existence. On the other hand, if man regards forms below himself as they recede to a vanishing point in the ephemeral and the infinitesimal, his station demands the position of the positive north pole. In the light of such considerations man appears to stand at both poles, as unity and as diversity.

This paradox calls for a close consideration of man's complex nature. We must survey the types of humanity who represent a range of generators that may truly be said to extend from the negative pole of inefficiency and incapacity to the positive pole of supreme Mastership. These different types may be roughly grouped into three classes, as the man of physical power, the man of mental power, and the man of spiritual power. By the last is meant that type of man whose genius, knowledge, or superhuman powers transcend the intellect.

Here is a man, for instance, whose organism seems adapted to the generation of physical force. It is easy for this man to overcome the power of gravity in the lifting of heavy loads, or the cohesion of rocks and earth. With his pick and his crowbar he is able to generate a force that will overcome this other force. He must not, however, be asked to do more than break the rocks, or dig the trench measured out to him. Were he asked to survey the track, or plan the shaft, he would prove himself unfit.

But it is a miracle, as great as any, that he does this much. An hour since there was a solid rock. What has happened that it lies in shattered bits? Some mightier force than that which held it has been brought to bear upon it. Where did such force reside that this man was able to command it?

This consideration shows that the man, in order to generate this force, performed two distinct operations that were

instantaneous. First, he desired to perform the feat; secondly, he willed it. By will is implied the making of a mental picture in which he saw himself as doing the act, and did it, these two being simultaneous. It was desire and will that performed the operation of the transfer of physical force.

It was seen that the plan toward which this force was being used was not understood by the man whose range of capacity did not extend beyond that of physical work. His organism was efficient to generate physical force, but he had to look up to some other man possessing other capacities for direction in order to make this force apply itself in the proper way. His comprehension was insufficiently developed to grasp the ends that were in view.

Did the man who planned the shaft, or track, do the same? He did. He desired it, and willed to execute such desire. The project became a clear mental image within himself. He then secured ink and paper, and by again using the process of desire and will he transformed this idea, existing in himself, to the paper in front of him. One man generated physical power; the other man generated mental power, but the process in both instances was identical. The body is the organ of generation for physical force, the brain is the organ of generation for mental force, and the heart, that register of universal attraction and repulsion, is the organ of generation for spiritual force.

It was seen that the man of intellectual strength was able to point the way to the man of mere physical strength. In a like relation, does the intellectual man, being able to wield his own powers, but unable to see the end in view, stand to the spiritual man. He is informed that the same law holds good for the greater things yet to be obtained. This greater attainment is the bringing up into the mind of a consciousness which is at one with universal and eternal truth. It is first, by desire and will, to be created within, and secondly, by desire and will, to be made manifest. It is the state of consciousness that has in every age been mystically called the "kingdom of heaven." It is because it must feel and comprehend the pulse of universal life, registered in the heart, but known only when the heart is rendered

sensitive by love, that perfect love is a prerequisite.

Imagine man as entity—his being, a pole, the north end of which is shifted by selfish thought to the south; but which, by altruistic thinking, may be made to swing slowly towards its true north—the central divine will.

For, as we saw, in regard to atoms and molecules wherever a circuit is set up by them, there is born a spark. This spark is a life. This life grows, for the force of its attracts unto itself. The aggregate becomes large. Manhood is reached when the aggregate of atoms and the electric-magnetic circuit binding them are of such force as to produce a spark that reaches the potential called "self-consciousness."

From this point of self-consciousness man has will-power to move independently of the one great force which sways the forms of lesser life. He loses his identity with this one life and sees himself as an independent entity. He still is this life, however, and can draw freely on it, but the power he draws will vary according to the position of the polar axis. A man who has but little experience in this independence of self-consciousness, one who has not yet arrived, through the process of self-direction and the use of will, to the point where he can sever his force from the polarization which sways molecular life, is the man who has only such force as this activity gives rise to, namely, physical force. It is generated by his molecular body. The next higher type of man is the man who has, through a longer experience, to some degree mastered his situation. By gradually shifting the pole of his being he begins to realize something of the universal life within himself. He is able to become one in thought with its eternal truth. He becomes aware of the truths expressed by geometrical figures and by numbers. He analyzes the sounds of his voice, and comprehends their symbols in form. He correlates the combinations of these with states of his own consciousness. He begins to survey this consciousness as it appears to reach backward and forward, and he studies its relation to the life in his world. This is the state where the pole of being is shifted, from the south, half way. It gives rise to intellect, by which man beholds the eternal truths of life, but,

though he beholds them within himself, they appear to exist in an external world. The consciousness in this case is located in the brain rather than the body, it being the organ for the generation of this quality of force. It consists of an aggregate of atoms whose polarization is the result of thought taking the form of individual "desire and will."

Beside the man capable of generating physical force, and the man capable of generating mental force, there remains a third type far transcending in potency either of these two. This type is exemplified by the Christs and inspired ones, whose wisdom, poetry, music, and art constitute all that man has won of heaven for earth. These, by the same process of desire and will, have succeeded in altogether severing the positive north pole of their being from the negative south pole of life, where it is held with such overpowering attractive force. In the course of repeated earth lives these have not only brought it to the horizontal position which gave intellect, but, soaring above all that held them to the polarity of the personal, have surrendered its will to become wholly one with the true north—the central divine will. By so doing these have become individually conscious of Being Itself. They are illuminated. For them there remains nothing that is not known. The dark ocean without has become light shining within.

This attainment is the goal to which the great complexity of types in life's procession moves on its way. Many who are unable to break the attractive force which holds them bound to the south pole of separateness and selfishness continue in repeated lives of blindness and error. No other power, save that within themselves, can give them liberty. Those who have attained can direct. They do so. They say that the method for the generation of spiritual power is the same as that by which man generated physical and mental power. The spiritual consciousness is the consciousness of *Being*. Being is eternal harmony, perfect love, and infinite wisdom. Such, then, must become the object of desire and will. Will is the state of seeing one's self as doing, and doing simultaneously. Therefore *be*. Knowledge is a state.

The science that would know must

compass all things—the things of heaven as the things of earth.

AN EXPERIMENT.

During the past few years, says Claude Bragdon in *Four Dimensional Vistas*, just published by Alfred A. Knopf, evidence has been accumulating that we never really forget anything. We have rediscovered the memory of the subconscious mind. It is generally known that in the mesmeric or somnambulistic sleep things hopelessly beyond recall for the habitual mind come to the surface, in fragments, or in whole series, as the case may be. It is perhaps news to some readers, continues Mr. Bragdon, that the memory of past lives has been recovered in this way. This but confirms the Eastern secret teaching that could we remember our dream experiences we should recover the knowledge of our past incarnations.

Among the achievements of Eastern hypnotism is the recovery of the memory of past births. Colonel de Rochas appears to have paralleled this achievement in the West. Certain of his experiments have been admirably reported by Maurice Maeterlinck in the eighth chapter of *Our Eternity*. Maeterlinck's account, somewhat condensed, is given here, because it so well illustrates the liberation of consciousness from the tyranny of time as we conceive it. He says:

First of all it is only right to say that Colonel de Rochas is a savant who seeks nothing but objective truth and does so with a scientific strictness and integrity that have never been questioned. He puts certain exceptional subjects into a hypnotic sleep, and, by means of downward passes, makes them trace back the whole course of their existence. He thus takes them successively to their youth, their adolescence, and down to the extreme limits of their childhood. At each of these hypnotic stages the subject re-assumes the consciousness, the character, and the state of mind which he possessed at the corresponding stage in his life. He goes over the same events, with their joys and their sorrows. If he has been ill, he once more passes through his illness, his convalescence, and his recovery.

Let us, to come to details, take one of the simplest cases. The subject is a girl of eighteen, called Josephine. She lives at Voiron, in the department of Isere. By means of downward passes she is brought back to the condition of a baby at its mother's breast. The passes continue and the wonder-tale runs its course. Josephine can no longer speak; and we have the great silence of in-

fancy, which seems to be followed by a silence more mysterious still. Josephine no longer answers except by signs: she is not yet born. "She is floating in darkness." They persist, the sleep becomes heavier; and suddenly, from the depths of that sleep, rises the voice of another being, a voice unexpected and unknown, the voice of a churlish, distrustful, and discontented old man. They question him. At first he refuses to answer, saying that of course he's there, and he's speaking; that he sees nothing; and he's in the dark. They increase the number of passes and gradually gain his confidence. His name is Jean Claude Bourdon; he is an old man; he has long been ailing and bed-ridden. He was born at Champvent, in the parish of Polliat, in 1812. He went to school until he was eighteen and served his time in the army with the Seventh Artillery at Besancon; and he describes his gay times there, while the sleeping girl makes gestures of twirling an imaginary moustache. When he goes back to his native place he does not marry, but he has a mistress. He leads a solitary life (I omit all but the essential facts), and dies at the age of seventy, after a long illness.

We now hear the dead man speak; and his posthumous revelations are not sensational, which, however, is not an adequate reason for doubting their genuineness. He feels himself growing out of his body; but he remains attached to it for a fairly long time. His fluidic body, which is at first diffused, takes a more concentrated form. He lives in darkness, which he finds disagreeable; but he does not suffer. At last, the night in which he is plunged is streaked with a few flashes of light. The idea comes to reincarnate himself, and he draws near to her who is to be his mother (that is, the mother of Josephine). He encircles her until the child is born, whereupon he gradually enters the child's body. Until about the seventh year his body is surrounded by a sort of floating mist, in which he used to see many things which he has not seen since.

The next thing to be done is to go back beyond Jean Claude. A mesmerization lasting nearly three-quarters of an hour, without lingering at any intermediate stage, brings the old man back to babyhood. A fresh silence, a new limbo; and then, suddenly, another voice and an unexpected individual. This time it is an old woman who has been very wicked; and so she is in great torment (she is dead at the actual instant; for, in this inverted world, lives go backward and of course begin at the end). She is in deep darkness, surrounded by evil spirits. She speaks at first in a faint voice, but always gives definite replies to the questions put to her, instead of caving in at every moment, as Jean Claude did. Her name is Philomene Carteron.

"By intensifying the sleep," adds Colonel de Rochas, whom I will now quote, "I induce the manifestations of a living Philomene. She no longer suffers, seems very calm, and always answers coldly and distinctly. She knows that she is unpopular in the neighborhood, but no one is a penny the worse, and she will be even with them yet. She was born in 1702; her maiden name was Philomene Cherpigny; her grandfather on the mother's side was called Pierre Machon and

lived in Ozan. In 1732 she married, at Chevroux, a man named Carterton, by whom she had two children, both of whom she lost."

Before her incarnation, Philomene had been a little girl who died in infancy. Previous to that, she was a man who committed murder, and it was to expiate this crime that she endured such suffering in the darkness, and after her life as a little girl, when she had no time to do wrong. Colonel de Rochas did not think it wise to carry the hypnosis further, because the subject appeared exhausted and her paroxysms were painful to watch. He obtained analogous and even more surprising results with other subjects.

Maeterlinck's comments upon all this concludes Mr. Bragdon, are of negligible value. He pays a fine tribute to the theory of reincarnation. "There was never a more beautiful, a juster, a purer, a more moral, fruitful, and probable creed," he says. Yet for all that it is clear that he has not been at pains to inform himself of the Eastern teaching.

Colonel de Rochas' success, and that of all other experimenters along these lines, is due to their unconscious following of the Eastern method.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

July 25—If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

July 26—Pagodas are measured by their shadows, and great men by their enviers.

July 27—The sage does not say what he does; but he does nothing that can not be said.

July 28—The man who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is still a novice in both.

July 29—The wise man does good as naturally as he breathes.

July 30—He is a man who does not turn away from what he has said.

July 31—The heart of the fool is in his tongue; the tongue of the wise is in his heart.

There are two paths for him, within and without, and they both turn back in a day and a night. . . . After having subdued by sleep all that belongs to the body, he, not asleep himself, looks down upon the sleeping. Having assumed light he goes again to his place, the golden person, the lonely bird.—*Upanishads*.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

There are few who escape the biographer nowadays, and it may be said also that there are few biographers wise enough to confine their efforts to letters and reminiscences. This is the plan followed by Mr. James Marchant in the considerable volume that he devotes to Alfred Russel Wallace and of which the greater part is devoted to the scientific career of the great evolutionist. But we have a single chapter devoted to the psychic investigations of Professor Wallace, investigations prompted by the slow recognition of the inadequacy of materialism to explain the phenomena of life. Among the first of the letters in this section is one addressed to Professor Huxley inviting him to witness certain phenomena, and it may be quoted, with the reply, for the benefit of those who fondly suppose that the scientific mind is more hospitable either to new facts or to new ideas than the religious mind. Professor Wallace writes:

I have been writing a little on a new branch of Anthropology, and as I have taken your name in vain on the title-page I send you a copy. I fear you will be much shocked, but I can't help it; and before finally deciding that we are all mad I hope you will come and see some very curious phenomena which we can show you, *among friends only*. We meet every Friday evening, and hope you will come sometimes, as we wish for the fullest investigation, and shall be only too grateful to you or any one else who will show us how and where we are deceived.

To this Huxley replied:

I am neither shocked nor disposed to issue a commission of lunacy against you. It may be all true, for anything I know to the contrary, but really I can not get up any interest in the subject. I never cared for gossip in my life, and disembodied gossip, such as these worthy ghosts supply their friends with, is not more interesting to me than any other. As for investigating the matter, I have half a dozen investigations of infinitely greater interest to me to which any spare time I may have will be devoted. I give it up for the same reason that I abstain from chess—it's too amusing to be fair work, and too hard to be amusing.

Wallace's rejoinder contains the dignified rebuke demanded by an indifference so surprising:

Thanks for your note. Of course, I have no wish to press on you an inquiry for which you have neither time nor inclination. As for the "gossip" you speak of, I care for it as little as you do, but what I do feel an intense interest in is the exhibition of *force* where force has been declared *impossible*,

and of *intelligence* from a source the very mention of which has been deemed an *absurdity*.

Faraday has declared (apropos of this subject) that he who can prove the existence or exertion of force, if but the lifting of a single ounce, by a power not yet recognized by science, will deserve and assuredly receive applause and gratitude. (I quote from memory the sense of his expressions in his *Lecture on Education*.)

I believe I can now show such a force, and I trust some of the physicists may be found to admit its importance and examine into it.

That Huxley should disbelieve in the new force is reasonable enough, but that he should be indifferent to it is no less than a miracle of bigotry. It is like an astronomer saying that it may be true that a new comet has been found, but that it does not interest him.

With the many phenomena recounted by Wallace we need not concern ourselves. They are among the commonplaces of modern research, but we may note with interest his experiments with the Reichenbach magnets referred to by H. P. Blavatsky. The matter, says Wallace, had already been settled by Reichenbach, "but he is ignored." He himself is ignored by *Nature*, for "they never gave a word of notice to my book." Himself a spiritualist, he admits plaintively that "nothing comes of it." Study, he says, but don't go to seances. And then he breaks a lance with the wiseacres who prate about the "subliminal self," under the impression that it explains something:

My main objection to the term "subliminal self" and its various synonyms is that it is so dreadfully vague, and is an excuse for the assumption that a whole series of the most mysterious of psychical phenomena are held to be actually explained by it. Thus it is applied to explain all cases of apparent "possession," when the alleged "secondary self" has a totally different character, and uses the dialect of another social grade, from the normal self, sometimes even possesses knowledge that the real self could not have acquired, speaks a language that the normal self never learnt. All this is, to me, the most gross travesty of science, and I therefore totally object to the use of a term which is so vaguely and absurdly used, and of which no clear and rational explanation has ever been given.

The volume as a whole is one of great interest, and Mr. Marchant may be congratulated on its production.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. By James Marchant. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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NO MORAL SENSE.

An Eastern judge says that he is wholly perplexed by the juvenile criminals that are brought before him. He states that the boys and girls of the present day seem to have no moral sense whatever, and that the problem is one of pressing gravity. What, he asks, are we to do?

There is nothing that we can do in the way of laws, or punishments, or reformatories. The child who seems to have no moral nature is the child who has never been taught to discriminate between right and wrong, not because right and wrong bring pleasures or pains, but because they emanate respectively from the higher and the lower natures. The child who has not been taught to recognize right and wrong, as such, and not for their results, who has not been taught self-control and self-sacrifice, is foredoomed to criminality.

PREVISION.

Captain Testu de Balincourt of the French army relates that he met Lord Kitchener at Dunkirk some few months ago. Kitchener told him that a shell had burst close to him, but "that did not disturb me, for I know that I shall die at sea."

It may not be of great importance that we should have a prevision of the manner of death that awaits us, but that we should have a prevision at all is of considerable significance. It proves the ex-

istence of a faculty that must be of vastly greater scope than the few flashes that find their way into exceptional brains. It proves also a foreordination that is easily identified with Karma. The trouble with most of us is a certain inability to argue from the known to the unknown and to recognize the inferences that cling inescapably to admitted facts. The facts of prevision are so well established as to be beyond challenge, but how few there are to inquire as to the nature of the faculty that foresees, or to perceive that it is the brain that limits consciousness and that allows only a few fugitive sparks to pass from the central flame. If we were to cultivate the faculty of reason, the power to argue logically from effect to cause, we should find that no event was too commonplace to be an initiation.

ELIXIRS OF LIFE.

Professor Eli Metchnikoff may reasonably be said to have died prematurely at the age of seventy-one, seeing that he was loudly acclaimed as the discoverer of an elixir of life. Every one remembers the mania for drinking buttermilk that followed Professor Metchnikoff's supposed discovery that senile decay was caused through auto-intoxication following certain malign processes in the large intestine, and that these could be counteracted by preparations of milk soured by cultures of selected lactic acid bacilli. This momentous discovery was followed

by another. The beneficences of sour milk were surpassed, so we were told, by certain microbes found in the intestines of dogs. These canine microbes might almost be considered to guarantee a sort of physical immortality if introduced into the intestines of human beings. Huxley once admitted that he had been both christened and vaccinated, but that neither of the operations "took." We may similarly suppose that the microbes from the intestines of a dog failed to "take" in the case of Metchnikoff. Or possibly it was the wrong kind of dog.

What a strange kind of a world it is wherein people denounce as superstitious the satisfying teachings of the ancient spiritual philosophy while firmly believing that the elixir of life is to be found in the intestines of a dog.

THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

Dr. John D. Quackenbos tells us in his new volume, "Body and Spirit," just published by Harper & Brothers, that he has applied psychic means of cure to many thousands of persons, and upon this ground he believes that he has a title to his theories of the subconscious and to their expression. The claim seems to be a valid one in these days of credulity and cheap printing. It may readily be allowed. The Hindu converted to Christianity proclaimed proudly that he now had a thousand and one gods. He had added one more to his original thousand. In the same way we may add the theories of Dr. Quackenbos to those that preceded them and that are nearly as numerous as the deities in the Hindu pantheon. It seems a mistake to draw a line at this stage of the game.

Dr. Quackenbos says that there is in man a spiritual element that is the master of all others. Ordinarily it lies latent or subconscious, but it may be invoked in the proper way. It is omniscient, omnipotent, and divine. It has access to all knowledge, and he who arouses it becomes master of his fate. It was the *dæmon* of Socrates and a similar *dæmon* resides in all men.

Now this is good, but we can hardly credit Dr. Quackenbos with its discovery. The Bible, for example, preceded him, and in the Bible we are reminded that we are gods, and that our bodies are the

temples of the Holy Ghost. There is no belief so ancient as the belief in the divinity of man. But perhaps the value of mere speculations such as those to be found in the archaic scriptures of the world is not comparable with that of fifteen years of modern suggestive therapeutics.

Dr. Quackenbos' difficulties begin when he tries to describe the functions of this Spiritual Self. It is transcendent, absolute, and immortal, he tells us, and a part of its mission is to keep us in good health. But it must be evoked, and this is most easily done during sleep, or by hypnotism. Being evoked, it will cure disease, remove moral obliquities, and dispel delusions.

How strange a conception of a Spiritual Self. It is divine and omnipotent—but it needs the aid of mechanism to declare itself. It is absolute and immortal—but it can do nothing without the passes of the mesmerizer. It is Deity—but it can not disclose itself without the aid of the psychic physician, who presumably charges the usual fee for its services. It can save a body from death, or a soul from hell—if you touch the button in the correct way. It is like a jack-in-the-box, that leaps into activity only when the spring is released. And it is only the medical specialist that knows how to do this.

One would suppose that Dr. Quackenbos could see these incongruities for himself. But apparently he can not, or at least does not.

It need hardly be said that a theory such as this must be supported in the usual way, by the suppression and denial of fact. This subliminal self, we are told, is divinely wise and therefore can do no wrong. Suggestions to evil must always fail. "There is no such thing as a subconscious criminal."

Unfortunately there are a great many subconscious criminals. It is true that the habit of virtue is a protection, even against the suggesting mesmerizer, but it is not an unfailing protection. It can be overcome. Suggestions to crime have often been effective, even in the case of virtuous persons, and of this there are many authenticated examples. In point of fact what Dr. Quackenbos calls the Subliminal Self is not the Spiritual Self at all, for this can not be evoked by mesmerism, nor suggestion, nor in any other

way except by the suppression of selfishness, by meditation and contemplation.

VIBRATIONS.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* asks as to the vibrations that are caused in a bridge by a dog running across it. The questioner would like to know if the vibration, or impulse to swing, that is caused by the dog's motion is capable of wrecking the bridge. He has heard that such is the case. The reply contains a statement of noteworthy facts:

Synchronized vibrations will shatter almost anything. It has been demonstrated that, if the correct pitch is known, a tone from a violin will shatter a glass goblet. The reason for this is that the frequency of the sound waves of the particular tone is the same as the frequency of the vibrations in the goblet; in other words they are synchronized. The same principle applies to the case cited. When the dog trots over a bridge which is otherwise empty it imparts a series of shocks to the bridge which are exactly timed. The succession of the shocks, each in itself extremely small, sets up a series of vibrations in the bridge which are naturally accumulative. If you were to deal with the matter theoretically and assume an infinitely long bridge, the vibrations set up by the trot of the dog would, at some point, reach a magnitude which would wreck the bridge.

The wreckage of the bridge may be regarded in a particular way for the sake of consonance. It may be regarded as a state of vibration in which the bridge transcended its ordinary limits. The momentum that caused such a result was engendered by a series of slight shocks that were exactly timed.

Such facts hold something of importance for the man who is endeavoring to raise his consciousness to its greatest possibilities. They indicate the effect that recurrent thought is capable of producing in the vibrations of the brain. The demonstrated facts of physical nature can not be applied too deliberately or too practically to ascertain the hidden laws of human nature. It is because there is but one law and purpose actuating the whole of nature that analogy is the key to universal knowledge. Because there is one force acting under one law it must follow that whether vibrations occur in a bridge, in a tumbler, or in a human brain, the laws that govern all vibrations will hold good. If a small impulse regularly applied can cause a bridge so to vibrate as to transcend its

ordinary limits, then, in like manner, a small impulse regularly applied will cause a brain so to vibrate as to transcend its ordinary limits, if the application be continuous for a sufficient time.

It is not a difficult matter to understand this increase in the momentum of vibrations by looking at a single vibration and its successor. If one vibration from one impulse is understood, and the effect that is caused in it by a second impulse is understood, then the mind can comprehend the effect for any number of impulses. It is of no importance whether the substance that is vibrating is a hydrogen atom or an ocean wave. If a second vibration is added to a first one before the first one has reached its limit, or in such a way as to agree with it, then this first vibration is given an added force which increases it. Equal impulses that occur at equally timed intervals will have an effect that continually increases. A child in a swing who receives a uniform push at the regular intervals of the swing's oscillations will swing continually higher. A pendulum will do the same. The vibrating atoms of a bridge, or of a human brain, will do the same. In the case of the swing or, as another example, the ocean waves, this process of accumulation can be seen. In the case of the human brain it can not. The swing and the ocean waves will likewise show the opposite effect for untimed impulses. They will show that untimed impulses, which naturally fall out of agreement, are not augmented. For if the man who was pushing the swinging child stood too near the central position of the swing, so that his impulse would be too soon, and out of the rhythmic time, then the force of the returning swing would destroy his force, and his position would neutralize the power that the swing had already accumulated. Likewise with an ocean wave. It is reinforced by a second wave rolling into it before it has reached its limit. If the second wave proceeds after the first wave is already returning then there will be no reinforcement. The returning first wave and the advancing second wave will neutralize each other. In the case of impulses that are equal, and equally timed, such a condition does not arise. The results of synchronized vibrations are always cumulative. It was the regularity and equality of the impulses of the dog's weight as he

trotted across the bridge that caused the vibrations to become constantly augmented. Recurrent thought is capable of producing effects that are as great in the case of the human brain.

The vibrations of the brain must be considered in the light of the vibrations that pervade the universal ether. Nor is it any more difficult to imagine ether, and etheric waves, as vibrations than to think of the waves seen in the ocean, the vibrating violin strings, the pendulum or the swing.

The ether pervades all space and vibrates throughout at infinitely different rates of speed. When the brain functions it appears to look without itself and to behold a world of phenomena. What the brain really does is to vibrate synchronously with different rates of etheric vibration and so behold itself in different states of consciousness. To change the state of consciousness is to cause the brain to change its rate or form of vibration. What happens in the case of the brain has been utilized in wireless telegraphy. There are the two synchronized poles or stations. One generates the message. The other receives it. Man is one, the ether is the other. Man, the Word made Flesh, wisdom individualized, is the receiver. The Divine Mind, or universal ether, is the other. When the brain is the receiving station for the sensation of red, the brain is vibrating synchronously with the 400 million million vibrations of the ether that give rise to this message. In a like manner by other and different rates of vibration, the brain becomes the receiving station for all colors, sounds, forms, tastes, smells, feelings, and sensations. In many cases this fact is scientifically demonstrated. In others it is not as yet.

It is this fact that veils in mystery many of the superhuman states of consciousness that are designated as miraculous. The ecstasies, powers, and knowledge of the saints and sages have been due to brains that were trained to vibrate synchronously with the etheric vibrations of the spiritual plane. Such states of consciousness reveal to man his own spiritual nature and his universal significance.

Such states of consciousness or rates of increased vibration may be induced in the brain as they were induced in the bridge. In the one case the force applied

was the uniform and continuous impulse of the dog's trot. In the other case the force applied must be recurrent thought or inward prayer. To him who knocks it shall be opened.

THE CALL OF THE SIRE.

Lo, one arose, breaking earth's bondage—

The law of the little children
That held him safe to her bosom—
And soared beyond her dominion
In search of his father, the sun.

But the great winds that follow earth's footsteps—

The devils that trail her in fleeing—
Shrieking and howling and hurling,
Reached from the outermost darkness
Their long arms to his undoing.

They deafened him with their roarings;
They blinded him with their blackness;
They rended him with their clutches!
And tossed him and whirled him and
wheeled him,
And tore him apart and asunder.

Go, cast in Osirian fragments
Over the wind-blown spaces,
As meteors fall through the darkness
His members fall, never reaching;
But are caught back into the currents,
Are whirled in the vortex forever.

So I lay me down with my mother,
Safe in the arms of her keeping.
Wrapped in the robes that enfold her—
The crystalline robes of her being;
And fanned by her gentle zephyrs
Would sleep on her breast evermore.

But there is no rest in my slumber
Because of a voice that is calling:
"Rise, thou, and seek the adventure!
Perchance, though dismembered and
shattered,

Some fragment tossed out by the tempest

Shall catch at the hands of the sun!"

—M. E. Buhler.

The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies besides terrestrial; and never act but in some body or other.—
Joseph Glanvil.

Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
Strike through some finer element of her own.
Digitized by Google Tennyson.

KARMA IN THE LATER VEDANTA.

(Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S., in the *Meta-physical Magazine*.)

To the sages whose teaching is recorded in the Upanishads, Karma meant the whole sum of moral energies—as well the spiritual and divine forces which make for freedom and real life as the emotional and passionate longings which make for bondage and continued subjection to earthly life. When the Brahmans, feeling the futility of their scheme of being, came to sit at the feet of the Rajput sages, they brought with them this ritual conception of Karma, which was at once confronted with the moral and spiritual conception of the kingly seers, their teachers and masters in wisdom. The royal sages showed once for all that real life has to do with inward forces and powers, not with outward acts; and they are unsparing in their condemnation of "the way of sacrifices and gifts," declaring finally that it offers no hope of real life and freedom—of spiritual reality, faith in which is hidden in the heart of every man. . . .

There must have been many Shvetaketus in ancient India, and we are not surprised when we find Krishna, many generations (perhaps many centuries) later, initiating or at least accepting a doctrine of compromise which practically divided the religion of India into two parts: an esoteric doctrine derived from the old schools of the Rajputs, and an exoteric system continuing the ritual of the Brahmans. Krishna, himself a Kshatriya, clearly declaring the futility of the Brahmanical "sacrifices and gifts," yet counsels the retention of these things in order "not to shake the faith of the multitude." He, however, lays down one quite definite rule: "All moral and spiritual energies which rise above the personal idea and are referred to the higher Self and the Eternal, make for reality and freedom; while all thoughts and acts referred to the personality, to the isolated, separate self, make for bondage and ignorance, whether these acts are called religious or not." This rule Krishna repeats again and again, now speaking abstractly of the higher Self and now concretely, as being himself representative of the higher Self and the Eternal, in order to meet the comprehension of every type of mind, the philosophic as well as the devotional.

But the rule is clear: whatever is done under the dominion of the personal idea makes for bondage and continued earthly, illusory existence; whatever energies are above the personal idea, free from reference to the isolated, separate self, flowing directly from the higher Self, make for reality and freedom. Gradually the custom arose of applying the name of Karma exclusively to the former; so that, in the later Vedanta, Karma means almost wholly those emotions, desires, longings, hopes, fears, intentions, decisions, and actions which are referred to the personal idea—to the self conceived as separate and isolated, the centre of selfishness; or, rather, the sum of moral energies underlying these and accumulating under the law of the conservation of energy.

Now, the whole aim and purpose of the Vedanta are the removal of the personal idea and the substitution of the real man, the higher Self, who is an undivided part of the Eternal and whose energies are infinite and immortal, in perfect harmony with the All. The problem, therefore, arises: When the centre of selfishness is gone, what becomes of the accumulation of energies which were gathered round it? This problem, with its solution, we shall state in the words of a tract attributed to the great teacher Shankara Acharya, which bears the name of "The Awakening to Reality," and which we hope later to translate at length, with an analysis of the native commentaries and such annotation as may seem necessary. The teacher says:

And thus, through the words of the Vedanta and the instruction of a true master, those among all beings in whom have arisen the full intuition and knowledge of oneness with the Eternal, are free even in life.

Who, then, is free even in life? Just as there was a firm conviction that "I am the body; I am a human being; I am a priest; I am a serf;" so he who has the firm conviction that "I am not a priest, nor a serf, nor a man, but in my own nature pure Being, Consciousness, Bliss; in my own nature shining Light, the Inner Spirit and Ruler of all, the Spirit of Wisdom," knowing this truth by direct knowledge, face to face, is free even in life. By this direct knowledge that "I am the Eternal," he is set free from all the bondage of Karma.

The three kinds of Karma may be classified as future Karma, accumulated Karma, and Karma entered upon.

After wisdom and illumination have been reached, whatever Karma is done, whether good or bad, by the bodily personality of the

sage—this is called future Karma. Whatever Karma has been generated, as the seed of myriads of births, previously amassed and remaining unexhausted, is to be known as accumulated Karma. Whatever Karma is the bringer of happiness and sorrow after entering this body, here in this world, is Karma entered upon. It is exhausted by enjoyment and suffering.

The idea of the conservation of moral energies is herein clearly developed. From myriads of past births all kinds of moral tendencies and forces are stored up, the storehouse being the causal body, the immortal vesture of the higher Self. This accumulation of energies make the sum of gain which the higher Self has won from unnumbered embodied lives, as well as the sum of its debts—perfections yet unacquired, deficiencies of power and knowledge, the results of tentative advances of one or another path of life which led to failure, or obligations to other selves: imperfections in harmony, the whole spiritual possessions and obligations of that individual self.

From this total, the higher Self sets apart a certain group of ends to be gained and debts to be paid, for each individual life—each bodily personality or incarnation. This group of energies is the “Karma entered upon” for that particular life. For the personality, these energies wear the aspect of pains and pleasures; for the higher Self, they bear the aspect of ends to be gained, of imperfect harmonies to be restored. The self-attribution of the personal self, which turns the divine forces to its own ends of pain or pleasure, and thinks the universe was created for it alone, is the greatest disharmony of all, the cause of endless suffering and bondage. It is a sickness that can only be cured by illumination, led up to by unvarying experience of the futility of personal life, with its selfishness and sensuality. Then the man rises above personal ends; the centre of selfishness is dissolved; he is born again.

For him there is no longer any happiness or sorrow, pain or pleasure—no longer any personal end to be gained, or personal victory to be won; there are only divine ends and universal goals—energies which are immortal and impersonal, following wholly the purposes of the Eternal. The knot of the heart is untied; the tendencies and energies bound to that centre of selfishness have

reached perfect harmony and balance; they are canceled for that personality, which is no longer a personality, but an undivided part of the Eternal; they go their way in divine channels, working only to universal ends. So the teacher says:

Accumulated Karma comes to an end through the knowledge—the very self of firm conviction—that “I am the Eternal.” Future Karma also comes to an end, for future Karma adheres not to him who has reached wisdom, like water on a lotus-leaf.

To him who has reached illumination, who has become the Eternal, accumulated Karma has ceased to have any meaning or individual relation, otherwise than is the will and power of the Eternal, which he now knows himself to be. Neither has Karma entered upon any meaning for him, as a determinant of this or future births; for, if he is born again, it will be under a higher law, by direct divine will, not through the seeds of downward, earth-seeking desires. Thus the sage becomes free from Karma. Only one question remains. It is answered thus:

Now they who fitly recognize, love, and honor the sage—to them goes the future good Karma of the sage. But they who blame and hate the sage and seek to injure him—to them goes all the future bad Karma; whatever is done unseemly or faulty goes to them.

One illustration of this inheritance from the sages, free even in life, is found in every work of genius and perfect art; for genius is simply this: the pure, divine energy of the higher Self, working directly, untrammelled by the personality. And all the highest works of genius, whether in art or religion, have a splendid impersonal quality, which makes them available for all mankind, not for an age, but for all time. But “poetry is the power of imparting essence to him who is capable of receiving essence,” not to others; hence it is those who “fitly recognize, love, and honor” genius who share its inheritance; and if this be true of the works of genius already stilled and embodied in forms, much more is it true of those present works and powers, which are even now flowing from the living spirits of the sages, free even in life, or risen above life. Only those souls that are in harmony with them can inherit their power. “There is no teaching,” as Emerson says, “until the pupil is in the mind of the master.” It is

true, not only of the bards but of the sages, that—

They have left their souls on earth;
They have souls in heaven, too—
Double-lived in regions new.

WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own from me.

—John Burroughs.

MISSIONARIES.

The missionary appears "a queer man" to the native Hindu. At least as the Hindu is represented by Professor C. B. Purani, M. A., of Lahore, who writes in the *Vedic Magazine* (Lahore). He is "queer" because of his cheerful willingness to discuss and "confute" anything in the Vedas, of which he may be quite ignorant. The Hindu writes of such:

He is a man of faith, who has surrendered his reason, and whose unbounded vanity always makes him see things with prejudiced eyes. He has lost the faculty of an impartial judgment. He never keeps his mind open and is not an earnest inquirer of truth. He is satisfied with what poor fragments of philosophical patchwork he has got, and to him that is the whole truth. Thus equipped, he dashes off a book with mistranslated and distorted facts, and claims to have proved that the Vedas are the babblings of the primitive man. We may well ask this grand man:

"Sir, how did you know the meanings of the Vedas? Have you studied the Vedas in their entirety and read them as one piece? Are you competent to pass any opinion on these sacred books? Have you read Nirukta and Mahabhashya?" With a flimsy, superficial study of Sanskrit, and a biased, prejudiced mind, he has the presumption to speak authoritatively on the Vedas! Unacquainted with the traditions and ancient history of India, ignorant of the traditional modes of teaching, with no sympathy and impartiality, but priding himself on the possession of the art of critical research, he misuses the inductive process and generalizes too widely and emphatically on very sparse facts, and cunningly puts his conclusions before the world without any sense of shame. Any one who cares to read the works of Pundit Guru Datta or the brilliant articles in the "Arya" will see through the most unscientific attempts at the interpretation of the Vedas made by such persons. These remarks apply not only to the missionary, but even to a large majority of Western scholars.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

August 1—The man who neglects the truth he finds in his soul, in order to follow its dead-letter, is a time-server.

August 2—He who does not recognize bread and salt is worse than a wild wolf.

August 3—Man who has not hesitated to project his image in space and call it the Creator, scrupled not to endow God with his own vices.

August 4—He who has been once deceived, dreads evil, and suspects it even in truth.

August 5—Krishna, the golden-haired god, replied not to the reviling of the King of Chedi. To the roar of the tempest, and not to the jackal's howl, the elephant trumpets a reply.

August 6—Not the tender pliant grass is uprooted by the storm, but the lofty trees. The mighty war only with the mighty.

August 7—The sandal tree has snakes; the lotus tank, alligators; in happiness there is envy. There are no unmixed pleasures.

The point, the line, the surface and the sphere,
In seed, stem, leaf and fruit appear.

I have been here before.
But when or how I can not tell.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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THE CHRISTIAN.

Professor William De Witt Hyde is the president of Bowdoin College and he has just written a book entitled "The Gospel of Good Will." With the body of this book we have no immediate concern except to admire it, but there is a passage in the preface which is noteworthy, not alone because it is an epitome of the book itself, but because it represents the new and best ideals of the Christian thinker. The author says:

The Christian is not a "plaster saint" who holds "safety first" to be the supreme spiritual grace; but the man who earns and spends his money, controls his appetites and passions, chooses peace or war, and does whatever his hand finds to do, with an eye single to the greatest good of all concerned. Sin is falling short of this high, heroic aim.

One wonders what would have been the effect on the world if this religious ideal had been steadily presented to it during the last thousand years. Would there now be twenty million soldiers in the field? Should we be confronted with such menacing spectres as those of alcohol, drugs, insanity, juvenile depravity, and bombs? Would the gangrene of commercialism have eaten its ways so deeply into the heart and mind of the world? Such questions answer themselves.

What a strange problem is presented by the human mind in the presence of religion. Of what weird juggleries and perversions it is capable. The foundation of Christianity is the Bible, more

particularly the New Testament, and still more particularly the words of Christ. And from this one source we have drawn the Inquisition, a thousand years of religious wars, five hundred sects that hate each other for the love of God, a dozen mighty organizations with their creeds, their dogmas, their bishops, priests, ministers, acolytes, deacons, and presbyters. And now, after these many years of wanderings in the wilderness, we have the president of Bowdoin College, who tells us that the Christian is he who has "an eye single to the greatest good of all concerned." Why should we need two thousand years of misery and bloodshed, of hate and cruelty to open our eyes to a message as visible from the beginning as the sun at noon-day?

But Christianity must go further than this if it is to answer the demands of humanity. It is not enough to point out the duty of the moment, to indicate a rule of life, unless it tell us also why it is the duty of the moment and the rule of life. In other words it must point to some comprehensive scheme of evolution in which every act plays its part, carrying us away from, or toward, some goal. The churches will have to tell us what that goal is, where the journey began, and something of the laws that govern it. For too long they have been allowed to draw the frontier line between the known and the unknowable, and to recommend what they call faith as a

compensation for ignorance, as a justification for ignorance. Faith is the greatest of magical powers, but it is not faith that takes the place of knowledge, but credulity, and credulity brings paralysis and superstition.

MATTER, LIVING AND DEAD.

Professor David Frasier Harris, M. D., D. Sc., F. R. S. E., expresses opinions regarding the "Essential Differences Between the Living and the Non-Living State" which appear under the title of "Specific Characteristics of Vitality" in *Science Progress and Scientific American Supplement*. The argument is intended to disprove the interdependence and continuity of life.

Such opinions find their way into the public mind not so much because of their own worth as for their high-sounding endorsement. Why a scientist should be willing to use human eyesight and certain faculties of human mentality and should scorn to use others, such as intuition, it is hard to say. No doubt he is justified according to his own lights in doing so. He is as justified as were our forefathers in believing themselves to be standing on a flat and motionless earth. Apparently the journey from ignorance to knowledge is one long series of shocks and awakenings. There is some wisdom in assuming a policy of non-resistance to these as they present themselves.

In Professor Harris' conclusions he arrives at an outlook in which life is wholly devoid of any meaning or purpose. He says: "The living tends to death. The non-living tends to nothing at all. Physical Science as such knows nothing of the endless existence of living things."

It may not be the part of the scientist to philosophize, but the people have the habit of respecting the inferences that are made by Science and it is a pity that the people should be allowed to suppose that they have here the last word of knowledge. What synthesis or purpose can there be in life when its oracles declare that: "Between the living and the non-living there is a great gulf fixed and no efforts of ours, however heroic, have as yet bridged it over."

And what hope is there for science to arrive at truth when it looks to heroic method where simple common sense alone will answer? A quiet lapse into

ordinary reasoning from analogy might work wonders. In an unguarded moment Professor Harris has himself expressed all that philosophy would ask. He says: "Latent life is the condition of living matter when there are no signs of life, only the potentialities of life in the future." But do we not find "signs" of life in all matter?

Religion expresses this in her sacred writings where Krishna, speaking as the life of the universe, says: "I am the ego seated in the heart of all creatures. I now draw in and now let forth." This is indeed the universal alternation of activity and rest. These forever succeed each other as the life, or consciousness, fashions new vehicles in which it shows forth increasing splendor. Because of these periods of latent and potent life there is first the seed, later the growing tree. There is first drear winter, later the life of spring. May the same law not offer the same reason for the mineral on the one hand, and man divine on the other?

Suppose physical science is not able to see the rock slowly passing into the parasitic moss, or to see the steps of transition that raise the motionless life of the vegetable kingdom to the stature of crawling or flying things. May it not be because the faculties to which she arbitrarily limits herself are inadequate to this purpose? The physical senses can not discern the truths of spirit. This is as impossible as that a man reveal a landscape to himself by means of the sense of touch. Be it granted that there is a distinction in the grades of life, an endless variety of form, and infinite mysteries in the operation of law. Does this alter the fact that human nature has within itself the power to know? It does not.

If science feels herself barred from the use of half the faculties of human nature it can not be out of place to suggest that herein is the cause of her meaningless interpretation of life, and not in the facts themselves. The knowledge that science has gained regarding the constitution of the atom, the nature of the electron, the atomic arrangement in crystals, and the transmutations of radium, are open to any one capable of synthetic reasoning. Science may remain on the dead level of sense interpretation if she finds her work to be there, but let her becomingly re-

member that these interpretations are on this level. We may compare them with sheep walking through the Parthenon. One almost wonders that there can be a type of mind content to seek in materials for the meaning of a world in which there are sonnets and sonatas, mother love and Christ on Calvary.

There are two methods of knowing. One is the method of the intellect, or science. The other is the method of intuition, or philosophy. But intuition is consciousness raised to its spiritual potential. Perhaps it would be too much to ask of a scientist that he "lead the life" if he would comprehend the one eternal interdependent mystery of existence.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

August 8—No creature, no thing is free from evil. The sandal tree has its roots sapped by snakes, its blossoms attacked by bees, its branches broken by monkeys, its top eaten by bears. No part of it is secure from pain.

August 9—Grieve not about thy sustenance; nature will supply it. When a creature is born, the mother's breast supplies milk.

August 10—Who gave the swan his whiteness, the parrot his wings of golden green, the peacock his iris-hues? Will not that which provided for them provide for thee?

August 11—All good fortune belongs to him of contented mind. Is not the whole earth leather-covered for him who wears shoes?

August 12—This world is a venomous tree, bearing two honey-sweet fruits; the divine essence of poetry and the friendship of the noble.

August 13—By the fall of water-drops the pitcher is gradually filled; this is the cause of wisdom, of virtue, and of wealth.

August 14—Let one who would live in the memory of his fellow-men, make every day fruitful by generosity, study, and noble arts.

Therefore be ye lamps unto yourselves. Be ye a refuge to yourselves. Betake yourselves to no external refuge. Look not for refuge to any one except yourselves.—*Buddha*.

AN ASTRAL SENSE.

All the really splendid achievements in the physical sciences during the last hundred years have been accomplished by the use of physical instruments and methods of research. Science, on the other hand, is now in touch with some mysteries of Nature which such instruments can not completely penetrate. A growing belief points to the possibility, writes the able exponent of the physical sciences, Professor A. P. Sinnett, in the London *Outlook*, that further progress will be feasible only when new methods of research become practical. Forces of Nature already to some extent tamed for our service still defy complete comprehension. Electricity, though easily controlled, is still an unfathomed mystery. We can evoke it, give names to its various attributes, and yet we remain ignorant of what it really is. The ether has more recently in some measure been harnessed to our needs, but its actual constitution is still profoundly obscure even to the wireless experts. The most familiar force of all, gravitation, is so far utterly unintelligible, and life, whether manifest in the vegetable, animal, or human kingdom, is obviously a mystery that no laboratory appliances will help us to unveil.

Will human intelligence be permanently confined within the area available for research with physical instruments, or may we look forward to the development of new senses and faculties that will open out new vistas of natural knowledge in the future? For many of us, Professor Sinnett says, the answer is in the affirmative, because already such new senses and faculties are in process of development and are actually bearing fruit:

The progress of super-physical research was disagreeably entangled in the beginning with conditions that seemed ignominious, and was impeded by prejudices not yet entirely overcome. Early in the last century French followers of Mesmer brought forward remarkable evidence showing that some peculiarly endowed people could see with their eyes bandaged, or read in closed books, but these discoveries were generally received with brutal antagonism instead of with the interested curiosity they ought to have excited. And "clairvoyance," as it came to attract attention, was rapidly mixed up with imposture and discredited, though really it foreshadowed magnificent possibilities, just as the frog's leg of Galvani inaugurated a new science. The world had to wait for the best part of a cen-

tury to find a man of scientific eminence declaring—as Sir Oliver Lodge has declared—that those who express disbelief in clairvoyance do not pronounce an opinion—they merely show ignorance.

So gradually have the resources of clairvoyance been realized that only a few of those concerned during the last twenty or thirty years with super-physics have as yet perceived the manner in which that faculty may be one of the much-needed new senses required to expand our comprehension of Nature beyond the limits within which physical science has hitherto been imprisoned. But the time has now come when this view of the matter can be definitely established. Radium has introduced us to the electron, that ultimate atom of matter minute beyond the reach of figures in the direction of the infinitely little. And along appropriate lines of reasoning all scientists are now convinced that the atoms of physical matter that used to be called the chemical elements are built up of electrons. This has been an epoch-making discovery revolutionizing much previous thinking on the subject. It was anticipated twenty-one years ago by clairvoyant research.

At that time Professor Sinnett noticed that the sense vaguely described as clairvoyance, or astral sight, as he now prefers to term it, was among other capacities, ultra-microscopic in its range. There seemed no limit to its capacity in that direction. Professor Sinnett asked a friend very fully endowed with it if he could discern and describe an atom of physical matter. Mathematicians tell us there may be thirty millions of them in a tiny cube of water. He thought it possible. Professor Sinnett suggested gold as the matter to be dealt with. His friend emerged from the attempt, declaring that the atom of gold was too complicated a structure to be described. Professor Sinnett then suggested that they had better go to the other end of the scale and deal with the lightest body known. This is hydrogen. An atom of hydrogen was examined and that proved describable. It consisted of eighteen minor atoms, at once identified as atoms of ether. They were grouped on a clearly defined plan, forming a definite structure, and the atoms themselves were in definite movement—a condition that seems not to embarrass the astral light.

This began to be very interesting. A little later the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen were examined. The etheric atoms that built them up were much more numerous, but they could be counted. Oxygen was found to have 290, nitrogen 261. It was seen at once that

these figures divided by eighteen gave the recognized atomic weights of oxygen and nitrogen. Atomic weights mean the weight of the atom in terms of hydrogen taken as one.

Here was an interesting clue to the meaning of atomic weights. Would the rule hold good all through the series of chemical elements?

In all cases the number of etheric atoms in a chemical element, though counted in thousands for bodies of high atomic weight, like gold, platinum, iridium, and so on, was found, when divided by eighteen, to give the atomic weight.

—Current Opinion.

INSPIRATION.

(Extracted from an article by Charles Johnston, M. R. A. S., in the *Metaphysical Magazine*, December, 1896.)

The philosophic theory, which I shall describe, has not been used in India to solve the problem of inspiration; and when we find that it does indirectly offer a reasonable theory, this fact will lend it much greater weight. Briefly, the theory is this: Our habitual selves, as we know them in ordinary life, are not our real selves. We can only become our real selves by rising above our habitual selves—by seeing through the unreality on which the existence of our habitual selves is based. This unreality is the false idea of our separate, isolated existence; or, to speak in the language of morals, the instinct of selfishness. We believe our separate selves to have interests antagonistic to the selves of others, and this belief is the germ of the lust of possession and of hatred and strife. The root of this false idea is destroyed when it is understood that the real Self is one and indivisible; that the most real Self of one is the most real Self of all. Thus the discovery of the real Self, behind and above the habitual self, brings with it not only a knowledge of our own divinity and immortality, but also a knowledge of our real and essential unity with all others; so that the end of being, for this philosophy, is the realization, in will and understanding that each one of us is, in the last reality, not other than the real Self of all beings, and, therefore, at one with all beings.

It is further held that the practical realization of identity with the supreme Self is reached by the individual Self

through a series of degrees, or steps. We have, first, the physical self, working through the senses and appetites of the animal body. Behind and above this is the psychical (mental) self, which works through the discursive reason and imagination; and this second stage is the habitual self of humanity, which is habitually associated with the idea of selfhood by man, as soon as he has ceased to be merely animal. As this mental self stands above the physical, so above the mental stands the spiritual self, whose instruments are intuition and will—as discursive reason and imagination were the instruments of the mental self. Above the spiritual self stands pure Divinity, Spirit, the Self of all beings, from which the spiritual self is separated only by the last thin veil of illusion—that of isolated being.

For man to become man, the idea of the animal self, of identity with the body, must cease. And in fact it has ceased for all of us, since we no longer live wholly for our bodies, but for ourselves conceived as social beings with numberless interests and ambitions not purely physical; in a word, we live for our mental selves. Therefore the attainment of humanity has involved the renunciation and sacrifice of the animal self—of the self conceived as the body only.

The philosophy of which we speak holds that the next step must be taken in precisely the same way; that we can only realize the spiritual self through sacrifice and renunciation of the habitual self, and the instinct of selfishness on which it is built. And even when this is done, there lies before the spiritual self a last and final sacrifice of its own isolated being, through which it is destined to become one with infinite Being and to realize its unity with all that lives. It is evident, of course, that the sacrifice in each case is only a giving up of the less to attain the greater; as the heir sacrifices his minority to enter his inheritance. Such a sacrifice, instead of being a loss, is an infinite gain. It is a promise broken to the ear but kept to the heart, and in fulfillment transcending the heart's utmost hopes.

As the animal self does not in any sense make the man, but rather opens up the possibility of manhood by itself ceasing to be, so the man in no sense

makes the higher Self, but rather stands aside in self-effacement and self-sacrifice to allow the higher Self to become manifest. And this higher Self is in its own nature eternal, the natural inhabitant of a world "above the ocean of birth and death." The lower, habitual self is drawn aside like a veil, from behind which comes forth the higher Self, the immortal.

This is, as we have said, a theory of purely philosophic and intellectual character, and its form has everything to recommend it to the scientific and philosophic spirit. We shall now see how it can be applied to our facts, in order to arrive at a reasonable theory of inspiration. A personality which had achieved the supreme act of self-effacement, of self-sacrifice—which had been drawn aside (as a veil is drawn aside) for the unveiling of the higher Self—would necessarily speak thenceforth as the higher Self, an immortal being. And that higher Self, feeling, behind and above its own spiritual being, the still higher reality of the purely Divine, would speak as one with divine Reality, being in truth none other than that Reality. Such a personality would, therefore, necessarily speak as a divine, immortal, and infinite being, as the total life of the Eternal, the supreme Self.

We can see at once how perfectly this philosophic theory accords with the words of Jesus and Paul. Jesus speaks of the supreme Self as the Father, and says, in splendid imagery, yet with the most perfect justice of intellectual thought, "I and the Father are one", following this immediately with a promise of the same realized oneness for his followers, but on the same terms: "Who-soever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it"; and again: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." This is in perfect harmony with the teaching that the lower, habitual self must be renounced and transcended, in order that the higher, immortal Self may be revealed. In the same way, Paul speaks of the higher Self as the Lord, the Spirit, the Christ, already revealed in himself, and to be revealed in his followers. His words, which we have already quoted: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in

me," lend themselves preëminently to this interpretation—a personal self which had voluntarily and consciously accepted the sacrifice and self-effacement which are the necessary conditions of the unveiling, or revelation, of the higher Self.

Though Paul does not, in general, use the language of intellect, yet there are in his letters a number of passages couched in precisely the same language as that of the philosophy which we have illustrated. Thus we find him, in a passage which his translators have considerably obscured, describing the birth of the spiritual self through the sacrifice of the psychical self, in language of the utmost philosophic precision: "So also is the resurrection of the dead; it is sown in corruption: it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor: it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness: it is raised in power; it is sown a psychic body: it is raised a spiritual body. There is a psychic body, and there is a spiritual body. Not first the spiritual, but the psychic; then the spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." That Paul here speaks of the resurrection in this spiritual sense, and means, by the dead, the habitual self of the "unregenerate," is evident from numberless passages, such as the following: "To be carnally minded is death," "And you who were dead in trespasses and sins," "And you being dead in your sins"; so it is evident that, in the passage quoted, Paul uses "the resurrection of the dead" in the sense of that very supersession of the habitual self by the spiritual self, of which we have spoken. The suggestion has been made that Paul may have adopted the idea of the psychic and spiritual bodies from some older system. It would be far sounder criticism to say that both Paul and the older systems contain this idea because it is true.

We are, therefore, led to state the theory of inspiration, as applied to the inspired teachers of the New Testament, somewhat as follows: In Jesus the higher Self was completely unveiled; there is no longer any trace of the lower, habitual self. And the higher Self, though clearly feeling within itself the highest divinity, has yet not reached the last and fullest identity therewith, for Jesus, while saying "I and the Father

are one," yet says also, "the Father is greater than I." In Paul we see the whole struggle between the lower self and the higher Self, and then the unveiling and final triumph of the higher Self, when Paul says: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This is the philosophic theory; how it is to be realized in practice, by the will, it is the whole message of Jesus and Paul to teach. Let their words be studied in this light, and much that was obscure becomes most luminous. It is their message to teach the spiritual rebirth through the regeneration of the will. How it is realized through the understanding may well be illustrated by a passage like the following: "Just as there is the firm belief that 'I am the body,' 'I am a man,' 'I am a priest,' 'I am a serf,' so he who possesses the firm conviction that 'I am neither priest nor serf nor man, but stainless Being, Consciousness, Bliss, Light, the inner Lord, shining Wisdom,' and knows this by direct perception, has reached perfect freedom, even in life."

"FROM EXISTENCE TO LIFE."

It may be said, not uncharitably, that a large number of the books written on the subject of Healing and New Thought are not worth reading. At best they contain a small modicum of adulterated Theosophy with an intolerable amount of sorcery. At worst they contain nothing but sorcery slightly mitigated by mere silliness.

But occasionally we find something of value, that is to say something in which the admixture of Theosophy is more liberal. Of course it is unacknowledged. *Cela va sans dire*. But there is no copyright in Theosophy. It is a case of "whosoever will."

One such book is "From Existence to Life," by James Porter Mills (Edward J. Clode). It is not a felicitous title, but it is somewhat helped by the additional title, "The Science of Self-Consciousness." Ostensibly it is a book on healing, but the author is a physician and a scientist and he explains his scheme in terms that are always intelligible and acceptable.

The senses, he reminds us, are reliable only when we realize their nature and their limitations. They must always be corrected by the consciousness that is

behind them. Otherwise they are deceptive. Our eyes tell us that the sun is in motion, that parallel rails meet in the distance, that a stick thrust into water is bent. The organ of smell, for example, is no more than a mechanism that conveys certain vibrations to consciousness. It corresponds with the "tickers" of a telegraph instrument. But it is consciousness that perceives, and not the senses, and consciousness can perceive without any aid from the senses:

But these wonderful mechanisms of sense appear to function both ways: from the without, and from the within. They are, however, instruments of the mind for the mind, and can be inhibited or stopped in their functioning in the presence of a crowd of vibrating "tickers" or odorous bodies; as shown now and then, for instance, by a sheer effort of the will not to smell. But the mind creates odors at the instance of its own ideas, quite independent of its special olfactory mechanism. If one acutely believes that an odorous body is present, he will get the scent of it though it be not at hand. In the case of an hypnotic subject, when the operative faculties are in abeyance, if the operator suggests to him to smell a beautiful rose, at the same time handing him an onion, he will both see the rose and smell the scent of it, though he is really taking delightful sniffs of the onion. The olfactory machine is operated by the mind, yet the mind can smell independently of it, and will do so at the instance of its own idea and conviction, if the latter be sufficiently strong.

Everything, says the author, already exists in the human consciousness. Nothing can be added to it, but the senses may help consciousness to be aware of its own content:

It has long been held in material science that light and color are psychical, not physical, that is, that they do not exist as such in the objective world, but are sensations of the mind, induced by the mechanism of vision, through which modes of motion in the ether pass. In other words, that the grass is not green; but that the growing vibrations of it, which are a mode of motion within the mind's color scale of green, are transmitted to the organ of the conscious mind, thence to the ganglionic brain-centre, and that which, being a part of nature, already existed in the soul of man as latent emotion and consciousness, appears through the medium of the sense of sight as the color green.

The senses are attuned to certain rates of vibration and to no others. They exclude all vibrations except those that fall within their own scale. What we call sight is the perception of a certain scale of vibration. Odor is the perception of another scale, and hearing of still another. We give names to these percep-

tions, but they are no more than our recognition of varying rates of vibration. And such recognition is severely limited by the sense mechanisms. There must be worlds of vibrations of which we have no knowledge because we have no mechanism that transmits them.

We are governed by our thoughts about external events, and not by the events themselves. We are the victims of our own interpretations, and therefore whoever can govern the mind has the secret of pain and pleasure:

The power of the word—of the thought—is wonderful, so operative, so telling, that we can think ourselves into any kind of condition. We can get a sudden shock on hearing certain news, which may not be true, or may be meant for another person; but if we believe it is for us, down we go. The power that laid us low was not in the telegram, nor in the person who wrote it. That person had no power over us; we accepted the news as a disaster, and it became one to us; the power was in us, and our organization carried it out.

Finally we have a chapter on concentration and meditation that seems sometimes like a paraphrase of Patanjali, which perhaps it is:

There are several ways of practicing concentration. We may take, for instance, the word "Life," and determine that we will not let another thought enter our brains for the next minute or half-minute; we sit quietly, and just as surely as we determine this, there will be hundreds of them trooping in. It will be the signal for all manner of thoughts to come; but we take our word "Life," and look on it as though it were a weapon, and every time any thought, any suggestion of a thought, begins to peep up above the horizon of our consciousness, we hit it with the word "Life, Life." The thoughts can not come any more. They never get above the horizon of the mind. As they come we have to strike them down, "Life, Life." We need not do this for very long, say half a minute, a quarter of a minute, just a little. Let us stop in our tracks wherever we are; we shall see how hard it is to make our minds do our bidding at first.

But it must have been hard for the author to evade the idea of reincarnation. He trembles on the brink more than once, but he always draws back. He flirts a little with inherited race consciousness, but it seems to have small attractions for him. It seems a pity that he did not make the plunge, since most of his readers will have made it. But perhaps he is reserving this for some later work.

The Soul, if immortal, existed before our birth.—*Hume*. Digitized by Google

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Price 5 Cents

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

The death of Sir William Ramsay has passed almost unnoticed in the whirl of more vivid events, and perhaps the world must wait a while before it appreciates the magnitude of its loss. Sir William Ramsay was not only the greatest of physicists, but he was one of the few researchers and discoverers who have allowed themselves to be led by their imagination. In 1907 Sir William Ramsay produced a copper compound from sodium, lithium, and potassium. It had changed one element into another. He has done what the alchemists were derided for trying to do. Later on he discovered that if an electric discharge is passed through a vacuum tube containing a little hydrogen the two gases, helium and neon appear. He explained that this must be due either to the transmutation of one element into another or to the creation of an element from electricity:

I don't know if the discovery will mean that it will be possible to turn lead into gold. It might, although the cost would be so great that it would not be worth while. The importance of the discovery is that we have deciphered another line in the book of Nature and opened the door to further discoveries. There may be commercial consequences—probably there will be—but those are not the concern of the scientific investigator. We are on the threshold of an entirely new departure in scientific investigation.

The alchemists maintained that all matter proceeds from one homogeneous substance, just as the flowers and leaves

and branches of a tree proceed from the trunk. Mendeleef went a long way to justify the alchemists when he discovered the law of periodicity in the chemical elements and the relationship of that law to the periodicities of color and sound. Ramsay went still further when he actually performed the feat of transmutation. But actually he discovered something far greater than a fact in physics. He made it possible to understand that the universe is a unity.

THE FIRST OBJECT.

There are some theosophical speakers and writers who would add largely to their effectiveness by a clear preliminary formulation of their objects and aims. And they would add still more to their effectiveness if they would adopt the objects and aims of the Founders of the Society, even though this should involve a diaphanous veil of obscurity over their own erudition.

We may usefully remember that no man is necessarily bettered by the adoption of a belief. Nor can we safely assume that those who adopt a belief will at all recognize the obvious inferences in respect to behavior. They must be pointed out, indicated, and reiterated. Nothing is more remarkable than the facility with which the human mind can blind itself to the inconsistencies of creed and conduct, and this without conscious insincerity or hypocrisy.

Now the object of the Theosophical

Society is to create the nucleus of an universal brotherhood of humanity. All other aims, sink into insignificance beside this one. No expositions or presentations, no matter how closely they may seem to adhere to the authorities, are truly theosophical unless the inference of fraternity is not merely implied, but also expressed. And every theosophical effort is lost and wasted unless it is inspired by the intention to promote the fraternal life.

Thus it is good to argue in defense of reincarnation, but no one is necessarily the better for believing in reincarnation. There are many persons who do not believe in reincarnation and who yet are far better Theosophists than many others who do. It is of no value to believe in reincarnation unless it incite to the fraternal life. It is the fraternal life that counts, and not the belief in reincarnation, which, in itself, does not matter at all. The law of reincarnation is a *reason for fraternity*, and if it be not applied in fraternal ways it is of no more value than a belief in charms and philtres. The same may be said of the whole mass of scientific theories included under the name of Theosophy. Unless they are promulgated and accepted as reasons for fraternity they might just as well not be promulgated at all. It is no part of the mission of Theosophy to cater to the intellectually curious, or to furnish pleasing novelties to jaded minds. The mission of Theosophy is to persuade its students into the fraternal life, and to furnish them with reasons for its adoption. It is not in competition with the hectic intellectualisms of the day.

If theosophical writers and speakers were to keep this object clearly in mind they would not so often plow the sand nor so often "multiply words without wisdom."

It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

He is unknown to whoso think they know,

But known to whoso know they know him not.

—*Arnold.*

HARRY BELSIRE.

We shall probably have to wait a long time for the ideal occult novel, since only the ideal occultist could write it. In the meantime we must take the best that we can get.

"Davenport," by Charles Marriott (John Lane Company), is a story of dual personality, but not of that morbid and unwholesome kind that we associate with psychic research. From the occult point of view, and after we have made liberal allowances for the exigencies of romance, it is strongly suggestive of the truth. From the literary point of view it is beyond praise.

The hero is Harry Belsire, an eccentric and lovable boy who is misunderstood at home and so is left to develop his dreamy and imaginative temperament unchecked and unguided. With great skill the author throws around him an intangible suggestion of mystery that prepares us for the strange events that are recorded and that we are left to interpret for ourselves with a minimum of aid. When Mr. Cator, who is supposed to tell the story, meets with an accident and is confined to his room, he dreamily debates with himself as to the desirability of a fresh log on the fire, when Harry Belsire comes quietly into the room:

I say that he came quietly because I did not hear him ring or knock, or Mrs. Gower announce him, or the dining-room door, which I could not see, close after him. He stood between the foot of the settle and the hearth; and, as if in answer to my debate, took a log from an embossed brass cylinder—which had once been the mast-furniture of a Spanish galleon, wrecked on the coast of South Wales—and laid it carefully on the fire.

At the moment I was not conscious of being surprised at the spontaneous action; and I said: "Thank you, Harry," as if he had been in the room for some time. But I remember being struck by the reproachful gravity of his expression. Without coming any nearer he said:

"It was unkind of you not to tell me before that you had had an accident. There must have been a great many little things that I could have done, and it was a denial of friendship not to give me the opportunity of doing them. I thought you understood me better than that."

He spoke gently, but with perfect self-composure. Recognizing the justice of his complaint, I began to explain: "No, Harry, you must not think that. You must put it down to my methodical habits. When I am hung up in anything, or uncertain in my mind, I am better alone. I like my friends to come in when I know where I am, and what I

want—" when the door opened, and Mrs. Gower announced, with great satisfaction, "Mr. Belsire."

It speaks for the vividness of my previous illusion that I expected to see Harry's father; but it was Harry himself who came into the room. Of course at the time, I supposed that I had been dreaming; and I rubbed my eyes and laughed, as Harry, awkwardly stumbling in the half-light, came round the foot of the settle and held out his hand.

"I say," he said with his usual impulsiveness, "I'm awfully sorry to hear that you are crooked up. How did it happen?"

"Sit down, my dear boy," I said, without answering his question. "I was just dreaming about you."

"Oh, were you?" he said, with a pleased and shy guffaw. "That was funny, because I was thinking about you as I came along. . . . I was thinking that you might have told a fellow."

He blurted out the last sentence with an effect of sudden boldness, as he lugged an arm-chair into the place where I had seen him in my dream.

One of the most pleasing characters in the story is Mrs. Betty Orme, beautiful, witty, and erratic. But Mrs. Orme herself may almost be said to have a dual personality, for behind her brilliant and wayward humor is a constant craving for some sort of communication with her dead sister Hilda, at least for some assurance that death has not meant extinction. Mr. Cator has just returned from a scientific expedition to Persia, and so Mrs. Orme introduces the subject of the quest that is never far from the mind:

"After all," she said, "one can never forget that Persia is the land of the Magi. Did you see anything that could be called necromancy?"

I laughed at the big word; and said that the only form of magic practiced by the modern Persians was cheating at bargains; in which they were certainly adept. Otherwise, even such feats as depended on the clever use of suggestion could be studied better in India.

"I was thinking of divination, more particularly," said Betty, in a graver tone. "I've been reading about it."

She was always reading about it—or that sort of thing—and I was sorry that we had got upon the subject.

"What strikes me," said Betty, after a long pause, and speaking with embarrassment, "is that they always seem to have made use of—a child. Was it—you'll think this a funny question, but you know what I mean—to make sure of purity?"

I said rather stiffly that I supposed that was the idea. Betty on this tack always disconcerted me, because I knew that she was thinking about reaching Hilda.

Harry Belsire is employed by the firm of Gardner & Nicholson, photographic illustrators. Some strange peculiarities of

Harry's behavior cause Mr. Gardner to consult with Mr. Cator:

"Well," said Gardner, with the doggedness of a person plunging into the unknown, "there was a thing happened last week that I can't explain anyhow. Belsire stopped away the whole of Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning he turned up at the same time as usual. Fortunately Nicholson is away on his holidays; and, as nothing had been neglected, I didn't think it necessary to say anything. But when one of the girls asked Belsire casually where he had been the previous day he looked blank and said: 'Nowhere.' At first I thought that, knowing that Nicholson was away, he was bluffing on the off-chance of my not having missed him; and I believe the girl thought so, too; for she dried up and said nothing more. They all like Belsire, you know. But presently something cropped up to give the show away—and to nobody more than Belsire. He turned white and red, put down the proofs he was going over with the girl, and looked at the calendar on my table. 'I thought it was Tuesday,' he said in a frightened sort of way; and the girl giggled and said: 'Well, Mr. Belsire, you are a juggins.' I made a diversion because I could see that he was really scared; and, after a moment, he muttered: 'Of course, of course,' and picked up the proofs again. But all the rest of the morning I could see him going about looking for yesterday. Unless I am very much mistaken he had lost a day without knowing it; and, from the way he covered it up, I don't believe it was the first time. Now, what can you make of that?"

The mysterious character of the story is Davenport, who is Harry's most intimate friend and counsellor, but whom he has never introduced to any of his acquaintances. Harry quotes Davenport upon every occasion, corresponds with him, visits him, relies implicitly upon his advice, and sedulously studies the rather subversive articles that Davenport contributes in such numbers to the daily press. Davenport becomes a household word, but no one ever sees him, and the author tells this part of his story with such consummate skill that we find ourselves unsuspectingly anticipating our acquaintance with this strange genius. On one occasion Harry receives a letter from Davenport warning him against an undesirable acquaintance, and he shows it to Mr. Cator, who had himself been uneasy from the same cause:

The first thing that struck me was the extraordinary character of Davenport's handwriting. "Uncontrolled," was the word that came into my head to describe it. Large and irregular, the latter both in the formation of the words and in the direction of the lines, it would have resembled the hasty scrawl of a draper's assistant if it had not been for some indefinite distinction in curves and angles. The letter covered two sheets of a

cheap writing-pad, disregarding the faintly ruled lines, and in places showing a tendency to run off the sheet altogether.

For the full explanation of the mystery the reader must be referred to the book itself, and perhaps he will wish that the concluding chapters might have been recast. But at least we may admire the boldness of a conception which involves a dual personality in which the extraneous consciousness of Davenport assumes a moral leadership and becomes the guide and mentor of the normal self of Harry Belsire:

I don't propose to follow Harry Belsire in his pursuit of himself. Every now and then one of us—Orme, or Pickering, or I—would see him on the trail; questing along with hungry eyes that looked for Davenport in every passer-by. That, by the way, strikes me as rather beautiful that Harry should have seen hints of Davenport in everybody: because, if Davenport can be said to have had a gospel, it was that of universal brotherhood.

Mr. Marriott has written a notable novel, and one that can hardly fail to arouse a salutary interest.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birth-day Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

August 15—No plunge in clear cool water delights so much the heat oppressed, no pearl necklace the maiden, as the words of the good delight the good.

August 16—Good men vary. Some are like cocoanuts, full of sweet milk; others, like the jujube, externally pleasing.

August 17—Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to reunite, are the wicked; the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

August 18—Be not a friend to the wicked—charcoal when hot burns; when cold, it blackens the fingers.

August 19—Shun him who secretly slanders and praises openly; he is like a cup of poison, with cream on the surface.

August 20—A chariot can not go on one wheel alone; so destiny fails unless men's acts coöperate.

August 21—The noble delight in the noble; the base do not; the bee goes to the lotus from the wood; not so the frog, though living in the same lake.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

(From the *Vana Parva* of the *Mahabharata*.
Published in *Indian Poetry and Indian Idylls*, by Sir Edwin Arnold. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Yudhisthir, wandering in the forest, finds a pool of clear water, but as he is about to drink he is warned by Yaksha not to do so until he has answered his questionings.

YAKSHA.

What teacheth division 'twixt spirit and frame?

And which is the practice assisteth the same?

What finally freeth the spirit? And how doth it find a new being? Resolve me these now.

KING.

The Veds division plainly show;
By worship rightly man doth go;
Dharma the soul will surely free;
In Truth its final rest shall be.

YAKSHA.

How cometh a man in the Veds to be wise?

What bringeth the knowledge of God to his eyes?

What learning shall teach him the uttermost lore?

And whence will he win it? Reply to these four.

KING.

By hearing Scripture man acquires;
By doing it his soul aspires;
The utmost lore is conquering sense.
Which cometh of obedience.

YAKSHA.

How wendeth a Brahmin to heavenly rest?

And what is the work that befitteth him best?

And which are the sins that disgrace him? And why

Doth he know himself humble and mortal? Reply.

KING.

Reading the Vedas leads to rest;
Pure meditation fits him best;
Slander and cruelty defame;
And Death marks him and all the same.

YAKSHA.

Who is it that gifted with senses to see,
To hear, taste, smell, handle; and seeming to be

Sagacious, strong, fortunate, able, and fair;
Hath never once lived, though he
breatheth the air?

KING.

The man who, having, doth not give
Out of his treasures to these five—
Gods, guests, and Pitris, kin and
friend;
Breathes breath, but lives not to life's
end.

YAKSHA.

What thing in the world weighteth more
than the world?
What thing goeth higher than white
clouds are curled?
What thing flieth quicker than winds
o'er the main?
And what groweth thicker than grass on
the plain?

KING.

A mother's heart outweighs the earth;
A father's fondness goeth forth
Beyond the sky; thought can outpass
The winds, and woes grow more than
grass.

YAKSHA.

Whose eyes are unclosed, though he
slumbers all day?
And what's born alive without motion?
and, say,
What moveth, yet lives not? and what,
as it goes,
Wastes not, but still waxes? Resolve
me now those.

KING.

With unclosed eyes a fish doth sleep;
And new-laid eggs their place will
keep;
Stones roll; and streams, that seek the
sea,
The more they roll the wider be.

YAKSHA.

What help is the best help to virtue?
and, then,
What way is the best way to fame
among men?
What road is the best road to heaven?
and how
Shall a man live most happy? Resolve
me these now.

KING.

Capacity doth virtue gain;
Gift-giving will renown obtain;
Truth is to heaven the best of ways;
And a kind heart wins happy days.

YAKSHA.

What soul hath a man's which is his,
yet another's?
What friend do the gods grant, the best
of all others?
What joy in existence is greatest? and
how
May poor men be rich and abundant?
say thou.

KING.

Sons are the second souls of man,
And wives the heaven-sent friends;
nor can
Among all joys health be surpassed;
Contentment answereth thy last.

YAKSHA.

Which virtue of virtues is first? and
which bears
Most fruit? and which causeth the ceasing
of tears?

KING.

To bear no malice is the best;
And Reverence is fruitfullest;
Subduing self sets grief at rest.

YAKSHA.

Still, tell me what foeman is worst to
subdue?
And what is the sickness lasts lifetime
all through?
Of men that are upright, say which is
the best?
And of those that are wicked, who
passeth the rest?

KING.

Anger is man's unconquered foe;
The ache of greed doth never go;
Who loveth most of saints is first;
Of bad men cruel men are worst.

WISE WORDS.

"Do not allow bitterness to come up;
keep off all personalities all the time; let
the fight be for a cause and not
against any one. Let no stones be
thrown. Be charitable. Do not let
people be asked to step out, no matter
what they do; when they want to go they
may go, but don't have threats nor disci-
pline, it does no good, but a lot of
harm."—*Letters That Have Helped Me*,
p. 86, by William Q. Judge.

The experiences gained in one life
may not be remembered in their details
in the next, but the impressions which
they produce will remain.—Hartmann.

THE BUDDHIST EGO.

(From *Buddhism in Translation*, by H. C. Warren.)

Then the venerable Sariputta in the evening of the day arose from meditation, and drew near to where the venerable Yamaka was; and having drawn near he greeted the venerable Yamaka, and having passed the compliments of friendship and civility, he sat down respectfully upon one side. And seated respectfully on one side, the venerable Sariputta spoke to the venerable Yamaka as follows: "Is the report true, brother Yamaka, that the following wicked heresy has sprung up in your mind: Thus do I understand the doctrine taught by the Blessed One, that on the dissolution of the body the monk who has lost all depravity is annihilated, perishes, and does not exist after death?"

"Even so, brother, do I understand the doctrine taught by the Blessed One, that on the dissolution of the body the monk who has lost all depravity is annihilated, perishes, and does not exist after death."

"What think you, brother Yamaka? Is form permanent or transitory?"

"It is transitory, brother."

"And that which is transitory—is it evil, or is it good?"

"It is evil, brother."

"And that which is transitory, evil, and liable to change—is it possible to say of it: This is mine—this am I—this is my Ego?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"Is sensation . . . perception . . . the predispositions . . . consciousness, permanent, or transitory?"

"It is transitory, brother."

"And that which is transitory, evil, and liable to change—is it possible to say of it: This is mine; this am I; this is my Ego?"

"Nay, verily, brother Yamaka."

"Accordingly, brother Yamaka, as respects all form whatsoever—as respects all sensations whatsoever—as respects all perception whatsoever—as respects all predispositions whatsoever—as respects all consciousness whatsoever, past, present, or future, be it subjective or existing outside, gross or subtle, mean or exalted, far or near, the correct view in the light of the highest knowledge is as follows: This is not mine; this am I not; this is not, my Ego.

"Perceiving this, brother Yamaka, the

learned and noble disciple conceives an aversion for form, conceives an aversion for sensation, conceives an aversion for perception, conceives an aversion for the predispositions, conceives an aversion for consciousness. And in conceiving this aversion he becomes divested of passion and by the absence of passion he becomes free, and when he is free he becomes aware that he is free; and he knows that rebirth is exhausted, that he has lived the holy life, that he has done what it behooved him to do, and that he is no more for the world.

"What think you, brother Yamaka? Do you consider form as the saint?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"What think you, brother Yamaka? Do you consider the saint as comprised in form?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"Do you consider the saint as distinct from form?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"Do you consider the saint as comprised in sensation? . . . as distinct from sensation? . . . as comprised in perception? . . . as comprised in the predispositions? . . . as distinct from the predispositions? . . . as comprised in consciousness? . . . as distinct from consciousness?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"What think you, brother Yamaka? Are form, sensation, perception, the predispositions and consciousness united the saint?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"What think you, brother Yamaka? Do you consider the saint as a something having no form, sensation, perception, predispositions, or consciousness?"

"Nay, verily, brother."

"Considering now, brother Yamaka, that you fail to make out and establish the existence of the Saint in the present life, is it reasonable for you to say: Thus do I understand the doctrine taught by the Blessed One, that on the dissolution of the body the monk who has lost all depravity is annihilated, perishes, and does not exist after death?"

"Brother Sariputta, it was because of my ignorance that I held this wicked heresy; but now that I have listened to the doctrinal instruction of the venerable Sariputta, I have abandoned that wicked heresy and acquired the true doctrine."

THREE.

Three men, together riding,

Can win new worlds at their will;
Resolute, ne'er dividing.

Lead, and be victors still.
Three can laugh and doom a king,
Three can make the planets sing.

Three, when the whim shall take them,
Can gleefully fight and win;
Touch Heaven's doors, and shake them,
Loose them and look within.

Three can laugh Hell from the code,
As they jest along the road.

Three, with a joyful daring,
Can steal new fire from the dawn,
Ere, in their happy faring,
They've loitered, and galloped on.
Three can level gods to men;
Three can build new gods again.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

WISDOM FROM "ISIS UNVEILED."

The Astral Light . . . keeps an un-mutilated record of all that was, that is, or ever will be. The minutest acts of our lives are imprinted on it, and even our thoughts rest photographed on its eternal tablet.—Vol. I, p. 178.

Memory—the despair of the materialist, the enigma of the psychologist, the sphinx of Science—is to the student of old philosophies merely a name to express that power which man unconsciously exerts with many of the inferior animals—to look with inner sight into the Astral Light and there behold the images of past sensations and incidents.—Vol. I, p. 179.

That flash of memory which is traditionally supposed to show a drowning man every long-forgotten scene of his mortal life as the landscape is revealed by the intermittent flashes of lightning—is simply the sudden glimpse which the struggling soul gets into the silent galleries where his history is depicted in imperishable colors.—Vol. I, p. 179.

No man, however gross and material he may be, can avoid leading a double existence; one in the visible universe, the other in the invisible.—Vol. I, p. 180.

Hiranyagarba, or the *Unit Soul*.—Vol. I, p. 265.

That man who has conquered matter sufficiently to receive the direct light from his shining Augoiedes feels truth

intuitively; he could not err in his judgment notwithstanding all the sophisms suggested by cold reason, for he is *illuminated*.—Vol. I, p. 306.

The mind receives indelible impressions even from chance acquaintances or persons encountered but once. As a few seconds' exposure of the sensitized photograph plate is all that is requisite to preserve indefinitely the image of the sitter so it is with the mind.—Vol. I, p. 311.

Every human being is born with the rudiments of the inner sense called intuition, which may be developed into what the Scotch know as "second sight."—Vol. I, p. 435.

The sun was not considered by the ancients as the direct cause of the light and heat, but only as the agent of the former through which the light passes on its way to our sphere.—Vol. I, p. 131.

The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and force reproduces *matter*.—Vol. I, p. 140.

Healing, to deserve the name, requires either faith in the patient or robust health united with strong will in the operator. *With expectancy supplemented by faith one can cure himself of almost any morbid condition.* . . . It is a question of temperament, imagination, and self-cure.—Vol. I, p. 216.

A thorough familiarity with the occult faculties of everything existing in nature, visible as well as invisible; their mutual relations, attractions, and repulsions; the cause of these traced to the spiritual principle which pervades and animates all things; the ability to furnish the best conditions for this principle to manifest itself. In other words a profound and exhaustive knowledge of natural law—this *was* and *is* the basis of magic.—Vol. I, p. 244.

It is a strange coincidence that when first discovered America was found to bear among some native tribes the name of Atlanta.—Vol. I, p. 59.

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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NATURE AND MAN.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner asks Professor Lucien Larkin if Nature is solicitous for the happiness of mankind.

The question itself seems to be based on a fallacy, the fallacy of supposing that the universe is divided into two parts, with Nature, or God, upon one side, and Man on the other, like a class in a school with its pupils and its master. The universe is a unity governed in all its parts by natural law. And because it is wholly governed by law there is no room for the supernatural anywhere.

But the reply is a surprising one. God, says Professor Larkin, is not in the least solicitous for the happiness of men. More than a thousand people are drowned at Chicago and "Nature wept not." Millions of men are being killed in Europe and "the Creator" seems not to care at all.

We should have expected something more intelligent than this from a scientist who is accustomed to rely upon the universal sway of law. Does Professor Larkin suppose that God should abrogate or repeal a physical law that is clearly understood by the whole of humanity because humanity violates that law and so incurs the inevitable penalties? Would he expect "the Creator" to deprive flame of its power to burn because some one insists on putting his finger into the fire? The remedy for

pain is to obey the law, not to abolish it. The tragedy at Chicago was caused by overloading a ship. The ship was overloaded because its owners were greedy for gain, and because they knew that the public was willing to palliate offenses that resulted in financial profit. Does Professor Larkin think that "the Creator" should have abrogated the law of marine stabilities merely because human beings were determined to break it and in order still further to lubricate their cupidities? If the public had been less tolerant of previous disasters—that of the *General Slocum*, for example—this particular tragedy at Chicago would not have occurred. It is not God, or Nature, that is indifferent to human sorrows. It is ourselves.

Shall we blame God for the epidemic of infantile paralysis? It is a law of Nature that ill-nourished children shall be liable to such maladies. We know of that law. There is no secret about it. It is like the law that fire burns. The drunkard might as well blame God for his morning headache. He should blame himself. We acquiesce in the presence of thousands of half-starved children in our big cities, and then when we find that fire does actually burn, and that water does actually drown, we demand a change, not in ourselves, but in the laws of nature. Could anything be more viciously stupid? It is indisputable that if humanity were to observe the well-known laws of physical nature there would be no such

thing as disease or starvation, and that we should be living in an earthly paradise compared with what we have now. Why, then, should we charge "the Creator" with indifference, when we are clearly suffering from our violation of well-known laws? And what a hideous chaos it would be if those laws should actually fluctuate and change in obedience to human suffering. Mercy is to be found in the inflexibility of law, not in its variability.

And would there be any war today but for the teachings of materialistic science? The war is the direct result of the theories of Haeckel, Nietzsche, and Darwin. If man is no more than an evolved animal, if there is no such thing as the human soul, if the *lex talionis* applies to the human kingdom as well as to the jungle, why should we not take by force whatever we wish, why should we not cut throats as well as purses? For half a century we have been persuading ourselves that "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and that fraternity and the moral law are myths. Now we are putting these things into practice. Is God to blame because fire burns? There has been no ambiguity about the moral law. It has been proclaimed from a hundred Sinais. The trouble is that we would not believe it to be a law. We believed that we could make ourselves happy by selfishness, that the precept to love our fellow-men was a mere impracticable pietism. We are now discovering—at least it is to be hoped so—that human fraternity is a *law*, like the law that fire burns, and that it can no more be broken with impunity than the simplest law of hygiene. The thief who is sent to prison is not the victim of cruelty. He is the victim of his own folly in violating a law that he well understood. But the law would be cruel if it varied or fluctuated. It is merciful in proportion to its inflexibility. Imagine the horrors of a universe in which fire sometimes burned and sometimes did not, or where some "Creator" acted in uncertain and unforeseen ways, sometimes enforcing a law and sometimes waiving it.

The weakness of modern thought is its failure to perceive that there is law in the moral world as well as in the material, and that neither can be violated without pain. The penalties for vio-

lating the law of brotherhood are just as certain and just as natural as the penalties for violating a law of diet. They are not imposed by a "Creator" who can be wheedled, or coaxed, or bribed to change them. And until the moral law is obeyed we shall continue to have wars and the whole brood of calamities under which we are suffering

THE ATOM.

Dr. Garrett P. Serviss, who writes popular scientific articles for the multitude, and who usually takes care to throw alternate sops to materialism and to theology, has now produced an essay on the atom in which he not only gives cautious play to his imagination, but even verges on the occult doctrine of correspondences. There was a time, says Dr. Serviss, when the atom was supposed to be indivisible, to be the smallest solid particle of matter. But we now know that it is not an unbreakable, indivisible particle, but that it is made up of a vast number of things that are far smaller than itself and that move in such mysterious ways that they resemble the various parts of the solar system.

This is certainly true. If Dr. Serviss were familiar with the ancient occult axiom, "As above, so below," he might have guessed at the truth that the atom is a solar system, that it has its central sun with his retinue of planets, and that the distances of those atomic "planets" from one another and from their central sun are proportionately the same as those of the celestial luminaries overhead. Nature always reflects her systems from plane to plane, and the infinitely small is the microcosm of the infinitely great, or the macrocosm. The revolution of an atom, says Dr. Serviss, "curiously simulates" the revolution of the earth in its orbit. So also does the revolution of the electron within the atom, but there is nothing "curious" about the resemblance. It would be curious if there were no resemblance, seeing that the atom and the solar system are minted from the same die and are but the pictured thought in the divine mind.

Sometimes, says Dr. Serviss, there seems to be disorder among the contents of the atom owing to a diminution of energy. One or more of its contained electrons bursts its way through the

atomic envelope and so escapes, presumably to form other combinations. But why does Dr. Serviss speak of disorder, since but for this escape of electrons there would be no diversity in nature. For let us see what happens when an electron escapes from an atom—let us say—of hydrogen. Now an atom of hydrogen contains 1000 electrons. The fact that it contains 1000 electrons makes it an atom of hydrogen, and not of anything else. Now if that atom loses one of its electrons it is no longer an atom of hydrogen. It has become something different, and so we see nature at her work of transformation and transmutation. Why call it disorder? But what becomes of the electron that has escaped? Presumably it escaped because it had completed its cycle in that particular combination just as a boy at school moves into a new class as soon as he has completed his course in the old one. But the escaped electron will now be attracted toward some other combination, or into some other family of electrons. Let us suppose that it is attracted into an atom of iron which contains 55,800 electrons. But the addition of the new electron, or of many new electrons, causes the atom of iron to be no longer an atom of iron, but of something else, and so once more we see the same process of transmutation. The atom of hydrogen ceased to be an atom of hydrogen because it had lost an electron. The atom of iron ceased to be an atom of iron because it had gained an electron. But for this perpetual process there would be no diversities in nature, no variations, matter everywhere would be homogeneous. There would be no evolution. But this is not disorder.

And so an illimitable vista opens before us. Why should we not be able to change the structure of the lead atom so that it becomes a gold atom. Obviously it is a theoretical possibility, and if we understood how to apply the necessary vibrations through the agency of sound we could certainly do it. Nature is performing similar feats at every moment. She does something much like this when she transmutes human food into blood, muscles, bone, hair, sinew, and nerves. In this way nature evolved the universe from cosmic dust. But why call it disorder?

Of course an ethical process is in-

involved. We may suppose that thought changes the atomic structure of the brain in exactly the same way, causing the brain to be either more transparent or more opaque to the consciousness behind it. Matter, or the brain, is the veil through which we know consciousness. Consciousness does not change at all. The change is in the quality or structure of the material veil through which it shines. And that material veil is, of course, atomic and electronic. As the brain atoms change their structure under the stress of thought, so they either transmit or obstruct the consciousness behind them. The regulation of thought so that the atomic and electronic structure of the brain may be favorably affected is the science of Yoga, or Occultism.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

August 22—Like moonbeams trembling on water, truly such is the life of mortals. Knowing this, let duty be performed.

August 23—Bathe in the river of the soul, O man, for not with water is the soul washed clean.

August 24—The pure soul is a river whose holy source is self-control, whose water is truth, whose bank is righteousness, whose waves are compassion.

August 25—Of a gift to be received or given, of an act to be done, time drinks up the flavor, unless it be quickly performed.

August 26—When the weak-minded is deprived of wealth, his actions are destroyed, like rivulets dried up in hot seasons.

August 27—He who wants a faultless friend, must remain friendless.

August 28—Eat and drink with your friends, but do not trade with them.

"I do not want to fly," he said,

"I only want to squirm.

I hate to be a butterfly,

I want to be a worm."

I left my fool in red and black;

The last I saw was this:

The creature madly climbing back
Into his chrysalis.

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.

(From the Shlokas of the Hitopadesa. Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.)

True Religion—'tis not blindly prating
what the gurus prate,
But to love, as God hath loved them, all
things be they small or great;
And true bliss is when a sane mind doth
a healthy body fill;
And true knowledge is the knowing what
is good and what is ill.

Give, and it shall swell thy getting; give,
and thou shalt safer keep;
Pierce the tank-wall; or it yieldeth, when
the water waxeth deep.

When the miser hides his treasure in
the earth, he doeth well;
For he opens up a passage that his soul
may sink to hell.

He whose coins are kept for counting,
not to barter nor to give,
Breathe he like a blacksmith's bellows,
yet in truth he doth not live.

By their own deeds men go downward,
by them men mount upward all,
Like the diggers of a well, and like the
builders of a wall.

Where the Gods are, or thy Guru—in
the face of Pain and Age,
Cattle, Brahmans, Kings, and Children
—reverently curb thy rage.

Whoso hath the gift of giving wisely,
equitably, well;
Whoso, learning all men's secrets, unto
none his own will tell:
Whoso, ever cold and courtly, utters
nothing that offends,
Such a one may rule his fellows unto
Earth's extremest ends.

Away with those that preach to us the
washing off of sin—
Thine own self is the stream for thee
to make ablutions in:
In self-restraint it rises pure—flows clear
in tide of truth,
By widening banks of wisdom, in waves
of peace and truth.
Bathe there, thou son of Pandu! with
reverence and rite,
For never yet was water wet could wash
the spirit white.

Nay! but faint not, idly sighing, "Des
tiny is mightiest,"
Sesamum holds oil in plenty, but it yield
eth none unpressed.

Two-fold is the life we live in—Fate and
Will together run:
Two wheels bear life's chariot onward—
Will it move on only one?

Passion will be Slave or Mistress: follow
her, she brings to woe;
Lead her, 'tis the way to Fortune
Choose the path that thou wilt go.

Sickness, anguish, bonds, and woe
Spring from wrongs wrought long ago

Death, that must come, comes nobly when
we give
Our wealth and life, and all, to make
men live.

When thy gate is roughly fastened, and
the asker turns away,
Thence he bears thy good deeds with
him, and his sins on thee doth lay.

TWENTY MINUTES.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for May contains an unsigned article entitled "Twenty Minutes of Reality" and recording an experience that can hardly fail to interest the student of occultism. The writer was recovering from a surgical operation and a season of physical pain had been followed by the most acute mental depression that it had ever been his misfortune to encounter. It seemed to him that under the anæsthetic, in the black abyss of unconsciousness, he had discovered a terrible secret, and the secret was that there was no God, or that He was indifferent to all human suffering. And then suddenly came the corrective revelation:

I can not now recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually: I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty, and importance. I can not say exactly what the change was. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light—in what I believe is their true light. I saw, for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond all words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that

flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in and was a part of the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication of life.

It was not that for a few keyed-up moments I imagined all existence as beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth, so that I saw the actual loveliness which is always there, but which we so rarely perceive: and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful, and extravagantly important. And as I beheld, my heart melted out of me in a rapture of love and delight.

The full description of the writer's experience is too long for reproduction, but it should be read in the original. A curious feature, he says, was the sense of rhythm that accompanied everything:

Besides all the joy and beauty and that curious sense of importance, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little thread of rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck the note; or else again the great Will that is melody willed that it should fly. When people walked, somewhere they beat out a bit of rhythm that was in harmony with the whole great theme.

In what he saw there seemed to be nothing of an ethical nature. There were no new rules of conduct revealed. It seemed as though beauty and joy were more at the heart of Reality than an over-anxious morality.

Tagore speaks of having had such an illumination as this, and it lasted for seven or eight days. Boehmen, too, speaks of a Sabbath calm of the soul that lasted for seven days, during which he was, as it were, inwardly surrounded by a divine light. "The triumph that was then in my soul," he says, "I can neither tell nor describe; I can only liken it to a resurrection from the dead."

It is only the soul which feels, observes, thinks, acquires knowledge, compares, and ever seeks the ideal. There are persons who are capable of making observations with the soul, that is, without the aid of the senses, and who can for a time partially or completely leave the body and return to it.—*A. R. Wallace.*

BUDDHISM.

The author of "The Creed of Buddha" (John Lane Company) is so little concerned with well-earned praise that he conceals his name, but perhaps it would be safe to say that no better exposition of Buddhism has ever been given to the world. It is sympathetic, it is scholarly, and it is complete.

Between east and west, says the author, a gulf has been fixed, a gulf created by basic ideas, hollowed out by the erosive action of speculative thought. The Western mind takes for granted the reality of outward things. The Eastern mind attributes the only reality to the soul. All else is *maya*, illusion. And there are very few that can bridge that gulf:

In the East, where the soul is the supreme and fundamental reality, the identification of God with the world-soul, or soul of universal Nature, is the outcome of a movement of thought which is at once natural and logical. This divine soul is the only real existence; by comparison with it all outward things are shadows, and all inward things, so far as they hold aloof from the all-embracing consciousness, are dreams.

The worship of the supernatural, such as is to be found in Christianity, often ends in the despiritualization of Nature, which becomes merely the world without and therefore opposed to the Supernatural, which becomes the dwelling place of God:

There is another way in which the shadow of the Supernatural tends to blight human life. If freedom is to be strangled, love, which is the most expansive and emancipative of all forces, must first be wounded and disarmed. Dogmatism, intolerance, and uncharitableness are by-products of the worship of Jehovah. The people or the church which believes itself to have received a supernatural revelation naturally claims to have exclusive possession of "the truth," and therefore regards all who are beyond the pale of its faith as either outcasts from God's presence or rebels against his will. The attitude of the Jew towards the Gentile, of the Christian towards the "Heathen," of the Mahometan towards the "Infidel," is an attitude of spiritual intolerance in which the "believer" reproduces towards his fellow-men the supposed attitude of the "jealous God" whom he worships towards all but a faithful remnant of mankind. In this way supernaturalism tends to introduce hatred—the most anti-spiritual of passions—into the most sacred of all spheres. The history of the Western world, since it accepted Jehovah as its Lord and Master, has been in the main the history of religious persecutions and religious wars; and men, in perfect good faith, have proved their zeal for God by devoting the bodies of

their fellow-men to the flames, and their souls to the torments of Hell.

But the worship of Brahma also has had its evils. Very few persons can breathe freely on such exalted heights. The average mind can not conceive of One who is not only reality, but the only reality. And so the figure of Brahma recedes into the background and hosts of lesser but more comprehensible Gods emerge from the darkness and take his place. So we have polytheism, the worship of dead Gods, and ancestor worship.

The evils of supernaturalism have been of the most practical kind. The belief in the reality of the outward world has given to it a false value and therefore we have the struggle for wealth, which has become the chief feature of Western civilization. The West has wholly lost sight of a *natural* connection between this life and the after life or lives. It has become a matter of "grace" and "faith." But the Western world has none the less revolted against the frightful doctrine of an eternal hell. Indeed it has rejected the idea of hell, but it has also rejected the idea of heaven. It prefers now to think about something else:

Even among those who call themselves believers there is an ever-growing tendency to live wholly in the present, and to turn away from the contemplation of death and its consequences.

The East permits of no supernaturalism, no divine interferences, nor godly favors, whims, or preferences. Inexorable and natural law must rule everywhere:

The soul, or inward life, alone is real. Eternity is a vital aspect of reality. Birthlessness and deathlessness are the temporal aspects of eternity. The present existence of the soul is not more certain than its pre-existence and its future existence; and these three—the past, the present, and the future lives—are stages in an entirely natural process. The present life is always brief and fleeting; but the past begins, as the future ends, in eternity—in the timeless life of God himself. Issuing from the Universal Soul, and passing through æons of what I may call pre-natal existence, the soul at last becomes individualized, and enters on a career of conscious activity. Far from being dependent on the body, it accretes to itself, on whatever plane it may energize, the outward form that it needs and deserves; and, in each of its many deaths, it is the body that dies, deprived of the vitalizing presence that animated it—not the soul.

This pure and exalted creed, says the

author, not only indicates the cultivation of utter selflessness, but it brings the whole of human life under the dominion of natural law:

One consequence of this is that the notions of arbitrariness, favoritism, and caprice, which cling, *de facto* if not *de jure*, to the conception of a supernatural God, and which introduce a gambling element—a readiness to take risks, a tendency to put off things to the eleventh hour—into the practical morality of the West, have no place in the ethical philosophy of the East. The Catholic belief in the efficacy of the last rites of the church, the Protestant belief that a deathbed repentance may open the door of Salvation to one who has led an impious life, bear witness, each in its own way, to the presence in the religious atmosphere of the West of a fantastic conception of God which is absolutely irreconcilable with the primary assumption of Eastern thought. It is of Brahma rather than of Jehovah that the words of the Lawgiver hold good: "God is not a man that He shall lie, neither the son of man that He shall repent." The successive lives of the soul, to which the Eastern thought looks backward and forward, are linked together by a chain of natural causation. What a man sows that shall he reap, not in this earth-life only, but also in the lives that are yet to be.

This summary is of the author's preliminary chapter. His presentation of Buddhism, as such, will receive attention in coming issues of the *Outlook*.

ATLANTIS.

Any one who suggested a few years ago that the Smithsonian Institution—that home of the scientific proprieties—would issue a special bulletin on Atlantis would doubtless have been set down as a dreamer. But this is exactly what the Smithsonian Institution has done. It has published a pamphlet by Monsieur Pierre Termier of the French Academy of Sciences in which the learned academician expresses his opinion that one more fable must be admitted to the domain of orthodoxy. M. Termier says:

No affirmation is yet permissible, but it seems more and more evident that a vast region, continental, or made up of great islands, has collapsed west of the Pillars of Hercules, otherwise called the Strait of Gibraltar, and that its collapse occurred in the not far distant past. In any event, the question of Atlantis is placed anew before men of science.

Plato's account of Atlantis has been derided for a century and more, while Oriental history has of course been treated with a silent contempt. But, says the author:

It may be, indeed, that the poets were once

more right. After a long period of disdainful indifference, observe how in the last few years science is returning to the study of Atlantis. How many naturalists, geologists, zoologists, or botanists are asking one another today whether Plato has not transmitted to us, with slight amplification, a page from actual history of mankind.

The author summarizes the story told by Plato, which is of course more familiar to Western minds than the Indian records:

Athens was destroyed by a singularly powerful army which came from an island larger than Libya, and even Asia, lying in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the strait called the Pillars of Hercules. From this island one could easily pass to other islands, and from them to the entire continent which surrounds the interior sea. In the Island of Atlantis reigned kings of amazing power, having under their domain several other islands also, and some parts of the continent, as well as Libya, as far east as Egypt, and Europe as far as the Tyrrhenian Sea. All this power was once united to subjugate Athens, but the Athenians stopped the invasion and restored all the nations living on that side (east) of the Pillars of Hercules to independence. Later, with great earthquakes and inundations, in a single day and one fatal night, all who had been warriors against Athens were swallowed up, and the Island of Atlantis disappeared beneath the sea.

M. Termier believes that this account is almost precisely accurate. He says that this description tallies well with what we would imagine today of a great land submerged in the region of the Azores and enjoying the eternal spring-time, which is the endowment of these islands; a land formed from a basement of ancient rocks, with some fragments of whitish calcareous terranes, extinct volcanic mountains and lava flows, black or red, long since grown cold.

Such is the story of the Atlantis of Plato, a history fabulous in its origins, like the majority of histories, yet extremely exact and highly probable in its details and tragic determination.

According to M. Termier, the study of the physical geography of the Atlantic Ocean tends to show us what might well have been the base of this great oceanic continent, the loftiest spires of which form the Azores.

Geology also indicates the possibility of there once having been a great tableland surmounted with volcanoes, in the Eastern Atlantic, where now Gough Island, St. Helena, Ascension, Cape Verde Islands, the Canaries, Madeira and Azores and a few others, all of which

are either integrally, or in the greater part, formed of lava, and many of which bear volcanoes, appear above the surface of the sea.

These islands seem indicative of a great upheaval, and the depths which surround them are the resting place of earlier mountains, volcanic lava from some of which has been dredged up. The entire eastern zone of the Atlantic bottom, continues the author, is in movement, forming an unstable zone on the planet, and in such a zone great cataclysms have occurred and may again occur at any moment.

Not only oceanography and geology teach us the possibility, even probability, of there once having been an Atlantis, but zoology shows a certain continental origin of the present fauna, or animal life, of the Atlantic islands, which still remains, as well as the strange relationship and reappearance of certain marine animals and shells found only on these islands, and indicating that they must once have been closely connected.

M. Termier believes that Atlantis existed, that zoology and geology prove that a cataclysm, not unlike that mentioned by Plato, occurred, and that it now remains for ethnography, anthropology, and oceanography to solve the problem as to whether men lived at this time who could withstand the great reaction and transmit the memory of it.

The student is recommended to read the references to Atlantis that are to be found in the *Secret Doctrine*. There we are told that the Atlantis of Plato was not the original continent, but the islands that had survived the great cataclysm. These islands were in their turn destroyed, although some of the mountain peaks are still above the surface of the water. But M. Termier's pamphlet is one more striking example of the slow justification and verification of the ancient teachings, a process likely enough to be still further developed in the years immediately before us.

By recognizing the universal soul, the human soul (located in the body) may perform so-called miracles, and become familiar with the properties of all things in the universe. A person of this kind can acquire the faculty of seeing and hearing at the greatest distances.—*Sriami D. Saraswati*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

A committee of physicians meeting in New York have made frank and public avowal that they know nothing of infantile paralysis, neither of its cause nor of its cure. At a time when we look upon the medical expert with a certain awesome and awful superstition it is hard to say too much in praise of a candor so rare as to be distinctive.

But we are under the impression that something at least is known of infantile paralysis, and that there are recognized causes that do not necessarily include the ubiquitous and obliging microbe that may be hunted with serums and scourged with vaccinations and injections. We have been informed on high authority that the victims of infantile paralysis are usually to be found among the children who live in darksome tenement houses and who eat what they call their food in the vicinity of garbage cans and in the tainted atmosphere of slums. If this be true, and it seems to be eminently reasonable, why do these physicians say that they know nothing of infantile paralysis? Why this unexpected modesty? Or do they mean only that they have been unable to find the guilty germ? And without a germ, where are we?

How strange it is that we should make such an outcry against results and no outcry at all against obvious causes. Is it because the causes have become vested institutions against which it would be impious to protest? One would suppose

that if slums are the cause of infantile paralysis the remedy is to remove the slums.

Evidently we are a long way still from a recognition that the universe is governed by laws and that suffering results from the violation of those laws—not sometimes, but always. Just as a death-bed repentance is popularly supposed to obliterate the results of a life of wrongdoing, so far as the wrong-doer is concerned, so we cling pathetically to the delusion that there must be a way discoverable by science by which we may violate the laws of nature and at the same time wriggle away from the penalty. It can not be done either by death-bed repentance or by germ hunting. We may postpone the penalty, or possibly divert it into some other channel, but it can not be evaded.

A celebrated physician once said that most of his patients consulted him, not in order to learn the laws of nature, but in the hope that he could show them how to break those laws and avoid the resulting suffering. That seems to be the keynote of modern life. We tolerate slums and destitution and degradation, and when we are overwhelmed by the consequences we resort to spells and incantations, germ hunting and the like, in the hope that we may be able to perpetuate the slums and the destitution and the degradation, or at least that we may not be forced at the point of the bayonet to abolish them.

The supreme need of modern life is the recognition of law that governs not only the material world, but also the intellectual and the moral. We have to know that every thought that flits through a human brain is either consonant with law or in violation of law, and that its Nemesis is as certain as the sunrise. Then, and not till then, shall we free ourselves of the indescribable folly of our present feverish hunt for remedies while we allow the causes of our misfortunes to flourish unchecked and unrebuked.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

(By Matthew Arnold.)

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which
bears me

Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit
sea.

And a look of passionate desire

O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have
calm'd me,

Calm me, ah, compose me, to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye
waters,

On my heart your mighty charm re-
new;

Still, still let me, as I glaze upon you.
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault
of heaven,

O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the an-
swer;

"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live*
as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things with-
out them

Yield them love, amusement, sympa-
thy.

"And with joy the stars perform their
shining,

And the sea its long moon-silver'd
roll;

For self-poised they live, nor pine with
noting

All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and ungrateful

In what state God's other works ma-
be,
In their own tasks all their power
pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.

O air-born voice! long since, severe
clear,

A cry like thine in mine own heart
hear:

"Resolve to be thyself; and know, that
he

Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

THE CREED OF BUDDHA.

The author of "The Creed of Buddha" a work of unusual sympathy and insight that has already been mentioned in these columns, devotes a valuable chapter to what he calls "a misreading of Buddha." It is a misreading of which many competent commentators have been guilty. Dr. Rhys Davids, for example, comes to the conclusion that Buddha denied the continued existence of the soul after death, and he goes to some trouble to explain the inconsistency between such denial and the teaching of reincarnation, which was certainly a part of the Buddhist philosophy. "There is no passage of a soul or I," says Dr. David "in any sense from the one life to the other. Their (the Buddhists') view of the matter is independent of the time-honored soul-theories held in common by every other creed." Elsewhere Dr. Davids makes his position still more clear. He says:

There is a real identity between man in his present life and in the future. But the identity is not in a conscious soul which shall go out away from the body after he is dead. The real identity is that of cause and effect. A man thinks he began to be a few years, twenty, fifty, sixty years ago. There is some truth in that; but in a much larger, deeper sense he has been (in the causes which he is the result) for countless ages the past; and those same causes (of which the temporary effect) will continue in other like temporary forms through countless ages yet to come. In that sense alone, according to Buddhism, each of us has after death continuing life.

But this, says the author, is utterly misleading. It is not the teaching of Buddhism. The question that we have to ask ourselves is a simple one: Is there identity between me and the inheritor of my Karma, or again between me and the

man whose Karma I inherit, as real as the identity between the me of today and the me of twenty years hence (if I shall be living then), or again between the me of today and the me of my boyhood? If it is not as real, then the doctrine of reincarnation is pure nonsense:

Now, strange as it may seem, there is nothing in the Buddhist Scriptures to show that even those thinkers who are supposed to have declared war against the Ego regarded the identity between man and man, in a given line of Karmic succession, as less real than the identity between what a man is today and what he was twenty years ago, or will be twenty years hence. The author of the *Milanda dialogues*, for example, is supposed to have argued against the Ego. I doubt if he really did. It is quite possible, I think, that his dialogues have a different aim and admit of a different interpretation. But let us assume that, in theory at least, he denied the Ego, and that in this respect he falls into line with the modern votaries of metaphysical atomism. What then? I can not find anything in any of his dialogues to show that his belief in individual reincarnation was other than real. I can not find anything to show that he regarded the identity between A, who is living now, and B, the future inheritor of his Karma, as in any way different from the identity between the A of today and the A of twenty years hence. Thoroughgoing denial of the Ego destroys the identity of a man from moment to moment as effectually as from life to life.

The Buddhist denied of the Ego, says the author, is academic or notional, whereas the belief in reincarnation was practical. Buddha refused to talk about the Ego because human language did not permit of its interpretation. It both was and was not, according to the mental conception, which was necessarily faulty. But that he taught reincarnation is a proof that he believed in something that was reincarnated and that constituted a preservation of identity:

I have spoken at some length on this point because I wish to make it clear that, if denial of the Ego is real, if its meaning is fully pressed home, the doctrine of reincarnation, which is undoubtedly the keystone of the whole arch of Buddhist thought, becomes pure nonsense. The essence of the doctrine is that B inherits the whole of A's Karma, C the whole of B's, and so on. Unless the identity of A with B, of B with C, and so on, is as real as the identity, within the limits of each earth life, of the child with the youth and the youth with the man, the doctrine loses its meaning, and the arch of thought which it holds together becomes a ruinous heap. We must therefore either assume that the arch of Buddhist thought and doctrine had no keystone, or that the Buddhist denial of the "Ego" was "notional" rather than "real." Of these alternative assumptions, reason and

common sense alike demand that we should adopt the latter.

Dr. Davids and other commentators would have us believe that Buddha's conception of immortality was that of the modern "religion of science," which recognizes three kinds of immortality. The first is that of living in the lives of our direct descendants. The second is the immortality of fame. And the third is the living by our actions in the lives of other men. But immortality under the Buddhist law of Karma is something quite different from these:

But when the doctrine of Karma is supported and elucidated by the conception of a reincarnating soul or Ego, it at once becomes intelligible, even from the point of view of denial of the Ego. To say that conduct always reacts upon character, and that the departing soul will therefore take away with it from earth the inward consequences of its action and bring these back to earth, with all their possible ulterior consequences, at its next incarnation, is to say what is certainly disputable and perhaps untrue, but at any rate has the merit of making coherent sense.

The religion of Buddha, says the author, was not a new one. It was a restatement of the old Indian idealism freed from the corruptions that had marred it. We may therefore aid ourselves in the comprehension of Buddhism by reference to the Upanishads in the full assurance that we shall find nothing contradictory of their loftier teachings. And such an appeal at once precludes those interpretations of Buddhism that have been so much favored by modern scholarships in its efforts to compel Buddhism into conformity with "science":

The antecedent improbability of a great Teacher breaking away completely from the highest and deepest thought of his nation and his age is very great. The great Teacher is always a reformer as well as an innovator; and to reform is to go back to an ideal which had been forgotten, or otherwise obscured. The chances are, then, that Buddha, who was unquestionably one of the greatest of all moral teachers, went back from what was corrupt and degenerate in the thought and the consequent practice of his age to what was pure and spiritual. This much we may say before we begin to study his scheme of life.

But when we study that scheme, and find, as we certainly do, that it is the practical application and embodiment of the great ideas of Indian idealism—so much so, indeed, that we may actually deduce from those ideas (given a practical aim on the part of their votary) the leading features of the Buddhist "Law"—we can not but feel that the probability of the Founder of Buddhism having been an idealist (in the truest sense of the

word) at heart—at the heart of his own deep silence—is raised to a very high degree.

And when, having for argument's sake assumed the opposite of this, assumed that the teaching of Buddha was directly and fundamentally subversive of the ideas which found utterance in the Upanishads, we find that the whole system falls to pieces and the wisdom of it becomes unthinkable nonsense, then what has hitherto been probability of a very high degree seems to approach the level of certainty. At any rate, if we may not yet say that the creed which Buddha held, but did not openly profess, was the spiritual idealism of ancient India, we may say that the counter-hypothesis—that Buddha's creed was the direct negation of that lofty faith—can easily be disproved. The efforts that are made to bring the teachings of Buddha into line with the negative dogmatism of the "religion of science" would be ludicrous if they were not, in a sense, pathetic. For, in truth, they prove nothing except the depth of the abyss that separates Eastern from Western thought.

THE TWO MINDS.

What is the true relationship between the higher and the lower minds?

It is easy to answer this question in the conventional way by saying that the lower mind is a ray or spark from the Higher Mind, and if it is answered in any but the conventional way there is always a danger of placing an undue reliance upon words for a task that words are not competent to perform.

The Higher Mind does not incarnate in the brain at all except in cases of transcendent genius. It can not enter into relationship with forms of matter too gross and too untrained to be in affinity with it and to afford it a welcome. Average humanity knows nothing of the Higher Mind, although it may almost be said that the object of religion is to make that Higher Mind known and to lead humanity to its recognition as the true Self. To this end we have the constant reminder of man's divinity, and the assurances of his essential godhood. Orthodox theology evades this altogether, having even the hardihood to reverse the truth, and to lay all possible stress upon human degradation.

But since the higher mind can have no direct relationships with the human brain it must seek an indirect relationship through the lower mind, which is rightly said to be a ray from itself which has been clothed with a material vesture that enables it to seek association with the still more material brain. Thus immersed in the human brain it becomes

the mind as we know it, and because it is so immersed and isolated it speedily forgets its source and sets up an individuality of its own. The aim of religion is first to indicate the existence of this higher mind of which the brain ordinarily knows nothing, and secondly to incite to those modes of thought and action that will bring the lower mind into relationship with the Higher, relationships that should never have been broken, and that can be restored by the practice of Occultism. If the brain can be trained by thought habits into the necessary state of receptivity it will then become the habitation of the Higher Mind. Ordinary instances of genius are caused by the sudden illumination of the brain by the Higher Mind, an illumination that may be only instantaneous, but that nevertheless leaves an afterglow that lasts throughout life. We may believe that the great spiritual teachers of the race are those in whom that illumination is continuous, or who can avail themselves of it at will.

We may therefore regard the lower mind as an ambassador or messenger of the Higher, no matter how utterly the trust may have been forgotten. We may compare it with the few drops of ocean water that are contained in the pores of a sponge. Those drops of water may have learned to identify themselves with the walls that contain them and thus to separate themselves from all other drops of water that happen to find themselves in other pores. But none the less every drop is an ocean in miniature, in no way different from the ocean from which it was drawn. Its enclosure within the pores of a sponge has made no essential difference in its nature.

Let us take another analogy, and from another point of view. Let us suppose that a merchant sends a messenger boy to a distant part of the city in order to acquire for him certain information necessary to his business. But as soon as the messenger boy gains the street he allows himself to be distracted by the sights and sounds around him, and instead of performing his mission he wastes his time in idle amusement and wholly forgets the duty upon which he was sent. Or he may do that duty incompletely and inefficiently so that the purpose of his employer is frustrated. In the same way we may say that the

lower mind has been sent forth to acquire spiritual experiences in matter, or the brain, and to return with those experiences that will then enrich the Higher Mind. But the lower mind becomes entangled in the delights of the senses, and when eventually it returns to its source at death it has none of the fruits that it was sent forth to acquire. For the mind that has occupied itself wholly with the senses and with the concerns of the body can have nothing that the Higher Mind will accept, nothing that is in affinity with the Higher Mind, and therefore the incarnation has been wasted. There can be no immortality for that mind. It must now resolve itself into the matter to which it has devoted itself. If we would have still another analogy we may take the case of the bee sent forth from the hive in order to collect honey for the common stock, but who returns either with nothing at all, or with something that is not honey. We know what happens to that bee. It dies at once. It is not allowed to reënter the hive.

It is not sufficiently realized that the mind is the aggregate of the thoughts that it entertains, and according to the thoughts that it entertains so are its affinities either with spirituality or with materiality. It gravitates either upward or downward according to its freight. It is thus evident that the human mind is not necessarily immortal. It may choose for itself either immortality or death. If it has identified itself with the body, it must die and disintegrate with the body, and then the whole of that incarnation from the standpoint of the Higher Mind or Soul is a failure. The ray can not rejoin its source. The spark is cut off from the tremendous fire that gave it birth. It can not return. It is easy to talk glibly about human immortality, but it is well to remember that immortality is conditional. It must be earned. The mind must occupy itself with those things that are essentially immortal or it can have no buoyancy in the upper airs. It is true that the Soul is immortal, but of what value is the Soul to those who never turn their minds in its direction, and who know nothing whatsoever of its nature or its functions? The mind must consciously reattach itself to the Soul by thought, and act, and aspiration. The initiative rests

with the mind. It must ascend to the source from which it came, to the Soul. The Soul will not descend to it.

THE SHADOW OF NIRVANA.

(From "The Caged Eagle and Other Poems," by George Sterling. Published by A. M. Robertson.)

Hast ever wakened when the dark was deep,
Nor known thyself, nor where thou wast, nor why?
Unquestioned then the drowsy soul may lie,
Somewhere between reality and sleep,
Nor feel the tides of Time and matter sweep—
Held for a little from the clamorous "I,"—
Pure being, freed of memory and its sigh,
Too far in utter peace to smile or weep.
'Tis but a moment's freedom: soon the mind
Hears the recalling bugle, and the brow
Harbors the old illusion; soon the Wind
Is on the dust delivered unto dream,
And I am I again, and Thou art Thou,
Who then were one in a diviner Scheme.

Heavens! when I think how perishable things, how imperishable thoughts seem to be! For what is forgetfulness? Renew the state of affection or bodily feeling, some or similar, sometimes dimly similar, and instantly the trains of forgotten thoughts rise from their living catacombs!—*Coleridge.*

None but an absolutely pure soul is capable of complete coalition with the universal soul. By turning our thoughts inwards, by perfect chastity and purity, we can approach this coalition and acquire marvelous wisdom and knowledge.—*Porphyrus.*

The mind transcends the brain. Science can show ever new instances of mental facts which have no counterpart in the brain and of mental faculties whose operation is independent of the brain.—*Bergson.*

Faith without Will is like a windmill without wind—barren of results.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

THE DELPHIAN SIBYL.

The coastline ranges far, the skies unfold;

The mountains rise in glory, stair on stair;

The darting Sun seeks Daphne as of old
In thickets dark where laurel blooms are fair.

The ancient sea, deep wrinkled, ever young,

With salt lips kisses still the silver strand;

In caverns dwell the Nymphs, their loves among,

And Titans still with strange fire shake the land.

A thousand generations here have come,
And wandered o'er these hills, and faced the light;

A thousand times slight man from mortal womb

Has leapt, and lapsed again into the night.

Here tribesmen dwelt, and fought, and curst their star,

And scoured both land and sea to sate their needs;

Prophetic eyes of youth gazed here afar,
With lips half open brooding on great deeds,

Nor dreamed each little mortal of the Past,

Nor the deep sources of his life divined,

Watching his herds, or net in ocean cast,

Deaf to th' ancestral voices down the wind;

Nor guessed what strange sweet likenesses should rise,

Selves of himself, far in the future years,

With his own soul within their sunlit eyes,

And in their hearts, his secret hopes and fears.

Yet I—I saw. Yea, from my lofty stand,
I saw each life continuous extend

Beyond its mortal bound, and reach a hand

To others and to others without end.
I saw the generations like a river

Flow down from age to age, and all the vast

Complex of human passion float and quiver—

A wondrous mirror where the Gods were glassed,

And still through all these ages scarce a change

Has touched my mountain slopes or seaward curve,

And still the folk beneath the old laws range,

And from their ancient customs hardly swerve;

Still Love and Death, veiled figures, hand in hand,

Move o'er men's heads, dread, irresistible,

To ope the portals of that other land
Where the great Voices sound and

Visions dwell.

—*Edward Carpenter.*

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

August 29—Without trouble one gets no honey. Without grief and sorrow no one passes his life.

August 30—Vinegar does not catch a fly, but honey. A sweet tongue draweth the snake forth from the earth.

August 31—What good is soap to a negro, and advice to a fool?

September 1—To him who has subdued self by SELF, his self is a friend; but to him who has not subdued senses by mind, that self is an enemy.

September 2—The eye is a window which looks into the heart. The brain is a door through which heart escapes.

September 3—Devotion and clear vision are not his who eats too much, nor his who eats not at all; not his who sleeps too much, nor his who is too awake.

September 4—At the end of a life of study, the man possessed of knowledge approaches Deity; and at the end of many lives, the wise man becomes one with the ALL.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac D'Israeli.*

Believe nothing that you can not understand, and reject nothing that you have not thoroughly investigated.—*Buddha.*

PLOTIMUS TO FLACCUS.

"It would be monstrous to believe for a moment that the mind was unable to perceive ideal truth exactly as it is, and that we had no certainty and real knowledge concerning the world of intelligence. It follows, therefore, that this region of truth is not to be investigated as a thing outward to us, and so imperfectly known. It is within us. Here the object we contemplate and that which contemplates are identical—both are thought. The subject can not surely know an object different from itself. Knowledge has three degrees—opinion, science, illumination. The means or instrument of the first is sense; of the second, reason or dialectics; of the third, intuition. To the last I subordinate reason. It is absolute knowledge founded on the identity of the mind knowing, with the object known. There is a raying out of all orders of existence, an eternal emanation from the ineffable one. There is again a returning impulse, drawing all upwards and inwards toward the centre from whence all came.

"You ask how you can know the Infinite? I answer: not by reason. It is the office of reason to distinguish and define. The Infinite, therefore, can not be ranked among its objects. You can only apprehend the Infinite by a faculty superior to reason, by entering into a state in which you are your finite self no longer, in which the Divine Essence is communicated to you. This is ecstasy. It is the liberation of your mind from its finite anxieties. Like only can apprehend like. When you thus cease to be finite you become one with the Infinite. In the reduction of your soul to its simplest, its Divine Essence, you realize this Union, nay this Identity."

THE EIGHT-FOLD PATH.

(From "Buddha," by Herman Oldenberg.)

There are two extremes, O monks, from which he who leads a religious life must abstain. What are those two extremes? One is a life of pleasure, devoted to desire and enjoyment; that is base, ignoble, unspiritual, unworthy, unreal. The other is a life of mortification; it is gloomy, unworthy, unreal. The Perfect One, O monks, is removed from both those extremes and has discovered the way which lies between them, the middle way which enlightens

the mind, which leads to rest, to knowledge, to enlightenment, to Nirvana. And what, O monks, is this middle way, which the Perfect One has discovered, which enlightens the eye and enlightens the spirit, which leads to rest, to knowledge, to enlightenment, to Nirvana? It is in this sacred, eight-fold path, as it is called: Right Faith, Right Resolve, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Thought, Right Self-Concentration. This, O monks, is the middle way, which the Perfect One has discovered, which enlightens the eye and enlightens the spirit, which leads to rest, to knowledge, to enlightenment, to Nirvana.

This, O monks, is the sacred truth of suffering; birth is suffering, old age is suffering, death is suffering, to be united with the unloved is suffering, to be separated from the loved is suffering, not to obtain what one desires is suffering, in short the five-fold clinging to the earthly is suffering.

This, O monks, is the sacred truth of the origin of suffering; it is the thirst for being, which leads from birth to birth, together with lust and desire, which finds gratification here and there: the thirst for pleasures, the thirst for being, the thirst for power.

This, O monks, is the sacred truth of the extinction of suffering; the extinction of this thirst by complete annihilation of desire, letting it go, expelling it, separating one's self from it, giving it no room.

This, O monks, is the sacred truth of the past which leads to the extinction of suffering; it is this sacred, eight-fold path, to-wit, Right Faith, Right Resolve, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Thought, Right Self-Concentration.

What an exceeding rest 'twill be
When I can leave off being Me!
Done with the varying distress
Of retroactive consciousness!
Why should I long to have John Smith
Eternally to struggle with?

—Mrs. Stetson.

So to be mortal fills his mind with dread,
Forgetting that in real death can be
No self, to mourn that other self as dead.
Or stand and weep at death's indignity.

—Lucretius.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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LIFE AND MIND.

Dr. Parkhurst, who instructs us on all sublimar matters through his series of syndicated articles, has discovered that plants have not only life, but also mind, and that some of them act with an intelligence that, so far as it goes, could hardly be surpassed by a Plato. He tells us of the movements of a vine that obviously selects its route, and foresees not only the difficulties of its path, but the best way to overcome them. And he adds that nature is so full of marvels of this kind that we have ceased to regard them. The continuous miracle that surrounds us neither educates nor inspires us.

But what is it that animates the plant? asks Dr. Parkhurst. It is merely foolish to say that it is "acting in obedience to the law of its growth." Of course it is. So are we all. But law is only the name that we give to a uniform method of procedure. It tells us nothing whatever of the force behind that law, "nor any more does it give us intimation as to the wisdom and the intelligence which determine the method according to which the actuating force acts." There is something that works in the plant, "only the Lord knows what," and we have agreed to call it a vital force, "but we know no more today what vital force is than was known thousands of years ago." And there is also intelligence in the plant, says Dr. Parkhurst, but what intelligence? It is not a hu-

man intelligence, so we must suppose that it is a plant intelligence, or else some intelligence that comes from outside the plant, which is preposterous.

The theosophical explanation seems at least to have the virtues of simplicity. The infinite ocean of life is a unity that shows itself through a vast diversity of forms. And the extent to which it can so show itself depends upon the complexity, the transparency, so to speak, of those forms, which in turn have been progressively evolved by the desire of that universal life for self-consciousness in matter. Some measure of that self-consciousness we see in man, although only a foretaste of what shall be. Other and lesser measures we see in lower forms, but the life or consciousness itself remains as much a unity as the waters of the ocean, which sometimes are confined in mighty bays and sometimes in the tiny spores of a sponge.

REINCARNATION?

Some curious and suggestive reports as to the birth rate have lately been received from Buda Pest, Vienna, various German cities, and from Paris. Boy babies, it seems, are in an unprecedented majority. Of the twenty babies born in a single day in one of the wards of the great Maternité Hospital in Paris no less than eighteen were boys. Reports from other hospitals show a similar proportion, and we may believe that when the statistics from the field of war are generally available they will display the

same tendency everywhere. A newspaper report says that various medical authorities have advanced many explanations of the phenomenon that seem to be plausible. That, of course, is a matter of opinion. There is a certain order of mind that receives avidly anything and everything that bears the imprimatur of science. Perhaps some of these explanations would be somewhat more plausible if they were in agreement, but as they are usually found to be mutually destructive we may be content to reserve our judgment. They can not all be right. They can not even all be plausible.

The Theosophist will see in this phenomenon one more additional evidence of reincarnation, one more support for the reasonable belief that entities snatched from their bodies before the expiration of their natural life span tend to reappear quickly upon the scene. They will also see a confirmation of their conviction that the universe is subject to intelligently directed laws that supervise the welfare of the race, and preserve an essential balance that would otherwise be destroyed by human follies.

No secret has been so diligently or so fruitlessly sought as that of sex control. Evidently it is known to Nature, who uses it, not for the gratification of ambitions nor even in the sacred interests of property and inheritance, but for the safeguarding of humanity against its own madnnesses.

Incidentally it may be pointed out that medical science scoffed at these reports when they began first to appear. The belief that male births predominated after a war was, we were told, a mere popular superstition and had no basis in fact. But medical science quickly changed its tune when the facts became unchallengeable. The facts were accepted; the denials were ignored; and the explanations were put forward as though they belonged to the recognized knowledge of the day. It was ever so.

He (the soul) is not woman, he is not man, nor hermaphrodite; whatever body he assumes, with that he is joined; and as by the use of food and drink the body grows, so the individual soul, by means of thoughts, touching, seeing, and the passions, assumes successively in various places various forms in accordance with his deeds.—*Upanishads*.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

September 5—Grief and wrath, avarice and desire, delusion and laziness, vindictiveness and vanity, envy and hatred, censoriousness and slander—are the twelve sins destructive of man's bliss.

September 6—The wolf changes his coat, and the serpent his skin, but not their nature.

September 7—The young of the raven appears to it a nightingale.

September 8—The dog howls at the moon, but the moon heeds it not; be like the moon.

September 9—Let your soul work in harmony with the universal intelligence, as your breath does with the air.

September 10—Let no bitterness find entrance into the heart of a mother.

September 11—Pervert not the heart of a man who is pure, for he will turn thine own first enemy.

THOUGHTS.

Our natures all proceed from thoughts
In thought they lie, all thoughts they are;

If with a thought with evil fraught
Or words or deeds one doth unbar,
Then one by pain is chased and sought,
As is the best by wheel or car.

Our natures all proceed from thought.
In thought they lie, all thought they are;

If with a thought with goodness fraught
Or words or deeds one doth unbar,
Then one by bliss is chased and sought,
As by one shadow going far.

—From the *Dhammapada*.

HE BUILDETH HIS HOUSE.

He hewed him the gray cold rock
To make the foundations under.
The walls and the towers should lock
Past the power of the earth to sunder.
Then, masking the bastions' frown,
Art came, embroidered and gilded
That beauty and joy might crown
The palace which power had builded.

God sighed: "Why build so tall
Thy prison wall?"
—Lily A. Long, in "Poetry."

NIRVANA.

A defense of Buddhism so able as that offered by the unnamed author of "The Creed of Buddha" has naturally much that is pertinent to say on the oft-repeated charge that the Nirvana of Buddhism was annihilation. Indeed it is hard always to acquit the authors of that charge of a certain spite in their obvious effort to identify Buddhism with a teaching that must make it repulsive to the Western mind. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, whose animus is very evident, says that Nirvana is "*l'anéantissement définitif et absolu*," and Burnouf speaks of it similarly as "*l'anéantissement complet*." These statements, says the author, are typical and need not be added to:

Did Buddha really believe this? Was it in the strength of this supreme negation that he devoted his life to the enlightenment and emancipation of his fellow-men, and won to his will the hearts of all who listened to his teaching? The hypothesis which we are invited to accept as an established conclusion is so wildly improbable that we have a right to ask those who formulate it to bring forward strong documentary evidence in support of it. As it happens, no such evidence is forthcoming. On the one hand, the passages in the Buddhist Scriptures on which the hypothesis has been based all admit of an entirely different interpretation—namely, that after the death of the body the Perfect One ceases to exist, not absolutely, but only in the sense which "the ignorant, unconverted man" attaches to the word *existence*. On the other hand, there are passages in the Buddhist Scriptures in which the hypothesis is directly or indirectly traversed; such as the dialogue between Yamaka and Sariputa, in which the belief that "on the dissolution of the body the monk who has lost all depravity is annihilated" is first condemned as a wicked heresy and then conclusively refuted; or, again, as the dialogue between King Pasenadi and the nun Khema, in which the question as to the existence of the Perfect One after death is shown to be unanswerable, not because the Perfect One will then have ceased to be, but because he will have passed beyond the reach of human thought.

The question is never asked, "What becomes of the ordinary unemancipated man after death?" The obvious answer is reincarnation. The question is always, "What becomes of the Perfect One after death?" and it is a question that is always unanswerable, because the Perfect One passes "beyond the remotest horizon of human thought":

The question, then, which we have to ask ourselves is this: What goal would he be likely to reach who followed the Path to the end? This question suggests a second: What

is the Path supposed to do for him who walks in it? The answer to this question is embodied in Buddha's scheme of life. The Path detaches him who walks in it from the impermanent, the changeable, the phenomenal. But it does this, not by the ascetic curtailment of the range of his life, but by the progressive expansion of his consciousness. It will be remembered that Buddha told his disciples in the earliest of his discourses that they were to steer a middle course between the "unworthy and unreal" paths of pleasure on the one side, and mortification on the other. It will also be remembered that the precepts which he gave them aimed, to make a general statement, at the cultivation of two faculties—self-control and sympathy. The function of self-control is, on the one hand, to train the will for the task that awaits it—the task of directing the process of soul-growth; and, on the other hand, to prevent the lower and narrower self from becoming so aggressive as to arrest the outgrowth of the higher and larger self. And the function of sympathy, which carried a man out of himself into the lives of others, is to promote the outgrowth of the higher and larger self, by raising the level and widening the range of one's life. Thus the Path detaches men from the phenomenal, not by cutting it out of their lives or otherwise blinding them to its existence, but by giving them the power (through the expansion of their consciousness) of seeing it in its true proportions and its true light. It is possible for one who walks in the Path to take an interest and a pleasure in the ephemeral concerns of life, and yet to hold on to them by the very lightest of threads. There is nothing of Puritanical gloom or sourness in the teaching of Buddha. The foreglow of Nirvana falls on the Path and throws its rays on either side of it, till those who walk in it learn at last to take an innocent delight even in the things which they know to be phantasmal.

As soon as we see the direction of the Path we see also its goal, which is Nirvana, and at once we may reach a definition. "Nirvana is a state of ideal spiritual perfection, in which the soul, having completely detached itself—by the force of its own natural expansion—from what is individual, impermanent, and phenomenal, embraces and becomes one with the Universal, the Eternal, and the Real":

It is true that Buddha spoke of consciousness as one of the five things from which the "learned and noble disciple" must strive to detach himself; but he obviously meant by consciousness what his audience, composed for the most part of ordinary unenlightened men, would have understood the word to mean—that sense of selfhood which is based on the sense of difference from other things. In the Nirvanic consciousness the sense of selfhood is based on the sense of oneness with the vital essence of all things—with the living Whole. When we predicate consciousness of him who has passed into Nirvana, what we mean is that the Nirvanic state of being is on the

farther, not on the hither, side of consciousness; that it enormously transcends what we, with our limited range of perception and thought, understand by consciousness, but that it is reached by the continuance of the same process of growth by which consciousness itself has been evolved.

Buddha, in short, inculcated the conception that the Universal Self is the true self of each one of us, and that to realize the true self is the destiny and duty of man. And this is Nirvana.

FATE.

A writer in one of the Hearst newspapers devotes some two or three columns of the usual italics and capital letters, to a denunciation of a belief in fate. And in order to strengthen his appeal to the feeble-minded he embellishes his screed with a cartoon of a nude male figure, shackled and helpless in the presence of a monster that for some reason is made to resemble an ecstatic frog. "There is no such thing as fate," says this journalistic luminary, "no such thing as things ordered in advance."

How very stupid! All effects of causes are ordered in advance, that is to say they become inevitable, or fate, as soon as their causes are born. The man who throws himself from the roof is fated to reach the street, and the man who jumps into the water is fated to get wet. The dissolute youth is fated to die a sickly old age, and the dishonest man is fated to disgrace. Fate, or Nemesis, means no more than cause and effect. Actually they are born at the same moment, and they are inseparable. They mutually imply each other, like the two sides of a dollar. The future effect is no more than that half of the event that exists, but that has not yet become visible. And so our undiscovered fate awaits us all. It is the twin counterpart of the things that we have thought and done. It is inevitable and inescapable.

There is no difference, except in the rapidity of sequence, between the man who is fated to get wet at the moment he throws himself from the dock wall and the man who is fated to pain and misfortune because of his unbrotherly thoughts toward other men. The effect may follow the cause in a second, or in a thousand years. Physical causes are usually followed rapidly by physical effects. Mental effects are usually

slower. Every thought produces its effect upon character. Character inspires to action, and the result of that action is its twin brother. The thief steals because he has a thievish character. The thievish character was created by thievish thoughts. Being a thief, he presently goes to prison, and the prison is the fate that became inevitable from the precedent thoughts.

The human will can avoid the generation of causes, but it can not avoid the effects of those causes, since they were born at the same time. In a sense they have already happened. The thoughts of past incarnations are imbedded in our characters, and they will inevitably produce action and the fruits of action, and these are fate. As a man soweth so shall he also reap, and the harvest is pre-ordained by the nature of the seed. Human life is governed by fate just so far as it is the result of precedent causes. The writer in question should think again; or rather he should think.

A REVISED HYMN.

Professor Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, fearing that the religious world is not yet materialistic enough, seeks to hasten the process by a revision of church hymns that shall better express the glorious scientific age in which we live. Heaven forbid that we should read all of these hymns, especially after reading the first of them, and we herewith reproduce the first stanza of the first of these hymns by way of explanation of an emphatic distaste. The first stanza as written by Bishop Heber in 1827 is as follows:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

And here is Professor Patten's revised version:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Creative Energy!
Earth and sky and heav'n show forth Thy will and honor Thee;

Holy, Holy, Holy, Wonderful in beauty,
All else surpassing are humanity!

Life is too short to investigate the meaning of the last line, if it have any meaning, but a comparison of the two stanzas is a comparison of stately poetry with vulgar, ungrammatical, unmusical, and materialistic jargon.

I AM THAT I AM.

I do not murmur I am thrown
Upon life's empty years,
For I who walk with death for friend
Trade not with fears.

I smile to look at other folk
Who smile to look at me:
They little know what eyes I have
Nor what they see.

For I have smiled in Nineveh,
And I have loved in Tyre,
And I have seen fair Helen's face
Fade in the fire.

When Cleopatra watched the work
Of poison, I was there,
Her fingers felt my breast grow cold,
Her harp player.

I sought three arrows that were sent
The friend of Jonathan,
And I have seen the moon stand still
In Ajalon.

From everlasting I am come,
To everlasting go,—
The pageant of the centuries
Can work no woe.

The galley-master beat with whips
And fed me broken bread;
I faced him fairly eye to eye
Till I was dead.

I drank the hemlock cup of sleep
And bade my friends be still;
I hung between two lonely men
Upon a hill.

On other worlds I set my feet
And visit other stars,
And other spears have pierced my side
And left strange scars.

I do not bend to men of scorn
Nor measure what they say,
For all their generations are
But as a day.

I look behind the hearts of men,
I see their secret thought,
I speak in ways they later learn
Were meaning-fraught.

And yet I am. Could you but wish.
Believe; and touch my hand,
You need not wait till after years
To understand.

—Willard Wattles.

OPTIMISM.

(From "The Rogue's March," by John Hubert Greusel. New York: Fifth Avenue Publishing Company.)

Do Americans grow each day more stupid, more selfish? In this republic, especially, we are daily fed on the fallacy that one "great" modern achievement is embodied in our smiling attitude toward the struggle for existence. Optimism, that special gift of the gods, will cure all ills. The accepted pastors, poets, philosophers of the day admonish us in a hundred coaxing phrases "never" to lose our poise; we are to "think happiness," we are to keep away from trouble, more particularly sad scenes; we are to sing and dance; and especially should we repeat this formula on awaking and at night when we sink to sleep: "All's well with the world."

Finally, some millions of men and women in this Republic have carried this moral optimism-run-mad to the point where they accept the preaching that even death itself does not exist for the true optimist; death is classed as "national prosperity," more especially death by American-made cannon: till the rivers of Europe run red with blood.

That sound thinking should precede belief is no longer held of avail. With soft flatteries, man strives to lull himself by turning away his eyes from the cruelties and injustice in Society, endeavors to read the problems of existence out of being by the simple expedient of keeping them out of mind.

Deceive yourself no longer. All this style of optimism-gone-mad is only another vicious form of the history-monger's art, wherein spurious virtues are set up to masquerade as realities.

Instead, let us denounce Civilization for its brutality; let us tell for once, for the good of our immortal souls, not how great we are, but how low we sunk; let us dwell on the spirit of injustice, with which this earth abounds; and no longer hide our shame in the perversion of the art of writing till, like the eunuch in the harem, the only safe writer, like the only safe man, is the one deprived of virility, weakened by expurgation . . . the castrated writer.

A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man.—*Emperor Asoka* and by Google

THE HINDU ASCETIC.

Here as I sit by the Jumna bank,
Watching the flow of the sacred
stream,
Pass me the legions, rank on rank,
And the cannons roar, and the bayo-
nets gleam.

Is it a God or a King that comes?
Both are evil and both are strong;
With women and worshipping, dancing
and drums;
Carry your Gods and your Kings
along.

Fanciful shapes of a plastic earth,
These are the visions that weary the
eye;

These I may 'scape by a luckier birth,
Musing, and fasting, and hoping to die.

When shall these phantoms flicker
away?

Like the smoke of the gun on the
wind-swept hill,

Like the sounds and the colors of yester-
day;

And the soul have rest and the air be
still. —*Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall.*

METAMORPHOSES OF OVID.

(Book XV.)

Now, since a god inspires my lips, I
will dutifully follow the inspiring god;
I'll open Delphi and the heavens them-
selves and unlock the oracles of the
sublime mind. Great matters, never
traced out by the minds of former men,
things that have long been hidden, I will
sing. It is a delight to take one's way
along the starry firmament and, leaving
the earth and its dull regions behind, to
ride on the clouds, to take stand on stout
Atlas' shoulders, and see far below men
wandering aimlessly, devoid of reason,
anxious and in fear of the hereafter, thus
to exhort them and unroll the book of
fate.

O race of men, stunned with the chill-
ing fear of death, why do you dread the
Styx, the shades and empty names, the
stuff that poets manufacture, and their
fabled sufferings of a world that never
was? As for your bodies, whether the
burning pyre or long lapse of time with
its wasting power shall have consumed
them, be sure they can not suffer any ills.
Our souls are deathless, and ever, when
they have left their former seat, do they
live in new abodes and dwell in the

bodies that have received them. I my-
self (for well I remember it) at the time
of the Trojan war was Euphorbus, son
of Panthous, in whose breast once hung
the heavy spear of Menalaus. Recently,
in Juno's temple in Argos, Abas' city, I
recognized the shield which I once wore
on my left arm. All things are chang-
ing; nothing dies. The spirit wanders,
comes now here, now there, and occupies
whatever frame it pleases. From beasts
it passes into human bodies, and from
our bodies into beasts, but never per-
ishes. And, as the pliant wax is stamped
with new designs, does not remain as it
was before nor keep the same form long,
but is still the self-same wax, so do I
teach that the soul is ever the same,
though it passes into ever-changing
bodies. Therefore, lest your piety be
overcome by appetite, I warn you as a
seer, do not drive out by impious
slaughter what may be kindred souls, and
let not life be fed on life.

Our own bodies also go through a
ceaseless round of change, nor what we
have been or are today shall we be to-
morrow. There was a time when we lay
in our first mother's womb, mere seeds
and hopes of men. Then Nature wrought
with her cunning hands, willed not that
our bodies should lie cramped in our
strained mother's body, and from our
home sent us forth into the free air.
Thus brought forth into the light, the
infant lay without strength; but soon it
lifted itself up on all fours, after the
manner of the beasts; then gradually in
a wobbling, weak-kneed fashion, it stood
erect, supported by some convenient
prop. Thereafter, strong and fleet, it
passed over the span of youth; and when
the years of middle life also have been
spent, it glides along the downhill path of
declining age.

And even those things which we call
elements do not persist. What changes
they undergo, listen and I will tell you.
In the eternal universe there are four
elemental substances. Two of these,
earth and water, are heavy, and of their
own weight sink down to lower levels.
And two, air and fire, purer still than
air, are without weight, and, if unop-
posed, fly to the upper realms. These
elements, although far separate in po-
sition, nevertheless are all derived each
from the other, and each into other

falls back again. The element of earth, set free, is rarefied into liquid water, and, thinned still further, the water changes into wind and air. Then, losing weight again, this air, already very thin, leaps up to fire, the highest place of all. Then they come back again in reversed order; for fire, condensed, passes into thick air, thence into water; and water, packed together, solidifies into earth.

Nothing retains its own form; but Nature, the great renewer, ever makes up forms from other forms. Be sure there's nothing perishes in the whole universe; it does but vary and renew its form. What we call birth is but a beginning to be other than what one was before; and death is but cessation of a former state. Though, perchance, things may shift from there to here and here to there, still do all things in their sum total remain unchanged.

A NEW THOUGHT BOOK.

The New Thought writer usually lays himself open to the suspicion that his evasion of the idea of reincarnation is due to a fear that it may prove distasteful to his readers. Some special commendation is therefore due to Harriet Doan Prentiss, author of "From Nature Forward" (J. B. Lippincott Company), not only for the clarity of her work in general, but for its definite references to reincarnation.

Why, asks the author, do we not make some resolute effort to realize that the body is but the cloak or covering of consciousness and in no way identifiable with consciousness? The individuality is the abiding reality of our being, whereas the physical body is in a state of ceaseless transition as new cells are drawn into its form to replace the old cells that are cast forth:

When a child makes its appearance on this plane of consciousness, it closes the door on its previous life and is re-born, leaving a veil between this world and its astral home. All along its eternal journey it is continually being born again. From babyhood to childhood, childhood to manhood, and manhood through its successive unfoldings, with every change in temperament the ego establishes for itself a new environment, leaving old conditions behind.

It is the habit of the individual ego to create a body in which it may dwell and express itself. Accordingly, it continues to form the conditions for its natural manifestation as changes in its vibratory impulses occur. One might say, we die daily, but it would convey a more vital meaning to suggest that we undergo a process of continuous recon-

struction. The temperamental dynamo of each individual creation in its manipulation of matter is perpetually taking in and throwing off particles, using those elements that are necessary for renewal and discarding all that can not be utilized to advantage, thus the work of body-building steadily proceeds.

As the architect, when building an edifice, draws his plans before bricks and mortar are laid to outline the structure, so the ego visualizes its model before projecting it into visible appearance. Habits of temperament are formed and emotions are nurtured which are perpetuated in the construction of the physical appearance. Mind, therefore, is cause, and the natural body, effect. It is not necessary to watch the process of development from the planting of the seed to the nature fruit; we sow the variety of grain we wish to harvest and leave it to its own unfolding. We do not need to understand how the process of body-building develops, provided we realize the truth of the statement that the "word was made flesh." Our task is to foster the sowing of the right mental seeds and to be sure that the soil is enriched with love and moistened with the dew of human kindness.

Mrs. Prentiss has written a book of much merit, but it is none the less marred by that common defect of New Thought writings—a constant catering to the personal and sometimes to the unworthy. Bodily health is a good thing, but it is not so good a thing as these books indicate. It ought not to be sought by a pseudo occultism. Sorcery is a heavy price to pay for it. We are not bettered, indeed we are worsened, by these incitements to "think opulence and prosperity," to use the finer forces of nature in the pursuit of physical graces, and of so many other things that do not matter. What, for example, are we to say of such a statement as, "When grace of form is not apparent, it is because symmetry of mind is lacking"? Or the other statement that "To put our mental house in order will therefore secure for us comeliness, happiness, prosperity, and comfort"? That such utterances are recklessly untrue is evident from a glance around us, or at the life stories of the spiritual teachers of the race. And we may say, too, that the book would be much improved by the omission of the alleged poetry.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—George Macdonald.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

Theosophical Outlook

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
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YOUNG INDIA.

Mr. Lajpat Rai, author of "Young India," just published by Mr. B. W. Huebsch of New York, gives a fascinating account of the national movement in India and of the forces that have hastened and retarded it. Among what may be called the negative forces that have fostered the Movement is the zeal of the Christian missionaries that has not only directed the attention of the white world to the religions of India, but that has also produced a sort of defensive solidarity among those religions.

But we are more concerned with the positive forces, and it is interesting to observe that among these the author places the writings of Mme. Blavatsky and of other Theosophists who have tried more or less successfully to follow her example. These writings, he says, were mainly on the religious and social side, but their "national character was unmistakable."

Here we may venture gently to differ with the learned author. The writings of H. P. Blavatsky may have had national results, but they certainly had no national character in the generally accepted sense of such a term. So far as H. P. Blavatsky succeeded in showing the essential unity of all religions so far she bridged the gulf between Mohamiedans and Hindus, and it may be said that there can never be a really national movement in India so long as these faiths continue to "hate each other for the love

of God." So long as that gulf remains unbridged we may well believe that it will be to the best interest of India that she shall be denied the political autonomy for which she asks.

But of course the gulf will be spanned. Of that we need have no doubt. And the span will be a theosophical one, whether it shall go by that name or by some other. There is no finality about human affairs. There is no goal in the destiny of nations. It is only folly that talks of permanent institutions. It is not the will of nature that one nation shall forever govern another, and certainly not when that other gave birth to the civilization and the literature of the world. But all things must be earned, and India must earn whatever benefactions are coming to her. Let her put her house in order, eschew her superstitions, and make peace between her creeds. Let her "nourish the Gods," that the Gods may nourish her.

DEGENERACY.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium delivered an impressive address at the First National Conference on Race Betterment. Humanity, he tells us, is rapidly becoming decadent and degenerate. Our progress is a mere fiction, and the evidences of our advance have no reality. They are merely the selected and isolated facts by which we flatter our vanities. The general laws of evolution provide for retrogression as well as progress, and as a matter of fact we

know well that many of the barbarous races of today are the descendants of civilized ancestors. Nature does not take on her own shoulders the responsibility for human betterment. She demands effort, struggle, and sacrifice. We have improved neither morally, mentally, nor physically since the days of ancient Greece. We are producing no men of genius, and we have no reason to suppose that the average level has been raised. And then Dr. Kellogg quotes from Professor Ray Lankaster, who asks: "Are all the inventions and figments of human superstition and folly, the self-inflicted torturing of mind, the reiterated substitution of wrong for right and of falsehood for truth, which disfigure our modern civilization—are these evidences of progress?"

Now all this is very sad and at the same time very true, but as Dr. Kellogg was speaking in the cause of Race Betterment we feel that his indictment must be only a prelude, a sort of diagnosis, and that he will presently tell us how we may avoid the final calamities of degeneracy and retrogression. And here we must confess to a distinct feeling of disappointment.

For Dr. Kellogg can think of nothing better than eugenics. The science of heredity has produced for us admirable pigs and dogs and bullocks that live for a long time and that are free from diseases. Apply the same science to humanity, he tells us, and we shall have similar results. We shall extirpate tuberculosis, cancer, and pneumonia. We shall lower the death rate. Insanity and bad habits will be lessened, and we may even hope to diminish our appetite for proteins, which would of course be a fine thing for Battle Creek and Grape Nuts. Thus all will be well with us. Who would have supposed that the Kingdom of Heaven was actually so close, or that the spiritual teachers of the race could have been so hopelessly mistaken as to the way of attainment? For they evidently supposed that the malady of their age, and of all ages, was selfishness, and that the removal of selfishness would be followed automatically by all other possible beneficences. Now comes Dr. Kellogg with the suggestion that all we need is heredity and Postum.

Unfortunately the supreme need of the

race is for good men rather than for healthy men. The brawny and sinewy policeman has not yet become the racial ideal. Good health without virtue, that is to say without altruism, is a much worse thing than poor health without virtue. It is small consolation to know that the highwayman has robust stamina and is in small danger of tuberculosis. We should prefer him to be sickly. And that there is no relation between good health and virtue belongs to the common knowledge of the world. The healthy men are not necessarily the good men. Indeed the tendency is rather the other way. The benefactors of the race have not been its athletes. The standard of value for the pig and the bullock is a physical one. But the standard of value for a man is a moral one. Why, then, eulogize the methods of the stockyard? And it may be said incidentally that some of the most successful of stockyard methods are unspeakable in polite society. For example, they include incest.

This laudation of physical ideals is becoming disgusting. Dr. Kellogg deplors the degeneracy of the day and then delivers an address that is an example of degenerate thinking, of naked and unashamed materialism.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

September 12—Do not make a wicked man thy companion, or act on the advice of a fool.

September 13—Save not thy life at the expense of another's, as he will take two of thy lives in future births.

September 14—Mock not the deformed; assume not a proud demeanor with thy inferiors, hurt not the feelings of the poor; be kind to those weaker than thyself, and charitable to all beings.

September 15—Sacrifice not thy weaker child to the stronger, but protect him.

September 16—Amuse not thyself at the expense of those who depend on thee. Mock not a venerable man, for he is thy superior.

September 17—Death is a black camel that kneels at everybody's door. Death is a friend and a deliverer.

September 18—A little hill in a low place thinks itself a great mountain.

THE CREED OF BUDDHA.

The higher thought of the West, says the anonymous author of "The Creed of Buddha," is bankrupt, in the sense that it can no longer meet its obligations. The soul of man demands an increasingly wide range of speculative enterprise and it looks to the mind for the necessary ideas. If these are not supplied it takes upon itself the obligations for which it is inadequate, with the result that while its general conclusions may be right, its defense of those conclusions is often illogical and absurd:

And if we ask ourselves why this has happened we can but answer that Western thought has, from the beginning of things, allowed itself to be dominated by the ideas of the "average man." The philosophy of the average man is simplicity itself. He begins, as all men necessarily do, with the apparent antithesis of himself and the outward world. While his philosophy is in its subconscious stage, he is content to ascribe reality to both the terms of the antithesis. But when he begins to reflect, in his crude way, on "great matters," his standpoint changes. Utterly incapable of subtle thinking, his mind instinctively relapses into the vulgar dualism of the *existent* and the *non-existent*. The aphorism, "Seeing is believing," dominates his thought; and the naively egoistic assumption that what the Universe seems to be to his bodily senses that it is in itself, and that therefore nothing exists, in the order of Nature, except what is perceptible by the bodily senses, becomes the cardinal article of his faith. But the consequences of this materialistic assumption are repugnant to his heart. And so, in response to the demands of his heart, his mind devises a supplementary order of things—the conception of a world above Nature in which the higher realities of which his bodily senses can take no cognizance, may find an asylum. Foremost among these higher realities are those towards which his religious instincts direct themselves—supreme, or as he calls it, divine goodness, divine wisdom, divine power.

Thus the average man must have two universes, Nature and Supernature, and as a natural intercourse between the two worlds is impossible, some supernatural intercourse must be furnished. Man himself can not pass the gulf. This can be done only by God at his own good pleasure and in his own good time:

Hence comes the general idea of supernatural revelation, with all its sub-ideas,—the idea of divinely selected peoples, of divinely commissioned teachers, of divinely inspired scriptures, of divinely guided churches, and the rest. We need not follow the idea into all these details, but we shall do well to follow it into some of its inevitable consequences. What is revealed to man from the supernatural world, by whatever means the in-

tercourse between the two worlds may be carried on, is obviously "*the Truth*." As such, if it is to be made available for man's needs, it must admit of being formulated and taught. In other words, the dogmatic standpoint and the dogmatic temper are necessary corollaries to the general idea that the truth of things can be revealed to man by the Supernatural God.

We find now that the desire of the soul for the coöperation of ideas and the refusal or inability of the mind to furnish those ideas has produced what is called the conflict between Religion and Science, between the "heart" and the "head," but it is actually a conflict between Supernaturalism, which has so far satisfied the "heart," and materialism. Supernaturalism is not religion. It is the invention of the religious instinct. And in the same way materialism is not Science. It is the bastard child of Science:

The function of the head is to supply the heart with the working capital that it needs for its speculative enterprises, in other words, with the "ideas" that it needs for the due evolution of its spiritual desires. It sometimes happens that the heart goes to the head for ideas, and is sent empty away. But these are exceptional cases. As a rule, when there is a complete dearth of ideas, the reason is that there has been no demand for them, the soul having become so unenterprising that the unexpended balance of its original capital proves to be more than sufficient for its needs. But Nemesis waits, as we have seen, on this ignoble solvency. Sooner or later the Soul will awake from its orthodox slumber, and make itself ready for new speculative ventures. Then there will be an immense expansion of desire, and a corresponding need for new ideas. For a time, indeed, that need will not be acutely felt. A sustained attempt will be made to pour the new wine into the old bottles, to finance the new enterprises with the old capital. But after a time the inadequacy of the old ideas will be realized; and the heart will go to the head for the new ideas that its expanding desires imperatively demand. But the head, having had no call made upon it, will have long since ceased to enlarge its own capital; and when the heart goes to it, it must either confess itself insolvent, or try to dissuade the heart from committing itself to enterprises which it (the head) is unable to finance. In self-defense it will take the latter course. It will say to the heart: "These enterprises for which you ask financial help are mad and impossible, and will end in your utter ruin. Abandon them, one and all, and limit your desires to what is measurable and attainable. For that I will provide you with the limited amount of capital that you will need, but on one condition—that I am allowed to become a partner in your business."

This is exactly the process that we now see going on around us in connection with the belief in immortality. The

heart has rejected the old ideas of Resurrection, and Judgment, and Heaven, and Hell, and asks the head for new ideas in support of its conviction. But the head has no new ideas to give. It has acquired none. The heart is therefore assured that the belief in Immortality can not be sustained at all:

It will be told that the desire for immortality is itself a delusion—the primary delusion, of which the fables of the theologians are a fitting interpretation—and that it must be surrendered if the heart is to find peace. And if the head is asked to justify these sweeping negations, it will give reasons for them which strike at the root, not of this desire only, but of spiritual desire as such. That it may the better prove how entirely it is under the control of the average man, it will appeal to his primary assumption—that the visible world is the only world—as to a self-evident truth; and if the authority of its favorite axiom is questioned, it will support it with many arguments, each of which is a mere re-statement of the axiom under a more or less transparent disguise; and, having thus established its authority, it will draw inferences from it which prove, as it contends, that not the idea of immortality only, but the idea of spiritual life, the idea of spiritual freedom, the whole “soul-theory” (as it contemptuously calls it), is baseless as a dream. And that it may the better prove how incapable it is of interpreting a genuinely spiritual desire, such as the longing for immortality, it will take upon itself to scold the heart for cherishing a desire which, besides being demonstrably delusive, is base, selfish, and unmanly—a “lust for positive happiness,” which poisons morality at its fountain-head.

The heart, says the author, is like a woman. Its intuitions are sound, but its arguments are fallacious. It will give wrong reasons for its right conclusions. The head should furnish the arguments in support of the heart. There should be coöperation between them, and that there is no such coöperation is because Western thought is insolvent.

Since no single atom in the entire Kosmos is without life and consciousness, how much more then must its mighty globes be filled with both—though they remain sealed books to us men who can hardly enter even into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Where is that daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to minerals a consciousness of their own? All he can say is, that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

LAFCADIO HEARN.

(From “Japanese Letters.” Edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: What you said in your last letter about the effect of darkness upon you in childhood haunted me: I thought I would revert to it another time. And now that about one hundred compositions have been corrected, I can find a chance to chat about it.

You specified nothing: I understand the feeling itself was vague,—like many other feelings of childhood of which the indefiniteness itself is a fear—a sort of mysterious depression of which you could not yourself have told the cause. (This I also remember,—but it became coupled with other unpleasant sensations of which I shall speak presently.) It seems to me these feelings of earliest childhood—so intense and yet so vague—are the weirdest in all human experience, and that for the best of reasons: *they are really ghostly.* Not of our own experience are these;—they of the dead—of the vanished generations behind us:—and I am not sure but that our pleasures are equally weird at that age. I remember crying loudly at an air played upon the piano—in the midst of a fashionable gathering;—and I remember people (long buried) whose names I have quite forgotten, making their voices and faces kind, and trying to coax me to tell what was the matter. Naturally I could not tell; I can only vaguely guess now; I know the emotions stirred within my child-heart were not of me—but of other lives. But *then* I had to give a reason: so I lied. I said I was thinking of my uncle who was dead (though I never really cared for him at all). Then I got petting, and cake, and wondered, young as I was, how I had been able to deceive. . . .

. . . Well, when I was a child, bad dreams took for me real form and visibility. In my waking hours I *saw* them. They walked about noiselessly and made hideous faces at me. Unhappily I had no mother then—only an old grandaunt who had never had children of her own, and who hated superstition. If I cried for fear in the dark, I only got whipped for it; but the fear of ghosts was greater than the fear of whippings—*because I could see the ghosts.* The old lady did

not believe me; but the servants did, and used to come and comfort me by stealth. As soon as I was old enough to be sent to a child-school, I was happier,—because though badly treated there, I had companions at night who were not ghosts. Gradually the phantoms passed—I think when I was about ten or eleven I had ceased to fear. It is only in dreams now that the old fear ever comes back. . . .

. . . Perhaps you are tired of theories. But I want to speak of one thing more,—a theorizer, a beautiful French boy of seventeen, whose name was Henry Charles Reade. He died at seventeen. Friends who loved him collected his boyish poems, and printed them in a little book,—seven or eight years ago. One of these poems expresses a sensation only a psychologist of power could explain. It relates to what Spencer tells us is relative to all antecedent experience. I offer my own "overdone" translation of it—because I have not the original. The original was more simple, and in all respects worthy of a better rendering, but the idea is as follows:

I think that God resolved to be
Ungenerous when I came on earth,
And that the heart *He* gave to me
Was old already ere my birth.

He placed within my childish breast
A worn-out heart,—to save expense!—
A heart long tortured by unrest
And torn by passion's violence.

Its thousand tender scars proclaim
A thousand episodes of woe;—
And yet I know not how it came
By all those wounds which hurt it so!

Within its chambers linger hosts
Of passion-memories never mine,—
Dead fires,—dreams faded out,—the ghosts
Of suns that long have ceased to shine.

Perfumes, deliriously sweet,
Of loves that I have never known,
It holds,—and burns with maddening heat
For beauty I may never own.

O weirdest fate!—O hopeless woe!
Anguish unrivaled!—peerless pain!—
To wildly love,—and never know
The object wildly loved in vain!

Certainly the lad who could write such a poem at sixteen might have been a poet if he lived—don't you think so?

LAFACIO HEARN.

. . . A good man, a good woman, seemed a small matter a century ago,—men and women were, as for Heine,

Nos. 1, 2, 3,—11, 12. But when we learn scientifically at what awful cost of suffering and struggle and death any single moral being is evolved, surely the sense of the value of life is increased unspeakably. And on the other hand,—how much more terrible does a crime appear. For of old a crime was a violation of the laws of a country, a particular society, a particular theology. But in the light of the new philosophy, a real crime becomes a crime against not only the totality of all human experiences with right and wrong, but a distinct injury to the universal tendency to higher things,—a crime against not humanity only, but the entire Cosmos,—against the laws that move a hundred millions of systems of worlds.

. . . The complexity of life means much more than complexity of structure; it means quantity of movement. The greater the motion, the higher the life. This is the outset of physiological psychology.

The motion may be locomotion; but the highest motion of life is not, according to present knowledge, in locomotion. There is more force in a mathematical thought than in the flight of an eagle for a mile. The highest and swiftest forms of living motion are *thoughts*.

. . . Morality is not shown by any unavoidable obedience to codes—indeed, it's often shown in the breaking of them. It is shown best, I think, when men, in defiance of traditions, conventions, and prejudices,—without any obligation, and in utter disregard of their own interests,—follow the guidance of their hearts on the path of what they feel to be eternally right and true. Race prejudice and cruelty *do* exist: they exist everywhere a little; and the unfortunate quality of goodness is that it remains invisible and silent. Love and generosity do not get themselves talked about: they never "advertise,"—as Kipling would say. And, indeed, the fact that they are taken as a matter of course suggests their commonness. . . .

The day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the Forces we know are but the phenomenal manifestations of Realities we know nothing about.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Awake, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?
Awake! thou father does thee keep.

"O, what land is the Land of Dreams?
What are its mountains, and what are
its streams?

O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

"Among the lambs, clothed in white,
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet
delight.

I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;
O! when shall I again return?"

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wander'd all night in the Land of
Dreams;

But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

"Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star."

—William Blake.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

No one has the right to censure Sir Oliver Lodge for becoming a spiritist. No one has even the right to demand evidences for his belief. But when Sir Oliver Lodge proffers those evidences and describes them as proofs we feel that he has entered the arena and offered himself for combat.

Now Sir Oliver has done this many times within the last two years. He has just done so again in the columns of a New York newspaper, inviting us to read certain reports of the Society for Psychical Research, communicated by himself, and asserting that we shall there find proofs of spirit communication and of immortality. The report in question is not yet published, but as Sir Oliver has previously pointed to similar reports and with the same assurance, and as he admits that they are based upon telepathy, they may perhaps be "taken as read," at least for preliminary purposes.

When Sir Oliver first came before the world as a champion of spiritism he attracted the attention of Mr. Horace J. Bridges, who devoted a chapter to him in his book, "Criticism of Life." Mr. Bridges is not himself a disbeliever in

immortality. Quite the contrary. But he thinks that surmises and conjectures should not be called proofs, and he legitimately wonders that Sir Oliver should so wholly depart from the scientific spirit of inquiry that he would certainly demand from students in a university classroom. Says Mr. Bridges:

In Sir Oliver Lodge's book we find that much of the evidence adduced, even if it were validated in detail, would give no support to faith in survival. The greater part of his volume consists of evidence for telepathy and for automatic writing. If telepathy were proved, it would only demonstrate that the living human mind, associated with a body, possesses powers transcending those hitherto allowed for in our philosophy. If a message can be conveyed from Jones' mind to Brown's, apart from the channels of communication hitherto recognized, that only proves that Jones, "whilst this machine is to him," is able to exercise a wider activity than we had supposed. It does not in the least demonstrate that his mind will survive his body. Indeed, the most scientific of the experimenters have maintained that there is a physical medium of communication, consisting of ethereal vibrations set going by brain activity, in all cases of telepathy. If this be so, then such communication is proved to be as truly dependent on the brain as speech is.

The same argument may be used toward the process of automatic writing. It shows no more than hitherto unsuspected powers in the writer:

The script may indeed purport to contain messages from other minds, but we are clearly not entitled scientifically to postulate the presence of any mentality other than that of the writer. The cases of secondary and tertiary personality, familiar to abnormal psychology, show how unsuspectingly wide is the range of possible mental activity; and the complete forgetfulness which the patient in one stage shows of his conscious activities in another proves how possible it is for the automatic writer to give, in perfect good faith, what purport to be messages from the dead, while they are in fact only the outcroppings of strata of his own personality, which usually lie below the threshold of consciousness.

Nor can we find any better evidence in the fact of the apparitions, so dear to the heart of the psychic researcher:

The case is the same with the argument from apparitions. We are offered a multitude of instances in which the dying have appeared, apparently in physical form, to friends at a distance. Let us set aside all question of the accuracy of the records and of the subjectivity of the visions, and assume, for the purpose of our argument, that the stories are in all cases true. What follows? No argument whatever for survival; only the fact that one living human being can, under unusual circumstances, perceive a phantasm of another *equally living human being*. It is not

asserted that the phantasms are those of persons already dead; they are only those of persons about to die. Their message is, *Mortui saluamus*. It is perfectly conceivable that the imminence of death may be the specific condition for the occurrence of such experiences; but we are not entitled on the basis of such evidence to conclude that the dying person survives his physical dissolution.

No theory can be said to be proved unless and until all other possibilities have been excluded. And the phenomena of spiritism bristle with such other possibilities:

Assuming both perfect good faith in the medium and scientific competence in the witnesses, what is the value of the evidence adduced? The answer is that the only thing clearly testified to is an unaccustomed and unclassifiable activity on the part of the medium himself. Suppose he speaks with another voice and discloses so novel a context of knowledge and experience as to seem a wholly different person from his normal self. There is still no proof of the presence of an independent individuality. The verification offered for these communications is generally the statement that somebody present knows the facts involved. The medium is ostensibly controlled, let us say, by the spirit of Mr. Gladstone. He talks in Gladstone's person and discloses, we will assume, facts which occurred in Gladstone's experience, but not in that of the medium in his primary personality. Such facts can only be verified if some one or more of the observers are acquainted with them. But in this case why should not the source of the medium's knowledge be precisely the consciousness or subconsciousness of the observer who knows the facts? If telepathy be a reality, how do we know that the medium is not unconsciously tapping the mind of the observer and constructing his narrative from hints so obtained?

Another fallacy into which Sir Oliver falls is the assumption that the life after death, merely because it is a life after death, is necessarily far superior to the present life. But the evidence, if it can be called evidence, is all the other way:

For if we are to believe in the messages that come from that other world, we shall be forced to conclude that the human spirit after death undergoes a most startling and disheartening deterioration in quality and capacity. I have read masses of these alleged communications, purporting to emanate from the greatest minds that have illuminated the pathway of history, and they seem (to put it mildly) more like the babblings of imbecility than the utterances of genius. Among these messages have been letters from F. W. H. Myers, one of the finest writers, as well as one of the noblest souls, of the nineteenth century. Being vouchsafed in America, these utterances and epistles have been full of Americanisms—surely a startling development in Myers' use of the English language. They have also been full of errors of grammar for which a sixth-form schoolboy would incur merited chastisement. And, for the rest, they

have been a tissue of banalities which might have emanated from any one of a thousand hopelessly commonplace people, but which never could have been uttered by a profound thinker and fine scholar like Mr. Myers.

There is one all-pervading fallacy in which Sir Oliver Lodge indulges. Finding that a thing is possible, he assumes it to be actual and asserts it to be proved. Mediumistic communications may come from the dead. Therefore they do come from the dead. He affirms the unprovable with the same confidence that we find in the denials of the materialist.

THE MORNING PRAYER.

Our Lord the Prophet (peace to him!) doth write—

Surah the Seventeenth, intituled "Night"—

"Pray at the noon; pray at the sinking sun;

In night-time pray; but most when night is done;

For daybreak's prayer is surely borne on high

By angels, changing guard within the sky";

And in another place:—"Dawn's prayer is more

Than the wide world, with all its treasured store."

Therefore the Faithful, when the growing light

Gives to discern a black hair from a white,

Haste to the mosque, and, bending Mecca-way,

Recite *Al-Fatihah* while 'tis scarce yet day:

"Praise be to Allah—Lord of all that live:

Merciful King and Judge! To Thee we give

Worship and honour! Succour us, and guide

Where those have walked who rest Thy throne beside:

The way of Peace; the way of truthful speech;

The way of Righteousness. So we beseech."

He that saith this, before the East is red. A hundred prayers of Azan hath he said.

—From "*Indian Poetry*," by Sir Edwin Arnold. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Transmigration of souls; that, too, is no fable.—Emerson.

The Theosophical Society

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Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. I. No. 38. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, September 16, 1916. Price 5 Cents

NONSENSE.

The St. Louis *Mirror* reports an utterance recently made in St. Louis by Mr. Max Wardell, who is described as "national lecturer of the Theosophical Society" and formerly mayor of Seattle. Mr. Wardell suggests that the German emperor may be the reincarnation of Alexander the Macedonian, although, as is pointed out by the editor of the *Mirror*, there is not the faintest resemblance between the two men. There are other prominent Theosophists, and among them Mrs. Besant—so we are informed—who believe that the German emperor is the reincarnation of Nero. It would seem that the "Akasic records" to which these distinguished people are supposed to have access are obligingly pliable, and are anxious to adapt themselves to the political and national views of those who consult them.

Let us hope that this sort of thing will not become a practice, since it would certainly add a new bitterness to our social life. It would be distressing if the public men of the world should thus be identified with the great saints or sinners of antiquity in accordance with our personal and sectional preferences. It might even bring the "Akasic Records" into contempt, which would be a pity. How embarrassing it would be if one prominent Theosophist should discover from the Records that Mr. Roosevelt, for example, was a reincarnation of Pericles, while another, claiming equal access to

the Akasic plane, should find that he was a reincarnation of Julian the Apostate, or Dionysius the Tyrant. It would be fatal to that theosophical harmony which we loudly acclaim and studiously avoid. And what an opportunity there would be for the gratification of those personal resentments that may one day make their appearance amongst us. How perplexing would be the position of those ordinary Theosophists who can not read the Records for themselves and who must perforce stand on one side while the juvenile adepts urge their rival readings.

But surely Mr. Wardell can find something better to talk about than this. Why make Theosophy ridiculous? His opinion on such a point has no value whatever. He knows as much about it, and no more, than the policeman at the corner. Those who know of such things never even hint at such a knowledge. They keep silent.

The mission of Theosophy is to make known the laws of human brotherhood, not to make absurd and sensational speculations about things that do not matter and can not possibly matter.

REINCARNATION.

Mr. Judge once predicted that theosophical ideas would presently become embedded, so to speak, in the national mind, as well as theosophical terms in the national language. We are reminded of this by an article by Mr. Cyril Scott in the *Musical Quarterly*. Mr. Scott presents us with a psychological study

of the Australian pianist and composer, Percy Grainger, who is described as "obviously a Northerner, saturated with the influence of a previous Northern incarnation." But Mr. Scott is not satisfied with a generalization. He speaks of Grainger's appearance, and then adds that "his love for Northern folksong, Northern languages, authors, and the people themselves points to something for which alone the doctrine of reincarnation can furnish a rational explanation."

A belief in reincarnation is now far more widely spread than we usually suppose and over an area that is by no means labeled as theosophical. A quarter of a century ago the idea was universally scouted and with indignant protest. Today it arouses neither resentment nor even opposition except from those of definite and contrary religious affiliations. The theosophical speaker feels that here at least the attitude of his audience is always a benevolent one.

THE FUTURE.

Men, my brothers, men the workers,
ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest
of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human
eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens filled with shouting,
and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue;

Far long the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plung-
ing through the thunderstorm.

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federa-
tion of the World.

There the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt
in universal law. —Tennyson.

THE CREED OF BUDDHA.

The author of "The Creed of Buddha," from which somewhat extensive quotations have already appeared in these columns, devotes his concluding chapter to a consideration of the extent to which the Western world may benefit from the teachings of Buddha. That world, as he has already told us, is bankrupt of spiritual ideas. It has created a supernaturalism to which we must be introduced by revelation, by special acts of divine grace, and by theories of inspiration. The heart, unaided by the head, has elaborated theological system with their attendant evils of orthodoxies and heresies, of coercions and persecutions. And now at last we must either sink into a hopeless materialism or go in quest of the intellectual ideas that alone can buttress and preserve a waning faith. It is from Buddhism that those ideas may be gained:

To the pious Christian, who believes that Christ brought his ideas—or shall I say his store of "theological information"?—down to earth from the supernatural Heaven, the suggestion that he borrowed ideas from India, or any other terrestrial land, may possibly seem profane. Yet Theology itself admits, or rather insists, that Christ was (and is) "very man" as well as "very God"; and if he was "very man," if he was open to all human influences, we may surely take for granted that his pure and exalted nature was peculiarly sensitive to the spiritual ideas of his age. That Christ had come under the influence of the spiritual ideas of the Far East is a hypothesis which explains many things, and for which therefore there are many things to be said. To attempt to prove in detail the indebtedness of the "Gospel" to the "Ancient Wisdom" would carry me far beyond the limits which the aim of this work has imposed upon me. But I would ask any one who can approach the question with a genuinely open mind to make the following simple experiment. Let him first saturate himself with the spiritual thought of India—with the speculative philosophy, half metaphysical, half poetical, of the Upanishads, and with the ethical philosophy of Buddha. Let him then study the sayings of Christ, making due allowance for the distorting medium (of Jewish prejudice and Messianic expectation) through which his teaching has been transmitted to us. He will probably end by convincing himself, as I have done, that the spiritual standpoints of the Sages of the Upanishads, of Buddha, and of Christ were, in the very last resort, identical.

With such an example before us, we need not hesitate to go to the East for the ideas in which the East is so rich. Here alone we find a belief in the Soul that is so complete that the Soul need

not think about itself at all. Here alone we find the head ever ready to give to the heart the guidance that it needs, the guidance to fresh endeavor rather than the guidance that blinds the vision and paralyzes the will:

It is to India, then—the India of the Upanishads and of Buddha—that the West must go for the ideas, both central and subordinate, which shall rescue it from its embarrassments and restore it to a state of spiritual solvency. The central idea for which it is waiting is that of the reality of the soul. Of the sub-ideas to which this idea is central it must select those which it will find most easy to assimilate. For if it is to put the ideas that it borrows to a profitable use, it must make them its own; it must, in a manner, re-create them by bringing them into harmony with the highest achievements of its own thought. Now the highest achievements of the Western mind are and have long been scientific. It is in the sphere of physical science that its most successful work has been done, and that its most characteristic qualities have been developed. There are obvious reasons—in the West, where for centuries men have been authoritatively taught to identify the impalpable with the supernatural, there are special reasons—why the physical or palpable side of Nature should have been the first for Science to explore. But there are no reasons why Science should confine her operations to that particular sphere. To be immersed in physical matter is not of the essence of Science. What is of her essence is the secret faith which is the mainspring of all her energies—the faith of the soul of man in the intrinsic unity of Nature, its latent belief that the Universe is “not an aggregate but a whole.” The aim of science—an aim which is not the less real because it is seldom consciously realized—is to discover one all-pervading substance, one all-controlling force, one all-regulating law. Subordinate to, but vitally connected with, the belief in the Unity of Nature is the belief in law—the belief of the soul in the veracity of Nature, in the stability and self-identity of the Universe.

The protest of Science against the supernatural has been illogically allowed to become a protest against the soul. Supernaturalism and its consequences outrage our human sense of law. What are called the essentials of Christianity, its creeds, make open mockery of law and order and justice, and against these the protests of Science have been justified:

To this mockery and this warning the scientific thought of the West has begun to reply with open defiance. Forbidden by supernaturalism to bring the life of the soul under the sway of natural law, it is being led by the secret logic of its faith (for it can not but cling to its intuitive conviction that the realm of natural law is co-terminous with the Universe), to disbelieve in the life of

the soul, to ask for proofs of its existence, and at last to relegate the whole “soul-theory” to the limbo of exploded superstitions. In thus abandoning the “soul-theory,” the advanced thinkers of the West imagine that they are undoing the demoralizing work of supernaturalism. But in this matter, as in their treatment of the general problem of dualism, the remedy that they offer is worse than the disease. The West has never realized—so faulty has been its ethical training—that the inward consequences of moral action are regulated by one of Nature’s most just and most inexorable laws; and the normal attitude of the average man towards the problem of moral responsibility is that, apart from legal and social considerations, it matters little how one acts. He still feels, however, that it matters something; for the general idea that moral goodness makes for the well-being of the soul has always been formally countenanced by supernaturalism, and is still, in some degree, a restraining, if not an inspiring, influence in his life. But let him be fully convinced that he has no inward life, and that therefore his conduct can have no inward consequences—and it will not be long before he feels his way to the logical conclusion that (again apart from legal and social considerations) it matters nothing how one acts.

Here we must leave a most fascinating book, and with the conviction that it is the most luminous presentation of Buddhism that has been given to the world.

The human heart is a great thing—so great that no one can fully express its greatness. It is imperishable and eternal, like God. If we only knew all the powers of the human heart, nothing would be impossible for us. The imagination is fortified and perfected through faith, and each doubt destroys the effect of its labor. Faith must confirm the imagination, because it perfects the will. The reason why men have not a perfect imagination is because they are still uncertain about their power; but if they possessed true knowledge they might be perfectly certain.—*Paracelsus*.

All scientists, in getting nearer and nearer the first great cause, feel that about and through everything there is the play of an eternal mind.—*Edison*.

There is no human mind; the mind living in the brain is simply a minute fraction of mind universal.

Atoms are indestructible, force is indestructible, the soul is indestructible.—*Flammarion*.

SONNETS.

(By John Masefield.)

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,

Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,

Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,

Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-pane.

But useless all, though sometimes, when the moon

Was full in heaven and the sea was full,

Along my body's alleys came a tune

Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.

Then for an instant I have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,

Whether some saint whose glory does anoint

Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,

Or something that the things not understood

Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

Man has his unseen friend, his unseen twin,

His straitened spirit's possibility,

The palace unexplored he thinks an inn,
The glorious garden which he wanders by.

It is beside us while we clutch at clay

To daub ourselves that we may never see.

Like the lame donkey lured by moving hay

We chase the shade but let the real be.

Yet, when confusion in our heaven brings stress,

We thrust on that unseen, get stature from it,

Cast to the devil's challenge the man's yes,

And stream our fiery hour like a comet,

And know for that fierce hour a friend behind,

With sword and shield, the second to the mind.

O little self, within whose smallness lies
All that man was, and is, and will become,

Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam.

That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,

The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,

And in the hovel can consort with kings,
Or clothe a god with his own mystery.

O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,

What dusty folly gather thee for food,
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,

The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.

O living self, O god, O morning star,
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.

—From "*Good Friday and Other Poems.*" The Macmillans.

CYCLES OF ADVANCE.

(By Mrs. John Martin.)

Looking back along the line of history, we can see that we have been traveling a long, long road whose winding way, rising and falling century after century, we can trace back for a few thousand years until it enters a trackless desert and fades utterly from our view in the mists of antiquity. Immediately behind the spot where we now stand there seems to lie a downward slope, that is to say, we seem to have been ascending since the eighteenth, the seventeenth, yes, part of the sixteenth centuries. But the Elizabethan era and the period of the Renaissance in Italy do not lie below us. Life was very full and splendid then; man had climbed to a higher point of outlook than that upon which we now act out our little day. Behind those centuries the way becomes obscure; it seems to pass through deep and silent forests, over dim, somnolent plains, in shadowy twilights and through deserted wastes, until it falls away into a wide, cold swamp, noisome, dark, terrible, abounding in reptiles and the horrid monsters of sick dreams. Beyond this deathbound stillness of the Dark Ages, the road ascends again into the upper air. Birds are singing, the sunlight touches the grain fields; the bustle of human life appears, troops of soldiery in glittering armor, citizens in gorgeous raiment, all the pomp and pageantry of the triumphant Roman Empire. Behind Rome the road drops away again suddenly, a deep sharp drop into a valley, beyond which it begins to rise once more

and, becoming steeper and steeper, it lifts our gaze to the very mountain top, where among the clouds against the deep blue sky, swept by fresh breezes, enthroned amid snow-white temples, gleaming in the golden sunshine, Greek civilization sits upon the pinnacle of human greatness.—From *"Is Mankind Advancing?"*

DEGENERATION.

(By Ray Lankaster.)

The traditional history of mankind furnishes us with notable examples of degeneration. High states of civilization have decayed and given place to low and degenerate states. At one time it was a favorite doctrine that the savages were degenerate descendants of the higher and civilized races. This general and sweeping application of the doctrine of degeneration has been proved to be erroneous by careful study of the habits, arts, and beliefs of savages; at the same time there is no doubt that many savage races, as we at present see them, are actually degenerate and descended from ancestors possessed of a relatively elaborate civilization. As such we may cite some of the Indians of Central America, the modern Egyptians, and even the heirs of the great Oriental monarchies of pre-Christian times. While the hypothesis of universal degeneration as an explanation of savage races has been justly discarded, it yet appears that degeneration has a very large share in the explanation of the condition of the most barbarous races, such as the Fuegians, the Bushmen, and even the Australians. They exhibit evidence of being descended from ancestors more cultivated than themselves.

With regard to ourselves, the white races of Europe, the possibility of degeneration seems to be worth some consideration. In accordance with a tacit assumption of universal progress—an unreasoning optimism—we are accustomed to regard ourselves as necessarily progressing, as necessarily having arrived at a higher and more elaborated condition than that which our ancestors reached, and as destined to progress still further. On the other hand, it is well to remember that we are subject to the general laws of evolution, and are as likely to degenerate as to progress. As compared with the immediate forefathers of

our civilization—the ancient Greeks—we do not appear to have improved as far as our bodily structure is concerned. Our powers of perceiving and expressing beauty of form have certainly not increased since the days of the Parthenon and Aphrodite of Helos. In matters of the reason, in the development of the intellect, we may seriously inquire how the case stands. Does the reason of the average man of civilized Europe stand out clearly as an evidence of progress when compared with that of the man of the by-gone age? Are all the inventions and figments of human superstition and folly, the self-inflicted torturing of mind, the reiterated substitution of wrong for right and of falsehood for truth, which disfigure our modern civilization—are these evidences of progress?

In such respects we have at least reason to fear that we may be degenerate. It is possible for us—just as the Ascidian throws away its tail and its eye, and sinks into a quiescent state of inferiority—to reject the good gift of reason with which every child is born, and to degenerate into a contented life of material enjoyment accompanied by ignorance and superstition. The unprejudiced, all-questioning spirit of childhood may not inaptly be compared to the tadpole tail and eye of the young Ascidian; we have to fear lest the prejudices, preoccupation, and dogmatism of modern civilization should in any way lead to the atrophy and loss of valuable mental qualities inherited by our youth from primeval man.

There is only one means of estimating our position, only one means of so shaping our conduct that we may with certainty avoid degeneration and keep an onward course. We are as a race more fortunate than our ruined cousin—the degenerate Ascidians. For us it is possible to ascertain what will conduce to our higher development, what will favor our degeneration. To us has been given the power to "know the cause of things," and by the use of this power it is possible for us to control our destinies. It is for us by ceaseless and ever hopeful labor to try to gain a knowledge of man's place in the order of nature. When we have gained this fully and minutely, we shall be able by the light of the past to guide ourselves in the future.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

September 19—Men are gnomes condemned to forced toils in the kingdom of darkness (or ignorance).

September 20—We are the true troglodytes, cavedwellers, though we call our cavern the world.

September 21—Living for ages in the night-realm, we dream that our darkness is full day.

September 22—All life is but a perpetual promise; an engagement renewed, but never fulfilled.

September 23—Man is a king, dethroned, and cast out from his kingdom: in chains and in a dungeon.

September 24—The heart of a beggar will not be content with half the universe; he is not born to a part, but to the whole.

September 25—Our life is the ante-room of the palace where our true treasure lies—immortality.

CHRISTIANITY.

(By George Bernard Shaw.)

It will be noted by the older among my readers, who are sure to be obsessed more or less by elderly wrangles as to whether the gospels are credible as matter-of-fact narratives, that I have hardly raised this question, and have accepted the credible and incredible with equal complacency. I have done this because credibility is a subjective condition, as the evolution of religious belief clearly shows. Belief is not dependent on evidence and reason. There is as much evidence that the miracles occurred as that the Battle of Waterloo occurred, or that a large body of Russian troops passed through England in 1914 to take part in the war on the western front. The reasons for believing in the murder of Pompey are the same as the reasons for believing in the raising of Lazarus. Both have been believed and doubted by men of equal intelligence. Miracles, in the sense of phenomena we can not explain, surround us on every hand; life itself is the miracle of miracles. Miracles in the sense of events that violate the normal course of our experience are vouched for

every day; the flourishing Church of Christ Scientist is founded on a multitude of such miracles. Nobody believes all the miracles; everybody believes some of them. I can not tell why men who will not believe that Jesus ever existed yet firmly believe that Shakespeare was Bacon. I can not tell why people who believe that angels appeared and fought on our side at the battle of Mons, and who believe that miracles occur quite frequently at Lourdes, nevertheless boggle at the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and reject it as a trick of priestcraft. I can not tell why people who will not believe Matthew's story of three kings bringing costly gifts to the cradle of Jesus, believe Luke's story of the shepherds and the stable. I can not tell why people, brought up to believe the Bible in the old literal way as an infallible record and revelation and rejecting that view later on, begin by rejecting the Old Testament, and give up the belief in a brimstone hell before they give up (if they ever do) the belief in a heaven of harps, crowns, and thrones. I can not tell why people who will not believe in baptism on any terms believe in vaccination with the cruel fanaticism of inquisitors.

If you press an Ulster Protestant as to why he regards Newton as an infallible authority, and St. Thomas Aquinas or the Pope as superstitious liars whom, after his death, he will have the pleasure of watching from his place in heaven whilst they roast in eternal flame, or if you ask me why I take into serious consideration Colonel Sir Almroth Wright's estimates of the number of streptococci contained in a given volume of serum whilst I can only laugh at the earlier estimates of the number of angles that can be accommodated on the point of a needle, no reasonable reply is possible except that somehow sevens and angels are out of fashion, and billions and streptococci are all the rage.

A Mahometan Arab will accept literally and without question parts of the narrative which an English archbishop has to reject or explain away; and many Theosophists and lovers of the wisdom of India, who never enter a Christian church except as sightseers, will reveal

in parts of John's gospel which mean nothing to a pious matter-of-fact Bradford manufacturer.

He (Jesus) was also, as we now see, a first-rate biologist. It took a century and a half of evolutionary preachers, from Buffon and Goethe to Butler and Bergson, to convince us that we and our father are one; that as the kingdom of heaven is within us we need not go about looking for it and crying *Lo here!* and *Lo there!*; that God is not a picture of a pompous person in white robes in the family Bible, but a Spirit; that it is through this spirit that we evolve towards greater abundance of life; that we are the lamps in which the light of the world burns; that, in short, we are gods though we die like men. All that is to-day sound biology and psychology; and the efforts of Natural Selectionists like Weismann to reduce evolutionism to mere automatism have not touched the doctrine of Jesus, though they have made short work of the theologians who conceived God as a magnate keeping men and angels as Lord Rothschild keeps buffalos and emus at Tring.

There is not one word of Pauline Christianity in the characteristic utterances of Jesus. When Saul watched the clothes of the men who stoned Stephen, he was not acting upon beliefs which Paul renounced. There is no record of Christ's having ever said to any man: "Go and sin as much as you like; you can put it all on me." He said, "Sin no more," and insisted that he was putting up the standard of conduct, not debasing it, and that the righteousness of the Christian must exceed that of the Scribe and Pharisee. The notion that he was shedding his blood in order that every petty cheat and adulterator and libertine might wallow in it and come out whiter than snow can not be imputed to him on his own authority. "I come as an infallible patent medicine for bad consciences," is not one of the sayings in the Gospels. If Jesus could have been consulted in Bunyan's allegory as to that business of the burden of sin dropping from the pilgrim's back when he caught sight of the cross, we must infer from his teachings that he would have told

Bunyan in forcible terms that he had never made a greater mistake in his life, and that the business of a Christ was to make self-satisfied sinners feel the burden of their sins and stop committing them instead of assuring them that they could not help it, as it was all Adam's fault, but that it did not matter as long as they were credulous and friendly about himself.

Nor is belief in individual immortality any criterion. Theosophists, rejecting vicarious atonement so sternly that they insist that the smallest of our sins brings its Karma, also insist on individual immortality and metempsychosis in order to provide an unlimited field for Karma to be worked out by the unredeemed sinner. The belief in the prolongation of individual life beyond the grave is far more real and vivid among table-rapping Spiritualists than among conventional Christians.

Thus it is not disbelief that is dangerous in our society; it is belief. The moment it strikes you (as it may any day) that Christ is not the lifeless harmless image he has hitherto been to you, but a rallying centre for revolutionary influences, which all established states and churches fight, you must look to yourselves; for you have brought the image to life; and the mob may not be able to bear that horror.—*From "Androcles and the Lion."* Published by Brentano's.

He who can cure disease is a physician. Neither emperors nor popes, neither colleges nor high schools, can create physicians. They can confer special privileges and thus enable a person who is not a physician to appear as if he were one; but for all that they can not make of him what he is not. They can give him permission to kill, but they can not enable him to cure the sick if he has not already been ordained by God.—*Paracelsus.*

There is but one temple in the universe, and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. We are the miracle of miracles, the great indescribable mystery of God.—*Carlyle.*

We must ourselves learn the ways of Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose.—*Marie Corelli.*

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THE BRAIN.

Dr. William Graham, the Irish alienist, says that insanity has largely decreased since the war began. The average man has enlarged his circle of consciousness. Formerly it was the tiny circle of his own personal affairs and interests. Now it is the larger circle of national affairs and interests. Insanity might almost be described as a state of ingrowing consciousness. Sanity, on the other hand, is usually in proportion to the expansiveness of consciousness. The ranks of the insane are recruited from the selfish, the self-centred.

Another and a greater authority on mental diseases said once that there was one certain indication of returning mental health. The patient who began to show an interest in others was on the high road to recovery. The insane man believes that the whole universe revolves around himself. He is either the greatest man that ever lived, or the worst. Either he is receiving the plaudits of the world, or the world is in a vast combination to destroy him. His mind never wanders from his own interests or injuries. Insanity begins with selfishness. It ends with egomania.

That insanity is due to structural brain changes will doubtless continue to be the pet delusion of the materialistic alienist. Sometimes it may be due to such changes, as in cases of accident, and in these cases we must go farther afield in search of Karmic causes. Indeed

there may always be structural changes, but they are usually results and not causes. They follow and correspond with states of consciousness. The whole physical universe is the expression of consciousness, which is the cause of all things, and of the changes in all things. The man who receives sudden bad news and who becomes insane is obviously suffering from his own state of mind induced by the bad news, and not from structural brain changes. If such changes are found to exist they must have resulted from the state of mind, just as all brain textures, normal or abnormal, are the direct creation of the consciousness within the brain. Consciousness comes first and function follows it. The white-haired animal of the Arctic regions does not live in the Arctic regions because he has white hair. He has white hair because he lives in the Arctic regions. His consciousness perceived the need of protective coloration, and the pigment cells of his body responded to that consciousness. The evolution of the human body marched onward, not with, but in the rear of, the changes in man's needs, and his consciousness of those needs. Fish in subterranean waters lose their eyes because they are not conscious of the need of sight. Always and everywhere we find consciousness first, and physical nature hurrying to express it through form and quality, through color and sound.

The brain transmits consciousness. It

does not manufacture it. But it excludes vastly more than it transmits, just as a dirty window transmits a few tarnished rays of sunlight but gives no idea of the full glory beyond. But we can clean the window; or we can make it dirtier. It will make no difference to the sun, but it will make a great deal of difference to the room that depends on that window for light. In the same way we can make the brain either more transparent to consciousness, or more opaque, and we can do this by the manner of our thinking, by our consciousness of need. And if the manner of our thinking is a violation of natural law, and is continued long enough, the brain will presently become so debased in structure that it either transmits no light at all, or distorts the light into the caricature that we call insanity. It is strange how eagerly we believe that the stomach is governed by laws, but that the mind is lawless. If we consult a physician as to the cure of our bodily aches and pains he asks at once what bodily laws we have broken. Surely our mental aches and pains must be similarly due to a violation of mental laws. But we are so fanatically determined that the cart shall draw the horse, instead of the horse draw the cart. And yet if the cart is going the wrong way it is no use to remonstrate with the cart. One should address one's self to the horse. The remedy for undesirable changes in the brain is to reform the consciousness that produced those changes.

The supreme need of the day is a recognition that the mind is governed by moral laws that are quite as inexorable as the laws of hygiene. When at last we become aware of this we shall no longer be guilty of the absurdity of tinkering with the cart because we do not like the road that it is on, or the direction in which it is going.

THE VISION SPLENDID.

Mr. Michael Wood's pathetic story of "The Bending of the Twig," from which extracts will be found in another column, is typical of a certain stupid "common sense" of which parents are often guilty. They obliterate the "vision splendid" and throw quenching waters upon the divine fire. And yet most of them when at school learned by heart the lines

of Wordsworth that should have warned them against so fatal a mistake:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common clay.

But it should not "fade into the light of common clay." It need not.

AN OLD TUNE.

There is an air for which I would dis-
own
Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's melo-
dies,—
A sweet sad air that languishes and
sighs,
And keeps its secret charm for me
alone.

When'er I hear that music vague and
old,
Two hundred years are mist that rolls
away;
The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I be-
hold
A green land golden in the dying day.
An old red castle, strong with stony
towers,
And windows gay with many-colored
glass;
Wide plains, and rivers flowing among
flowers,
That bathe the castle basement as they
pass.

In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold
hair,
A lady looks forth from her window
high;
It may be that I knew and found her
fair,
In some forgotten life, long time gone
by.
—Andrew Lang.

Know, will, dare, and keep silent
The Universe is a thought of God.
—Paracelsus.

AUTOMATISM.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Examiner* writes to Professor Lucien Larkin, director of the Mount Lowe Observatory, to ask for an explanation of the phenomenon known as automatic writing. Professor Larkin replies as follows in the *Examiner* of September 16th:

This remarkable mind phenomenon is, strictly speaking, directed or controlled writing. The phenomena are various and most mysterious. I can only merely outline this immense subject. A person may be writing a letter, when suddenly the hand begins writing on a totally different subject. At times the pen flies with a rapidity from five to twenty times the usual rate. Extreme rapidity has run up to over 100 times the normal. Entirely new things are often written on abstruse subjects, unknown to the surprised writer. And in foreign languages, some long extinct, not having been spoken for centuries. At times a person may be at work, or reading. He suddenly rushes for pen and paper and writes on subjects he never heard before. Others write in total darkness, and still others when sound asleep.

This obscure subject is being studied critically by mentalists. An explanation is that the subconscious mind takes control of the objective or displaces it, and writes whatever it desires. The reason why the words are written in long-extinct languages is that the subconscious mind is an individual who lived centuries ago and spoke these languages, but is now reincarnated.

If the hand writes such diverse languages as Hebrew, Sanskrit, or Egyptian, the individual spoke these in former lives. If not, then as many individuals assume sway over the arm and hand of the writer as different languages appear. Planchette and Oviya boards move by forces in the subjective minds of experimenters, or by discarnate mind forces. No other explanations seem to explain.

I now receive amazing letters and books that have been written with almost incredible speed by pen and also type machines. These books are often in the most exalted language in style, diction, and subject-matter.

Some writers hear words spoken in their brain and are forced to write by dominating intelligences. Persons have written until they are wearied, who upon attempting to lay aside the pen, arise and walk, are absolutely unable to do so—they must remain in their chair and write to the end. An external individual comes in and assumes entire control and acts in brain-cell, nerves, and muscles. The individuality of the writer is displaced by the visitor, or is prohibited from thinking his own thoughts. The stranger is master. Essays, poems, ancient history, new in details, precise scientific facts and choice literature are often written.

Another theory is all thoughts of all brain-cells, of all humans who ever have lived, are still in existence, in cosmic space, or if not, around the earth in its atmospheric regions.

These assemble into an individuality, take possession of the brain of a living human, and force writing, speaking, and singing at times.

But what of man? He is now seen to be complex beyond all previous conceptions. Does some long-obscured latent mind force within suddenly manifest and force the writing of unknown things, or is the writing due to the entry of an external individual? Or do flying, wandering, ancient thoughts enter cells and make up an individual able to express in writing or speaking? The explanation is entirely open to the reader.

Professor Larkin's admirable reply may well be left for individual consideration. It is obviously impossible within the limits of a newspaper column to explain the complexities of human nature or the phenomena to which they give rise. The area of unawareness—a much better word than subconscious—is vastly greater than we suppose, vastly greater than the area of normality. Its states include the purely divine and the purely animal. Its activities embrace heaven and hell. It contains lives as varied as those that we see around us.

But we wish that Professor Larkin had said a word of warning against the dangers of automatism, which is nearly always mediumship. The first requisite of occultism is positivity. The first requisite of mediumship is negativity. The mind that surrenders its self-control is very much in the position of one who walks an unknown path with eyes closed. He may escape the ditch and the highwayman, but the risk is great.

All the influences that come from the sun, the planets, and the stars act invisibly upon man. The world is surrounded by a vaporous sphere like an egg surrounded by its shell. Through that shell the cosmic influences pass toward the centre. If evil elements exist in the sphere of our soul, they attract such astral influences as may develop diseases; but if no germs of disease exist in our mental atmosphere the astral influences coming from the outside will cause no harm. Man lives within the invisible world, comparable to the yolk in an egg. The chicken grows from the white of the egg, and man is correspondingly nourished by the "chaos." Within man are the sun and moon, the planets and all the stars; also the "chaos."—*Paracelsus*.

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG.

A little volume of short stories by Michael Wood contains the pathetic narrative of a child who was made to suffer by his thick-headed elders for the crime of clairvoyance. The author in a footnote tells us that the story is founded upon fact, and that "the drastic methods which were employed for the repression of the gifts of the luckless little seer are also facts."

The hero of the story is Dennis, who is in the habit of amusing his cousins by his weird and vivid yarns. We find him so employed at the opening of the story:

"They came up," he was saying, "up the little path that comes from the shore. They left their boats on the beach. They broke down our doors, making a great noise. The doors fell down; I heard them fall; I could hear the others shrieking as the men killed them. I was painting, you know; I painted colored letters round a face which was in the middle. I drew the face myself; it was a white face with gold all round it. The men broke into my room and killed an old man who was there with me. I stood with my back against the wall. I put out my hands, so: I had no sword, and—and—then they killed me. . . ."

The child broke off abruptly; he gasped, threw himself face downwards on the turf sobbing either with grief or excitement. The audience drew a long breath. Never—never—never—in all the annals of the nursery had even the most gifted grown-up person told them such tales as did this, their small orphan cousin.

But stupidity intervenes in the person of the uncle to whom everything is a "lie" that happens to fall beyond the range of his own personal experience:

"What you have just said is a lie," said his elder very distinctly, "and you know that just as well as I do; you are very young yet, and I don't want to be hard on you. If you confess that you told a lie, I won't say any more about it, unless you do it again. Come."

"But—I can't. It wasn't a lie."

"Take care now. Tell me you said what wasn't true and are sorry; and then run into tea and forget about it."

The child began to tremble. "But I can't—it wasn't—indeed—it—O dear, O dear."

"I tell you I don't want to be hard upon you. I mean to be, and I hope I always am, perfectly just. I shall ask you three times whether your stories are true. If you say no—well and good. If you persist in saying yes, you'll—take the consequences, that's all. I shall ask you this question every day till I make you speak the truth."

The pressure upon the poor child of course prevails, and Dennis is coerced into the false admission that he has lied. Moreover, he is tormented by the theo-

logical doom of liars, which includes the "undying worm and quenchless fires":

Dennis, on his side, was stunned and terrified by his uncle's treatment of his powers of vision. His Irish mother, like her son, possessed "the sight," and she had treated his visions as simple facts, which were by no means extraordinary; hence the child was not vain of the gift, nor did he dream of boasting of or coloring his visions. When his mother died and he came to live with his uncle and cousins, he came simply and confidently as to friends; unsuspecting of the possibilities of harshness, inexperienced in ought save tenderness. To be suddenly denounced as an obstinate liar, to be flogged because he saw things which his cousins did not see, not only terrified, but stupefied him. He relapsed into bewildered silence, and bent all his small powers of deception to conceal his power of vision.

Hitherto the "sight" had been spasmodic; but either from some influence of climate or because of his nervous tension it now became almost unintermittent; he saw very often, and the strain of concealment troubled him. The visions were in a measure consolatory; that which he saw did not frighten him, and he lived in a world of sound, color, and light, which was unshared by his companions.

But Dennis finds a sympathizer in his cousin Perry, who has sense enough to recognize the possible reality of the visions. And so the two boys have a talk:

"You're not very happy here, Den," he said; "what's the matter with you?"

Dennis bit his lip and closed his eyes; at last by dint of coaxing Perry arrived at the fact that Dennis was mourning over the sin of deceit.

"That wasn't much," said Perry immorally, but cheerfully.

He hesitated, then he said in a whisper:

"I say, Denny, which was the lie, eh?"

He felt the slender body beneath his arm start, quiver, and grow unnaturally still.

"Was it a lie that you saw those things or that you didn't see them, which?"

"Th—that I saw th-them."

There was a pause. Then Perry said gently:

"Poor little chap; it's a shame. All right, old man. Go to sleep; I'll stay with you."

To himself he said: "Who's to blame for that lie, Den or the dad?"

Then comes another vision, and one that is startlingly confirmed. Dennis sees a picture of a drowned man lying in the sea and he tells of it, not knowing it to be a vision, and so he is once more punished for lying. But this time Perry defends him, although without effect:

But Perry spoke in vain. March was an obstinate, thick-headed man, and he was very angry indeed. The vials of his righteous wrath descended on the luckless seer, who was utterly broken and unnerved in consequence. Perry also was very angry, though

not with the helpless little victim of March's dull wits. When three days after the child's punishment a drowned sailor was actually washed up at the Heads, Perry boldly avowed his belief in the visions of Dennis. March was as angry with Perry as it was possible for him to be with his idolized only son. He made many acute and scathing remarks about ignorance, superstition, and naughty, lying, hysterical children whose imagination and hysteria must be crushed with the strong hand of authority.

But Nemesis comes fast upon the heels of folly. Perry goes away to visit some friends, and two hours later Dennis sees a picture of his cousin lying stunned and lifeless in a crevasse, and close at hand a tree on which a dead man is hanging. But Dennis has learn his lesson. He is now wise enough to say nothing of what he has seen until a telegram warns the family that Perry has not arrived at his destination:

"Uncle Hugh," said Dennis, steadying himself at the table edge, "I—I know where Perry is. At least I think so."

"You know where Perry is. What do you mean?"

The child began to describe the place of his vision and March listened with growing interest and excitement; when Dennis spoke of the pine and the dangling figure he sprang up.

"It's the highwayman's pine," he almost shouted; "they say a man was hanged there a hundred years ago. But I'll take my oath you've never been there. How do you know the place?"

"I s-saw it," faltered Dennis, and having thus betrayed his evil doing he swung forward and fainted. When he recovered he was lying on a sofa and March was pouring water on his face.

"Lie still," he said kindly. "Don't be frightened. You must have been dreaming, you know. I—I think I'll go to this place you dreamed of. It is superstition, of course, but er—er—"

March called a maid to tend the child; then he summoned the men who had been searching through the day and led them on another quest. This time they found the missing lad. He was insensible and his leg was broken.

The next day the doctor spoke gravely of the condition of his patient. "I am very much afraid his condition is serious," he said. "If he had been cared for at once recovery would have been quite certain; but he has been lying there half-stunned and without food, drink, or care for four days and nights."

March did not speak; possessed by a sudden thought he sought his nephew.

"Dennis, child," he said, "when did you first see the place where we found Perry?"

"The day he left."

"Why didn't you tell me at once what you saw? Perry's very ill from lying there four days."

"I'm sorry," murmured Dennis, "I—I thought you'd, you'd—"

"You thought I should be angry?"

"Y-yes, I was afraid."

He did not know how innocently he avenged himself and paid off old scores. March was silent for a minute, then he said in a low voice: "It's just. It's my own fault."

He stooped and took the child's face gently between his hands, kissed his forehead, and went out alone to wrestle with his pain and anxiety.

It is a simple and well-told story, and it will have fulfilled its purpose if it save some child from the misery of derided "visions."

THE WILLOW WEAVER AND SEVEN OTHER TALES. By Michael Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

MORE NONSENSE.

The "president of the American Section of the Theosophical Society" is said to have announced the discovery that Mr. Roosevelt is a reincarnation of Julius Cæsar. We were afraid that some such statement was pending when we heard that another "prominent" Theosophist was of opinion that the German Emperor was a reincarnation of Alexander. Evidently the worthy president is a Progressive in politics as well as a seer. Now we should like to hear from some Democrat who also has unveiled vision and we venture to say that his reading of the Akasic Records will be quite a different one.

And to the man in the street we should like to say that a true Theosophy has nothing to do with such nonsense as this. It is concerned with human brotherhood and its proofs, and neither with dreams nor phantasies. Those who have supernatural knowledge of such things as these are extraordinarily careful to hide it.

All are but parts of one Stupendous whole,

Whose body nature is and God the soul;
Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow in the stars, blossoms in the trees;
Live through all life, extends through all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

—Pope.

A strong faith and a powerful imagination are the two pillars supporting the doors to the temple of magic, and without which nothing can be accomplished. —Paracelsus.

TALIESIN.

Hidden in the hills of the soul,
 The dusk of us calls to thee—
 The lone of us cries to thee!
 Silent in the far of the soul,
 The desire of thee wakes to the dark.

Who is he that comes like the day
 To reveal thou art nigh to us—
 To assure thou art touching us?
 Nay, for thou art gone with the day,
 Who wert nearer than touch in the dark.

Utter thy desire, O my soul,
 In the still of the midnight—
 In the death of the midnight!
 Then shall there be signs for the soul
 And the whispers of God through the dark.
 —Richard Hovey.

SOME NOTABLE WRITINGS.

Dream faces bloom around your face
 Like flowers upon one stem;
 The heart of many a vanished race
 Sighs as I look on them.—*A. E.*

Surely death acquires a new and deeper significance when we regard it no longer as a single and unexplained break in an unending life, but as part of the continually recurring rhythm of progress—as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep.—*Professor J. M'Taggart.*

"Body," observes Plotinus, "is the true river of Lethe." The memory of definite events in former lives can hardly come easily to a consciousness allied with brain. . . . Bearing in mind also that even our ordinary definite memories slowly become indefinite and that most drop altogether out of notice, we shall attach no importance to the naïve question, "Why does not Smith remember who he was before?" It would be an exceedingly strange fact if he did, a new Smith being now in evidence along with a new brain and nerves. Still, it is conceivable that such remembrances occasionally arise. Cerebral process, conscious or subconscious, is psychical.—*E. D. Fawcett.*

Souls without a past behind them, springing suddenly into existence, out of nothing, with marked mental and moral peculiarities, are a conception as monstrous as would be the corresponding

conception of babies suddenly appearing from nowhere, unrelated to anybody, but showing marked racial and family types.
 —*Annie Besant.*

In the case of personal relations, I do not see that heredity would help us at all. Heredity, however, can produce a more satisfactory explanation of innate aptitudes. On the other hand, the doctrine of preëxistence does not compel us to deny all influence on a man's character of the character of his ancestors. The character which a man has at any time is modified by any circumstances which happen to him at that time, and may well be modified by the fact that his re-birth is in a body descended from ancestors of a particular character.—*Professor J. M'Taggart.*

We have no right whatever to speak of really unconscious Nature, but only of uncommunicative Nature, or of Nature whose mental processes go on at such different time-rates to ours that we can not easily adjust ourselves to an appreciation of their inward fluency, although our consciousness does make us aware of their presence. . . . Nature is a vast realm of finite consciousness of which your own is at once a part and an example.—*Royce.*

There seems nothing in preëxistence incompatible with any of the dogmas accepted as fundamental Christianity.—*Professor J. M'Taggart.*

The blue dusk ran between the streets:
 my love was winged within my mind.
 It left today and yesterday and thrice a thousand years behind.
 Today was past and dead for me, for from today my feet had run
 Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of ancient Babylon.
 —*A. E.*

Instead of conceiving the elements as controlled merely by blindly operative forces, they may be imagined as animated spiritual beings, who strive after certain states, and offer resistance to certain other states.—*Lotze.*

Strange as it may appear to the modern mind, whose one ambition is to

harden and formalize itself . . . the ancient mind conceived of knowledge in a totally different fashion. It did not crystallize itself into a hardened point, but, remaining a fluid, knew that the mode of knowledge suitable to its nature was by intercourse and blending. Its experience was . . . that it could blend with intelligence greater than itself, that it could have intercourse with the gods.
—G. R. S. Mead.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

September 26—Useless to seek to seize the ocean-echo, by clasping the shell in which it lies hid; as useless to try to seize this essence, by grasping the form in which for a moment it shone.

September 27—When the leaden clouds clash together, the fair glimpse of heaven is shut out.

September 28—When the silence falls upon us, we can hear the voices of the gods, pointing out in the quiet light of divine law the true path for us to follow.

September 29—All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws.

September 30—The spirit it is, that, under the myriad illusions of life, works steadily towards its goal; silently, imperceptibly, irresistibly, moving on to divinity.

October 1—The glamour of Time conceals from the weak souls of men the dark abysses around them, the terrible and mighty laws which incessantly direct their lives.

October 2—There is no death without sin, and no affliction without transgression.

TESTIMONY.

In the "House of Harper," by J. Henry Harper, there are recorded some curious parables between Amélie Rives and the present mystery of Patience Worth. Mr. Harper says: "Miss Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy) in several of her recent stories for the magazine has used many quaint old English words and expressions, the tales being of the Elizabethan period. I asked her how she became so familiar with the jargon of that day, and she replied that she thought it must be due to some

preëxistent state, as she had made no study of colloquial peculiarities of that time, and that the expressions and local color came to her as readily as modern English when she was once in the swing of a story. She told me that one word, after it was written down, struck her as meaningless, and that she had never heard or seen it before, so out of curiosity she consulted an old dictionary, and not only found the identical word, but the definition was consonant with her use of it." There is similar testimony with regard to their own writings by H. M. Alden and Charles Rann Kennedy.

While extending every possible respect to the opinions of these distinguished authors, it is well to accept them, if at all, with some reservations. There are many ways in which we may account for the phenomena in question without resorting to a supposed memory of past incarnations. The whole evolution of the world in all its phases is recorded in the Astral Light, very much as sounds are recorded on the phonograph or events on the moving-picture film. Some persons are so constituted as to be receptive to these records, which may then seem to be the memory of individual experiences, since they are so translated by the mind that receives them. What is ordinarily called memory is largely a function of the physical brain, which can deliver up only those pictures that it has received, that is to say only the pictures that pertain to one earth life. The real memory of past lives is usually expressed in character and in no other way. Character is the mental tendency to act in a particular way, and this tendency is the fruitage of experience and changes constantly under the pressure of experience. The character with which a human being is born may thus be said to be the result of the experiences of past lives. It is the real spiritual memory of those past lives.

Listen within yourselves and look into the infinitude of Space and Time. There can be heard the songs of the Constellations, the voices of the Numbers, and the harmony of the Spheres.—*Hermes*.

The souls of men are capable of living in other bodies besides terrestrial; and never act but in somebody or other.—*Joseph Glanvil*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE PRACTICAL.

The article from the St. Louis *Censor* that appears in another column has been reproduced almost in its entirety because of its representative character. It is an honest and sincere expression of a phase of public opinion that may be short-sighted, that we believe to be short-sighted, but that must none the less be met with sympathy and respect.

With Mr. Warrington's opinion of the coming of an Avatar, or great spiritual teacher, we have nothing to do. None the less it may be pointed out that great spiritual teachers have come in the past, very many of them, and we may thus reasonably believe that they will come in the future. The advent of such men as Buddha, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Krishna was in no case an isolated event, since the teaching of these men was always identical and their appearance seems to have been governed by some law of cycles or periodicity. To suppose that all past ages have thus been illuminated by Supermen or Masters, but that the future contains no such promise, is unreasonable. Here at least the probabilities are on the side of the Theosophist who believes firmly in the spiritual government of the world and in the successive appearance of representatives of that government. But whether the next advent is imminent is a matter of opinion and not a very important matter at that. If a spiritual teacher should appear now

he would presumably say what all his predecessors have said. He would counsel his followers to lead lives of fraternity. He would say that herein lies "all the law and the prophets." And the best way to prepare for such a teacher is by a rectification of the individual life and by a declaration of the evolutionary law so far as we now know it. If this had been done from the beginning instead of visioning and dreaming the Theosophical Movement would have incurred a Karma less heavy than its present burden.

But to return to the *Censor* and to its benevolent indictment of Theosophy as being unpractical. So much, of course, depends on what we mean by practical. Probably the *Censor* would see nothing unpractical in the activities of the man who spends the last decade of a long life in adding to the fortune that he can not spend, that he can not take with him, and that will probably be a curse to his successors. The *Censor* would have seen nothing unpractical in the predatory and rapacious commercialisms of Europe that have now culminated in a war that threatens to destroy Europe. And yet the "unpractical" Theosophist, H. P. Blavatsky, predicted this war, and in the most solemn terms, as the inevitable result of an addiction to self-interest that had become a moral insanity, just such a moral insanity as we now see around us in America. She said that nothing could save Europe except a wave of fraternity

based upon that moral evolutionary law that is so intangible and yet so real. But if H. P. Blavatsky had invented a 15-inch gun she would have been enshrined among the "practical" benefactors of the race. Even the *Censor* would probably have done her homage.

So much depends, as has been said, on the meaning of the word practical. The *Censor* apparently thinks that nothing can be practical that transcends the personal self-interests of this life, that the practical man can never be guilty of considering either his pre-natal or his post-mortem states. But the Theosophist does not think that such a man is practical. On the contrary he thinks him to be a fool. He is like a traveler who congratulates himself on the comfort of his Pullman seat and on the beauty of the scenery, but is far too practical to inform himself as to the destination of the train. Or he may be compared with the man whose actions are wholly un-governed by an intelligent forecast of their results on the ground that the results are still in the future. Just as the average man regards each day as a link in a chain of days that are bound together by cause and effect, so the Theosophist looks upon each life as a link in a chain of lives similarly bound together by cause and effect, and motivated by a continuous purpose. And if it is said that the Theosophist knows nothing of future lives, so it may be said that the average man knows nothing of future days. But it is common knowledge, or it ought to be, that all causes produce effects, and that effects are similar in nature to their causes. This is not an unpractical belief, nor is it unpractical to suppose that the law of cause and effect is not abrogated by death. The character that is base at death must be base after death, and that baseness must have results similar to its cause, and operative under similar conditions to its cause. The Theosophist is thus far more practical than the average man, because the Theosophist considers the great tomorrow of the soul, whereas the average man considers only the little tomorrow of the body. Nor is the Theosophist governed in the least by credulity or superstition, seeing that the sheet anchor of his whole creed is the law of cause and effect, precisely the same law by which

the sun rises always in the east and never in the west, by which oxygen and hydrogen invariably produce water and never molasses or a Beethoven Sonata. The Theosophist thinks that the average "practical" man, with mind wholly occupied by things and possessions, is like a child playing with soap bubbles, or building sand castles on the shore. If he were anything more than a child, if he were really practical, he would know that he can own nothing material, not even the shroud in which he is buried, and that his only possession, his only solvency, is in the character that he has acquired, that can not be taken from him, and that must, of course, bear fruit in earth conditions similar in their nature to those that called it forth. This is not credulity. It is hard common sense. The visionaries and the dreamers are those who say that they have no concern with anything that is over and above the visible and tangible things of this life.

That there have been Theosophists who have intolerably wasted their time over a personal psychic development is lamentably true. It is also true that these people have attracted a public attention that is often denied to the real object of the Movement as enunciated by its founders. That object is to promote a practical brotherhood of humanity by a scientific and philosophical demonstration that brotherhood is the law of life, a law that can not be violated with impunity and that imposes such terrible penalties as we now see in Europe. It is ideas that lie at the root of actions and from which all actions spring. It is ideas that bless and ban. There can be no more practical work than the promulgation of ideas that give to human life the dignity and the responsibility of immortality.

When the mind is withdrawn and collected within itself, and not diffused into the organs of the body, is the state which is more susceptible of divine influxion.—*Lord Bacon*.

Biologists are absolutely forced by science to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power.—*Lord Kelvin*.

The dice of God are loaded.

A SPECULATION.

Dr. J. Joly of the University of Dublin surprises us by the bold speculation with which he concludes the volume of scientific essays which he entitles "The Birth-Time of the World," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. He asks if there was once a pre-material universe and if we may expect a return to non-materiality. And while it can hardly be said that he answers those questions in the affirmative we are none the less sufficiently interested in an inquiry so suggestive of the "days" and "nights" of the occult chronology.

We are compelled, says the author, to look forward to a time when progressive change shall cease. Matter must cease either to gain or to lose heat in an ether wherein energy is uniformly distributed. Eternity must surely outlive every progressive change. Time itself does not become enfeebled, but the contents of time must become enfeebled:

As in the future so in the past we look to cessation to progress. But as we believe the activity of the present universe must in some form have existed all along, the only refuge in the past is to imagine an active but unprogressive eternity, the unprogressive activity at some period becoming a progressing activity—that progressive activity of which we are spectators. To the unprogressive activity there was no beginning; in fact, beginning is as unthinkable and uncalled for to the unprogressive activity of the past as ending is to the unprogressive activity of the future, when all developmental actions shall have ceased. There is no beginning or ending to the activity of the universe. There is beginning and ending to present progressive activity.

Unprogressive activity may be likened to the *pralaya* of the occultist. Energy is present, but it is latent. Life is potential, but it is not manifest.

The universe, says the author, has a certain appearance of simultaneity. We can hardly regard it as the effect of particles gathered from infinitely remote distances and therefore on their way during infinitely remote periods:

In what respects do the phenomena of our universe present the appearance of simultaneous phenomena? We must remember that the sums in space are as fires which brighten only for a moment and are then extinguished. It is in this sense we must regard the longest burning of the stars. Whether just lit or just expiring counts little in eternity. The light and heat of the star is being absorbed by the ether of space as effectually and rapidly as the ocean swallows the ripple from the wings of an expiring insect. Sir William Herschel

says of the galaxy of the Milky Way: "We do not know the rate of progress of this mysterious chronometer, but it is nevertheless certain that it can not last forever, and its past duration can not be infinite. We do not know indeed the rate of progress of the chronometer, but if the dial be one divided into eternal durations the consummation of any finite physical change represents such a movement of the hand as is accomplished in a single vibration of the balance wheel.

Hence we must regard the hosts of glittering stars as a conflagration that has been simultaneously lighted up in the heavens. The enormous (to our ideas) thermal energy of the stars resembles the scintillation of iron dust in a jar of oxygen when a pinch of the dust is thrown in. Although some particles be burned up before others become alight, and some linger yet a little longer than the others, in our day's work the scintillation of the iron dust is the work of a single instant, and so in the long night of eternity the scintillation of the mightiest suns of space is over in a moment.

The author suggests that the present aggregations of matter were relatively simultaneous and that we are witnessing the interaction of forces which have not always been acting and that was preceded by a state of cosmic latency. Energy, it is true, must have existed, but it was potential and was unaccompanied by progressive changes. A material segregation in one part of space may have impoverished the surrounding ether until the action ceased, just as a solution of acetate of soda will produce separated crystals till the liquid is filled with loose feathery aggregations comparable in size with one another. Readers of the *Secret Doctrine* will remember the "curdling" processes to which reference is made in the opening stanzas descriptive of the awakening from the cosmic *pralaya*. In conclusion the author quotes from Professor Winchell, who says: "We have not the slightest scientific grounds for assuming that matter existed in a certain condition from all eternity. The essential activity of the powers ascribed to it forbids the thought."

Never say that you can never know the higher knowledge; for, if God is willing and you make the endeavor nianfully, you will become able.—*Plato*.

Man has a visible and an invisible workshop. The visible one is his body: the invisible one his imagination.—*Paracelsus*.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
 Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
 I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
 For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
 For what avails this eager pace?
 I stand amid the eternal ways,
 And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
 The friends I seek are seeking me;
 No wind can drive my barque astray,
 Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
 I wait with joy the coming years;
 My heart shall reap where it has sown,
 And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own; and draw
 The brook that springs in yonder
 height;

So flows the good with equal law
 Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
 The tidal wave unto the sea;
 Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
 Can keep my own away from me.

Serene I fold my hands and wait;
 Whate'er the storms of life may be,
 Faith guides me up to heaven's gate,
 And love will bring my own to me.

—John Burroughs.

BUDDHISM.

(By Dr. James Bissett Pratt, Professor of
 Philosophy in Williams College.)

It will thus be evident that the salvation which the Buddha offers is different in kind from that which the followers of most other religions seek after. It is not a life of happiness in some distant heaven that we are to go to after we die; it is a new character that may be won here and now. We all know the two types of people whom the Buddha would recognize as the lost and the saved. One clings to life and its pleasure, hot with desires, lustful and robust, perhaps, or it may be even sickly, but always desiring, greedy of good things, filled with will and self-assertion; the other quiet, seeking little or nothing, ready for anything, with no intense pains, pleasures, or longings, neither wishing for life nor fearing death. To change from the first type to

the second is the Buddha's way of salvation: it is salvation itself. The new character acquired through the long course of self-training outlined in the Noble Eightfold Path means peace and freedom from care and an equipoise of mind which bid defiance to the thousand threats of ordinary life. Gautama may be said to have anticipated the "Don't worry cure": and his message and method might come as a great boon to our hustling and neurotic age. The common expression, "Blessed be nothing," the Buddha means quite literally. If you have nothing and want nothing you will be blessed. For sorrow comes just from having and wanting. In all literalness, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Buddhist Nirvana. But if you give up all your possessions and all thought of ever having any, and cut all the ties that bind you to this world, there will be little left to sorrow or worry over. Don't be afraid, says the Buddha, for there is really nothing worth fearing. The only thing worthy of fear is slavery: and you may break your own bonds if you only will. —

But if I should stop here I should do Buddhism great injustice. For Buddhism teaches a *genuine* unselfishness and self-forgetfulness with no *arriere pensée* of the main chance in this world or any other. And more important still, this teaching is illustrated by one of the most noble, perfect, and long-continued examples of unselfish service that history and tradition have to record. Whatever we are to think of the assertion in the sacred books that, immediately upon his enlightenment, the Evil One tempted Gautama to enter at once into Nirvana taking his new-won insight with him, and that the Blessed One preferred to defer Nirvana and its joys for many weary years, so that he might instead return to this sad world and give his message to mankind, certain it is that he spent the remainder of his days in loving service to all within his reach and with no thought of reward or escape from sorrow on his part. Jesus' life lasted thirty-three years, and his active teaching mission only three; but for upwards of forty-five years the Buddha was laboring at the spread of his gospel of peace and when his hair was white and his eye-

were dim and his back was bent with the weight of eighty years, he was still plodding on over the dusty plains of India, eager as ever to save one more soul from the burden of sin and sorrow. The traditions of the Master may not be accepted in their details, but there can be no doubt that we have the very spirit of the man and the ideal which he most earnestly inculcated upon his followers in the saying that he could look back over five hundred previous births, and that in each one of them he had given up his life for the benefit of some other creature. And his teaching no less than his practice expressed this all-absorbing love. I can not here refrain from quoting again his great command to his disciples: "Go ye and wander forth for the gain of the many, the welfare of the many, in compassion for the world, for the good, for the gain, for the welfare of gods and men. Proclaim, O Bhikkhus, the doctrine glorious, preach ye a life of holiness, perfect and pure."

The most obvious and most striking characteristic of Buddhism in its relation to science is the extreme openness of mind that follows necessarily from the Buddhist position. The Buddhist has no infallible authority which must be consulted before he can listen to the scientist. He has no pope who may make definitions *ex cathedra* of faith and morals, no church councils with power to decree the truth, no supernaturally inspired book that can not err. If he remains faithful to the spirit and admonitions of the Buddha, he has but one guide, which he must always follow, no matter where she leads; this guide is his own reason. A searcher after truth, named Kesaputto, once came to the Buddha and said: "Master, every priest and monk extols his belief as the only true one and condemns that of others as false. I am troubled by doubts. I do not know whom to believe." The Buddha answered: "Thy doubts are well founded, O Kesaputto. Listen well to my words: Do not believe anything on mere hearsay; do not believe traditions because they are old and handed down through many generations; do not believe anything on account of rumors or because people talk much about it; do not believe simply because the written testimony of

some ancient sage is shown to thee; never believe anything because presumption is in its favor, or because the custom of many years leads thee to regard it as true; do not believe anything on the mere authority of thy teachers or priests. Whatever according to thine own experience and after thorough investigation agrees with thy reason, and is conducive to thine own weal and to that of all other living beings, *that* accept as truth and live accordingly."

This absolute reliance on reason and experience, coupled with a complete disregard for mere authority, is characteristic of all Gautama's teaching. There is a modern note in his words and his attitude that comes to us through these twenty-five hundred years with something like a shock of surprise and which differentiates his religion from all others. He alone of founders and prophets turned away from all supernatural sources of knowledge and attempted to think the thing out for himself, and to recommend his doctrine to others only because it was *scientifically verifiable by an appeal to experience.*—*Extracted from "India and Its Faiths." Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.*

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors. One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god, a Ghandarva, not Mara with Brahman, could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and always lives under restraint. But he who lives a hundred years, vicious and unrestrained, a life of one day is better if a man is virtuous and reflecting. The gods even envy him whose senses, like horses well broken in by the driver, have been subdued, who is free from pride and free from appetites.—*Dhammapada (Teachings of Buddha).*

Zarthusra (Zoroaster) asked Ahurmazda: "Which is the one prayer that in greatness, goodness, and beauty is worth all that is between heaven and earth, this world, the heavenly bodies, and all created things?" Ahurmazda replied: "That one when the individual renounces all evil thoughts, words, and works."

THE UNATTAINABLE.

(Reprinted from the St. Louis Censor.)

During the recent convention in St. Louis of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, a number of talks were delivered dealing with mysticism, the occult, and thoughts that lead to things beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. At the close of the meeting Dr. A. P. Warrington, national president of the American Section, made some statements in the course of his lecture that are entitled to more than the mere passing attention given to such things by the busy newspaper reader. Dr. Warrington told of the existence of what he called the Great White Lodge, of which he declared the Master of Masters is the head. Briefed, his statement was that there are a body or rather a number of men—he called them men, and not superior beings, albeit he spoke of them as supermen. These men, he declared, lived in many parts of the world, in the most absolute solitude, and directed the destinies and the doings of the human race through occult influences—through the domination of their personality purified and made spiritually strong beyond man's mere mental or physical strength, by their long habituation and devotion to preparation for the coming of the Master of Masters. The date for that coming, he declared, is close at hand. Though his address in the matter of words went at some length into details, there was an apparent avoidance of concrete statements, a seeming disinclination or inability to deal with actualities—to "get down to brass tacks," and a vast deal of attractive jugglery with abstractions and glittering generalities.

This is not said in a spirit of carping criticism. It is the citation of the fault or the weakness, or call it what you will, that the man disposed to think rationally and practically always finds in connection with such preachments. They are not satisfying. They are distinctly unsatisfying. They are pronouncedly man-made and of human source, and hence merely feed and foster the appetite they ostensibly seek to appease. But they suggest one all-encompassing thought, and that thought carries the thinker far back through the ages, or so much of time as history and human thought can compre-

hend. All along the trail leading out of the mists of the past the same sort of thing is found—the same feeders of hungry-souled or mentally-starved humans. The hunger and the unsatisfying ministering to that hunger is found at the very beginning of things known; and at every stage of the journey up out of the past to this very day, the same thing is of record wherever records are found. It has one source, comes from the one original spring, is created of the same elements, and born of the same germ—the desire, ever flowering into hope, for that which is beyond. It is the age-old cry that man has put up ever since man stood erect and looked upward and forward instead of towards the earth—the cry for the unattainable, the groping after the unknowable, the ever overwhelming desire for that which is just beyond the mental and spiritual fingertips. Thus wrote Joseph Addison two hundred years ago in his poetic tragedy, "Cato":

Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward
horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the
soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that point out an hereafter.
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Some years ago there went out from St. Louis two men, Dr. J. C. Nidelet and Celsus Price, both of them well known and prominent. Where or when they went, no record tells or ever told. They were among the missing for years. From time to time rumors and queer tales came from many directions and great distances, saying one or the other or both of them had been seen. Eventually they came back, and, incidental to their return, strange stories were printed and still stranger stories were whispered about, of their travels and sojourn in Central India and other far-off lands of mysticism. Both of them were devoted to the occult, students of the so-called mysticism or things conveniently designated as "early Eastern religions." They were Theosophists, and it was generally accepted that they had been to and tarried at the fountain head of the cult. In a little while they and their affairs were absorbed by the ordinary course of

events, and eventually went the way of all flesh. It was all very mysterious, but nothing ever came of it that man calls practical. Abruptly put, nobody ever knew anything about it all—it was utterly unsatisfying to the appetite the affair stimulated. I do not believe that a single person ever for a minute questioned the sincerity of either of those men; but nothing came of it all. . . .

These local instances are but illustrative. There have been many more of the same. Every community in the country and in other countries can show the same sort of things. Cagliostro, of ancient tale and tradition, was but one of these same ministers to that greed. Who shall say that even greater than he were not of the same school? It is difficult to draw the line. The line can never be drawn so long as humanity is possessed of that longing for the unattainable, and that means while humanity remains of the earth earthy. With this hunger impossible of satisfaction as a basis, more religions have been founded than upon any other foundation. Who shall draw the line between the true and the false?

[A comment upon this article will be found in the editorial columns.—Ed.]

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

October 3—Man's actions are divided, as regards their object, into four classes; they are either *purposeless, unimportant, or vain, or good.*

October 4—The sun causes day and night, divine and human. Night is for the sleep of beings, day for the performance of their duty.

October 5—If we were convinced that we could never make our crooked ways straight, we should forever continue in our errors.

October 6—Where there are not virtue and discrimination, learning is not to be sown there, no more than good seed in barren soil.

October 7—A teacher is more venerable than ten sub-teachers; a father, than one hundred teachers; a mother, than a thousand fathers.

October 8—Let not a man, even though pained, be sour-tempered, nor devise a deed of mischief to another.

October 9—One is not aged because his head is gray: whoever, although a youth, has wisdom, him the gods consider an elder.

TO A BUDDHA.

Lord Buddha, on thy Lotus-throne,
With praying eyes and hands elate,
What mystic rapture doth thou own,
Immutable and ultimate?
What peace, unravished of our ken,
Annihilate from the world of men?

The wind of change forever blows
Across the tumult of our way,
Tomorrow's unborn griefs depose
The sorrows of our yesterday.
Dream yields to dream, strife follows
strife,
And Death unweaves the webs of Life.

For us the travail and the heat,
The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,
The flower deferred, the fruit denied;
But not the peace, supremely won,
Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

With futile hands we seek to gain
Our inaccessible desire,
Diviner summits to attain,
With faith that sinks and feet that
tire;
But nought shall conquer or control
The heavenward hunger of our soul.

The end, elusive and afar,
Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
A session of the Infinite.

How shall we reach the great, unknown
Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne?

—From "*The Golden Threshold*," by
Sarojini Naidu. Published by the
John Lane Company.

Henry Thoreau says: "The reader is nowhere raised into and sustained in a higher, purer, or rarer region of thought than in the Bhagavad-Gita. Warren Hastings declares the original to be 'of a sublimity of conception, reasoning, and diction almost unequalled,' and that the writings of the Indian philosophers 'will long survive when the British dominion in India shall have ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance.'"

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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EXPERIMENTS ON MAN.

The statement is often made, and as often denied, that the vivisection of animals must lead inevitably to the vivisection of human beings. Within the last few weeks Mr. Alfred A. Knopf of New York has published "The Memoirs of a Physician," by Dr. Vikenty Veressayev, translated from the Russian by Simeon Linden. The author is a distinguished physician and a strong advocate of animal vivisection, but none the less he devotes a chapter of over thirty pages to "Experiments on Man." In this chapter he cites hundreds of cases of such experiments, consisting for the most part of the deliberate infliction of loathsome and shameful diseases upon those whose poverty had rendered them helpless. These inoculations are too disgusting for mention here. They were undertaken without reference to the malady from which the patient was suffering. In nearly all instances they were cruel, and in many cases they were followed speedily by the death of the victim. The author gives the names of the guilty physicians and he cites their own records of their malpractice as openly avowed by them in medical reports and scientific records. Among the physicians that he thus pillories are Dr. Koch, Dr. Max Bockhart, Dr. Gebhard, Dr. Finger, Dr. Ghon, Dr. Schlangenhäufen, Dr. Tischendorff, Dr. Kroner, Dr. William Wallace, and very many others too numerous to mention, and it is hard to re-

sist the conviction that the list might be very much longer than it is. Speaking of these "criminal experiments," the author says: "But the latter establish one thing beyond all vestige of doubt—and that is the shameful indifference with which the medical world contemplates such atrocities. For this martyrology of the unhappy patients offered up as victims to science was not compiled by any underhand means—the culprits publicly blazoned their own infamy in black and white. One would suppose that the mere fact of publication of such experiments would make their repetition utterly impossible, the first to attempt anything of the kind being cast forever from the medical corporation. But, unfortunately, this is not so. With heads proudly erect, these bizarre disciples of science proceed upon their way without encountering any effective opposition, either from their colleagues or the medical press. Of all the organs of the latter, I know of only one which stoutly and energetically protests against every experiment on the living human creature."

ORIENTALISM.

The demand for Oriental literature must now be very extensive to justify the publication of a complete reissue of Trübner's Oriental series. It is a formidable library of erudite and costly volumes, that was prepared in the first place for students and scholars, but that is now offered in this new edition to the

public at large. But in some few cases these works are out of date. We are no longer anxious to know what Christian ministers think of the Eastern faiths. We have still less tolerance for the air of condescension that was once thought appropriate to the study of the old Aryan philosophies. Indeed the public attitude toward Orientalism has completely changed. It is no longer looked upon as an archaic survival or as the immature product of an infant humanity. On the contrary it is taking its place as the source and the origin of spiritual knowledge, and therefore as vital to the races of today as to the races to which it was directly given. None the less the republication of such a library as this is a sign of the times, and one of no mean significance.

PREDICTION.

There is nothing very mysterious in the prophetic power. It is the power that comes instantly with the recognition of law in the universe and the sequential order of events. The moment I realize the law of chemical affinities, for example, I can predict the behavior of the chemical elements under given conditions. Another law permits me to predict the exact movements of a comet that will not even be visible for twenty years. The physician can predict the definite periodic career of a disease still in its incipient stages. It is easy to foresee that the man who is faithless to his friends will presently have no friends, that the drunkard is doomed to disgrace, the thief to jail, the vicious to infamy. As soon as we have identified the link between a cause and its effect we can foretell the effect. It becomes a certainty. Cause and effect are twins. They are the halves of a whole. The two sides of a sheet of paper are not simultaneously visible, but they must co-exist. Each side proves that the other side is a fact. I may turn the sheet over today, or next week, or next year, but its other side was there all the time, ready for visibility. In the same way the causes of fate and fortune may precede their effects indefinitely, but the effects are none the less inherent in the causes, and they can not be evaded. Sometimes we see the threads that bind them, as in the case of the thief and the jail. Sometimes we can not see them,

and then we unaccountably deny that they are there, and talk foolishly of chance. But they are always there. There is no chance. The power to predict depends entirely on the extent to which we can identify the law of cause and effect.

Here are two men, each with a thousand dollars. The first man is a spendthrift, and it is easy to foresee that he will lose his money. Here is a law that we have identified, and therefore we can use it for purposes of prophecy. But the second man loses his money in an earthquake or fire, and we say at once that he is the victim of chance, because here we can not identify the law. The moral causes that brought that man within reach of calamity happen to be out of sight, because they are too distant or too obscure, and so we deny them. But if we were able to look back, perhaps to some other incarnation, we should find the causes that necessitated that particular experience. The man himself does not remember the cause, but it does not matter. The experience has none the less enriched him. It may have strengthened some weak point in his character. It may give him the patience or pity that he needed.

Sometimes we see both cause and effect, but we can not find the thread of connection. Then we are puzzled, and our usual course is to close our minds and refuse to think about it. Schopenhauer, for example, tells us that devastating diseases are followed by an increased fruitfulness of marriages, and that twins are then surprisingly frequent. A German savant studying these undeniable statistics says, "It is as if some one kept an account of all these occurrences and would see to it that every year a fixed amount should come to pass." Current statistics from Europe show an enormous preponderance of male births, whereas the preponderance is usually the other way. Such a phenomenon has often been observed in connection with war. Obviously it is a case of cause and effect, with their connecting thread invisible, but no doubt we should be denounced as superstitious if we were to suggest that the dead soldiers with their life span unexpired were hastening back to incarnation.

Prophecies that seem to be miraculous

are due to a recognition of causes and effects that are hidden from average humanity. The physician predicts the periodic course of a fever because he knows the laws of fever. I do not know those laws, and therefore I can not predict. But I know that there are such laws, and therefore I credit the prediction. The geologist foretells the discovery of gold or lead in a given place because he knows the law of surface indications, and river beds, and so forth. But the savage might think that both physician and geologist are wizards because he does not know these laws nor even that there are such laws. In the same way we think it eminently reasonable to predict insolvency as the result of extravagance, or a cold as the result of getting wet, but if any one predicts an event that is beyond the few laws that we happen to know we denounce him at once as superstitious or credulous. But perhaps he may know laws of which we are still ignorant.

We are generally disposed to agree that actions produce results, and are therefore the causes of those results. But actions are, in their turn, the results of thoughts. I shall not become a thief unless I am in the habit of thinking dishonestly, but since the secret thoughts of others are hidden from us we assume that causes begin with the acts that we can see, and not with the thoughts that we can not see. And yet the man of apparently irreproachable life may be harboring the thoughts that will presently bring him to the jail. Now there may be those who are able to see, or to sense, thoughts—a very reasonable conjecture in these days of telepathy. Such an one might then make a confident prediction of jail for one who had not even fallen under suspicion. If I see water accumulating behind a dam I may predict a flood, although one on the other side of the dam sees nothing but a dry water course and therefore flouts my prediction.

Just as thoughts are veritably things, so all our hopes and fears and aspirations are thrown out as pictures on the astral plane. Every time the mind reverts to that hope, or fear, or aspiration, that picture on the astral plane becomes stronger and more substantial. It was a "picture in the mind of God" that

called the universe into being. In the same way it is the pictures in the mind of man that create his little world, his fate and fortune. For when those pictures on the astral plane become strong enough they will suddenly translate themselves into the life and become material facts. Thus the hypochondriac will probably die of the disease that he fears. All our expectations, whether for good or evil, strive mightily to accomplish themselves. Now if one were to look on to the astral plane—and many have been able to do this—it would be easy to read the pictures in the astral envelope of the individual, and to predict that the most substantial among them would presently take a material form in the life. Such an one would see also the slowly maturing results of long-past causes and would be able to foretell how and when they would show themselves on the material plane.

Doubtless there are a hundred ways in which the occultist foresees the future, but none of them is supernatural. There is no such thing as the supernatural. All are based on the law of cause and effect.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

October 10—A wise man should ever shrink from honor as from poison, and should always be desirous of disrespect as if of ambrosia.

October 11—Though despised, one sleeps with comfort, with comfort awakes, with comfort lives in this world; but the scorner perisheth.

October 12—Trust not in business one ever caught asleep by the sun rising or setting, for thereby he incurs great sin.

October 13—Those who prefer to swim in the waters of their ignorance, and to go down very low, need not exert the body or heart; they need only cease to move, and they will surely sink.

October 14—As a man digging comes to water, so a zealous student attains unto knowledge.

October 15—A good man may receive pure knowledge even from an inferior; the highest virtue from the lowest.

October 16—Ambrosia may be extracted even from poison; elegant speech even from a fool; virtue even from an enemy; and gold from dross.

MOON.

He is made one with Nature: there is
 heard
 His voice in all her music, from the
 moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet
 bird;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and
 stone,
 Spreading itself wher'er that power may
 move
 Which wields the world with never-
 wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it
 from above.
 He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely: he
 doth bear
 His part, while the One Spirit's plastic
 stress
 Sweeps through the dull sense world,
 compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they
 wear,
 Torturing the unwilling dross that checks
 its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass they
 bear,
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men, into
 Heaven's light. —Shelley.

TIME AND PERIODICITY.

(By Alexander Philip, F. R. S. E.)

We can measure Time in one way
 only—by counting repeated motions.
 Apart from the operation of the physical
 Law of Periodicity we should have no
 natural measures of Time. If that state-
 ment be true it follows that apart from
 the operation of this law we could not
 attain to any knowledge of Time. Per-
 haps this latter proposition may not at
 first be readily granted. Few, probably,
 would hesitate to admit that in a condi-
 tion in which our experience was a com-
 plete blank we should be unable to ac-
 quire any knowledge of Time; but it may
 not be quite so evident that in a condi-
 tion in which experience consisted of a
 multifarious *but never repeated* suc-
 cession of impressions the Knowledge of
 Time would be equally awanting. Yet
 so it is. The operation of the Law of
 Periodicity is necessary to the measure-
 ment of Time. It is by means, and only
 by means, of periodic pulsative move-

ments that we ever do or can measure
 Time. Now, apart from some sort of
 measurement Time would be unknow-
 able. A time which was neither long
 nor short would be meaningless. The
 idea of unquantified Time can not be
 conceived or apprehended. Time to be
 known must be measured.

Periodicity, therefore, is essential to
 our Knowledge of Time. But Nature
 amply supplies us with this necessary in-
 strument. The Law of Periodicity pre-
 vails widely throughout Nature. It ab-
 solutely dominates Life.

The centre of animal vitality is to be
 found in the beating heart and breathing
 lungs. Pulsation qualifies not merely the
 nutrient life, but the musculo-motor
 activity as well. Eating, walking—all
 our most elementary movements, are
 pulsatory. We wake and sleep, we grow
 weary and rest. We are born and we
 die, we are young and grow old. All
 animal life is determined by this Law.

Periodicity—generally at a longer in-
 terval of pulsation—equally affects the
 vegetal forms of life. The plant is
 sown, grows, flowers, and fades.

Periodicity is to us less obvious in the
 inanimate world of molecular changes:
 yet it is in operation even there. But it
 is more especially in the natural motions
 of those so-called material masses which
 constitute our physical environment that
 Periodicity most eminently prevails. In-
 deed it was by astronomers that the op-
 eration of this Law was first definitely
 recognized and recorded. Periodicity is,
 the scientific name for the Harmony of
 the Spheres.

The two periodic motions which most
 essentially affect and concern us human
 beings are necessarily the two periodic
 motions of the globe which we inhabit—
 its rotation upon its axis which gives us
 the alternation of Day and Night, and
 its revolution round the Sun which gives
 us the year with its Seasons. To the
 former of these, animal life seems most
 directly related; to the latter, the life of
 the vegetal orders. It is evident that the
 forms of animal life on the globe are
 necessarily determined by the periodic
 law of the Earth's diurnal rotation.
 This accounts for the alternations of
 waking and sleeping, working and rest-
 ing, and so forth. In like manner the
 more inert vitality of the vegetable king-

dom is determined by the periodic law of the Earth's annual revolution. When fanciful speculators seek to imagine what kind of living beings might be encountered on the other planets of our system they usually make calculations as to the force of gravity on the surface of these planets and conjure up from such data the possible size of the inhabitants, their relative strength and agility of movement, etc. So far, so good. But the first question we should ask, before proceeding to our speculative synthesis, should rather be the length of the planet's diurnal rotation and annual revolution periods. Certain planets, such as Mars and Venus, have rotation periods not very different from those of our own Earth. Other things being equal, therefore, a certain similarity of animal life must be supposed possible on these planets. On the other hand, the marked difference in their revolution period would lead us to expect a very wide divergence between their lower forms of life, if any such there be, and our own terrestrial vegetation. The shorter the annual period the more would the vegetal approximate to the animal, and *vice versa*. It would, however, be foolish to waste more time over a speculation so remote.

But these two facts remain unshaken: (1) That our measurements and whole Science of Time depend absolutely on the operation throughout Nature of the Law of Periodicity, and (2) that the periodicities which affect and determine animal and vegetal life upon our Earth are the periodic movements of rotation and revolution on that Earth itself.

Now it is to the curvilinear motions of the heavenly bodies that we must ascribe our subjection to the periodic law. If these heavenly bodies moved forever in straight lines, as they would do if unacted on by natural forces, the periodic rhythm of Nature would disappear.

It is to the fact that all Nature is under the constraint due to the constant silent operation of physical Force that we owe, therefore, the law which determines the most essential features of vitality. The pulsations in which life consists and by which it is sustained are attributable to the constraint and limitation which we recognize as the effect of

the operation of Natural Forces. It is to this same cause that we ascribe the resistance of cohering masses in virtue of which sensation arises and by which our experience is punctuated. It is by means of these obstructions to free activity that our experience is denoted, and by reference to these that it is cognized. Indeed, Activity itself as we know it depends upon and presupposes the existence of these cohering masses.

Thus the operation of Natural Force and the constraint and limitation which are thereby imposed upon our activity appear at once to determine the conditions of life and to furnish the fundamental implements of Knowledge.

We can not overleap the barriers by which Life is constrained. These, whilst, on the one hand they seem to *create the environment* which sustains Life, on the other hand seem to impose upon it the limitations under which it inevitably fails and die. We can not even in imagination conceive, either as reality or as fancy, the illimitable puissance of a Life perfectly free and unrestrained. Yet the assurance that Perfect Love could overcome the bonds of Materiality and Death encourages in mankind the Hope of an existence beyond the impenetrable veil of physical limitation. And this at any rate may be admitted, namely, that that dynamic condition in which materiality arises is also the condition-precendent of Tridimensionality, of Force, or Time, and of Mutation. But we can not thus account for the *élan vital* itself.—*From "Essays Towards a Theory of Knowledge."* Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.

He who gives himself to vanity, and does not give himself to meditation, forgetting the real aim (of life) and grasping at pleasure, will in time envy him who has exerted himself in meditation.—*Buddha.*

My religion consists in thinking the inconceivable thought, in going the impassable way, in speaking the ineffable word, in doing the impossible thing.—*Lao-Tse.*

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth!—*Buddha.*

SCIENCE.

(By Hon. Stephen Coleridge.)

The worship of science, which has depressed this country for the last fifty years, is a very degrading episode in our history; it has ridiculed a classical education because human letters conferred mind upon mankind instead of money, and it has elevated a sterile materialism to the dignity of a religion.

The glory of literature, the uplifting rapture of poetry, the cultivation of the emotions, the loveliness of self-sacrifice, the sanctity of honor, the splendor of patriotism, the enduring appeal of beauty, and the Divine sentiment of love are matters with which Science has no concern; but I think they matter more to us than telephones or steam engines, or typewriter machines, or the methods of locomotion, or the battles of bacteria, or the binomial theorem, or the oscillations of an impossible ether, or the calculations of the motion of a particle in a moving space, or the period of a variable star, or all the rest of the discoveries concerning matter, the study of none of which can ennoble the character or purify the heart.

I suppose men of Science think that, if they can sufficiently banish that education which widens and deepens the mind, there will be a better chance for the promulgation of their narrow, barren doctrines.

The ignorance of the Scientific is truly invincible.

When the president of the Royal Meteorological Society, in a book about the weather, which is his exclusive field of exact knowledge, solemnly asserts that "the sun itself does not give out heat," most of us will prefer to sit in the sun and do without his Science.

When the leading lights of Science in America proceed with portentous gravity to exchange the legs of living dogs, most of us would prefer to have each dog left with its own leg, and if transplanting has to be done we should be more entertained if the operators grafted asses' ears on to each others' heads, if it could be done with the ears of dead donkeys.

When Dr. Crile, already alluded to, after perpetrating fantastic and disgusting mutilations on a hundred and forty-eight dogs, announced the result to the world in the following apothegm: "The

result of action is reaction; of rest restoration," most of us would have preferred to receive the prodigious platitude without the entirely impertinent interposition of the repulsive mutilations of living dogs.

When Sir Almroth Wright, on scientific grounds, bade us retain the dirt on our bodies and avoid fresh air, most of us would prefer to wash ourselves, ventilate our rooms, and leave to the scientific the enjoyment of their dirty skins and stuffy dwellings.

Sir Victory Horsley, the most tumid of the London vivisectioners, has constantly pronounced that "it is by increasing human knowledge that humanity is best served."

This is the last word of the dull materialist in a faithless world. This is where bald Science, unilluminated by any ray of things spiritual makes its claim to lead us.

Human knowledge is set up for us to worship, and a dreary god it will ever prove to be. Accumulation of facts is acclaimed as of more use to mankind than the dreams of poets and the visions of seers; and we are bidden to turn our backs on the tree of life and bow down before that other tree with its dead fruit.

Sir Victor Horsley thinks that humanity is best served by increasing human knowledge; well, it would increase human knowledge to ascertain by experiment whether he or his friend, Dr. Crile, could longer maintain an erect position of their bodies while standing on one leg, but I can not see how the world would be benefited by the acquisition of that knowledge.

Thirteen years of the ceaseless industry of the Cancer Research Fund must have accumulated vast masses of mere knowledge, but it has "served humanity" in no way whatever.

The accumulation of knowledge is a very different thing from the acquisition of wisdom.

For a long time the rest of the world might have smiled at these ignorant people who, with a little specialized information, claim to lead the world and guide mankind, but they have at last advanced beyond the confines of folly and have displayed characteristics worse than mere narrowness of mind.

They have allied themselves with

cruelty and have thereby sounded their own doom.

When Science advances from ignorance to heartlessness its reign must end, or civilization must relapse to brutal barbarism.—*From "Vivisection."* Published by the John Lane Company. \$1.25 net.

HERTHA.

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of
them bodily; I am the soul.

Beside or above me
Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unlove me and loves;
I am stricken, and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss,
The search and the sought, and the
seeker, the soul and the body that is.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plow cloven clod
And the plowshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the
sower, the dust which is God.

I am in thee to save thee,
As my soul in thee saith,
Give thou as I gave thee
Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers
of thy thought, and red fruit of thy
death.

Be the ways of thy giving
As mine were to thee;
The free life of thy living,
Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to
slave, shalt thou give thee to me.

I that saw where ye trod
The dim paths of the night
Set the shadow called God
In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen,
and the shadowless soul is in sight.
—Swinburne.

FROM DR. J. M'TAGGART.

Let us consider *wisdom* first.

Can we be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten? Unquestionably we can. . . . A man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived indeed of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened the first.

Of course he loses something in losing the actual knowledge. But is not even this loss really a gain? For the mere accumulation of knowledge, if memory never ceased, would soon become overwhelming, and worse than useless. What better fate would we wish for than to leave such accumulations behind us, preserving their greatest value in the *mental faculties* which have been strengthened by their acquisition.

With virtue the point is perhaps clearer. . . . I have forgotten the greater number of the good and evil acts which I have done in my present life. And yet each must have left a trace on my character. And so a man may carry over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life, and the value of those experiences will not have been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them.

There remains love. The gain which the memory of the past gives us here is that the memory of past love for any person can strengthen our present love of him. And this is what must be preserved if the value of past love is not to be lost. But love has no end but itself. If it has gone, it helps us little that we keep anything it has brought us.

What more do we want? The past is not preserved separately in memory, but it exists, concentrated and united in the present. . . . If we still think that the past is lost, let us ask ourselves whether we regard as lost all those incidents in a friendship which, even before death, are forgotten.

The most powerful in the world is that which is not visible, not palpable, not audible.—*Lao-Tse.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and cooperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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ILLEGAL PRAYER.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided solemnly that it is not a crime to pray for the cure of the sick. The court thus places itself in conflict with the legislature, which must now so revise its recent enactment as to permit an approach to the throne of grace without the interference of the police or the danger of imprisonment. Doubtless there will be joy in heaven.

The foregoing is in no way a parody of the actual proceedings. William Vernon Cole was prosecuted in 1912 for treating disease by prayer and he was fined \$100. The case was carried from court to court and it has now reached the Court of Appeal, with the result that prayer becomes legal. Chief Justice Willard Bartlett specifically stated: "I deny the power of the legislature to make it a crime to treat disease by prayer."

Into the merits of this singular dispute we need not enter except to point with amazement to the spectacle of a Christian man in a Christian country who is hunted by the police for the crime of prayer. If he had availed himself of the results of human vivisection he would have been applauded. For praying he is fined \$100. If he had resorted to germicides and operations he would have given evidence of education and intelligence. But to pray is a mark of ignorance and superstition. And this by decree of a legislature that prays daily through its

authorized chaplain for wisdom. Perhaps here we find the solution of the problem, and the reason for the legislative disbelief in the efficacy of prayer. Certainly this prayer has never been granted.

TAGORE.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore has aroused the resentment of some of his countrymen resident in America by his comparisons between the civilizations and the ideals of East and West. Curiously enough, the distinguished poet has aroused no anger among the people to whom he addressed himself. They seem to have been willing and even eager to see and to appreciate the Oriental vision. The protests come mainly from Indians, who are quick to express their contempt for the ideals and the philosophy of their native land and to clamor for the adoption of what, for some inscrutable reason, is called progress.

India, it need hardly be said, can gain much from the West, but it should be as an addition to what she has and not as a substitute for it. The West has much to learn from India, and unless all indications are deceptive she is in the way to learn it. Material advance is not inconsistent with spirituality, nor spirituality with material advance. India, because she has neglected to keep her feet upon the ground, is saturated with crude superstitions and ignorances, the passive victim of pestilences and famine.

These things are facts, and they are most evil facts. Spirituality does not compensate for them. Indeed a true spirituality would not tolerate them.

But has the white world any cause for equanimity and complacency? By what right or reason can it ask for the imitation of Asia? Are its ways the ways of peace and amity? Has it banished war? Have its mighty material achievements been an exorcism for crime and disease and poverty? Is individual happiness upon a higher level than in Asia? Is the fabric of its social system more stable? All these questions must be answered in the negative. Even an Americanized Hindu who has just discovered Karl Marx and Rousseau and Haeckel, and who believes them to be greater than Krishna can hardly wish seriously to supplant the Eastern social system by the Western. And he may even be open to the suggestion that progress is not necessarily a virtue, since it may be progress toward hell.

DEATH.

Within a few years all of us will be thinking without brains, feeling without nerves, seeing and hearing without eyes or ears. Lacking hands and pockets, we can carry nothing with us, not even credentials of good character. All that we shall have will be what we are. Stripped of all possessions, traditions, and apologies, we shall, so it seems now, find ourselves somewhat at a loss to explain ourselves to the universe.

These words form the introductory passage to a little book entitled "Living for the Future," by Dr. John Rothwell Slater, professor of English in the University of Rochester, and just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Being obviously true, they are also startling, since nothing is so unrecognized as the evident.

Our chaotic ideas of death are due to theology, which, for reasons of its own, has drawn a broad line between the natural and the supernatural. Life, says theology, is natural and governed by natural laws, which can be learned, and whose operation can therefore be foreseen. But death plunges us into the supernatural, where there can be no natural law, of which nothing can be foreseen. And it is because the mind demands a bridge between the natural and the supernatural that we have churches, and priesthoods, and revela-

tions, and inspirations, and—worse than all—heresies. But the supernatural is an invention of theology. There is no supernatural. Nature includes all, and to the sway of natural law there are no limitations. The dead man has not entered some supernatural realm. He has not been changed or transfigured in any way, and Dr. Slater is to be congratulated on his recognition of so evident a fact.

The dead man has lost his body, just as a hand loses the glove in which it was encased. But the hand is the same as it was before. It has all the strengths and weaknesses, all the perfections or deformities that have belonged to it. It has not changed because the glove has now been stripped from it.

Why should the fact of death change the essential nature of the man? How can we believe that he who was greedy or a sensualist five minutes before death is pure or angelic five minutes after death? By what inconceivable process can ignorance become wisdom in an instant, or vice become virtue? How can the mind that has had no thoughts but those of cruelty and rapacity be transfigured into light and beauty and knowledge because it has stepped forth from the body. The mind is the aggregate of thought. The mind is thought. If there were such a change as this it would no longer be the same mind. It would not be the same man. One might as well suppose that a man could be a bestial sensualist while he was in his house, but a saint the moment he stepped into the street. The mind must be the same after death as before death. It has not changed. Probably it is not even aware of death, any more than we are aware that we are sleeping.

What, then, is the lot of the dead man? Certainly it is not a lot imposed on him by some supernatural power. Whether it be good or evil he has made it for himself. It is the nature of his own mind that will now be the arbiter of pain or joy. If he sought all his pleasures from the body he must now face the fact that this source of pleasure has been destroyed. He has no body. If he was a sensualist before death he will be a sensualist after death, but now, having no senses, they can not be gratified. But desire is mental, not physical. A dead

body has no desires. The cravings of the dead sensualist are as keen and as clamorous as those of the living one, and for him are the tortures of Tantalus, seeing that he has no longer the bodily mechanism upon which he was used to rely. But this is not the "will of God." It is his own will. Every desire that now plagues him was self-made. He staked all his happiness upon bodily sensation, and the body has failed him. He might have selected a hundred sources of happiness and he chose only those that were certain to be destroyed. He might have pinned his happiness to his higher nature. He might have mastered his body and imposed silence upon it, as upon an animal. Knowing that it would presently be dissipated, he might have declined all dependence upon it for his happiness. He might have regarded it as a temporary convenience, and one upon which no edifice must be raised. But he staked everything upon the body and now it has gone, leaving behind it a raging and insatiable flame.

But this has no analogy with the hell of theology. It means only that the man, being dead, must do what he might have done before death. The flame must die of inanition. The centre of mental gravity must rise. The passions must now be compulsorily starved, since they can no more be fed. It is a natural process. It is the result of a cause. It is law. It can be foreseen. It contains no element of chance or favor.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

(By John Ruskin.)

If you address any average modern English company as believing in an eternal life, and then endeavor to draw any conclusions from this assumed belief as to their present business, they will forthwith tell you that, "What you say is very beautiful, but it is not practical." If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as unbelievers in eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from that unbelief—they immediately hold you for an accursed person, and shake off the dust from their feet at you—the dilemma is unavoidable. Men must either hereafter live or hereafter die; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation, but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope and uncon-

fronted fear. We usually believe in immortality so far as to avoid preparation for death; and in mortality so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas the wise man will at least hold himself ready for one or other of two events of which one or other is inevitable, and will have all things ended in order for his sleep, or left in order for his awakening.—From *"The Crown of Wild Olives."*

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birth-day Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

October 17—Whoever offers not food to the poor, raiment to the naked, and consolation to the afflicted, is reborn poor, naked, and suffering.

October 18—As a sower gets not his harvest if he sow seed in salt soil, so the giver gets no fruit by bestowing on the unworthy.

October 19—There are three things of which one never tires: health, life, and wealth.

October 20—A misfortune that cometh from on high can not be averted; caution is useless against the decree of Fate.

October 21—The worst of maladies is envy; the best of medicines is health.

October 22—Three things can never be got with three things: wealth, with wishing for it; youth, with cosmetics; health, with medicine.

October 23—Trifling ruins earnestness, lying is the enemy of truth, and oppression perverts justice.

Doubtless it is true that if I had no bones and no muscles and other similar things I could not do what I consider to be right. But it would be entirely untrue to affirm that the cause of that which I do is in my bones and my muscles, and not in the love of good. To speak thus means not being able to discriminate the cause from that which is inseparably connected with the cause.—*Socrates.*

Not the perversities of others, not their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligences should a sage take notice of.—*Buddha.*

ESSAYS BY MAETERLINCK.

A new book by Mr. Maeterlinck is always an interesting event, even though we may be chilled by a certain lack of enterprise that seems to distinguish his later works. Ten years ago Mr. Maeterlinck allowed himself to be led by his feelings and his intuitions, and they rarely misled him. Today he seems to rely on the intellectual research of the moment, to collect dubious facts from the schools, to ponder on the surfaces instead of the depths, and to withhold the radiations of his own direct and immediate vision. He even adopts the jargon of the *Psychical Researcher*, and he does not even see that it is jargon.

His new book, "The Wrack of the Storm," is a volume of essays with the war for its motif. With most of them we have nothing to do, but here and there we find traces of the old illumination. In his essay, "The Dead Do Not Die," we find a quotation from Lafcadio Hearn in justification, or confirmation, of his own point of view. Hearn says:

One of the surprises of our future will certainly be a return to beliefs and ideas long ago abandoned upon the mere assumption that they contained no truth—beliefs still called barbarous, pagan, mediæval, by those who condemn them out of traditional habit. Year after year the researches of science afford us new proof that the savage, the barbarian, the idolator, the monk, each and all have arrived, by different paths, as near to some point of eternal truth as any thinker of the nineteenth century. We are now learning, also, that the theories of the astrologers and of the alchemists were but partially, not totally, wrong. We have reason even to suppose that no dream of the invisible world has ever been dreamed, that no hypothesis of the unseen has ever been imagined—which future science will not prove to have contained some germ of reality.

In his essay on "Supernatural Communications" Mr. Maeterlinck ventures on the positive assertion, and after studying the problem with conscientious attention, that we possess supernormal means of knowledge that may be "a strange but real and serious source of information and comfort." Out of many instances that he has personally verified he gives us the following:

A mother had three sons at the front. She was hearing pretty regularly from the eldest and the second; but for some weeks the youngest, who was in the Belgian trenches, where the fighting was very fierce, had given

no sign of life. Wild with anxiety, she was already mourning him as dead when her friends advised her to consult Mme. M. The medium consoled her with the first words that she spoke and told her that she saw her son wounded, but in no danger whatever, that he was in a sort of shed fitted up as a hospital, that he was being very well looked after by people who spoke a different language, that for the time being he was unable to write, which was a great worry to him, but that she would receive a letter from him in a few days. The mother did, in fact, receive a card from this son a few days later, worded a little stiffly and curtly and written in an unnatural hand, telling her that all was well and that he was in good health. Greatly relieved, she dismissed the matter from her mind, merely said to herself that of course the medium, like all mediums, had been wrong, and thought no more of it. But two or three messages following on the first, all couched in short, stilted phrases that seemed to be hiding something, ended by alarming her so much that she was unable to bear the strain any longer and entreated her son to tell her the whole truth, whatever it might be. He then admitted that he had been wounded, though not seriously, adding that he was in a sort of shed fitted up as a hospital, where he was being capitally looked after by English doctors and nurses, in short, just as the medium had seen him.

Psychometry, says the author, is more certain and more accurate than the ordinary forms of psychic clairvoyance:

Is success then practically certain? Yes, rash and surprising though the statement may seem, mistakes upon the whole are very rare, provided that the medium be carefully chosen and that the object serving as an intermediary has not passed through too many hands, for it will contain and reveal as many distinct personalities as it has undergone contacts. It will be necessary, therefore, first to eliminate all these accessory personalities, so as to fix the medium's attention solely on the subject of the consultation. On the other hand, we must beware of calling for details which the nature of the medium's vision does not allow her to give us. If asked, for instance, about a soldier who is a prisoner in Germany, she will see the soldier in question very plainly, will perceive his state of health and mind, the manner in which he is treated, his companions, the fortress or group of huts in which he is interned, the appearance of the camp, of the town, of the surrounding district; but she will very seldom indeed be able to mention the name of the camp, town, or district. In fact, she can describe only what she sees; and, unless the town or camp have a board bearing its name, there will be nothing to enable her to identify it with sufficient accuracy.

Whence comes this power? asks Mr. Maeterlinck. Does it reveal by direct perception? And then follows a statement of a theory which was elaborated centuries ago by Paracelsus and which

may be said almost to belong to the alphabet of the occult arts:

It seems, therefore, almost certain that the strange virtue is contained solely in the object itself, which is somehow galvanized by a complimentary virtue in the medium. This being so, we must presume that the object, having absorbed like a sponge a portion of the spirit of the person who touched it, remains in constant communication with him, or, more probably, that it serves to track out, among the prodigious throng of human beings, the one who impregnated it with his fluid, even as the dogs employed by the police—at least so we are told—when given an article of clothing to smell, are able to distinguish, among innumerable cross trails, that of the man who used to wear the garment in question. It seems more and more certain that, as cells of one vast organism, we are connected with everything that exists by an infinitely intricate network of waves, vibrations, influences, currents, and fluids, all nameless, numberless, and unbroken.

All this is very commonplace. Whatever charm it possesses is due to the grace of its presentation. Here at least the distinguished Belgian is not a pioneer nor a discoverer, although his writings may have the advantage of attracting minds that reject every truth unless it is highly sponsored.

Mr. Maeterlinck is hardly more felicitous in his essay on prophecy:

To sum up, if it is difficult for us to conceive that the future preëxists, perhaps it is just as difficult for us to understand that it does not exist; moreover, many facts tend to prove that it is as real and definite and has, both in time and eternity, the same permanence and the same vividness as the past. Now, from the moment that it preëxists, it is not surprising that we should be able to know it; it is even astonishing, granting that it overhangs us on every side, that we should not discover it oftener and more easily.

And yet, says Mr. Maeterlinck, we were without premonitions of the greatest event in human history, the present war. It is true that certain historical predictions have been published, but their authenticity is usually dubious. It is probable that "hundreds of deaths, accidents, wounds, and cases of individual ruin and misfortune, included in the great disaster, were predicted by clairvoyants, by mediums, by dreams, and by every other manner of premonition with a definiteness sufficient to eliminate any kind of doubt." But one would expect more than this. One would suppose that humanity as a whole would be deeply sensible of the lowering clouds that presaged the deluge. But here, once more,

Mr. Maeterlinck is superficial. He is apparently unaware that H. P. Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine* predicted specifically that this civilization was likely to disappear under a sea of blood without a parallel in history, and she made various other predictions of a like kind. Humanity is never left unwarned of approaching calamities. It has not been left unwarned of calamities yet to be disclosed. It is true, as Mr. Maeterlinck says, that "a store exists filled with future events as real, as distinct, and as immutable as those of the past." But when he expresses the hope that it "will not be forever impossible" to discover we may reply that it has been discovered and that its doors are ever open to the summons of knowledge.

THE WRACK OF THE STORM. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

REINCARNATION.

A recent issue of the *Liverpool Evening Post* contains the following defense of reincarnation. The letter that called it forth is not available, but the arguments advanced in rebuttal by "G. H." seem worthy of reproduction. The letter is headed "Frequent Existences on Earth":

"In your issue of August 26th, under the heading of 'Straight Talk by Our Readers,' you have a letter by one 'Cadmus' on the subject of reincarnation and Karma. The user of this pseudonym considers that the communication from 'Ben Adhem' (in August 12th issue) on this topic makes very curious reading, and seems quite unaware that his own letter affords infinitely more curious reading: for while taking exception to the Karmic Philosopher's 'dogmatic assertions,' he himself displays a greater dogmatism in so decidedly negating the possibility of any one knowing anything about the matter.

"Surely he does not mean any one to take it seriously that a belief which goes back into remote antiquity, one believed in today by about two-thirds of the world's population, and one that for more than the first 300 years after the day of Calvary was one of the tenets of the Christian religion, is thus disposed of by reason of his expressed skepticism regarding it! His ignorance, real or assumed, is shown by his query 'Where, in

the name of common sense, did the Karmic Philosopher get his information from relative to those slain in war being still alive, and their coming back to live on earth again? Are we to suppose that he has sources of occult knowledge from which every one else is debarred?" he asks. He ('Cadmus') can, in the name of common sense, obtain information on this matter quite as easily as on any other, there being literature in plenty upon it, and very easily available.

"With the same unconscious dogmatism 'Cadmus' states that this question of future state has baffled the human intellect in all ages! Not all intellects nor in all ages, by any means! Those only have been baffled who have attempted to decide upon this subject with an imperfect understanding of it. There are grades to the understanding of things spiritual just as to the understanding of things purely intellectual; and unless certain preliminary measures are taken to acquire knowledge progressively, confusion results always.

"He gives evidence of his confusion by his manner of asking for proof of the Karmic Philosophers' assertions. I wonder does he expect physical demonstration of a spiritual subject! That has been the cry of ignorance throughout the ages. 'Cadmus' must not confound reasonable demands with the expectations of ignorance. Proof of high spiritual truths may only be obtained by advanced beings; but sufficient proof of the lesser mysteries such as the doctrines of Karma and reincarnation may be obtained by ordinary reasoning beings who are satisfied if certain demands, intellectual and moral, are met—say, logic and justice, for instance. We all regard justice as particularly imperative, especially when it is to be extended to ourselves.

"Deity is universally regarded as the quintessence of justice. Now, we are assured in Holy Writ and other Scriptures that as a man sows so also shall he reap. It is only logical and just that he shall reap here where he sowed—good or bad as the seed may have been. Individual responsibility is an indispensable requirement for the maintenance of justice, and individual responsibility can exist only if souls are the creators of their own destinies, otherwise justice is a mockery and a delusion. To be the creators of

their own destinies necessitates existence previous to the current one, shall I call it?

"This brings us to the question of immortality and the orthodox form of belief in it: one life commencing on earth, and an eternity spent in some vague, unknown place or state. Likewise, that for the finite acts of that one short life on earth one reaps elsewhere infinite and eternal results. Neither justice nor logic is represented in that form of belief, and it is largely answerable for the materialistic or agnostic trend of present-day beliefs, or non-beliefs, rather.

"On the side of logic it must be demanded that if a soul is immortal, then it must be immortal both ways—past as well as future.

"Of course, to a great class of human beings the idea of reincarnation and Karma is most objectionable: for, with the law of justice operating, their future existences on the physical plane would be hardly comforting to think about—existences during which they would be subjected to inexorable laws which compelled them to 'pay off' all bills incurred by previous selfish lives and disregard for their fellow-beings. 'Restitution' has an unpleasant sound to the guilty!

"Let 'Cadmus' make himself acquainted with his subject before attempting to dispose of it; and let him find another belief—if he can—wherein there is anything approaching such commendable qualities for rational trust as that which he attempts to deride. Let him also remember that ridicule is no more a test of the matters under discussion than it is of anything else in the realm of thought."

IMMORTALITY.

(By Horace J. Bridges.)

It is well to bear in mind, when reading the words of Plato concerning immortality, that he was not confused by the mental muddle created in modern times by the attempt to furnish a substitute for it. He knew, what the unsophisticated consciousness has always known, that the immortality which men desire is personal or nothing. It means the continuance (with whatever development) of the self-conscious individual soul. If it is not this it is not immortality. The attempt of Positivism to deny this, and at the same to provide

the same consolation, by talking about the incorporation of the (non-existent) soul into the Great Being Humanity, if taken seriously (and there actually are some people who take it seriously), is a strange piece of intellectual jugglery. It is like the construction sometimes placed upon the Apostles' Creed, according to which "conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," means, "conceived of the carpenter Joseph, born of the married woman Mary"; and "I believe in the resurrection of the body" means, "I deny the resurrection of the body, but I rather fancy that the soul may be immortal."

I would not even seem to disparage that noble aspiration which is expressed by George Eliot in *The Choir Invisible*. "To make undying music in the world," to "be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony," to leave to after-times "the sweet presence of a good diffused, and in diffusion ever more intense"—this is the sole aim worthy of the life of man. But to call it immortality is to use language with reckless ambiguity. An influence is not a person; it is not a consciousness; and a personal consciousness is the only possible subject of the kind of life to which this desire relates. To anybody who longs for personal continuance, the surrogate arrangement offered by Positivism is a positive insult. If you do not believe in conscious life after death, and some bereaved friend comes to you for consolation, be brave enough to tell what you really think. Do not say, "I can offer you an excellent substitute," because you can not. Do not imitate those vegetarian restaurants in London, where they give you a hash-up of beans and fried potatoes, and call it steak. Do not say in effect, "Of course you want to be assured that your friend is alive, and that you and he will meet again, whereas he is really dead and done for; but you can easily lull yourself into believing that it is very much the same as if he were still living." In other words, do not pretend that a figure of speech is a statement of fact. We can permit the poet to speak of "those immortal dead who live again in lives made better by their presence," but only on the strict understanding that this is not to be offered as a consolation to anybody who is seeking the kind of

comfort of which this doctrine is a denial. . . .

We may never be able to find on either side of the question arguments that will sustain one moment's steady regard; and yet the everlasting riddle will always continue to be propounded. Although we have no data which could convert our feeling of what is probable into a knowledge of what is actual, we shall continue to dispute about the subject, because we must; and after we have recognized the "futilities" of Plato and of Arnold for what they are, we shall proceed to invent fresh ones of our own. Those whose faith in immortality is "shocked" or shaken by Arnold's criticism may at least find comfort by remembering that nothing that Plato or anybody else, down to the most ranting revivalist or the mosey feeble-minded séance haunter, ever offered as a proof of immortality, can equal in futility the arguments advanced in recent times as proof that man is not immortal. When scientific "philosophers" or their popularizers tell us that the human soul is "a function of the nervous system," or that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," we feel that the wildest non-sequitur in the *Phædo* is by comparison logical and rational. With people who can believe that the subject is derived from the object; that the spirit is created by its instruments; that the knower is a product of a few of the items which he knows;—with such people it is difficult to hold serious argument. One can not but anticipate that they will shortly undertake, with a specially powerful microscope, to show us a little bit of human kindness, or a fragment detached from a chain of argument. Why not, if thought is a secretion of the brain?—*From "The Religion of Experience."* Publish by the Macmilland Company.

It is necessary for us often to remind ourselves that our true life is not the exterior material life which takes place here on earth in our sight, but the inner life of our spirit, for which the visible life is nothing but the scaffolding used to protect the growth of our spirit. The scaffolding in itself has but a temporary destination, after the fulfillment of which it becomes entirely useless and may turn into an obstacle.—*Lao-Tze.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Oct 25 1916



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RE-BIRTH.

Casting a casual and ruminative eye over the eminently proper columns of the *Springfield Republican* we notice a report of a session of the Concord School of Philosophy and of the address delivered upon that occasion by Mr. F. B. Sanborn at Mrs. Lothrop's Hillside Chapel.

"I by no means imagine," said Mr. Sanborn, "this to be the only world we may inhabit, or have inhabited. That mystery we call life seems to be formed for continuance, now in one state of being, now in another. The soul refuses to accept the thought of annihilation; while it welcomes a variety and succession of existence. But we have little memory of the previous states through which we may have passed. Tennyson's 'Two Voices' sums up rather too prosily the arguments for and against annihilation; but the two great authorities to the Anglo-Saxon on preëxistence are Wordsworth and Plato. Plato, in the 'Phædo' and the 'Meno,' and other Socratic dialogues, lays down with much clearness the doctrine of preëxistence, and intimates that each of us has passed through various states of existence, of which we may retain no actual memory, though we acquire through memory those principles which are our guides in each form of life.

"Among the thoughtful men of modern civilization this belief in preëxistence is not apt to be confessed, if it

happens to be held; but the real founder of this Concord school of the philosophers, Bronson Alcott, not only held it, from first to last, but persisted in putting it forward, as Wordsworth did not."

Mr. Sanborn did not say that he himself held this belief, but we may wonder why it "is not apt to be confessed if it happens to be held." It is of course true that it is held very largely by those who make no parade of it. Indeed the number of those who regard it at least with sympathy and interest is surprisingly great. But why should it be concealed except in deference to a materialism that is equally hostile to all forms of religious belief? Hume said that it was the only belief based on the immortality of the soul "unto which philosophy can in any way hearken," since that which is eternal "must also have been ungenerable." Surely this deference to materialistic science, this obeisance before its frown, can be carried too far.

THESITES.

Dr. W. T. Elmore writes an article on Theosophy for a religious weekly, impelled thereto, he tells us, by the fact that Theosophy is growing in America, and that while there is no evidence that it will sweep the land, "it is causing sufficient trouble in many of our churches and communities to make it imperative that Christian people know something of its history and claims."

That Theosophy is growing in Amer-

ica we are well aware, but we are none the less glad to have our convictions confirmed. It was pleasant to hear that Dr. Elmore would join in the good work of informing Christian people as to the history and claims of the Society. The spectacle of Saul among the prophets is not one that grows stale by time.

But here we were lamentably disappointed, as well as regretful of the time spent in perusing four columns of small type. For Dr. Elmore has little to tell us of the real history of the Society, and practically nothing to tell us of its claims. And what he does tell us contains just that modicum of truth usually considered necessary to give point and venom to a lie. A mere parody of theosophical teachings would have been tolerable. A vigorous attack upon them would have been welcome. But what shall one say to a mere tissue of personal slander, a raking over of the ashes of the past in the search for garbage, a medley of suggestion, insinuation, and inference? One may suppose that Dr. Elmore is familiar with the mental and moral calibre of his audience—evidently a somewhat primitive one—but surely such a diatribe as this must arouse a wholesome curiosity and inquiry. It is no part of our mission to undertake the defense of individual Theosophists where a contemptuous silence is the best of all defenses, but it may at least be said that Mrs. Besant was white and worn in the service of humanity before Dr. Elmore had ever been heard of. And it may be said also that Mrs. Besant will be remembered with gratitude by millions of people when Dr. Elmore has been forgotten. And we are glad that this clerical Thersites should thus remind us of services that will live long after errors have been buried.

Dr. Elmore is a "doctor of divinity"—save the mark. Presumably he is versed in sacred writ, although he seems to have found nothing therein to warn him from the evils of slander and calumny. We will therefore remind him of Shimei, who "sat by the roadside and cursed." He may draw such parallels as his conscience may suggest.

No man, however gross and material he may be, can avoid leading a double existence; one in the visible universe, the other in the invisible.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

AN OLD CIVILIZATION.

When H. P. Blavatsky began to write on the antiquity of civilization she was told that her scientific heresies in this respect served to confute all that she had to say. For science was sure that there had been no civilization beyond the frontiers of the historical period. There might perhaps have been slight perturbations in the evolutionary advance, a somewhat erratic continuity, but the story of humanity was none the less a fairly direct record of progress from barbarism to civilization. Tell us, said science in effect, the age of humanity, and we will tell you of its culture. To believe that high civilization has always existed side by side with savagery, as it does today, is a superstition. It is unsustained by evidence.

Evidence has, of course, become abundant during the last forty years. It would fill a large volume. There is therefore nothing essentially surprising in the address just delivered by Sir Arthur Evans, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Civilization, says the learned lecturer, is far older than we have supposed. There was a high civilization in western Europe at least ten thousand years before the earliest historic monuments of Egypt and Babylon, and if we place the age of these monuments at ten thousand years we have an antiquity for this European civilization of twenty thousand years:

To the engraved and sculptured works of man in the "Reindeer period" we have now to add not only such new specialties as are exemplified by the moulded clay figures of life-size bisons in the Tuc d'Audoubert Cave, or the similar high reliefs of a procession of six horses cut on the overhanging limestone brow of Cap Blanc, but whole galleries of painted designs on the walls of caverns and rock shelters.

So astonishing was this last discovery, made first by the Spanish investigator, Señor de Sautuola—or rather his little daughter—so long ago as 1878, that it was not until after it had been corroborated by repeated finds on the French side of the Pyrenees—not, indeed, until the beginning of the present century—that the paleolithic age of these rock paintings was generally recognized. But the greatest marvel of all is that such polychrome masterpieces as the bisons, standing and couchant, or with limbs huddled together, of the Altamira Cave were executed on the ceilings of inner vaults and galleries where the light of day has never penetrated.

Such was the level of artistic attainment

in southwestern Europe at a modest estimate some ten thousand years earlier than the most ancient monuments of Egypt or Chaldæa! Nor is this an isolated phenomenon. One by one characteristics, both spiritual and material, that had been formerly thought to be the special marks of later ages of mankind have been shown to go back to that earlier world.

One after another, features that had been reckoned as the exclusive property of neolithic or later ages are seen to have been shared by paleolithic man in the final stage of his evolution. For the first time, moreover, we find the productions of his art rich in human subjects.

At Cogul the sacral dance is performed by women clad from the waist downward in well-cut gowns, while in a rock shelter of Alpera, where we meet with the same skirted ladies, their dress is supplemented by flying sashes. On the rock painting of the Cueva de la Vieja, near the same place, women are seen with still longer gowns rising to their bosoms. We are already a long way from Eve!

The nascent flame of primeval culture was thus already kindled in that older world, and, so far as our present knowledge goes, it was in the southwestern part of our continent, on either side of the Pyrenees, that it shone its brightest. After the great strides in human progress already made at that remote epoch it is hard, indeed, to understand what it was that still delayed the rise of European civilization in its higher shape. Yet it had to wait for its fulfillment through many millennia.

The gathering shadows thickened and the darkness of a long night fell, not on that favored region alone, but throughout the wide area where Reindeer man had ranged. Still the question rises—as yet imperfectly answered—were there no relay runners to pass on elsewhere the lighted torch?

But darkness followed the light, says the lecturer. Europe had to sink back into the shadows for many thousands of years before the new illumination came. Savagery once more ruled where culture had been. There was the ebb and flow of the human tide, the withdrawal of the waters that they might subsequently rise higher.

The lecturer's question as to the relay runners who were to pass on the lighted torch is a significant one. There are always relay runners. There is always the lighted torch. It is not the souls that compose a civilization that lapse into barbarism. Souls do not lapse. They incarnate elsewhere and carry the light with them, giving place to those of less progress. When the fires died down in Europe they blazed up in Crete, in the Minoan civilization. Thence they passed to Greece and so found their way once more to western Europe.

It is strange that the archæologist who talks so glibly of successive waves of civilization is unable to see that those waves are composed of the same human entities just as the successive waves of an ocean tide are made up of the same drops of water. But doubtless that will come. We shall yet hear that some future president of a scientific association has "discovered" reincarnation.

**"WE ARE SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS
ARE MADE OF."**

We have forgot what we have been,

And what we are we little know,

We fancy new events begin,

But all has happened long ago.

Through many a verse life's poem flows,

But still, though seldom marked by
men,

At times returns the constant close,—

Still the old chorus comes again.

The childish grief, the boyish fear,

The hope in manhood's breast that
burns,

The doubt, the transport, and the tear,

Each mood, each impulse oft returns.

Before mine infant eyes had hailed

The new-born glory of the day,

When the first wondrous morn unveiled

The breathing world that round me
lay,—

The same strange darkness o'er my
brain

Folded its close mysterious wings,

The ignorance of joy or pain

That each recurring midnight brings.

And oft my feelings make me start,

Like footprints on some desert shore
As if the chambers of my heart

Had heard their shadowy step before.

So, looking into thy fond eyes,

Strange memories come to me, as
though

Somewhere—perchance in Paradise—

I had adored thee long ago.

—Thomas Williams Parsons.

Earnestness is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.—*Buddha*.

JULIUS LE VALLON.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood has long been known not only as a practical student of Occultism, but as one of its most graceful literary exponents. Certainly there is no man now living who has done so much to familiarize the world with mystical thought or to make the realm of mysticism a living one. There is only one other author who can be compared with Mr. Blackwood in the domain of occult fiction. Lytton's novel of "Zanoni" has so far held the field, with Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" a close second. But "Zanoni" must now give place to "Julius Le Vallon," which without question is the most distinctive novel of occultism that has yet seen the light.

It is the story of the simultaneous re-incarnation of three persons who are brought once more into relationship that they may compensate for an occult dereliction in the far past. Two of these persons are men and the third is a woman, although the woman does not appear until the story is far advanced. The first recognition is between Julius and his fellow-pupil at an English public school:

"And myself?" he went on gently yet eagerly at the same time, his eyes searching my own. "Don't you remember—me? Have I, too, gone quite beyond recall?"

But with truth my answer came at once:

"Something . . . perhaps . . . comes back to me . . . a little," I stammered. For while aware of a keen sensation that I talked with some one I knew as well as I knew my own father, nothing at the moment seemed wholly real to me except his sensitive, pale face with the large and beautiful eyes so keenly peering, and the tangled hair escaping under that ridiculous school cap. The pine trees in the cricket field rose into the fading sky behind him, and I remember being puzzled to determine where his hair stopped and the feathery branches began.

" . . . carrying the spears up the long stone steps in the sunshine," his voice murmured on with a sound like running water, "and the old man in the robe of yellow standing at the top . . . and orchards below, all white and pink with blossoms dropping in the wind . . . and miles of plain in blue distances far away, the river winding . . . and birds fishing in the shallow places . . ."

The picture flashed into my mind. I saw it. I remembered it in detail as easily as any childhood scene of a few years ago, but yet through a blur of summery haze and at the end of a stupendous distance that reduced the scene to lilliputian proportions. I looked down the wrong end of a telescope at it all. The appalling distance—and something else

as well I was at a loss to define—frightened me a little.

Memory, once aroused, proceeds apace. But it is always Julius who is the prompter of the more sluggish memory of his companion:

" . . . when we lit the signal fires upon the hills," the voice of Le Vallon broke in softly, looking over his shoulder lest we be disturbed, "and lay as sentinels all night beside the ashes . . . till the plain showed clearly in the sunrise with the encampments marked over it like stones. . . ."

I saw the blue plain fading into the distance, and across it a swiftly-moving cloud of dust that was ominous in character, pre-saging attack. Again the scene shifted noiselessly as a picture on a screen, and a deserted village slid before me, with small houses built of undressed stone, and roomy paddocks abandoned to the wild deer from the hills. I smelt the keen, fresh air and the scent of wild flowers. A figure, carrying a small blue stick, passed with tearing rapidity up the empty street.

" . . . when you were a runner to the tribe," the voice stepped curiously in from a world outside it all, "carrying warnings to the House of Messengers . . . and I held the long night-watches upon the passes, signaling with the flaming torches to those below . . ."

"But so far away, so dim, so awfully small, that I can hardly . . ."

The character of Julius is drawn with dramatic vividness, and one is inclined to wonder if it is a portrait. Occultism is not something that he has to learn. It comes directly and normally as from immediate vision:

During the whole two years of our school days at the Close, I never heard him use such phrases as "former life" or "reincarnation." Life, for him, was eternal simply, and at Motfield he was in eternal life, just as he always had been and always would be. Only he never said this. He was a boy and talked like a boy. He just lived it. Death to him was an insignificant detail. His whole mind ran to the idea that life was continuous, each section casting aside the worn-out instrument which had been exactly suited to the experience its wearer needed for its development at that time and under those conditions. And, certainly, he never understood that astounding tenet of most religions, that life can be "eternal" by prolonging itself endlessly in the future, without having equally extended endlessly also in the past.

"There are numbers of people about today," continued Hurrish, as we walked home slowly across the field, "who pretend to remember all kinds of wonderful things about themselves and about their past, not one of which can be justified. But it only means, as a rule, that they wish to appear peculiar by taking up the fad of the moment. They like to glorify themselves, though few of them understand even the A B C of the serious belief that may lie behind it all."

Julius explains that the memory of the past is not something to be regained. All that we have to do is to make room for it in the brain:

"I do wish I could remember better," I said once.

"It comes gradually of itself," he answered "and best of all when you're not thinking at all. The top part gets thin, and suddenly you see down into clear deep water. The top part, of course, is recent; it smothers the older things."

"Like thick sand, mine is," I said, "heaps and heaps of it."

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"The pictures of Today hide those of Yesterday," he explained. "You can't remember two things at once. If your head is stuffed with what's happening at the moment, you can't expect to remember what happened a month ago. Dig back. It's trying that starts it moving."

The story is rich in occult suggestion of the highest value. Here, for example, is Le Vallon's explanation of the efficacy of occult ceremonialism, an explanation that will need no emphasis for the student who is salutarily prone of an adventurous speculation:

"Dwell upon anything you like," he said, "to the point where you feel it, and you get it all, exactly as it is, not merely as you see it. Its quality, its power, becomes a part of yourself. Take trees, rivers, mountains, take wind and fire in this way—and you feel their power in you. You can use them. That was the way of worship—then."

"The sun itself, the planets, anything?" I asked eagerly, recognizing something that seemed once familiar to me.

"Anything," he replied quietly. "Copy their own movements, too, and you'll get nearer still. Imitate the attitude and gestures of a stranger and you begin to understand what he's up to, his point of view—what he's feeling. You begin to know him. All ceremonies began that way. On that big plain where the worship of the sun was held, the smaller temples represented the planets, the distances all calculated in proper ratio from the heavens. We copied their movements exactly, as we moved, thousands and thousands of us, in circular form about the centre. We felt—with them, got all joined up to the whole system; by imitating their gestures, we understood them and absorbed a portion of their qualities and powers. Our energy became as theirs. Acting the ceremony brought the knowledge, don't you see? Oh, it's scientific, right enough," he added. "It's not going backward—instinctive knowledge. It's a pity it's forgotten now."

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"I've done it so often. You've done it with me. Alone, of course, it's difficult to get results; but when a lot together do it—a crowd—a nation—the whole world—you could shift Olympus into the Ægean, or bring Mars near enough to throw a bridge across!"

There are very many such conversations as this, so full of suggestiveness that it would be hard to exaggerate their value. Here is another of Le Vallon's reminiscent speculations:

Our earth, indeed, was not the centre of the universe; it was but a temporary point in the long long journey of the River of Lives. The soul would eventually traverse a million other points. It was so integral a part of everything, so intimately akin to every corner and aspect of the cosmos, that a "human" being's relative position to the very stars, the angle at which he met their light and responded to the tension of their forces, must necessarily affect his inmost personality. If the moon could raise the tides, she could assuredly cause an ebb and flow in the fluids of the human body, and how could men and women expect to resist the stress and suction of those tremendous streams of power that played upon the earth from the network of great distant suns? Times and seasons, now known as feast days and the like, were likewise of significance. There were moments, for instance, in the "ceremony" of the heavens when it was possible to see more easily in one direction than in another, when certain powers, therefore, were open and accessible. The bridges then were clear, the channels open. A revelation of intense life—from the universe, from a star, from mountains, rivers, winds, or forests—could then steal down and leave their traces in the heart and passion of a human being. For, just as there is a physical attitude of prayer by which the human body invites communion, so times and seasons were attitudes and gestures of that greater body of nature when results could be most favorably expected.

One other extract must suffice by way of temptation to the reader to acquaint himself with this remarkable book:

In connection with Le Vallon's settled conviction that the Universe was everywhere alive and one, and that only the thinnest barriers divided animate from so-called inanimate Nature, I recall one experience in particular. The world men ordinarily know is limited to a few vibrations the organs of sense respond to. Though science, with her delicate new instruments, was beginning to justify the instinctive knowledge of an older time, and wireless marvels and radio-activity were still unknown (at the time of which I write), Julius spoke of them as the groundwork of still greater marvels by which thought would be transmissible. The thought-current was merely a little higher than the accepted wavelengths; moreover, powers and qualities were equally transmissible. Unscientifically, he was aware of all these things, and into this beyond-world he penetrated, apparently, though with the effort of a long-forgotten practice. He linked the human with the non-human. He knew Saturn or the Sun in the same way that he knew a pebble or a wild flower—by feeling—with them.

"It's coming back into the world," he said. "Before we leave this section it will all be

known again. The 'best minds,' he laughed, "will publish it in little primers, and will label it 'extension of consciousness' or some such labored thing. And they will think themselves very wonderful to have discovered what they really only re-collect."

Slight reference has been made here to the narrative that threads Mr. Blackwood's book. There is a narrative and a startling one, and with a dramatic culmination. The three characters involved have disturbed the balance of nature by some reckless occult experiment in the far past and they are now brought together once more in order that they may restore the violated equilibrium. How this is done the reader must ascertain for himself. Certainly he is not likely either to leave the story unfinished or to regret that he has read it.

JULIUS LE VALLON... By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CONCENTRATION.

(By Christian D. Larson.)

Concentrate subjectively upon any quality in your nature, and you increase the power as well as the worth of that quality. And here we have a method through which any person can entirely change, for the better, his nature, his disposition, his character, and his entire mentality. Concentrate subjectively upon any force in your system, and you not only increase the active power of that force, but you gain perfect control over the force itself, as well as its sphere of action. Concentrate subjectively upon any mental faculty or talent, and you awaken the real, interior power of that talent—that power that produces genius.

Concentrate subjectively upon any phase of consciousness, and you expand that consciousness continuously until you become conscious of worlds, realms, and domains that you never dreamed of before. In brief, through subjective concentration, we may gain control of all the elements and forces that exist in the vastness of human life, and direct those elements in the re-making of ourselves according to our highest ideal. But this concentration is not the mere holding of attention here or there as we may elect. Subjective concentration is a special art—a very high art, and a most extensive art; it is the entering *into* the real essence of all substance and all force; it is the conveyance of a mental state or an

ideal condition to any special part anywhere in the human system; it is the *living of the superior in that part where you wish the superior to be expressed.*—From "*Steps in Human Progress.*" Published by Edward J. Clode.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

October 24—Caution can never incur disgrace; imbecility can never bring honor with it.

October 25—Whomsoever riches do not exalt, poverty will not abase, nor calamity cast down.

October 26—Night and day are the steeds of man; they hurry him on, not he them.

October 27—Whoso heeds not a plaint, confesses his own meanness; and whoso makes a merit of his charity, incurs reproach.

October 28—There are four things of which a little goes on a long way: pain, poverty, error, and enmity.

October 29—He who knows not his own worth, will never appreciate the worth of others.

October 30—Whosoever is ashamed of his father and mother, is excluded from the ranks of the wise.

"SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH."

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,

The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth.

And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars.

It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers.

And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,

Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,

But westward, look, the land is bright.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

THE IMAGINATION.

(By Paracelsus.)

The spirit is the master, imagination the tool, and the body the plastic material. Imagination is the power by which the will forms sidereal entities out of thoughts. Imagination is not *fancy*, which latter is the cornerstone of superstition and foolishness. The imagination of man becomes pregnant through desire, and gives birth to deeds. Every one may regulate and educate his imagination so as to come thereby into contact with spirits, and be taught by them. Spirits desiring to act upon man act upon his imagination, and they therefore make often use of his dreams for the purpose of acting upon him. During sleep the sidereal man may by the power of the imagination be sent out of the physical form, at a distance to act for some purpose. No place is too far for the imagination to go, and the imagination of one man can impress that of another, wherever it reaches. . . .

Imagination is the beginning of the growth of a form, and it guides the process of its growth. The Will is a dissolving power, which enables the body to become impregnated by the "tincture" of the imagination. He who wants to know how a man can unite his power of imagination with the power of the imagination of heaven, must know by what process this may be done. A man comes into possession of creative power by uniting his own mind with the Universal Mind, and he who succeeds in doing so will be in possession of the highest possible wisdom; the lower realm of Nature will be subject to him, and the powers of Heaven will aid him, because Heaven is the servant of Wisdom. . . .

The exercise of true magic does not require any ceremonies or conjurations, or the making of circles or signs; it requires neither benedictions nor maledictions in words, neither verbal blessings nor curses; it only requires a strong faith in the omnipotent power of all good, that can accomplish everything if it acts through a human mind being in harmony with it, and without which nothing useful can be accomplished. True magic power consists in true faith, but true faith rests in spiritual knowledge and without that kind of knowledge there can be no faith. If I know that divine wisdom can accomplish a certain thing through me, I have

the true holy faith; but if I merely fancy or suppose that a thing might be possible, or if I attempt to persuade myself that I believe in its possibility, such a belief is no knowledge, and confers no faith. No one can have a true faith in a thing which is not true, because such a "faith" would be merely a belief or opinion based upon ignorance of the truth.

A FUTURE LIFE.

(Editorial in Wall Street Journal.)

The question of practical, immediate, and tremendous importance to Wall Street, quite as much as to any other part of the world, is, Has there been a decline in the faith in a future life? And if so, to what extent is this responsible for the special phenomena of our time—the eager pursuit of sudden wealth, the shameless luxury, the gross and corrupting extravagance, the misuse of swollen fortunes, the indifference to law, the growth of graft, the abuse of great corporate power, the social unrest, the spread of demagoguery, the appeals to bitter and class hatred? . . .

The supreme need of the hour is not elastic currency or sounder banking, or better protection against panics, or bigger navies, or more equitable tariffs, but a revival of faith, a return to a morality which recognizes a basis in religion and the establishment of a workable and working theory of life, that views man as something more than a mere lump of matter.

Here we are satisfied with pieces of bark, and you with silken garments; the satisfaction is equal in this case, and the distinction is without a difference. Let him be (called) poor whose greed is boundless; the heart being content, who is rich and who poor?—*Vairagyshataka-Bhartrihari*.

Let a man leave anger, let him forsake pride, let him overcome all bondage! No sufferings befall the man who is not attached to name and form, and who calls nothing his own.—*Buddha*.

With pure thoughts and fulness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself.—*Buddha*.

Overcome evil by good.—*Buddha*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.** Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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Vol. I. No. 44. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, October 28, 1916. Price 5 Cents

ELLEN KEY SPEAKS.

Amid the chaos of war remedies that no one seems too unwise or too inexperienced to advance comes a clear note of sanity from Ellen Key. She has no royal road to peace upon earth. She advocates neither conventions, nor congresses, nor the signing of documents. She does not believe that war can be talked out of the world, nor voted out of the world. Nor does she entertain that most remarkable of all delusions that men fight under compulsion and that the arbitrary will of a few autocrats can plunge the nations into bloodshed. She says, on the contrary, that men fight because they like to fight, and that the struggles on the battlefield are but the logical and inevitable extension of the commercial and economic struggles on which we have built our civilization and that we never weary of applauding. And indeed there seems to be no valid reason why we should hold up our hands in horror because men are being killed quickly by bullets, and remain placidly indifferent to the fact that other men are being killed slowly and far more painfully by mortgages.

There is still another fallacy that is faced by Ellen Key with the courage that distinguishes her. The influence of women is not necessarily a pacific one. It ought to be, but that is quite another story. She tells us that for every thousand women pacifists there are a million egging men on to war. "It is unfortu-

nately not true, as some women assure us, that in being born a woman we are born to hate war. Women in the warring countries have not only pawned their gold and jewels for the war, but they have urged their sons and husbands to enlist, and they are willing to lose, to sacrifice all, rather than that their country should fail to crush the enemy."

What, then, is Ellen Key's remedy? It is not a spectacular one, and it includes no opportunities for self-display nor for those ministrations to personal vanity that seem now to be an essential part of reform. We must change our point of view, says Ellen Key. We must adopt new ideals. We must cultivate the inner life. We must cease to applaud depredations and to profit by them. We must abandon our predatory instincts. We must destroy materialism. And these feats are to be accomplished by individuals, working upon themselves individually. They can not be enacted by laws. They can not be enforced upon our neighbors. They are not fit subjects for agitations, processions, nor "movements." These things may come fitly as supplements, but "the first means of preventing war would be to let all education of the growing generation aim at eradicating the predatory instincts in which war . . . has its roots." At the present time education stimulates those instincts. It creates and fosters them. The law of the jungle—somewhat rarefied and sublimated—is proclaimed as

also the law of human life. Self-preservation, we are told, must come first. Nature, we are told, preserves the "fit," and we are allowed to assume that fitness is indicated by long teeth and sharp claws. But when the teeth and the claws draw real red human blood we beseech the gods to save us from those forces in human destiny "over which we have no control." Was there ever such a mockery of intelligence?

It is women, says Ellen Key, who must turn their backs upon the ancient idols of prosperity and productiveness if the world is to be saved from war. She is by no means sure that they will do so, but it is the only hope. They must realize, she says, that the essence of the human soul is determined from within. "Only when individuals and nations will realize that it profits them nothing to gain the whole world and lose their souls is it possible to hope that humanity will be converted from the broad path of external success to the narrow path of spiritual development—the path that leads to life both for the individual and the nation."

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

October 31—He who is not lowly in his own sight, will never be exalted in the sight of others.

November 1—In every blessing think of its end, in every misfortune think of its removal.

November 2—If justice predominates not over injustice in a man, he will speedily fall into ruin.

November 3—Vain hopes cut man off from every good; but the renunciation of avarice prevents every ill.

November 4—Patience leads to power, but lust leads to loss.

November 5—By wisdom is the gift of knowledge displayed; by knowledge are high things obtained.

November 6—In calamity are men's virtues proved, and by long absence is their friendship tested.

The will creates; for the will in motion is *force*, and force reproduces *matter*.—
H. P. Blavatsky.

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION.

One of the significant signs of the day is the number of books written avowedly from the Christian standpoint and that yet seek to present the teachings of other religions with accuracy, breadth, and tolerance. Theological arrogance seems already to be a thing of the past.

Of this we have an example in "Problems of Religion," by Dr. Durant Drake, A. M., Ph. D., just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The book represents a course of lectures given for several years to the undergraduates of Wesleyan University. It is divided into Historical, Psychological, and Philosophical, and each department is handled with skill and erudition. Clearly enough the author regards religion as a unity that has presented itself to many people under many forms corresponding with their characteristics and development, and the faiths of the world must therefore be regarded as complementary and mutually elucidatory.

Dr. Drake devotes a chapter to Buddhism, and under its persuasive spell he finds no inclination toward those odorous comparisons once so dear to the theological heart. Thus we find him saying:

There is no belief in Providence in Buddhism; man must work out his own salvation in a world of law. Buddha may never have questioned the existence of gods; but he found them of no religious importance. He taught a means of deliverance which requires no belief in superhuman Powers and asks no help of them. In its pure and unadulterated form, Buddhism is one of the least superstitious and irrational of human religions. It teaches that salvation and peace are inward things, that the soul can be freed from the dominion of the body's ills, that happiness is to be found, not in changing outer things, but in changing ourselves.

Buddhists, says the author, have kept more closely to the teachings of love than have Christians. It has bred a singularly gentle and peaceable folk who give and forgive because such is the law of life:

It is easy to point out defects in Buddhism. It has not energized its converts, being rather a sedative than a stimulant. It has not sought to redeem the social order, contenting itself with pointing out a way of escape from a hopelessly evil world. It is lacking in the Hebrew-Christian (or Zoroastrian) sense of the cosmic significance of morality, and the enthusiasm of enlisting in a divine war against sin and sorrow which is

bound in the end to triumph. It taught, long before Christianity, the need of self-surrender and love; but it does not espouse them with the joyous abandon of the true Christian saints. Such wisdom of unworldliness as Buddha—and as Christ, too—taught easily paralyzes activity; and Buddhism did not have the good fortune to be taken up, as Christianity was, by peoples whose native energy should balance its unworldly teaching. We find in Buddhism a renunciation of things that are vital and important in life. But we can forgive this cramping of the spirit when we see what a priceless comfort and blessing it has been to millions of its adherents. If it has not let loose the latent energies of men as Christianity has—or is this because the Oriental is not so easily aroused to energetic action?—it is at least free from many of the faults that have marred the history of Christianity, from its arid and bitter controversies and its militant intolerance. "Surely this is a simple faith . . . and to know that it is a beautiful faith you have but to look at its believers and be sure. If a people be contented in their faith, if they love it and exalt it, and are never ashamed of it, and if it exalts them and makes them happy, what greater testimony can you have than that?" (H. Fielding Hall.)

As an example of Dr. Drake's catholicity we may point to his comments on mysticism, or the "cultivation of the beatific vision." He says:

Mysticism is many centuries old. A careful training in the attainment of its illumination was practiced in Brahmanic India, under the name of "Yoga"; attention was paid to such physical details as diet, posture, breathing, concentration of mind, as well as to an antecedent moral discipline. Catholic manuals teach the art; it is known in Mohammedan Persia; no religion or creed has a monopoly of it. Its extreme forms, which are a sort of self-hypnotization and actual trance, are open, no doubt, only to certain temperaments; but in some degree all, of whatever faith, can attain, at least at moments, to its blessed assurance and bliss.

Still another aspect of Dr. Drake's philosophy is to be found in his treatment of miracles. To refuse to listen to the evidence in favor of miracles would be, he says, a "stupid dogmatism." But what, he asks, do they prove?

But if spiritual truth must be tested by other criteria than its source, is it so with knowledge of facts? Do not Christ's miracles prove his supernatural nature and therefore afford a presumption that he knew more than we do about God, the human soul and its destiny and other matters beyond our ken? Unfortunately, such a presumption is overthrown (quite apart from our doubts as to the actuality of the miracles) by the fact that so many other people are reported to have performed equally striking miracles; and their teachings do not agree. How can the orthodox regard miracles as a guaranty of the

correct knowledge of a teacher, when the Bible itself imputes them to all sorts of magicians and miracle-mongers? Should we credit the teachings of the Egyptian wise men because they were able to turn their rods into serpents, transform the waters of the Nile into blood, and bring a plague of frogs upon the land? The New Testament refers in several places to miracles wrought by "false prophets"; the "sons of the Pharisee" were working them, as Jesus says. How, then, do they give any particular authentication to Jesus' teaching rather than to that of the others.

Enough has been said to evidence the production of a remarkable book, and one that is an encouraging sign of a new era of religious thought that will seek for similarities and agreements rather than for divergences and contradictions.

LIFE AND RELIGION.

(By Max Müller.)

The southern Aryans were absorbed in the struggles of thought: their past is the problem of creation, their future the problem of existence, and the present, which ought to be the solution of both, seems never to have attracted their attention, or called forth their energies. There never was a nation believing so firmly in another world, and so little concerned about this. Their condition on earth was to them a problem; their real and eternal life a simple fact. Though this is true chiefly before they were brought in contact with foreign conquerors, traces of this character are still visible in the Hindus as described by the companions of Alexander, nay, even in the Hindus of the present day. The only sphere in which the Indian mind finds itself at liberty to act, to create, and to worship is the sphere of religion and philosophy, and nowhere have religious and metaphysical ideas struck root so deeply in the mind of a nation as in India. History supplies no second instance where the inward life of the soul has so completely absorbed all the other faculties of a people.—*India*.

As behind the various gods of nature, one supreme deity was at last discovered in India, the Brahmins imagined that they perceived behind the different manifestations of feeling, thought, and will also a supreme power which they called *Atma*, or *Self*, and of which the intellectual powers or faculties were but the

outward manifestations. This led to a philosophy which took the place of religion, and recognized in the self the only true being, the unborn and therefore immortal element in man. A step further led to the recognition of the original identity of the subjective Self in man, and the objective Self in nature, and thus, from an Indian point of view, to a solution of all the riddles of the world. The first commandment of all philosophy, "Know thyself," became in the philosophy of the Upanishads, "Know thyself as the Self," or if we translate it into religious language, "Know that we live and move and have our being in God."—*Gifford Lectures.*

A man need not go into a cave because he has found his true Self; he may live and act like everybody else; he is "living but free." All remains just the same, except the sense of unchangeable, imperishable self which lifts him above the phenomenal self. He knows he is wearing clothes, that is all. If a man does not see it, if some of his clothes stick to him like his very skin, if he fears he might lose his identity by not being a male instead of a female, by not being English instead of German, by not being a child instead of a man, he must wait and work on. Good works lead to quietness of mind, and quietness of mind to true self-knowledge. Is it so very little to be only Self, to be the subject that can resist, *i. e.*, perceive the whole universe, and turn it into his object? Can we wish for more than what we are, lookers-on—resisting what tries to crush us, call it force, or evil, or anything else?—*Life.*

To my mind the birth of a child is not a breach of the law of continuity, but on that very ground I must admit the previous existence of the Self that is here born as a child, and which brings with it into this new order of things simply its Self-consciousness, and even that not developed but undeveloped *potentia*, in a sleep. When afterwards a child awakes to self-consciousness, that is really its remembrance of its former existence. The Self which it becomes conscious of, remember, is in its essence not of this world only, but of a former as well as of a future world. This constitutes in fact the only distinct remembrance in every

human being of a former life. There are besides indistinct remembrances of his former existence, *viz.*, the many dispositions which every thinking man finds in himself, and which are not simply the result of the impressions of this world on a so-called *tabula rasa*. Unless we begin life as *tabula rasa* we begin it as *tabula preparata*, as *leukomata*, and whatever color, or disposition, or talent, or temperament, whatever there is inapplicable in each individual, that he will perceive, or possibly remember, as the result of the continuity between his present and former life.—*MS.*

STRANGE MEETINGS.

If one beheld a clod of earth arise,
And walk about, and breathe, and
speak, and love,
How one would tremble, and in what surprise

Gasp: "Can you move?"

So, when I see men walk, I always feel:
Earth! How have you done this?
What can you be?

I'm so bewildered that I can't conceal
My incredulity.

Often we must entertain,
Tolerantly if we can,
Ancestors returned again
Trying to be modern man.
Gates of memory are wide;
All of them can shuffle in,
Join the family; and, once inside,
Oh, what an interference they begin!
Creatures of another time and mood,
And yet they dare to wrangle and dictate,
Bawl their experience into brain and blood,
And claim to be identified with Fate.
Eyes float along the surface, trailing
Obedient bodies, lagging feet.
The wind of words is always wailing
Where eyes and voices part and meet.
Oh, how reluctantly some people learn
To hold their bones together, with
what toil
Breathe and are moved, as though they
would return,
How gladly and be crumbled into
soil!
They knock their groping bodies on the
stones,

Blink at the light, and startle at all
sound,
With their white lips learn only a few
moans,
Then go back underground.

One night when I was in the House of
Death
A shrill voice penetrated root and stone,
And the whole earth was shaken under
ground:
I woke and there was light above my
head.

Before I heard that shriek I had not
known
The region of Above from Underneath,
Alternate light and dark, silence and
sound,
Difference between the living and the
dead.

It is difficult to tell
(Though we feel it well)
How the surface of the land
Budded into head and hand;
But is a great surprise
How it blossomed into eyes.

A flower is looking through the ground,
Blinking in the April weather;
Now a child has seen the flower:
Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower would speak,
And would call the child its brother—
But—oh, strange forgetfulness!—
They don't recognize each other.

How did you enter that body? Why
are you here?
Your eyes had scarcely to appear
Over the brim—and you looked for me.
I am startled to find you. How sud-
denly
We were thrown to the surface, and
arrived
Together in this unexpected place!
You, who seem eternal-lived;
You, known without a word.

London is big, I know, is big:
So is the bee-hive to the bee;
So is the dung-heap to the cockroach,
And the flea-flesh to the flea.

London is great, is great, of course:
So is the ocean to the pool;
So is the halter to the horse;
So is folly to the fool.

I often stood by my open gate
Watching the passing crowd with no
surprise;
I had not ever used my eyes for hate
Till they met your eyes.

I don't believe this road was meant for
you,
Or, if it were, I don't quite know what
I am meant to do
While your eyes stare.

Memory opens; memory closes.
Memory taught me to be a man.

It remembers everything:
It helps the little birds to sing.

It finds the honey for the bee:
It opens and closes, opens and closes.
—*Harold Monro, in September "Poetry."*

ECCE HOMO.

Behold the man alive in me,
Behold the man in you!
If there is God—am I not he,
Shall I myself undo?

I have been waiting long enough.
Old silent gods, good-by!
I wait no more. The way is rough—
But the god who climbs is I.
—*Witter Bynner.*

It is a secret which every intelligent
man quickly learns, that beyond the en-
ergy of his possessed and conscious intel-
lect, he is capable of a new energy (as of
an intellect doubled on itself) by aban-
donment to the nature of things; that be-
sides his power as an individual man,
there is a great public power upon which
he can draw, by unlocking at all risks his
human doors, and suffering the ethereal
tides to roll and circulate through him.—
Emerson.

"Who is there to take up my duties?"
asked the setting sun. The world re-
mained dark and silent. With joined
palms said the earthen lamp, "I will do
what I can, my master."—*Rabindranath
Tagore.*

The spiritually-minded person is one
who regards whatever he undertakes
from the point of view of hindering or
furthering the attainment of a supreme
end.—*Dr. Adler.*

AN OLD ENGLISH ALLEGORY.

In ancient days, when King Arthur and his knights were gathered together in the Great Hall for the New Year feast, a strange thing befell. As the sound of the music ceased and the first course had been fitly served there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that ever mounted a steed. Men marveled much to behold his color, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over. His hood, his mantle, his hose, all the trappings of his steed, and even the steed on which he rode, were green. The hair hanging around his shoulders was of green, and on his breast hung a beard as thick and green as a bush. He bore no helmet, shield, or breastplate, but in one hand a holly bough that is greenest when the groves are bare, and in the other an axe unconcomely to behold. He rode straight into the hall speaking no word until at the great dais, "Sir King," said he, "I come at this time because the praise of this folk is lifted up on high. If ye are brave ye will grant me the boon I ask. Let any man in this hall be so hardy as to strike me one blow for another and I will abide his first stroke and the respite of a year and a day shall he have."

At once a knight arose. "Gawain am I," quoth he, "who will give thee this buffet and in a twelvemonth will I take another at thy hand. Tell me thy name and the place where I may meet thee."

"This will I when you have struck your blow; when you have smitten me, then will I teach thee of my house and home, and my own name; then mayest thou ask thy road and keep thy covenant."

Whereupon Gawain sprang to his feet, seized the axe, and smote this giant a mighty blow. His head was severed from his body and rolled upon the floor. The blood spurted forth and glistened in the green raiment, but the headless knight neither faltered nor fell. He started forth with outstretched hand and caught his head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed and took hold of the bridle. He set his foot in the stirrup and mounted. His head he held by the hair in his hand. Then he turned him-

self in the saddle, held the head towards them that sat on the high dais, lifted up the eyelids and these words he spake: "Many men know me as the Green Knight of the Green Chapel. If thou seekest, thou wilt find me." Having spoken which he departed, no man knew whither.

Though the king and the knights were sore astonished, they let no sign of it be seen. The king only said, "Now, fair nephew, hang thy axe on high for a true token." After this they sat them down again together. Thus the days passed. Yet many knights must oftentimes have thought of the heavy adventure that had befallen them. When the year was nearly spent and the appointed time was near at hand Sir Gawain made him ready for his search.

They brought him his shield, which was of brightest red with the pentacle painted thereon in gleaming gold. And why that noble prince bare the pentacle I am minded to tell you, though my tale tarry thereby. It is a sign that Solomon set ere-while as betokening truth; for it is a figure with five points, and each line overlaps the others, and nowhere hath it beginning or end, so that in English it is called "the endless knot." And therefore was it well suited to this knight and to his arms, since Gawain was faithful in five and in fivefold, for pure was he as gold, void of all villainy and endowed with all virtues. For first he was faultless in his five senses; and his five fingers never failed him; and his trust was in these five wounds that Christ bare. And thereupon on his shield was the knot shapen, red gold upon red, the pure pentacle. Now Sir Gawain took his lance in hand and was ready. He bade farewell, smote his steed, and rode away.

And great adventures had he which I will tell them all in short. Never did he come to a stream or a ford but he found a foe before him, and that one so marvelous, so foul and fell, that it behooved him to fight. Many were the wonders that did befall him as he wended his way. Sometimes he fought with dragons and with wolves; sometimes with wild men that dwelt in the rocks; another while with bulls, and bears, and wild boars. At last he came to a comely palace where he was made welcome to

tarry for rest and refreshment. In this castle there dwelt a lovely lady who was most gracious in her courtesy. She spared no thought for the entertainment of this noble knight. She and her royal father, the king of this place, persuaded him to remain for many days with them ere he could depart. Meanwhile he withstood countless temptations. He was tested many a time and oft. But ever he kept his purpose firmly in his heart, and in all things held himself as becomes one whose quest is high and holy.

The time was passing. It lacked but little to the New Year. Then Sir Gawain spoke to the king and said, "Royal sir, I must needs take my leave. For I am one pledged by a solemn compact to meet a deadly foe. Tell me truly if you ever heard of the Green Chapel, and where it may be found." The king and his fair consort, seeing that their wiles would avail nought against such fixedness of purpose, promised to direct him. First the king begged a boon which Sir Gawain granted. It befell from this that the lady pressed upon Gawain the gift of a braided girdle for his protection. This he accepted because he was not all devoid of fear. Here he committed his one mistake, as we shall see.

He departed and pursued the way that he was shown. Many a battle was fought within his breast and won. Thus he advanced. Finally that for which he strove befell him. The habitation of his foe was found. In a foul and hidden spot the foe was found and seen. Each saw the one the other. Quick as a flash he who had lurked sprang forward. "For sooth," cried he fiercely, "I will no longer let thy errand wait. Take thy reward!" and he smote him madly. In that one blow was all the power that remained to him as foe. Quick as a flash Sir Gawain knew the truth concerning this and sprang erect. "Yes," said the fiend, "our covenant has held through all the year and thou hast borne it truly. Well know I of thy kisses and thy conversation and the wooing of my wife, for 'twas my own doing. Once, thrice, thou was tried. Only the third time thou didst lack a little, therefore hadst thou that blow. For it is my girdle thou wearest, my own wife wrought it, and herein was my power for that blow. But thy lack was little. I sent her to try thee, and in sooth

I think thou art as a pearl among white peas."

The other stood a great while, sorely vexed within himself. All the blood flew to his face and he shrank for shame as to the Green Knight spake. The first words he said were, "Cursed be ye, cowardice and covetousness, for in ye is the destruction of virtue." Then he loosed the girdle and gave it to the knight. "When pride uplifts me for prowess of arms," said he, "may the thoughts of this lace humble my heart." Then, on request, the other told him of his name and nature and of that ancient lady whose craft had taken many, how she was half-sister to King Arthur, and at one time mistress of Merlin. "My folk love thee," he said. "Come now and dwell with us."

But Sir Gawain said nay, he would in no wise do so; so they embraced and kissed, and parted right there on the cold ground.

Sir Gawain, who had thus won grace of his life, rode through wild ways in Gringaleet. Oft he lodged in a house, and oft without, for he was free. When he came again to court the king embraced him, and the queen kissed him, and many valiant knights sought to honor him. Whithersoever he went the love of men followed him, for his nature was pure, his love was lofty and his speech was true.

That in Arthur's day this adventure befell, the book of Brutus bears witness. For since that bold knight came hither first, and the siege and assault was ceased at Troy, I wis:

Many a venture heretofore
Hath fallen such as this.

All souls are subject to revolution (a'leen b'gilgoolah), but men do not know the ways of the Holy One: blessed be it. They are ignorant of the way they have been judged in all time, and before they came into this world and when they have quitted it.—*Zohar*.

"How far are you from me, O fruit?"
"I am hidden in your heart, O flower."
—*Rabindranath Tagore*.

The gods themselves can not annihilate the action which is done.—*Pindar*.

Man is a microcosm of God.—*Pythagoras*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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INTOLERANCE.

If the San Francisco Board of Health believes that it can suppress the Emanuel Movement by prosecuting its local representative it is guilty of a piece of crude stupidity unusual even to boards of health. The Emanuel Movement can not be suppressed in any such way. Prosecutions can suppress nothing that is not condemned also by conscience. But the Board of Health can advertise the Emanuel Movement and enlarge its influence. It can give to it the substantial value of martyrdom. It can bring to its support many who would otherwise be indifferent to it, but who believe that a scientific tyranny is even worse than a religious one. No wonder the Emanuel Movement should welcome such a prosecution. Nothing could be better calculated to stimulate its languid activities. If the Board of Health would only coöperate by its prosecutions we would undertake to reestablish the worship of Ashtoreth.

It is interesting to note the fidelity with which the medical bigot follows in the footsteps of his theological predecessor. Of the two we have more respect for the latter than the former. At least he had something worth fighting for, or believed that he had. The salvation of a soul from heresy, and therefore from eternal damnation, was a dignified and even a glorious ambition. A conviction of the perils of heresy and of

the horrors of eternal damnation would justify almost anything in the way of temporary pains and penalties, for now could any price be too great to pay for the salvation of a soul? But to persecute a man because he believes in prayer and does not believe in bacteria, because he prefers faith to physic, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of intolerance. The Founder of Christianity is reliably said to have healed the sick. He would certainly heal the sick if he were here to-day. And he did not then, and would not now, possess either license or diploma. Indeed he commanded his disciples, in very distinct language, to heal the sick by the same methods. Why does not the Board of Health prosecute the Christian Scientists, who were in the field long before the Emanuel people and who also are healing the sick and who have an equally felonious disbelief in bacteria, germs, and microbes? It is true that the Christian Scientists have many votes and the Emanuel people only a few. But of course the Board of Health has a soul above votes—if we may venture to speak of the soul without fear of prosecution.

It need hardly be said that we hold no brief for the Emanuel Movement. On the contrary we hold it to be one of those vain and futile efforts to harness a natural force to the service of a theological system and to affix a modern theological label to an ancient truth. The

laws of mental attention, of mental abstraction, and of mental concentration are as old as humanity itself, and have always been known. They are not the servants of systems, of movements, of creeds, or of dogmas. They can be used in conjunction with, or independently of, any church or any belief. They are no more distinctively Christian than the law of gravitation. And their efficacy will remain unaffected even though all the boards in the world should furiously rage together and imagine a vain thing.

These laws can of course be applied to the restoration of health. They can be applied in conjunction with hymns, prayers, charms, incantations, or pills. They can be used by ministers, doctors, laymen, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, or swamis. The sick man can use them for himself or he can pay some one to use them for him—and there is no lack of those who are willing to be paid. But the efficacy is in the laws themselves, not in the concomitants. It is the law of gravitation that brings the apple to the ground, and not our conjurations. But whether it is worth our while to use such laws as these for the apparent benefit of the body is another matter. We may be guilty of the same folly as the man who smote his friend with a club in order to kill an annoying fly. We may be doing more than we know. We may be throwing a bolt into the machinery. It may be the lesser of two evils to send for the doctor and to use spiritual forces for spiritual ends.

Beauty and Peace have made
No peace, no still retreat,
No solace, none,
Only the unafraid
Before life's roaring street
Touch Beauty's feet,
Know truth, do as God bade,
Become God's sons.

—John Masfield.

Sow kindly deeds and thou shalt reap
their fruition. Inaction in a deed of
mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.
—*Voice of the Silence.*

It is not wine that makes the drunk-
ard, but vice.

THE IRISH MYSTICS.

The renaissance of Irish literature is now so marked a movement that there is no need to dwell either upon its extent or its importance. It was created, says Mr. Ernest A. Boyd, author of "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" (John Lane Company; \$2.50 net), by the presence in Dublin of a number of writers working together, imbued with the same ideals, and in constant relation to one another. All were animated with the same enthusiasm for a national tradition in literature, and it seems that they were animated also by something deeper and that the real bond between them was Theosophy. It was these men that gave birth to the present Irish literary movement:

The study of mysticism was the common factor which brought together the younger writers, W. B. Yeats, Charles Johnston, John Eglington, Charles Weekes, and George W. Russell (A. E.), to mention only some of the names which have since come into prominence in Irish literature. By an irony of history, the late Professor Dowden seems to have given the impulse to the Theosophical Movement in Dublin. During the greater part of his life he was either hostile or indifferent to the literature which was being created about him, and not until recognition had come to it from abroad did Dowden permit himself to admire what his own literary eminence should have helped him to foster. Indirectly, however, he was responsible for the creation of a society of various talents whose importance in the history of the revival can not be exaggerated. It was at Dowden's house that W. B. Yeats heard the discussion of A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* and *The Occult World* which induced him to read these two books, and to recommend them to his school friend, Charles Johnston. The latter, doubtless because of a more serious interest (we have already referred to the nature of Yeats' attraction to mysticism), was aroused sufficiently to wish to follow up his new study. He talked of Sinnett to his friends, and interested a number to the point of forming in 1885 a "Hermetic Society," so named after Anna Kingsford's analogous society in London. T. W. Rolleston, as editor of the *Dublin University Review*, proved his sympathy with the movement by publishing a long article by Charles Johnston on Esoteric Buddhism. Thus the *Review* saw the beginnings, not only of the purely literary, but also of the philosophical side of the Irish Revival, as seen in W. B. Yeats and Charles Johnston, whose first contributions appeared almost simultaneously.

It was left to Charles Johnston to bring this mystical movement to a head, and it is therefore interesting to note that Mr. Johnston was not only the first of the true Irish Theosophists, but he is

perhaps also the only one to steer a straight and continuous course of theosophical propaganda up to the present day. Mr. Johnston's work in connection with the Theosophical Society in America is the latest link in a chain of effort that stretches back to 1885, a chain from which no links are missing:

Johnston's interest did not stop at reading and commentary. He went to London to meet Mr. Sinnett, through whom he became acquainted with various people of prominence in theosophical circles, and finally he returned to Dublin as a Fellow of the Theosophical Society. It was not long before he obtained recruits who in time became the charter members of the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society. This Lodge, whose charter was received in 1886, removed the *raison d'être* of the Hermetic Society, which ceased to exist until many years later, when the title was adopted by A. E. and those who formed the present Hermetic, to carry on the work of the Theosophical Society.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Boyd's chapter on "The Dublin Mystics" is that in which he gives to Theosophy the direct credit, not only for the great literary movement in Ireland, but also, *mirabile dictu*, for the present extraordinary interest in the literature of Russia:

These subsequent developments do not concern the present history, but the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society was as vital a factor in the evolution of Anglo-Irish literature as the publication of Standish O'Grady's *History of Ireland*, the two events being complementary to any complete understanding of the literature of the revival. The Theosophical Society provided a literary, artistic, and intellectual centre from which radiated influences whose effect was felt even by those who did not belong to it. Further, it formed a rallying ground for all the keenest of the older and younger intellects, from John O'Leary and George Sigerson to W. B. Yeats and A. E. It brought into contact the most diverse personalities, and definitely widened the scope of the new literature, emphasizing its marked advance on all previous national movements. For example, at a time when Russian literature was only beginning to penetrate to England, R. Ivanovitch Lipmann, who had just translated Lermontov, was bringing home directly to the writers of the revival the literary traditions of his country. Lipmann is an instance indicating the remarkable fusion of personality and nationality effected by the Theosophical Movement in Dublin. It was an intellectual melting-pot from which the true and solid elements of nationality emerged strengthened, while the dross was lost. The essentials of a national spirit were assured by the very breadth of freedom of the ideals to which our writers aspired. Depth without narrowness was their

reward for building upon a human, rather than upon a political, foundation.

The author seems to think that George W. Russell (A. E.) was the greatest of Irish Theosophists. Yeats is decorative, but it is A. E. who expresses the "fundamental truths." All that he writes is saturated with the idea that he expresses in the preface to his first book of verse: "I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished; but, filled ever and again with homesickness, I made these homeward songs by the way."

HUMAN VIVISECTION.

(Reprinted from the New York Evening Post.

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir*: What is the proper attitude of a university towards the practice, on the part of a member of its staff, of subjecting human beings to experiments, not for their own benefit, but in the interests of science? Would a denial of permission to conduct such investigation constitute an unwarrantable abridgment of academic freedom? And where lies the duty of the authorities of a state within whose borders experimentation of this kind is carried on?

These questions have acquired an interest more than theoretical in view of recent utterances indicating the attitude on this subject of the authorities of the University of Michigan and the government of that state. The occasion for these expressions was an inquiry addressed by Dr. F. H. Rowley, president of the American Humane Education Society, with respect to certain experiments conducted by a physician connected with the university above mentioned, on six inmates of the Pontiac State Hospital of Michigan, who were afflicted with paresis. An account of these investigations, written by the experimenter himself, was published in the issue for February, 1916, of the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*, of the Rockefeller Institute. Under the title, "Experimental Syphilis in the Rabbit Produced by the Brain Substance of the Living Paretic," he relates how, in each case, the "skull was trephined," and, "by means of a long thin trocar needle connected to a syringe," a portion of the brain substance was removed and was then injected into rabbits.

In his letter, Dr. Rowley had raised the question whether it was not an unpardonable violation of a sacred trust for patients thus to be delivered over for experimental purposes. The president of the university replied by simply referring him to the article in the journal above mentioned. Dr. Rowley then wrote to the executive department of Michigan asking whether such experimentation was permissible under the laws of that state. The governor's reply, after placing the responsibility on the superintendent of the State Hospital, proceeds thus: "When you get down to fundamentals, much of the criticism has been unwise and superficial—I presume it might be established from a technical standpoint that" the superintendent "had no right to permit this experiment to be performed." But the governor expressly states that he is "not criticizing" the superintendent, and concludes as follows: "I think that you are exaggerating the ethical element of this experiment."

Thus it would appear that the practice in question has the sanction of at least one of the leading universities of America and of the executive of one of the great commonwealths of the West. However much people may differ about the ethical aspects of experimentation upon dumb animals, it would seem that society ought to come to a consensus of opinion in regard to the practice of using human beings, without thought of their own welfare, as material for scientific research. The interest in the case mentioned is heightened by the fact that the subjects of experimentation were not only paretics, but were inmates of a public hospital. Is it right to subject the dependent wards of a state to this procedure? How far is the superintendent of a hospital justified in affording to an experimenter such "facilities" as those which were gratefully acknowledged by the physician in the case now under discussion? If the importance of the scientific discoveries resulting from such investigation justifies the physician in utilizing the inmates of public institutions, does it equally justify the utilization of any one outside of such an institution, whose diseased condition lends itself to the purposes of the experiment, and

whose physical resistance can be sufficiently overcome?

At least one of two things is certain: Either, as Dr. Rowley contends, a practice of this kind constitutes a "ruthless violation of human rights," and "puts the stigma of shame and inhumanity upon the medical profession," or, if it is justifiable, the members of that profession are neglecting unlimited opportunities to exploit this method generally among the inmates of public hospitals, prisons, insane asylums, poor-houses, and children's homes, and the world is being defrauded of the incalculable benefits that would quite surely result from such extended research. The matter must not be allowed to rest where it now is. Can we not have an agitation that will determine which of these views is to prevail at the bar of enlightened public opinion?

SYDNEY RICHMOND TABER.

CORRESPONDENCES.

What is meant by the Law of Correspondences?

The Law of Correspondences is based on the interrelation of all parts of the universe, and the analogies that exist between them. By the Law of Correspondences we learn of the unseen by a study of the seen. It is embraced in the ancient axiom, "As above, so below." It means a practical application of the principle of identity of the microcosm and the macrocosm.

A familiar example is the analogy between sleep and death. They correspond. Just as sleep intervenes between days of objective activity without infringing the continuity of the days, so death intervenes between incarnations, but without interfering with the law of cause and effect that karmically binds those incarnations into a like continuity. And the states of consciousness that follow successively upon the sleep state correspond precisely with the states of consciousness that follow upon death. In other words, sleep is death in miniature.

The same law of analogy holds good all through nature. The atom with its contained electrons is an exact picture of the solar system, and the distances that separate the electrons are the same proportionally as those that separate the

planets. Whatever we know of the solar system we know also of the atom. They correspond.

We find the same law operating in every branch of physics. Sound, light, and heat are vibrations of the ether, and therefore colors, and musical notes, and degrees of heat, correspond with each other. They represent the workings of the same force upon different planes. The chemical elements arrange themselves into groups that correspond with the musical octave, and we may find that chemical affinities and antipathies represent also musical harmonies and discords.

In the same way we know that sand scattered on a drum head will arrange itself into geometrical forms in response to the vibrations induced by a violin bow on the rim of the drum, and those forms will change if the note is changed. Loudly struck notes of music will often produce flashes of color before the closed eyes.

Relating the Law of Correspondences to consciousness we know that certain combinations of sounds—that is to say tunes or melodies—produce feelings of happiness or depression. But sounds correspond with color. Therefore there is a correspondence between consciousness, sounds, and colors. We are so familiar with the fact that musical notes have an effect on consciousness that it no longer seems to us to be strange. But can any one explain to us why it should be so. We may almost say that music is consciousness made audible.

But we may extend the idea further and in a still more occult way. We know that there is an invisible spectrum upon each side of the visible one, and that the actinic and chemical rays are facts in nature. We know also that there is an inaudible scale of sound. Indeed the inaudible and invisible scales of vibration are much more extensive than the audible and the visible. We live in an universe of vibration and we have access only to those small belts or zones of vibrations to which our senses correspond, and they are very small belts or zones. Musical notes rapidly pass beyond our reach, and we can see only one color spectrum, although we know that there must be many others. Now if audible sounds and visible colors corre-

spond with normal states of consciousness, as it is evident that they do, we may believe that the inaudible sounds and the invisible colors correspond with abnormal states of consciousness, and that they may be instrumental in their evocation. And here we seem to have the basis of magic. In what way those inaudible sounds and invisible colors are to be used is another matter, and one on which we have but scanty information. But possibly we shall find a key in the imagination.

CARTOON.

(By John Galsworthy.)

. . . I can not describe the street I turned into, then, like no street I have ever been in; so long, so narrow, so regular, yet somehow so unsubstantial; one had continually a feeling that, walking at the gray houses on either side, one would pass through them. I must have gone miles down it without meeting even the shadow of a human being; till, just as it was growing dusk, I saw a young man come silently out, as I suppose, from a door, though none was opened. I can depict neither his dress nor figure; like the street he looked unsubstantial, and the expression on his shadowy face haunted me, it was so like that of a starving man before whom one has set a meal, then snatched it away. And now, in the deepening dusk, out of every house, young men like him were starting forth in the same mysterious manner, all with that hungry look on their almost invisible faces.

Peering at one of them, I said:

"What is it—whom do you want?"

But he gave me no answer. It was too dark now to see any face; and I had only the feeling of passing between presences as I went along, without getting to any turning out of that endless street. Presently, in desperation, I doubled in my tracks.

A lamplighter must have been following me, for every lamp was lighted, giving a faint, flickering, greenish glare, as might lumps of phosphorescent matter hung out in the dark. The hungry, phantom-like young men had all vanished, and I was wondering where they could have gone, when I saw—some distance ahead—a sort of grayish whirlpool stretching across the street, under one of

those flickering marsh-light looking lamps. A noise was coming from that swirl, which seemed to be raised above the ground—a ghostly swishing, as of feet among dry leaves, broken by the gruntings of some deep sense gratified. I went on till I could see that it was formed of human figures slowly whirling round the lamp. And suddenly I stood still in horror. Every other figure was a skeleton, and between danced a young girl in white—the whole swirling ring was formed alternately of skeletons and gray-white girls. Creeping a little nearer still, I could tell that these skeletons were the young men I had seen starting out of the houses as I passed, having the same look of awful hunger on their faces. And the girls who danced between them had a wan, wistful beauty, turning their eyes to their partners whose bony hands grasped theirs as though begging them to return to the flesh. Not one noticed me, so deeply were they all absorbed in their mystic revel. And then I saw what it was they were dancing round. Above their heads, below the greenish lamp, a dark thing was dangling. It swung and turned there, never still, like a joint of meat roasting before a fire—the clothed body of an elderly man. The greenish lamplight glinted on his gray hair, and on his features, every time the face came athwart the light. He swung slowly from left to right, and the dancers as slowly whirled from left to right; always meeting that revolving face, as though to enjoy the sight of it. What did it mean—these sad shapes rustling round the obscene thing suspended there? What strange and awful sight was I watching by the lamp's ghostly phosphorescence? More haunting even than those hungry skeletons and wan gray girls, more haunting and gruesome, was that dead face up there with the impress still on it of bloated life; how it gripped and horrified me, with its pale, fishy eyes, and its neck thick-rolled with flabby flesh, turning and turning on its invisible spit, to the sound of that weird swishing of dead leaves, and those grunting sighs! Who was it they had caught and swung up there, like some dead crow, to sway in the winds? This gibbeted figure, which yet had a look of cold and fattened power—what awful crime toward these

skeleton youths and bereaved gray-wan maidens could it be expiating?

Then with a shudder I seemed to recognize that grisly thing—suddenly I knew: I was watching the execution of the Past! There it swung! Gibbeted by the Future, whom, through its manifold lusts, it had done to death! And seized with panic I ran forward through the fabric of my dream, that swayed and rustled to left and right of me.—*From "A Sheaf," Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.*

REPORT ON THE PLANET, EARTH.

(By James Oppenheim.)

To the Sky-Council on Star, Riga, Milky Way:

I have to report:

That detailed by the Council I fell on a beam of light down through interstellar space

A year and a day,

Dropping through rings of world, and past white flakes of suns,

And found at last, in a cranny of the crowded universe,

The Solar System,

And investigated one of its small planets, the Earth.

These are my findings:

The inhabitants thereof are not very game:

They complain and whine a great deal:

They can not stand pain:

They object to work:

They think of nothing but themselves:

No concern for the crowded heavens around them:

Nor Earth's purpose in the skies:

Quarrelsome, they slaughter each other with ingenious death-dealers:

They bind themselves with strange chains to one another:

They fear the new: they fear the old: they fear birth: they shrink from death:

Those that have visions among them are persecuted:

They applaud any one who makes them forget what they are and whither they are going:

They are cruel, stupid, childish, undeveloped.

I have to report:

That they even forget that they are merely movable parts of the Earth,

And that everything that inheres in Earth inheres in them:

That the little ball that blusters so, spouting its seas in tempest, and sliding its hills,

Smothered in storm and lightning, and plagued with an uncertainty of flood and thirst,

Hot, cold, distempered, risky, Is repeated in each one of them: they too full of weather and disaster:

Primitive, perilous . . .

The which forgetting,

Produces a certain surface of calm and harmony:

Yes, for a while:

Then the explosion: then crime, break-age, battle . . .

I have to report:

That projected by Earth, as Earth by the skies, for large purposes and splendid adventure,

They sidestep, try to evade, escape their destinies:

Do their utmost to reduce life to a mechanism that works by itself:

Leaving them free—for what? Communion with Earth?

Vision of heaven? Probing of self?

Why no: free for stupefying stimulants and memory-sponging joys . . .

I have to report:

Hypocrisy rampant, and hardly any one passing for what he really is:

But advertising himself as something quite other:

Yes, anything to succeed!

I have to report:

Slights, rebuffs, insolences unnumbered, Nothing run right: but everywhere insidious theft and pilfering:

And every one sentimental: glossing it all over with a call to love for mother, for children, for one's country.

I have to report:

And, Powers, this is what puzzles me:

An Earth so absorbingly interesting, so electric in spite of its dullness, so joyous in spite of its pain,

That, were I not compelled to make my cosmic examinations,

I should love to live there, say, three-score ten years of their life!

—From "War and Laughter." *The Century Company, New York.*

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

November 7—That man who accurately understands the movement and the cause of the revolutions of the wheel of life is never deluded.

November 8—Days end with sunset, nights with the rising of the sun; the end of pleasure is ever grief, the end of grief ever pleasure.

November 9—All action ends in destruction; death is certain for whatever is born; everything in this world is transient.

November 10—In information is shown the wit of man, and in travel is his temper tried.

November 11—In poverty is benevolence assayed, and in the moment of anger is a man's truthfulness displayed.

November 12—By truth alone is man's mind purified, and by right discipline it hath become inspired.

November 13—By shaking hands with deceit, one is tosed on the billows of toil.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow—*Beecher.*

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature.—*Emerson.*

Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and souls in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve an universal end.—*Emerson.*

My friend, the golden age hath passed away,
Only the good have power to bring it back.
—*Cicero.*

When anger is repressed by reason of inability to do immediate harm it retires into the heart in the form of malice.—*Arabian.*

When the I, the Me, and the Mine are dead, the work of the Lord is done.—*Kabir.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being **THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH**. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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MAETERLINCK.

There was a time when Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck bid fair to be one of the prophets of the world. He seemed to have the direct vision of the seer that is free from the conventions and the orthodoxies. And he seemed also to have the courage to express what he saw.

But Mr. Maeterlinck has changed, and to a most marked extent. He has lost what we may call the fluidity of his speculations. He is cautious and even timid. He distrusts his own sight and casts around for support, one might almost say for permission to believe and to assert. And as an immediate and inevitable result he has no longer his old power to convince and to comfort.

These defects are painfully evident in his new work, "The Wrack of the Storm." The book is of course devoted entirely to the war, and we can but think regretfully of the way Mr. Maeterlinck would have written it ten years ago. Here and there we see something of the old inspiration, but there is very little of it. Putting on one side the patriotic essays we have disquisitions about mediums and fortune-tellers, somnambulists, and psychometrists. Such topics have a certain interest and even a certain importance, but in such a book as this and at such an epoch as this they seem to be incongruous and intrusive. They are as though one were to play skittles at a funeral. We may believe that there are

thousands of people who will turn hopefully to Mr. Maeterlinck for support in their horrors and bereavements and they will find lucubrations about second sight and the meaningless jargon of the psychical researcher. And among it all there is not one piece of clear exposition, not one satisfactory definition of anything. What, for example, shall we say to Mr. Maeterlinck's supposition that the object handled by the psychometrist has "absorbed like a sponge a portion of the spirit of the person who touched it"? It is not enough to say that such an explanation is inadequate. It is frankly and hopelessly childish. Under the circumstances we are not sure that it is not even insulting.

Mr. Maeterlinck has small comfort for those who would ask him if the dead shall live again. A direct negative would have been at least tolerable. A frank confession of ignorance would perhaps have been respectable. But to evade and to juggle are deplorable. For to live only in the memories of the survivors is not to live at all. To talk of the immortality of virtue and courage and fidelity comes perilously near mockery. To say that the dead survive in ourselves is cant. And to suggest that there is some common stock of life and that our dead friends are, so to speak, poured back into it like water that is poured back into the ocean from a jug may be inoffensive to materialism, but it

is by no means inoffensive to bereavement. The dead, says Mr. Maeterlinck, "will teach us, before all else, from the depths of our hearts which are their living tombs, to love those who outlive them, since it is in them alone that they wholly exist." Mr. Maeterlinck may mean to be consolatory. Actually he succeeds only in being cruel. It would be better to say nothing than to say this.

Mr. Maeterlinck somehow gives us the impression of having suddenly become acquainted with modern materialistic science and of being awed into obsequiousness by it. We seem to picture him as hunting through the psychological text-books for the necessary authority before advancing an opinion or hazarding a speculation. He feels safe if he can but assign some phenomenon to the "subconscious mind" which, as he truly says, is so mysterious. It is like the bottle of the stage juggler from which any desired liquid is at once produced. No matter how tremendous the mystery, no matter how awful the problem, we have but to murmur the blessed word "subconsciousness" and everything is explained in a moment and we feel ourselves to be truly scientific and in the vanguard of "thought."

Let us hope that Mr. Maeterlinck will presently revive. At a time when we need added illumination it is little short of tragedy that there should be such abdication as this. But perhaps it is only a phase.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature.—*Emerson.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—*Beecher.*

Sow kindly deeds and thou shalt reap their fruition. Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin.—*Voice of the Silence.*

It is not wine that makes the drunkard, but vice.

INDIAN FAITHS.

Dr. James Bissett Pratt in his remarkable book, "India and Its Faiths" (Houghton Mifflin Company), makes a plea for a wider measure of sympathy for the religions of the Orient. While on the steamer for Bombay he was reading the books of Sister Nivedita and so unusual an occupation for a white man attracted the attention of a little English major, who sat next him at table:

"Oh, you're interested in that stuff!" he said. "Well, you'll find enough of it in India. All the natives want to talk religion to you till you get beastly tired of it, don't you know. When my Mohammedan officers start telling me about their Vishnu and Krishna and all their other gods——"

"But the Mohammedans don't believe in these gods—the Mohammedans have only one God. It's the Hindus who worship Vishnu and the rest."

"Oh, it's the Hindus, is it? Well, anyhow, they're all pretty much alike, and I've got 'em trained now so that they know jolly well I don't want to hear any of their religious rot."

There is no such thing as the "Faith of India," says the author. India is a land of contrasts, of wealth and poverty, beauty and ugliness, cleanliness and filth. In the spiritual sphere the contrasts are just as great, and yet there are people who profess to know India and who yet can not distinguish between the Vedanta philosophy and the magic-fearing sweeper and the animistic Bihli:

And, more in particular, there are four points of view, or perhaps I should say four possible sources of information, which he who would understand the religions of India should regard with caution. Against the first of these I need hardly warn the reader—the point of view, namely, of the native himself. Naturally one must not believe everything one is told by the Indians in praise of their own religion—some of their statements go well with a little salt. Like the adherents of other authoritative religions, they naturally believe that theirs is the only one truly inspired, and some of the more educated will attempt to explain away its objectionable features by a free use of the allegorical method. And some of them, out of sheer loyalty to their faith, will refuse to admit the existence of evils with which they are really well acquainted. But even if the defender of a religion does not categorically deny the existence of certain of its evils, he may, at least—especially if writing a book—carefully avoid making any mention of them. This is natural enough and is to be seen in many defenders of Christianity and its various churches and sects. Hence, if Vivekananda and other cultured Indians, in their books on Hinduism, fail to mention anything in it that is un-

worthy, but paint it all white, one should not blame them; but one should not stop with them.

Equally to be avoided, says Dr. Pratt, because equally one-sided, are the missionary accounts, too often based on the theory that "Christianity" is true, and therefore all other religions are false. We must beware also of the non-missionary resident of India, the kind of person who will turn out enthusiastically to see a white regiment pass by, but who is wholly indifferent to a colorful and picturesque pilgrimage of a hundred thousand natives. And yet these are the people who will say that Indians are degraded worshippers of stocks and stones:

Besides these four suspicious sources of information, or points of view, there is a rather common method of judging religions other than one's own which also ought to be avoided. This method, which I suspect is commoner than most of us think, consists in comparing the actual practice of the foreign religion with the ideal side of our own. We are constantly asserting that our actual Christianity falls far short of what it means to be: we remind ourselves that there is nor ever has been a really Christian nation or community. But we do not stop to ask if there ever has been or is now a really Mohammedan or Hindu or Zoroastrian or Buddhist community or nation. We are indignant if our Western vices are laid to the charge of Christianity; yet we are sometimes eager to point out that drunkenness exists in Mohammedan communities. Yet if some Moslem reminds us that drinking is strictly forbidden by the Koran, we respond, "Ah, but we must judge your religion, not by what it professes, but by what it does." Or one may often hear assertions like this: "Yes, Buddhism has probably certain fine features; but the Buddhists do not live up to their religion." It would be well for us to meditate occasionally on the exclamation of the Russian Jewess, reported by Mary Antin: "I did not know that a Christian could be kind."

But there is another reason for our failure to appreciate the values of a strange religion. We are quick to insist upon the inner significance of our own faith, but we studiously ignore the inner significance of other faiths:

When we go for the first time into a Hindu temple we all feel a strong sense of disgust and usually little else. I believe that much of this disgust is justified. It may be my own ineradicable provincialism that makes me believe so. But I am sure that there are present in the temple worship elements that we do not see, elements that are hidden from us by the shock of surprise and novelty and contrast. Such small details as the fact that a drum is used instead of an organ, that Indian

music is different from European music, that Indian art is different from European art, and that the language of the ritual is to us unknown—these are enough to make many a tourist turn away with the conviction that Hindu ceremonies are all "mummery" or "devil worship." The gong and the drum and the chanting issuing from the temple sound strange and "outlandish" to us, and we at once feel a sense of fear, and conjure up a picture, perhaps, of human sacrifice or of "magic rites" (whatever these may be)—and draw our conclusions as to the heathen. We strangers and onlookers see the outside only and forget that there is any *inside*. A recent Hindu writer points out a similar case reported in the Mahabharata, only here it was the Indian traveler who observed—and misinterpreted—a Christian ceremony. It was early in our era that this Indian tourist was present at a communion service at a Christian church in Asia Minor. He came away and described the Christians as a people who "ate up the God they worshiped." Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal, from whom I take this, adds: "Seen with the eye alone, this is a faithful description of the Christian sacrament of the Eucharist. . . . The writer saw from the outside: cognized with his senses certain physical acts of the Christian worshippers. He had not the right key to the interpretation of these outer acts. . . . And the story illustrates very clearly the general character of the interpretations put upon our life and institutions by European scholars and students."

It takes a lifetime to understand symbolism, says Dr. Pratt, and we can not understand the symbols of a strange people and a strange cult:

We can not understand how any one can find strength or comfort in Kali, the great Hindu Mother, with her string of skulls and her bloody mouth. We see the Hindu deities presented with from four to ten arms, and we say they look like spiders and must be horrid; not realizing that to the Hindus these many arms mean the all-enfolding powers of the Divine. And it never occurs to us that the Indian would find it hard to appreciate some of our emblems and figures of speech. To say nothing of the strange symbolism of early Christian art—the fish and the various beasts to which we have grown accustomed—consider our present constant emphasis upon *blood*—the picture of moral guilt being "washed away" by the application of blood, etc. Then there are the various symbols connected with the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"—"the Lamb upon the Throne crowned with many crowns." (Try to visualize the picture!) There is also the trefoil representing the Trinity. And is not the Trinity itself a kind of symbol—a symbol of which the meaning seems quite uncertain?

Dr. Pratt's plea for comprehension and sympathy is a strong one and perhaps not now so necessary as it was a few years ago. But there is still room for improvement.

WHAT IS MYSTICISM?

(By Evelyn Underhill.)

Those who are interested in that special attitude towards the universe which is now loosely called "mystical," find themselves beset by a multitude of persons who are constantly asking—some with real fervor, some with curiosity, and some with disdain—"What is mysticism?" When referred to the writings of the mystics themselves, and to other works in which this question appears to be answered, these people reply that such books are wholly incomprehensible to them.

On the other hand, the genuine inquirer will find before long a number of self-appointed apostles who are eager to answer his question in many strange and inconsistent ways, calculated to increase rather than resolve the obscurity of his mind. He will learn that mysticism is a philosophy, an illusion, a kind of religion, a disease; that it means having visions, performing conjuring tricks, leading an idle, dreamy, and selfish life, neglecting one's business, wallowing in vague spiritual emotions, and being "in tune with the infinite." He will discover that it emancipates him from all dogmas—sometimes from all morality—and at the same time that it is very superstitious. One expert tells him that it is simply "Catholic piety," another that Walt Whitman was a typical mystic; a third assures him that all mysticism comes from the East, and supports his statement by an appeal to the mango trick. At the end of a prolonged course of lectures, sermons, tea parties, and talks with earnest persons, the inquirer is still heard saying—too often in tones of exasperation—"What is mysticism?"

I dare not pretend to solve a problem which has provided so much good hunting in the past. It is indeed the object of this little essay to persuade the practical man to the one satisfactory course: that of discovering the answer for himself. Yet perhaps it will give confidence if I confess at the outset that I have discovered a definition which to me appears to cover all the ground; or at least all that part of the ground which is worth covering. It will hardly stretch to the mango trick; but it finds room at

once for the visionaries and the philosophers, for Walt Whitman and the saints.

Here is the definition:

Mysticism is the art of union with Reality. The mystic is a person who has attained that union in greater or less degree; or who aims at and believes in such attainment.

It is not expected that the inquirer will find great comfort in this sentence when first it meets his eye. The ultimate question, "What is Reality?"—a question, perhaps, which never occurred to him before—is already forming in his mind; and he knows that it will cause him infinite distress. Only a mystic can answer it: and he, in terms which other mystics alone will understand. Therefore, for the time being, the practical man may put it on one side. All that he is asked to consider now is this: that the word "union" represents not so much a rare and unimaginable operation, as something which he is doing, in a vague, imperfect fashion, at every moment of his conscious life; and doing with intensity and thoroughness in all the more valid moments of that life. We know a thing only by uniting with it; by assimilating it; by an interpenetration of it and ourselves. It gives itself to us, just in so far as we give ourselves to it; and it is because our outflow towards things is usually so perfunctory and so languid, that our comprehension of things is so perfunctory and languid, too. The great Sufi who said that "Pilgrimage to the place of the wise, is to escape the flame of separation" spoke the literal truth. Wisdom is the fruit of communion; ignorance the inevitable portion of those who "keep themselves to themselves," and stand apart, judging, analyzing the things which they have never truly known.

Because he has surrendered himself to it, "united" with it, the patriot knows his country, the artist knows the subject of his art, the lover his beloved, the saint his God, in a manner which is inconceivable as well as unattainable by the looker-on. Real knowledge, since it always implies an intuitive sympathy more or less intense, is far more accurately suggested by the symbols of touch and taste than by those of hearing and sight. True, analytic thought follows swiftly upon the contact, the apprehen-

sion, the union; and we, in our muddle-headed way, have persuaded ourselves that this is the essential part of knowledge—that it is, in fact, more important to cook the hare than to catch it. But when we get rid of this illusion and go back to the more primitive activities through which our mental kitchen gets its supplies, we see that the distinction between mystic and non-mystic is not merely that between the rationalist and the dreamer, between intellect and intuition. The question which divides them is really this: What, out of the mass of material offered to it, shall consciousness seize upon—with what aspects of the universe shall it “unite”?

It is notorious that the operations of the average human consciousness unite the self, not with things as they really are, but with images, notions, aspects of things. The verb “to be,” which he uses so lightly, does not truly apply to any of the objects amongst which the practical man supposes himself to dwell. For him the hare of Reality is always ready-jugged; he conceives not the living, lovely, wild, swift-moving creature which has been sacrificed in order that he may be fed on the deplorable dish which he calls “things as they really are.” So complete, indeed, is the separation of his consciousness from the facts of being, that he feels no sense of loss. He is happy enough “understanding,” garnishing, assimilating the carcass from which the principle of life and growth has been ejected, and whereof only the most digestible portions have been retained. He is not “mystical.”

But sometimes it is suggested to him that his knowledge is not quite so thorough as he supposed. Philosophers in particular have a way of pointing out its clumsy and superficial character; of demonstrating the fact that he habitually mistakes his own private sensations for qualities inherent in the mysterious objects of the external world. From those few qualities of color, size, texture, and the rest, which his mind has been able to register and classify, he makes a label which registers the sum of his own experiences. This he knows, with this he “unites”; for it is his own creature. It is neat, flat, unchanging, with edges well defined; a thing one can trust. He forgets the existence of other conscious

creatures, provided with their own standards of reality. Yet the sea as the fish feels it, the borage as the bee sees it, the intricate sounds of the hedgerow as heard by the rabbit, the impact of light on the eager face of the primrose, the landscape as known in its vastness to the wood-louse and ant—all these experiences, denied to him forever, have just as much claim to the attribute of Being as his own partial and subjective interpretations of things.

Because mystery is horrible to us, we have agreed for the most part to live in a world of labels; to make of them the current coin of experience, and ignore their merely symbolic character, the infinite gradation of values which they misrepresent. We simply do not attempt to unite with Reality. But now and then that symbolic character is suddenly brought home to us. Some great emotion, some devastating visitation of beauty, love, or pain, lifts us to another level of consciousness; and we are aware for a moment of the difference between the neat collection of discrete objects and experiences which we call the world, and the height, the depth, the breadth of that living, growing, changing Fact, of which thought, life, and energy are parts, and in which we “live and move and have our being.” Then we realize that our whole life is enmeshed in great and living forces; terrible because unknown. Even the power which lurks in every coal scuttle, shines in the electric lamp, pants in the motor-omnibus, declares itself in the ineffable wonders of reproduction and growth, is supersensual. We do but perceive its results. The more sacred plane of life and energy which seems to be manifested in the forces we call “spiritual” and “emotional”—in love, anguish, ecstasy, adoration—is hidden from us, too. Symptoms, appearances, are all that our intellects can discern: sudden irresistible inroads from it, all that our hearts can apprehend. The material for an intenser life, a wider, sharper consciousness, a more profound understanding of our own existence, lies at our gates. But we are separated from it, we can not assimilate it; except in abnormal moments, we hardly know that it is there.

We now begin to attach a fragmentary meaning to the statement that

"mysticism is the art of union with Reality." We see that the claim of such a poet as Whitman to be a mystic lies in the fact that he has achieved a passionate communion with deeper levels of life than those with which we usually deal—has thrust past the current notion to the Fact: that the claims of such a saint as Teresa is bound up with her declaration that she has achieved union with the Divine Essence itself. The visionary is a mystic when his vision mediates to him an actuality beyond the reach of the senses. The philosopher is a mystic when he passes beyond thought to the pure apprehension of truth. The active man is a mystic when he knows his actions to be a part of a greater activity. Blake, Plotinus, Joan of Arc, and John of the Cross—there is a link which binds all these together: but if he is to make use of it, the inquirer must find that link for himself. All four exhibit different forms of the working of the contemplative consciousness; a faculty which is proper to all men, though few take the trouble to develop it. Their attention to life has changed its character, sharpened its focus: and as a result they see, some a wider landscape, some a more brilliant, more significant, more detailed world than that which is apparent to the less educated, less observant vision of common sense.—*From "Practical Mysticism."* E. P. Dutton & Co.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

November 14—Fear of judgment will deter from wrong, but trifling with it leads to destruction.

November 15—An act may seem right, but it is by its results that its purpose is shown.

November 16—Intelligence is shown by good judgment.

November 17—Learning clears the mind, and ignorance cobwebs it.

November 18—Whoso takes good advice is secure from falling; but whoso rejects it, falleth into the pit of his own conceit.

November 19—By a trusty friend is

man supported in life, and by reward are friendships increased.

November 20—Whoso can not forgive wrong done to him shall learn to know how his good deeds are undone by himself.

PEACE OF THE AIR.

(By John Galsworthy.)

Beyond all the varying symptoms of madness in the life of modern nations, the most dreadful is this prostitution of the conquest of the air to the ends of warfare.

If ever men presented a spectacle of sheer inanity it is now—when, having at long last triumphed in their struggle to subordinate to their welfare the unconquered element, they have straightway commenced to defile that element, so heroically mastered, by filling it with engines of destruction. If ever the gods were justified of their ironic smile—by the gods, it is now! Is there any thinker alive watching this still utterly preventable calamity without horror and despair? Horror of what must come of it if not promptly stopped; despair that men can be so blind, so hopelessly and childishly the slaves of their own marvelous inventive powers. Was there ever so patent a case for scotching at birth a hideous development of the black arts of warfare; ever such an occasion for the Powers in conference to ban once and for all a new and ghastly menace?

A little reason, a grain of common sense, a gleam of sanity before it is too late; before vested interests and the chains of a new habit have enslaved us too hopelessly. If this fresh devilry be not quenched within the next few years, it will be too late. Water and earth are wide enough for men to kill each other on. For the love of the sun, the stars, and the blue sky, that have given us all our aspirations since the beginning of time, let us leave the air to innocence! Will not those who have eyes to see, good-will, and the power to put that good-will into practice, bestir themselves while there is yet time, and save mankind from this last and worst of all its follies?—*From "A Sheaf."* Scribner's.

Everything is a series and in a series.
—Swedenborg.

THE PROPHET.

(By Lyman Bryson.)

Jeremiah, will you come?
Will you gather up the multitudes and
wake them with a drum?
Will you dare anoint the chosen ones
from all the cattle-kind?
And threaten with the fire of God the
foolish and the blind?

Jeremiah, Jeremiah, we have waited for
you long
To see the flaming fury of your hate
against the wrong,
For we dally in the Temple and we flee
the eye of Truth,
And we waste along the Wilderness the
glory of our youth.

Jeremiah, Jeremiah, here the lying
prophets speak,
Here they flatter in their feebleness the
gilded and the sleek;
But languid pipings die in shame when
trumpet cries are heard.
Are you coming? Are you coming? O
Prophet of the Word?

THE WOMAN WHO SAW.

(Reprinted from the New York Evening Sun,
October 24.)

She was a short, fat woman, with a round, fat face, and childish blue eyes. The Woman Who Saw met her waddling down the corridor of the public library, her arms piled high with books. In fact she was carrying so many books that when she took a hasty step forward, three huge volumes spilled out of her arms and thudded on the floor. She bent over to pick them up, when down dropped two more.

"Good Gracious!" she wailed, and the Woman Who Saw fled to her assistance. "I'll wager \$10 she's getting literature on how to reduce her flesh; well, she needs it," the Woman Who Saw thought, and with a smile she bent over to pick up the books. The titles that met her eyes almost made her gasp; there was no "Eat and Grow Thin" here, no indeed! Instead there was "Occultism." There was "The Astral Body" and "The Secret Doctrine," "Isis Unveiled," "Karma," "Reincarnation," "Planetary Influences," "My Soul!" exclaimed the Woman Who Saw, "you don't mean to read all these. I hope?"

"I certainly do," answered the fat woman emphatically. "I mean to read everything of the sort in the library. My husband says I'm crazy, but I'll just tell you why I do it. I have five children, five noisy, troublesome children; my cook's given notice, and my nurse-maid is no good. My husband's been sick and is as cross as the dickens. Everything in the world in the line of trouble's happened to me; everything always does happen to me; I'm fated."

"So you're going to take your mind off your troubles?" smiled the Woman Who Saw, much amused.

"Indeed I am," said the fat woman. "I find my outlet in reading. It gives me lots of pleasure. I can sit and read philosophies of the East by the hour, while the children fight, and not mind them at all. Do you know why I have so many troubles?"—she fixed the Woman Who Saw with her mild blue eyes. "Because in my last incarnation I was a wicked person. My planetary influence is very bad indeed. I've got to work out a hard Karma; I've got to pay up for a lot of things. I know that. So when things go wrong I just say to myself, instead of crying: 'This is my destiny; I have made my own fate and I shall overcome it.' It works very well." She gathered the books up in her arms again and faced the Woman Who Saw. "When I get through reading all these, I'll be further than ever along the road," she remarked cheerfully. "Maybe I'll be so far along that I'll get to like my mother-in-law, and further than that my imagination won't carry me," and with a parting smile she went her way down the corridor.

Lead, lead Cleanthes, Zeus and holy Fate,
Where'er ye place my post to serve or
wait:

Willing I follow; if against my will
A baffled rebel I must follow still.

My friend, the golden age hath passed
away,

Only the good have power to bring it
back. —Cicero.

Let us build altars to the Blessed
Unity which holds nature and souls in
perfect solution, and compels every atom
to serve an universal end.—Emerson

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

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"A SUPERIOR WILL."

M. Hilaire Belloc, eminent alike as historian and military expert, has written a book on one of the great battles of the present European conflict. With M. Belloc's opinions of strategy and tactics we are in no way concerned, but we are very much concerned with a view that he casually expresses and to which he seems to have been forced by a consideration of some otherwise inexplicable events. Speaking of a great military mistake, he says: "But this blunder in its turn is so difficult of explanation, its commission by men who tho stupid are yet methodical, is so extraordinary, that in reading it the mind is insensibly haunted by the conception of a superior Will, within whose action that of the opposed combatants were but parts of a whole."

Quite so. The conclusion does indeed seem so obvious that we may attribute its neglect to a certain perversity that closes the eyes of the mind even to the most aggressive of truths. For there are times and seasons in human affairs when the gods do intervene, and give direction to those smallest currents of human events that are presently to show themselves as the irresistible torrents that sweep nations and kingdoms onward to triumph or to ruin.

Indeed the ultimate causes of all human events are so small that we like to attribute them carelessly to chance. A

single cast of the dice has turned poverty into wealth, and the wealth thus gained has brought debauchery in its train, and then shame and suicide, and so a curse upon the unborn. Rome would have been destroyed but for the cackling of the capitol geese, and the whole face of civilization would then have been shaped upon some other model, if indeed civilization would ever have arisen from the wrack. An epileptic fit clouded the mind of Napoleon at a critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, and his dream of an united Europe was dissipated like the smoke of his cannon. In the individual life there is no event so great that it may not be traced back to some other event so small as to be unnoticed. There can be no such thing as an insignificance. The roads branch fatefully at every moment, and we never know what unutterable destinies depend upon the decision of an instant.

Can there then be such a thing as chance? Assuredly yes. But if this be our answer let us at least have the courage to face the consequences. For if there is chance anywhere, then there must be chance everywhere. If we can discern law anywhere, then the universe is filled with law and there can be no room at all for chance. Law and chance can not exist side by side. We must choose.

If it was a part of world design that Rome should not be destroyed in its early

days by the barbarians, that Rome should become the mother of nations, then we can not relegate to chance the salvation of Rome by the cackling of the capitol geese. If the subjection of Europe by Napoleon was not in the scheme of things, then we must not attribute to chance the epileptic fit that brought with it his defeat and downfall. If the result was in any way preordained then the cause, too, must have been preordained. We can not draw a line and say that here chance ends and law begins. Still less must we be guilty of the folly of saying that law concerns itself only with the big things, but that the small things are left to chance. Once more, we must suppose that law is everywhere—or nowhere.

That the mechanism by which fate or Nemesis unfolds itself should be an inconceivable one is not to be wondered at, or that we should be unable to trace the links of cause and effect as they pass from the insignificant to the colossal. All things in their ultimates are inconceivable, alike atoms and suns. We have no true standards by which we can say that this is great and this is small. The spark that explodes the powder magazine is not small. The glance or the word that makes an enemy is not small. The breath by which we inhale death in a microbe is not small. These things are but the implements of a tremendous fate. an intelligent fate. They are concentrated centres of force. They are the results of causes and also the causes of results. Their power is in their opportuneness. And they are engined and steered by the moral law. Somewhere, if we could but see it, we should find a duty done or undone, and so snatched like a thread into the loom of fate, there to enter into ordered combinations and so to make or to mar the pattern that we call life.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

November 21—He who bestows bounty on mankind makes of manhood his debtor in a future birth.

November 22—The envious man is never satisfied, nor can he ever hope to become great.

November 23—The more a man clothes himself in modesty, the better does he conceal his faults.

November 24—The best policy for a man is not to boast of his virtues.

November 25—The kindest policy for a strong man is not to flourish his power in the sight of a weaker man.

November 26—The contentious man induces antagonism; people can not often repress anger when contending with fools.

November 27—Intelligence is not shown by witty words, but by wise actions.

BUDDHISM.

(By Durant Drake, A. M., Ph. D.)

Against such a background stands the life of Gautama, the Buddha. Born a prince, in the eastern valley of the Ganges, surrounded by luxury and wealth, with health and power at his command, he early recognized the futility of these material things for lasting satisfaction. When he awoke to realize the miseries of the poor and the weak, his heart yearned toward them, and he felt that neither rich nor poor had learned how rightly to live. At the age of twenty-nine he renounced his position and adopted—like St. Francis, centuries after him, and like Tolstoy in our own times—the life of poverty, which is the life of the people. Thus he set forth on his long quest for a way of relief for himself and his people; and seeking for years, with pure heart and passionate longing, he finally came to see that only in renunciation, in the abandonment of personal desires, in inward purity and loving service, could that relief be found. He gathered about him a group of mendicant disciples and went about teaching his great Secret until his peaceful death at an advanced age—some time in the earlier part of the fifth century, B. C. The way of life that he taught has been the religion of more men and women than any other faith of historic times.

It was in the simplicity and spirituality of his message that its power lay. He was, like Christ, no reformer of outward conditions; he became early convinced that salvation lay not in any abundance of material goods. But the ideals of the

Brahmanic priests were as empty as the worldly aims of the nobles and princes; not in fastings or bodily asceticism, in trances and ecstasies, not in rites or ceremonies or prayers to the gods, was peace to be found, not in speculation or in dogma. The solution of life was rather an inward change; the Way lay open to all, without regard to learning, to possessions, to caste or race. Brahmanism was at once too subtle, too philosophical, and too formal, too exacting in its requirements. Few could rise to the realization of the unreality of life and find peace in mystic union with Brahma; few could carry out the elaborate programme of observances, or find lasting satisfaction therein. When Buddha was asked concerning the nature of the self, the cosmos, and the future life, he refused to answer; "because these inquiries have nothing to do with things as they are, with the realities we know; they are not concerned with the Law of Life; they do not make for religious conduct; they do not conduce to the absence of lust, to freedom from passion, to right effort, to the higher insight, to inward peace."

The Buddha's teaching was not, indeed, free from supernatural conceptions; growing up in the atmosphere of Brahmanism, as Christ did in that of Judaism, he could no more than Christ fail to reflect the ideas of his time. But they only outwardly affect his religion. The conception of transmigration he adopted from contemporary belief; it was to a certain extent the vehicle of his teaching . . . but was not really essential to it. Buddhism is distinctly and explicitly a way of life, a way to salvation, to emancipation from sin and sorrow in this world and is justified by its results without consideration of a future existence. Nor did that expectation of reincarnation add the element of consolation; the future life was not thought of as a sudden translation to a state of bliss; and unless the weight of sorrow could be removed by a change of heart in this life it would not be less in the next. . . .

There is no belief in Providence in Buddhism; man must work out his own salvation in a world of law. Buddha may never have questioned the existence of gods; but he found them of no religious importance. He taught a means of deliverance which requires no belief

in superhuman powers and asks no help of them. In its pure and unadulterated form, Buddhism is one of the least superstitious and irrational of human religions. It teaches that salvation and peace are inward things, that the soul can be freed from the dominion of the body's ills, that happiness is to be found not in changing outer things, but in changing ourselves.—*From "Problems of Religion."* Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

TAGORE.

Ernest Rhys says that Tagore's finest work is to be found, not in his songs or in his plays, but in his short stories. Concerning this we may have our own opinion, but at least we may now base that opinion upon facts, for here we have a volume of seven of these stories, translated from the original Bengali. It is entitled "The Hungry Stones and Other Stories," and it is published by the Macmillan Company (\$1.35).

They are of nearly uniform excellence, and therefore it may be only a personal preference that leads us to select "My Lord, the Baby," for special commendation. It is the story of Raicharan, who at the age of twelve goes to live in his master's house, who is of the same caste as himself. The master Anukul has a son born to him and Raicharan becomes the child's nurse and a tender affection grows up between them.

One day Raicharan takes his little Master to ride on the river bank. He wades into the water to gather some flowers and the child takes advantage of his absence to run to the river, and he falls in and is drowned. When Raicharan returns and tells his sad story the mother disbelieves him. She says: "The baby has gold ornaments on his body. Who knows?"

Raicharan went back to his own village. Up to this time he had had no son, and there was no hope that any child would now be born to him. But it came about before the end of a year that his wife gave birth to a son and died.

An overwhelming resentment at first grew up in Raicharan's heart at the sight of this new baby. At the back of his mind was resentful suspicion that it had come as a usurper in place of the little Master. He also thought it would be a grave offense to be happy with a son of his own after what had happened to his master's little child. Indeed, if it had not been for a widowed sister, who

mothered the new baby, it would not have lived long.

But a change gradually came over Raicharan's mind. A wonderful thing happened. This new baby in turn began to crawl about, and cross the doorway with mischief in its face. It also showed an amusing cleverness in making its escape to safety. Its voice, its sounds of laughter and tears, its gestures, were those of the little Master. On some days, when Raicharan listened to its crying, his heart suddenly began thumping wildly against his ribs, and it seemed to him that his former little Master was crying somewhere in the unknown land of death because he had lost his Chan-na.

Phailna (for that was the name Raicharan's sister gave to the new baby) soon began to talk. It learnt to say Ba-ba and Ma-ma with a baby accent. When Raicharan heard those familiar sounds the mystery suddenly became clear. The little Master could not cast off the spell of his Chan-na, and therefore he had been reborn in his own house.

The arguments in favor of this were, to Raicharan, altogether beyond dispute:

1. The new baby was born soon after his little Master's death.

2. His wife could never have accumulated such merit as to give birth to a son in middle age.

3. The new baby walked with a toddle and called out Ba-ba and Ma-ma. There was no sign lacking which marked out the future judge.

Then suddenly Raicharan remembered that terrible accusation of the mother. "Ah," he said to himself with amazement, "the mother's heart was right. She knew I had stolen her child." When once he had come to this conclusion, he was filled with remorse for his past neglect. He now gave himself over, body and soul, to the new baby, and became its devoted attendant. He began to bring it up, as if it were the son of a rich man. He bought a go-cart, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a gold-embroidered cap. He melted down the ornaments of his dead wife, and made gold bangles and anklets. He refused to let the little child play with any one of the neighborhood, and became himself its sole companion day and night. As the baby grew up to boyhood, he was so petted and spoilt and clad in such finery that the village children would call him "Your Lordship," and jeer at him; and older people regarded Raicharan as unaccountably crazy about the child.

At last the time came for the boy to go to school. Raicharan sold his small piece of land, and went to Calcutta. There he got employment with great difficulty as a servant, and sent Phailna to school. He spared no pains to give him the best education, the best clothes, the best food. Meanwhile he lived himself on a mere handful of rice, and would say in secret: "Ah! my little Master, my dear little Master, you loved me so much that you came back to my house. You shall never suffer from any neglect of mine." . . .

Raicharan grew older and older, and his employer was continually finding fault with him for his incompetent work. He had been starving himself for the boy's sake. So he

had grown physically weak, and no longer up to his work. He would forget things, and his mind became dull and stupid. But his employer expected a full servant's work out of him, and would not brook excuses. The money that Raicharan had brought with him from the sale of his land was exhausted. The boy was continually grumbling about his clothes, and asking for more money.

Raicharan made up his mind. He gave up the situation where he was working as a servant, and left some money with Phailna and said: "I have some business to do at home in my village, and shall be back soon."

He went off at once to Baraset, where Anukul was magistrate. Anukul's wife was still broken down with grief. She had had no other child.

One day Anukul was resting after a long and weary day in court. His wife was buying, at an exorbitant price, a herb from a mendicant quack, which was said to insure the birth of a child. A voice of greeting was heard in the courtyard. Anukul went out to see who was there. It was Raicharan. Anukul's heart was softened when he saw his old servant. He asked him many questions, and offered to take him back into service. Raicharan smiled faintly, and said in reply: "I want to make obeisance to my mistress."

Anukul went with Raicharan into the house, where the mistress did not receive him as warmly as his old master. Raicharan took no notice of this, but folded his hands, and said: "It was not the Padma that stole your baby. It was I."

Anukul exclaimed: "Great God! Eh! What! Where is he?"

Raicharan replied: "He is with me. I will bring him the day after tomorrow."

It was Sunday. There was no magistrate's court sitting. Both husband and wife were looking expectantly along the road, waiting from early morning for Raicharan's appearance. At 10 o'clock he came, leading Phailna by the hand.

Anukul's wife, without a question, took the boy into her lap, and was wild with excitement, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, touching him, kissing his hair and his forehead, and gazing into his face with hungry, eager eyes. The boy was very good-looking and dressed like a gentleman's son. The heart of Anukul blimmed over with a sudden rush of affection.

Nevertheless the magistrate in him asked: "Have you any proofs?"

Raicharan said: "How could there be any proof of such a deed? God alone knows that I stole your boy, and no one else in the world."

When Anukul saw how eagerly his wife was clinging to the boy, he realized the futility of asking for proofs. It would be wiser to believe. And then—where could an old man like Raicharan get such a boy from? And why should his faithful servant deceive him for nothing?

"But," he added severely, "Raicharan, you must not stay here."

"Where shall I go, Master?" said Raicharan, in choking voice, folding his hands; "I am old. Who will take in an old man as a servant?"

The mistress said: "Let him stay. My child will be pleased. I forgive him."

But Anukul's magisterial conscience would not allow him. "No," he said, "he can not be forgiven for what he has done."

Raicharan bowed to the ground, and clasped Anukul's feet. "Master," he cried, "let me stay. It was not I who did it. It was God."

Anukul's conscience was worse stricken than ever, when Raicharan tried to put the blame on God's shoulders.

"No," he said, "I could not allow it. I can not trust you any more. You have done an act of treachery."

Raicharan rose to his feet and said: "It was not I who did it."

"Who was it then?" asked Anukul.

Raicharan replied: "It was my fate."

But no educated man could take this for an excuse. Anukul remained obdurate.

When Phailna saw that he was the wealthy magistrate's son, and not Raicharan's, he was angry at first, thinking that he had been cheated all this time of his birthright. But seeing Raicharan in distress, he generously said to his father: "Father, forgive him. Even if you don't let him live with us, let him have a small monthly pension."

After hearing this, Raicharan did not utter another word. He looked for the last time on the face of his son; he made obeisance to his old master and mistress. Then he went out, and was mingled with the numberless people of the world.

At the end of the month Anukul sent him some money to his village. But the money came back. There was no one there of the name of Raicharan.

Every story in the volume is worth reading as giving an unusually tender view of Indian life.

IF.

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting, too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginning

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: "Hold On!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,

And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son! —*Rudyard Kipling.*

The Secret Doctrine is an uninterrupted record, covering thousands of generations of seers, whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions, passed on orally by one early race to another, of the teachings of higher and exalted Beings.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Tastes differ and tastes change. A Viking or a Maori warrior might well find that the prospect of an immortality without fighting made the universe intolerable.—*McTaggart.*

It is no God but thine own heart that speaks.—*Goethe.*

THE MYSTICISM OF MUSIC.

(By R. Heber Newton.)

Yet, further, as we thus find hinted to us in the secret of music, all laws are correlated. The law of one sphere proves to be the law of other spheres. We may translate a law of physics into terms of æsthetics and of ethics.

When Winkelman found the law governing the lines of the Apollo Belvidere, he found it in terms not of art, but of mathematics. He found a mathematical statement of the law of proportion which shaped every curve of that wonderful form.

It is only as we break up into bits of men—clergymen and other such professional manikin—that we fancy the laws of our individual spheres to be isolated. The men in whom the various powers of life blend know that all spheres of life are concentric, that the laws of one world are the laws of all worlds.

This was the fertile thought which inspired Goethe, in those marvelous guesses at truth which anticipated some of the greatest discoveries of modern savants. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which a great-brained friend, whose friendship grows dearer to me as the years of that privileging comradeship recede, followed the Ariadne clue to this knowledge. Himself artist and musician and lover of science, he one day left my side in a railway train to talk with a musician whom I had introduced to him. For an hour or two, he talked absorbingly; returning to my side with his face all aglow, to assure me that he had found a certain law of form, which he was seeking, in a law of sound which he had learned from my musical friend—as he had long hoped would prove the case. In despair of discovering that law in art, he found it in music.

Nor is it only that all spheres manifest this interchange of thought, but, from Winkelman's study of the Apollo, we learn that this universal mystery of law, reigning everywhere, one and the same through all spheres, translating itself from one tongue to another, finds its highest term in the language of that art which we are now studying. In the secret of music we hold the key to that universe in which is the reign of law.

Shakespeare is thought to be merely poetizing when he describes the universe in that glowing vision familiar to us all:

There's not the smallest orb which thou
behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

Yet this is what all great poets have seen, declaring, in some form, the conviction of Emerson that:

The world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune.

The language of poetry is the language of philosophy. The oldest, most widespread, and most insistent of the clues to the problem of the universe has been found in that mystic doctrine of numbers which Pythagoras first taught our Western world. He meant, as all mystics have meant, that the inner law of the creation is a law of proportion. If we could find that inner law of the universe, it would be expressed in terms of numbers, it would reveal a science of proportion. Thus the movements of nature would prove to be a harmony; and, if we had ears fine enough to hear, we should listen in calm hours to a music of the spheres.

Let me give you three striking illustrations of these high thoughts of law to which we have been led. Some years ago, the great savant, John Tyndall, made certain curious experiments in the translation of colors into sounds. Arranging a row of various colored lights, by a very simple mechanism he caused the vibrations of the light-waves to translate themselves into sound-waves, and thus produced a sound for each color, a prism of sound.

Within recent years, a very curious book has been given to the English-speaking people. It is the result of long study by a man of remarkable metaphysical powers and of equally remarkable mathematical powers. Early in life he conceived the idea that—since the synthetic laws of mathematics express the inner and cosmic laws of proportion, through and by which all life is ordered—philosophy itself might be translatable into terms of metaphysics; that a mathematical diagram might be drawn in which the fundamental postulates of phi-

losophy should be expressed to the eye. Working out along the lines of metaphysics, by the severest and most logical processes, he reached the great ultimate thoughts in which the universe has ever centred; and then, by his rare mathematical talent, he was enabled to express these formulas in forms visible to the eye—in mathematical diagrams. What was the result? Certain great typical forms, exquisitely beautiful, marvelously proportioned, which proved to be the great typical forms of the flower world.

But more than this, these very flower forms prove to be those which we find through the universe—from crystals to the convolutions of certain vast nebulae scattered through space. They thus prove to be cosmic forms—universal and essential.

Some years ago a rarely gifted musician, to whom I am indebted for much stimulating thought, showed me certain photographs which he had just received from England. They were pictures of most subtle, mathematical figures, which were, at the same time, exquisitely beautiful forms, strangely suggestive of the great typical forms of the flower world. And my friend thus interpreted to me these puzzling pictures. Some time before a scientific musician bethought him of making the chords of music record the lines of their sound-waves, so that the eye could have a picture of the forms thus produced. Suspending fine pens from the wires of a piano, so that they should move delicately over sheets of paper, by striking the chords carefully and allowing the sound to die out naturally, he succeeded in making the vibrations of the sound-wave of each chord trace the lines of its movements. The results were designs of mathematical exactness, of exquisite beauty, strangely suggesting the great typical flower forms. These diagrams were thus the expression, to the eye, of the music which the ear hears; the audible world translated into the visible world; the revelation of a mystery until then unseen by human eye, ungrasped by human thought.

If one studies these diagrams carefully and lets the thoughts which they awaken lead him out amid the mysteries of the cosmos—then in the vision which they open of the mystery of law, of the law

which is everywhere present, acting in all life, directing all, controlling all, everywhere one and the same, where will he find himself? Before the one supreme mystery of the universe, of which all theology is an expression, in which all faith rests.

This vision is that which the great mystics of all ages and creeds have beheld, and which, in such dim fashion as speech could render, they have sought to picture before men, in philosophic thought. This was the vision which the great Alexandrian Hebrew beheld; he who was indirectly instrumental in shaping the form of philosophy into which the early Christian Church ran its speculation concerning the Man in whom the moral law lived perfectly, the vision which he pictured, as best he could, in a noble eulogy of law:

"For God, as Shepherd and King, governs according to Law and Justice, like a flock of sheep, the earth and water and air and fire, and all the plants and living things that are in them, whether they be mortal or divine, as well as the courses of heaven and the periods of sun and moon, and the variations and harmonious revolutions of the other stars; having appointed His true Word, His First-Begotten Son, to have the care of this great flock, as the Vicegerent of a great King."

This was the vision before our Yankee mystic, the Hindoo seer of Concord, when, closing the wonderful strain of the "Woodnotes," he declares that—

Conscious Law is King of Kings.

The universe under law, all law one, that law immanent in nature, directing all, ruling all,—what is this but the very presence and action of the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence, God?—From "*The Mysticism of Music*." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Space, time, matter, motion, force, and so forth are each in turn shown to involve contradictions which it is beyond our power to solve, and obscurities which it is beyond our power to penetrate.—*Balfour*.

Religious postulates need confirmation as much as those of science.—*Schiller*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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FAIRY TALES.

It is strange and pitiful how orthodoxy clings to its hell fire and to all the other terror-producing mechanism of the bad old days. Now we find that the Baptist General Association of Virginia has adopted a resolution of protest against the action of General Funston, who has very properly constituted himself a censor of the sermons preached to the American troops on the border. The gallant general does not wish to prohibit sermons altogether. At least he does not say so. Sermons are comparatively innocuous, especially if one does not listen to them. But he says he will not permit hell-fire sermons. He will not allow any one to tell his men that they are lost souls. He thinks that the dangers and difficulties of this world are bad enough, and that they ought not to be supplemented by clerical bogey men who smell of sulphur and who would have no influence whatever but for that unpleasant reek. A soldier who is ready unselfishly to give his life for his country and to face privations and wounds has a very good sort of theology already, and he is entitled to protection from those who would disturb his equanimity with offensive and cruel fairy tales. There may be lost souls in nature, but we have no way to identify them, and even if we could do so we should be inclined to look for them elsewhere than in the army.

A SCIENTIST.

Small wonder that Henri Fabre, entomologist and philosopher, should have lived his long and arduous life without recognition from the scientific world of which he should have been the chief and conspicuous ornament. In the sixth volume of the English edition of his works just published by Dodd, Mead & Co. we find the reason. Fabre, it seems, was not orthodox. He was not a materialist. He believed that insects should be studied alive and not sliced up like a carrot. In an apostrophe to Reaumur he says:

We are called old-fashioned, you and I; with our conception of a world ruled by an Intelligence, we are quite out of the swim. Order, balance, harmony; that is all silly nonsense. The universe is a fortuitous arrangement in the chaos of the possible. . . . Yes, we are a pair of prejudiced old fogies when we linger with a certain fondness over the marvels of perfection. Who troubles about these futilities nowadays? So-called serious science, the science which spells honor, profit, and renown, consists in slicing your animal with very costly instruments into tiny circular sections. My housekeeper does as much with a bunch of carrots. . . . Ah, how much better is your method, my dear master; above all, how much loftier your philosophy, how much more wholesome and invigorating!

Fabre's recognition—and he never at any time demanded it—came too late. The recognition of great men usually does. But when the scientific annals of the day are written from a true perspective of values his name will come very near the head of the list.

DRUGS OR—?

It is not surprising that the new social consciousness that is pervading the world should show itself in many strange and misdirected ways. The impetus to reform and to renovate does not necessarily, nor usually, bring with it either vision or discrimination. The idealism that marks it is often uninformed and reckless.

We can find no better illustration of this than the campaign now being waged against the use of drugs in illness. It is true that medical practice is now discouraging the use of many drugs that were once considered essential, and that it is confining itself to remedies intended to coöperate with nature rather than to supplant her. None the less there are many persons, otherwise intelligent, who deprecate the use of drugs at all, and who would yet be sadly puzzled if asked to define their terms.

For a drug is not necessarily something that is foreign to the normal human body. On the contrary the majority of drugs are no more than concentrated forms of food, and intended to compensate for bodily deficiencies resulting from improper or unbalanced diet. It is true that these deficiencies might be remedied by a reform of diet, but perhaps the progress of the disease will not give us time to follow this longer road. It may be necessary to find a quicker compensation than can be furnished by diet, a quicker compensation than can be supplied only by drugs. Thus we may find that a neglect of vegetable food has produced a scarcity of arsenic in the body, and it may be useful and proper to supply this need in a concentrated form. Or there may be a lack of phosphates, or nitrates, from a similar cause. As a matter of fact every well-arranged meal contains many, perhaps most, of the drugs ordinarily to be found on the physician's prescription. We can hardly assent to the suggestion that we are acting hygienically and properly when we eat a plate of prunes, but unhygienically and improperly if we buy a little tincture of prunes from the drug store. There is no practical difference except in the price. The judicious taking of a drug may be compared with stopping a hole in a dam. When we have stopped the hole and

averted the danger we may then inquire into its cause. It may be due to faulty construction, or poor material, or the ignorance or carelessness of the builder. But obviously the first duty is to stop the hole, and we need not be too particular how we do it. For time presses.

It is obvious that there are many causes of disease. Doubtless if we were able to go sufficiently far back along the line of cause and effect we should find that the cause was always a moral one. But the immediate cause is often purely physical. It is some violation of the laws of the body, and it may be inadvertent and therefore blameless. I may eat one kind of food believing it to be some other kind, or the food may be adulterated, but none the less the penalty of pain must be paid. The law makes no allowances for ignorance.

But it must be admitted that the immediate cause of disease is usually a moral one, and this is now practically admitted by medical science. Diabetes and Bright's Disease are known to be due to a poison that is secreted as a direct result of fear. Indeed they have been called fear diseases. The digestive processes are instantly stopped by anger or distress. The wise physician tries to inspire his patient with hopefulness, because he knows that hopefulness cures and that despondency kills. In a hundred ways we are learning that the body is governed by the mind, and we may readily believe that even the most trivial thought must play its part in our bodily destinies. If we have the courage to argue from the known to the unknown we shall find that we are on the path of discovery, and that a mastery over fate and fortune, as well as over the health of the body, is within our reach.

The alchemy of the body is inconceivably delicate. It transmutes even the simplest food into a thousand elements, and with them it constructs every part of the body from bones to blood. A dog and a man may have absolutely the same diet, but they will use that diet in very different ways. In other words the dog will extract from that diet certain elements that the man does not need and so rejects. A snake will supply its poison glands from an exclusive diet of milk. An eagle will find in a piece of meat the ingredients for claws, beak, and

feathers. A fish, eating that same piece of meat, will select the ingredients neither of claws, beak, nor feathers, but of scales and fins. And if a man should eat that piece of meat he will use it to build up a brain which may be the instrument of poetry or art.

What is it that governs this physical alchemy? It seems that it can be nothing else than consciousness. Every time we eat we are practically entering the storehouses of nature which contain everything, and we may select whatever we please, and we do actually select whatever corresponds with our state of consciousness. We have none but ourselves to blame if we select the elements that are harmful to the body.

How, then, can we doubt that the road to health lies in the control of thought? Thought is the universal magnet that draws to itself all corresponding things in nature. Unerringly it selects its affinities and these establish the equilibrium that is called health or the disharmony that is called disease. This process of selection must begin almost from the moment of birth, since the habit of thought constitutes character and character is the product of the experiences of all past incarnations.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

November 28—Of the eloquence of the pleasant speaker all men are enamored.

November 29—Craft has the best of men; boldness conquers cities; the first is despised, the last admired.

November 30—The brave man of whose prowess all men stand in need, will never be distressed by adversaries.

December 1—The most precious gift received by man on earth is desire for wisdom.

December 2—In health and wealth man is never in want of friends. True friends, however, are those who remain when they are needed.

December 3—Of all the animals on earth, man alone has the faculty of causing moral trouble.

December 4—Man contains three kinds of evil; the evil caused by his (lower) nature; the evil done by man to man; and the evil caused by man to himself.

MEDICAL MATERIALISM.

(By Durant Drake, A. M., Ph. D.)

A very different sort of error is made by those rationalists who assume that if they can explain a religious man's experience in natural terms they have explained away the significance of the experience. Modern psychology is making the attempt, at least, to find natural causes for the phenomena of conversion, faith-healing, visions, photisms, glossolalia, and all the other peculiarly religious experiences. But if this attempt is successful, will God be ruled out of the world? On the contrary, this will simply turn out to be the way in which God works in the world. Paul has been disparaged as an epileptic, and it is commonly pointed out that the saints as a class are "abnormal," "morbid," "eccentric," or "psychopathic"; their experiences then, being due to pathological conditions, are to be rejected as no longer illuminating. It is said that the insane asylums are full of people whose experiences are, from the psychological point of view, rather strikingly similar. But what of it? It may be that religious insight is most penetrating in those whose minds are close to the verge of, or actually in, a condition that unfits them for the ordinary business of life. The same phenomenon is noted often in the case of poets and musicians. The abnormal is, after all, merely the unusual; and the man best fitted for "practical" affairs may have least of value to tell us in these higher realms. So we may let the students of abnormal psychology study the experiences of the saints and trace what natural laws they can. There may be something gruesome about this analysis and comparative study, as there is about embryology and all dissection. But the value or truth of an experience has nothing to do with its origins or the physical laws that condition it; and we must not let these physiologists of revelation disturb our appraisal of the worth and truth of what religious experience has to reveal.—*From "Problems of Religion," Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill
Our fatal shadows that walk with us
still. —*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

ISOLATION.

Back to the life-form! Unify! Unify!
Wed thy soul to the Purpose universal;
Deeply feel toward the well-spring of
harmony;

Upward live, and be glad. Trust and
cringe not.

Soul that is self-bound, turn from the
darkness;

Sick is the lone life, the Whole shall be-
friend thee.

Live toward the vastness. Be glad.
Trust, and cringe not.

Fainting, or failing, all effort is God-
ward;

Under and over thee strides the Eternal.

—James A. Mackereth.

DREAMS.

Dr. Israel Bram of Philadelphia en-
livenes the columns of the *Medical Rec-
ord* with a theory of dreams. That the
psychological market is already over-
stocked with a dozen mutually destruc-
tive theories of dreams matters not at
all. There is always room for one more.

It need not be said that a long-suffer-
ing subconsciousness is once more called
upon to do duty. The subconsciousness,
says Dr. Bram, receives and preserves
the records of all experiences, even the
smallest. During the waking state we
are able to control the memory of these
experiences. We select only those that
we need and repulse all others. But dur-
ing sleep the sentries are withdrawn and
so a rabble of memories are able to in-
vade the field and to disport themselves
without check or hindrance. The most
trivial of insignificances may claim
priority over the gravest of events, and
an incident of childhood may present it-
self with the force and color belonging
rightly to the crises of life.

Doubtless Dr. Bram's theories will be
received with the deference that is al-
ways paid by those who dread the labor
of thought. But there are others who
may suspect that here we have another
example of an approved scientific method
that selects only those facts that conform
with a favored theory and that ruthlessly
rejects all the facts that do not conform.
For if Dr. Bram is correct we should
dream only of those things that have
come within the range of experience,

whereas we often dream of things that
we have not experienced. Mr. Henry
Holt, for example, tells us that his "fa-
vorite" dreams are of architecture, a
subject of which ordinarily he knows
nothing. In his sleep Mr. Holt becomes
an architect, but only in his sleep. Ar-
chitecture forms no part of his waking
thoughts, and it never has. Why then
does he persistently dream of archi-
tecture, and as an expert.

Of course there are innumerable ex-
amples of such dreams. We have all
had them. We know that while the
dream world may be a phantom of the
material world it is also something very
much more, and that there are times
when we are caught up into a seventh
heaven, like Paul, and see and know
the things that may not be uttered.

We should like also to know Dr.
Bram's explanation of prophetic dreams
and the dreams of genius. For here the
dream state is unquestionably superior to
the waking state.

It is strange that the modern psycholo-
gist should lay such stress upon subcon-
sciousness without at the same time at-
tempting some explanation of its *raison
d'être*. What place does it hold in the
economy of human nature? In other
words, what is it for? We are asked to
believe that the mind has vast subter-
ranean chambers in which it stores the
records of all experiences irrespective of
their value. It is equally solicitous of a
pebble and of a pearl. If we are off our
guard for a moment it is quite as likely
to present us with the pebble as with the
pearl. And this vast collection of pebbles
and pearls, of trifles and treasures, of
rubbish and riches, is purposeless. If the
sentries are withdrawn they come tum-
bling forth chaotically, to retreat in simi-
lar disorder with the ringing of the fac-
tory bell. But why?

How much we should simplify our
theories of dreams if we would but
realize that the invisible world is just as
varied as the visible world, and that
while sleep may give us access to the
whole of it we shall remember only
those parts to which the brain has been
more or less attuned. If two men were
to travel in a foreign country they would
bring back very different impressions,
especially if one happened to be an artist

and the other a farmer. Both might see pictures, but only one would have a clear memory of them. Both might see the countryside, but it is only the farmer who would observe the peculiarities of soil. A man from Mars might land in an equatorial swamp, or in the middle of New York, but his experiences would not prove that the world consisted either of swamp or of asphalt paving, and crowds, and arc lights. During sleep we may pass upward, or inward, through many successive planes. They may include the thought plane, the plane of ideals, the archetypal and the spiritual. Jones may be able to recall only the thought plane with its myriad impressions of a day's mental activities, and even these will be blurred by his heavy and inelastic brain. But Smith, accustomed to lofty thinking, may be able to remember something of the plane of ideals. His dream may be an inspiration, a revelation, an illumination.

FIRST AND LAST THINGS.

(By H. G. Wells.)

The essential fact in man's history to my sense is the slow unfolding of a sense of community with his kind, of the possibilities of coöperations leading to scarce-dreamt-of collective powers, of a synthesis of the species, of the development of a common general idea, a common general purpose out of a present confusion. In that awakening of the species, one's own personal being lives and moves—a part of it and contributing to it. One's individual existence is not so entirely cut off as it seems at first; one's entirely separate individuality is another, a profounder, among the subtle inherent delusions of the human mind. Between you and me as we set our minds together and between us and the rest of mankind, there is something, something real, something that rises through us and is neither you nor me, that comprehends us, that is thinking here and using me and you to play against each other in that thinking just as my finger and thumb play against each other as I hold this pen with which I write. . . . I see myself in life as part of a great physical being that strains and I believe grows toward Beauty, and of a great mental being that strains and I believe

grows towards knowledge and power. In this persuasion that I am a gatherer of experience, a mere tentacle that arranged thought beside thought for this Being of the Species, this Being that grows beautiful and powerful, in this persuasion I find the ruling idea of which I stand in need, the ruling idea that reconciles and adjudicates among my warring motives. In it I find both concentration of myself and escape from myself, in a word I find *Salvation*.

OUR IDEALS.

(By Brooks Adams.)

If it be true, as I do apprehend, that our "democratic ideal" is only a phrase to express our renunciation as a nation of all standards of duty, and the substitution thereof of a reference to private judgment; if we men are to leave to ourselves as individuals the decision as to how and when our country may exact from us our lives; if each woman may dissolve the family bond at pleasure; if, in fine, we are to have no standard of duty, of obedience, or, in substance, of right and wrong, save selfish caprice; if we are to resolve our society from a firmly cohesive mass, unified by a common standard of duty and self-sacrifice, into a swarm of atoms selfishly fighting each other for money, as beggars scramble for coin, then I much fear that the hour can not be far distant when some superior because more cohesive and intelligent organism, such as nature has decreed shall always lie in wait for its victim, shall spring upon us and rend us as the strong have always rent those wretched because feeble creatures who are cursed with an aborted development. —From "*The American Democratic Ideal*," in the *Yale Review*, for January, 1916.

What if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein

Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought? —Milton.

The ancient theologians and priests testify that the Soul is conjoined to the body through a certain punishment, and that it is buried in this body as in a sepulchre.—*Philolaus*.

SERMON ON THE PLANE.

(By Claude Bragdon.)

This is *The Sermon on the Plane*, preached to the planemen by Him who was "crucified":

"Heaven is all about you: a city lying four-square, clear as glass and filled with light. Here your real, your immortal selves, have their true home. This world of yours which seems so substantial is but a mutable and many-colored film staining the bright radiance of this crystal heaven. Your lives are but tracings made by your immortal selves in this film world. . . .

"Each of you has this heavenly, or cube body, which you must think of as related to your physical, or square body, as that is related to one of its bounding lines. The cube is the true individual, of which the square is but a single illusory and inadequate image. The individual expresses itself in countless of these personalities, each one a tracing of itself: the sum-total of all possible tracings is the cube itself. Birth and death are illusions of the personality. For the cube they are not, since it did not begin its existence with its first contact with the film which is your world, nor will that existence cease when it passes beyond that world; neither does the changing cross-section which it traces in thus passing comprise or comprehend its life. Time and change are illusions of the personality. The cube knows neither increment nor diminution. All conscious cross-sections inhere within it—all possible forms of the film world. It is their revelation only which is successive, giving rise to the temporal illusion.

"Learn now the precious secret of immortality. The consciousness within the cube and within the square are one consciousness, and that consciousness is divine. It is possible, therefore, to identify your plane consciousness with your cube consciousness, and rise, by such means, into the higher dimensional world. This is achieved by desire, by work, by knowledge, by devotion—but more than all by love, as you shall learn.

"Because each individual traces in the film world a different figure, determined by the angle at which it meets the film—by its *attitude towards life*—you are

all under the illusion that each person is unique and singular, that some are better and some worse. But these differences are accidental; they do not exist in the heaven world, where all are God's children, and may become one with the Father. Live *uprightly*, love and cleave to one another. By so doing you will make vertical and parallel the axes of your higher, or cube bodies; and as the sides of your square bodies cleave together, so will the faces of your cube bodies coalesce. By loving your neighbor, therefore, you are 'laying up treasure in heaven'; for two cubes can unite their faces only when the lines of their square sections are similarly joined.

"When cubes conjoin in mutual love the individual is transcended, the consciousnesses merge into one, and a larger unit is formed. This process may go on repeating itself, so that if love should become the universal law of life, the aimless drift of souls would cease, for all would enter the Great Peace at last. All having united into one great crystal cube, the Heavenly City, the film world would vanish. The White Light would shine unobstructed through the City of the Lord.

"It is thus that consciousness becomes self-conscious. It multiplies itself. Each unit, in its cube body, attains to a realization of its form and structure through the many tracings that it makes in physical matter (the film world), each transit being an incarnation, a personal life. The events of each life seem, to the personal consciousness, to slip away into nothingness never to be recovered; but every experience of every film-life, all of its contacts with other cubes, are indelibly impressed upon the higher body and by the cube consciousness may be recovered at will, since all inhere in the bounding planes of the cube. For this reason, when cube consciousness is attained by the personality the memory of past lives is recovered. All lives may be lived over again as vividly as before: the indwelling consciousness has only to seek out in the boundaries of its cube body the particular point or line of contact with the film world in which the vanished event inheres. More than this, when any cube unites with any other, the indwelling consciousness of each, overpassing its normal limitation, is able to share in all

of the past experiences of the other as though they were its own. By multiplying these contacts until all the cubes coalesce, each individual consciousness might share the experience of every other, from the dawn to the close of the cycle of manifestation. This is Nirvana, the Sabbath of the Lord.'

"These things I have spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace, that all may be one, and that they may be made perfect in one. My peace I give unto you."—*From "A Primer of Higher Space."*

THEOTYPAS.

This is the doctrine he was wont to teach,

How divers persons witness in each man,
Three souls which make up one soul:
first, to-wit:

A soul of each and all the bodily parts,
Seated therein, which works, and is what
Does,

And has the use of earth, and ends the
man

Downward; but, tending upward for ad-
vice,

Grows into, and again is grown into
By the next soul, which, seated in the
brain,

Useth the first with its collected use,
And feebleth, thinketh, willeth,—in what
Knows:

Which, duly tending upward in its turn,
Grows into, and again is grown into
By the last soul, that uses both the first,
Subsisting whether they assist or no,

And, constituting man's self, is what Is—
And leans upon the former, makes it
play,

As that played off the first: and, tending
up,

Holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the
man

Upward in that dread point of inter-
course,

Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him.
What Does, what Knows, what Is; three
souls, one man.

I give the glossa as Theotypas.

—*Browning.*

To any man there may come at times
a consciousness that there blows, through
all the articulations of his body, the wind
of a spirit not wholly his; that his mind
rebels; that another girds him whither he
would not.—*Stevenson.*

PLURALISM.

(By William James.)

Is our whole instinctive belief in
higher presences, our persistent inner
turning towards divine companionship, to
count for nothing? . . .

First, you and I, just as we are in this
room; and the moment we get below that
surface, the unutterable absolute itself.
Doesn't this show a singularly indigent
imagination? Isn't this brave universe
made on a richer pattern, with room in
it, for a long hierarchy of beings? . . .

Every bit of us at every moment is
part and parcel of a wider self, it
quivers along various radii like the wind-
rose on a compass, and the actual in it is
continuously one with possibles not yet in
our present sight. And just as we are
co-conscious with our own momentary
margin, may not we ourselves form the
margin of some more really central self
in things which is co-conscious with the
whole of us? May not you and I be
confluent in a higher consciousness, and
confluently active there, though we now
know it not? . . . The drift of all the
evidence we have seems to me to sweep
us very strongly towards the belief in
some form of superhuman life with
which we may, unknown to ourselves, be
co-conscious. We may be in the uni-
verse as dogs and cats are in our li-
braries, seeing the books and hearing the
conversation, but having no inkling of
the meaning of it all.—*A Pluralistic
Universe.*

To know rather consists in opening out
a way whence the imprisoned splendor
may escape, then in effecting entry for a
light supposed to be without. Therefore,
set free the soul alike in all, discovering
the true laws by which the flesh accloys
the spirit.—*Carpenter.*

The doctrine of metempsychosis may
almost claim to be a natural or innate
belief in the human mind, if we may
judge from its wide diffusion among the
nations of the earth and its prevalence
throughout the historical ages.—*Pro-
fessor Francis Bowen.*

Not from birth does one become a
slave; not from birth does one become
a saint; but by conduct alone.—*Buddha.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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GIFT
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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. I. No. 49. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 2, 1916. Price 5 Cents

PRAYER.

We are invited once more to consider the efficacy of prayer by the death in California of a distinguished woman whose life was devoted to the strenuous pursuit of an ideal. It seemed for a time as though recovery were probable, and the temporary improvement was loudly hailed as a direct answer to prayer, and as something in the nature of a miracle. All the world was invited through the columns of our daily newspapers to witness this triumph of religious faith.

But what a strange ideal of Divinity is here presented to us. We are asked to look upon Providence as swayed in its decrees from hour to hour by the volume and intensity of human supplications, and we can hardly doubt the result upon superstition and credulity if this woman had ultimately recovered. But there are thousands of other sufferers who have never been called into prominence either by their social position or by their public work, and upon whose behalf therefore there is no volume of prayer. Are we to suppose that Providence would have been relatively indifferent to them, that Providence counts heads, so to speak, in order to determine the need of intervention, that Providence is thus more friendly toward rank and wealth than toward obscurity and poverty? Invariably we see this same strange aberration where great political or social dignitaries are concerned, the delusion that

Divine aid may be enlisted in some special measure by the simple expedient of all speaking together. Certainly it has no warrant in any wholesome conception of religious practice.

Hardly more intelligent is the frequent recommendation that we pray for peace. From whatever evils we are suffering, whether they be the individual evils of disease or the collective evils of war, they are the direct results of causes, and usually they are causes that are willfully engendered with the full view of the inevitable results before our eyes. Why, then, should we pray for a superhuman interference with the direct results of human deeds? That war must result from the saturnalia of selfishness and of reckless competition that preceded war was as certain as the sunrise. But when the results happen we not only close our eyes to their causes, while still loudly acclaiming them as the one law of life, but we invite Providence to issue to us a sort of charter that shall enable us to continue our evil ways and to avoid the consequences. It can not be done.

Theosophy has right upon its side when it proclaims that the supreme need of humanity is a recognition of the law of cause and effect that operates upon all the planes of life, and not only upon the physical. Just as it is true to say that there can not be even a headache that is not the indication of the violation of a physical law, so there can not be a heartache that does not prove the violation of

some moral law, and there can not be a war that was not invited and invoked by national thought.

MATERIALISM.

The new volume by Alfred W. Martin, commented upon elsewhere in this issue, is further evidence of the extent to which the world of science has turned its back upon materialism. Forty years ago the famous epigram of Büchner that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile" was received with acclamation as the last word of a science that should save us from all theological superstitions. It is true that the theological superstitions were hard to bear, but the scientific credulities and arrogances that followed them were worse. But where are they now? Who now so poor as to do them reverence? Today there is not a single scientist of front rank who does not repudiate Büchner or who would be willing to enroll himself among the avowed materialists. Recantation has become the order of the day, and we may even note, not without concern, that in some cases the reaction from materialism is assuming the form of credulity and superstition. If we could but view the last half-century in the right perspective we should probably agree that there has been no such complete reversal of thought and theory in the history of the world.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

December 5—A great man is he who is proof against flattery, vanity, injustice, and the love of pomp and power.

December 6—The wise man is he who can either take or leave those so-called necessities of life with which other people are intemperate.

December 7—To hold on with fortitude in one condition, and sobriety in the other, is a proof of a great soul and an impregnable virtue.

December 8—Let every action be done with perfect gravity, humanity, freedom, and justice, and perform it as though that action were your last.

December 9—A man can rarely be unhappy by being ignorant of another's

thoughts; but he that does not attend to the motions of his own is certainly unhappy.

December 10—Do not let accidents disturb, or outward objects engross your thoughts; but keep your mind quiet and disengaged, to be ready to learn something good.

December 10—Manage all your actions, words, and thoughts accordingly, since you can at any moment quit life.

A FUTURE LIFE.

Mr. Alfred W. Martin explains in the preface of his new book, "Faith in a Future Life" (D. Appleton & Co.) that in 1915 he gave a series of eight lectures in New York on Modern Occultism. As a result he received hundreds of letters asking for the publication of these lectures, and it is in response to these requests that he has published his book. At the same time he wishes it to be understood that the lectures were delivered without manuscript and that he has now done no more than reproduce their substance. It is proposed to look somewhat carefully at some of the chapters in this volume, and especially at those relating to Materialism, Theosophy, Reincarnation, and Spiritualism.

Dogma and sentiment, says the author, are the foes against which we must fight in the search for truth. There was a time when dogma was peculiarly the stock in trade of the religionist, but science has shown itself equally prone to intolerance, equally willing to vociferate instead of to reason. Thus we have the confident assertion of Professor Münsterberg in his "Psychology and Life" that the alleged facts of spiritism "do not exist and *never can exist*." And so far as sentiment is concerned, we are reminded of the words of Maeterlinck: "The more disillusion falls at your feet the more surely and nobly will the great reality shine on you."

Materialism, says the author, demands that all phenomena whatsoever, be they in outward nature, or in human consciousness, are explicable by the ultimate properties of matter. According to this view not only is consciousness the product of a peculiar organization of matter, but it can not survive the disorganization of the material body with

which it is associated. We are reminded of Tyndall's definition of matter as "that mysterious thing by which all phenomena have been accomplished from the evaporation of a drop of water to the consciousness of man." In other words the force inherent in matter is matter:

Martineau in his memorable address on "Substitutes for God" makes short work of the unwarrantable liberties that materialists have taken in their effort to explain consciousness in terms of matter. The materialist asks for as many kinds of atoms as there are chemical elements, seventy-two in all. But how, even with these, can *consciousness* be educed? How can concurrence of any number of any kind of atoms ever *explain* consciousness? And when the materialist replies by positing "polarity and gravitation" among the eternal properties of matter and "organic and inorganic molecules" as constituting "the one and only substance," it becomes clear that each new emergency is provided for by a new ascription to matter of some quality or property not in requisition before. Matter "began as a beggar and lo, it turns up as a prince," loaded with more and more properties to meet the ever heavier tax that is put upon it. Like a bank account, the original deposit of matter is repeatedly drawn on to meet each new demand and every claim seems to have been honorably met, whereas the account was overdrawn at the start when, in order to explain consciousness, more was required than was originally deposited; thus forcing the insolvent theory into the hands of a receiver.

Clifford's "mind-stuff," Haeckel's atoms with "mind sides," Leibnitz's "ideated monads," what are these but ascriptions to matter of foreign elements in order to make it explain the phenomena of consciousness. As the miner "salts" his claim with gold dust to enhance its value for the unsuspecting purchaser, so the materialist "salts" matter with mental or spiritual qualities, not one of which can be taken out except as it was first put in.

It was Tyndall himself who disqualified materialism to sit as a juror when he said that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable"; that "while a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other"; that "the chasm between these physical processes and the facts of consciousness remains intellectually impassable":

From physics we learn that heat, light, and electricity are interconvertible because all are modes of motion. Motion is their common factor. But between moving particles of gray matter in the brain and thought there is no

such relation; on the contrary, there is a chasm that has never yet been bridged. It thought is to be assigned a cause it must be of the same *kind* as the effect, and no such adequate cause has been discerned. How physical brain-processes are connected with the facts of consciousness still remains a mystery. Browning, in "Abt Vogler," furnishes a suggestive parallel here. Could we explain how from the physical musical notes, psychical emotional states are awakened, we would have solved the riddle of the universe. Hence his injunction to the reader reverently to bow before this mystery of music as inexplicable indeed as the whence of thought, associated with the physical processes in the brain.

Materialism has made the mistake of confusing concurrence with cause. Material processes may accompany mental states, but they do not necessarily cause them:

Science has proved that the molecular motion of the gray matter in the brain is *concomitant* with thought, not that it is the *cause* of thought. Science has demonstrated that the eye is the organ of sight, but not the seer; the ear the organ of hearing, but not the hearer; the brain the organ of thought, but not the thinker. In the movements, groupings, electrical discharges of brain molecules, we have the *function* of the brain, i. e., the actions it is fitted to perform, just as the chemical resolution of food is the function of the stomach; or the conducting of stimulus, the function of the nerves. And since the brain finds its function in a class of actions separated by an "intellectually impassable chasm" from consciousness and will, how can we rationally or consistently attribute these also to the brain as part of its function? The most we can legitimately say of consciousness and will is that they coexist with their physical concomitants while incapable of being brought into intelligible relation with them. Consequently we are wholly without warrant for affirming, as the materialists do, that disconnection of brain and thought is impossible.

Professor William James hit the same nail squarely on the head when he said that the function of the brain is transmissive rather than productive. What right have we to assume that because thought, as we now know it, is associated with brain, there can be no thought without brain? Borrowing an illustration from Professor Adler, we may liken the relation between thought and brain to that of two citizens who walk arm in arm into a town and through a town, but who part company when they pass the city limits.

We must ourselves learn the ways of Right and Wrong, and having learned we must choose. —*Maria Corelli*

FRUIT-GATHERING.

(By Rabindranath Tagore.)

Upagupta, the disciple of Buddha, lay asleep on the dust by the city wall of Mathura.

Lamps were all out, doors were all shut, and stars were all hidden by the murky sky of August.

Whose feet were those tinkling with anklets, touching his breast of a sudden?

He woke up startled, and the light from a woman's lamp struck his for-giving eyes.

It was the dancing girl, starred with jewels, clouded with a pale-blue mantle, drunk with the wine of her youth.

She lowered the lamp and saw the young face, austere beautiful.

"Forgive me, young ascetic," said the woman; "graciously come to my house. The dusty earth is not a fit bed for you."

The ascetic answered, "Woman, go on your way; when the time is ripe I will come to you."

Suddenly the black night showed its teeth in a flash of lightning.

The storm growled from the corner of the sky, and the woman trembled in fear.

The branches of the wayside trees were aching with blossom.

Gay notes of the flute came floating in the warm spring air from afar.

The citizens had gone to the woods, to the festival of flowers.

From the mid-sky gazed the full moon on the shadows of the silent town.

The young ascetic was walking in the lonely street, while overhead the love-sick *kocls* urged from the mango branches their sleepless plaint.

Upagupta passed through the city gates, and stood at the base of the ramparts.

What woman lay in the shadow of the wall at his feet, struck with the black pestilence, her body spotted with sores, hurriedly driven away from the town?

The ascetic sat by her side, taking her head on his knees, and moistened her lips with water and smeared her body with balm.

"Who are you, merciful one?" asked the woman.

"The time, at last, has come to visit you, and I am here," replied the young ascetic.—*From "Fruit-Gathering."* Pub-

lished by the Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

HYMN BEFORE BIRTH.

(By John G. Neihardt.)

Soon shall you come as the dawn from the dumb abyss of night.

Traveler birthward, Hastener earthward out of the gloom!

Soon shall you rest on a soft white breast from the measureless mid-world flight;

Waken in fear at the miracle, light, in the pain-hushed room.

Lovingly fondled, fearfully guarded by hands that are tender.

Frail shall you seem as a dream that must fail in the swirl of the morrow:

Oh, but the vast, immemorial past of ineffable splendor,

Forfeited soon in the pangful surrender to Sense and to Sorrow!

Who shall unravel your tangle of travel, uncurtain your history?

Have you not run with sun-gladdened feet of a thaw?

Lurked as a thrill in the will of a primal sea-mystery,

The drift of the cloud and the lift of the moon for a law?

Lost is the tale of the gulfs you have crossed and the veils you have lifted:

In many a tongue have been wrung from you outcries of pain:

You have leaped with the lightning from thunderheads, hurricane-rifted,

And breathed in the whispering rain!

Latent in juices the April sun looses from capture,

Have you not blown in the lily and grown in the weed?

Burned with the flame of the vernal erotic rapture,

And yearned with the passion for seed?

Poured on the deeps from the steep of the sky as a chalice.

Flung through the loom that is shuttled by tempests at play.

Myriad the forms you have taken for hovel or palace—

Broken and cast them away!

You who shall cling to a love that is
fearful and pities,
Titans of flame were your comrades to
blight and consume!
Have you not roared over song-hallowed,
sword-stricken cities,
And fled in the smoke of their doom?

For, ancient and new, you are flame, you
are dust, you are spirit and dew,
Swirled into flesh, and the winds of the
world are your breath!
The song of a thrush in the hush of the
dawn is not younger than you—
And yet you are older than death!
—From "*The Quest*." Published by the
Macmillan Company.

CRUSTS AND CRUMBS.

(Albert Ernest Stafford in Toronto
Sunday World.)

Emerson's writings are full of the implications of the *Secret Doctrine*. When he says that "Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places," he states the fundamental fact behind the whole conception of a developing humanity, some of whose members are as far ahead of the average man as he is ahead of the lower animal forms. These Masters, or Elder Brothers of the race are a difficulty with many who do not understand the immortality of the spirit of man in a practical way. Life, soul, mind, and spirit are confused together in the English language, though in Hebrew we have *chai*, *nephesh*, *neschamah*, and *ruach* to indicate definitely different states of conditions or attributes, and in Greek *zoe*, *psyche*, *nous*, and *pneuma* are similarly confused in English translations. Sanscrit has an even more varied scientific classification of the modes of life and consciousness. Many English thinkers are still unable to conceive of the life apart from the body, the spirit apart from its vehicle. To them reincarnation presents a difficulty. Emerson was saturated in Plato and the Neo-Platonists, and he preferred the translations of Thomas Taylor, a mystic and occultist, who is able to interpret Plato as Jowett never could begin to do, because Jowett had no real metaphysical science to fall back upon. He probably knew nothing of the chakras, or the vital airs or *tattwas*, and it seems quite cer-

tain that he did not understand the anastasis and the palingenesis of the Greek occultists. In his copy of Cudworth, the Cambridge Platonist, as Professor John S. Harrison, Ph. D., points out in his valuable book, "*The Teachers of Emerson*," Emerson has marked this passage: "But as for that other transmigration of human souls into the bodies of brutes, though it can not be denied but that many of the ancients admitted it also, yet Timæus Locrus, and divers others of the Pythagoreans, rejected it, any otherwise than as it might be taken for an allegorical description of the beastly transformation that is made of men's souls by vice."

Emerson read Taylor's translations of Plato and followed his interpretation of Plato which harmonized with that of the Neo-Platonists, led by Plotinus and Proclus. In his library he had Taylor's "*Select Works of Plotinus*," Proclus' "*On the Theology of Plato*" and on "*The Commentaries on the Timæus of Plato*"; Iamblichus' "*The Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians*" and "*The Life of Pythagoras*." Ocellus Lucanus, "*Collection of Pythagoric Sentences*," and "*On the Nature of the Universe*," he was familiar with, according to Dr. Harrison. An extract from the treatise of Synesius Emerson considered "one of the majestic remains of literature." Through Taylor he was led to the Chaldean oracles, of which he said he was "only concerned with the good sentences, and it is indifferent how old a truth is." Dr. Harrison sums up "the three media through which the teachings of Plato were studied by Emerson," and only remarks that "it should not appear strange if in him the light from Plato is somewhat refracted." Many students will find much more refracted and even diffracted in Jowett and other modern commentators than in Emerson. The three media mentioned are "the mysticism of Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists generally—Plotinus being the heart of the new school and the culmination of all Greek philosophy—the ancient thought of those early Greek philosophers preceding Plato, especially that of Pythagoras—Plato being considered as the logical outcome of their speculations—and, finally, the contention of Coleridge that a philosophy of natural law such as

Bacon's is the coördinate of a purely speculative theory of ideas." Another point noted by Dr. Harrison is his recognition of the doctrine of beauty as held by the Platonists. "But it is interesting to note that it is the æsthetic theory of Neo-Platonic writers rather than of Plato that influences his work. He felt without a doubt the difference between the speculations of Plotinus and of Proclus on beauty from those of Plato." It is scarcely necessary to add that the Neo-Platonists were all Theosophists and Ammonius Saccas in the third century adopted the name.

Commentators on Plato or on Emerson either are usually far more ponderous than their originals, the reason being usually that the commentators wish to explain away or attach their own meaning to what they do not agree with or understand. People who read Plato or Emerson and use their own common sense and judgment will go farther than most of the critics if they simply follow their author as they understand him. It is not necessary to be given a particular twist or bias in order to get at what he means. The average scholastic critic takes one, as in the children's game, blindfolds him, turns him round three times, and then sets him loose to see what he can catch. The delight of reading Emerson and the other clear thinkers is in the direct route by which one is carried to the heart of his message. Take the opening of his essay on Compensation (or Karma): "Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young, that on this subject life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught." I could have spent many days in the gracious atmosphere of Concord, following Emerson clues, but all things hasten to a close, and we left house and library, garden and flowers, with many backward longing looks. Next morning I was up betimes determined to have a peep at Walden pond before I left. The road was torn up for repairs, but it was only half an hour's smart walking to get there, and with a little while by the singularly pellucid waters of the little lake and another half-hour's walk back on a beautiful morning I was able to be back for 8 o'clock breakfast and start for

Boston at 9. Those who have not read "Walden" and "A Week on the Concord" know nothing of a most important tract of American thought. Like Emerson, Thoreau was steeped in Greek and Hindu philosophy and no pleasanter means exist of getting a first glimpse of the Indian point of view than "A Week on the Concord." But Thoreau still lacks popular appreciation. John Albert Macy has pointed out how Thoreau has suffered at the hands of Lowell as Bacon at the hands of Macaulay, and Wordsworth at the hands of Jeffrey.

"I am a poet, a mystic, and a transcendentalist," says Thoreau himself. He was more; he was a social revolutionist, and as Macy says, one can find no living parallel for him in the United States, and for his like we must turn to "that other solitary and indignant moralist, Tolstoy." His friend Emerson sums up Thoreau in negations. "He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate no flesh; he drank no wine; he never knew the use of tobacco; and though a naturalist, he used neither gun nor rod." One of his own sayings should hang on the walls and be set on the desk of all our nature writers and naturalists and natural scientists: "Man can not afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but with only the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone." And this is exactly why so many of our naturalists, our biologists, our physiologists, are materialists and "do not believe in a science which deals with higher law." They look on the surface of things. They see the outside only and miss the reality and heart of things. Thoreau, to use Lord Rosebery's phrase, was a practical mystic. "He lived not ascetically, but heartily," and he proved that it was not necessary to soil and weaken one's body with alcohol and tobacco in order to live a happy life. And he has given us books which as Lowell says, "compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's *Selborne*, seems dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac. He belongs with Donne and

Browne and Novalis." Thoreau's appreciation of the Bhagavat Gita will cheer the reader who takes up "A Week on the Concord" and finds that the journey is not merely along a New England River, but along the shores of literature and life. It is not an unqualified admiration he has for it, but he says "it deserves to be read with reverence even by Yankees, as a part of the sacred writings of a devout people; and the intelligent Hebrew will rejoice to find in it a moral grandeur and sublimity akin to that of his own Scriptures." But Thoreau sets the New Testament higher. "Christ is the prince of Reformers and Radicals," he says.

There were a few hours in Boston, a peep at the Public Library, the Holy Grail and the Prophets, a little while in Phillips Brooks' church and another little while before the Shaw monument, this is about what one bore away from the Hub of the universe on this occasion. We were bound for Dublin, not the desolated Dublin overseas, but a New Hampshire Dublin among the hills and lakes, more like a Killarney, in fact. Near this in the hills we were to discover an artist whose mystical creations have attracted attention. We wound "round the bend of the pond" as directed, and climbed a hill, steep and piny, and found a cottage and a young mountain goddess who gave us further instructions, and presently up another mountain road we found a charming house and grounds and a detached studio where, as it happened, Miss Angelica Patterson was that afternoon giving an exhibition of her wonderful paintings. They were designs intended to illustrate or symbolize the Stanzas of the Book of Dzyan, upon which the *Secret Doctrine* is based. They reminded one at first of Allen Upward's theory of the whirl and swirl in creation, the involution and evolution he speaks of in his "New Word." Miss Patterson has translated the spirit of these wonderful stanzas into line and color, and the Cosmic Man seems to unfold throughout the series. The new art of the Sixth Race is surely to be found in such work rather than in some of the artistic enigmas of recent years.

I laugh when I hear that the fish in the water is thirsty.—*Kabir*.

FROM UPANISHAD.

One of the Upanishads tells us that when little Nachiketas went to the House of Death, the Terrible One was pleased with the boy and told him to ask three boons, promising to grant them whatever they might be. The boy's first and second requests do not here concern us, but in the third he said:

"There is that doubt, when a man is dead—some saying he is; others he is not. This I should like to know, taught be thee; this is the third of my boons."

Death said: "Choose another boon, O Nachiketas, do not press me; let me off that boon. Choose sons and grandsons, who shall live a hundred years, herds of cattle, elephants, gold, horses. Choose the wide abode of the earth and live thyself as many harvests as thou desirest. If you can think of any boon equal to that, choose wealth and long life. Be king, Nachiketas, on the wide earth; but do not ask me about dying."

Nachiketas said: "These things last till tomorrow, O Death. Even the whole of life is short. Keep thou thy horses, keep dance and song for thyself. No man can be made happy by wealth. Shall we possess wealth when we see thee? Only that boon which I have chosen is to be chosen by me. That on which there is this doubt, O Death, tell me what there is in the Great Hereafter. Nachiketas does not choose another boon, but that which enters into the hidden world."

So at last Death answered: "The knowing Self is not born; it dies not; it sprang from nothing, nothing sprang from it. The ancient is unborn, eternal, everlasting; he is not killed, though the body is killed. If the slayer think that he slays, or if the slain think he is slain, they do not understand, for this one does not slay nor is that one slain. The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the great Creator. The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does not grieve."

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IMMORTALITY.

The philosophers—the smaller ones—are hard at work trying to find in psychological research some definite guaranty of immortality. It need hardly be said that they find what they expect to find, seldom any less and never any more. Immortality, one would suppose from their attitude, is now presenting itself for the first time for human determination. It is true that there have been ancient superstitions and credulities, guesses and conjectures, at which we may take an occasional and condescending glance, but we are in danger of losing caste if we seriously consider anything earlier than Bergson, or if we wander further afield than William James in one direction or Myers in the other.

Mr. Alfred W. Martin is the latest investigator, or shall we say summarizer? Some comment upon his new book, "Faith in a Future Life," will be found elsewhere in this issue, but it may be said at once that this work, and a dozen others like it, are disappointing, and this in spite of the welcome that must always be extended to every effort to outflank the materialism of the day.

Perhaps it would be unjust to expect that a popular lecture, or series of lectures, should possess the virtue of finished treatises. But at least the popular lecture should avoid what may be called the condemnatory condensation of beliefs that are as old as the world, and the dismissal of those beliefs by an airy use

of misstatement. Speaking of psychical research, for example, Mr. Martin quotes from Myers, who came nearer to the theosophical position than any of his school, and who undoubtedly borrowed from Theosophy, although without the formality of an acknowledgment. Myers wrote: "The conscious self of each of us, as we call it, the empirical, the supraliminal self, as I should prefer to say, does not complete the whole of the consciousness or the faculty within us. There exists a more comprehensive consciousness, a profounder faculty, which for the most part remains potential only so far as regards the life on earth, but from which the consciousness and the faculty of earth-life are mere selections, and which reasserts itself in its plenitude after the liberating change of death." Now it is a little remarkable that Mr. Martin should devote so many pages to a consideration of so-called "spirit communications" and that he should dismiss the eminently philosophical theory of Myers with a scant paragraph or two. He tells us that the Myers theory is negated by the fact that this larger consciousness appears to exist only in "pathological subjects," and that it is distinctly inferior to the normal consciousness. Both statements are gratuitous and untrue, as is shown by the most cursory study. But Mr. Martin then goes on to ask why we should spend so much time in the training and discipline of the normal consciousness if

it is only the larger consciousness that will persist after death. The objection is almost frivolous. Myers did not say that *only* the larger consciousness would persist. He said that the normal consciousness was a *selection* from the higher, and we may assume that the object of evolution is to make that selection larger and more representative of its source, in other words to bring the two into contact. The lower consciousness is in the nature of a messenger or ambassador from the higher, but it is obvious that only that part of its experience that is relevant to its mission, so to speak, will be received when that mission comes temporarily to an end by death. Mr. Martin is altogether too airy, too casual.

Another example of shallow thinking is to be found in his assurance that "no one can be said to *know* that he is immortal." When thinkers such as Emerson claim such a knowledge, "the most they could possibly have meant was that they had a very strong assurance, a very powerful intimation of immortality." We can not claim knowledge without experience, says Mr. Martin, and having thus triumphantly stated his fallacy he proceeds to build upon it.

Why is Mr. Martin so sure that we can not know of immortality? Why does he assume that there are no cognitive faculties other than those of the normal mind? He might as well deny our right to say that parallel lines can never meet, merely because we have never traced the course of parallel lines into infinity. The philosopher might properly retort that immortality is one of those self-evident truths that need no demonstration, such as the axiom that the whole is greater than its part, or that two straight lines can not enclose a space. He might say that immortality is axiomatic, and that it is only our modern mental aberrations that have hidden its axiomatic nature. The onus of proof rests, not upon those who assert immortality, but upon those who deny it, just as the onus of proof would rest, not upon those who assert that two straight lines can not enclose a space, but upon those who deny it. Now if Mr. Martin were merely a university professor and repeating the current orthodoxies of his topic we could understand his position.

But that he should write on occultism, and blandly preface his writing by a cursory denial of the whole basis of occultism, is one of those misdeeds against which it seems necessary to protest.

WAR.

Is war ever justifiable in the light of Theosophy?

The question is based on a fallacy due to centuries of theological thinking. Theosophy does not seek to classify human actions into the water-tight compartments of right and wrong. It is not like the penal code of human institutions which attaches a label to specific deeds and prescribes pains and penalties to those of which it disapproves. Theosophy deals with motives and intentions and it allows us neither to condemn the motives of which we are unaware nor to prescribe the precise way in which those motives and intentions shall seek to accomplish themselves. Theosophy has only one creed, the creed of human brotherhood. It demands that all deeds and all thoughts shall be directed to that end, but it does not dictate the way in which that end shall be sought by the individual. He must determine this for himself.

At least let us be consistent. If war is wrong *per se* it is because it involves the use of force. Then let us at once abolish the police. Let us stand quiescent while the brutal father tortures his child, or the husband his wife. Let us give liberty to the homicidal maniac. But, it may be said, force does not necessarily imply the taking of life. True enough, but it often does. There may be no other way to stay the hand of the man who would kill a hundred by the throwing of a bomb. The life of the mother may demand the deliberate sacrifice of the baby. Now we may contend if we will that force must cease to be a factor in human relationships. Tolstoy contended this. Such a conviction is worthy of all respect, even though we may not share it. But let us avoid the empty emotionalism that condemns armies, and sustains a police force and all the machinery of a civil organization that rests avowedly upon compulsion.

For human brotherhood may conceivably demand the use of force. The fact that I love my fellow-man does not neces-

sarily preclude me from kicking him if it seems to me that a kick is the remedy that he needs. The essential fact is that I shall love him, and it is because I love him that I shall inexorably apply what I may believe to be the right remedy. I may be wrong in my judgment, but Karma will see to that. At least I have no better instrument than my own judgment.

The above is an individual opinion, but it is to the effect that Theosophy has nothing to say about war in general, either that it is right or that it is wrong. So much depends upon the kind of war. Theosophy inculcates the practice of fraternity, but as to the precise way in which this shall be done it says nothing. Perhaps we may find some consolation in the assurance that "He maketh even the wrath of men to serve Him."

SOME MEDITATIONS OF THE HEART.

(By the author of "Twenty Minutes of Reality.")

Just after waking in the morning, if I think back a little, I can often recover layer after layer of dreams. At first I only remember the one that is with me when I wake, but by following that back and back, I find that one dream drifts into another almost endlessly. The theory that all dreams are suppressed desires is, I think, only partly true. Deep down under the desire dreams there is something else, something lovely and mysterious. Out of last night's dreams, for instance, I recall a long series, opening more or less into one another, of perfectly uninteresting surface dreams, but beyond these my memory just brushes something that is different. I can not really recall any of it except delicious sense of lightness and freedom, and of running exquisitely fast; and these words only palely convey the actual sensation. I can not express it successfully, but I have a feeling that my real self, my whole self, knows all about it, and is perhaps even now laughing down there in the hidden depths of me at the clumsy attempts of my half self to interpret this wisp of memory which I have dragged up to the light of every day.

I think perhaps it is true that, when the body is asleep, the half-consciousness which serves us here is free to slip

out and rejoin the whole consciousness, the older brother-self of spirit which we all possess; but that the remembrance of this nightly reunion is wiped out by the confusing surface dreams through which we pass on our way back to waking. Perhaps if we could train ourselves to *remember through* this wall of dreams, we might recapture our larger self which is there just on the other side of the wall.

Here in this life we are like Jack-in-the-box. Our spirit is squeezed into something that is too small for it, with the lid hooked down tight, but every now and again, through the pressure of some high emotion, the lid flies off, we shoot up to our full height, and gaze with delighted eyes on a lovely new world. Once, through an accident, I think that the lid flew off for me. I received a violent blow on the head which knocked me insensible for a short time. When I regained consciousness, I brought back with me a feeling that I had been where the real things are, and as though this life here were hardly more than a dream. In those few moments of unconsciousness I had waked into truth. What truth is, and where I had found it, I do not know. All I brought back with me, like a trailing cloud of glory, was the conviction of having been a wanderer returned, a mirage-chaser looking at last upon reality. I had been where I belonged, and where the permanent things are to be found, and this life appeared, when I awoke, to be unreal to the point of absurdity. There was, indeed, the vague sense of a joke about the whole experience, as though the same trick—the trick of being made to believe that material life is all—had been played upon me, or I had played it upon myself, many times before. Then life in this world picked me up again and squeezed me inexorably back into my small self, like Jack being squeezed into his box. But for those lovely moments when the lid was off, I had sprung up to my full height, and never again has flesh succeeded in completely blinding me to the spirit.

That we meet this larger self at death, I am very sure; but because sometimes by accident, and sometimes in moments of spiritual exultation, we occasionally break through to it even now, I believe

it is possible in this life to enter into it much more often, and much more vividly than we ever suspect. This is, I think, what Christ taught, His Kingdom of Heaven, that life more abundant, was an experience of the present—an intensification of this existence, not something of the far-away uncertain future. Our lack of understanding has pushed this bright and beautiful possibility further and further from us, until, at last, we have thrust it over the rim of death, there to await us in the next world, while all the time, did we but guess it, it is here at our very elbows. For the most part we go at half-pressure through a pale world, but sometimes some poignant love, joy, beauty, or sufferings, lifts up the everlasting gates of our blindness, and the King of Glory comes in. He has come many times of late upon the battlefields of Europe. He will never come in a timid, artificial, selfish, and ease-loving existence. It is when ease and safety are torn away, and we are stripped to the very bare bones, stripped to the very soul, that the soul emerges triumphant. Better still, it is when we voluntarily strip ourselves of the little selfish timidities for a great cause, that this mysterious King of Glory comes in most radiantly. The saints and mystics knew this. They were not in pursuit of a pale negation; they were furiously and gloriously crucifying the smaller self, that the larger might be set free. They knew that they would never find what they were seeking in a hideous, exotic pursuit of happiness and comfort, or in frightened attempts to escape suffering. It is to be found in love, that splendid and reckless outpouring of self for some one or something other than ourselves. In beauty, when it stabs us awake to the marvels all about us, and when the awakening brings with it a certain wildness and intoxication, a madness of joy, before which all the small hot-house artificialities are swept away; in truth, that deep simplicity which thrusts one down into the still fastnesses of the spirit where God is to be met; and finally, it is found in that courage which knows it is infinitely better to die at full breath of vivid unselfishness, rather than live on in a dreary ease and safety.

The conquerors of the world, the

saviors of mankind, are those who have succeeded in living that life here on earth. They have broken down the barriers between the two worlds. They have stooped down to matter, and filling it with spirit, have lifted it up triumphantly, so that men have gazed with astonished eyes upon a glorious new type of life. It may be, when spirit has conquered matter, and works through it successfully, that a higher existence is presented than that of pure spirit. This may be the type toward which mankind is moving. It may be that even now we are on the threshold of a more universal participation in that life, a fuller incarnation of the spirit. Perhaps a new birth is at hand. What is all this restlessness and world-weariness, this extravagance of living—mad art, mad dancing, mad emotions—save the fever and abnormality of pregnancy? Many believe that the birth has already taken place, and that the child of this madness is war and destruction. But the war may be only a part of the whole travail—the wildest, the worst, and possibly the last of the birth-pangs. In the lull of peace which must follow, the world will have time to think. The great cataclysm has violently awakened whole nations, has wrenched them out of their accustomed ways, has torn material things to shreds. It is in the pauses after such awakenings, when the heart is still open, that the spirit rushes in most tumultuously. It is then that souls go forward a step, are swept up to higher levels. Is it too much to hope that the whole of mankind is to advance to these higher levels? That more and more frequently individuals are to break down the hard barriers and drive through to that increased vitality which is the hidden possibility of us all, and which already many of us have experienced in fleeting moments? With this larger life there must come an ever-growing realization of worlds beyond our present one—worlds which are ours to inherit some day, as the blue sky is the heritage of the unsuspecting caterpillar. With this fuller realization, it is possible that the world-old enemy of mankind, the fear of death, is to be vanquished. The time may not be far off when to lose a friend by death will be hardly more than to have him cross the ocean; when our own passing

will be merely the happy setting sail for a new country. It may be that in the great war, which has furnished an orgy such as the world has never before seen, death as we have known it in all its agony of parting and uncertainty, has at last been glutted to the full, has reached its climax, and must hereafter diminish.

O people of the world, all things have died! It may be that now at last death itself is dying!—*From the Atlantic Monthly for December.*

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms. Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

December 12—What matters dying? If the gods are in being you can suffer nothing, for they will do you no harm.

December 13—And if the gods are not, or take no care of mortals—why, then, a world without gods is not worth a man's while to live in.

December 14—The being of the gods, and their concern in human affairs, is beyond dispute.

December 15—Remember that life is wearing off, and a smaller part of it is left daily.

December 16—Depend not upon external supports, nor beg your tranquillity of another. In a word, never throw away your legs to stand upon crutches.

December 17—If you examine a man that has been well-disciplined and purified by philosophy, you will find nothing that is unsound, false, or foul in him.

December 18—Life moves in a very narrow compass; yes, and men live in a small corner of the world, too.

Since no single atom in the entire Kosmos is without life and consciousness, how much more then must its mighty globes be filled with both—though they remain sealed books to us men who can hardly enter even into the consciousness of the forms of life nearest us?—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

I and you are of one blood, and one life animates us both; from one mother is the world born; what knowledge is this that make us separate?—*Kabir.*

PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

Mr. Alfred W. Martin devotes the fourth chapter of his new book, "Faith in a Future Life" (D. Appleton & Co.) to Psychical Research. Here, he says in effect, is a mass of phenomena that demand explanation. We can not dismiss these phenomena by blank and undiscriminating denials of their reality. Facts are not thus abolished. Nor can we dispose of them by disproving some particular theory of their origin, for example the spiritualistic theory. The facts remain, no matter how many theories may be negated. We may reject all theories, but the facts will be no less aggressive. And we should do well to accept no theory merely because it is the only one available, for that would be to make of the theory an opiate for the uneasiness of suspended judgment:

Here, for example, is a human mind in what is called the trance-state, absolutely oblivious to everything that transpires in the external world. In that state this mind tries to reveal the identity of some one no longer living on earth. The name, or part of the name, is given, amid much incoherent automatic talk. Features are described, incidents recalled, seemingly to give assurance that this person still lives. The problem is, whence these trance utterances? Do they come from the departed, and if not, how shall they be explained, and what light, if any, do they throw on the question of life after death?

The claim of the Spritualists need not detain us for long, not because it is unimportant, but because it is so well known. But these claims have already been whittled down to an appreciable extent. They have been shown to be often unnecessary, and in many other cases the phenomena have obviously originated in persons still living:

The late Frederick Myers . . . classified the substitutes for the spiritistic hypothesis under two heads. First, the mind of the medium. From this source come most of the messages, even though they refer to matters which the medium once knew, but had forgotten, because what once entered the mind may again come out of the mind, even though it be among trance conditions. Second, thought-transference or telepathy, i. e., the direct and supersensuous communication of mind with mind. By the transmission of facts not known to the medium, from some one at a distance or from some one present at the sitting, a goodly number of "cases" may be explained. But there is, says Myers, an "irreducible minimum" of messages that can not be classed under either of these two categories; messages containing facts known only to a deceased person and that person an

utter stranger to the medium, thus seeming to compel the conclusion of the survival of the departed person. Included in this "irreducible minimum" of messages not explicable in terms of the medium's mind or of telepathy are those reported, in a trance-state, by the celebrated Mrs. Piper. Grant that some of her successful revelations are the result of *chance coincidence*, others of *clever conjecture*, still others of tapping the inner recesses of the *sitter's consciousness*, thus giving back to the sitter his own ideas as communications from the spirit world, yet there is a residuum of cases that call for a more adequate explanation than any of these, cases that can not be subsumed under any of the categories already named, cases in which she has given such life-like personations of deceased persons that relatives have hailed them as the very spirits of the dead. Nay more, disinterested expert investigators, men devoid of the expectations and sympathies that characterize relatives and friends, have felt that there was no alternative hypothesis but the spiritistic to account for what was revealed.

But even these cases, says the author, seem inconclusive. They did not convince Professor William James nor Mr. Podmore. Even where the knowledge thus displayed was unimpeachable the communications fell lamentably short at the point of general intelligence. Miss Hannah Wild, Mr. Myers, Dr. Hodgson, and Professor James all left sealed letters to serve as texts of such communications as might purport to come from them after death. The communications duly arrived, but in no cases were the letters accurately read.

For these and many other reasons the author rejects the spiritistic theory. But he rejects also all the others, not necessarily as false, but as unproven.

(This topic is further considered in the editorial columns.)

MISSIONARIES.

(By James Bissett Pratt.)

In the beginning it must be said that when one goes for the first time to a non-Christian land and makes the acquaintance of non-Christian gentlemen, he finds that the missionaries appear in a light which he never had guessed from the perusal of his missionary manuals at home. As a young friend of mine, now residing in Burma, put it: "Before I came out I pictured the natives waiting with impatience for the arrival of the missionary, hungering and thirsting for the words of truth that should fall from his lips, and calling us to deliver their land from Error's chains. When I

reached here I found that the Burmese got on very well by themselves without the missionary, didn't want him, and were usually quite indifferent to what he said or did. The "natives," in short, take the missionary in much the same light as they take the soldier, or the merchant, or the civil servant. In general they regard him as one of the many who have come out to India to make a living,—and in fact as one who has been uncommonly successful at it. If the average Indian could hear the remarks so often made in England and America about the privations and self-sacrifice of the missionary he would be astonished and probably would be inclined to smile. It has never entered into his head that the missionary's life is one of privation. For he sees the missionary living in a style which, compared with his own frugal life, he must consider luxurious; in possession usually of a large compound, and a pleasant house tastefully furnished, with plenty of good food, many books, and seemingly any amount of leisure. More than one good Indian has pointed out to me the contrast between the comforts and possessions of the Christian missionary and the poverty of the Hindu sannyasi, the Mohammedan saint, or the Jaina or Buddhist monk. Still more striking to the Indian is the contrast between the poverty of his own holy men and the comparative wealth of certain Christian clergymen at home. One Indian writes thus: "From the time of the ancient Rishis, the lessons of plain living and high thinking were carefully taught to the Brahmacharis, and rigidly practiced by the Gurus, Pundits, and Purohits in their daily life. Such being the case, the sight of bishops and archbishops rolling in wealth, living in palaces, and voting in the House of Lords, calls up anything but reverent feelings in the mind of the average Hindu." The missionary, as they put it, lives only less well than the officers of the civil service. Both have come out for "careers," and both have found uncommonly good ones. I am not writing this in any spirit of criticism of the missionary. Personally I consider his profession one of the most truly unselfish to be found in the world. The Indian does not understand how much the missionary has given up, nor what it means for him to leave home be-

hind, send his children away from him half-way round the world when the time comes for their education, and spend his life among a people that can never really understand him, and in a land whose scorching summer heat and countless pests are an unending source of discomfort or danger to the European. I am glad that the missionary has a few of the comforts of home in his self-imposed exile. He ought to have them. And yet I see now, as I did not see before I went to India, how the Indian views the matter, and how inevitable it is that he should so view it.

And while I would not criticize the missionaries for their comforts, I would criticize *some* of them for their unsympathetic attitude toward Indian thought, religion, and civilization. Perhaps it is natural that they should take this attitude; for many of them feel that they have come out expressly for the purpose of attacking these things. Whether or not they are justified in this view of their mission, it is at any rate unfortunate that they do not make the effort to understand better than they sometimes do the best things in the religion which they are seeking to replace. Rabindranath Tagore said to me: "The Indians feel that the missionaries do not understand them and do not care to; and they are unwilling to accept anything from an unsympathetic source. No one doubts, of course, that the missionaries are *moral* and *good* men. But the Indian feels that it is the missionary's *business* to be moral. He is a *professional* missionary and gets his living by it—it is a kind of trade. The *born* missionary—the man all aflame with the spirit of God—has indeed a great influence for good in India. But there are not many of these anywhere—not many are born. There are many missionaries, on the other hand, who are just soldiers with a priest's garb instead of a red coat."

Another aspect of this lack of sympathy in things Indian is a certain narrowness which one finds in some missionaries—a narrowness which is often only the reverse side of a noble earnestness. Fortunately this is much less common now than it was a few years ago. Yet even today one will come upon good men, or more often good women, in the mission field who are apparently quite

sure that God hath left Himself without a witness in all lands but Palestine, and that the Word of God which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him.

Shivanath Shastri, the venerable leader of the Brahmo Samaj, told me an experience of his illustrating the attitude of this type of missionary. He was returning, several years ago, to India from England, and two missionaries who were on the steamer watched him with some curiosity as he read now from Confucius, now from the Koran, now from the Bible, etc. At last their curiosity could be restrained no longer, and they asked him what religion he professed. He answered, "Universal Theism." To this they replied that there was really but one true religion, and that was contained in God's only revelation—namely the Old and New Testaments. Mr. Shastri thereupon challenged them to name some religious truth contained in the Bible and found nowhere else. They were not slow with their reply, and triumphantly named the "Golden Rule." Mr. Shastri immediately turned to Confucius and then to the Talmud and read them the same injunction from both of these. But this had no effect on the missionaries. They were, to be sure, considerably surprised; but they answered: "Ah, well, you know the Devil, too, can inspire men to write the truth." To which Mr. Shastri responded: "Gentlemen, you have disarmed me; there is nothing I can reply to that."—*From "India and Its Faiths." Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.*

In the Sanskrit, as also in the Hebrew and all other alphabets, every letter has its occult meaning and its rationale; it is a cause and an effect of a preceding cause, and a combination of these very often produces the most magical effect. The vowels especially contain the most occult and formidable potencies.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The day is fast approaching when it will be confessed that the Forces we know are but the phenomenal manifestations of Realities we know nothing about.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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VIVISECTION.

The San Francisco Anti-Vivisection Society has passed a resolution to the effect that vivisection is being practiced on human beings in public institutions and that the facts should be brought to the attention of the governor and the legislature.

The action of the society is to be commended, although we are not hopeful of results in a community that is now willing to pay any price whatsoever, even of its own soul, for individual health and bodily comfort. Nowhere has materialism produced a more baleful fruit than a worship of the body that has no scruples, no restraints, and no conscience.

We are not aware that human vivisection is practiced in California and we shall await the evidence with some interest. But we are well aware that it is practiced in Europe and with a certain remorseless ferocity to which we must go back to the Middle Ages for a parallel. Nor is it a mere matter of conjecture and hearsay. A long impunity has given to these medical malefactors an impudence almost incredible. They seem to suppose that the suffering poor are their property, like guinea pigs or rabbits. A friendless child has the same status in their eyes as a rat. They publish their misdeeds so that the whole world may read them, secure in their conviction that public opinion will have no rebuke for any crime, for any

atrocious, for any barbarity, so long as it is done in the name of a bastard science. It would indeed be strange if this horrid contagion of cruelty had not spread to America. Indeed we may safely assume that it has.

Animal vivisection implies human vivisection. We need have no doubt about that. The descent into hell is easy and it is lubricated. For many years past there have been recurrent demands for the vivisection of criminals, but the criminal, luckily for him, is a ward of the law, and he can not be touched except by a cumbrous mechanism of legislation. But the pauper child has no such protection. The friendless poor have neither champions nor defenders. So it has been in Europe, and we need only turn to the medical journals to see the hideous use that has been made of these opportunities. Scores of doctors have confessed to them with a hardihood almost past belief. They have experimented with the knife, with drugs, and with disease germs of loathsome and unmentionable kinds, and they have not even made the pretense of justification. How far these experiments have been extended to private practice we shall probably never know, but we may easily believe that we are threatened with a scientific irresponsibility in such matters that has already become a grave danger.

The remedy, such remedy as exists, is in publicity. However much the conscience of mankind may be stifled by ma-

terialism, it yet exists and it may be evoked. There must be some vigorous and sustained expression of opinion, not that vivisection is useless, or misleading, or dangerous, but that it is wrong, that it is an offense to the moral law and that Nemesis must follow inexorably in its train.

A CURSE.

The curse of the Countess Karolyi is again recalled as Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary ends his long reign, marked by an extraordinary series of domestic misfortunes. The countess, the *New York Times* reminds us, had a son who was executed for complicity in the Kosuth revolt of '48, and she called on Heaven to blast the happiness of the then young emperor, "to exterminate his family, to strike him through those he loved, and to wreck his life and ruin his children." From first to last, observes the *London Daily Mail*, the reign of Francis Joseph "has been marked by domestic misfortunes and tragedies which recall the fearful doom of the House of Atreus." And we are reminded of the execution of his brother Maximilian in Mexico, the mysterious suicide of his only son, the murder of his empress, the disappearance of his nephew, the fatal burning of his sister-in-law, three attempts on his own life, and, fresh in our minds, the double assassination of his nephew and heir, with his consort, at Serajevo. And this reign has likewise been marked by political ill-fortune, though it has had its notable successes. As the *London* editor notes, "it opened with civil war and disaster, it witnessed the loss of his Italian provinces and provinces ruled in Italy by members of his family—Venice, Lombardy, Parma, Modena, and Tuscany. It has closed amid the frightful ruins of the greatest war history ever knew." Just as "on his accession to the throne as a boy of eighteen, in 1848, Francis Joseph found his country in the throes of revolution," so, remarks the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "as a man of eighty-six, full of years and of sorrow, he leaves it in the crisis of a struggle for its existence." Several times since the war began rumors of the Austrian ruler's impending dissolution have been caught up in the current of the world's news, only to be

denied. His actual demise was preceded by the announcement that the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph was to act as co-regent from December 2d. A few days later, on November 22d, the emperor died at Schönbrunn Castle, near Vienna. While the *New York Herald* thinks the death of Francis Joseph certain to lead to tremendous complications, since "it was purely personal love of this aged sovereign that held Hungary as subject to his throne," other papers do not predict any immediate changes to follow his death, as the active direction of affairs had passed to younger hands. In the meantime they print at length the eventful story of his eighty-six years, sixty-eight of which were spent as ruler over the Hapsburg domains. This reign was one of the longest in European history, being eight years longer than that of George III, four years longer than Queen Victoria's, and but four years shorter than Louis XIV's seventy-two years.—*Literary Digest*.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

December 19—Poor transitory mortals know little even of themselves, much less of those who died long before their time.

December 20—Death and generation are both mysteries of nature, and resemble each other; the first does but dissolve those elements the latter had combined.

December 21—Do not suppose you are hurt, and your complaint ceases. Cease your complaint, and you are not hurt.

December 22—That which does not make man worse, does not make his life worse; as a result, he hath no harm either within or without.

December 23—At present your nature is distinct; but ere long you will vanish into the whole; you will be returned into that universal reason which gave you your being.

December 24—Do not return to the principles of wisdom, and those who take you now for a monkey or a wild beast will make a god of you.

December 25—Do not act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Death stands at your elbow. Be good for something, while you live, and it is in your power.

TWILIGHT OF THE SOUL.

A certain habit of occult thought is showing itself more and more clearly in current literature, and especially in the work of essayists. It is still a little shy, a little apologetic. It likes to find some safe scientific discovery or speculation as a diving board from which it may spring into the waters of occult conjecture. But doubtless it will grow bolder with impunity and a welcome.

Among the later essayists who have thus ventured is Dr. Raley Husted Bell, whose remarkable "Credo" appears elsewhere in this issue. But Dr. Bell writes also on the "Twilight of the Soul," and with energy and persuasiveness, albeit under limitations that will disappear if he continues to look at them steadily. He tells us that life is a process of ripening and that the universe must be filled with other phases of the same process. Mind, he says, must be persistent and universal, sometimes assuming the form of threads or knots. And there must be a medium everywhere through which bodies affect each other:

The medium which we suppose fills our universe to a nicety is called Ether. Some of the latest discoveries conducted in the scientific method of investigation lead us to assume further that all phenomena are etheric phases.

Loosely comparing Ether to a string, we may apprehend the phenomena of matter and energy as knots in the string; or better still, as threads woven into a universal network of design wherein the knots form patterns which continually change: appear and disappear always in a fixed or constant order of relationship. Penelope is ever at the loom weaving and unweaving a web which is never finished—in this instance, never depleted nor augmented beyond seemingly predestined proportions.

We have only to follow this purely scientific idea, says the author, and it "directs our reason through a series of climaxes into the realm of pure Buddhism, as Hearn has so well pointed out." Dr. Bell then goes on to say that "Buddhism, so far as I can grasp it, is immeasurably superior to the other religions which I know anything about." But we are warned to be careful not to deny reality to the sensuous world. We may be unaware of its true nature, it may be infinitely deceptive, but it is none the less real:

No intelligent person doubts the existence of an invisible world virtually unknown and

at present hardly apprehensible—a world too subtle and too fine for our gross senses, and only within reach of projective reasoning. And yet, no thoughtful mind would endow that world with any more marked characteristic of *reality*, so to speak, merely because it is invisible and almost unapprehensible. Nor should the thought of it inspire us with uncanny feelings and superstitious fears. Both the visible and invisible worlds must be equally natural; and in due season both must yield their treasures to the intellect with equal readiness or obstinacy. For there are no *ordinary* and no *extraordinary* facts or truths; there are simply relative values more or less constant. Some are beautiful and some are ugly; some affect us like wine and some like music; others like color; and still others seem to suggest a poetic rhythm with a recurrent beat that is intensely pleasant. But who shall say what is *real* and *unreal*; who shall divide the sheep from the goats; and by what authority if not by reason?

Now all this is good, although by no means above the reach of criticism. But the author is on less certain ground when he denies the possibility of *knowing* the realities of life and death. The teachings of Buddhism, he says, on such matters as Karma and Nirvana and the post mortem states relate only to faith and not to knowledge, because such matters "are beyond the possibility of human knowledge."

What a surprising display of dogmatism! By what process has Dr. Bell fathomed the *possibility* of human knowledge? A man born blind might speak in just this way to one having his sight. He admits that intuition "may solve what reason fails to conquer," but intuition is "a child of reason totally irresponsible." He might just as well say that sunlight is the "child" of the few dim and obscured rays that find their way into the prison cell.

If Dr. Bell wants proof of the *possibility* of knowledge he will find it in the *desire* for knowledge. Desire precedes function and is the promise of function. Mr. Balfour in his recent metaphysical treatise deals lucidly with this very matter. He suggests that there may have been a time when an eyeless humanity first felt the need of and the desire for sight. The result was a slow twisting and knotting of nerves into the rudiments of the optic mechanism. Then sight began slowly to dawn upon the favored or more progressed of the race. Henceforth they were in relation with a new world, the world of sight. Other men believed and had faith, but they

knew. In the same way, says Mr. Balfour, we see the progenitors of a new knowledge, not only in the saints and sages of the race, but in the army of lesser mystics who have claimed to possess a spiritual vision which translated faith into knowledge. The fact that we ourselves are blind does not justify us in setting up blindness as the normal and eternal lot of the human race. The saints, and sages, and mystics, says Mr. Balfour, may be those in whom the new function has been developed and that it can be developed, that it exists, is proved by the now general desire that it shall be developed. We do not hope for the unattainable. Indeed we may say that hope is actually the memory of past attainments and the promise of their recovery. None the less we are grateful to Dr. Bell for some illuminating essays.

THE DAY'S WORK.

(By President Henry Churchill King.)

But when a man has determined to make his life one of service to his fellow-men, and to give himself with all earnestness to that service, there is involved in this very determination a subtle temptation—the temptation of the favored man, with earnest and benevolent aims, who finds it easy to assume superiority, and drifts into an unconscious pharisaism of intellectual and spiritual pride—one of the peculiar perils of the college man.

Once more, then, when one says, "It's all in the day's work," he is to make sure that that does not mean the assumption of the aristocratic point of view in the service rendered. Readers of Tolstoy will remember how vehement is his protest at this point; how almost scornfully he would sweep away the attempted benevolence of the favored classes in their endeavors to help an uneducated peasant class; how certain he is that it is highly probable that those who feel so competent to help, are themselves less and have therefore less to give than those they desire to aid; and how certain he is, too, that they give themselves less to others than these others give, whom they would help. This false idea of service seems to Tolstoy to lie "at the base of all the crimes which are being daily committed. I refer," he says, in a letter to a friend who

has sent him a play for criticism of its ethical tone, "to the opinion that men, provided or not provided with diplomas, as narrow-minded as they are uncultivated, but possessing great assurance, conclude, one knows not why, that since they are so intelligent and worthy, they need not try to govern themselves, but that their vocation and sacred duty is to enlighten, organize, and direct the lives of others. Some of them would accomplish this with the aid of the old government, others with that of the new one, while still others, like your Peter, would bring this about by offering this 'ignorant and stupid people,' this same people, which, by its labor, feeds these good-for-nothings, the grand truths of Christianity which they imagine themselves overflowing with." "The condition *sine qua non* of all good and all useful activity is humility. As soon as humility is lacking good becomes evil. The highest virtue is love; but love without humility, haughty love, is the negation of love." "Today the disease seems to affect everybody. Boys and girls in the high school do not think a moment about the evil that is in them and how to make themselves worthy citizens. Their sole care is to know how best to educate the people."

One suspects in Tolstoy's vehemence a disproportionate emphasis—forgetting the indispensable need of fellowship among all—and yet he warns, I can not doubt, of a real and serious danger, and would bring us to a truer insight into universal human values—the insight to which Professor James would persuade us in his essay on "A Certain Blindness in Human Beings"; the insight of which one catches a glimpse in O. Henry's title, "The Four Million," rather than "The Four Hundred." Let a man be sure that on every side of him exist ideals and values and worth quite unsuspected, and feel, as Professor James says, "how soaked and shot-through life is with values and meanings which we fail to realize because of our external and insensible point of view." Let a man, therefore, first of all, be utterly true to the trust of his own moral life; let him make certain that his own inner spirit is of such a quality that its even unconscious contagion can not help being life-giving, and to that end let him

be stern in his own self-discipline. Let him, in the second place, be ready to see the best in the other man, and eager to learn from him—willing to receive as well as to give, to learn as well as to teach;—and this some temperaments find the more difficult task of the two, essential though it be. And then let him render in deep humility such service as God gives him power to do. The first Beatitude is the Beatitude of the humble spirit, for this is the first condition, not only of one's own growth, but of all really fruitful service. Let a man, then, not "think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but so to think as to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith." One is not to be an aristocrat in his work.—*Extracted from "It's All in the Day's Work." Published by the Macmillan Company. 50 cents.*

TENNESSEE CLAFLIN SHOPE.

(By Edgar Lee Masters.)

I was the laughing stock of the village,
Chiefly of the people of good sense, as
they call themselves—

Also of the learned, like Rev. Peet, who
read Greek

The same as English.

For instead of talking free trade,
Or preaching some form of baptism;

Instead of believing in the efficacy
Of walking cracks—picking up pins the
right way,

Seeing the new moon over the right
shoulder,

Or curing rheumatism with blue glass,
I asserted the sovereignty of my own
soul.

Before Mary Baker G. Eddy even got
started

With what she called science
I had mastered the "Bhagavad Gita,"

And cured my soul, before Mary
Began to cure bodies with souls—
Peace to all worlds.

—From "Spoon River Anthology." The
Macmillan Company.

Listen within yourselves and look into
the infinitude of Space and Time. There
can be heard the songs of the Constella-
tions, the voices of the Numbers, and the
harmony of the spheres.—*Hermes.*

CREDO.

(By Dr. Raley Husted Bell.)

All forms of matter are different
phases of consciousness. How else shall
we explain a crystal, a flower, or a star?
Phases of consciousness under the set
spell of habit. There is no other real
explanation: existence, the symbol of
consciousness, and consciousness subli-
mated existence.

I am. Until that statement is ana-
lyzed it seems to be concrete. It con-
veys a definite idea—the idea is *being*.
The addition of a name makes it no more
concrete. *I am.* Measure this with *I*
am what, or *What am I?* Through the
various stages of reasoning based on all
we know and on our best guesses—on all
we can postulate when aided by the latest
ionic theory—we come back to the start-
ing point: the great fact of *conscious-*
ness.

The mind is conscious of itself, we say.
Is it? What is *self*? Is it more than
synthetic imagery; has it any element
foreign to its environment? The mind
is conscious of a tree. What is a *tree*?
Resolve it into its minerals, its fluids,
its gases, its cells, and its physical bases
and chemical reactions. You have gone
but a little way. The one fact which
confronts all thought at last is conscious-
ness, of which a tree is a peculiar con-
dition shaped by its own peculiar habit.

In our ignorance, or eagerness to be
wise, we once divided the universe into
the *material* and the *spiritual*. But divid-
ing lines have vanished. To facilitate
the processes of conception we still speak
of *matter*. But as we progress steadily
through the epochs of thought—through
the ages of mind—we find more and more
how great is the mutability of matter.
Step by step it passes from one form
into another. Seventy-odd elements are
shrinking into one, and the one bears
blossoms into the thousands. There are
perfumes, shapes, colors, sounds, mag-
nitudes, qualities, rhythmic durations
or cycles, relations, combinations, syn-
theses—*conceptions.*

Positive and negative unknowns seem
to dominate motions; all forms of mo-
tion, we think, are born of energy, and
from the two—energy and motion—arise
the phenomena of chemistry and physics
and mechanics; and greater than all is
consciousness, the beginning and the end

—and neither the beginning nor the end.

A piece of porcelain rests over there; a bit of fashioned marble stands on a pedestal. What are they—inert matter? That is no answer. They may just as well be called chunks of consciousness. Ah! but you say, without the subjective mind to comprehend them they would not be in the objective world. Wrong again. They would exist just the same, in whatever condition, as formed or formless consciousness. They can be nothing else. He who thinks that consciousness resides alone in nerve-substance has not learned the alphabet of being.

There is no mystery save consciousness; and consciousness is a divine revelation that is self-explanatory. Gravity is consciousness at work. Ether is the mentality of the universe. Wisdom is only synthetic law. Divine revelation is in *self*—self is the symbol of environment, or of consciousness. A flower, a tree, a song, a star: these are the words of God translated into Beauty. All emotions, all subtle forces and stubborn facts, all struggles, aspirations, dreams, and hopes—these are our books. Love itself, reasonably considered, may be only some divine aspiration to perpetuate the beauties of a particular form of consciousness. Universal consciousness is God.

Any one of the great theories of cosmos and its workings may be in large measure correct, and all may be wrong. All that is may be matter; and matter may be only different forms of energy; and energy may be all spiritual. We do not know, and we are under no obligation to believe. But if we may assume the hypothesis that matter, so called, is only a form of energy, we may also assume it to be a form of consciousness.

Nevertheless, we must live and act as though matter were real. We must conduct our lives according to the seeming realities. We must try to govern ourselves as though moral or spiritual laws were blocks of granite or bridges of stone or cords of tenacious steel—and better still, as though they were all sensitive hearts which bleed when hurt. For if our teeming world should be found to bear no closer relation to the mentality and consciousness of the universe than a blood-corpuscle, or a skin-cell of the heel, to the brain and consciousness of

man, we must yet conduct our affairs as though they were of personal concern to every sentient thing in all the world. And whatever our faith and doubt, it is well that we should yet live and act and think and speak as though we were the children of a loving God whose dreams are infinite Beauty.—From *"The Religion of Beauty."* Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, New York.

CONFESSION.

(After hearing Sir Rabindranath Tagore at Carnegie Hall, New York, November 21, 1916.)

"Out of the Orient, Light!" It shines again,

O Sage of India, from thy message wise
Athwart our Western World, unto our eyes

Starkly disclosing all our age-long sin,
Our lust of empire and our greed for gain,

The temple vowed to God and given to Baal,

And all the twice one thousand years' betrayal,

The red world-welter on the Danube's plain,

The iron rule that came with Christ's own bread

To India, and all the vast machinery
We sent to break the Orient's revery—
From West to East the Gospel we have spread.

And now the judgment!—We have not sufficed

We wrought for Cæsar while we spoke for Christ.

—Charles C. Marshall, in *New York Evening Post*.

Art renders the eternal ideas which have been apprehended in pure contemplation, that which is substantial and abiding in all the phenomena of the world; and becomes, according to the material in which it renders them, plastic art, poetry, or music. And the essential character of genius consists precisely in the exceptional capacity for this contemplation.—*Schopenhauer*.

We are our own children.—*Pythagoras*.

Overcome evil by good.—*Buddha*.

EMERSON.

(By Albert Ernest Stafford.)

When we went into Emerson's house I felt that I was crossing the threshold of the palace of a king. Here was the home of a Master. He dwelt among men and did not differ materially from them in his habits and tastes. His garden was a delight to him, and his pear trees an annual joy. We saw them heavy laden with fruit as they had been forty years before. We walked around the garden paths and smelled the fragrance of the old-fashioned favorites and plucked a roseleaf from a bush in remembrance. Here, probably, he wrote "The Rhodora":

Tell them, dear, if eyes were made for seeing.
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

And not Beauty merely, but all right things are their own excuse. In "Self-Reliance" he says: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius." And in the same essay he assures us: "The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought." Of externals he is decisive. "I will not make more account of them. I believe in Eternity." And so he declares in "Self-Reliance": "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." Naturally, then, he dwells with the great ones. In his library we saw ranged the armory of his will, the books from which he selected the weapons of his need. There they still remain as he left them, as he used them, the marks he placed, the notes he penciled. I noted the stately volumes of Plato, of Plotinus, and other Greek mystics; and across the room a set of the "Sacred Books of the East." Carlyle's wedding present, a fine engraving of the "Aurora," hangs over the mantel, a print of Charles James Fox is in a corner. A small portrait of John Knox, annotated by Carlyle as the only one he could regard as genuine, hangs by the door into the sitting-room. In the hall hanging from the upper landing are the old fire-buckets, and we saw the bed in which Edwin Arnold slept when he paid his visit.

Emerson was a mystic and at heart a

Theosophist, the first and greatest of the Americans, and himself one of "that lofty and sequestered," few of whom he speaks in the essay on "Intellect." There is a perfect picture of the Masters in these sentences. "I can not recite," even thus rudely, "laws of the intellect, without remembering that lofty and sequestered class who have been its prophets and oracles, the high-priesthood of the pure reason, the Trismegisti, the expounders of the principles of thought from age to age. When at long intervals we turn over these abstruse pages, wonderful seems the calm and grand air of these few, these great spiritual lords who have walked in the world—these of the old religion—dwelling in a worship which makes the sanctities of Christianity look parvenus and popular; for 'persuasion is in soul, but necessity is in intellect.' This band of grandees, Hermes, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Plato, Plotinus, Olympiodorus Proclus, Synesius, and the rest have somewhat so vast in their logic, so primary in their thinking, that it seems antecedent to all the ordinary distinctions of rhetoric and literature, and to be at once poetry and music and dancing and astronomy and mathematics." Here speaks the reincarnate Pythagorean. Dr. John S. Harrison remarks that "it is interesting to note that it is the æsthetic theory of Neo-Platonic writers rather than of Plato that influences his work. He felt without a doubt the difference between the speculation of Plotinus and of Proclus on beauty from those of Plato." And it is in beauty that he finds final satisfaction. "Beauty is the form under which the intellect prefers to study the world."—*Toronto Sunday World*.

The Hindu doctrine of Maya, or "illusion," does not mean that the objective universe is a dream, but that it is a disguise; it veils the Spiritual Being who pervades all things, and men are so far deluded as to believe that nothing exists except that which meets the senses.—*P. C. Mozoomdar*.

With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself.—*Buddha*.

The whole world is a living organism.—*Paracelsus*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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SCIENCE, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

Vol. I. No. 52. SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, December 23, 1916. Price 5 Cents

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The fact that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes in communications with the dead is no reason why we should not rejoice that so eminent a litterateur should publicly confess to believing anything. The fact is a welcome and a significant one. A theoretical spiritualism is at least a thousand times better than materialism, and Theosophists have certainly no reason to boycott or suppress a bravely held theory merely because they believe their own philosophy to be more valid and inclusive.

At the same time we may wish that Sir Arthur would apply the methods of the late lamented Sherlock Holmes to the elucidation of this problem. That great detective would have found cause to reprove "my dear Watson" not only for faulty deduction, but for a failure to face the facts, and all the facts.

If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes in the immortality of the soul he must believe that it existed before its birth as well as after, since it is obvious that we can not have immortality forwards and not backwards. Are we then to suppose that a single incarnation of a few score years, and perhaps of only a few score minutes, is the only experience of its kind in this measureless existence? It seems incredible. And if the soul has repeatedly incarnated, as of course it has, we may look to those incarnations to supply its growth and progress rather than to the experiences of a "spirit

world" which must necessarily be wholly dissimilar to those of the earth.

But so far as the phenomena of spiritualism are concerned it is simply a case of the evidences of identity. Are these evidences conclusive or are they not? Have the communicating intelligences given proof that they are what they profess to be, and have they done so in sufficient numbers? It may be possible to find a few such claims that seem to be invulnerable; but that is hardly relevant. Are there a sufficient number of such invulnerable claims—and they ought to be in the great majority and not merely occasional—to justify a general credence? This is where we should like to enlist the aid of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We feel sure that eminent detective would find so many cases of non-human personation and false pretenses that he would recommend the abandonment of the whole spiritualistic theory and the choice of some other that should be more consonant with the facts.

It is certainly significant that so many sympathetic investigators in the field of psychic research who are probably acquainted with a far wider range of facts than so busy a man as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should yet admit that they can find no conclusive evidence of intercourse with the dead. They have followed many promising trails, but invariably they have led to disappointment. It by no means follows that such investigators should advance an alternative theory of

their own, although usually they do. But the fact of their skepticism does at least prove that the evidence is in no way conclusive and that the most patient and sympathetic investigation may lead, and has often led, to unqualified rejection of the claims of the spiritualists.

BLAVATSKY LODGE.

The success of the Blavatsky Lodge has been so great that new and more commodious rooms must speedily be found to accommodate the increasing audiences. Search for new quarters is being actively made and various offers are under investigation. The change, when it comes, will be rapidly made and it may be difficult to give more than a brief notice of the address of the new rooms. For this reason our friends are invited to observe the advertisement that appears every Sunday morning in the San Francisco newspapers as well as the announcement on the back page of the *Outlook*.

GEMS FROM THE EAST.

(A Birthday Book of Precepts and Axioms.
Compiled by H. P. Blavatsky.)

December 26—He that is so anxious about being talked of when he is dead, does not consider that all who knew him will quickly be gone.

December 27—If you depend too servilely upon the good word of other people, you will be unworthy of your own nature.

December 28—Whatever is good has that quality from itself; it is finished by its own nature, and commendation is no part of it.

December 29—Do not run riot; keep your intentions honest and your convictions sure.

December 30—He that does a memorable action, and those who report it, are all but short-lived things.

December 31—Put yourself frankly into the hands of Fate, and let her spin you out what fortune she pleases.

Sons and others are capable of discharging a father's debts; but no one except one's self can remove his own bondage.—*Raja Yoga*.

UNITY.

(By Arthur Scott-Craven.)

Years ago, as a small "lower boy" at Eton, I remember reading an account, written by Sir Humphry Davy in his *Diary*, of a strange and wonderful experience that had befallen him—an actual realization not only of the unity of Nature, but the absolute and definite *knowledge* that we were all, in different stages of growth, indissolubly and eternally bound to one another, that we were *all* literally and absolutely *one*—every blade of grass, every leaf, every rock, every form of mineral life, plant life, animal life. He felt, with overwhelming certainty, in harmony and at one with all things in Nature and his literal unity with God—the ever-inconceivable, ever-incomprehensible, all-pervading God. And God he saw not only manifested in every form of life with complete realization, but he *knew* in that indescribably supreme moment, beyond the remote possibility of ever doubting again, that there was that in him which had *always* been, which would never thereafter cease to be, and that for a few splendid moments he had transcended space and time, recognizing them as necessary limitations of the human mind, knowing that all seeming separateness was but the working fiction of the universe, and that he—the true he—the eternal, undying, indestructible "ego," independent of forms, change, birth, decay, death, ever was, ever would be, ever *had* been. He realized, in other words, the "Eternal Now," what St. Francis described as the Beatific Vision, what others have called the flash of cosmic consciousness, once felt, eternally known, and incapable of being forgotten. . . .

After such an experience one simply *knows*, beyond all question, that the dropping of the physical body at death is an event that we have undergone a hundred times before, that it merely means an extension of consciousness and a most welcome temporary release from an imprisoning vehicle, and that it no more affects the "ego" than the taking off of one's clothes affects the life of the physical body.—*Referee*.

Thou shalt not let thy senses make a playground of thy mind.—*Voice of the Silence*.

ANIMAL REASON.

Now that the illustrious Fabre has passed away (says *Current Opinion*), the problem before entomology is to decide to what extent, if any, he misled the public mind regarding the consciousness of low organisms. There is a feeling among distinguished experts on the subject of such life that recent interpretations of behavior have read the human consciousness into very low organisms. On the other hand, authorities so famed as Forel—a great psychologist as well as a great entomologist—uphold the idea that insects to some extent know what they are doing. He holds that all the characteristics of man may have been derived from the characteristics of the higher animals, and all the characteristics of the higher animals may have been derived from those of the lower animals. In other words, the evolutionary formula applies equally in the realms of psychology and physiology. Professor Y. Sjöstedt, the brilliant Swede, whose studies of the subject are given to the American world through the Smithsonian Institution, holds that a reasonable doubt still exists. If the lower organisms of the kind under consideration be simply mechanisms with no spontaneity, a strict identity ought to be observed in their methods of work. With certain species, at least, a remarkable adaptability to surroundings is established. These adaptations are transformed, if the cause persists, into hereditary characters. Let us consider an instance.

On the plains of East Africa attention is often attracted to small acacias with long thorns appearing from a distance to be covered with a great number of black balls resembling apples. They are really hollow galls inhabited by a species of small ants. If one of these galls be touched, all the inhabitants come out through a series of small orifices and from the extremity of their abdomens, raised vertically, flows a white, ill-smelling liquid, with which the galls, leaves and branches, become saturated. The young galls are green in color with a solid interior, attaining sometimes the size of a large walnut. The ants remove little by little the medullary substance in such a way that the interior of the gall becomes a chamber with smooth and polished walls. The gall then takes on

the color of soot and has a ligneous texture. When the wind blows on the plains, the hollow balls pierced with holes give out strange low sounds, recalling the whistling of the wind in the rigging of a ship:

If the eggs, larvæ, or chrysalises of the ant were placed in the hollow of the gall without precautions, at every puff of wind they would be thrown against each other and injured. To avoid this danger the ants build from the interior substance of the gall, which has the appearance of an agaric fungus, a series of combs and cases in which the larvæ and chrysalises are placed.

So there really exists a kind of symbiosis between the ants and the acacias; but who profits by this symbiosis? In the galls the ants find protection for themselves and their larvæ; on the other hand, the ants cause no damage to the acacias and give them protection against numerous enemies. Giraffes, antelopes, and gazelles are kept away by the presence of these ants with such nauseous secretions.

Nor is this the only instance of a kind to give pause to those who think the element of consciousness in insect behavior has been interpreted too boldly. Among the ants inhabiting Asia, Africa, and Australia are those known technically as the *Oecophylla*, which build their nests by binding leaves of a tree together with the aid of silk threads:

If the nest be torn in any way so that the leaves are separated from each other, the ants are immediately seen hurrying out. While some are defending the nest against the presumed enemy, the others hasten to repair the damage done. From one edge of the tear the workers try with their mandibles to reach the edge of the neighboring leaf and draw the two edges together to close the break; but the distance is often too great and they are forced to form a living chain. One ant with its mandibles seizes one of its comrades by the body, so that the second one may be able to reach the edge of the neighboring leaf. If the distance is still too great, a third comes to join the others, and sometimes the chain is made up of five or six ants. This work is very fatiguing, sometimes taking several hours to make sure the contact of the two leaves. The ants then clean up and polish the edges of the leaves. But how can they secure the necessary adherence to make the connection permanent, since the adult ants do not have setiferous glands? This difficulty is overcome by a method so astonishing that the first observations made in Singapore in 1890 were doubted by naturalists. When the edges of the leaves are perfectly clean, several workers emerge from the nest, each bearing a larva between its mandibles. The larva is held by the body, with the head upward. Thus their own larvæ serve to make a silken net to join the leaves. Due to the pressure of the mandibles, doubtless, the larva excretes from its mouth a liquid which in solidifying forms

a silk thread, and by carrying the head of the larva from the edge of one leaf to the edge of the other the ant obtains a web which assures the adherence of the two leaves. In the same way the interior walls of the nest are formed, the larva thus functioning as spinning wheel and bobbin. An anatomical examination of these larvæ shows that the setiferous glands in them attain dimensions not found in any other of the Hymenoptera.

From a scientific point of view, in the light of these complex manifestations, observes Professor Sjöstedt, the question arises whether or not they are expressions of intelligence—whether the insects at work are conscious of the procedure and of the importance of the end to be attained. It is, he concludes, an open question, to say the very least, and those who assert that the insect is incapable of reasoning, that it merely obeys instinct, must bring proof of the assertion.

THE VILLAGE ATHEIST.

(By Edgar Lee Masters.)

Ye young debaters over the doctrine
Of the soul's immortality,
I who lie here was the village atheist,
Talkative, contentious, versed in the arguments
Of the infidels.
But through a long sickness
Coughing myself to death
I read the *Upanishads* and the poetry of Jesus.
And they lighted a torch of hope and intuition
And desire which the Shadow,
Leading me swiftly through the caverns of darkness,
Could not extinguish.
Listen to me, ye who live in the senses:
Immortality is not a gift,
Immortality is an achievement;
And only those who strive mightily
Shall possess it.

—From "*Spoon River Anthology*." The Macmillan Company.

Who but one's self is capable of removing the bondage of ignorance, passion, and action even in a thousand million of kalpas?—*Raja Yoga*.

Unfortunately, no nation or nations can escape their Karmic fate, any more than can units and individuals.—H. P. Blavatsky.

THE ATOM.

Growth of our knowledge concerning the internal constitution of matter is discussed by Dr. Willett L. Hardin of Los Angeles, California, in an address before the Southern California section of the American Chemical Society, printed in *Science* (New York, November 10). He concludes that the question of atomic structure is one of the most fundamental problems of science, and hints that as we near its solution we may also be near to the means of unlocking great stores of energy now unavailable. Says Dr. Hardin:

The first great advance in the determination of the nature of the atom has been made. Much work is now being done, but much remains to be done before we can assume a definite structure to the atom. Various hypothetical structures have been suggested. . . . Various theories have been suggested to account for the stability of atoms with rotating electrons. . . . A more accurate knowledge of the nature of the atom will probably be necessary before its stability can be satisfactorily explained.

In the disintegration of the radio-elements we have definite evidence of the changes of various elements into other elements. These transformations have brought into prominence again the problem of how the various chemical elements have been built up, and the problem of transmutation again becomes a legitimate problem for the chemist to investigate. When we consider the unparalleled amount of potential energy associated with the atom, and the intimate relation of radiant energy and electricity to atomic structure; and when we consider that the supply of energy is the most fundamental problem with which mankind is concerned, and that the energy which supplies the world today is being derived largely from a rapidly diminishing supply of fuel stored up in the past, it is evident that atomic structure is one of the most fundamental problems with which science is concerned.

I know it would be presumptive to assume that we shall sometime be able to utilize the energy which is stored up in the atom, and, on the other hand, it would be equally presumptive to assume that the atom is the barrier beyond which science can not go. The history of science contains numerous examples of these barriers which have been placed by scientists themselves, and which in many cases have fallen before the conquest of these same scientists. Maxwell said the "atom is incapable of growth or decay, of generation or destruction." We now know that certain atoms are disintegrating and new atoms forming continually. Less than a century ago scientists assumed that a "vital force" was essential in the formation of organic compounds. Today thousands of such compounds are being synthesized in the laboratory, and many useful products are being made which, so far as known, the "vital

force" has never produced. When Hertz succeeded in producing electromagnetic waves, which are now the basis of wireless telegraphy and telephony, he thought it would be impossible to make use of such waves to transmit signals to any great distance. And so on, the unknown and apparently the unknowable of one generation may become the commonplace knowledge of the next. We do not know to what extent we shall be able to solve the mysteries of the atom, and we are unable even to predict the consequences of such a discovery. We know that the problem is beset with almost insurmountable difficulties, and that our knowledge on the subject can never reach finality.

The interior of the atom is the common ground where chemistry and physics meet, and there is probably no problem before the scientific world today that offers greater difficulty or promises greater reward than that of determining the nature and arrangement of the constituents of the atom, and the laws which govern their motion. The discoveries already made in this direction have broadened the range of scientific research, and advanced our knowledge one step farther into the mysteries of nature; and it is largely the mastery of man over the laws of nature which marks the progress of the world.

A BUDDHIST PRAYER.

Christians may well "be gentle when the heathen pray" to Buddha, for in China, we read in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Buddhists are praying for the warring Christians of Europe. In particular:

A proclamation printed on a large poster was found posted on one of the great Buddhist temples of China, "the Pagoda of the Seven Towers," proclaiming seven days of fasting and prayer for the cessation of noise of arms and battle in Europe and for those who have succumbed to wounds that they may obtain a new life by a happy transmigration in a purified and sanctified earth. "The European war," so runs the proclamation, "lasts long; many soldiers have been slain, with no hope of seeing the cessation of those feelings of hostility which are setting the nations against each other."—*Literary Digest*.

We can not yet have learned all that we are meant to learn through the body. How much of the teaching even of this world can the most diligent and the most favored man have exhausted before he is called to leave it? Is all that remains lost?—*George Macdonald*.

Continuity is the expression of the Divine Veracity in Nature.—*Newman Smith*.

SPIRITUALISM.

(By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.)

If any one were to look up the list of subscribers to *Light* for the year 1887 I think that he would find my name. I am also one of the oldest members of the Psychical Research Society. Therefore if, after thirty years of thought, I venture to respond to the editor's invitation to say a few words upon spirit intercourse, I can not be accused of having sprung hastily to my conclusions. Those conclusions can be expressed concisely in one sentence.

In spite of occasional fraud and wild imaginings, there remains a solid core in this whole spiritual movement which is infinitely nearer to positive proof than any other religious development with which I am acquainted. The days are past when the considered opinions of such men as Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion, Lodge, Barrett, Generals Drayson and Turner, Serjeant Ballantyne, W. T. Stead, Judge Edmonds, Vice-Admiral Osborne Moore, the late Archdeacon Wilberforce, and such a cloud of other witnesses can be dismissed with the empty-headed "all rot" formula.

As J. Arthur Hill has well said in a recent number of the *National Review*, we have reached a point where further proof is superfluous, and where the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny. If, to take one of a thousand examples, the only evidence for unknown intelligent forces lay in the experiments of Dr. Crawford recorded in a true scientific spirit of caution in your columns, I do not see how it can be shaken. We should now be at the close of the stage of investigation and beginning the period of religious construction.

For what is this movement? Are we to satisfy ourselves by observing phenomena with no attention to what the phenomena mean, as a group of savages might stare at a wireless installation with no appreciation of the messages coming through it, or are we resolutely to set ourselves to define these subtle and elusive utterances from beyond, and to construct from them a religious scheme which shall be founded upon human reason on this side and upon spirit inspiration on the other? These phenomena have passed through the

stage of being a parlor game; they are now emerging from that of a debatable scientific novelty; and they are, or should be, taking shape as the foundations of a definite system of religious thought, in some ways confirmatory of ancient systems, in some ways entirely new.

Where are they confirmatory? They are confirmatory as to all those moral laws which are common to most human systems and which are so sanctioned by reason that where reason is developed they need no further support. They are confirmatory as to life after death, which has been taught by most religions, but has been denied by many earnest and thoughtful men. They are confirmatory as to the unhappy results of sin, though adverse to the idea that those results are permanent. They are confirmatory as to the existence of higher beings whom we may call angels and of an ever-ascending hierarchy above us, culminating in heights which are beyond our sight or apprehension, with which we may associate the idea of all power or of God.

They are confirmatory as to the existence of the "Summer-land," or heaven, but assert that every human being finds his or her ultimate, but not necessarily final, resting place therein. Thus this new revelation, so far as it has been systematized, supports many of the more important contentions of the old ones. If this compass points true, then our old compasses did not work so badly after all.

But now for the point of correction or addition. These take the form of more positive teaching as to the nature of death and of the world beyond. By this teaching death makes no abrupt change in the process of development, nor does it make an impassable chasm between those who are on either side of it. No trait of the form and no peculiarity of the mind are changed by death, but all are continued in that spiritual body which is the counterpart of the earthly one at its best, and still contains within it that core of spirit which is the very inner essence of the man.

Nature develops slowly, and not by enormous leaps, so that it would seem natural that the soul should not suddenly

become devil or angel, but should continue upon its slow growth. Such would appear to be a reasonable solution, and such is the spiritual teaching from beyond. Nor apparently are the spirit's surroundings, experiences, feelings, and even foibles very different from those of earth. A similar nature in the being would seem to imply a similar atmosphere around the being to meet the needs of that nature, all etherealized to the same degree.

What of the colors which we know to exist beyond the violet of the spectrum? What of the notes which we can detect by the vibration of the diaphragm, but which are above the pitch of the human ear? We can see for ourselves how in these instances there is an unseen and unheard physical world close to our own. I do not say that it is this world which the spirits inhabit, but at least it shows how very near to us, even in the space which we ourselves occupy, other worlds may exist as oblivious of us as we of them.

It is in the possibility of communion that the main feature of this new teaching lies. The conditions being similar on either side of the partition of death make the idea of communication more feasible. Spirits claim that they are happier than we, but they have no more force of intellect than they brought over with them and they have the same difficulties in solving the question of communication as their relatives on earth.

On both sides of the partition the vast majority would appear to be absolutely indifferent and ignorant upon the subject. But also on both sides there are bands of pioneers who, as we know in this world, comprise some of the best intellects of humanity, and who are, as we are told, reinforced upon the other side by more advanced spirits. These are beating down the partition, and hear the sound of each others' picks.

Many ways have been devised, all imperfect, but some of them fitfully and wonderfully successful. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, the direct voice, automatic writing, spirit control—these are the various methods, all depending upon that inexplicable thing called mediumship, a thing so sacred, and sometimes so abused.

Such, in brief, is the spiritual philos-

ophy where faith—a two-edged virtue—is replaced by actual demonstration. The evidence upon which this system rests is so enormous that it would take a very considerable library to contain it, and the witnesses are not shadowy people living in the dim past and inaccessible to our cross-examination, but are our own contemporaries, men of character and intellect whom all must respect. The situation may, as it seems to me, be summed up in a simple alternative.

The one supposition is that there has been an outbreak of lunacy extending over two generations of mankind and two great continents—a lunacy which assails men or women who are otherwise eminently sane. The alternative supposition is that in recent years there has come to us from divine sources a new revelation which constitutes by far the greatest religious event since the death of Christ (for the Reformation was a rearrangement of the old, not a revelation of the new), a revelation which alters the whole aspect of death and the fate of man.

Between these two suppositions I can see no solid position. Theories of fraud or of delusion will not meet the evidence. It is absolute lunacy or it is a revolution in religious thought, a revolution which gives us as by-products an utter fearlessness of death and an immense consolation when those who are dear to us pass behind the veil.

There are many superficial inquirers to whom the ideas of a divine revelation and of such humble phenomena as Rochester rappings or moving tables seem incompatible. The greatest things have always come from the smallest seeds. The twitching leg of a frog suggested the whole development of electric science, and the rattling lid of a kettle was the father of steam, as the falling apple is said to have suggested the law of gravity. It is the simple thing that catches the eye. But the wise investigator does not dwell too much upon the first suggestions, but passes onward to consider what they have suggested and whither they have led.

There remains the question which troubles many earnest souls as to whether such communion is right. Personally I am not aware of any human power which

has been given us without our having the right under any circumstances to use it. On the other hand, I know no human power which may not be abused. It is an abuse of such a power as this that it should be used in a spirit of levity or of mere curiosity.

It is either an absurd farce or the most solemn and sacred of functions. But when one knows, as I know, of widows who are assured that they hear the loved voice once again, or of mothers whose hands, groping in the darkness, clasp once again those of the vanished child, and when one considers the loftiness of their intercourse and the serenity of spirit which succeeds it, I feel sure that a fuller knowledge would calm the doubt of the most scrupulous conscience. Men talk of a great religious revival after the war. Perhaps it is in this direction that it will be.—*Reprinted from Light.*

(A comment upon this article will be found in the editorial column.)

ETHICAL.

A world for each! A world for all!

It seems to be the mystic plan
That each man's soul shall be a world,
The common world around the man.

Alas! The world's a piteous thing,
And finds new pains as years unroll;
And many bring her wondrous cures,
But no one brings a perfect soul.

Now here's a motto for the good
Who'd see the flag of evil furled:
First, mend the world within yourself;
Then doctor up the common world!
—James Stevens, in *Saturday Evening Post*.

Liberation can not be achieved except by the direct perception of the identity of the individual with the universal self, neither by physical training, nor by speculative philosophy, nor by the practice of religious ceremonies, nor by mere learning.—*Raja Yoga.*

If there be no reasons to suppose that we have existed before that period at which our existence apparently commences, then there are no grounds for supposing that we shall continue to exist after our existence has apparently ceased.—*Shelley.*

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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THE BLAVATSKY LODGE.

As foreshadowed in the last issue of the *Theosophical Outlook* it has been found necessary to seek larger rooms for the accommodation of steadily increasing audiences. The search has proved successful and the Blavatsky Lodge will enter on its new tenancy during the first week in February. The address of the rooms, which are large and well equipped, will be widely announced in the course of a week or two.

The Blavatsky Lodge of Theosophists is now one year old. It has prospered exceedingly under a policy that is intended to adhere with great fidelity to that of the Founders of the Society. It has no rules, regulations, officials, or fees. Membership consists in attendance upon its meetings and sympathy with its objects, which are the same as the objects originally laid down for the Society by H. P. Blavatsky and her associates. The Blavatsky Lodge has no affiliations, no rivalries, no sense of competition, and no resentments. It welcomes to its association all who wish for that association and to all others it offers toleration and respect.

THE OLD CREED.

Those who suppose that the narrowest and most hateful of creeds no longer finds a place in modern Christian doctrine would do well to read an article by Dr. Lyman Abbott in the *Outlook* (New York) of December 20th. It is entitled

"An Aristocracy of Piety," and in it Dr. Abbott recalls the bitter theology of his youth and the orthodox conception that the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man applied only to true believers and that all others were outcasts. Dr. Abbott tells us that he supposed this doctrine had practically disappeared, but he was undeceived by a copy of the *Sunday-School Times* for February 5, 1916, in which "the doctrine that only Christians are the sons of God and only Christians are brothers is affirmed with an explicitness which leaves no room for misunderstanding." Dr. Abbott then quotes as follows from this remarkable production:

There is no such thing as the universal brotherhood of man.

There is no universal Fatherhood of God. God is not the Father of all men.

The natural brotherhood of human blood is the brotherhood of the family and fatherhood of Satan. The supernatural brotherhood won through the shed blood of Jesus Christ is the brotherhood of believers, who alone have entered into the family of God, and to whom alone he can become Father. There can be no brotherhood between those families whose fathers are respectively God and Satan.

So it seems that the old theology survives and that it is blatantly proclaimed instead of being kept in fluted bottles and labeled poison. Moreover, it is dispensed for the special benefit of the young, as though it were Satan and not Christ who had said "Suffer little children to come unto me."

THE SENSES.

To the average man the testimony of the senses seems to be final. He can hardly imagine that they may mislead him, nor is he at all aware that they exclude him from realms of nature far larger than those to which they give him access.

And yet it is evident that the processes of education consist largely in correcting the errors of the senses. The child in a railroad car believes that he is at rest and that it is the hedges and telegraph poles that are in motion. We see the sun passing across the heavens, but education tells us that it is the earth and not the sun that is moving. We say that objects have certain colors, whereas we see only the color that the object rejects. A stick pushed below the surface of the water seems to be bent. The retina of the eye reverses the image that it transmits just as does a photographic lens, and we have to correct it. In point of fact the senses mislead us habitually. Their evidence must constantly be rectified from within.

The senses are the media through which we learn of the outside world. They furnish us with five sets of sensations and no more, with five kinds of facts about the material universe. There may be facts of a hundred other kinds, but unless those facts are consonant with the nature of the five senses we can know nothing of them. We can transmit electricity over a metal wire and so become aware of its activities. But electricity will not pass over a glass rod. In the same way the senses will transmit to the man within only those things with which they correspond. He is excluded from all realms of nature to which one or other of the five senses is not attuned.

This is made clear by the science of physics. Sound, light, and heat, for example, are all vibrations of the ether, and according to the rapidity of those vibrations so they appeal to one or other of the five senses. Etheric vibrations that are attuned to neither of the five senses pass us by. We know nothing of them. They may represent worlds of being as varied as this one and as full of a multiform life. But we are barred from them by the incapacity of our

senses. They may surround us and interpenetrate us, but we pass through them unmoved, unknowing.

When the speed of etheric vibrations is more than sixteen per second and less than 38,000,000 per second we say that we hear sound, because the ear is constructed to receive and transmit all vibrations that are within that range, and no others. If the rapidity of the vibrations is raised we no longer hear sound. But let the vibrations be increased to 200,000,000 per second and they will show themselves as light. But now they will appeal to the eye and not to the ear, and they will continue to appeal to the eye until they reach a rapidity of 700,000,000 vibrations per second, when they will once more disappear from the plane of human perception. But what about that vast domain that lies between the vibratory rates of 38,000,000 per second, where sound disappears, and 200,000,000 per second, where light begins? It is obvious that such a domain must exist, although we have no sense mechanism by which to perceive it. What forces may not lie hidden in those dark places, what lives may not inhabit them?

The five senses may be compared with wireless receiving stations. No matter how vital may be the message that is sent it will be lost in space unless the sending station and the receiving station have been attuned. The five senses are attuned to five differing sets of wireless messages, so to speak, and they transmit these and no others.

How comes it that the senses are thus limited in their capacities, that they hide so much more than they reveal? The answer is that they correspond with human need and desire. Man, beginning to grope for knowledge of the world, develops the sensory apparatus that shall bring to him the sensations that he needs. First comes desire and then function. We see the procedure wherever we look among the forms of life. Fishes in subterranean waters lose their eyes because they no longer need them. Restored to the light the eyes slowly return. The adaptation to environment means no more than the adjustment of the physical organism to the new states of the consciousness that underlies it. Once grasp the idea that consciousness comes first and that it is followed by a correspond-

ing physical development, and we have the secret of all evolution. We understand every kingdom of nature and we recognize the force that underlies and guides and directs all physical change.

The five senses therefore correspond with the state of the consciousness that is behind them. They are the response to the demands and needs of that consciousness. It is not a niggardly response, however defective it may be. Nature has given to man in the way of sensory apparatus all that he has asked for. He has only to change his state of consciousness, to raise it, to cultivate new needs, to aspire to new wisdom and to higher knowledge, and at once nature will hasten to furnish him with the sense mechanism that he requires. It is the state of consciousness of the musician that has rendered his ear sensitive to sounds to which the average ear is deaf. It is the state of consciousness of the artist that enables him to distinguish shades of color invisible to others. To this slight extent the musician and the artist have extended the range of their wireless receiving stations. They are on the threshold of worlds from which others are debarred. And their instrument has been thought, a concentrated mind.

And so we wonder, and perhaps scoff, when the mystic tells us that he can commune with gods or angels. All mystics have said this, and we only prove our folly when we respond with a laugh. If there were only a few men who possessed the sense of sight, or hearing, in a world of the blind and deaf, they, too, would be laughed at. But, we shall say, why have not we also the power to commune with gods and angels?

Perhaps we also should have the power if we had wished for it, if we had felt the need of it. Are not the five senses enough for us with which to trade, and acquire possessions, and wrong our fellow-men, and rob them, and murder them? Are there needs in our consciousness that the five senses can not gratify? Was it not by yearning and ambition and effort that the musician developed his musical ear, the painter his artistic vision? These things did not come unsought, slight though they are. They demanded singleness of mind, the subordination of all lesser aims, the sac-

rifice of all things inconsistent with them. The kingdom of heaven, it has been said, cometh not by observation. It must be taken by violence. Demand of nature that she admit us to the unseen planes of being. Comply with her laws and she will leave no aspiration ungratified.

There was a time, says A. J. Balfour, the English philosopher, when the sense of physical sight had not been developed. Then came the need of a fuller knowledge of the outside world, and with that need came also the dawning of vision. Nature made haste to construct a mechanism that should be another doorway of knowledge. She made the human eye. But perhaps sight came first to a few elect, to a few whose sense of need had been the strongest. And doubtless the laggards jeered and scoffed as we now jeer and scoff at those who allow it to be known that they have spiritual vision. But slowly the abnormal became the normal, as the general sense of need developed vision.

May we not discern the same process now, asks Mr. Balfour, as we see the increasing yearning toward the unknown planes of being? Does not this, too, pre-
sage the slow development of some new sense organ, perhaps not a crudely physical one, that shall open to us doors now closed? And he seems to think that it is so.

Consciousness creates its own sensory mechanism, which then in its turn limits consciousness. If we would remove those sensory limitations we must expand consciousness, and elevate it. We must demand the power before we can receive it.

And here we find the true message of occult religion. The mind that is concentrated upon the unseen world will develop the material apparatus by which that unseen world may be known in just the same way that the blind fish will develop eyes as soon as its recognition of light makes eyes essential to it. Mysticism is thus no vague and shadowy pietism. It is a science as exact as any that is known in our universities. It is based upon the admitted laws of evolution. Its results never fail if its conditions have been fulfilled.

The mills of God grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small.

ISLAM.

(Some Sayings of Al-Ghazali.)

The virtues of the outwardly righteous are the faults of the true Saints.

I know nothing but God, and I know nothing of God.

I would say that (in prayer) the face of your heart must turn with the face of your body; and even as no one is able to face the house of God save by turning away from every other direction, so the heart does not truly turn toward God save by being separated from everything else than Himself.

At the conclusion of your formal prayer offer your humble petitions and thanksgivings and expect an answer, and join in your petition your parents and the rest of true believers. And when you give the final salaams remember the two angels who sit on your shoulders.

The true reading (of the Koran) is when the tongue and the mind and the heart are associated. The part of the tongue is to pronounce the words clearly in chanting. The part of the mind is to interpret the meaning. The part of the heart is to translate it into life.

True humility is to be subject unto the truth and to be corrected by it even though thou shouldst hear it from a mere boy on the street.

When the servant of God reckons his sin great God reckons it small, and when he reckons it small then God reckons it great.

The knowledge of which we speak is not derived from sources accessible to human diligence, and that is why progress in mere worldly knowledge renders the sinner more hardened in his revolt against God. True knowledge, on the contrary, inspires in him who is initiate in it more fear and more reverence, and raises a barrier of defense between him and sin. He may slip and stumble, it is true, as is inevitable with one encompassed by human infirmity, but these slips and stumbles will not weaken his faith. The true Moslem succumbs occasionally

to temptation, but he repents and will not persevere obstinately in the path of error. I pray God, the Omnipotent, to place us in the ranks of His chosen, among the number of those whom He directs in the path of safety, in whom He inspires fervor lest they forget Him; whom He cleanses from all defilement, that nothing may remain in them except Himself; yea of those whom He indwells completely, that they may adore none beside Him.

PREHISTORIC HUMANITY.

(From *Current Opinion* for December.)

In recent years, in Egypt, in Babylonia, in ancient Persia, in the central Asian deserts, and in the isles of the Ægean, the exploration of mounds, buried buildings, tombs, and so forth has been continually supplementing and illustrating history and has called back to our upper air, as with a magician's wand, shapes and conditions that seemed to have been lost in the night of time. That renowned archaeologist, Sir Arthur Evans, of Oxford University, refers to the latest investigations. To the engraved and sculptured works of man in the "reindeer period," he told the British Association in his address before that body the other day, we have now to add only such new specialties as are exemplified by the moulded clay of figures of life-size bisons or the similar reliefs of a procession of six horses, but whole galleries of painted designs on the walls of caverns and rock shelters:

These primeval frescoes display not only a consummate mastery of natural design, but an extraordinary technical resource. Apart from the charcoal used in certain outlines, the chief coloring matter was red and yellow ochre, mortars and palets for the preparation of which have come to light. In single animals the tints are varied from black to dark and ruddy brown or brilliant orange, and so, by fine gradations, to paler nuances, obtained by scraping and washing. Outlines and details are brought out by white incised lines, and the artists availed themselves with great skill of the reliefs afforded by convexities of the rock surface. But the greatest marvel of all is that such polychrome masterpieces as the bisons, standing and couchant, or with limbs huddled together, of the Altamira Cave, were executed on the ceilings of inner vaults and galleries where the light of day has never penetrated. Nowhere is there any trace of smoke, and it is clear that great progress in the art of artificial illumination had already been made. We now know that stone lamps decorated in one case with the engraved head of an ibex, were already in existence.

Such was the level of artistic attainment in southwestern Europe some ten thousand years earlier, at a modest estimate, than the period of the most ancient monuments of Egypt or Chaldea. Nor is this an isolated case. One by one characteristics, both spiritual and material, formerly thought to be the special marks of later ages of mankind, have been shown to go back to that earlier period:

The evidences of more or less continuous civilized development reaching its apogee about the close of the Magdalenian period have been constantly emerging from recent discoveries. The recurring "tectiform" sign had already clearly pointed to the existence of huts or wigwams; the "scutiform" and other types record appliances yet to be elucidated, and another sign well illustrated on a bone pendant from the Cave of St. Marcel has an unmistakable resemblance to a sledge. But the most astonishing revelation of the cultural level already reached by primeval man has been supplied by the more recently discovered rockpaintings of Spain. At Cogul the sacrificial dance is formed by women clad from the waist downwards in well-cut gowns, while in a rock-shelter of Alpera, where we meet with the same skirted ladies, their dress is supplemented by flying sashes. On the rock-painting of the Cueva de la Vieja, near the same place, women are seen with still longer gowns rising in their bosoms. We are already a long way from Eve.

It is difficult, adds Sir Arthur, to do justice to the earliest of European civilizations disclosed by this series of investigations, so new are they, so contradictory of all former ideas on this subject, even among the most radical. For example, the many-storied palaces of the Minoan priest-kings in their great days, by their ingenious planning, their successful combination of the useful with the beautiful and stately, and, last but not least, by their scientific sanitary arrangements, far outdid the similar works on however vast a scale of Egyptian or Babylonian builders. What is more, the same skillful and commodious construction recurs in a whole series of private mansions and smaller houses throughout the island of Crete, now laid bare for our research by the work of the latest excavators:

Outside "broad Knossos" itself, flourishing towns sprang up far and wide on the countryside. New and refined crafts were developed, some of them, like that of the inlaid metal-work, unsurpassed in any age or country. Artistic skill, of course, reached its acme in the great palaces themselves, the corridors, landings and porticoes of which were decked with wall-paintings and high reliefs, showing

in the treatment of animal life not only an extraordinary grasp of nature, but a grandiose power of composition such as the world had never seen before. Such were the great bull-grappling reliefs of the Sea Gate at Knossos and the agonistic scenes of the great palace hall.

The modernness of much of the life here revealed to us is astonishing. The elaboration of the domestic arrangements, the staircases story above story, the front places given to the ladies at shows, their fashionable flounced robes and jackets, the gloves sometimes seen on their hands or hanging from their folding-chairs, their very mannerisms as seen on the frescoes, pointing their conversation with animated gestures—how strangely out of place would it all appear in a classical design! Nowhere, not even at Pompeii, have more living pictures of ancient life been called up for us than in the Minoan palace of Knossos. The touches supplied by its closing scene are singularly dramatic—the little bathroom opening out of her queen's parlor, with its painted clay bath, the royal draught-board flung down in the court, the vessels for anointing and the oil-jar for their filling ready to hand by the throne of the priest-king, with the benches of his consistory round and the sacrificial griffins on either side. Religion, indeed, entered in at every turn. The palaces were also temples, the tomb a shrine of the Great Mother. It was perhaps owing to the religious control of art that among all the Minoan representations—now to be numbered by thousands—no single example of indecency has come to light.

CALM.

Hast thou been down into the deep of thought
 Until the things of time and sense are naught;
 Hast sunk—sunk—in that tideless under-deep
 Fathoms below the little reach of sleep?
 Hast visited the depth where he must go
 That would the secrecies of being know?
 Hast been a guest where, lost to smiles and tears,
 The quiet eye looks on beyond the years?
 Hast thou been down into the deep of thought
 Beloved of prophets, where their work is wrought?
 Then doubt is whelmed in hope, and care in calm,
 The tumult melts in music of a Psalm.
 —John Vance Cheney.

Every branch of science has, with the clergy, gone through three stages: First they say it is absurd; second, it is against the Bible; third, we always knew it was so.

REINCARNATION.

Favorable—or, at least, impartial—references to Theosophy are now so common in current literature as to excite no surprise, although we may draw our own gratifying inferences from a change in public opinion as remarkable as it has been rapid.

Among later evidences of this liberalizing tendency in modern religious and philosophical discussion is a new book by Alfred W. Martin. It is entitled "Faith in a Future Life" (D. Appleton & Co.), and it is based on a series of lectures delivered by the author before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York. Its seventh chapter is devoted to Reincarnation, which, says Mr. Martin, is not a cardinal doctrine among Theosophists, although it is so general that it may be described as a theosophical belief. Some mention has already been made of this remarkable volume, but a further reference is perhaps justified by the special interest attaching to this particular section.

It may be said at once that Mr. Martin does not accept the theory of reincarnation, but this is due not so much to his dissatisfaction with its scope as to the fact that it is unproven. None the less he admits that in the West it is now "more popular than ever," and that there are "thousands upon thousands hailing the doctrine as the sole satisfying solution of the problem of physical and moral evil and an adequate substitute for the popular conception of immortality":

A further reason for giving it our attention is its bearing upon the dark facts of our earthly experience, such as the glaring inequalities of human life, the seeming injustices that obtain among all sorts and conditions of men. Surely we can ill afford to treat with indifference a movement that seriously attempts to cast a ray of light into our darkness, to meet our innate demand for justice. Moreover, in its teaching of reincarnation, the Theosophical Movement offers a view of man's future estate which must be deemed the most plausible and the least repellent, infinitely preferable to the Christian conception of Heaven and its rewards, of Hell and its punishments; to be ranked, indeed, as the most engaging and consoling of all historic theories of the hereafter, and having, withal, the endorsement of the most ancient of religions.

After a brief reference to the history of the Theosophical Movement, which the author somewhat incorrectly states

to be "rooted in ancient Hindu and Buddhistic thought," we have a frank and satisfying statement of the effect of the Movement in redeeming the literature of India from the absurdities that had clustered around it in the popular mind:

Until the coming of the Theosophical Movement the average Englishman and American thought of Hindus and Buddhists as benighted, ignorant pagans whom it was a duty to subdue and a charity to enlighten. But through Theosophical enterprise in translating, publishing, and disseminating the literature of these peoples, the traditional sentiments regarding them have been changed, and the liberalizing truth of the *universality* of moral and religious ideas has become a commonplace of religious thought. The increasing popularity of the "Bhagavad Gita" or "Song of the Blessed One," dealing with all the deepest problems that concern the spiritual life of man, is due to the generous enterprise of theosophists who made provision for its publication in attractive, inexpensive forms.

"Humanity," said Mme. Blavatsky, "is today like an orphan crying for guidance and light. Amid the increasing splendors of a progress purely materialistic the spirit has been starved. Humanity is stretching out its hands for a religion that will satisfy, and the Far East furnishes it." Asking if the unknowable of Spencer and Tyndall is to be forever unknown, she answers that the Masters of Wisdom have taught us the secret of the Universe, and it is from these Masters, says the author, that the Theosophical Movement obtains its inspiration and its guidance.

The author suggests that we compare Theosophy as stated by Madame Blavatsky with the "Pistis Sophia" of the Gnostics. He seems to infer that the resemblance is so close as to rob Theosophy of some of its supposed claim to originality, and in this connection he quotes from Professor F. Legge, who writes as follows in the *Living Age*:

I think that if the doctrines of the Theosophical Society are compared with what has come down to us of the Gnostic tenets, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the latter system is not only the same in all points as the elder, but that the coincidence is too close to be the result of accident. . . . Any one who will take the trouble to refer to the work from which I quoted above will have no difficulty in recognizing in the Gnostic writings nearly every term used by Theosophists which is not, for obvious reasons, expressed in an Oriental language. . . . Taking all these facts together, they seem to form a very

strong proof that the system of the Theosophical Society has not been handed down from prehistoric times by secret and mysterious means, but has, on the contrary, been copied (*en bloc*) from the relics of Gnosticism.

Now here the author seems to be under a misapprehension, while it may be pointed out incidentally that Theosophy can not be at the same time "rooted in ancient Hindu and Buddhistic thought," as he has already told us, and also a copy of Gnosticism, as he seems now to infer. Either of the two theories may be advanced, but certainly not both.

Theosophy does not claim to be original, nor that it has been "handed down" by "secret and mysterious means." Quite the contrary, and it seems strange that the author is unfamiliar with Madame Blavatsky's frequent statements to that effect. Inded its chief claim to attention is that it is a synthesis of all the world faiths, and that it contains nothing whatsoever that is original, so far, at least, as its main tenets are concerned. If the author, or if Professor Legge, were able to show that Theosophy was *not* to be found in the "Pistis Sophia," the charge would indeed be of some serious import, but as a matter of fact the "Pistis Sophia" was translated by Mr. G. R. S. Mead and published by Madame Blavatsky herself in her magazine *Lucifer* and with copious annotations to prove its identity with Theosophy. That this identity, so laboriously established by Madame Blavatsky herself, should now be used to discredit Theosophy, although with the utmost courtesy, is certainly an incongruity for which we were unprepared.

None the less the author gives a statement of the doctrine of Reincarnation so fair as to be beyond the reach of criticism:

Thus, according to Theosophy, will and deed, with the character that is their result, rule every destiny. Hence nothing is accidental or predetermined, while rewards and punishments adjust themselves automatically to virtue and vice. Karma and reincarnation form a combination by which Nature develops every human being, the essential person, as distinct from the organism of flesh and blood through which personality manifests on the plane of physical phenomena. In other words, the life-history of a human soul is not thought of, by theosophists, as consisting of a miraculous beginning, *ex nihilo*, at birth—a brief term of physical existence, followed by an unalterable eternity of personal consciousness in Heaven.

Rather is that life-history conceived as a succession of births, deaths, and rebirths, reaching back to an interminable beginning, and forward to an equally interminable cessation of the Karma-Reincarnation process.

Thus the theosophical foundation for faith in a future life (and lives) is the law of Karma which, operating on the physical, intellectual, and moral planes, brings just deserts of reward and punishment to all moral beings according to their conduct. On that law of cause and effect the moral universe rests and Theosophists claim that for its complete operation other earth-lives beyond the present life are required. Without reincarnation and its foundation in Karma, theosophists hold that injustice would be a permanent characteristic of the moral world, and man left without a single respectable motive to make life worth the living.

Here we must leave a valuable book and with the hope that further thought will open to the learned author certain vistas of reflection that will enable him not only to place reincarnation among the beautiful theories of life, but also among the true ones.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep;

She feeds them on the fragrant height.

And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,

Dark valleys safe and deep.

Into that tender breast at night

The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight.

Tho gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right;

She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

—Alice Meynell.

There is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of metempsychosis. The pains and pleasure of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in another state.—*Isaac d'Israeli*.

Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Transmigration of souls: that, too, is no fable.—*Emerson*.

The Theosophical Society

The Theosophical Society is an international body which was founded at New York on the 17th day of November, 1875, with three well-defined objects, viz:

First—To form the nucleus of an Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color.

Second—To promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, philosophies, and sciences, and demonstrate the importance of that study.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the spiritual powers latent in man.

The organization is therefore wholly unsectarian, with no creed or dogma to enforce or impose, its motto being THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH. Hence in its ranks and coöperating in its work are to be found professors of all faiths, as well as those who have none whatever. No restriction is placed on its members save that of loyalty to its one fundamental principle—Universal Brotherhood. Nor is it as a Society to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who all have a right to hold their own views and to receive for them from their fellow-members the respect which they in turn should show for the views of others. This toleration and respect is asked from all members as a duty, since it is believed that dogmatism and intolerance have always been the greatest foes to human progress. The Society therefore represents all creeds and all branches of Science, opposing bigotry, superstition, credulity, and dogmatism wherever found and by whomsoever taught, and asking of its members an unflinching condemnation of vice in every form and of all that tends to feed or propagate it.

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